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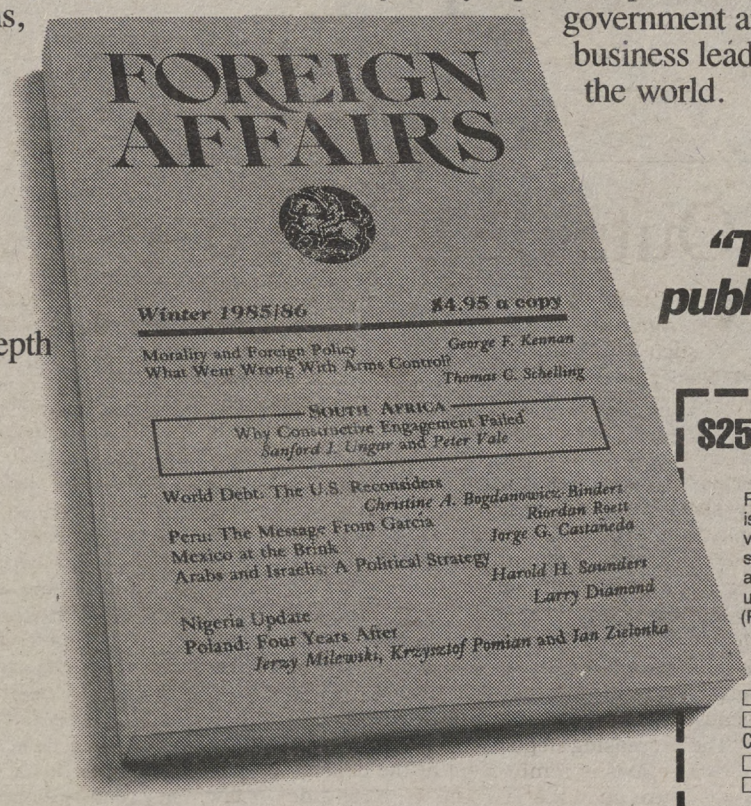

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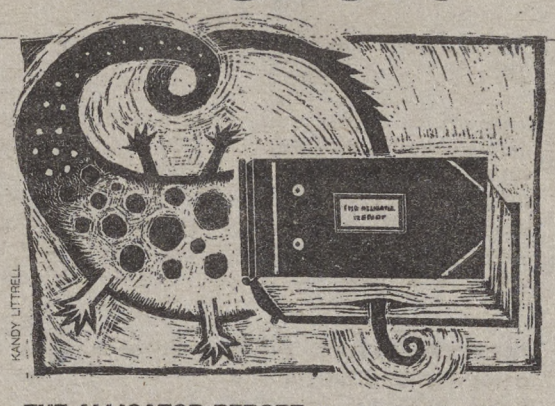
In Short

FICTION

THE CONVICT. By James Lee Burke. (Louisiana State University, Cloth, $15.95. Paper, $9.95.) These old-fashioned tales of the Louisiana swamps and postwar Texas are more whittled than hewn. Even when they take on big issues like civil rights, the plight of Mexican farm workers and the Civil War, they still owe more to the gentle motion of the rocker on the front porch than to the angry mood of the meeting hall. James Lee Burke, the author of four novels, has a good descriptive nose when it comes to late summer smells, wet Spanish moss and drifting smoke over the bayou. Undeniable nostalgia wafts from these stories, particularly when boyhood, at its most conventionally boyish, is concerned. All the paraphernalia of postwar American adolescence is present: baseball gloves, balls, pickup trucks, drive-in movies. The big nostalgia shop where regional American writers often go has been well browsed by Mr. Burke. In spite of that, or perhaps because of it, the reach for "issues" falls short. The South presented here would seem to be that mythical land of good people who go occasionally wrong but are then redeemed by old-fashioned decency. In "Uncle Sidney and the Mexicans," the young narrator takes a Mexican girl to the drive-in, whereupon a battle of wills with the town erupts, only to be quenched by a kind of mysterious brotherhood of the young. Mr. Burke loves the South enough to write a maudlin war tale about a young Confederate soldier who battles mud and death for the nebulous and lost cause, but who is nevertheless anointed by death when he is killed. James Lee Burke is not a bad writer, but even real nostalgia can't fashion something that never was. — *Andrei Codrescu*

•

CONFESSIONS OF A PRODIGAL DAUGHTER. By Mary Rose Callaghan. (Marion Boyars, $14.95.) Wintry Dublin of the 1960's forms the oppressive backdrop for a stormy mother-daughter relationship. Through the eyes of a naïve 17-year-old with literary pretensions, we meet her recently widowed mother, the impoverished, spendthrift daughter of an ambassador: "Bills! Bills! Bills! Nobody ever writes to me!" Mrs. O'Brien, a snob without portfolio, forces her mortified daughter to act like a rich kid. Anne, however, aspires to learn Italian and translate Dante, but she has failed her exams in Irish and math. Therefore, the only schooling that hoarding Aunt Allie will pay for is a seedy typing course. Anne's life becomes a descent into hell guided by her obsession with Dante. At the nightmarish debut of her nouveau riche friend Nicola, Anne encounters the lustful and the gluttonous. Nicola humiliates her; Nicola's boyfriend attacks her. At home Anne locks herself in the bathroom until she is relegated to a mental hospital, a nether hell of suicides, drunkards and sinners against God and nature. Nevertheless, she discovers relative privacy and calm in the asylum, and her realization that she must leave to become the mother of her mother is heart-rending. "Confessions of a Prodigal Daughter" purports to be a realistic depiction of a class-conscious family, as well as a portrait of the artist as a young woman. The characters, however, are mostly so extreme as to be unbelievable, even as the perceptions of a possibly disturbed, grieving teen-ager. Instead of rounded characters, Mary Rose Callaghan gives us representations of sin. This ambitious, external literary agenda undermines an otherwise skillful second novel. — *Carol Ames*



THE ALLIGATOR REPORT. By W. P. Kinsella. (Coffee House Press, Minneapolis, Paper, $9.95.) "The humorous story," Mark Twain said, "depends for its effect upon the *manner* of the telling; the comic story . . . upon the *matter*." The Canadian writer W. P. Kinsella has it both ways in the best of these whimsical tales and surreal sketches, many of which he calls "Brautigans" in tribute to Richard Brautigan, whose influence is felt throughout. Working like a fast-talking confidence man, with self-conscious delight in his skill, he moves the reader back and forth across the line between fantasy and reality. Amid elaborately detailed, familiar portraits of slightly seedy city streets and houses, we encounter inexplicable events occurring in the unsuspecting bosom of the everyday: a cat dissolved into tabby water, swirling down a sink drain; a dead insurance salesman's career-making freckles "reconditioned and sold to an aspiring minister"; Idi Amin "living in New Jersey, disguised as Mr. Peanut." But all is not playful performance in Mr. Kinsella's short tall tales. His quick glimpses of eccentric losers remind us that "each of us lives with our own secrets, which may be as frayed as a favorite blanket or as vicious as a Tasmanian devil." And his fantasies frequently suggest the dangers of bureaucratic systems run amok, with networks of confused servants tunneling secretly under the foundations of all our activities. While some of the very brief sketches in "The Alligator Report" seem curiously flat and over before they have begun, Mr. Kinsella continues, as he has done recently in his novel "Shoeless Joe" and his stories about Cree Indians in "The Moccasin Telegraph," to define a world in which magic and reality combine to make us laugh and think about the perceptions we take for granted. — *Harry Marten*

•

ANGELS ALL OVER TOWN. By Luanne Rice. (Atheneum, $15.95.) Luanne Rice's first novel begins in a promisingly eccentric fashion: we meet her heroine, a lonely soap opera star named Una Cavan, just as she's shambling into the bathroom to discover her father's ghost hunkered down with The Daily News. Unfortunately, Cavan *pere,* a recently deceased ne'er-do-well, makes only cameo appearances thereafter, and the plot quickly settles into a much more pedestrian groove. This is, in fact, a surprisingly old-fashioned story, despite its freewheeling sex and yuppie scenery. Una, the eldest of three sisters, is impatient with her career and herself. Why can't she be a serious actress like her best friend from Juilliard? Why can't she get married like both of her sisters? The answer is, of course, that she can, and the complications that pit an audition for the most glamorous director in Europe against a budding romance with a slightly scruffy American scientist cause more consternation to poor Una than they ever do to the reader. Along the way to the inevitable happy ending, there are some oddly forced family disputes, stabs at snappy dialogue that never quite crackle or pop and an excessive amount of sniffling and brooding. "*Am* I worthy of such a man," Una muses at one point, "and do I want to be with a man whom I need to feel worthy of?" Groucho Marx's old quip about not wanting to belong to any club that would have him as a member probably applies here as well. — *Alida Becker*

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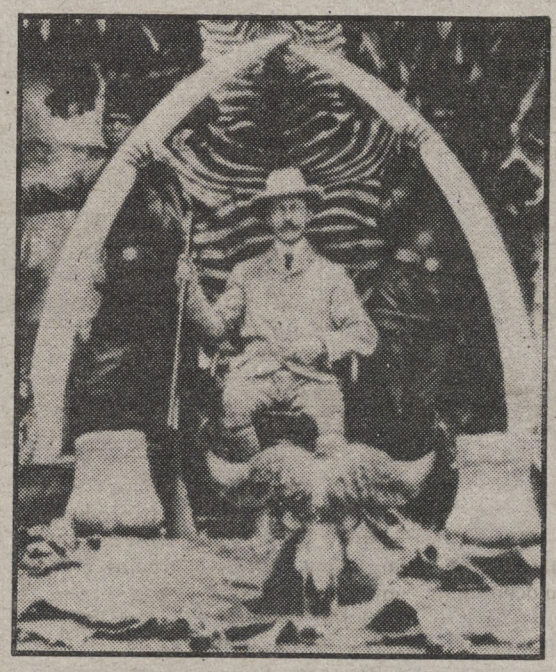
THE NAZI'S WIFE. By Peter Watson. (Doubleday, $16.95.) These days novelists like their Nazis in one of two ways — either goose-stepping their way across the pages of paranoid, what-if World War II fiction or craftily plotting a contemporary resurgence of the movement. The point in their barbarous history that could stand more scrutiny is the collapse of the Reich and the all too successful pipeline that allowed so many Nazis to escape justice. Peter Watson, the author of "The Caravaggio Conspiracy," offers a novel that negotiates this terrain at a Teutonic plod. His protagonist is a German-born American officer, Walter Wolff, who takes a very precise view of the proposition that an army marches on its stomach. Lieut. Wolff eats his way around postwar Germany, stopping only to smoke countless pipes and pursue a Nazi who has made off with a cache of gold coins that will be used to finance the escape of his comrades. The narrative is cast with Wolff looking back across the years and tediously prefacing his sentences with "in those days." Occasionally, he tenders such

Imperial Eccentrics

Before the First World War, Britain's colonies were governed largely by characters who could have been created by Evelyn Waugh. In **OUT IN THE NOONDAY SUN: Edwardians in the Tropics (Random House, $19.95),** Valerie Pakenham, a former journalist, tells ripping tales about the administrators, planters, missionaries, entrepreneurs and hunters who built the Empire. Many of them were colossal eccentrics, like Sir Hugh Clifford, who while serving as governor of Malaya in the late 1920's attended garden parties wearing the local costume or, in one instance, nothing. There was also the district officer, Hubert Berkeley, who ruled his section of Malaya as a private kingdom and decorated his lavatory with government directives. Most of these mavericks were finished by the 1920's. Their subjects had grown rebellious and equatorial outposts were turned over to bureaucrats. Mrs. Pakenham has found some remarkable illustrations, including sketches of African life by the novelist Joyce Cary, who served as an administrator in Nigeria, and a photograph of an army pony camouflaged with zebra stripes for jungle warfare. In her entertaining popular history, Mrs. Pakenham puts her finger on the Empire's real appeal — an Englishman could live like a medieval baron, combining the authority of a nobleman with the pleasures of a barbarian. — *Jonathan Rose*



Sir Henry Hesketh Bell, Governor of Uganda, in 1908. "Big game shooting was the natural corollary of administering England's tropical estates."

First Love and the Last Automatons

IN THE PENNY ARCADE
By Steven Millhauser.
164 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $14.95.

By Robert Dunn

STEVEN MILLHAUSER'S first novel, "Edwin Mullhouse: The Life and Death of an American Writer" (1972), was a playfully conceived, furiously written, quirky, richly metaphorical fiction. What an idea for a book! At the age of 10 Edwin Mullhouse produces the classic American novel "Cartoons," all the while dogged by his best friend, biographer and dark-souled secret sharer, Jeffrey Cartwright. Edwin is a more or less ordinary child until he writes his book, yet his commonplace world of yellow raincoats, sugar dots, Viewmasters and pulpy kids' books is cast in a spectral, wondrous light. Jeffrey's description of "Cartoons" could be Mr. Millhauser's of his own novel: "If, then, our first reaction . . . is that we have entered an unreal world, blissful or boring . . . gradually we come to feel that we are experiencing nothing less than the real world itself, a world that has been lost to us through habit and inattention, and that we are hereby being taught to repossess."

"If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite," William Blake wrote. In "Edwin Mullhouse," it was clear that Mr. Millhauser would settle for nothing less. So it is cheerful to report that in his first short-story collection, "In the Penny Arcade," Mr. Millhauser continues to pursue fiction as a mysterious, magical, enlightening experience. He still chases the Blakean infinite. Always, as he writes in one story, his fiction leads us "away from the torpor of the familiar into a dark realm of strangeness and wonder."

The book is divided into three sections. In "August Eschenburg," the long story that forms the first part, a German boy in the late 19th century is obsessed with mechanical devices that simulate life. The world is readying itself for the motion picture, but movies have not been invented yet, and August becomes the last great maker of automatons. He raises his craft to art, his humanoid models to the threshold of breath. August first creates models for a department store's windows, then an automaton theater — a *Zaubertheater*, though not one as soul-changing as Hesse's — which quickly loses customers to a frankly pornographic automaton theater (an overly obvious depiction of artistic debasement). August's backer, the cynical Hausenstein, who surreptitiously owns the other theater, knows that "your good blue-eyed German likes plenty of beef on his plate and plenty of beef on his women." August knows only that "his ambition was to insert his dreams into the world, and if they were the wrong dreams, then he would dream them in solitude." Frustrated, August returns to his hometown, his art "outmoded."

For Mr. Millhauser, art always has an erotic component. August creates his "dark-eyed suffering automaton girl," who has "in her walk . . . a new suggestion of ripeness, of sexual wakening," with "something akin to love-anguish." Art, like eros, stirs senses to full life, demands devotion, teases, yet delivers perfection and beauty. Can they last? "Was beauty subject to fashion?" Sadly, it appears so. This is the way of the world, Mr. Millhauser tells us: art, dreams and beauty sooner or later are vitiated. Yet he never lets his musings on the suffering and ravishment of art grow stale; the breath of human passion blows through them.

Gently yet more intentionally sensual are the next two stories, which deal with a young girl's awakening to the vibrancy and threat of womanhood and love. As with Edwin Mullhouse and August Eschenburg, Mr. Millhauser always works best with young people. They are lighter-than-air simulacrums of adults; unformed, they let us imagine possibility, process and fulfillment. The secret is to keep the grown-ups offstage as much as possible. In "A Protest Against the Sun," a teen-age girl's family is enjoying a perfect day at the beach. The story is warm with reminiscence — of the day a blimp dropped packages of bread slices from the sky, of learning to make "fisheyes" by trapping the sun's reflection in a hand-cup of sea water — and the only worry is Elizabeth's that "there was a carelessness, a danger, in just going on thoughtlessly from day to day." Not to worry: the perfection is shattered when a teen-age hood, in a black parka, strides "mocking and furious" across the sand. He is the principle of inevitable darkness, Satan's demur, and a portent of Elizabeth's soon-to-awaken, risky, complicating sexuality.


CATHY ALLIS

Steven Millhauser.

"Art, like eros, stirs senses to full life, demands devotion."

"The Sledding Party" is the nighttime version of "A Protest," in which a young woman, now named Catherine, has first love whispered to her by a shy sledding mate after a tumble. She ends up in a tree; the boy goes home. This intimation of love, of otherness, is a confusion, even a violation — "as if . . . he had suddenly touched her breast" — but it leads to a dizzying moment of understanding. Her rigid teen-age solipsism is shaken; "she no longer knew anything at all." She has crossed the threshold of adulthood.

Adulthood is everywhere in "A Day in the Country," which takes Judith, a 36-year-old technical-book editor, to a resort for a weekend. Judith is feigning insouciance after a bad love affair, and it takes a young woman with "melancholy and mutely appealing eyes," who Judith believes is following her, to get her to face the truth that she's lonely and depressed. The story is Upper West Side Hawthorne, and Mr. Millhauser, whose mysteries are so illuminating, founders with conventional psychologizing. Judith's epiphany can only lead, the reader believes, not to awareness but to an analyst's couch.

In the book's final section, character is moved to the background, and poetic, allegorical effect takes over. Since Mr. Millhauser's touch with people is usually so gentle and understanding, this comes as a slight disappointment. The first story, "Snowmen," gives us a suburban town seized by a frenzy of snowy replication: snowmen, snow animals, snow houses and finally snow "griffins, unicorns, and sea serpents" are magically built. As a miniature of Mr. Millhauser's art — rampant imagination supplanting dull reality — the fantasy is brilliant, but as a tour de force, there is nowhere for it to go. What happens to the snowy wonderland? It melts.

THE title story is reminiscent of an early scene in "Edwin Mullhouse" and of James Joyce's "Araby." A boy returning to a penny arcade visited years before finds the "majesty and mystery . . . crushed down by the shrewd, oppressive eyes of countless visitors who looked at [the figures] without seeing their fertile inner nature." The final story, "Cathay," which describes a fabulous city, is like one of Italo Calvino's evocations of invisible cities — a charming, open-ended artifice. Though not as intellectually rich as Calvino's fantasies, "Cathay" is richer in fairy-tale magic.

Mr. Millhauser's stories stand in rare counterpoint to his contemporaries' work in a flat, ironic, affectless realism. Though his art can be hampered by too rigid conceits and occasional bad choices of subject, he is a true original when he draws us into his precise, luminous awareness, when he makes our world turn amazing. As the narrator of "Penny Arcade" realizes, "I recognized that I myself had become a part of the conspiracy of dullness, and that only in a moment of lavish awareness . . . had I seen truly. [The magical figures] had not betrayed me: I had betrayed them. I saw that I was in danger of becoming ordinary, and I understood that from now on I would have to be vigilant."

Mr. Millhauser is more than vigilant; he creates for us this splendid arcade. And he asks us also to be vigilant as we venture with him into the common corners of our ragged world, where the marvelous glows and true meanings breathe life. □

Robert Dunn is a short-story writer and critic.

Dream Whenever Possible

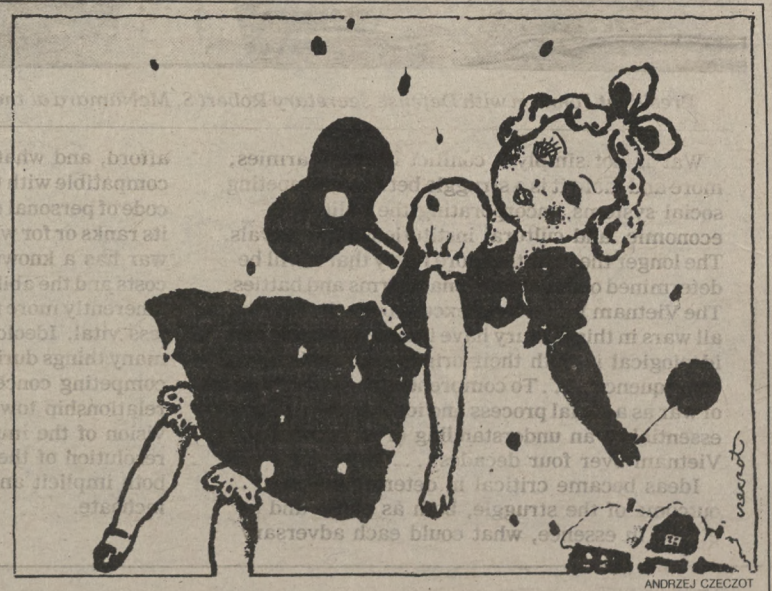
While to most mortals dreaming is reserved for sleeping, to Steven Millhauser it is a consuming activity to be indulged in whenever possible, then turned into stories. "The art of creation," Mr. Millhauser says, "is the art of instilling in yourself a waking dream and learning to convey it on paper."

The stories in Mr. Millhauser's first collection, "In the Penny Arcade," depict a world that is familiar in its realism and yet dreamlike. Some deal with everyday topics like toys or coming of age, but others border on the bizarre.

"It is sometimes hard for a writer to know what deeply compels his imagination," he said in a telephone interview from his home in Westchester. "There are some things that are obviously noble, like the death of a friend. There are others less obvious, like little toys. The point is to rid oneself of distinctions like that and to face what catches your imagination."

Mr. Millhauser identifies strongly with his protagonists, even the women. "I found it as exotic to imagine myself as a young woman as it was exotic to imagine myself a 19th-century automatist," he said. "The process by which something, whatever it is, seizes the imagination, dwells there, takes root, this I consider one of the genuine mysteries of artistic creation. I don't question these things, I'm grateful to them. You don't know whether they will ever happen again or why it happened in the first place."

But Mr. Millhauser is quite clear on why two of these stories are about toys. "Toys are marvelous things," he said. "A child's first sense of the magical comes from toys, which come to express a sort of enchantment about the world." — *Ashok Chandrasekhar*


ANDRZEJ CZECZOT

It's a Jungle Out There

MAD MARIA
By Márcio Souza.
Translated by Thomas Colchie.
390 pp. New York: Bard/Avon. Paper, $4.95.

By Jean Franco

AS long ago as 1967, Carlos Fuentes argued that those steamy Latin American novels in which the hero was swallowed up by the jungle belonged to the past. He spoke too soon. The old story of civilized man succumbing to tropical atavism is alive and well.

Márcio Souza, the author of "Mad Maria," was born in the Amazon region and can claim to have some territorial right to the exotic. He is the author of a successful adventure novel, "The Emperor of the Amazon," in which he used parody and pastiche to depict the "last exotic adventurer" of the Amazon rubber boom. "Mad Maria" is a more conventional tale with a cast of characters that might have been borrowed from a popularized version of Conrad's "Nostromo." There is the Irish-American doctor, the British engineer, the Irish locomotive driver, German and Barbadian laborers, a rascally United States capitalist and an equally rascally Brazilian politician, a Bolivian widow and a Capiruna Indian.

These characters are brought together by the construction of a railroad along which the locomotive, Mad Maria, will eventually steam, carrying rubber through the Amazon jungle. The year is 1911 when bridges are being built and tracks laid under brutally exploitative conditions. Predictably, with the exception of the aged locomotive driver, the European and American characters quickly revert to barbarism.

• • •

The British engineer, Stephan Collier, thinks nothing of killing a few German and Barbadian laborers when they get restless. At the beginning of the novel, he is confronted indignantly by an idealistic young Irish-American doctor, Richard Finnegan, whose idealism quickly disappears, so much so that by the end of the novel, he too is quelling rebellions by shooting down the protesters. Finnegan's idealism begins to erode when he is kidnapped by a group of disgruntled runaway German laborers and hauled on muleback through the jungle. His fellow hostage in this degrading adventure, from which they soon escape, is Consuelo, a Bolivian woman from Sucre, who had been found wandering half-naked in the forest. She is a pianist, wife of the owner of a music store, and the two of them had been transporting a German grand piano upriver to Bolivia when the rapids swallowed both the piano and the husband.

The novel is based on a true historical incident — the building (costly in lives as well as in money) of the Madeira-Mamoré railroad that was intended to transport rubber tapped in the infamous "green hell" of the Amazon basin. The railroad became obsolete as soon as it was inaugurated in 1912 because of the successful development of the British-owned Malayan plantations. Failed capitalist endeavors have often figured in Latin American novels and films — for instance, the deserted banana plantations of Gabriel García Márquez's "One Hundred Years of Solitude" or the abandoned warehouses of "The Shipyard," by the Uruguayan novelist Juan Carlos Onetti. Compared with these, "Mad Maria" is a rehash of old stereotypes that offers little in the way of new insights. If read for its realism, it has too many anachronisms; if read as parody, it simply cannot compare with Luis Buñuel's hilarious film, "Death in the Garden," which works havoc with the same old cast of characters. As for the lush sex, it appears to have come out of old-fashioned pornographic manuals, complete with "rosy thighs" that are always half open and women who are metamorphosed from virgins to panting tigresses overnight.

The translator has made an attempt to transcribe the various distinct local, regional and national idiosyncracies of speech of these international characters. Unfortunately he tends to vacillate between anachronisms and old-fashioned slang. Nonetheless, for those who cannot do without their atavistic jungle fix and ar prepared to put up with stereotyped gender relatio "Mad Maria" is fun to read.

Jean Franco, the director of the Institute of Latin American and Iberian Studies at Columbia University, is completing "Plotting Women," a book of literary criticism about Latin American writers.

Almost Perfect Is a Failing Grade

BLIND TRUST
By John J. Nance.
Illustrated. 416 pp. New York:
William Morrow & Company. $17.95.

By Richard Witkin

WHEN the domestic airline industry was deregulated in 1978, safety specialists worried that a rash of new airlines and an uninhibited scramble for business would bring about an increase in crashes. In "Blind Trust" John J. Nance, a lawyer, a former airline pilot and the author of "Splash of Colors" (about Braniff International Airlines), argues that deregulation has indeed created a "national crisis" in airline safety. To advance this thesis, he superbly details two pertinent accidents: one involving an Air Florida twin-engine Boeing 737 that crashed in January 1982 just after taking off from Washington National Airport in a snowstorm, and another in which an Air Illinois turboprop crashed in the fall of 1983 because its captain pushed on through murky weather after losing electric power from both engines.

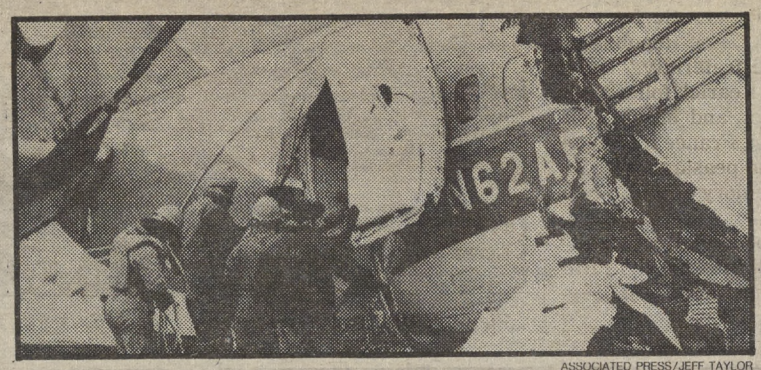
Few experts would quarrel with Mr. Nance's blaming deregulation, in large measure, for both crashes. Air Florida had hastily expanded from its warm-weather southern routes, and the captain had minimal experience in snow operations. Air Illinois also had grown rapidly. And Mr. Nance suggests, with justification, that deregulation can also be blamed for several other accidents or close calls.

He goes too far, I think, in contending unequivocally that deregulation has led to a "significant deterioration" in overall airline safety. The danger seems to have drawn official recognition, most recently in last month's order by the Federal Aviation Administration for a broad inspection of jet engine repair facilities. But the facts so far do not prove it, even considering the December crash of a chartered DC-8 in Newfoundland in which 248 American soldiers died.

The major United States airlines' accident rates, which had declined over the years to a remarkably low level by the time of deregulation, did not turn upward in ensuing years despite predictions that they would. Around the world, commercial aviation did suffer the highest number of deaths ever in 1985. But three of the most disastrous crashes involved foreign, not American, airlines. For the big United States airlines, the accident rates since deregulation have continued to improve in general, though not each and every year. Charter airlines were involved in two major accidents in 1985, including the Newfoundland crash. But from 1976 through 1984, the charters had only two fatal crashes, with a total death toll of 10. For commuter airlines, which traditionally have had accident rates about four times those of big carriers, the improvement in safety has been even sharper than for the major airlines.

The statistics could be short-term aberrations, but they cannot be ignored. Mr. Nance appears to recognize the discrepancy between predictions and reality by repeatedly referring to the "potential" for fatal accidents rather than to the actual figures. Deregulation can be rightly blamed for some accidents (as of today, the issue is still open in the Newfoundland crash). But other factors — for example, improving technology and the bankruptcies of some airlines that barely met safety standards — have helped balance the safety equation.

The author shows a deep knowledge of the intricacies of flying and Government regulation. But I think his warnings about the perils in the system would have been more compelling if his criticisms had been more tempered. He charges that aviation, in its drive toward an ideal of zero fatal crashes, has badly neglected the human factor in seeking a better understanding of flight hazards. Time and again, accidents have been traced to a human error — by a pilot, air traffic controller or mechanic — rather than to a technical breakdown or freakish weather. Mr. Nance argues, rightly I think, that neither Government nor industry has gone far enough in looking into why those errors were made. Why, for example, did the crew of an Eastern Airlines jumbo jet become so preoccupied with checking the locking of a lowered landing gear that the plane was allowed to spiral into the Florida Everglades? How could the pilot of a United Airlines DC-8 fail to heed warnings about fuel depletion as he sought to clear up a gear malfunction while preparing to land in Portland, Ore.?



ASSOCIATED PRESS/JEFF TAYLOR

Salvage personnel with tail section of Air Florida Boeing 737 after it was removed from Washington's Potomac River. Jet crashed on Jan. 13, 1982.

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Mr. Nance recognizes that the airline industry has been making progress in its efforts to deal with such puzzling human behavior. He notes advances in the human engineering of aircraft systems, in research on the physiology and psychology of air and ground crews and in techniques for training cockpit crews to coordinate their work, particularly in emergencies. His analysis would have been even more useful if he had gone beyond the insider references to such programs as "cockpit resource management" and "line-oriented flight training." The terms can mean little to readers unless the author illustrates them by describing a training session and showing how realistic flight situations are dealt with.

Nevertheless, Mr. Nance usually writes with great clarity. Although I don't think he has proved that airline safety is at a crisis point, his insights into specific problem areas can help improve a system that certainly has weak spots and must constantly aim at perfection. □

Richard Witkin covers aviation for The New York Times.

The New York Times

Book Review

January 19, 1986
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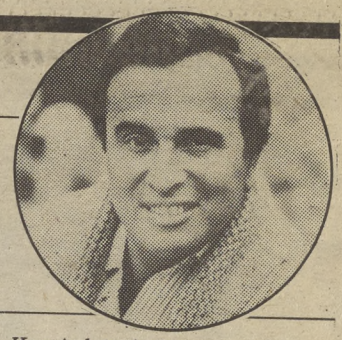


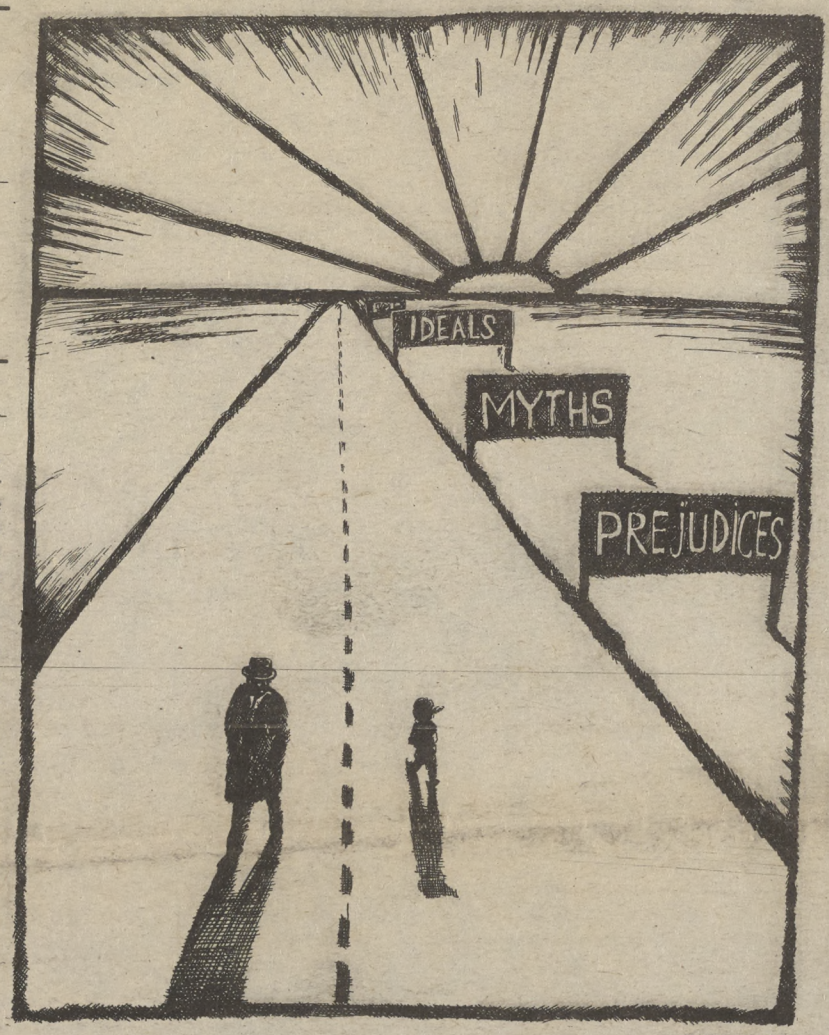
Ken Auletta's "Greed and Glory on Wall Street: The Fall of the House of Lehman." Page 6.

A Singer of Their Tales

THE MORAL LIFE OF CHILDREN
By Robert Coles.
Illustrated. 302 pp. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $19.95.

THE POLITICAL LIFE OF CHILDREN
By Robert Coles.
Illustrated. 341 pp. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. $19.95.

By Neil Postman



EUGENE MIHAESCO

WHEN I was in grade school, Christmas time was a problem. We were always made to sing those mysterious carols, and although "Jingle Bells" was a piece of cake, most of the canon was fraught with danger for a Jewish boy. Harold Goldstein and I figured out a way to defend ourselves. We turned the line "Deck the halls with boughs of holly" into "Deck the halls with rows of cholly," this last word being our rhymed distortion of "challah," the delicious Jewish bread served on the Sabbath. No one actually heard us do this. We believed Christian ears would not suffer our defiance lightly, and so we silently mouthed the words rather than utter them. When we had done this, Harold and I always exchanged the kind of glance that might have passed between Kim Philby and Guy Burgess in the corridors of Whitehall.

I do not know even now if we were making a political statement, a moral statement, or just being ornery. But if Robert Coles could have observed us, *he* would know. And if he didn't, he would at least be interested in the question. For there is no one who is more interested in what children say, sing, don't say or don't sing — and why — than Robert Coles. He is to the stories that children have to tell what Homer was to the tale of the Trojan War. And in more ways than one — all of which are richly exhibited in these companion volumes.

Indeed, it would have been only slightly pretentious if he had begun either of these books with the words "I sing the wrath of children," for his matter is the political and moral anguish of youth, and his manner is that of a singer of their tales. Though he may be called a child psychiatrist, and may even wish to be so known (would Harvard University grant tenure to a singer of tales?), he is at his best when he is listening to children talk, recording their talk and then transforming their talk into a kind of narrative poetry. He characterizes his work as "documentary child psychiatry," and with impeccable academic manners acknowledges the validity of the criticism (made by a colleague) that children do not talk exactly the way they do in his books. But the criticism is irrelevant. Dr. Coles is less a documentarian than a poet, which is to say, he is after the truth, not just the facts.

HIS quest is to learn something significant about how the political and moral consciousness of children develops. To get at the truth, he has made several odysseys — with his family and tape recorder — to places where there are serious problems and therefore where it is to be expected that children will have plenty to say about where they stand. Thus, Dr. Coles has ended up in South Africa, Brazil, Northern Ireland, Poland, Southeast Asia, Nicaragua, French-speaking Canada and certain troubled sections of America.

His method is to get to know children, ask them significant questions and let them speak. Much of each volume is taken up with what the children say, or, more precisely, what they mean to say. Dr. Coles is reluctant to offer elaborate or even well-organized interpretations of his protocols. He distrusts much of the

Continued on page 28

Neil Postman is the author of "The Disappearance of Childhood" and the recently published "Amusing Ourselves to Death."

New England Voices

By Thomas Williams

AWHILE ago I was asked to write the introduction to a book of short stories by contemporary New England writers and to consider the question of regional writing. My first thought was that all serious writing, from anywhere, so far transcends the regional that the question didn't warrant discussion. I hardly ever think whether fiction from New England is different from Middle Western fiction or Southwestern fiction or whatever fiction. Real writers — the writers who write serious rather than formula fiction — use the images at their fingertips, whatever they are, to give us experience and after that, we hope, some truth.

Thirty years ago Henry Steele Commager, in his essay "The Nature of American Nationalism," said that American love of country has always been "a curiously general affair, almost an abstract one. Few Americans have [a] passionate attachment to a particular soil, a particular county or region." He went on to say, "We have a regional literature, but it is rather a tribute to the passing of genuine regionalism than an expression of it."

We can all spot the sentimental or patronizing local-colorist, but is an expression of genuine regionalism regionalism at all? Does the serious writer ever feel regional? And I have to add that in the last 30 years I've seen the very speech of my own state, New Hampshire, change gradually toward some-

Continued on page 26

Thomas Williams, a novelist and short story writer, is the author of "The Followed Man"; his forthcoming novel is "The Moonpinnace."

Joyce Carol Oates on 'Hawksmoor'/**3**

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Faulkner, while in the case of Shakespeare The Times didn't attempt the backbreaking task of searching out the unknown heirs. In Britain, poems, novels or plays become public domain 50 years after death only if they have been published. An unpublished work is perpetual private property.



In the United States since 1978, a new copyright law starts time running toward public domain status at the date of "fixation" (when a work is completed to the author's satisfaction), not of publication, giving 75 years' protection after such fixation; but unpublished works dating from before 1978 are protected until Dec. 31, 2002. If actual publication is authorized before 2002, an extra 25 years of copyright, to 2027, is granted.

What happened to Shakespeare's heirs' rights? At Congressional hearings and in scholarly articles, the difficulty scholars or cultural users would have in finding the unidentified heirs of Bach, Beethoven or Shakespeare has been cited to justify a time limit on copyright of unpublished works. But the law is quite clear: publication of previously unpublished works originating before 1978 requires the consent of the author or his or her heirs (subject to a defense of "fair use" for scholarly comment).

Let The Times beware of infringement claims! To be sure, perhaps a claim from Shakespeare's heirs at this late date might help establish the authenticity of the poem.

M. WILLIAM KRASILOVSKY
New York

The Maid's Reply

To the Editor:

Apropos the newly discovered love poem supposedly by Shakespeare, I submit the following, entitled "The Maid Replies to W.S.":

Dare I exclaim "Out, out sweet flame!"?
Is't you, my Will, who writes so ill?
Plague take such blithering!
Let savants praise those leaden lays.
Send me no more! I groan. I snore,
All passion withering.
Your lumpy, terse, misshapen verse
Dies stillborn in the stanza.
'Tis not for me, although it be
Some future prof's bonanza.

CHARLES M. FAIR
Wakefield, R.I.

Try It With Music

To the Editor:

Both Mr. Taylor and scholars who dispute his attribution might well take into consideration the fact that the poem is quite evidently a song. Its formal qualities — abundant rhyme, bipartite stanza structure and especially the metrical patterns — certainly suggest that it was written with a musical complement in mind. (Various stock elements in the language strengthen this impression; however, it should also be noted that there are some quite fine stanzas as well.)

Thus its qualitative achievement should be discussed in context: that is, in relation to other songs by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. It might also be interesting to know: (1) whether song collections can be easily checked to see if a setting has actually survived; (2) whether the Rawlinson manuscript contains other possible song texts; (3) whether the poem has any features that suggest it might be an unused song for a specific play.

Given the length of "Shall I die?," one can easily imagine Shakespeare writing it as the pièce de résistance for a musical evening. In any case, the wonderfully authoritative tone of the scholars ranged against Mr. Taylor can only bemuse.

SALLY M. GALL
Suffern, N.Y.

Truth Will Out

To the Editor:

It was with great excitement that I read Gary Taylor's article on his discovery, for it contains the final link in the chain of proof that those magnificent plays were not written by that untutored bumpkin from Stratford but rather by the learned Earl of Pembroke.

What a shame Mr. Taylor misread the evidence. I shall submit my proof for publication in a fortnight.

ROGER FLEETWIN 3D
Brooklyn

Who Wrote Burgess?

To the Editor:

Anthony Burgess's essay "Is It Really Shakespeare?" (Dec. 22), attacking Gary Taylor and his Shakespearean discovery, was poorly reasoned and poorly expressed. It did not sound like the work of a professional writer and probably should not have been published. Nevertheless, no one questions its authenticity.

DAVID J. PERLMAN
Philadelphia

A Defense of Rhymes

To the Editor:

It is true, as reported by Gary Taylor in his reply to Anthony Burgess, "Who's Sorry Now?" (Dec. 22), that Shakespeare fathered some illegitimate rhymes, but "downs / hounds" is not one of them. Mr. Taylor was misled by the spelling, since the phonological transition from "n" to "z" necessarily involves the voiced stop "d"; that is, the final "ns" of "downs" is actualized as "ndz." Native English speakers will often, in this and similar cases ("lens" and "lends," for example), go to great lengths to create a distinction of sound where none can occur.

PAUL K. BENEDICT
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

Shall We Care?

To the Editor:

I have read Anthony Burgess's piece denying that the poem discovered by Gary Taylor was written by William Shakespeare. I have also read Gary Taylor's response as well as other pieces, pro and con, by various scholars. Under the name of scholarship, the experts are now busy comparing Shakespearean similes and counting the number of times Shakespeare used certain words. No one has as yet made an exhaustive study of Shakespeare's commas, but that is sure to come.

All this strikes me as very silly. It is clear that we are unlikely ever to find proof that Shakespeare did or did not write this particular piece of doggerel. But I cannot help asking a very simple question: what difference does it make? Why don't we simply say that Gary Taylor has discovered a rather poor poem that may or may not have been written by William Shakespeare and let it go at that? Such an approach would not add to Shakespeare's stature, but it wouldn't diminish it either. And we could all go back to counting our jellybeans.

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New England Voices

Continued from page 1

thing like Middle Western standard, as though the last generation learned as much of its tongue from Captain Kangaroo and Johnny Carson as it did from its parents and grandparents.

Having said that, as if to declare a basic critical stance, I have to admit that there is more to say. Like several of the writers in the volume I introduced, called "New Fiction from New England," I came to New England from somewhere else, and I remember very well my Currier-and-Ives expectations and the shock of a different reality. I was a child and therefore as much a prisoner as if Mohawks, those legendary raiders, had come down from the north and taken me away from an essentially egalitarian and democratic childhood to what seemed to me a place of dark social, religious and historical demarcations and taboos.

UNTIL I was 10 I lived on farms and in small towns in the Middle West, then in New York City where I attended the Little Red School House, a private school with leftish-liberal inclinations, multiracial when that was quite progressive, in which the teachers and students regarded themselves as friends. When I came to the town I've come to call in my fiction Leah, N.H., then a mill town surrounded by wooded hills, declining farms and exposed granite, I found that in the Leah schools the relationship between faculty and students more resembled that of guards and prisoners of war.

I hadn't chosen Leah, but it was where I spent my adolescence — that time of steaming reality when we cast away our toys and fantasies and demand touch and real risk. I learned about Leah in the way of wounds and small victories, but always with a certain perspective that immunized me forever against nostalgia, the disease that confuses youthful sanguinity with a time and a place. And perhaps against resentment, too, though Leah was the first place I'd lived in that I consciously disliked. When I was old enough I joined the Army, glad to get away. After the murky and dangerous social and familial currents of Leah, the Army with its uniforms, all insignia in plain sight, was a relief.

And yet I came back after the war and I'm still here trying to figure this place out. New England is different; for instance, it is an American trait *not* to be as sensitive, socially and culturally, as New England is. Yankees are terrified of being snubbed or, worse, pa-





Rebecca Rule and Kim Yong Ik.

tronized. Sincerity is not merely appreciated, it is demanded. In a famous example given, I think, by the man of letters and transplanted Westerner Bernard DeVoto, the lost tourist leans from his car window and says, with the gruffness, possibly, of embarrassment, "I want to get to St. Johnsbury!" After a pause, one of the men sitting on the store steps says mildly, "We've no objection."

Which means in this case that the "moral" transcends what could be called common human decency; quite often the Yankee style is an incentive to cruelty. Of course, a possible reason for all this nervousness is





Howard Mosher and Carrie Sherman.

that human relationships are considered more valuable here than elsewhere. I still feel a general resistance to the "Have a nice day!" sort of vapidity, to its glib summary of existence. There *is* less of that sort of thing here than elsewhere.

But here's a slightly more subtle case, this from Robert Bryan and Marshall Dodge's collection of Maine vignettes called "Bert and I." It goes something like this:

"Why're you so het up, Tom?"

"Oh, I had to shoot my dog."

"Was he mad?"

"Guess he weren't so damn pleased."

The question is how one interprets this exchange. Do you think Tom misunderstands the question, or is ignorant of the fact that "mad" means rabid? It's funny enough that way. But consider the possibility that Tom deliberately misunderstands the question. In considering what his answer will be, he rejects the comforting ordinary for a dark humor that will do better justice to his real emotion. The question, "Was he mad?" is perhaps not insincere, but it is standard, and Tom rejects the standard. He makes the exchange something of a confrontation, with its own dramatic tension (the questioner has been somewhat put down), and the dog, for whom he really grieves, has been made a twinge more real, a force of personality. Again, it's a little cruel — but harder, better.

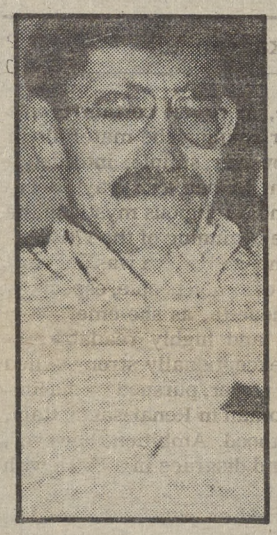
I see the above examples as a tendency, a prickliness, a moral nudge of some kind, but especially as an attitude toward language. The stories in "New Fiction from New England" are by writers who aren't very well known — at least not yet. Some are represented by their first published stories. Names I will be looking for in the future are Rebecca Rule, Daniel Asa Rose, Sharon Stark (her rural Pennsylvania subject matter not at all out of place here), William Evans, Garrett Bauman, Carrie Sherman and Ian Macmillan. Better known are Barry Targan, Peter Meinke, Howard Mosher, Ernest Hebert and Kim Yong Ik.

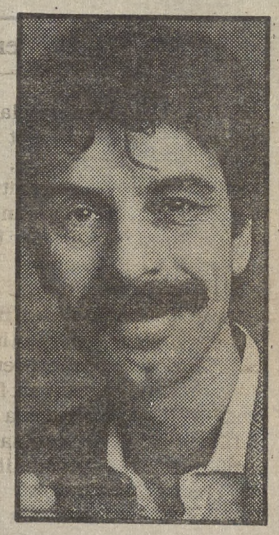
• • •

In a way we are all from New England, all of us who write the American language. Grandmother's house, the Old Homestead, is in some psychic way here for all of us. I think of Carol Kennicott, the heroine of Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street," who yearned for the village, the white church, the neatness and, she thought, the culture of New England. One of the reasons — or the main reason — for the huge commercial success of "Peyton Place" was that its author, Grace Metalious, seemed to tear veils of sanctimony from a place that we had somehow idealized, and we were pleased, in a puerile fashion, by her crude energy. And I wonder how much the mass appeal of Stephen King's "plain style," as he perceptively calls it, has to do with its New Englandish demonology.

We are all haunted, even if at third or fourth hand, by the Puritans, who have to be admired for their adherence to sobriety, egalitarianism and a sense of justice even as they were being driven mad by the torments of Calvinism. And there is also in all of us the logic of the 18th century and those grand doubters who invented our country, as well as the transcendentalism, or romanticism, of the 19th, each in one way or another convincing still. Hawthorne, Melville, Emerson, Thoreau, R. H. Dana, Emily Dickinson, Sarah Orne Jewett, Henry Adams, E. A. Robinson, Frost — an incomplete list, but each voice is as alive to me as that of any contemporary. I'm always surprised by the sanity, the even temper, the humor and the coolness of the literary voices of New England. Some may be Puritan voices wrestling with problems I have myself rejected, but they are very near to my own inner voice. To me religion is such an anathema I suspect that it must have formed my standards in the first place. "Men are not essentially good" may be the deepest and most ineradicable message of that past. Therefore without sentimentality admire the rare good act. Trust no one but be worthy of trust — if you can. Calvinism has more lives than a cat.

I see in all this, and in the New England that sustains and abrades me every day, an injunction to use language very carefully, to resist the ordinary consistencies of diction and thought, those automatic responses that obliterate what is darker — the real reason for all these words. In my own case I've always felt that nothing I say will affect the world very much at all, so why not at least be honest? Prepare to abandon all theory, especially literary theory. Emerson wrote in his





Peter Meinke and Ernest Hebert.

journal: "It is not in the power of God to make a communication of his will to a Calvinist. For to every inward revelation he holds up his silly book, and quotes chapter and verse." For "Calvinist" read in our day any mind in thrall to dogma. A real Yankee would rather be called "handy in the woods."

So is there a "school" of New England writers now? For instance, how would you compare Carolyn Chute's novel, "The Beans of Egypt, Maine" with Donald Hall's "String Too Short to Be Saved"? The two writers, I happen to know, admire each other's work, and is this undogmatic admiration the real connection, after all? Though their styles are very different, both live here and deal with this place. Each in fact might be the old Yankee who is always watching to see what kind of a damn fool the other is. Caring a lot, in other words. Or, to go back a while, how might one compare Jack Kerouac (the mills of Lowell, Mass., the French-Americans) with the Thornton Wilder of "Our Town"? There is too much to New England, too many parts and places, visitors and natives.

But where is New England nowadays, anyway? It is a general belief held by all New Englanders that anything to the south of them is tainted. As for me, I sometimes think that New England is north of a line running east-west through Concord, N.H., just above the birthplace of Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science. To the north of that line the condominium owners

are mostly seasonal, not year-round residents — at least not in overwhelming numbers. Of course you'll find a few Yankees at town meetings farther south — they sit in a back corner of the high school auditorium in their tacky dresses and green chino work clothes, and there is a common bitter, ironic expression on their faces as the newcomers pass laws concerning the shooting of deer and the removal of the 1956 Ford Fairlane that's been in the yard minding its own business longer than them people have lived here, for God sakes. But New England has been in decline, in one way or another, since the end of the Civil War, and there is a grand tradition of disappointment, even a perverse joy in it, I sometimes think. Perverse enjoyment has always caused a sensitivity to language.

• • •

Who New England writers are is something new to think about. If I name those who quickly come to mind, I'm certain to leave out even more obvious ones. But I think of John Irving, perhaps seen on his way to Vienna but carrying with him his baggage of Yankee cynicism and sentiment; John Updike in Tarbox; the late John Cheever and his Wapshots (more than in Shady Hill among the metropolitan commuters); Andre Dubus dealing harsh sympathy to his booze- and God-haunted Massachusetts blue-collars; Russell Banks, after his long infatuation with postmoderns, finding his real voice in a trailer park in his native New Hampshire; Ernest Hebert documenting the creeping asphalt; Ruth Doan MacDougal's high school teachers on the edge and over the edge; and Maxine Kumin, May Sarton, Richard Yates, Sydney Lea, John Sayles, Ann Beattie (in her Vermont mode), Paul Theroux, David Plante, Richard Eberhart, Galway Kinnell, Joyce Maynard — and new writers (at least new to me) like Merle Drown, Mary Peterson, Rebecca Rule — these voices all seem so individual in their preoccupations that I can't call them a "school." All I can say is that each seems affected by this dark place where, for instance, Tom took it upon himself to put his own dog out of its misery.

I suppose it is Robert Frost whose actual words reverberate most in my own mind, and in whose cold knowledge I would search for a common "New England" sensibility. There is the deadly, beautiful landscape in "Out, Out," where the young boy's hand has been taken by the buzz saw, and the poet says, with seemingly final chilliness, "So." Or the husband in "Home Burial," who tries to be sympathetic to his grieving wife but by his nature cannot, and finally says, "I'll follow and bring you back by force. I *will!*" And there is the witch of Coos, who kept the knucklebones of her murdered lover in her button box. Mary, the wife in "The Death of the Hired Man," says of home, "I should have called it / Something you somehow haven't to do / serve." But those of us who have married this place suspect that our careful words prove the opposite. □

Divine Visions, Diabolical Obsessions

IMMODEST ACTS
The Life of a Lesbian Nun in Renaissance Italy.
By Judith C. Brown.
214 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $14.95.

By Frederika Randall

IN every time and place, there are certain people who have an instinct for shaping the materials of their circumstances, however simple, into deeds that command attention. In her own way, Benedetta Carlini, a young nun and a religious mystic in the Tuscan town of Pescia at the beginning of the 17th century, was such a person. Although her era was not very sympathetic to the claims of common people, especially common women, Sister Benedetta, as she emerges in Judith Brown's fascinating and highly readable account, seems to have been exceptionally strong-willed and ambitious. Her quest for power, pursued by the limited means open to such a woman in Renaissance Italy, set her on the path to sainthood. Ambition, however, eventually led to downfall and disgrace in a clash with the church authorities.

"Immodest Acts" is based on papers that Judith Brown, a historian at Stanford University, discovered in the state archives of Florence while researching the economic history of the region and the Medici rule. The documents concerning Sister Benedetta consisted mostly of transcripts of a series of inquests, carried on between 1619 and 1623, first by the provost (the town's chief ecclesiastical official), and then by the papal nuncio to determine whether the nun, abbess of the Convent of the Mother of God, was a true divine visionary or the victim of a "diabolical obsession." In the course of the investigation she was charged with other grave offenses: fraudulent miracles (including self-inflicted "stigmata"); a dramatic wedding ceremony with Christ as her bridegroom, and carrying on a passionately erotic love affair with another sister in the Theatine order. She was sentenced to the convent's prison, where she died some 35 years later.

Benedetta Carlini's story is a rare example of the life of a nonaristocratic woman of the period and, according to the author, the most complete account among the handful of lesbian love affairs on record from antiquity until modern times. Judith Brown records her rise and fall with a mixture of personal sympathy and historical detachment, unfolding the biography within a vivid picture of convent life and the Roman Catholic Church during the upheavals of the Counter-Reformation.

Born in an Apennine mountain village, Benedetta joined the convent as an outsider, though the town of Pescia lay in the plains only seven miles from her home. Not only had she no standing in town society, but as a mountain girl she came from a culture that townspeople would have considered backward and superstitious. Her father was a prosperous man by village standards, and he had promised his only daughter to a convent from birth. Accordingly, at the age of 9 Benedetta was enrolled with the Theatines, a new order not yet fully recognized by the church.

Convents became homes for many young girls of middling to wealthy families, and one attraction was that the dowry necessary to join the convent might be as little as one-fourth of what was needed to make a good marriage. The Theatine order that accepted Benedetta, although not as prestigious or as expensive to enter as several other orders nearby, was, according to the author, likely to have been stricter and more pious. Morals tended to be somewhat free and easy in convents full of high-spirited young women with little religious vocation. For example, Alessandro Manzoni's tale of the Nun of Monza in "The Betrothed" was based on the true story of a nun of a noble family brought to trial in 1607. While ostensibly secluded in the convent, she maintained a long relationship with a man by whom she had a child, and helped him commit several murders in an attempt to keep their secret.



Detail from "Last Judgment" by Giovanni di Paolo (c. 1400-1482) from jacket for "Immodest Acts."

Benedetta Carlini was also a young woman of great determination, but without any particular means of influence except her spiritual gift — a capacity for mystical revelation that soon made her stand out among her colleagues. During trancelike states in which she had luxurious visions and sometimes spoke in the voice of angels and of Jesus, she seemed to her sisters to take on the appearance of a handsome young man. She also proved an astute administrator of the convent's silk works and other activities, and was made abbess of the convent at the unusually young age of 30.

Her revelations were a source of both pride and embarrassment for the church. For local church officials and the people of Pescia, having a woman in their midst who might work miracles and even be sainted was an attractive prospect. The church hierarchy, however, had taken a distinct turn away from personal mysticism. Efforts to reform the church focused on suppressing ecstasy and emphasizing exemplary behavior, and there was also a drive to police convent morals more strictly. Sister Benedetta's revelations were thus carefully scrutinized. The fact that she had verifiable signs of divine grace — wounds on her hands, feet, side and head, seen as stigmata conferred in a tempestous session with Christ — made her claims persuasive to local church officials.

Perhaps made too bold by her popularity and growing power, Sister Benedetta staged the first step in her downfall when she arranged her theatrical ceremony of marriage to Christ before the entire convent. Speaking through her, Jesus gave a long sermon about Benedetta's superiority, threatening to punish those who did not obey her. "I would like that this, my bride, be empress of all the nuns," said Benedetta-Jesus, adding that even the Grand Duke of Tuscany should be informed about her greatness.

THIS time the impeccably modest conduct that had allowed her to gain so much credit slipped badly. Complaints about her stern administration began to be heard among the nuns, and several reported that she had conferred the stigmata with her own hands. Then a young nun who was the abbess's companion came forth with an account of their extended erotic affair, carried out while the abbess was possessed by a handsome male angel she called Splenditello. When the papal authorities made their report, they determined that her revelations were the work of the Devil, not of God.

The abbess's visions, embellished with symbols of beauty and violence, grandiose and often sadomasochistic, may seem to us as fascinating as any of Freud's case studies, but the author places them in the context of the religious imagery of medieval texts and paintings. And although Sister Benedetta's conflicts as a woman sometimes speak to us with a modern cadence, what is most striking is how many worlds apart her thought is from our own. Like her quest for authority, contained for a while under her acceptable guise of a religious visionary, Sister Benedetta's sexuality, argues Judith Brown, was contained within an elaborate religious imagery that permitted her erotic license inside the confines of a magical mental world.

But the abbess of the Theatines of Pescia was also one of the many victims of that slowly vanishing magical mentality, at a time when the church's philosophic and institutional reforms had extended as far as the practices of a small convent in Tuscany. The mysticism and ecstasy that might have gained Benedetta Carlini great favor, even sainthood, a century earlier, were now forms of superstition the church wanted to suppress. The wild mountain girl with a prolific imagination, nourished by her provincial religious training, was one of those born too late.

Frederika Randall is a freelance journalist.

A Singer of Their Tales

Continued from page 1

conceptual baggage carried about by psychologists, especially theories about how moral or political sensibility comes into being. In "The Moral Life of Children," he contrasts the words of Lawrence Kohlberg, Harvard's leading authority on moral development, with both the words and actions of Ruby Bridges, one of the black children who, at age 6 and in the face of abusive, even violent, resistance, initiated school desegregation in New Orleans. According to Mr. Kohlberg, Ruby would not rank very high on the scale of moral maturity; indeed, at her age, she is in a "premoral" state. In Dr. Coles's view, there is less wrong with Ruby's moral condition than with Mr. Kohlberg's taxonomy. "Her prayers," Dr. Coles remarks, "her smiles, were, I suppose, mere gestures, not the careful responses of a truly reflective person — a Cambridge theorist, for example. As for many other children we knew in the Scuth, both black and white, I doubt they would fare much better in Kohlberg's scheme of things."

THIS is about as nasty as Dr. Coles gets in his rebuke of theorists, but he wishes to be very clear about the limits and prejudices of theory. "Moral life," he says, "is not to be confused with tests meant to measure certain kinds of abstract (moral) thinking, or with tests that give people a chance to offer hypothetical responses to made-up scenarios." Dr. Coles gets a little help here from his friends and teachers — for example, Paul Tillich, Anna Freud and William Carlos Williams — in finding support for his neglect of theory. He quotes each of them worrying about the academic tendency to submit facts to the sovereignty of inappropriate but deified theories.

Dr. Coles is sure that what one must do first is observe, and this mostly means to listen. When one listens, he believes, theoretical frameworks often seem to lie somewhere between aridness and irrelevancy. Here, for instance, is Ruby Bridges, speaking about the crowds who converged around her, screaming her death warrant: "They keep coming and saying the bad words, but my momma says they'll get tired after a while and then they'll stop coming. They'll stay home. The minister came to our house and he said the same thing, and not to worry, and I don't. The minister said God is watching and He won't forget, because He never does. The minister says if I forgive the people, and smile at them and pray for them, God will keep a good eye on everything and He'll be our protection." In the face of such awesome piety, theory must declare itself incompetent and remain mute.

Dr. Coles is convincing on the validity of his method and the value of his material but is less so on the distinction he draws between political and moral discourse. More than once while engrossed in the angry or frightened or puzzled outpourings of the children, I was not sure which of the two books I was reading. For example, Cathy, a Roman Catholic from Northern Ireland, has been told that the answer to the trouble in Derry is to bring in a few hundred Pakistanis. Then all the Catholics and Protestants would unite to hate the "Pakis" (as they are called). "Mummy," Cathy asks, "do you mean that the only way we can be nice to each other is to have people around we can point at and not be nice to?" Later, she addresses her father: "Would Jesus stand up for them [the Protestants] today? They've been bad to us, and they still are; we're 'pigs' to them, and they say so, and we are poor, and they own everything."

> *"Children are not empty vessels into which the content of culture is poured. They are as much makers as receivers."*

These remarks are quoted in "The Political Life of Children," but as Dr. Coles is well aware, it is in the nature of the issues Cathy is trying to sort out that the moral and political are inseparable. The problem, therefore, of making two books out of one requires some ingenuity. Dr. Coles tries to solve the problem by focusing on issues of "character" in "The Moral Life of Children" and issues of "nationalism" in "The Political Life of Children," and, I suppose, he does about as well as can be expected. In explaining why he was compelled to divide his study in this way, Dr. Coles says: "Nowhere on the five continents I've visited in this study has nationalism failed to become an important element in the developing conscience of young people. . . . Who can listen to children, of any nationality, and not hear the political superego constantly exerting its requirements upon eager and vulnerable minds?"

But if one expects Dr. Coles to assume an enlightened hostility to nationalism, one is in for a surprise. He does quote an articulate Belfast doctor's denunciation of nationalism as a "virus," and, possibly, Dr. Coles is temperamentally inclined to agree. The stories the children tell, though, lead him to a different conclusion. "Nationalism," he says, "encourages social commitment to a neighborhood, a willingness to exert oneself toward civic tasks. Nationalism also energizes the entire moral life of a child, his parents, his relatives — gives them all a structure on which they can hang a range of oughts, noughts, maybes, ifs."

One need not agree with this or any other generalization of Dr. Coles's to rank his book as a major contribution to our understanding of how children become socialized. Readers can draw their own conclusions from what the children say. But these books, like the "Iliad," are not about conclusions. They are about the myths, prejudices, worries and observations from which children generate their opinions and loyalties. "No one teaches children sociology or psychology," Dr. Coles remarks; "yet, children are constantly noticing who gets along with whom, and why." His tales are about what they have noticed, and how it affects them.

As a consequence, the books are written in a way that does not allow for a clear characterization of Dr. Coles's position. He does not start from a given point and progress to deeper and wider insights. Rather, he circles around certain themes, sometimes appearing to make a point but then quickly moving away from it. He is, as I say, a storyteller, and, as every storyteller knows, the characters must do the speaking. One might say of Dr. Coles that his process of inquiry *is* his result; his method, his conclusion.

THERE is, however, one conclusion that a careful reader cannot fail to draw: we are all amateurs in the task of socializing our children. Parents, teachers, clerics, even Cambridge theorists, may make their plans this way and that, and according to sure-fire instructions. But the oughts, noughts, maybes and ifs that count most in giving shape to a child's character and political loyalties appear to come from diverse and unexpected sources. Sometimes, as in the case of Ruby Bridges, the exhortations of a minister or a mother penetrate deeply. More often, it is the stuff of ritual, movies, television, the daily news — the unsystematized material of a child's symbolic environment — that will exert the most enduring influences. And even then, with results quite unintended. For it is repeatedly documented in these books that children are not empty vessels into which the content of culture is poured. Children are as much makers as receivers.

A case in point: Dr. Coles and a 14-year-old Georgia boy discuss the film "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance." The boy makes it clear that his loyalties are with the John Wayne character but not with the Senator, played by James Stewart. "They want you to be on the side of that Senator," the boy says, "and I'm *not* on his side. I mean, he was one of the good guys; he was *the* good guy. But who believes anyone like him is for real?" Those of us who worry about what a sequence of "Rambo" movies holds in store for the politics and character of our youth may thus take heart.

And we may also take heart from the fact that Robert Coles always seems to be traveling somewhere in the world listening to the planet's children, doing his deeply humanistic research. And that if we put aside our theories and preconceptions, he will tell us what is on their minds, and something about how it got there. □

'Get Out Your Hawthorne'



Robert Coles.

While Robert Coles was an undergraduate at Harvard College, he sent a paper he had written on the poet William Carlos Williams to Williams himself, and when the physician-writer invited the student to drop by, the young man took him up on it. "I was very influenced by Williams. I applied to medical school to get the same day-to-day exposure to patients that he had," said Dr. Coles, a child psychiatrist, in a telephone interview from his Concord, Mass., home. And when he told Perry Miller, an English professor, that he was going to medical school to become a psychiatrist, Miller told him, "Get out your old copies of Hawthorne, Emerson and Melville. Anything you learn in psychiatry is in those books."

"I try to integrate how novelists and poets see the world with how psychiatrists and psychoanalysts see the world," Dr. Coles said. "It's tough. There are hazards on both sides. The literary celebration of the individual, of irony and paradox, can leave you stripped of general statements. On the other hand, social scientists can get lost in those generalities and leave nothing to say about the individual."

Dr. Coles draws on literature in his teaching at Harvard University. At the law school, his course "Dickens and the Law" views the legal profession through Dickens's novels and the works of Walker Percy and William Carlos Williams. "What novelists and poets do for us is help us think anew about moral and psychological issues. Literature is a much-neglected reservoir for the teaching of psychiatry and psychology. I think Freud himself learned as much from the Greek tragedies as from anything in medical school."

"My wife was always after me about how my psychiatric perspective made me insensitive to the moral and religious interests of the children I talked to. That perspective, of course, has its value in a clinical situation, but it doesn't explain how children struggle with the moral questions of their lives." Dr. Coles began writing about children and the larger events that sweep them along in the 1960's. Along with political and moral issues, he has had a longstanding interest in religion, and the religious life of children may be the subject of his next book. His current books, though, took him 10 years to complete; he will undertake one on religion and children "if I can mobilize the will and have the strength."

"I don't really know what I'll do now," Dr. Coles added. "I guess I'm suffering from what my friend Erik Erikson would call a middle-age identity crisis."

— Daniel Goleman

The Wellborn Maverick

OUTSIDE THE MAGIC CIRCLE
The Autobiography of
Virginia Foster Durr.
Edited by Hollinger F. Barnard.
With a foreword by Studs Terkel.
Illustrated. 360 pp. University:
The University of Alabama Press. $24.50.

By Rosellen Brown

IN the 1960's there were certain names that blew across the South, right across state lines, exemplars of bravery and immovability in the face of racism and red-baiting. Many were poor and black; others were white and "wellborn." The urgencies of history had taken them all by surprise. While the majority of Alabamians considered Virginia and Clifford Durr traitors, not heroes, they represented to many of us the best of the white South, its native strength: they were sensible, outspoken, committed and only accidentally heroic.

Virginia Durr did not write the autobiography so aptly called "Outside the Magic Circle." She spoke it, over the course of two years, in a series of interviews for such invaluable collections as those of the oral history programs at Columbia University and the University of North Carolina. Well edited by Hollinger F. Barnard, so that it is only occasionally repetitive, the book is, one suspects, far more representative of Mrs. Durr's true voice than a written memoir might have been. It is chatty, informal, rich with the sound of laughter and an outrage that often stops at the brink of awe at some of the goings-on she has witnessed in a changing and yet deeply unchanging South. It is a true nonfiction *Bildungsroman* — a journey from innocence to experience, to disillusion but never cynicism — and it's superb reading.

The daughter of a minister unchurched for admitting that he did not believe the story of Jonah and the whale (among others), Virginia Foster grew up in Birmingham early in the century. Although she was noisy, obstinate and not sufficiently beautiful to be an outstanding "belle," the child Virginia grew as she was expected to: she tried to please Daddy, who believed in the myths of the South if not of the church; she prayed to be as popular as her sister, who entertained 40 beaus on one good day; she attended Ku Klux Klan parades and loved "The Birth of a Nation" because it was "thrilling and dramatic"; and she went off to Wellesley College (almost as penance for being smarter than she was charming) still believing that kissing might be the way to make babies. "Nothing was ever discussed; everything was assumed," she says of the Civil War, of the conduct of the sexes, of the rich and the poor (who generally reaped what they sowed) and of the races.

At Wellesley the young Virginia found her shell painfully cracking when she was forced to sit at table with a "Negro girl" or go home. She married a young lawyer named Clifford Durr and in 1933 they went to Washington, where, step by step, casual meeting by dinner party — Virginia's sister had married Hugo Black, first a United States senator, later a Supreme Court justice, and the Durrs entered a society Virginia would probably never have joined otherwise — we see the young woman begin to listen to her own small dissenting voice on questions of sexual and racial equity. Clifford became a member of the Federal Communications Commission, and while she raised a family and took into her copious household a myriad of others (including, for years, Jessica Mitford and her baby — Miss Mitford has told stories about this time in her books), Virginia got embroiled in the fight to abolish the poll tax so that women (though not blacks) could vote.

But one thing led to another for these courageous people, and eventually, returned to the South against her will in the 50's, the Durrs became, willy-nilly, part of the movement to secure civil rights of every kind for everyone. About differences in strategy she was not interested in cutting distinctions too fine: "I always felt it was exactly like the distinctions in religions — are you going to get to heaven by dipping or sprinkling or total immersion." Clifford, whose sympathies were somewhat more classically constrained than his wife's, claimed not to be interested in the legal and constitutional rights of the blacks he represented, only in those of people "because I happen to be people myself."

Their philosophical differences did not impede the Durrs' mutual respect, because the results were the same: the two of them were the locally vilified champions in long battles from the New Deal through the arrival of the Freedom Riders. (In 1954, when Senator James O. Eastland hauled Virginia Durr up before his Internal Security Subcommittee she stood mute and then, using the old stereotype with vengeful wit, proceeded to powder her nose.)

"Outside the Magic Circle" is crammed with good stories told with gusto. After her father lost his church, young Virginia became one of the genteel poor, whose ancestors owned vast plantations, whose cousins became governors. Thus, having come of good family, she could be "placed," as she puts it again and again, her reliability vouched for wherever there were Alabamians to recognize her name. At these moments, Mrs. Durr's book sounds exactly like Peter Taylor's fiction and her spoken voice takes on a priceless complexity, earnest yet slyly self-aware.

Commenting on the humiliating behavior of Mr. Eastland, she tells a wonderful story of a group of Mississippi women trying to dissociate themselves from the Senator because — from the "wrong" part of the state, from new money, in Mrs. Durr's words as "common as pig tracks" — he was simply not one of them. That honey phrase recurs frequently. "I valued the idea of being well-born," she says unapologetically, though she understands the limitations of such a vantage point. She understands that dissent is easier for the financially secure and even pities Klansmen for being so emaciated: "You couldn't help but feel that they had been deprived all their lives."

We see Mrs. Durr help Rosa Parks get ready — without knowing it — for the moment when she will sit her way into history in the Montgomery bus boycott; we watch her nearly come to blows with Joan Baez across the generations, and hear how she had to ante up 27 cents to cast her first vote in Virginia. Along the way she gives us unselfconscious portraits of two Wallaces, Henry and George, of Representative Vito Marcantonio of New York, of a host of other politicians and socialites and, at a discreet distance, of Hugo Black, to whom her sister, she insists, gave up too much of her independence.

THE sum of her experiences, however personally liberating, leaves Mrs. Durr disillusioned. For all their heroism, she and her husband were reduced to insolvency by political betrayal and the vagaries of civil liberties law, which was never a growth industry in Montgomery. She cannot reconcile herself to the wretched behavior of so many men in the public trust. But finally, less personally and most painfully, she sees how people use the vote she has helped to secure with such difficulty — they have no class canniness, no protective self-interest or how could they elect demagogues like George Wallace?

And yet she understands. In one extraordinary scene in which she is insulted by this generation's students at Tuskegee Institute, Mrs. Durr begins to grasp that they respect no one of her class or generation — no "big shot," black or white. They want what the white folks have, ideology and morality aside. It reminds her of the time she asked a young black man if he hadn't heard about the struggle for desegregation of the buses. "Huh, Mrs. Durr, who wants to ride on a bus? I want a car of my own."

Such a moment is worth a whole book of sociology. The education of a true witness is never finished. □

Rosellen Brown's most recent novel is "Civil Wars."

'No Bombs Fell on Alabama'

When you grew up, didn't you feel safe? I was scared of snakes and runaway horses, but there really was nothing to be scared of in those days that I can remember — except hell. And my mother dispelled hell for me — told me that it didn't exist and it was ridiculous to pay any attention to it. I'm sure there was a great deal of fear in the world, but I wasn't aware of it. In the circumstances that I lived in I certainly wasn't afraid of black people, because they took care of me and nursed me and fed me and were my protectors. In fact, they were the people I depended on to look after me. I was only fourteen or fifteen during the First World War, and it was a long way off. No bombs fell on Alabama or New York. To me that war was a lot of good-looking young men with bars on their shoulders and learning how to dance and knitting sweaters.

Maybe we were protected from fear because we didn't have television then. . . . If you didn't read the newspapers for a week, you wouldn't know there'd been an explosion somewhere.

— From "Outside the Magic Circle."



THE NEW YORK TIMES/RONALD W. THOMAS

Virginia Foster Durr, civil rights activist, on a visit to Washington in November.

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Illustration by Helen Craig from *Angelina's Christmas*

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Dear Rich-and-Famous

PUBLIC PHILOSOPHER

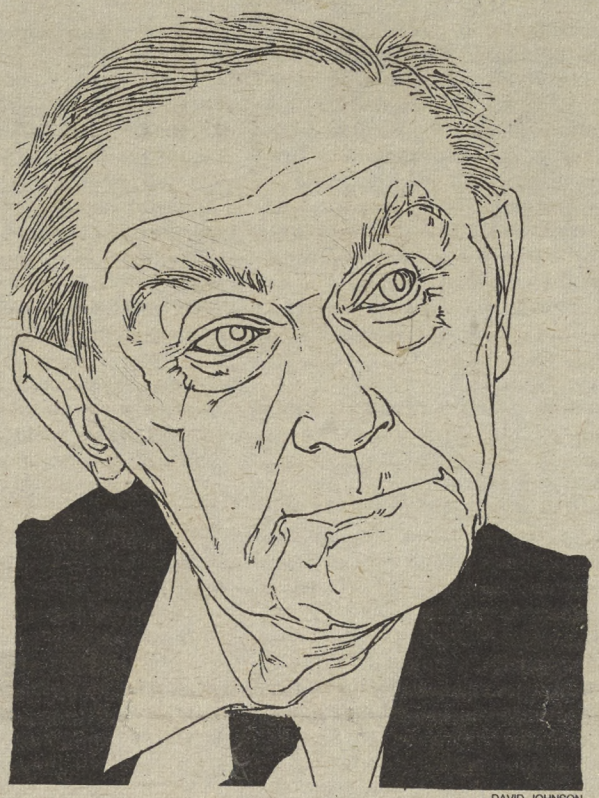
Selected Letters of Walter Lippmann.
Edited by John Morton Blum.
652 pp. New York: Ticknor & Fields. $29.95.

By Warren F. Kimball

WHY should anyone bother to read over 600 pages of letters written by the same person, even so prominent a pundit as Walter Lippmann? In one sense, the answer is simple. In 1913, Walter Lippmann published his first book, "A Preface to Politics." From then until 1971, almost four years before his death, through a steady stream of books and news columns, he acted as a learned and respected observer of governance and policy in America. Leaders often disagreed with Lippmann, but they almost always read him, as these letters demonstrate.

"Public Philosopher" is a chronological selection from the more than 20,000 letters in the Walter Lippmann papers at Yale University. The letters help us get beneath the vagueness and some of the detachment of his published books and columns, although detachment was a calculated part of the Lippmann style. Almost all the selections seem important. In part, that is because Lippmann rarely corresponded with any but the rich and famous — at least not in this sampling — and there is a certain fascination in that world of movers and shakers. In larger part, however, the significance of the letters is a tribute to Walter Lippmann's mind and John Morton Blum's hard work.

There are things this volume is not. It does not offer a new, revisionist or complete view of Walter Lippmann, although Mr. Blum, a Yale historian, has provided an erudite and most readable introduction that is itself a contribution to our knowledge of the man. The collection is not a history of the era. In fact, despite some explanatory footnotes, it is a book for the informed reader, for those with a good understanding of 20th-century history. I found myself constantly tempted to reach for Ronald Steel's 1980 biography of Lippmann for the background and context I needed to appreciate a letter. It does not offer alternative points of view; the selections are limited to letters written by Lippmann. Nor does it allow us to assess his influence on others. It is not a narrative one can follow; issues appear once, never to be glimpsed again. Nor is it easy reading (although neither were Lippmann's newspaper columns), despite an array of trenchant, usable quotations. The editor finds the letters have "the casual quality of good conversations"; I find them all too often like lectures.



DAVID JOHNSON

Walter Lippmann.

This collection, and Walter Lippmann for that matter, must be read in the light of his elitism. His vaunted realism masked an impractical ideal as old as Plato's — a belief in a priesthood of wise realists, aided by technocrats, who would replace traditional leaders. Somehow, these superior men would suppress their personal impulses and be responsible to society without giving way to transient emotions. Only occasionally did Lippmann confront the difficulty of reconciling the ideal and the practical worlds, and then his letters indicated frustration with reform-in-the-trenches. Working in 1912 for a recently elected Socialist mayor, he complained: "Being in Schenectady isn't as inspiring as it sounds. I don't mean for a minute that I'm bothered at all by being away out here in a city which is a mere adjunct to two factories. What appalls me is the smallness of our power. . . . I'm becoming more and more sure that political victories are comparatively insignificant."

Lippmann's combination of elitism and utilitarianism led to a militant avoidance of principle for principle's sake. The result was a number of curious and troubling positions. In both world wars, he accepted the need for news management and propaganda. In 1942 and again in 1968, he defended the forced internment of Japanese-Americans living on the West Coast during World War II. In 1922, Harvard University was struggling over the issue of admission quotas for Jews. Lippmann recommended against such quotas but then suggested that the "Jewish leadership . . . persuade Jewish boys to scatter," a sort of gentlemen's agreement like that arranged to limit Japanese immigration by his early political hero, Theodore Roosevelt. During the cold war era, Lippmann's meetings at home and abroad with foreign diplomats seem to have been regularly followed by a report he sent to some high-level C.I.A. official. He consistently opposed any kind of firm Federal action against segregation in the South. In 1926 he wrote Senator William Borah, Republican of Idaho, that any attempt to enforce the 15th Amendment, which was designed to give to "the negro broad voting privileges," would "breed disorders" and threaten "the peace and tranquillity of the United States," sentiments he repeated, in gentler form, in 1957 after Federal troops enforced the Brown v. Board of Education decision in the Supreme Court.

Reading this entire collection leaves an impressionistic image of the man and his thinking. For Lippmann, the real issues of the World War I era were British-American collaboration and the League of Nations. He favored helping the Allies, ostensibly because only a British victory could bring a stable peace. But he condemned President Wilson's attempt to preserve that peace with a League of Nations, precisely for the same reasons of practicality. As Lippmann saw it, the League was built on three fallacies: "First, that the movement towards industrial democracy can be crushed. Second, that French diplomacy can be trusted with the mastery of the continent. Third, that the power of America can be employed to maintain in status quo the impossible relationships created by the first two fallacies." Besides, how could such a system work, he asked, if Germany and Russia lay outside it?

DURING the 20's and early 30's, Lippmann seemed to flounder, a great mind looking for a great issue. He worried about politics, supported Al Smith for the Presidency and continued to condemn Wilsonians for putting vague, universal peacekeeping ahead of a rational international arrangement. The only thing that seemed to excite him was the fight against Prohibition. What is striking about his letters in that era is the growing number sent to wealthy businessman-politicians, a pattern that would continue. He saw Franklin Roosevelt as "a kind of amiable boy scout," and criticized that portion of New Deal thinking that threatened to create a coercive and unworkable collectivism.

It was not until the mid-30's that foreign affairs again provided Lippmann with the issues that best engaged his mind. As Germany and Japan became more belligerent, Lippmann restated his belief that America's interests were best served by working with the Western Europeans: best in the sense of real economic and military benefits, best in the sense of the limits of American power. His program was two-thirds of the old Alfred Thayer Mahan-Theodore Roosevelt prescription for United States foreign policy — dominance in the Americas, cooperation in the Pacific. But Lippmann changed the third leg of that stool, abstention from Europe, into association and even alliance with Britain. He told Secretary of State Cordell Hull in 1935 that to strengthen the chances of peace in Europe, we had to pacify Japan and make that country "a defender of the existing international order." Ruefully cognizant of the new diplomacy that went with literacy and increased public awareness, Lippmann cautioned against the kind of public moral crusade being conducted against Japan in the mid-30's and suggested that it would be "better to do a good job under the methods of the old diplomacy." That crusade, as much as anything else, drew him to conclude that Franklin Roosevelt could not "remain master of the situation," and that perhaps a Republican

Warren F. Kimball is a professor of history at Rutgers University. His most recent publication is the three-volume collection "Churchill & Roosevelt: The Complete Correspondence."

No First Term



Franklin D. Roosevelt.

To Newton D. Baker
[Secretary of War, 1916-21]

November 24, 1931
Dear Newton:

I hear from a good source that your views on the present Governor of New York are rather more favorable than some of us here think the facts justify. I was an enthusiastic Roosevelt man up to the week of his first inauguration as Governor. . . . In those days I was hearing from him pretty constantly. . . . I am now satisfied . . . that he just doesn't happen to have a very good mind, that he never really comes to grips with a problem which has any large dimensions, and that above all the controlling element in almost every case is political advantage. . . . He has never by one phrase expressed disapproval of the gross corruption and even greater squalor of half of the party of which he is a titular leader. . . . On the other hand, he has done everything that he could, from the day that he took office to destroy the political power of [former Governor Al] Smith, and I am told that until their luncheon the other day he never consulted Smith on one single problem of the State government. When you consider that Roosevelt had been out of state politics for fifteen years before he was elected Governor, and that Smith is the greatest expert on New York State government living, I think it's an ominous performance, and certainly would cause me to distrust Roosevelt's willingness, if elected President, to sink his personal jealousies and select the ablest man.

I am convinced that he has never thought much, or understood much, about the great subjects which must concern the next president, about such matters as the tariff, foreign policy, taxation, currency and banking. He is best on certain questions of social welfare, old age pensions, and that kind of remedial legislation, but on the real problems of statesmanship, my impression, from many long talks in the last few years, is that he is a kind of amiable boy scout. I consider it extremely important that he shouldn't be the Democratic candidate for president.

— From "Public Philosopher: Selected Letters of Walter Lippmann."

had to be elected in 1936.

Despite his belief that F.D.R. was "not a strong, competent man" — Lippmann always found someone better suited — he happily predicted in April 1941 that Americans would follow the President when he said something (that is, intervention in Europe) was "*necessary* and *feasible*." But Lippmann's greatest compliment to Roosevelt was unintended. In 1943, the columnist turned to the great question of ordering the postwar world. In a penetrating letter to the philosopher Jacques Maritain, Lippmann observed that using power "for the attainment of ultimate ends . . . could lead only . . . to a new version of Kipling and the white man's burden." A few weeks later he condemned the Wilsonian notion of any organization, "more or less led by the Big Four [America, Russia, China and Britain], committed to suppressing aggression, no matter by whom." He believed that such an organization, "directed against everybody in general and nobody in particular, would quickly develop a pro and anti-Russian alignment." Taken with his (and F.D.R.'s) belief that the American people would not commit the United States to the defense of Europe, you have the same vague concept of regional leadership that Roosevelt seemed to propose with his four world policemen.

LIPPMANN'S analysis of the effect of the two world wars on the game of nations displayed his broad political insight. As he wrote Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal in 1945, no World War I settlement could have worked without Germany's remaining "the leading great nation of the European continent." But World War II produced a dramatically different situation, for the Red Army had empowered Russia to displace Germany in that "first power" rank. That led Lippmann to argue strenuously against two aspects of American cold war policy, militarization and globalism. He had no quarrel with the diplomat George Kennan's dislike of and distaste for the Soviet system, but since the Red Army and the atomic bomb negated each other, Lippmann advocated concentrating on Europe, using nonmilitary alliance diplomacy to contain the Russians (similar to what Mr. Kennan later claimed he had meant in his 1947 article in Foreign Affairs, signed "X," which called for a policy of containment of the Soviet Union). As Lippmann wrote, glumly, in 1948, "it was not the unexpected aggressiveness of the Soviet Union, but the unexpected weakness and defaults of the British which caused the present postwar situation. But for the British weakness . . . Russia would have been ipso facto contained."

For a brief moment in 1948 after the Czechoslovak coup, Lippmann feared a Soviet invasion of Europe. But those fears soon subsided. Nevertheless, he supported liberation but within the limits of his European world. As he told his fellow columnist Dorothy Thompson in September of that year, "the objective we must aim at is the expulsion of the Russians from Europe," since mere containment would not work. One cannot help wondering what Clausewitz would have said about Lippmann's insistence that propaganda and diplomatic pressure, not ultimatums and military force, would do the trick. Perhaps most revealing of all is Lippmann's main reason for wanting to avoid force — the chaos that followed war would guarantee leftist revolutions.

AFTER the late 40's, the letters somehow lose their spark. Tired, distracted or even confused, Lippmann seems to have lost his intensity. He was generally supportive of President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. His only criticisms of Britain during the 1956 Suez crisis, when Britain and France sent troops into Egypt to assure control of the Suez Canal, were of its refusing to work through the United Nations, its "failing to make a convincing case for intervention" and its military ineptitude. As the Vietnam involvement grew, he warned against making it "an American war," but without the emotion (a word he would have rejected) of his exhortations about Japan in the 30's.

In 1933, while defending the experimentalism of the early New Deal, Lippmann indulged in a rare piece of self-analysis: "Personally, being by temperament a skeptic and having very little faith in the power of any formula to encompass the enormous variety of real things I am an incurable eclectic." Perhaps we must take him on his own terms. Instead of praising Walter Lippmann, praise that part of Walter Lippmann that works. Despite his efforts to define a public philosophy and to create what John Morton Blum calls a "secular natural law," Lippmann's definition of evil boiled down to one thing — disorder, whether caused by Hitler, Soviet expansion, the overextension of American power, civil rights or popular emotion.

Some of his predictions were remarkably accurate. His warnings about the limits of American power, his assessment of Soviet-American confrontations, his forebodings about Vietnam and his belief that President Johnson lacked the "moral courage which it takes to liquidate an unprofitable war" are but a few examples among many. But those must be balanced by the miscalculations and so-called realism that brought him to fear civil rights, to support for too long the maintenance of colonial empires and often to view international relations from a perspective much like that of someone playing the board game Diplomacy. □

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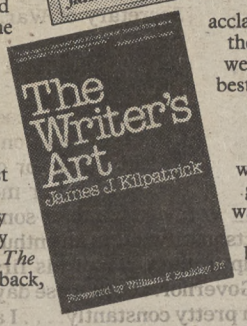

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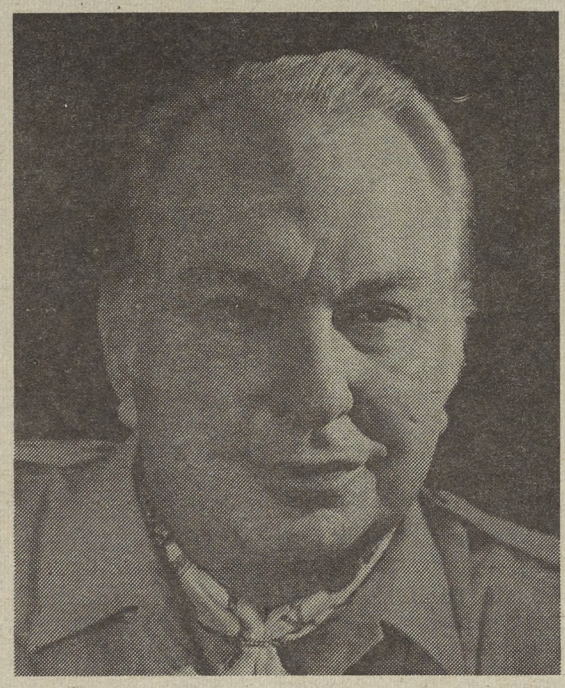

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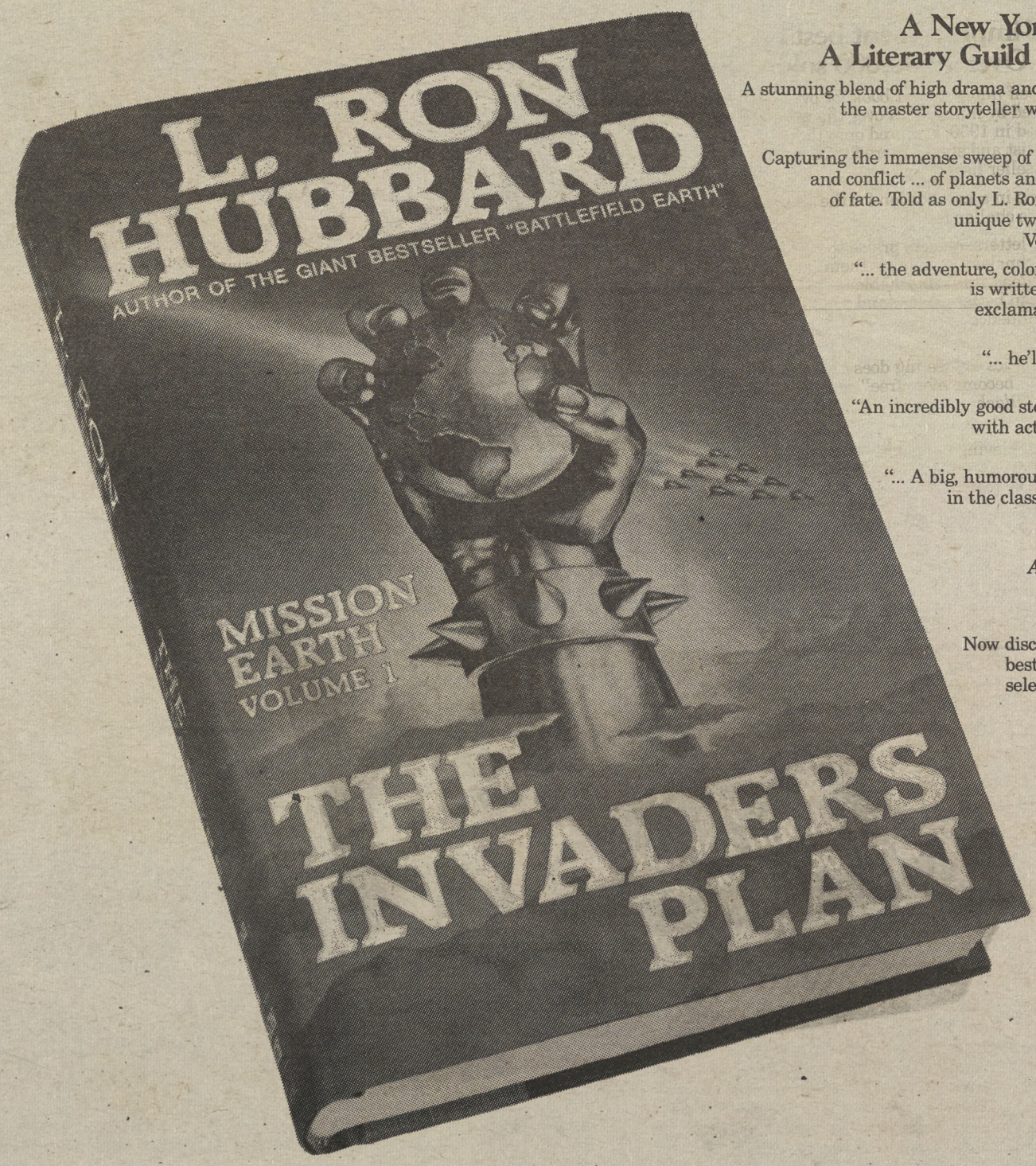

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Looking Back

Continued from page 3

thing of paper and metal. Still, Mr. Doctorow insists upon the nobility of the fair's intention, just as he insists upon the nobility of his young protagonist, and of the era he lives in — an era which, for all its hopelessness, nonetheless had the imagination and faith to erect and enjoy such a monument to farsighted unreality. Such a penchant for imagination and faith in a Bronx-born child of immigrants, Mr. Doctorow suggests, is the seed of the future he will grow up to inhabit — a future that will prove to be as glamorous and unreal as the miniature World of Tomorrow at the fair, and at the same time as tragically self-deluding as the imperfect world outside the utopian enclosure at Flushing Meadow.

At the very end of "World's Fair," Edgar, in imitation of the fair's organizers, plants his own personal time capsule in Claremont Park, then walks home practicing the "ventriloquial drone" he is trying to learn from a book called "Ventriloquism Self-Taught." It's hard not to wonder if Mr. Doctorow means to suggest in this final image that fiction-writing itself is a kind of ventriloquism, a matter of throwing a voice out and listening for it, seeing how similar or how different it is from the voice with which one normally speaks. Biography or oral history need employ no such trickery; they can get by on the power of plain speaking.

And that, perhaps, is why "World's Fair," as an amalgam of these genres, has a fractured and inconsistent feel to it. Its structure is that of an autobiography, beginning at the beginning and moving through the life of its protagonist with the thoroughness of a catalogue; but where a work of biography derives its imperative from the significance of the life it describes, in a novel, it is the author, not the subject, who must provide the reader with a sense of what to read for; we, as readers, expect from a novel an organizing principle more substantive than chronology, an implicit sense of direction and occasional clues, no matter how vague, that we're moving toward some revelation. And that is what seems to me to be wrong with "World's Fair"; only in its last third, where it becomes most fully novelistic, does this oddly shaped book achieve a sense of purpose and offer the rich rewards readers have come to expect from Mr. Doctorow's work. Until that point, the reader feels as if he were listening to young Edgar in the park, practicing his ventriloquial drone: a child chattering to himself, and only sometimes achieving the compelling thrown voice of true fiction. □



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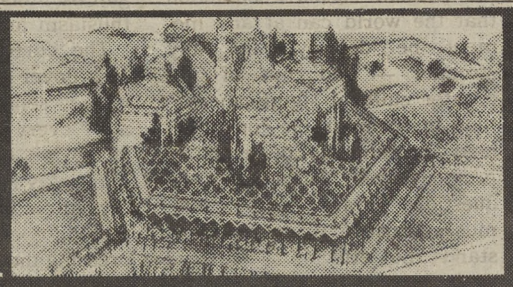

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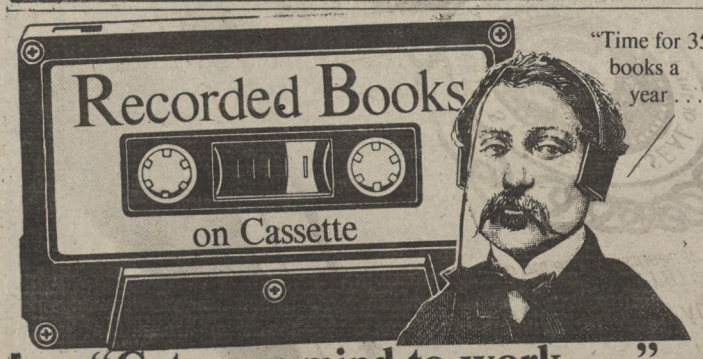

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Words, the Dolls of Sound

NYTBR, Nov 10, '85

THE KING OF TIME

Selected Writings of the Russian Futurian.
By Velimir Khlebnikov.
Edited by Charlotte Douglas.
Translated by Paul Schmidt.
Illustrated. 255 pp. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. $18.50.

By Elliott Mossman

THE Russian Cubo-Futurist writers of the 1910's and 1920's, in particular Velimir Khlebnikov, sought to break down and rearrange language as the early French Cubists did pictorial elements, lending dynamism to what had become commonplace, staid. In Khlebnikov's poetry and prose the analogy with the visual arts was especially strong. He thought of language as a game played with dolls: "Thus," he wrote of the "trans-rational" language favored by the Cubo-Futurists, "a word is a doll of sound, and a dictionary a bunch of toys."

While Cubism entered the mainstream of art appreciation with relative ease, becoming a phenomenon of commercial reproduction, the Cubo-Futurism of the language arts did not. By 1928 in the Soviet Union politics had intervened in the shaping of art's future, while translation of the Cubo-Futurists' language play was and remains a formidable task. In addition, the Cubo-Futurist displacements of language, their attempts to find meaning in the word and the letter as objects and in sound divorced from its conventional linguistic context, did not find widespread favor among readers. Thus Khlebnikov, the most acclaimed of Cubo-Futurists among linguists and poets, is largely unknown beyond their circles. "The King of Time," containing selections from a continuing project of translating Khlebnikov's collected works, represents a deft feat of translation by Paul Schmidt, a specialist in Russian literature, and is knowledgeably edited by Charlotte Douglas, an art historian who concentrates on the Russian avant-garde. It offers readers the chance to imagine, experience and restore the full analogy between pictorial and verbal creation.

Velimir Khlebnikov died at the age of 36 in 1922, a victim of the scourges of Russia's Revolution and civil war — malnutrition, typhus and malaria. His father was a naturalist who roamed the eastern provinces of European Russia, and Khlebnikov was brought up to revere mathematics and science. He arrived in St. Petersburg in the last years of the Symbolist movement in the arts and joined the brash avant-garde circle of challengers to Symbolism that included Mayakovsky. The artists Malevich, Larionov and Goncharova illustrated the Cubo-Futurists' thin books of poetry and prose, and Khlebnikov's experimentation with poetic language complemented both Malevich's Suprematist play with color as a means to a dynamic concept of line ("White on White") and Tatlin's Constructivist designs in architecture and on the stage.

"The King of Time" (a title given Khlebnikov by his fellow Futurists before World War I), contains a fair sample of the writer's poems, fictions and "visions of the future," essays on language and art as an integral part of daily life in a linguistic utopia. Khlebnikov's language play frees his poems from much of the dour thematics of the previous Russian poetic tradition; they speak mildly of the hobgoblins of the mind and treat revolutionary tumult in a carefree manner.

Drafted into the Czar's army in 1916, the poet wrote: "The King is out of luck, / The King is under lock / and key." During the Civil War, he renounced his throne ("I'm not the King of Time, / Just a little Hare"), but he scarcely needed the title, for it was a benevolent future land he foresaw and spoke for. Just before his death he completed the theater piece "Zangezi: A Supersaga in Twenty Planes," in which the prophet Zangezi moves from plane to plane uttering the sounds — what Khlebnikov termed "self-sufficient words" — that will bring harmony to mankind.

Khlebnikov posited a primitive time of original language when "words broke down enmity and made the future transparent and calm." He strove in his writings to eliminate the accretions of civilization from the Russian language (incidentally leading to anti-Western sentiment) and renovate poetry. Words, distilled into sounds, constitute a high-voltage "conducting wire of fate": "the word controls the brain, the brain — the hands, and the hands — the state."



Velimir Khlebnikov in school uniform, circa 1899.

Until the day the word "will no longer be used for everyday affairs, but for the sake of the word itself," Khlebnikov's prophet Zangezi occasionally makes do with ordinary language, as when he pronounces the storm of revolution

a seance
That I can see,
Signs of a science
The eye can see.

In the 18th century, William Blake, like Khlebnikov a future-oriented poet, feared the power of the Newtonian revolution to confine his vision of the future. But Khlebnikov, in awe of science and technology, embraced the scientific revolutions occurring around him, particularly in linguistics, and attempted to replicate their universals in words coined according to principles he derived from the languages of the birds, the stars, the gods, from sound painting and from a shadowy set of systems based on the secondary languages of mathematics and the physical sciences.

Khlebnikov's admiring contemporary Osip Mandelstam rejected the introduction of scientific systems into poetics in his 1922 essay, "On the Nature of the Word": "The theory of progress in literature is the crudest, most repulsive form of schoolboy stupidity. Literary forms replace each other, certain forms give way to others. But each change, each such substitution is accompanied by one or more losses. There simply cannot be any 'better,' any progress in literature, because there is no literary machine and no starting line from which one races to catch up with it." Much of current theoretical discourse on literature revolves around the issue of progress and assigns science a role in literary creativity. Khlebnikov's texts offer the opportunity to confront such theoretical issues at the very limits of language and to test the success of Cubo-Futurism's verbal assault on time. □

Elliott Mossman is the director of the Center for Soviet and East European Studies at the University of Pennsylvania.

The New York Times

Book Review

May 18, 1986
Section 7 © The New York Times

1,44-5



Jimmy Breslin's novel "Table Money." Page 9.

Braver Than We Thought

THE GARDEN OF EDEN
By Ernest Hemingway.
247 pp. New York:
Charles Scribner's Sons. $18.95.

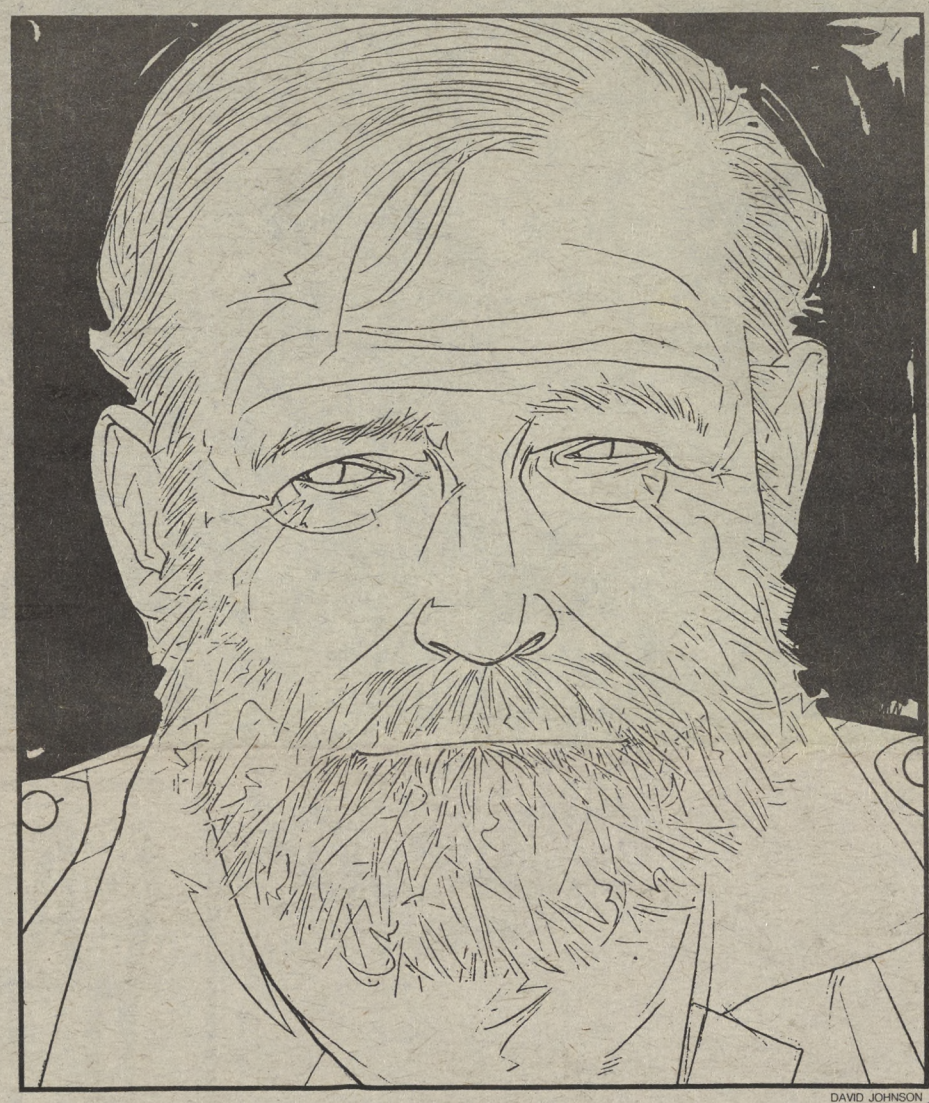
By E. L. Doctorow

EARLY in his career Ernest Hemingway devised the writing strategies he would follow for life: when composing a story he would withhold mention of its central problem; when writing a novel he would implant it in geography and, insofar as possible, he would know what time it was on every page; when writing anything he would construct the sentences so as to produce an emotion not by claiming it but by rendering precisely the experience to cause it. What he made of all this was a rigorous art of compressive power, if more suited to certain emotions than others. He was unquestionably a genius, but of the kind that advertises its limits. Critics were on to these from the very beginning, but in the forward-looking 1920's, they joined his readers to make him the writer for their time. His stuff was new. It moved. There was on every page of clear prose an implicit judgment of all other writing. The Hemingway voice hated pretense and cant and the rhetoric they rode in on.

The source of his material and spring to his imagination was his own life. Issues of intellect — history, myth, society — were beside the point. It was what his own eyes saw and heart felt that he cured into fiction. Accordingly he lived his life to see and feel as much as possible. There was no place on earth he was not at home, except perhaps his birthplace. His parents' Middle Western provincialism made independence an easy passage for him. He married young and fathered a child — the traditional circumstances for settling down — and took his family with him to Europe in pursuit of excitements. He skied in the Austrian Alps, entrained to Paris for the bicycle races or prizefights, crossed the Pyrenees for the bullfights and made urgent side trips to mountain villages for the fishing or shooting. In America too, he drove back and forth from Idaho or Wyoming to Florida, never renting a place to live in for more than a season. He was divorced and remarried, with more children, before he bought a place of his own in Key West. But there was better fishing in Cuba, and a woman he secretly wooed there who was to become his third wife — and so on. It was Flau-

Continued on page 44

E. L. Doctorow's latest novel is "World's Fair."



DAVID JOHNSON

Ernest Hemingway.



Emily Dickinson.

The Riddles of Emily Dickinson

By Christopher Benfey

EMILY DICKINSON has received considerable attention during the 100 years since her death on May 15, 1886, and yet she remains almost as mysterious as Shakespeare. Some of her lines are so familiar that we quote them without knowing we are doing so: "The Soul selects her own Society"; "I'm Nobody! Who are you? / Are you — Nobody — Too?"; "Success is counted sweetest / By those who ne'er succeed"; "Parting is all we know of heaven, / And all we need of hell." They have entered our language with some of the anonymous authority of proverbs.

No other American poet, not Whitman or Frost or Sandburg, has such currency. But the many books and essays about her, the good ones and the bad, don't penetrate the mystery of her life. Her riddling words about nature could be about herself:

To pity those that know her not
Is helped by the regret
That those who know her, know her less
The nearer her they get.

She is part of our language without quite being part of our history, despite continuing attempts to claim her for one tradi-

Continued on page 32

Christopher Benfey is the author of "Emily Dickinson and the Problem of Others."

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Letters

Roth's 'Pictures of Malamud'

To the Editor:

Philip Roth's tribute to Bernard Malamud ("Pictures of Malamud," April 20) will be widely read and heeded. Thus, as host of their first meeting, I'd like to add a few corrections, a word of praise and some anecdotes.

The institution in Monmouth, Ore., was not and is not "a small community college" but a four-year liberal arts college with an excellent national reputation in teacher education, a reputation considerably due to the quality and amount of schooling in the liberal arts required of aspiring teachers. Then called Oregon College of Education, it now answers to Western Oregon State College. Twenty miles south (in Corvallis, not Eugene) is Oregon State University, then Oregon State College, where Malamud taught and wrote. The meeting was in October 1960 (not February 1961), we had no hallway, and there were no overshoes present. Facts are a shade less fugitive than the years.

On matters of feeling, however, Mr. Roth displays his usual stunning accuracy, capturing in such phrases as "never being foolish was a small part of his larger burden" the elusive essence of Malamud's parlor personality. A case in point: at the conclusion of that initial evening together, Mr. Roth and I were quizzing Bernie, hard, about just how (given his crushing teaching schedule and his responsibilities as husband and father) he was able to produce world-class fiction in such substantial amount. Patiently, exactly, he laid out for us the details of his MWF teaching, his TThSat writing and his Sunday familying — no swerving, no cheating on any element. Heading out, jaw set, he delivered his curtain line with quiet fervor: "I am a *very* disciplined man." And then he jerked open the door of — and stepped into — the closet.

It was an easy error; the doors were adjacent and nearly identical. In the midst of our laughter, Malamud stood silent but with his stolid face eloquently saying something about, no, it wasn't done for dramatic effect, nor would he pretend so after the fact, and, no, his final sentence was still true, and a mistaken door was simply a part of the surtax to be paid by everyone on the planet, and if we could understand *that*, then (small lip twitch), well, perhaps it was a tiny bit comic.

Malamud's art was certainly, as Mr. Roth indicates, the product of a sensibility profoundly aware, from within, of how much obeisance must be paid first to Necessity, then, from the small remnant, to Duty (if one wishes to be a moral being), with a wee margin in which yearned-for beauty and happiness might grow, as if violets could be produced by the same pressures and durations that produce diamonds. Mr. Roth's career has certainly been substantially different — of an easier, spritzier sort; no wonder there were tensions between the two men. And yet each, looking beyond the prison/fortress of his self, found much to admire in the other, each with his own distinctive grace.

Mr. Roth would never tell you, but earlier that initial evening, seeing how harried were his hosts, themselves flu-ridden and with children to settle, he plunged in — a half-hour before he was to deliver a major statement on American fiction — and did our dishes. Nor did he mention that Malamud's death fell the day before his own 53d birthday.

R. S. BAKER
Independence, Ore.

To the Editor:

The disappointment in reading one writer's recollection of another is that the reminiscing writer intrudes himself upon the subject, In "Pictures of Malamud," we learn something about Mr. Roth we may not care to know and miss something essential about Malamud.

When Mr. Roth insisted on criticizing Malamud's work, he let Malamud — and now us — know the favor he had done him. But after all the *tsimmes* Mr. Roth has made about the issue, he admits, "Even those writers who just adore opposition usually get about as much as they can stand from their daily work"!

Roth's picture of Malamud as the plodding insurance salesman grates: for its squinted vision, its sly jab at the supposed ordinariness, grayness of a man "who you can only beat by dying."

To compare Malamudisms with borscht circuit comedy is so meanspirited that the reader will have to let it go at that and return to Malamud again for the richness and irony — the struggle for expression in a strange, ill-fitting language — that immigrant Jews managed to convert into their own unique voice, their new tongue.

The "*kleine menschen*" Malamud wrote about were not "severed" from "racial memories from the larger social and historical setting," as Mr. Roth says; on the contrary, they were *within* that consciousness and experience. Indeed, this is Malamud's gift — his legacy. So too is his sustenance from "the Law" for the ideals he could not — would not — sell out. This redemptive theme informs, enlarges and inspires much of Malamud's work.

Mr. Roth tells us that a very frail and sick Malamud read a draft of a chapter to him last summer. But this act of friendship, trust and hope only draws Mr. Roth's steely insistence (again) on being "the critic," grudgingly modified by him to say to the expectant Malamud, "It seemed to me a beginning like all beginnings."

Another person, perhaps a "Malamudist," esteeming this monumental effort toward the end of a life, might have said something else. One is reminded of Malamud's protagonist in "Idiots First" and his challenge to another's unfeelingness: "Don't you understand what means human?"

What this reader searched for in this article — and did not find — is Malamud. For this, one has to turn to his work — to Morris Bober in "The Assistant," with his cautious and reverent weighting of obligation, conscience and ethical need, the grocer whose racked days at the edge of survival finally broke him, and to the rabbi's words at his funeral: "Yes, Morris Bober was a true Jew because he lived in the Jewish experience, which he remembered, and with the Jewish heart."

This is Bernard Malamud.

ESTELLE HOLT
Bronx

To the Editor:

Philip Roth's "Pictures of Malamud" made me remember much of what I have learned from Malamud's fiction and much of what I have learned from Mr. Roth's as well. It was a eulogy of perfect balance, giving those of us who loved the man's words a view of his diminutive self as well, always undiminished against the fine demands of his muse.

Perhaps it is not surprising that I (not so far north of Eugene) can remember Malamud's time here. Philip Roth's wonderful portrait of him has made me feel his presence once again, has made me hear his voice, still resounding in the trees.

RICHARD WILEY
Tacoma, Wash.

Philip Roth replies:

My diaries are in America and I'm in England, but I'm sure that Bob Baker is right and that my first meeting with Bernard Malamud took place five months earlier than I'd remembered it. I should have said entryway and not hallway — but I'll bet Baker five bucks that there *were* overshoes.

Estelle Holt says I am meanspirited for comparing "Malamudisms," whatever they are, to "borscht circuit comedy." In fact, I did just the opposite: I didn't compare it but *distinguished* Malamud's extraordinary use of Jewish immigrant speech from the way in which that lingo had previously been exploited by Jewish comics and nostalgia-mongers. Who I compared him to was Samuel Beckett. The rest of her letter is equally obtuse and misconstrues virtually everything I wrote.

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Braver Than We Thought

Continued from page 1

bert who said a writer has to sit quietly in one place, rooted in boredom, to get his work done. Hemingway lived in a kind of nomadic frenzy, but the work poured out of him. The stories and pieces and novels were done in longhand in the mornings, at whatever makeshift table he could find in a room away from his family.

AS his fame grew he was able in this or that remote paradise he had found to demolish his solitude by summoning friends or colleagues from other parts of the world. And they came, at whatever inconvenience to themselves, to fish or hunt or ride with him, but most importantly to drink with him. He had sporting friends, military friends, celebrity friends, literary friends and friends from the local saloon. He was forever making friendships and breaking them, imagining affronts, squaring off in his heavyweight crouch. Most people are quiet in the world, and live in it tentatively, as if it is not theirs. Hemingway was its voracious consumer. People of every class were drawn to this behavior, and the boasting, charming or truculent boyishness of his ways, and to his ritual celebration of his appetites.

By and large he worked from life on a very short lead time. He wrote "The Sun Also Rises" while still seeing many of the people in Paris on whom he modeled its characters, and though it took him 10 years to use his World War I experiences for "A Farewell to Arms," by the time of the civil war in Spain he was making trips there knowing he was collecting the people, incidents and locales for "For Whom the Bell Tolls," a novel he completed in 1939, within months of the war's end. Only illness cut down his efficiency, or more often physical accidents, of which he had a great many; he ran cars into ditches and broke bones, or cut himself with knives, or scratched his eyes. But with the Second World War his ability to work quickly from life declined, and with it the justification of his techniques. Though he was prominently a correspondent in that war, the only novel he produced from it was the very weak "Across the River and Into the Trees," and that not published until 1950. People noted his decline and attributed it to the corruption of fame, but in the last decade of his life he wrote "A Moveable Feast," a memoir of his early days in Paris (published posthumously in 1964), and "The Old Man and the Sea," and seemed to have found again what he could do.

Hemingway talked of suicide all his life before he committed it. In 1954 his proneness to accident culminated in not one but two airplane crashes in East Africa where he had gone to hunt, and which left him with the concussion, crushed vertebrae, burns and internal injuries that turned him, in his 50's, into an old man. From a distance the physical punishment his body received during his lifetime seems to have been half of something, a boxing match with an invisible opponent, perhaps. His mind was never far from killing, neither in actuality as he hunted or ran off to wars, nor in his work. He went after animals all his life. He shot lion and leopard and kudu in Africa, and grizzly bear in the Rockies, he shot grouse in Wyoming and pigeon in France; wherever he was he took what was available. And after he killed something it was not necessarily past his attention. His biographer, Carlos Baker, tells of the day, in Cuba, when Hemingway hooked and fought and landed a 512-pound marlin. He brought it to port in triumph, receiving the noisy congratulations of friends and acquaintances. But this was not, apparently, enough. After a night of drunken celebration, at 2 or 3 that morning, he was seen back at the dock, all alone under the moon; the great game fish hanging upside down on block and tackle, he was using it for a punching bag.

Since Hemingway's death in 1961, his estate and his publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons, have been catching up to him, issuing the work which, for one reason or another, he did not publish during his lifetime. He held back "A Moveable Feast" out of concern for the feelings of the people in it who might still be alive. But for the novel "Islands in the Stream" he seems to have had editorial misgivings. Even more deeply in this category is "The Garden of Eden," which he began in 1946 and



MARK D. SUMMERS

Ernest Hemingway.

worked on intermittently in the last 15 years of his life and left unfinished. It is a highly readable story, if not possibly the book he envisioned. As published it is composed of 30 short chapters running to about 70,000 words. A publisher's note advises that "some cuts" have been made in the manuscript, but according to Mr. Baker's biography, at one point a revised manuscript of the work ran to 48 chapters and 200,000 words, so the publisher's note is disingenuous. In an interview with The New York Times last December, a Scribners editor admitted to taking out a subplot in rough draft that he felt had not been integrated into the "main body" of the text, but this cut reduced the book's length by two-thirds.

• • •

The hero of this radically weeded "Garden of Eden" is David Bourne, a young novelist and veteran of World War I, who is traveling with his wife, Catherine, through Spain and France in the 1920's. The couple are on their honeymoon. In their small black Bugatti, they drive from the seaport village of Le Grau-du-Roi, where their stay has been idyllic, to Madrid, where the first shadows appear on their relationship. Catherine evinces jealousy of his writing. At the same time she demands experimentation in their lovemaking — she wants them to pretend that she is the boy and he is the girl. At Aigues-Mortes, in France, she has her hair cut short, and later she insists that he have his cut by the same hairdresser in a match to hers, so that he will look like her. David complies in this too, though not without some resistance and a foreboding of the ultimate corruption of the marriage.

"Hemingway was forever making friendships and breaking them, imagining affronts, squaring off in his heavyweight crouch."

Going on to La Napoule, near Cannes, they engage rooms in a very small hotel, where it is quiet because it is summer, the off-season in the south of France. One of the rooms is for David to write in. He has just published his war novel in America and received in the forwarded mail the press clippings and publisher's letter telling him he is a success. This news disturbs Catherine. The differences between them sharpen as she presumes to tell him the only subject worth writing is their life together on their honeymoon.

One day drinking at the cafe terrace of their hotel, they attact the attention of a beautiful young woman named Marita, who is very impressed by this darkly tanned couple with their newly dyed, almost white hair, and French fisherman shirts and linen trousers and espadrilles. She moves to their hotel. Catherine fulfills David's forebodings by commencing an affair with Marita. In further sign of her instability, she encourages David to embark on his own erotic relationship with the woman, who makes it easy by privately confessing to him that she has fallen in love with both of them. He succumbs. The ménage swims from the deserted beach coves of the area and sunbathes nude. David sleeps with one or the other as they designate in their time-sharing with him. Every day consists of a good deal of drinking, of martinis, which David himself mixes and garnishes with garlic olives at the small hotel bar, or absinthe, or Haig pinchbottle and Perrier, or Tavel, or carefully prepared Tom Collinses. The mixing and consuming of drinks is the means they seem to have chosen to adjust to the impact of their acts and conversation on one another.

It is Catherine who begins spectacularly to come apart under the strain. Becoming, in turn, bitter or remorseful, she either excoriates David for his relationship with Marita, or condemns herself for making a mess of everything. As a defense against the situation, and what he perceives as his wife's clearly accelerating mental illness, he begins to write the story he has been resisting for years, the "hard" story, he calls it, based on his life as a boy in East Africa with his white-hunter father. This story gradually intrudes on the main narrative as the boy David sights the bull elephant with enormous tusks that his father and an African assistant are looking for; he reports his sighting and lives to regret it, as the father tracks down the great beast and destroys it. The climax of the novel has to do with Catherine's reaction to this story, which David has written by hand in the simple cahiers used by French schoolchildren. A disaster then occurs which is the worst that can befall a writer as a writer, and the ménage breaks up forever, two to stay together and one to leave.

AT first reading this is a surprising story to receive from the great outdoor athlete of American literature. He has not previously presented himself as a clinician of bedroom practices. Even more interesting is the passivity of his writer hero who, on the evidence, hates big-game hunting, and who is portrayed as totally subject to the powers of women, hapless before temptation and unable to take action in the face of adversity. The story is told from David Bourne's masculine point of view, in the intimate or pseudo-third person Hemingway preferred, but its major achievement is Catherine Bourne. There has not before been a female character who so dominates a Hemingway narrative. Catherine in fact may be the most impressive of any woman character in Hemingway's work, more substantive and dimensional than Pilar in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," or Brett Ashley in "The Sun Also Rises." Even though she is launched from the naïve premise that sexual fantasizing is a form of madness, she takes on the stature of the self-tortured Faustian, and is portrayed as a brilliant woman trapped into a vicarious participation in someone else's creativity. She represents the most informed and deli-

cate reading Hemingway has given to any woman.

For Catherine Bourne alone this book will be read avidly. But there are additional things to make a reader happy. For considerable portions of the narrative, the dialogue is in tension, which cannot be said of "Across the River and Into the Trees," his late novel of the same period, and for which he looted some of the motifs of this work. And there are passages that show the old man writing to the same strength of his early work — a description of David Bourne catching a bass in the canal at Le Grau-du-Roi, for example, or swimming off the beach at La Napoule. In these cases the strategy of using landscape to portray moral states produces victory.

But to be able to list the discrete excellences of a book is to say also it falls short of realization. The other woman, and third main character, Marita, has not the weight to account for her willingness to move in on a marriage and lend herself to its disruption. She is colorless and largely unarticulated. David Bourne's passivity goes unexamined by the author, except as it may be a function of his profession. But the sad truth is that his writing, which we see in the elephant story, does not exonerate him: it is bad Hemingway, a threadbare working of the theme of a boy's initiation rites that suggests to its own great disadvantage Faulkner's story on the same theme, "The Bear."

IN David's character resides the ultimate deadness of the piece. His incapability in dealing with the crisis of his relationship does not mesh with his consummate self-assurance in handling the waiters, maids and hoteliers of Europe who, in this book as in Hemingway's others, come forward to supply the food and drink, the corkscrews and ice cubes and beds and fishing rods his young American colonists require. In fact so often does David Bourne perform his cultivated eating and drinking that a reader is depressed enough to wonder if Hemingway's real achievment in the early great novels was that of a travel writer who taught a provincial American audience what dishes to order, what drinks to prefer and how to deal with the European servant class. There are moments here when we feel we are not in France or Spain but in the provisional state of Yuppiedom. A reader is given to conclude that this shrewdest of writers made an uncharacteristic mistake in not finding a war to destroy his lovers, or some action beside their own lovemaking to threaten their survival. The tone of solemn self-attention in this work rises to a portentousness that the 70,000 words of text cannot justify.

But here we are led back to the issue of editing a great writer's work after his death. As far as it is possible to tell from biography, and from the inventory of Hemingway manuscripts by Philip Young and Charles W. Mann, Hemingway intended "The Garden of Eden" as a major work. At one point he conceived of it as one of a trilogy of books in which the sea figured. Certainly its title suggests a governing theme of his creative life, the loss of paradise, the expulsion from the garden, which controls "The Sun Also Rises" and "A Farewell to Arms," among other books and stories. Apparently there is extant more than one manuscript version for scholars to choose from. Carlos Baker mentions the presence of another married couple in one of the versions, a painter named Nick, and his wife, Barbara. Of the same generation as David and Catherine Bourne, Nick (is Adams his last name?) and Barbara live in Paris. And there may be additional characters. Presumably the material involving them is in a less finished state and easily stripped away to find the spare, if skimpy, novel we have now in print. But the truth about editing the work of a dead writer in such circumstances is that you can only cut to affirm his strengths, to reiterate the strategies of style for which he is known; whereas he himself may have been writing to transcend them. This cannot have been the book Hemingway envisioned at the most ambitious moments of his struggle to realize it, a struggle that occupied him intermittently for perhaps 15 years. And it should have been published for what it is, a piece of something, part of a design.

For there are clear signs here of something exciting going on, the enlargement of a writer's mind toward compassion, toward a less defensive construal of reality. The key is the character of Catherine Bourne. She is in behavior a direct descendant of Mrs. Macomber, of "The Short Happy Life," or of Frances Clyne, Robert Cohn's emasculating lover in "The Sun Also Rises," the kind of woman the author has before only detested and condemned. But here she has grown to suggest in Hemingway the rudiments of feminist perspective. And as for David Bourne, he is unmistakably the younger literary brother of Jake Barnes, the newspaperman wounded to impotence in that first expatriate novel. But David's passivity is not physical and therefore more difficult to put across. He reminds us a bit, actually, of Robert Cohn, whom Jake Barnes despised for suffering quietly the belittling remarks of women in public. Perhaps Hemingway is learning to dispense his judgments more thoughtfully. Or perhaps David Bourne was not designed as the hero of the piece at all.

WITH a large cast and perhaps multiple points of view, something else might have been intended than what we have, a revised view of the lost generation perhaps, some additional reading of a kind of American life *ex patria* with the larger context that would earn the tone of the book. There are enough clues here to suggest the unmistakable signs of a recycling of Hemingway's first materials toward less romance and less literary bigotry and greater truth. That is exciting because it gives evidence, despite his celebrity, despite his Nobel, despite the torments of his own physical self-punishment, of a writer still developing. Those same writing strategies Hemingway formulated to such triumph in his early work came to entrap him in the later. You can see this beginning to happen in his 1940 novel, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," where implanting the conception of the book in geography, and fixing all its action in time and relentlessly understating the sentences, were finally dramatic strategies not formally sufficient to the subject. I would like to think that as he began "The Garden of Eden," his very next novel after that war work, he realized this and wanted to retool, to remake himself. That he would fail is almost not the point — but that he would have tried, which is the true bravery of a writer, requiring more courage than facing down an elephant charge with a .303 Mannlicher. □

Authors' Queries

For a work on the English poet and novelist Amy Levy (1861-1889), I would appreciate hearing from anyone with letters, documents or other information.

SHARONA A. LEVY
Lincoln College
Oxford, England OX1 3DR

For a biography of Representative John W. McCormack (1891-1980), Congressman from Massachusetts from 1928 to 1971 and Speaker of the House from 1962 to 1971, I would appreciate hearing from anyone with reminiscences, letters, photographs or other material, especially from his early years in and around the Andrew Square area of South Boston.

PAUL M. WRIGHT
McCormack Institute
of Public Affairs
University of Massachusetts
Harbor Campus
Boston, Mass. 02125-3393

For a critical biography of Anzia Yezierska (1885?-1970), novelist of the Lower East Side, I would appreciate hearing from anyone with letters, photographs, reminiscences or other material. MARY V. DEARBORN
506-8 West 113th Street, Apt. 4C
New York City 10025

For a biography of Thomas A. Dooley (1927-1961), the jungle doctor of Laos, I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knew him in either Southeast Asia or the United States.

JAMES T. FISHER
History Department
Rutgers University
New Brunswick, N.J. 08903

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MAGAZINE

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The New York Times Magazine

takes another swipe at "the China experts" as being "overoptimistic and uncritical."

This book is a pleasure to read and illustrates both the long and short aspects of the humanist approach to China. Totalitarian evils and Western flatulence about them are attacked with passion and wit but the reader is given no particular understanding of the compelling forces in, for example, the "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution." Reading Mr. Leys is like reading a study of the Holocaust devoted to the sufferings of the victims without regard for the motivations of the Nazis. The cruelty of the Cultural Revolution seems to have been unplanned, almost sporadic, quite unlike the Nazi targeting of the Jews.

• • •

By approaching China through the arts, Mr. Leys shows himself to be a fine Western representative of the esthetic ideals of China's old scholar-official ruling class. The peasantry hardly enter the scene. Yet the Chinese revolution under Mao and still today under Deng Xiaoping is a herculean effort to bring the previously inert Chinese peasant masses into modern life. In

"The cruelty of the Cultural Revolution seemed almost sporadic."

other words, a social science approach is essential to understanding a revolution. To celebrate the ideals of the refined and articulate products of the Chinese upper class is of course a worthy contribution in itself. But it tends to stress the totalitarian evils of Mao's police state without any attempt to go behind them and find their roots in the stresses and strains of modern Chinese history. After all, Mao and his utopian excesses were not Soviet importations but sprang from the same Chinese soil that produced Li Po's poetry and Sung landscapes.

Mr. Leys jumps only halfway across the river. He does not take on the humanist's task of suggesting how the old and new in China may be synthesized or at least brought into a creative relationship. How can the virtues of Confucianism be sought today without its evils? How can the refined upper-class estheticism so lovingly portrayed by Mr. Leys be applied to modern life and reach the common man? In short, the modern Sino-liberal has his unique task to perform in integrating China's past achievements with modern needs. If "human rights" in China is merely a replay of the 19th-century demand that the Chinese become Christians, we can expect to find few takers, unless one believes in universal values that are identical everywhere (and strikingly like our own), without reference to local cultures and institutions.

One cannot measure China by ourselves any more than we can evaluate ourselves by reference to China. What is needed from humanists therefore is an evaluation of the enduring and the transitory values in Chinese life, especially the curious mixture of good and evil, the old upper class's esthetic achievements and the penury of peasant life on which they rested. Mr. Leys's very readable essays give us only half the picture. □

'And You Can't Be African'

NATIVES AND STRANGERS
By Louisa Dawkins.
404 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $18.95.

By Elinor Langer

IT is perhaps one measure of the strength of this novel that I began it with the wariness of the reviewer, asking: "Who is Louisa Dawkins?* Why a pseudonym? Why *that* one? Why the romance title? Why African *whites*?" and I ended with the curiosity of the reader, wondering: "How will Marietta and Charlie fare in London? What will be *his* relation to Africa? Will Michael come? Will Michael and Marietta get back together, and if not, how will they bear being apart? And when will Catherine pop up next?" I have cavils generated by the book itself — a little more of this here, a little less of that there — but they are only cavils. If a sequel appeared, I would read it immediately.

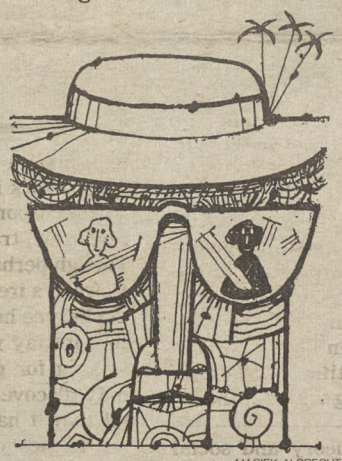
"Natives and Strangers" takes place primarily among white settlers in Kenya and Tanganyika from the mid-1950's to the early 1970's, the years of decolonization and independence. Virginia Hamilton, the daughter of British settlers, is an attractive, spirited widow who runs bush hotels, sleeps with her customers and even marries two of them. Her second husband, Neville Bilton, the intellectually inclined inheritor of a large estate, becomes particularly important to her fatherless daughter, Marietta.

Marietta Hamilton is the novel's central figure. A candid, idiosyncratic child whose best friend, Violet, is the daughter of the Ruba houseboy, Justin, who essentially raises them both, Marietta is practically Ruba herself. Some of the most painful moments of her youth have to do with her realization that Violet has what she herself lacks — a father, a home, a family, a tribe.

Another black child with whom she is involved is Catherine Mattias, the brilliant daughter of a corrupt local chief, whose determination and dominance in all things Marietta can neither accept nor escape. Thanks to Neville, whose attachment to Marietta outlasts his marriage to her mother, Marietta goes to England to study at the Slade School of Fine Art, but Neville dies, and she is left emotionally adrift. Enter Jonathan Sudbury, a white hunter from another settler family, also in London, whom she has met briefly at home and who now pursues her, gets her pregnant and persuades her to marry him.

To her surprise, Marietta loves her new life, which gives her a sense of rootedness for the first time, loves the large family estate, Olgolulu, she successfully manages, loves her son, Charlie, and loves Jonathan too. But accompanying him to the United States, where he must go to court participants in his safaris, Marietta meets a black Kenyan scientist, Michael Kagia, and both are passionately attracted. It is typical of this novel in which what is obvious is usually not what happens that, just as Marietta does not regret her lost life in art, neither do she and Michael begin an affair. Nor do they begin one later when they meet again in Kenya. It is not until Michael, now a politician, and Jonathan, despairing — but more than that, other than *that* there is more, it would be unfair to both reader and author to say.

What is engaging about "Natives and Strangers" is in any case not the plot (which at a key juncture seems overdone) but the way small events accumulate over time to produce a large portrait of a new era. Somewhat as Olivia Manning did in her two trilogies about displaced Britons in the Balkans and the Levant before and during World War II, Louisa Dawkins gives background and foreground very much the proportions they have in life, so that while great events — in this case, the transition from white to black rule — have been taking place, the emphasis is on ordinary living, which continues. It is mainly in a conversation here, a quarrel there, that Mrs. Dawkins develops her major themes of race and identity, exile, the connections between the present and the past.


MACIEK ALBRECHT

When, as a child, Marietta takes advantage of her mother's absence to go home with Justin and Violet, Virginia screams: "'It could've been the end of you! Don't you ever *think*!' But the next moment she was hugging Marietta and saying, 'It's my fault. You don't know what you are. You're not English and you *can't* be African. So what in the hell are you?' "

When Marietta meets Michael in Chicago, she pretends to be from England. "She wanted . . . to claim kinship with him, coming from the same distant corner of the earth. But of course he'd deny kinship. What was she to him? A woman, with breasts and buttocks, to be appraised on account of them, and a European Settler. Could a young man who remembered Settlers in the old Kenya, but had never seen them powerless in the new, look at her with anything other than contempt?"

When Justin calls Michael a "mongrel" and urges Marietta to "stay with your own kind," she replies: " 'He *is* my kind! . . . I'm a mongrel, too! . . . See this,' she said, touching the soft pale skin of her underarm. 'It's a lie, Justin! When Violet and I used to fight you'd . . . pull us apart and shake us. "Why do you quarrel?" you'd ask, "if you are sisters?" Then I'd weep, "In that case, I would have a father, too, just as she does!" And you'd answer, "But I have two girls, Mari, haven't I? Both are mine." You were right, of course,' she said softly. 'So what am I now? Not white. Not black. Something of this. Something of that. If I was your girl once, Justin, could I be a European now?' "

As even this fragmentary evidence suggests, this is a novel more concerned with human truths than with ideological ones. Unlike the characters in many overtly political novels, the people in "Natives and Strangers" hold their positions naturally, as if they take them for granted, like the weather. There is never any declamation or posturing. The time is not only post-empire, it is post-*uhuru*, and a sense both of sophistication and of disillusion is shared by blacks and whites. Yet so is a sense of freedom.

• • •

In this novel, more than any other I have read for some time, there is a sense that people can decide how to act. It seems to me it is this very combination of dislocation and possibility that takes "Natives and Strangers" out of the territory of the "colonial" novel and gives it a larger authority. When Marietta chooses exile in search of identity, she becomes a citizen of the modern world.

On a final visit to Justin and Violet, Violet interrogates Marietta about her departure. "Why must you [go]?" she asks. "This is your home."

"Yes, and I'll take it with me wherever I go."

"Where will you find other friends who love you as we do?"

"I don't expect that, Violet."

"How will you do without us, then?"

"It will be very hard."

"What kind of life will you lead?"

"An ordinary life."

"And what is that?"

"It's one without myths or special privileges. Without the burden of what happened once and of how things used to be. It's a life in which you choose what to do, the choice hasn't been made by others before you were born. That's why I'm leaving, Violet, and so quickly. Before I lose courage."

"Whom will you live with?"

"We'll live by ourselves, Charlie and I. Under a pale sky, more suitable for white people."

"Will you ever come back, Mari?"

"That I cannot say."

A passage both so clear and so earned by the experience of the heroine needs no further explication. At a time when so many characters seem to make themselves up out of other books, it is a pleasure to follow Marietta Hamilton as she makes herself up out of life. □

*The publisher's press release says: "Louisa Dawkins is the pseudonym of a British-born social scientist and widely published author whose four field expeditions to Africa provided material for [the] novel. . . . Mrs. Dawkins was educated at Cheltenham Ladies College, Oxford University, and the University of Chicago." The book itself omits the news about the pseudonym.

Elinor Langer's biography of Josephine Herbst is now available in paperback.

The Unthinkable Was Unprintable

BEYOND BELIEF
The American Press and the Coming of the Holocaust, 1933-1945.
By Deborah E. Lipstadt.
370 pp. New York: The Free Press. $19.95.

By Arnold Beichman

THIS book is a study of the American press and radio (principally daily newspapers) and how their generally uninformed coverage, with notable exceptions, of the rise of Adolf Hitler led to their uninformed reporting, again with notable exceptions, of the Holocaust. The title refers to the unwillingness of some but not all important dailies to publish reports of the Final Solution or to publish them prominently because they were "beyond belief." A similar charge could be made about uninformed reporting in the American press about the rise of Joseph Stalin, the Soviet war against Russia's peasantry and the organization of the Soviet gulags.

Understandably, Deborah E. Lipstadt limits her examination of the news media's record regarding totalitarian ideologues to Hitler, and it is a sorry story indeed. However, she tries to avoid charges of collective guilt against the press and does not suggest that there was a conspiracy to suppress news about the Holocaust.

Yet there is this underlying theme: Had the press, particularly the prestigious newspapers and radio networks, been less skeptical and scornful of refugee reports, they might have published more about what was going on. Such reporting could have influenced public opinion and a largely ignorant Congress and might have resulted in more enlightened and humane immigration policies during the prewar years and, later, when their existence was authenticated, more aggressive military action against the death camps. In other words, the news media, through editorial pressure, might have forced the Roosevelt Administration to change its policy of "rescue through victory" — the concentration on battlefield triumphs to hasten the war's end and with that the rescue of the Jews.

Did the press during the Roosevelt era have such clout in foreign affairs and on war policy? Judging by its collective failure to help elect Franklin D. Roosevelt's opponents to the Presidency (during his four national campaigns, the overwhelming majority of the press opposed Roosevelt), it did not have too much say in national debates. Some newspapers did try to effect changes in refugee policy but with little success.

Regardless, there is no question that an editor, confronted by D-Day, the Battle of Stalingrad or the Battle



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Captured Warsaw ghetto fighters in 1943.

of the Bulge on the one hand and a refugee story about Jews being executed on the other, would do the obvious — go with what he had and downplay what he was not sure about.

I can add a personal note about the unwillingness of seasoned editors to believe atrocity stories coming out of Eastern Europe. At the time, I was on the staff of PM, a liberal New York City daily that the author cites approvingly throughout the book. When I got a story about the fighting in the Warsaw ghetto from a well-informed Polish émigré, a PM executive belittled it, saying it seemed like the old World War I atrocity story about German cadaver factories in Belgium. I threatened, somewhat dramatically, to resign if the story were spiked, and eventually it was published. But if a liberal New York paper like PM could harbor so skeptical a news executive, it would seem clear that such stories simply would not play in other parts of the country. Miss Lipstadt herself makes the point about the "persistent incredulity" of the American press even when faced with Government reports about Nazi atrocities. Accounts from Jewish eyewitnesses told of events that were too horrifying to be plausible.

Even so, there were newspaper writers — Otto Tolischus and Anne O'Hare McCormick of The New York Times; George Sokolsky, a syndicated columnist with The New York Sun; H. R. Knickerbocker of The New York Evening Post; Alexander Uhl of PM; Dorothy Thompson, a widely syndicated columnist; Louis Lochner of The Associated Press; Edward R. Murrow of CBS News and others — who spotted the Hitler phenomenon early and believed that what happened later was all too possible. Miss Lipstadt gives them generous credit and shows that the papers and networks for which they worked could on one day ignore a major story about Nazi horrors and on the next publish a story of similar provenance and content under a banner headline.

"Did the press have clout in foreign affairs and on war policy?"

Miss Lipstadt is particularly critical of The New York Times's coverage of the Holocaust, not because it was better or worse than other papers' reports, but because, she says, The Times had enormous prestige, and had it "reacted with less equanimity, it is possible that other American papers would have followed suit." No greater problem exists in history and the social sciences than proving causality. And it is difficult to accept Miss Lipstadt's judgment that "the press was ultimately as culpable as the Government" for America's reaction, or lack of one, to the Holocaust. The word "Government" has specificity — the President, the State Department. In Government, there are visible decision makers who can be held accountable. How can one put thousands of *different* newspapers, (and their correspondents and editors) none of which interacted with the others coherently, in the same equation of guilt and conclude that they were as culpable as the Government?

IN recent years there have been many studies of the callousness toward European Jews of policy makers (some of them anti-Semites) in the State Department and the British Foreign Office, of the belated pleas of the American Jewish leadership, of Vichy France's groveling before the Nazi occupiers as French Jews were shipped to the east. Miss Lipstadt, who teaches Jewish history at the University of California, Los Angeles, is the first scholar to examine the United States press and the Holocaust.

Her enormous reading and research are marred, however, by some errors of fact that should be rectified in any future edition. Alfred M. Landon, the 1936 Republican Presidential candidate, was never Vice President. She refers to the Office of Strategic Affairs when she means the O.S.S., the Office of Strategic Services. And several names are misspelled. Miss Lipstadt might also want to reconsider a footnote in which she writes that in 1944 "America was already preparing for the Cold War." She may be misinterpreting Roosevelt's protests in March and April 1944 about Stalin's violations of the Yalta agreement as preparations for the cold war. If F.D.R. had really been "preparing" for the cold war in 1944, it would indicate extraordinary foresight on his part, a foresight about which I have not read in any serious historical work. □

Arnold Beichman is a visiting scholar at the Hoover Institution in California. His latest book is "Herman Wouk: The Novelist as Social Historian."

Black Moses in a Sea of Red Ink

THE MARCUS GARVEY AND UNIVERSAL NEGRO IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION PAPERS
Volume Four: 1 September 1921-2 September 1922.
Edited by Robert A. Hill with Emory J. Tolbert and Deborah Forczek.
Illustrated. 1,125 pp. Berkeley: University of California Press. $65.

By Clarence E. Walker

The first three volumes of this magnificent set of papers covered the origins, growth and development of Marcus Garvey's influence internationally and in the United States. Volume Four covers the period from Sept. 1, 1921, to Sept. 2, 1922 — a time of crisis in Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association. Here we see Garvey battling black political figures like Cyril Briggs and W. E. B. Du Bois and being spied upon by the F.B.I. We also see the Black Star Line, the shipping company Garvey hoped would carry blacks back to Africa, sinking in red ink and financial mismanagement.

This book, edited by Robert A. Hill, who teaches history at the University of California, Los Angeles, fully displays Garvey's penchant for hyperbole — he called Harding possibly the greatest President since Washington and Lincoln. With rhetorical overkill Garvey traduced his opponents in America and argued that white America's racial attitudes were best represented by white supremacist organizations like the Ku Klux Klan.

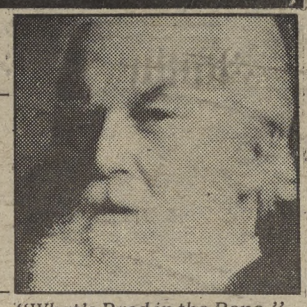
I hope this volume and others in the series will enable scholars working on the evolution of American black politics to address the problematic role language has played in shaping black political consciousness. As Shiva Naipaul, the late novelist and journalist, wrote, words "can, when handled promiscuously, gradually begin to take the place of reality. They can, in the course of time, become a complete substitute for it." Readers of this volume will see that words served this function in efforts by the "Black Moses" to lead his people out of bondage. Garvey's speeches reprinted here suggest that beneath the imperial rhetoric of "Africa for the Africans" simply lay a sense of politics based on the call of blood and a racialist interpretation of history. □

Clarence E. Walker is an associate professor of history and American studies at Wesleyan University.

The New York Times

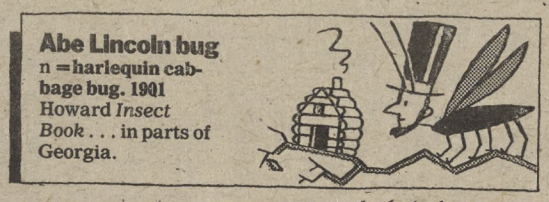
Book Review

December 15, 1985
Section 7 © The New York Times

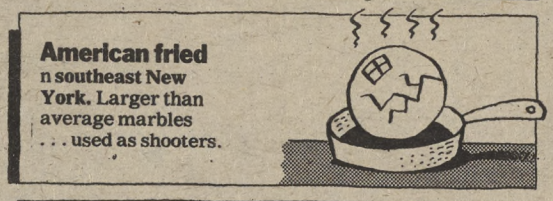


"What's Bred in the Bone," a new novel by Robertson Davies. *Page 6.*

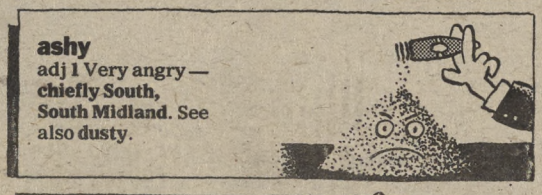
One Language, Highly Divisible



Abe Lincoln bug
n = **harlequin cabbage bug. 1901** Howard *Insect Book* . . . in parts of Georgia.



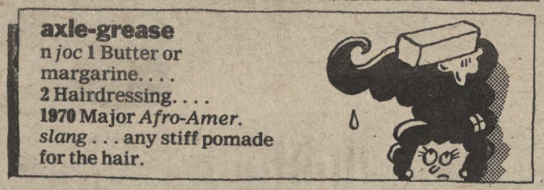
American fried
n **southeast New York.** Larger than average marbles . . . used as shooters.



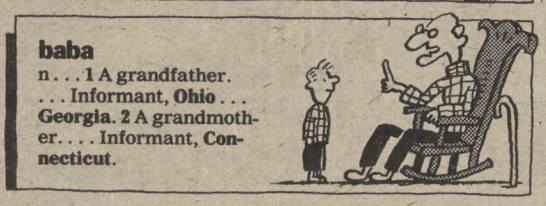
ashy
adj 1 Very angry — **chiefly South, South Midland.** See also **dusty**.



Aunt Jane's room
n . . . **chiefly North, North Midland.** *joc, euphem* An outdoor toilet, a privy.



axle-grease
n *joc* 1 Butter or margarine. . . . 2 Hairdressing. . . . **1970** Major *Afro-Amer. slang* . . . any stiff pomade for the hair.



baba
n . . . 1 A grandfather. . . . Informant, **Ohio . . . Georgia.** 2 A grandmother. . . . Informant, **Connecticut.**

DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN REGIONAL ENGLISH

Volume One. Introduction and A-C.
Chief Editor, Frederic G. Cassidy.
903 pp. Cambridge, Mass.:
The Belknap Press / Harvard University Press.
$49.95; $60 after Dec. 31.

By Stuart B. Flexner

OUR country and the American language finally have the long-awaited, definitive and fascinating Dictionary of American Regional English. The publication of the first of this dictionary's five volumes (the rest to be published at intervals of a year or more) is an astounding achievement, a landmark for the American language and of American scholarship. The result of years of research, compilation and editing, the completed project will be a major reference and sourcebook for lexicographers, linguists, social historians and folklorists for generations to come, and one of the layman's most interesting and revealing books about our language and our country.

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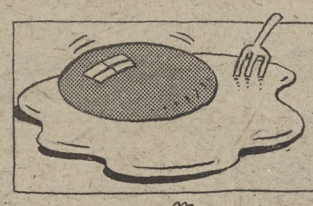
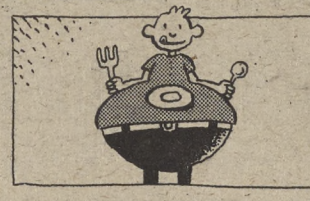
Continued on page 33

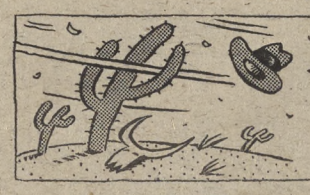
Stuart B. Flexner is editor in chief of the Random House Dictionaries and author of The Dictionary of American Slang, "I Hear America Talking" and "Listening to America."



ball
n 1 The yolk of an egg. Informant, **northeast Massachusetts**; v To put up one's hair in a bun. **South.**



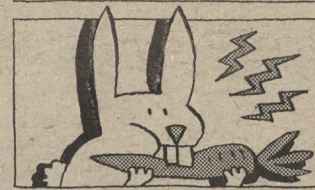
bauch
n [Pennsylvania German] The belly, stomach.



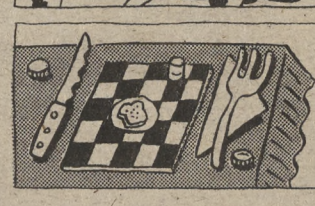
blue norther
n Also infreq *blue Texas norther*. . . . **Texas.** A cold wind from the north that brings rapidly falling temperatures.



cash in
v phr [Abbr for **checks, cash in one's**] To die.



chank
v Also sp *chaunk, chawnk, chonk* **chiefly West Midland, Northeast.** To eat noisily, chew loudly.



check
n often pl: A playing piece in the game of checkers . . . **South, South Midland.** A snack or light meal, **Appalachians.**

DRAWINGS BY MICHAEL BARTOLOS

In Defense of Purple Prose

By Paul West

A WORD is its uses, as William H. Gass shows in his rollicking conspectus, "On Being Blue," although he might have ogled "purple" as well. Purple does seep into his bluebook, however, here tinting some "spent body like a bruise," there leaving a "lavender thumb"-print of "broken veins." In fact, as well as being a book on the uses of "blue" — in talk, literature and the dictionary — "On Being Blue" is a prime, up-to-date example of purple prose, not so much a patch as it is a pyramid, a pandemonium, a seething nuclear pile of words.

Infatuated with "blue," its optical resonance and its metaphorical range, Mr. Gass picks up samples from far and near, reveling in the word's every appearance, teasing and inciting and delving until the little tome glides off on its own like emancipated lava, announcing I Am Words, I Am Language, I Am Style. The book is elaborate without being ornate, ambulatory without being pedestrian, and, for those whose tastes run to purple, a definite joy. It reminds us that the almost lost art of phrasemaking attracts the scorn only of those who have never made up a stylish phrase in their lives, as if style had become taboo, a menace to people, gods and cars.

Of course, purple is not only highly colored prose. It is the world written *up*, intensified and made pleasurably palpable, not only to suggest the impetuous abundance of Creation, but also to add to it by showing — showing off — the expansive power of the mind itself, its unique knack for making itself at home among trees, dawns, viruses, and then turning them into something else: a word, a daub, a sonata. The impulse here is to make everything larger than life, almost to overrespond, maybe because, habituated to life written *down*, in both senses, we become inured and have to be awakened with something almost intolerably vivid. When the deep purple blooms, you are looking at a dimension, not a posy.

Continued on page 29

Paul West received an Award in Literature this year from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. His 10th novel, "Rat Man of Paris," will be published this winter.

Shakespeare's Lost Poem: A Scholar's Case/**11**

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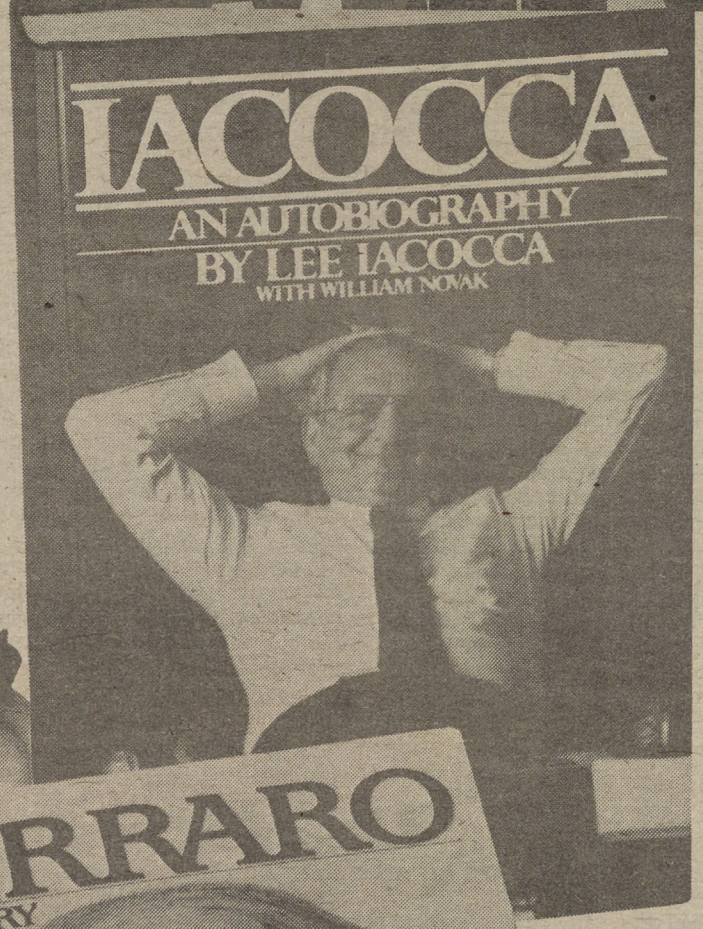

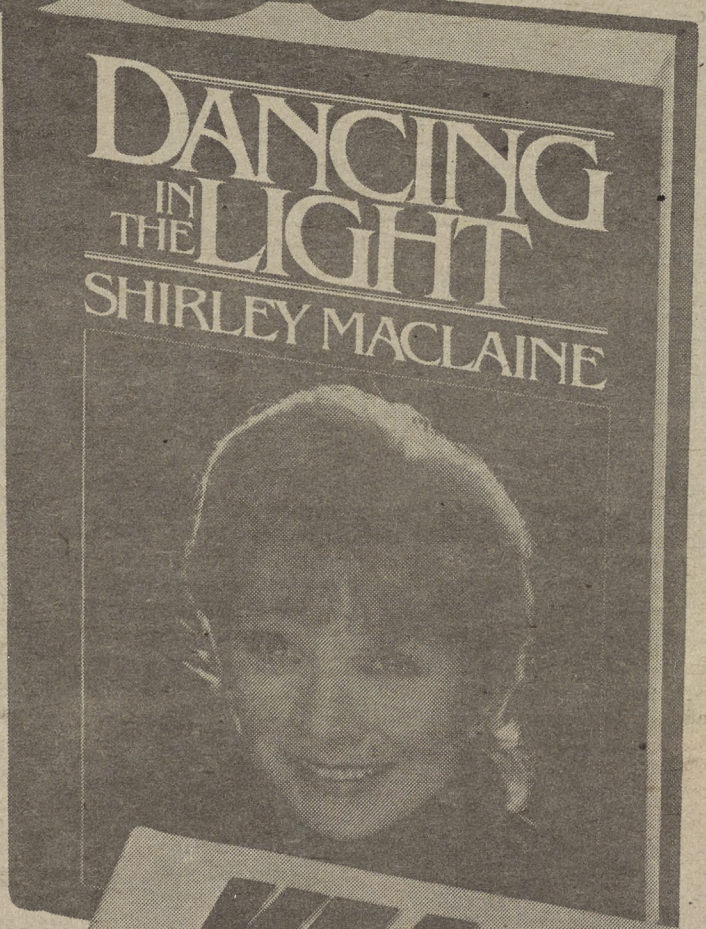



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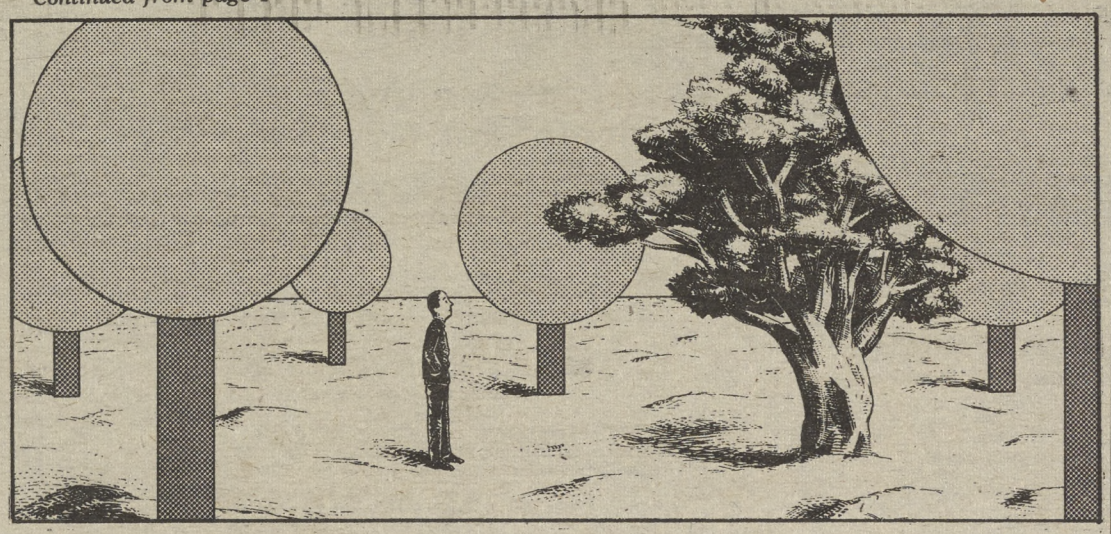
In Defense of Purple Prose

Continued from page 1



ROB SHEPPERSON

Consider Paul Cézanne's famous doubt, eloquently pondered in an essay by Maurice Merleau-Ponty, the French thinker. Was what Cézanne saw, and painted, in his hand or "out there"? Or was it in the paint itself, the fine-ground lumps of geology he painted with? Plump for all three, in a mood of feckless empathy. You can see what nagged at him, as I think it must have nagged at such masters of purple as Sir Thomas Browne, Macaulay, Joyce, Faulkner, Dylan Thomas, Wallace Stevens and Nabokov. Is it something lacking in you that makes you want, in your visionary versions of the world, to load every rift with ore? The phrase is Keats's. It implies that the ore in the ordinary isn't enough. He wants ore-dinary. It's not a lack, though, but a lack's opposite: that powerful early-warning system of the sensibilities we call imagination, the system Coleridge called "esemplastic" because it fuses the many into one.

SOME creative heads, in order to see the world at all, and to find it worth representing, need to begin by putting it in gaudy colors. More sternly, in a mood of utmost reverence, they recognize that what you bring to the act of perception is often just as important as what you perceive. "We receive," wrote the same Coleridge, "but what we give."

The gist of it all is that a mind fully deployed, and here "mind" includes imagination, will find the merest thing an inexhaustible object of wonderment, itself included (in a fit of modesty, of course). A carrot. A wart biopsied. Take the bald, blank end of a stem from which a hibiscus bloom has dropped, and you can feel the rough ends of the dried-up tiny tubes that fed it — microstraws bound together by nature's clamp, like fascias, along which streamed the fuel of display. That's how a purple paragraph itself might start to bloom. The urge is more than the yen to make a well-upholstered paragraph that connoisseurs will clip and paste into albums of such things. Purple is a homage to nature and to what human ingenuity can do with nature's givens.

Certain producers of plain prose have conned the reading public into believing that only in prose plain, humdrum or flat can you articulate the mind of inarticulate ordinary Joe. Even to begin to do that you need to be more articulate than Joe, or you might as well tape-record him and leave it at that. This minimalist vogue depends on the premise that only an almost invisible style can be sincere, honest, moving, sensitive and so forth, whereas prose that draws attention to itself by being revved up, ample, intense, incandescent or flamboyant turns its back on something almost holy — the human bond with ordinariness. I doubt if much unmitigated ordinariness can exist. As Harold Nicolson, the critic and biographer, once observed, only one man in a thousand is boring, and he's interesting because he's a man in a thousand. Surely the passion for the plain, the homespun, the banal, is itself a form of betrayal, a refusal to look honestly at a complex universe, a get-poor-quick attitude that wraps up everything in simplistic formulas never to be inspected for veracity or substance. Got up as a cry from the heart, it is really an excuse for dull and mindless writing, larded over with the democratic myth that says this is how most folks are. Well, most folks are lazy, especially when confronted with a book, and some writers are lazy too, writing in the same anonymous style as everyone else.

How many prose writers can you identify from their style? Not many have that singular emanation from the temperament or those combinations of words all of them characteristic for a certain gait, a certain tone, a certain idiosyncratic consecutiveness of thought and image. Stone the crows by all means, but let the birds of paradise get on with the business of being gorgeous. Even Hemingway, who has much to do with this vogue for the flat, breaks his own habit in certain rapturous, long sentences in which he seems to recognize that although being alive is just one damn thing after another, there is no ultimate sum, no total; you just go on adding as long as you live, which is perhaps why a medieval monk, illuminating one capital letter for months, say, was living as full a life as Brother Busymitts, who rushed through a dozen in an hour.

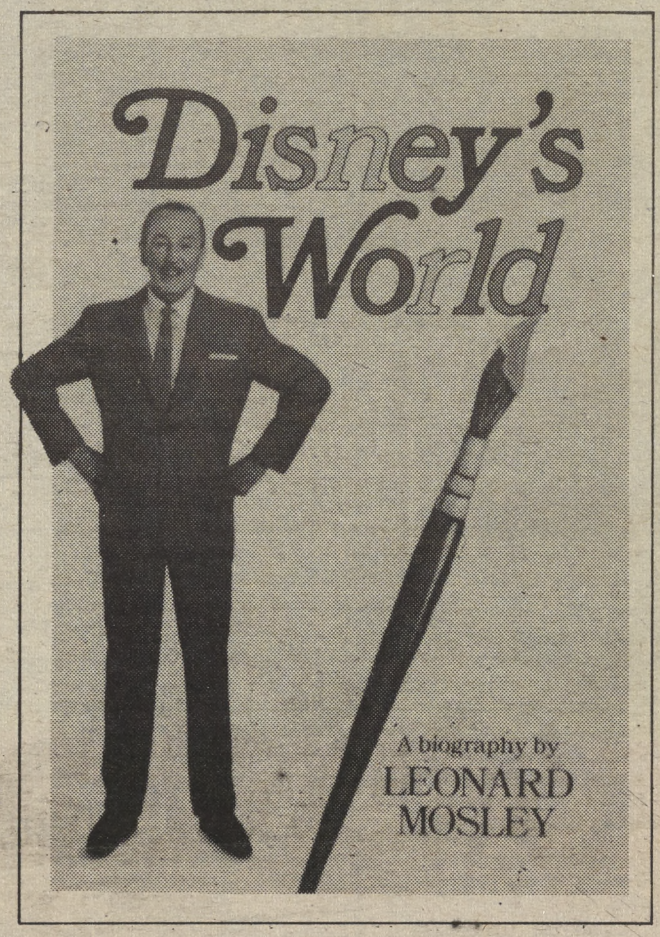
It takes a certain amount of sass to speak up for prose that's rich, succulent and full of novelty. Purple is immoral, undemocratic and insincere; at best artsy, at worst the exterminating angel of depravity. So long as originality and lexical precision prevail, the sentient writer has a right to immerse himself or herself in phenomena and come up with as personal a version as can be. A writer who can't do purple is missing a trick. A writer who does purple all the time ought to have more tricks. A writer who is afraid of mind, which English-speaking writers tend to be, unlike their Continental counterparts, is a lion afraid of meat.

After all, it is the mind that stages such apparently incongruous and impossible things as making a stone talk, speaking up for posthumous narrators and dead characters, and, as in Gabriel García Márquez's "Autumn of the Patriarch," tuning in to the collective imagination of an island's islanders as they begin to confect the myth of its dead dictator. Mr. García Márquez lets the reader listen in on an unwieldy, ramshackle process that nevertheless is going to get where it is going. The islanders want an image: potent, nasty and attractively damnable, and they are willing to lie, to fudge, to get it.

The only way of being a demiurge is to fashion a material world out of the one already on hand, not allusively but close-up, so much so that things the words denote seem right on top of the words, on top of the reader too. The ideal is to create a complex verbal world that has as much presence, as much apparent physical bulk, as the world around it. So you get it both ways: the words evoke the world that isn't made of words, and they — as far as possible — enact it too. The prose, especially when it's purple, seems almost to be made of the same material as

Continued on page 31

HE LOOKED INTO THE MIRROR AND SAW MICKEY MOUSE



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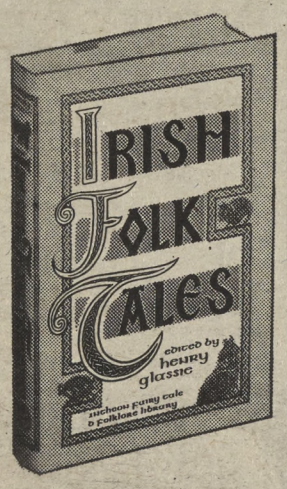

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Best Sellers

Fiction

This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	**THE MAMMOTH HUNTERS,** by Jean M. Auel. (Crown, $19.95.) Ayla continues her adventures in the prehistoric world in a sequel to "The Clan of the Cave Bear" and "The Valley of Horses."	1	4
2	**LAKE WOBEGON DAYS,** by Garrison Keillor. (Viking, $17.95.) Recollections of a small American town.	2	16
3	**TEXAS,** by James A. Michener. (Random House, $21.95.) Four hundred fifty years of history in fictional form.	3	10
4	**CONTACT,** by Carl Sagan. (Simon & Schuster, $18.95.) The commotion that follows the reception of a signal from intelligent life beyond Earth.	5	10
5	**SECRETS,** by Danielle Steel. (Delacorte, $17.95.) Behind the scenes during the production of a blockbuster television series.	4	8
6	**THE SECRETS OF HARRY BRIGHT,** by Joseph Wambaugh. (Morrow, $17.95.) A detective searches for the meaning of his own son's death while investigating a killing in the California desert.	10	11
7	**GALAPAGOS,** by Kurt Vonnegut. (Seymour Lawrence/Delacorte, $16.95.) Passengers on a Pacific cruise are mankind's sole survivors.	6	9
8	**WORLD'S FAIR,** by E. L. Doctorow. (Random House, $17.95.) A boy growing up in New York City during the 1930's.	7	5
9	**THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST,** by Anne Tyler. (Knopf, $16.95.) Family and friends impose order of a kind on the errant life of a travel writer.	9	13
10	**THE CAT WHO WALKS THROUGH WALLS,** by Robert A. Heinlein. (Putnam, $17.95.) A comic look at a future in which mankind tries to control fate.	8	5
11	**WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE,** by Robertson Davies. (Elisabeth Sifton/Viking, $17.95.) The career of a Canadian painter who goes abroad to become an art collector and forger and a spy.	15	2
12	**THE VAMPIRE LESTAT,** by Anne Rice. (Knopf, $17.95.) Eerie carryings-on in a tale ranging from ancient Egypt to 18th-century Paris to the 20th-century rock world.	11	5
13	**SKELETON CREW,** by Stephen King. (Putnam, $18.95.) Twenty-two tales of contemporary horror.	12	26
14	**THE OLD GRINGO,** by Carlos Fuentes. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $14.95.) The mystery surrounding the disappearance in Mexico of the American journalist Ambrose Bierce.		1
15	**LONDON MATCH,** by Len Deighton. (Knopf, $17.95.) Bernard Samson tracks down yet another traitor in a sequel to "Berlin Game" and "Mexico Set."		1

Nonfiction

This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	**YEAGER: An Autobiography,** by Chuck Yeager and Leo Janos. (Bantam, $17.95.) From West Virginia hillbilly to World War II fighter pilot to the first man to fly faster than sound.	1	23
2	**IACOCCA: An Autobiography,** by Lee Iacocca with William Novak. (Bantam, $19.95.) The rise of an immigrants' son to top jobs at Ford and Chrysler.	2	59
3	**I NEVER PLAYED THE GAME,** by Howard Cosell with Peter Bonventre. (Morrow, $18.95.) A dour view of the sports world by the broadcaster.	5	9
4	**ELVIS AND ME,** by Priscilla Beaulieu Presley with Sandra Harmon. (Putnam, $16.95.) The rock legend as friend, mentor, lover, husband, father.	3	13
5	**DANCING IN THE LIGHT,** by Shirley MacLaine. (Bantam, $17.95.) In her 51st year, the entertainer wins an Oscar, survives a stormy romance and has new visions of the past and future.	4	12
6	**ON THE ROAD WITH CHARLES KURALT,** by Charles Kuralt. (Putnam, $16.95.) The television reporter tells of Americans he's encountered.	6	10
7	**HOUSE,** by Tracy Kidder. (Houghton Mifflin, $17.95.) An account of the construction of a Greek Revival house in Massachusetts.	7	8
8	**ANSEL ADAMS,** by Ansel Adams with Mary Street Alinder. (New York Graphic Society/Little, Brown, $50.) The profusely illustrated memoirs of the eminent photographer.	9	2
9	**ONLY ONE WOOF,** by James Herriot. (St. Martin's, $9.95.) The true story, illustrated by Peter Barrett, of how a Yorkshire sheepdog found his long-lost brother.	8	5
10	**SHOOT LOW, BOYS—THEY'RE RIDIN' SHETLAND PONIES,** by Lewis Grizzard. (Peachtree Publishers, $13.95.) A syndicated humorist travels across America in search of unsung possessors of "true grit."	13	3
11	**FERRARO: My Story,** by Geraldine A. Ferraro with Linda Bird Francke. (Bantam, $17.95.) The rise of an immigrants' daughter to become the first female Vice-Presidential nominee of a major party.	11	7
12	**MADE IN AMERICA,** by Peter Ueberroth with Richard Levin and Amy Quinn. (Morrow, $17.95.) The autobiography of the organizer of the 1984 Olympic Games in Los Angeles.	14	2
13	**A LIGHT IN THE ATTIC,** by Shel Silverstein. (Harper & Row, $13.50.) Light verse and drawings.	12	145
14	**CHARLES & DIANA,** by Ralph G. Martin. (Putnam, $18.95.) A gossipy account of the lives of the British royal couple.	10	5
15	**GODDESS,** by Anthony Summers. (Macmillan, $18.95.) The "secret lives" of Marilyn Monroe.	15	11

And Bear in Mind

(Editors' choices of other recent books of particular interest)

COLLECTED STORIES, by Tennessee Williams. (New Directions, $19.95.) Many of these abundant stories—574 pages of them!—witness that Williams knew how to lodge in another medium the dynamism and vitality that informs the great plays.

A GRAND STRATEGY FOR THE WEST, by Helmut Schmidt. (Yale University, $12.95.) In his balanced blueprint for the future, the former West German Chancellor argues for more fiscal responsibility in America, more defense responsibility in Europe.

FOXYBABY, by Elizabeth Jolley. (Viking, $14.95.) In this anarchic comedy of manners a writer at an Australian campus lectures matrons seeking enlightenment and weight loss; a moving novel-within-the-novel is a tale of resistance to shame and despair.

THE CUNNING LITTLE VIXEN, by Rudolf Tesnohlidek. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $19.95.) The first English translation of this tough-minded 1920 fable of men and animals, famous in its Czechoslovak homeland; Maurice Sendak's illustrations include his designs for Janacek's opera based on the book.

THE FRINGES OF POWER, by John Colville. (Norton, $25.) These diaries of Churchill's private secretary yield the clearest and most detailed picture yet of how Churchill worked, thought and spoke behind the scenes during his years as Prime Minister.

AMUSING OURSELVES TO DEATH, by Neil Postman. (Elisabeth Sifton/Viking, $15.95.) A brilliant development of the thesis that television has debased public discourse, making it entertainment.

ALONG WITH YOUTH: Hemingway, the Early Years, by Peter Griffin. (Oxford University, $17.95.) The first of a three-volume biography, this book brings to life the charm, vitality and passionate dedication to writing of the young war veteran and journalist who set sail for France in 1921.

Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous

		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	**FIT FOR LIFE,** by Harvey Diamond and Marilyn Diamond. (Warner, $16.50.) A diet for weight loss and physical fitness.	1	17
2	**THE BE (HAPPY) ATTITUDES,** by Robert Schuller. (Word, $12.95.) Inspiration from a California clergyman.	2	6
3	**JANE BRODY'S GOOD FOOD BOOK,** by Jane E. Brody. (Norton, $19.95.) How to put "health-promoting carbohydrates" into your diet, by the personal health columnist of The New York Times.	5	2
4*	**THE FRUGAL GOURMET,** by Jeff Smith. (Morrow, $14.95.) Recipes for dishes prepared at moderate cost.	4	35
5	**CALLANETICS,** by Callan Pinckney with Sallie Batson. (Morrow, $15.95.) Exercises to enable women to look "10 years younger in 10 hours."	3	7

The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from 2,000 bookstores in every region of the United States, statistically adjusted to represent sales in all bookstores. In Advice and How-to, five titles are listed because, beyond that point, sales in this category are not generally large enough to make a longer list statistically reliable.

*An asterisk before a book's title indicates that its sales, weighted to reflect the bookselling industry nationally, are barely distinguishable from those of the book above.

In Defense of Purple Prose

Continued from page 29

what it's about.

This is an illusion, to be sure, but art *is* illusion, and what's needed is an art that temporarily blots out the real. So, reading Thomas Mann's description in "The Confessions of Felix Krull, Confidence Man" of a delicatessen window should, for a while, be nearly the same as staring into a comparable deli window in Manhattan. It's when the words blot out the real, and displace it, that prose comes into its own, conjuring, fooling, aping, yet never quite achieving the impression that, in dealing with an elephant, it is actually working in elephant hide. There lingers always, just out of view, on the conjectural fringe of vision, the fact that what's going on is verbal. The prose will not turn to the sun, like a plant, or wither without actually falling off its stem, or spawn tapeworms in its interior. Yet it has mass, texture and shape. It calls into play all the senses, and it can interact at the speed of ionization with the reader's mind.

HOW extraordinary: our minds loll in two states, ably transposing words into things, things into words. What goes on in this hybrid mental shuttling to and fro is something passive but active, a compromise in affairs of scale, dimension and abstraction. The phrase "teddy bear" is smaller than the toy animal, which in turn is smaller (usually) than the big bear from the wilds; is almost entirely flat (a printed phrase stands up a little from the surface it is printed on); and lacks physical attributes conspicuous in any bear. The words represent, but they also re-present, and when the wordsmith turns to purple various things happen. The presence of the supervising wordsmith becomes more blatant, but the objects being presented in words have a more unruly presence. They bristle, they buzz, they come out at you.

Purple isn't quite onomatopoeia, whose modern meaning is different from what it meant in Greek. Now it means making a word sound like its referent ("hiss," "crack," "cuckoo"), but it used to mean "word coining," which is wider. When it isn't just showing off, purple is phrase coining, an attempt to build longish units of language that more or less replicate sizable chunks of Being in much the same way as the hiss-crack-cuckoo words mimic a sound. There is language that plunges in, not too proud to steal a noise from Mother Nature, and there is language that prides itself on the distance it keeps from nature. Then there is purple, which, from quite a distance, plunges back into phenomena all over again, only to emerge with a bigger verbal ostentation.

This plunge is almost like revisiting our ancestors. After all, words must have begun as acts of abstract approximation, a simultaneous closeness and removedness that nabbed the essence of a thing in a shout, a grunt, a hiss, but partly in order to refer to it in general. Take the word "muscle," for instance, which comes from some Roman's impression that when a muscle flexes, a small mouse — a *musculus* — seems to be running underneath the skin. We have all but lost that mouse, and I am not saying that purple will retrieve it; it might, it might not, depending on how much etymology the purplist has. But purple will perhaps restore the shielded, abstracted modern reader to that more atavistic state of mind in which the observer can imagine a subcutaneous mouse. It is not a matter of coming up with new words, but fiercer — of coming up with new and more imposing combinations of words.

Purple is certainly a long way from the clinical doting on particulars we find in the French New Novel, but is quite near to Latin American magical realism, which is both a literary and a sociological thing. What might seem a literary flight of fancy exists already in part of Brazil, where birth certificates actually name freshwater dolphins as the fathers of certain children. Purple relishes that sort of thing, zeroing in on it or concocting it as part of the thing it loves to make: a paste as thick as life itself, a stream of phenomena delighted in for their own sake. And it is not a matter of inventing something out of nothing, for that cannot be done; everything is derivative, so there is no getting away from what might be thought the bases of life, of art. The farfetched always takes you home again, never mind how strained its combinations, how almost unthinkable its novelties. The color we have never seen, the smell we have never smelled, the mind we have never known, can only be made from the colors, the smells, the minds, we already know.

I am suggesting that purple prose reminds us of things we do ill to forget: the arbitrary, derivative and fictional nature of language; its unreliable relationship with phenomena ("cuckoo" is close, but "indri," meaning "look!" in Malagasy, got tagged on to the monkey of that name by mistake); its kinship with paint and voodoo and gesture and wordless song; its sheer mystery; its enormous distance from mathematics and photography; its affinities with pleasure and luxury; its capacity for hitting the mind's eye — the mind's ear, the mind's very membranes — with what isn't there, with what is impossible and (until the very moment of its investiture in words) unthinkable.

> *"Writing stripped-down prose may be safer than indulging yourself. But what's a self for anyway?"*

All this may sound like the latest variant of the old Classical-versus-Romantic quarrel, and maybe it is; but, even more, it is the quarrel between those who know what literature is allowed to be and those who want to let it evolve. If you write in stripped-down prose, you will probably do better commercially than if you, as the idiom has it, indulge yourself. What's a self for, anyway? For every hundred people with a hair-trigger response to what they think excessive, there are a few with a hair-trigger response to prose stripped down. The objection is empirical, not moral. It says life is infinitely more complex and magical than we will ever know unless we stop trying to pin down feeling in pat little formulas or sentences so understated as to be vacant, their only defense the lamebrain copout that, because they say so little, they imply volumes.

I have heard it said that writing that ponders things in detail, takes its time and habitually masticates its object until a wonder leaps forth, is "Victorian," no doubt because the word evokes portly self-satisfaction or finicky dawdling. It makes more sense, though, to think of purple as Elizabethan or Jacobean: fine language, all the way from articulate frenzy to garish excess. Purple, it seems to me, is when the microcosm fights back against the always victorious and uncaring macrocosm, whose relative immortality we cannot forgive.

A wide net will bring in such treasures as the Gass book I began with, and the same author's "Omensetter's Luck"; Faulkner's purple masterpiece, "Absalom, Absalom!"; Lawrence Durrell's witty, crafted velvet; the mesmeric ripeness of José Lezama Lima's novel "Paradiso"; the holistic, crackling bravura of Mexico's Carlos Fuentes; the poignant narcissisms of Juan Goytisolo, whose prose has a cutting edge, whereas his fellow Spaniard Juan Benet sometimes turns a sentence into a closet oratorio. There is Dylan Thomas's prose — letters and broadcasts and stories; the erotic skywriting of Guy Davenport; the quiet verbal accumulations of Walter Abish; the rapturous, almost mystical fiction of the Brazilian Osman Lins, whose exquisite formal, visionary novel, "Avalovara," deserves a wider audience; Julio Cortázar, Michel Tournier, James Purdy, Richard Howard, Evan S. Connell, Jean Genet, Arno Schmidt, William Gaddis, the John Hawkes of "The Passion Artist," the Witold Gombrowicz of "Ferdydurke," the Thomas Bernhard of "Correction": they all partake of this plume, this *flambé*, this pageantry of the mind.

THEY tell us, these authors, that it is headily terrifying to be alive, we have no choice in the matter. We are like Lucky in "Waiting For Godot," when that bewitching mishmash of data and names, echoes and useful things to remember, pours from him like expedited ectoplasm. Purplists write in appalled fascination, wondering what chemistry prompts the style. In order to be reverential of life, people do not have to work overtime to pin down the world outlook of the nasturtium, but we may try to; nor must we linger too long on the curious aroma of mulled disappointment that hovers in the hallways of university literature departments, although we may. We simply have to heed the presence of all our words and the chance of combining them in unprecedented and luminous ways. Prose is malleable, not ordained. Phrasemaking is often a humble, almost involuntary virtuosity. And purple, whatever it may seem to catcalling wallflowers as it flaunts by with eloquence raised to its highest power, is bound, because of what it does so well, to cause exhilaration. It is also bound, however, because of what it cannot ever do, to deepen the sense of metaphysical fear. And what it cannot ever do is start from scratch. □

Authors' Queries

For a study of Syria, I would appreciate hearing from anyone who knows the source of the British Prime Minister Lord Palmerston's written comment in 1840 that Syria is the key to the Middle East and Lebanon is the key to Syria.

DANIEL PIPES
Naval War College
Newport, R.I. 02841-5010

For a book about pioneer women in Alaska, I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has letters, diaries or anecdotes by or about women who lived in Alaska in the 19th or 20th centuries.

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Homer, Alaska 99603

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New & Noteworthy

WASHINGTON DESPATCHES 1941-1945: Weekly Political Reports From the British Embassy, edited by H. G. Nicholas. (University of Chicago, $19.95.) Serving as a diplomat during World War II, the British philosopher Isaiah Berlin wrote most of these reports from Washington, and he has also contributed an introduction to this collection. It begins with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and ends shortly after the Japanese surrender. In 1981 in these pages, John Kenneth Galbraith said, "There will never be a better, more luminous view of how things looked at that time."

A FANATIC HEART: Selected Stories, by Edna O'Brien. (Plume/New American Library, $7.95.) Last year our reviewer, Mary Gordon, wrote that "Edna O'Brien tells the Irish woman's inside story. She has — as only the finest writers can — created a world; she speaks in a voice identifiably and only hers. . . . Her great subjects are childhood and sexual love; both themes come to flower in a soil teeming with lively and portentous objects." The 29 stories here come from collections published between 1968 and 1981.



THE KLONDIKE FEVER, by Pierre Berton. (Carroll & Graf, $10.95.) After a steamer docked in Seattle in 1897 with two tons of pure gold discovered near the junction of the Yukon and the Klondike Rivers, the last gold rush blossomed. A Canadian journalist, Pierre Berton, writes of the thousands who left homes, farms, jobs, families and friends. In The Book Review in 1958, Richard L. Neuberger termed "The Klondike Fever" "a meticulous but lively saga. . . . It leaves very little to be told by anybody else."

LOVE MEDICINE, by Louise Erdrich. (Bantam, $6.95.) The editors of The Book Review named "Love Medicine" one of the 11 best books of the last 12 months; it also won the National Book Critics Circle Award as the best work of fiction of 1984. In Louise Erdrich's first novel, set on and around a North Dakota Indian reservation from 1934 to 1984, seven characters tell their and one another's stories. Our reviewer, Marco Portales, praised the book's "invigorating mixture of the comic and the tragic."

LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE SUISSE, by John McPhee. (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95.) The New Yorker writer's 17th book is a profile of the Swiss Army. Last year Jonathan Steinberg wrote here that "Mr. McPhee puts his reader inside Switzerland with elegance and insight. After reading his book, nobody need complain that Switzerland is a bore; it's not."

A GLANCE AWAY, by John Edgar Wideman. (Holt, $6.95.) John Edgar Wideman's 1967 novel covers 24 hours in the homecoming of a black former postal worker who has spent a year in an institution to end his drug addiction. Harry Roskolenko said in The Book Review that the work was "tight, compact and shining with verbal and dramatic skill." And he observed that some black writers "are still compulsively Negro in their affirmations. This book, however, develops an enormous objectivity in its characterizations. Mr. Wideman has written a powerfully inventive novel."

STANISLAVSKY DIRECTS, by Nikolai M. Gorchakov. (Limelight, $10.95.) Joshua Logan wrote in these pages in 1955 that "Stanislavsky Directs" is "a fascinating and important book" about Konstantin Stanislavsky, whose insistence that performers identify with their roles formed the basis of method acting. Mr. Logan noted that Nikolai M. Gorchakov understood both theater and shorthand and the Russian translator Miriam Goldina had knowledge of the theater. Therefore, he said, "we have transcriptions of the great director's actual words while he is directing and discussing plays."

THE ENGINEER OF HUMAN SOULS, by Josef Skvorecky. (Washington Square, $9.95.) Last year Robert Towers, writing in The Book Review, described this work of a Czechoslovak novelist who immigrated to Canada as "a compendium of the writer's experience of two worlds: the tragi-farcical world of the police state he left and the safe, prosperous, shallow, world without history in which he presently lives and teaches." Mr. Towers called it "an honorable book" by a "large-souled writer," though he regretted the absence of "a strong, centralized action."

AMERICAN ALBUM, by Oliver Jensen, Joan Paterson Kerr and Murray Belsky. (American Heritage/Houghton Mifflin, $19.95.) "American Album," originally published in 1968, is a hefty coffeetable volume. It contains what reviewers termed 326 splendid photographs of Americans and their activities, taken by professionals and amateurs between 1839 and 1914.

MEMOIRS OF AN EX-PROM QUEEN, by Alix Kates Shulman. (Cassandra/Academy Chicago, $7.95.) Our reviewer, Marylin Bender, said in 1972 that this was "the first novel by a member in good standing in the current feminist movement." She commented, "These 'Memoirs' scale no lyrical or imaginative peaks, but they rate a bravo as a consciousness-raising attempt."

KABLOONA, by Gontran de Poncins with Lewis Galantière. (Carroll & Graf, $9.95.) "Kabloona" is a narrative of "a white man's winter among the Eskimos of northern Canada — the initiation of the 'Kabloona,' as the Eskimos call the white stranger," R. L. Duffus wrote in The Book Review in 1941. "The physical adventures are simple," he said. "It is the description of the modes of life, and of the people living them, that gives the note of adventure to the book."

BEYOND THIS POINT ARE MONSTERS, by Margaret Millar. (International Polygonics, $4.95.) Margaret Millar's 1970 courtroom drama with flashbacks is concerned with a hearing in Southern California at which a wife seeks to have her rancher husband declared legally dead. Our reviewer, Allen J. Hubin, praised the author for "a model of taut, credible, completely contained plotting" and gave it "full marks for entertainment." The same publisher has issued Mrs. Millar's psychological mystery **THE CANNIBAL HEART** ($4.95), the story of a romantic triangle in which the third party is a couple's landlady. — *C. Gerald Fraser*

Dec. 15, 1985 THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Paperback Best Sellers

Fiction

1 **LOVE AND WAR,** by John Jakes. (Dell, $5.95.) The Civil War strains relations between a Pennsylvania family and a South Carolina family.

2 **THE SICILIAN,** by Mario Puzo. (Bantam, $4.95.) Michael Corleone against the Mafia.

3 **THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER,** by Tom Clancy. (Berkley, $4.50.) A submarine driver brings Soviet nuclear secrets to the United States.

4 **THE TALISMAN,** by Stephen King and Peter Straub. (Berkley, $4.95.) Two parallel worlds and a young boy who can travel between them.

5 **LOVE ONLY ONCE,** by Johanna Lindsey. (Avon, $3.95.) A tempestuous romance in Regency London.

6 **NORTH AND SOUTH,** by John Jakes. (HBJ/Dell, $4.95.) The start of the saga continued in "Love and War."

7 **THE COLOR PURPLE,** by Alice Walker. (Pocket, $3.95.) The life and loves of a black woman told through her letters.

8 **HEAVEN,** by V. C. Andrews. (Pocket, $4.50.) The first volume of a trilogy about unspeakable horrors that haunt a family living in a cabin in the hills.

9 **SO LONG, AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH,** by Douglas Adams. (Pocket, $3.95.) Another loony voyage through space in the fourth volume of the "Hitchhiker's Trilogy."

10 **THE BACHMAN BOOKS,** by Stephen King. (Plume/NAL, $9.95.) Four novels originally published as the work of Richard Bachman.

11 **DREAM OF ORCHIDS,** by Phyllis A. Whitney. (Fawcett, $3.95.) Romance and suspense on contemporary Long Island and in Key West, Fla.

12 **THINNER,** by Stephen King writing as Richard Bachman. (Signet/NAL, $4.50.) The case of a lawyer whose body is mysteriously wasting away.

13 **PASSIN' THROUGH,** by Louis L'Amour. (Bantam, $2.95.) The adventures of a drifter in the Old West.

14 **PARACHUTES & KISSES,** by Erica Jong. (Signet/NAL, $4.95.) The heroine of "Fear of Flying" tries to have it all — a career, a baby and a liberated love life.

15 **RIVER LADY,** by Jude Deveraux. (Pocket, $3.95.) A poor woman in colonial Virginia realizes her lifelong dream of winning a plantation owner.

Nonfiction

General

1 **THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED,** by M. Scott Peck. (Touchstone/S&S, $8.95.) Psychological and spiritual inspiration by a psychiatrist.

2 **"THE GOOD WAR,"** by Studs Terkel. (Ballantine, $4.95.) World War II at home and overseas as remembered by more than 125 representative Americans.

3 **ONE WRITER'S BEGINNINGS,** by Eudora Welty. (Warner, $3.50.) A Mississippi childhood.

4* **IACOCCA,** by David Abodaher. (Zebra, $3.95.) His life, by a former employee of Chrysler's ad agency.

5 **IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE,** by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman Jr. (Warner, $8.95.) Lessons from well-run corporations.

6 **OUT ON A LIMB,** by Shirley MacLaine. (Bantam, $4.50.) Her midlife "journey to find her true self."

Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous

1 **VALLEY OF THE FAR SIDE,** by Gary Larson. (Andrews, McMeel & Parker, $5.95.) A collection of the syndicated "Far Side" cartoons.

2 **GARFIELD ROLLS ON,** by Jim Davis. (Ballantine, $5.95.) The 11th volume about the cartoon cat.

3 **RAND MCNALLY ROAD ATLAS: United States, Canada, Mexico.** (Rand McNally, $5.95.) For 1986.

4 **THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC.** (Yankee Publishing, $1.95.) The 1986 edition.

5 **GROWING UP CATHOLIC,** by Mary Jane Frances Cavolina Meara, Jeffrey Allen Joseph Stone, Maureen Anne Teresa Kelly and Richard Glen Michael Davis. (Dolphin/Doubleday, $4.95.) Humor.

6 **THE FAR SIDE GALLERY,** by Gary Larson. (Andrews, McMeel & Parker, $8.95.) More "Far Side" cartoons.

7 **PENGUIN DREAMS AND STRANGER THINGS,** by Berke Breathed. (Little, Brown, $6.95.) Cartoons.

8 **BRIDE OF THE FAR SIDE,** by Gary Larson. (Andrews, McMeel & Parker, $5.95.) Cartoons.

9 **SNIGLETS,** by Rich Hall and Friends. (Collier/Macmillan, $5.95.) Newly minted words.

The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from 2,000 bookstores and from representative wholesalers with more than 40,000 retail outlets, including newsstands, variety stores, supermarkets and bookstores. These figures are statistically adjusted to represent sales in all such outlets across the United States. The number of titles within the two subdivisions of nonfiction can change from week to week, reflecting changes in book buying.

*An asterisk before a book's title indicates that its sales, weighted to reflect the book-selling industry nationally, are barely distinguishable from those of the book above.

NYT

'Lady Jane'

Feb. 23, '86

Continued from Page 19

Allan Cameron (who worked on "1984"), wanted to establish "that the story was taking place in a world that was changing very fast and therefore in a world that was being knocked down while other things were being built up. I think we hung onto a proper sense of scale and a feeling the story was happening to well-to-do families and not great historical characters."

David Edgar, who on the one trans-Atlantic trip the film involved read William Goldman's "Adventures in the Screen Trade," exudes relief that in his first outing so much of what he hoped for survived five script drafts and ended up on the screen. The third newcomer is Helena Bonham Carter; and, like Jane Grey, she has a distinguished lineage. She is the great granddaughter of the Liberal Prime Minister Lord Asquith, and the great-niece of the film director Anthony Asquith. She was Mr. Nunn's emphatic choice from a score of applicants.

"On the first day of preproduction work," says Mr. Nunn, "I saw her photo on top of a pile, stared at it and thought it a very unusual and remarkable face: one that combines childlike innocence and adult sensuality. In theater casting, there must be a palpable gap between the person you've cast and the part they're playing: that's what provides the energy of the performance. That sense of crossing the gap is what we respond to. In cinema, that essentially must not exist. What the camera scrutinizes must be the thing itself. Helena has the character's width of perception, and there is little she doesn't know about life with the top two percent."

She is backed by a theatrically-trained cast (many recruited from the R.S.C.), and the film, shot over 11 weeks, has the decided bonus of authentic Tudor locations. But it is David Edgar who pins down the ultimate purpose behind the film: "To do what Trevor Nunn has done in other spheres, which is to take a popular form and inject nobility of purpose into its execution." ■

A Dec. 14 issue celebrates the 25th anniversary of the United Nations Declaration on the Granting of Independence to Colonial Countries and Peoples. That proclamation gave fresh impetus to the attainment of independence for some 50 territories, including 40 United Nations Trust Territories.

The Identifier

Les Winick is best known in philatelic circles as the executive director of Ameripex 86, the international stamp show that will be held in Chicago from May 22 to June 1. Mr. Winick also is the author of "The White Ace Postage Stamp Identifier," published by the Washington Press of Florham Park, N.J.

The 78-page soft-cover book is designed to help collectors identify stamps where the printing is not easily understood or is in a foreign language. This would include over half the stamps in the world most of which can be identified in the listing of 3,000 different inscriptions, overprints, surcharges, local posts and cinderellas. (The latter category includes labels, seals and similar nonpostal issues.) Stamps letters that cannot be read in the English alphabet are provided for in a photo section where some of the key terms are visually presented.

"The White Ace Postage Stamp Identifier" is available from local [illegible] for $4.95 or by mail for $5.45.

United States, Japan, Great Britain, Canada and Australia. Recipients will participate in a series of special lectures in their home countries and in two other countries of their choice where there are university nominating committees.

Arts Commissioners

Six new members recently assumed positions on the Commission of Fine Arts, the Federal panel that reviews designs of new United States coins and national medals. They were appointed to four-year terms by President Ronald Reagan.

The new appointees include two New York City residents: Roy M. Goodman, a New York State Senator who is vice chairman of the State Senate's Special Committee on the Cultural Industry, and Diane Wolf, founder and former chairman of the junior committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Also new to the panel are Carolyn J. Deaver, a council member of the Phillips Collection in Washington, D.C.; Frederick Hart, the sculptor who designed the statue at the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington; Neil H. Porterfield, head of the department of landscape architecture at Pennsylvania State University and Pascal Regan, a well-known sculptor from Beverly Hills, Calif. J. Carter Brown, director of the National Gallery of Art in Washington, was reappointed by President

With the Boring Parts Left Out

ACTS OF WAR
The Behavior of Men in Battle.
By Richard Holmes.
Illustrated. 436 pp. New York: The Free Press. $19.95.

SOLDIERS
A History of Men in Battle.
By John Keegan and Richard Holmes with John Gau.
Illustrated. 288 pp. New York: Elisabeth Sifton Books / Viking. $22.95.

By Edward N. Luttwak

THE great success of John Keegan's "Face of Battle" — the origin of both books here reviewed, different as they are — owed much to the quality of its prose, but also reflected widespread approval for Mr. Keegan's depiction of war. By careful selection, Mr. Keegan effectively conveyed a variety of intensely personal experiences of combat, many by literary men, most of whom were British, while leaving offstage the very idea that war might be purposeful, or even necessary. The author can hardly be criticized for writing on his chosen subject and not another, but the effect of this book on many readers could be more seriously misleading than traditional or official military historiography ever was. True, such writings reduce the groans, screams, bleeding and death itself to the cold enumeration of casualty figures, but on the other hand, they do set the human experience of battle in context — as a very rare, almost incidental, consequence of the preparation for war, rather than as its logical outcome.

The new school of military historians, exemplified by Mr. Keegan and Mr. Holmes, emphasizes battle as opposed to war but, as Mr. Holmes concedes in his own book, "Acts of War," the two decades or so of the Napoleonic Wars encompassed "perhaps two hundred days of pitched battle." It was the same in both world wars. From my own rough estimate, even for troops in frontline units, as opposed to the greater number in the rear services that were never in battle at all, the experience of war mostly consisted of training, watching and endless waiting. American soldiers drafted after Pearl Harbor, mustered in England and landed in Normandy in 1944, engaged in actual combat for a few weeks at most during the next 11 months until V-E Day; in fact, they waited for less time than the many British soldiers conscripted in 1939 and kept in home defense units for six years, or the German troops kept in Norway after 1940 to resist the invasion that never came. Even on the Eastern Front, where Germans and Russians were in contact over four years, months passed between the days of intense battle, with such rare exceptions as the Stalingrad fighting, which lasted for weeks at a time.

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More recently, during the 1967 Six-Day War between Arabs and Israelis, there were battles each day. But during the next Arab-Israeli conflict (Oct. 6-24, 1973, a mere 18 days), the frequency of battle was much diminished: there were not more than eight or nine days of combat on any large scale. Even now, as the Iran-Iraq war continues, without an end in sight, combat, as distinct from skirmishing, desultory artillery exchanges and the occasional air raid, accounts for perhaps three days in every four months.

Battle is a rare experience in another way as well: those soldiers who actually fight are so few. Both Mr. Keegan and Mr. Holmes know this but they do not draw proper conclusions from it. During World War II submarine and bomber crews, German panzer troops and a few other such categories, while amounting to a very small fraction of the tens of millions in uniform, accounted for a very large proportion of total days in action. The majority served in rear support organizations, and even those who counted as being in the combat echelon were, in many cases, quite remote from any actual fighting — in headquarters, depots and supply units. Since then, of course, the greater complexity of weapons has produced a further increase in the proportion of rear service units within the total, even in armed forces with a less lavish overhead than that of the American forces.

In the Six-Day War, the Israeli Army mobilized some 250,000 men and women in uniform but not more than one in eight or nine were exposed to combat. By 1973, with some 400,000 Israelis in uniform, the proportion further declined: the 5 percent of tank crewmen, elite infantry, pilots and sailors accounted for perhaps 90 percent of the days in action, during which the fighting might occupy a few hours.

Shelby L. Stanton's important book, "The Rise and Fall of an American Army: U.S. Ground Forces in Vietnam 1965-1973," explains among many other things the rarity of combat in an army exceptionally sophisticated, and his forthcoming work, "Anatomy of a Division," contains revealing numbers: on May 1, 1970, when the First Cavalry Division with 18,095 men was fully engaged in the Cambodian incursion, only 7,401 men were in firebases or forward locations where they might experience combat. At the time, less than one-third of the United States Army was in Vietnam; and of the 400,000 soldiers or so in the country, less than a quarter were in divisions or other combat forces — and then only for a few days. What Mr. Stanton's figures therefore show is that even in the case of a division fully engaged in a major battle, less than half of that quarter of one-third was exposed to combat — and then only for a few days.



Clockwise from top right, combat soldiers: German (1945), Turkish (1918), French (1954), British (1916). From "Acts of War."

Once we recognize that battle is no more characteristic of war than copulation is of marriage, we begin to understand why the upkeep of military forces in peacetime and perseverance in armed conflict can still survive the human experience of combat, instead of being swept away by the outrage of those who have been in its hell and have come back to tell the tale. Personal experience of battle can easily persuade those who participate in it that no purpose of state, not even self-defense and certainly not conquest, can justify its deadly brutalities. But those who can be so persuaded are so few — and the experience is so brief — that the impact is not lasting. Even those war veterans who have actually witnessed combat tend to recall the comradeship and the intensity of life more vividly than the horror and degradation; and they rarely become pacifists.

Moreover, just as battle is a rarity even in war, the occasional wars of some countries are themselves rarities in comparison with the unending war preparations of almost all countries, whose aim indeed is to make war unnecessary by either dissuading aggressors or intimidating weaker powers. Battle is therefore the exception, and not the logical culmination, of military endeavor. Both "Acts of War" and "Soldiers" obscure this fundamental truth, which alone explains the otherwise inexplicable persistence of the phenomenon they try to describe.

"Soldiers" is a frankly commercial enterprise, a large-format companion volume to a television series, replete with illustrations and with a foreword by Frederick Forsyth, a successful mystery writer to be sure but not the Clausewitz of our age, nor the Michael Howard. After an introductory chapter on "The Face of Battle" and on fighting spirit, the authors offer a concise survey of land warfare (some air, no sea) past and present, branch by branch, with separate chapters on the infantry, cavalry, artillery, armor, engineers, air power (mostly tactical), command, logistics, and irregular war by commandos as well as by guerrillas and terrorists. A chapter on the experience of the war (more "Face of Battle" material) and an earlier one on casualties complete the book, whose material is largely derived from the record of the last century of European and American wars. There are introductory paragraphs on Greek and Roman warfare, and some medieval episodes are mentioned, but nothing — ancient or modern — is included about Asian warfare (except insofar as Europeans and Americans were involved), and in the books' Anglocentric perspective the brief adventure of the Falklands War looms larger than all the wars of the Middle East, which have been the true crucible of the forms and techniques of contemporary warfare. Well-written, free of inaccuracies, the book serves its purpose, and may also inadvertently inspire youngsters to seek a military career: by the usual reduction of soldiering to battle, *without* the routine that is its essence, it makes the former seem as exciting as the latter.

Richard Holmes's book, "Acts of War," is far more ambitious. It stands within the same Anglocentric and ground-war perspective that includes much American material in its span but it does not provide much on the far greater German experience of war, very little of the Russian, and almost nothing of the Middle Eastern or East Asian experience. The author presents his subject in sequence — soldiering and training ("Mysterious Fraternity"), life at the front ("The Painful Field"), combat itself ("Epitome of War" — characteristically), the resulting wounds and death ("Pale Battalions"), the fear that is their consequence ("The Real Enemy"), why men fight all the same, in spite of fear ("Competition, Diffidence and Glory"), more on the same ("Precarious Valour") and attitudes toward the enemy ("I Am the Enemy").

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Mr. Holmes declares his lack of sympathy for "anthological" military history," but goes on to fill his pages with citations. He describes his purpose as analytical, but after a swift run-through of theory (Freud, Adler and Jung in two pages), he goes on to provide an essentially literary distillation of individual experiences; the sacrifice of clarity for elegance in his chapter titles reveals his true priorities. The author himself cites but does not make any visible use of Martin Van Creveld's recent book "Fighting Power," a highly readable and fully documented *analytical* comparison of discipline, leadership and combat morale in the American and German armies during World War II, which contains the answers that elude Richard Holmes. □

Edward N. Luttwak is a senior fellow at the Georgetown Center for Strategic and International Studies. His most recent books are "The Pentagon and the Art of War" and "Strategy and Politics: Collected Essays."

A Wife Named X, a Poodle Named Elvis

THE SPORTSWRITER
By Richard Ford.
375 pp. New York:
Vintage Contemporaries. Paper, $6.95.

By Alice Hoffman

MANY of our best novelists are obsessed with exploring the nature of the family, and for good reason. What is more fascinating than these disparate beings who inhabit the same households, breathe the same air, inspire hope and expectation and — all too often — cause disappointment? The disintegration of a family, particularly one in which a young child has died, moves us directly into a territory of sorrow. In fiction, the loss of a child is by definition an exploration of a loss of faith. For the novelist, it generates a mysterious, perhaps impossible equation with which to struggle: how much does such a death contribute to upsetting the precarious balance of a faltering marriage?

Richard Ford, the author of the highly praised first novel "A Piece of My Heart," focuses on one member of a shattered family in "The Sportswriter," his third novel. Less about sports than about alienation, this moody chronicle is narrated by a father and former husband, Frank Bascombe. As he tells the story of his detachment — what he calls his "dreaminess" ("My son had died, but I'm unwilling to say that was the cause") — the novel's cool, flat tone reflects his interior state. Bascombe's estrangement is charted with unsettling irony: the wife who has divorced him (after finding what she mistakenly believes to be a cache of love letters) is referred to only as X, and one of his surviving children, a daughter named Clary, appears only briefly nearly 300 pages into the narrative. Compulsively cerebral and self-absorbed, he searches for release in the ordinary and the unexamined. It is this yearning for a regulated world, rather than a love of sports, that has led him to turn from fiction to sportswriting. His vision of the athlete is one of immutable and childish simplicity, an egoism that is purer than his own:

"Athletes, by and large, are people who are happy to let their actions speak for them, happy to be what they do. . . . [An athlete is] never likely to feel the least bit divided, or alienated, or one ounce of existential dread. . . . Years of athletic training teach this; the necessity of relinquishing doubt and ambiguity and self-inquiry in favor of a pleasant, self-championing one-dimensionality which has instant rewards in sports."

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To quiet his own existential dread, Bascombe looks to his surroundings — the pleasant, highly unremarkable New Jersey suburb of Haddam. It is Bascombe, not his wife and children, who has remained in the family house. Soothed by the cool, leafy backyards, anchored by the familiarity of hedges and church bells, he continues to play the part of a suburban father and husband, replacing the stress and demands of a family with a boarder whose presence is virtually unperceivable.

Because he is a perpetual escapee (from Manhattan, from fiction, from the rigors of family life), it makes sense that in telling his story Bascombe chooses to ignore tangled, emotionally charged family relationships, fixating instead on nonrelationships and nonevents. Of his parents and his youth, he tells us little:

"My own history I think of as a postcard with changing scenes on one side but no particular or memorable messages on the back. You can get detached from your beginnings. . . . And so we might as well think about something more promising."

What seems more promising, or so Bascombe insists, is his affair with a nurse, a relocated Texan, Vicki Arcenault, who ministered to his wound — a thumb cut by a lawn mower blade. As he is drawn to the suburb of Haddam, so he is drawn to Vicki, choosing both for their ordinariness and limited intellectual and emotional claims. Though he hopes to marry her, Vicki is not as easily satisfied as Bascombe would have her. After Easter dinner with her family (including her father, Wade, her brother, Cade, and the family dog — a poodle named Elvis Presley), Vicki tells him: "We don't have none of the same interests, doesn't look like. . . . I just figured that out sitting at the table. . . . I just don't love you enough to marry you. . . . I don't love you in the right way."

Bascombe's attempt at arranging an unexamined life for himself is thwarted not only by Vicki. The Divorced Men's Club he belongs to — a group that favors mute commiseration and good-humored fishing trips rather than soul-searching — has a disruptive presence in its newest member, Walter Luckett. Haunted by his wife's betrayal and a brief homosexual encounter, Walter seeks Bascombe out and insists on presenting his confession and tormented self-analysis. Bascombe will not react; he remains tolerant and aloof. In a world where human contact is dangerous business, Walter's suicide is not unanticipated. Though his death has negligible emotional effects on Bascombe, the act is meant to be pivotal: the note Walter leaves behind dispatches Bascombe on a search for Walter's nonexistent child — a posthumous push toward action and accountability.

The death of a son and a history of marital stress pushed to the limit by a husband's gloomy indifference are central not only to "The Sportswriter" but also to Anne Tyler's most recent novel, "The Accidental Tourist." These novels display an uncanny series of similarities. In each we find a major character who is a workmanlike, rather than a creative, writer, a father and former husband who insists on continuing a suburban life after his family has left him, an intellectual nitpicker drawn to an unsuitable woman whose vitality and pragmatism attract him. But in spite of their corresponding characters and themes, the novels could not be more different in tone or consequence. Though "The Sportswriter" aims for a tougher, more realistic stance than "The Accidental Tourist," it suffers from a lack of compelling action and an emphasis on Bascombe's dry meditations that obscures and minimizes the complex domestic structure the author initially presents.

MR. FORD is a daring and intelligent novelist, but in choosing Bascombe as his narrator he has taken a risk that ultimately does not pay off. The authorial voice is so weakened that we are left only with the observations of an emotionally untrustworthy narrator. This is not to say that the author doesn't allow us some access to Bascombe's psyche. Certainly, his observations about a former athlete hold true for himself, for what he needs "is to strap on a set of pads and beat the daylights out of somebody and quit worrying about theories of art." He never trades theorizing for action. His inability to write fiction, which should illuminate his inability to connect emotionally, instead seems trivial. Even mourning is replaced by self-analysis, so that Bascombe's lost son seems less a ghostly presence than a tiny piece of glass set in the kaleidoscope of self-scrutiny.

That characters undergo great transformation is surely not a prerequisite of a satisfying novel. It is quite believable that at the close of the novel Bascombe seems as much in spiritual exile as when we first meet him. And yet he tells us: "It is possible to be married, to divorce, then to come back together with a whole new set of understandings that you'd never have liked or even understood before in your earlier life, but that to your surprise now seems absolutely perfect."

This is a jarring and contradictory evaluation of the emotional landscape we have just experienced. If there are layers of irony and perception, they are too subtle and diffuse. Mr. Ford's admirable talents, which include an extraordinary ear for dialogue and the ability to create the particulars of everyday life with stunning accuracy (on Bascombe's trip to Detroit with Vicki, for instance), are not well served in a novel given to abstract analysis. Perhaps the author is telling us that family connections are too impenetrable not only to understand but to record. Certainly, what is at the heart of Frank Bascombe's sorrow remains, for the reader, a mystery. □

Alice Hoffman's novels include "Fortune's Daughter" and "White Horses."

Giving Up Everything — Almost

"The first day I ever took it upon myself to write a story," Richard Ford recalls, "I thought: I have thrown everything else in my life out the window, except my wife, to do this. I'd better get down to it." By the late 1960's, Mr. Ford had gladly relinquished the "arid life of a law student" to pursue a master of fine arts degree in fiction writing at the University of California at Irvine. Next he abandoned academia and an intermittent teaching career to make a full-time commitment to his typewriter.

"In most ways I lead a kind of scaled-down life," Mr. Ford said in a recent telephone interview from his home "in the sticks" of Mississippi. "But it's scaled down to the kind of things that I care about." Having lived in Vermont, Michigan, Montana and New Jersey over the past 15 years, the 42-year-old writer has recently returned with his wife, Kristina, to his native Mississippi, where he has surrounded himself with the "open, dimensionless" landscape he loves and the type of isolation he has found necessary for his writing. He has abandoned a "somewhat too active social life" for simple pleasures like fishing and hunting.

"I have a huge affection for the excellent work of other people I read," Mr. Ford said. "And if I want to write well, I have to work hard at it. I have disciplined myself by clearing other things out of my life that would make me busy. If I was going to fail in being a writer, I didn't want to have any excuses. My excuse was going to be that I had given myself my best shot and I wasn't good enough. It's kind of an imposed desperation."

He has since written three novels ("A Piece of My Heart," "The Ultimate Good Luck" and "The Sportswriter"), eight short stories (most of which appeared in Esquire), a play ("American Tropical," which was performed at Louisville's Actors Theater in 1983), a screenplay (which never made it to the screen) and some personal essays. Still, he said contentedly, "I manage to maintain a nice anonymity." — *Lori Miller*



KRISTINA FORD

Richard Ford has an "extraordinary ear for dialogue and the ability to create everyday life with stunning accuracy."



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Books of The Times

By Christopher Lehmann-Haupt

A WRITER'S TIME. A Guide to the Creative Process, from Vision through Revision. By Kenneth Atchity. 194 pages. Illustrated. Norton. $12.95.

FIRST, the good news. Kenneth Atchity's "Writer's Time" is crammed with the sort of useful advice that it seems to take some people years to learn. "Don't forget," Professor Atchity writes in a chapter on the subject of "foreshadowing" in novels and plays, "that the audience doesn't want to be surprised any more than you do. It wants to know, in advance, that it's going to be surprised so it can worry itself to that point, imagining."

On tone of voice, he advises that writing in the third person "will probably work best for your first novels because it assists you in seeing your characters objectively, as fictional mechanisms rather than as extensions of yourself." On style, he observes that if "your writing attracts your reader's attention, your style probably needs editing. Suspect all your favorite sentences. Each sentence must serve the whole."

He has similar sensible advice on every phase of his profession from writer's block — "Having to write about things other people tell you to write about invariably leads to writer's block. If you concentrate on your own interests, you've licked most of the problem" — to the difference between vanity publishing, "a pitfall to be avoided," and self-publishing, "an honorable tradition."

Best of all, Professor Atchity — who teaches writing and literature at Occidental College and U.C.L.A.'s Writer's Program, is the founder and co-editor of the journal Dreamworks, and has written, among other books, "Homer's Iliad: The Shield of Memory" — has a profound and complex vision to convey of the role of time in any serious writer's life. It is best summed up by the following statements: "From the beginning, writers have been accused of justifying their art as the search for immortality. But no writer I know would feel for an instant that being remembered after one's death is adequate compensation for dying, much less an efficient motivation for the willful madness of artistic discipline. The immortality associated with writing lies in the writer's daily visit to an internal eternity."

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Unfortunately, there are also severe shortcomings to "A Writer's Time." Its author asserts that "especially in the first draft, which word you use often doesn't matter that much," yet his terminology is sometimes so idiosyncratic and his metaphors so farfetched that a reader has to wonder if anyone but an experienced writer would know what he is talking about. "Linkage-making has consequences far more profound than overcoming daily restart anxiety," he writes at one point. "The habit of linkages causes the creative mind to move into chronic productive action." This actually means nothing more than what Hemingway called "leaving water in the well" between writing sessions.

The elaborate routines he recommends may well prove useful for lending structure to the creative process. But I can also imagine a writer getting bogged down in Professor Atchity's system of color-coded 5-by-7-inch index cards to the point where the perspiration doesn't so much swell the inspiration as simply drown it.

Finally, Professor Atchity's advice seems narrowly culture-bound. He lists his exemplars of productivity as Robert Louis Stevenson, John Peabody Harrington, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, William Goldman, Neil Simon, Joyce Carol Oates, Agatha Christie and John Gardner. However much or little you may esteem this group, you will have to admit that it occupies a somewhat narrow band in the spectrum of literature.

In fact, Professor Atchity makes no allowances for any kind of writing outside of the well-made play or the conventionally carpentered novel. The post-modern era might just as well not have occurred, never mind modern literature. The author's prescriptions for dramatic structure seem ludicrous when applied to Samuel Beckett. His comments on time or duration in fiction make no allowance for "Remembrance of Things Past." His advice that no more than two emotions "can shape the motivation for a major character" seems silly when one thinks of James Joyce's Leopold Bloom.

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True, Professor Atchity is advising neophytes, and commercially ambitious ones at that. Still, an awareness that theories of storytelling have evolved since Aristotle is not going to harm even a writer who aspires to write nothing more experimentally ambitious than television situation comedy.

Inadvertently, or perhaps by subliminally hostile design, Professor Atchity's publisher has put John Tenniel's drawing of Lewis Carroll's White Rabbit on the cover of "A Writer's Time." The image is all too appropriate to the fussy, self-absorbed style of the book's advice. Following it may lead some aspiring writers into a realm of the imagination where dream logic enraptures its readers. But I'm afraid it may leave just as many beginners stuck in a rabbit hole.

The New York Times

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ELISE J. ROSS, *V.P.*

The Rush to 'Privatize'

"Privatization" means the opposite of "nationalization," but until just a few years ago, the tendency was all one way. Selling or giving away public property was just a gleam in the eye of a few free-market zealots. Nowadays, the idea of privatization is generating enthusiasm from the Potomac to the Ganges.

The British Government has sold off aerospace, communications, oil, hotel and trucking companies and plans to sell British Airways, Rolls-Royce and the London Water Authority. Japan's Government is auctioning off telephone, airline, rail and tobacco companies. Turkey's has sold the bridge across the Bosporus.

In America, coalitions of environmentalists, budget cutters and free-marketeers are pressing for the sale of Federal grazing and timberlands, hydropower and irrigation water. President Reagan urges the sale of Conrail. Budget Director James Miller reportedly favors privatizing Government functions like home mortgage insurance, small-airport traffic control and postal service.

The global trend owes much to the failure of socialism or traditional statism to raise living standards or redress economic injustices. But the wisdom of trying to stimulate growth by converting public ownership to private should be measured case by case. If privatization is not to become a discredited fad, there needs to be an analytic framework for picking potential winners.

Consider what privatization might, and might not, do:

It cannot ease the credit crunch caused by budget deficits. Selling public property for cash does indeed reduce a government's measured deficit. That seems to be why White House budget cutters are tempted to sell off the Federal Housing Administration. But unlike a tax increase or spending reduction, that would not reduce private wealth or income. So it cannot cut consumption and thus would not reduce interest rates or liberate capital for more productive uses.

It can't relieve a government of its social responsibilities. Private enterprise may be able to deliver essential public services like mass transit, sanitation, education or parks, with less waste. Scottsdale, Ariz., for example
year by hiring a private firefig
the reluctance of people to p
once got "free" should not be
crease in efficiency. For exa
poor people to afford private
not mean delivering the servi
not worth the cost. Nor doe
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It isn't likely to make cient. State-owned airlines are typically less well man less productively than priva ally due to the lack of comp ship. Regulated monopolie can easily pass on costs reason to economize.

But privatization mo waste. Government ager sources, like irrigation w find it politically impossi tomers for their real valu the Westlands Water Di is profligate use, even a dreds of millions to dev Letting the Westlands market rates would e squander the resource.

And privatization mands for inefficient nesses that depend o Amtrak, are rarely a services or to dismiss companies doesn't el But in America, wh private companies is burden to those who v

Privatization is ailment. But the spr enterprises offers o with an eye to rais justifiable govern ahead is to mold t ing economic imp

Books of The Times

By John Gross

MERRY GENTLEMEN (AND ONE LADY). By J. Bryan 3d. 324 pages. Illustrated. Atheneum. $17.95.

J. BRYAN 3D'S first brush with glory was in 1917, when he rode in the same elevator as Jess Willard, the heavyweight champion. His next approach to it, in a somewhat modified fashion, was in 1934, when he got to know Arthur Samuels, the editor in chief of House Beautiful. By this time, Mr. Bryan himself was managing editor of Town and Country, but Samuels came trailing glamorous associations of a different order — his wife was a well-known actress and he had collaborated on the score of a musical starring W. C. Fields.

Even more than that, Samuels had the reputation of being a wit, a humorist, a joker, what you will. He belonged to a species that over the years was to provide Mr. Bryan with many of his closest friends, and he is the first of the 13 gentlemen (and one lady, Dorothy Parker) who are celebrated in this amiable collective memoir. The others include Robert Benchley, S. J. Perelman and — less predictably, in this connection — John Steinbeck; they range from well-remembered figures like Fred Allen and Marc Connelly to half-forgotten ones like the author Finis Farr and the mural-painter and dedicated practical joker Hugh Troy.

Mr. Bryan himself comes across as someone who has a notable gift for friendship. He is also a seasoned storyteller, with a sprightly turn of phrase — Benchley's mind, he tells us, was "a flea-market of uncleared trifles," Steinbeck's barely legible handwriting was "a mumble in pencil" — but he doesn't try to set up in competition with his merry heroes.

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On quite a few occasions, indeed, he seems happy to present himself as a straight man or stooge. Frank Sullivan, for instance, frequently sent him letters in the same vein as the one in which he described a party he had been to, and then broke off, "But enough of my social triumphs. They can only serve to make you even more dissatisfied with your drab and inferior position in society." Insulted, injured, humiliated, Mr. Bryan kept coming back for more.

The sketch of Sullivan is one of the most satisfying in the collection. It conveys a strong sense of Sullivan's personality and of what his domestic life, sunk deep in Saratoga, must have been like; it also contains some characteristic examples of his humor, such as his habit of signing off with an unexpected flourish (as "The man whose miniature your wife wears next to her heart," for instance), and of his ever-impeccable taste in clichés.

The chapter on Benchley, equally good, is rather more of a straightforward profile, but written with obvious affection and warmth. Mr. Bryan's friendship with him began as it meant to go on; Benchley was nursing an impressive hangover when they were introduced, and virtually the first words he uttered (or muttered) were that all he had had for breakfast that morning was "one aspirin, lightly grilled." The last time the two men met was in Hollywood, in 1941 — then Mr. Bryan went off to the war, and by the time he was discharged Benchley had died (a few weeks after telling a friend that "except for an occasional heart attack, I feel as young as I ever did.")

It seems odd, as it always does in accounts of the Algonquin circle, that someone as endearing, even as lovable, as Benchley was, could have been as close a friend as he was of someone as unlovable — not to put too fine a point on it, frequently as hateful — as Dorothy Parker. Mr. Bryan knew her well, and does his loyal best to assure us that she was "wonderful company"; but his account, when you analyze it, is largely a catalogue of ill-natured jeers posing as epigrams.

Commemorating his other humorists, Mr. Bryan recalls a good many happy inspirations. There was Steinbeck's code for social survival, for instance (Rule 4: "Never let a drunk catch your eye"); there was Marc Connelly's impromptu speech at a conference of travel writers where he had no business to be, elaborating on his duties as editor in chief of Popular Wading ("America's leading magazine of shallow-water sports"). And while the humor of names has its limitations, it is hard not to warm to Nunnally Johnson's notion that Lucius Beebe may have had a sister called Phoebe B. Beebe, or to the game devised by George S. Kaufman that consisted of assigning the names on menus to fictional characters — the cowardly mafioso Chicken Cacciatore, for example, and his girlfriend Fluffy Potatoes.

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The alcohol content of the book, it has to be said, is high. Indeed, Mr. Bryan says it himself — while Fred Allen didn't drink, and Marc Connelly, S. J. Perelman and Arthur Samuels drank in moderation, the other characters in his cast "fairly lapped up the stuff." The martini cast a particularly long shadow in their lives. To Finis Farr, it was "the Breakfast of Champions!," while Benchley's formula for mixing one was "gin, and just enough vermouth to take away that nasty, watery look."

There was a price to be paid for all this, and one or two of the merrymakers had very sad ends indeed. Generally, in fact, the gloom that so often goes with being a funny man never seems all that far away. Few volumes of memoirs can have had as cheerless a title as Fred Allen's "Treadmill to Oblivion," while I don't think Frank Sullivan was being altogether lighthearted when he spoke of retiring to "the Petroleum V. Nasby Home for Aged and Indigent Humorists."

Still, this is much too unseasonal a note to end on. For the most part, Mr. Bryan's book gives off a pleasant nostalgic glow, and it would make a nice Christmas present for devotees of the era it skillfully — and a little wistfully — brings back to life.

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Who'll Protect the John Andersons?

It looks awful, like cigar-smoking thugs snatching a taxi away from women in nice suits waiting patiently at the curb. Since 1976 the League of Women Voters, the very image of nonpartisan concern for good government, has sponsored the televised Presidential debates. Now it has been muscled out of the way by the Democratic and Republican Parties, which have agreed that *they* will sponsor future debates.

It doesn't just look awful, the league complains. With us pushed aside, its leaders ask, who will look out for the interests of third-party and independent candidates? Surely they can't be entrusted to the tender mercies of the major parties.

That's right. But as the 1980 campaign demonstrated, they can't be entrusted to the league either. With the major parties in charge, the country at least takes a large step toward institutionalizing the debates. Their future candidates will find it difficult, perhaps impossible, to duck; and that alone makes the Treaty of the Great Debates welcome.

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The league's concern for independent candidates is well founded. We may live in a system of two parties but surprisingly often get more than two serious candidates. Henry Wallace *and* Strom Thurmond in 1948. George Wallace in 1964, 1968 and 1972. John Anderson in 1980. How can such candidates be

When the League of Women Voters faced that problem in 1980, it set a numerical threshold: a candidate with 15 percent in national opinion polls would be invited. Mr. Anderson, a former Republican Representative from Illinois, was running well above that and he came to the first debate. So did Ronald Reagan. They debated only each other because President Carter stayed away, saying he would not debate two Republicans.

For a second debate, Mr. Carter insisted on a direct match against Mr. Reagan before he would agree to a third, three-sided debate. What did the league do? It dropped Mr. Anderson. Its eagerness for a Carter-Reagan bout was understandable, but principled it was not. Mr. Anderson was then running below 15 percent in some polls, but higher in others. If he met the test the first time, he met it the second time. By settling for the two-way debate, the league did just what the political parties would have done.

Thus, in terms of third-party candidates the system promises to be no worse off with the parties in charge. They can do better by promptly promulgating rules for third-candidate participation. Even if the parties behave shamelessly, some other sponsor could always come forward.

Meanwhile, in terms of the campaign process, the system is better off. The appearance of political

Letters

Game

with a heavy dose of salt. And even Burundi, another of Mr. Ungar's desperate cases, has been quite subtle — despite the blot of the 1972 massacres, in which Tutsi tribesmen killed perhaps as many as 200,000 members of the Hutu tribe — in trying to cover up the Tutsi-Hutu fissure (one of the less subtle ways being the decree that forbids any mention of tribal differences).

One of the strongest parts of the book is Mr. Ungar's assessment of American policy toward Africa. Indeed, a recurrent theme of all the sections is the American angle — hence, presumably, the attention given to Liberia, an "American stepchild." Sometimes this America-in-Africa introspection is a shade distorting — Zaire, Sudan and Somalia are all treated essentially as "American clients," though the venality of these countries' Governments really has little to do with the fact of American support. Mr. Ungar is prophetic about Sudan: President Gaafar al-Nimeiry has indeed fallen, and America is worrying like mad about the country's possible new orientation (could it become pro-Libyan or — President Reagan forbid! — pro-Ethiopian?). In Somalia America has been left with the unedifying option of backing the far smaller and probably, in the long run, the lamer of the two main horses in the Horn (the other one being Ethiopia), but — to give America its due — it has been careful not to put too much money on it. The wickedness of President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaire is indeed quite remarkable. But so is his durability. American distaste for Mr. Mobutu's disgraceful human rights record should have meant a less cozy relationship, but I doubt the collapse of the Mobutu regime would much improve the life of his subjects. Zaire now seems virtually ungovernable.

Mr. Ungar is masterly as he traces American policy toward the continent — largely one of indifference — from the time of Woodrow Wilson (who apparently did not think self-determination was necessarily something to be extended to blacks), through to the fluttering interest of the Kennedys, John and Robert, to the cynicism of Henry Kissinger, the earnest naïveté of President Carter and the more traditional views of President Reagan. What Mr. Ungar perhaps does not quite admit is that Africa, in terms of world *Realpolitik,* is hardly more important now than it was a century ago. Its population — a tenth of the globe's — produces a minuscule fraction of world output. Strategically, it counts for very little, except for a few South African minerals and a handful of bases here and there. America might do better to be a little choosier about its friends, but short of cold-shouldering the really far-gone baddies such as Idi Amin, the former President of Uganda, it is a bit hard to grope around trying to decide whether President Mohammed Siad Barre of Somalia is beyond the pale or President Hastings Kamuzu Banda of Malawi isn't. Morality and diplomacy in black Africa do not, to be frank, mix very easily.

Mr. Ungar is good on the African crisis as a whole, suggesting rightly that better agriculture, underpinned by more effective political systems, is the key to recovery — though he is a bit cagey about what those better systems might be. On Western and American policy toward South Africa he is sensibly undoctrinaire, making a distinction between existing and new investment and implying that sanctions, if applied, should be selective and strictly carrot-and-stick rather than just a blanket show of disapproval for self-righteousness' sake. He writes, "If all existing investment were to be removed at one time, then America's only remaining leverage would be rhetorical — not a form that the South Africans are likely to respect." Precisely.

Unfortunately, it seems that today's very crude argument in America over sanctions boils down to the assertion that those who are against sanctions don't care about apartheid, those in favor do. That is rubbish. The question of how outsiders can best help destroy apartheid is very complex. Sanctions should never be supported because they make you feel good but solely if they are likely to have the right effect. It is typical of Mr. Ungar's thoughtfulness that, while broadly in favor of more stick against South Africa, he resists the temptation to preach. □

Women Who Do Know Better

RETURN TRIPS

By Alice Adams.
195 pp. New York:
Alfred A. Knopf. $14.95.

By Beverly Lowry

NOBODY writes better about falling in love than Alice Adams. The protagonists of her stories, almost always women, often professional women — lawyers, art historians, illustrators, journalists — with a number of years and a good deal of experience behind them, know exactly what is about to happen: no nitwits, never victims or too gaga, they have been there before. They fall with eyes open, knowing full well that the man in question might be inappropriate — married or too self-involved ever to commit totally. Such women think they should know better. They do know better. That is the glory of an Adams heroine, she is that smart and still goes on. "Ah," she says to herself, sighing, "this again: *love.*" And plunges in.

"Return Trips" is the third collection of short stories Alice Adams has published. It is slimmer than "Beautiful Girl" and "To See You Again" and more wistful by far. Her characters are older. Desperate not to suffer more loss than has already come their way, they keep tripping over a past they have heedlessly let slip through fingers, thinking there would always be time for other opportunities, new adventures. Often, friends, husbands are dying or have died. The survivors make do, but there is an essential sadness to them now, and even their most hopeful statements are often filled with nostalgia. A sentence from "Waiting for Stella" echoes a recurrent feeling in this collection: "The condition of youth now seems to Baxter a club from which he has abruptly and most unfairly been excluded." In another, the narrator says, "I am now going back to a very early time . . . before anyone had died." These are not morbid people, only smart and anxious, pensive and extremely touching.

"Return Trips" has a wonderful opening: "Some years ago I spent a hot and mostly miserable summer in an ugly yellow hotel on the steep and thickly wooded, rocky coast of northern Yugoslavia, not far from the island of Rab. I was with a man whom I entirely, wildly loved, and he, Paul, loved me, too, but together we suffered the most excruciating romantic agonies, along with the more ordinary daily discomforts of bad food, an uncomfortable, poorly ventilated room with a hard, unyielding bed, and not enough money to get away. Or enough strength: Paul's health was bad."

The story is entirely equal to the tightly packed beginning. Paul knows he is dying and so he sends Emma, the narrator, away, back to graduate school and a moderately successful career. When Paul then dies, the summer in Yugoslavia takes a permanent position in Emma's mind and memory as the great, the irretrievably wonderful time. In just a few pages, Miss Adams, using Emma's voice, takes us back and forth in time, from the yellow hotel to Washington, then to New York and finally to another return trip, home to the town Emma grew up in, in North Carolina. The present never quite seems to match up to Emma's memories of the past. How could it? She is probably too old and common-sensical now to expect it to. Yet she yearns. And that yearning is the essence of an Alice Adams story. The trick the author pulls off is that readers yearn with Emma. Even clever readers, who think they should know better.

PEOPLE travel a lot in these stories: Yugoslavia, Spain, Mexico, Portugal . . . and, of course, Miss Adams's two staked-out home grounds, northern California and a college town she calls Hilton, N.C. People try to go home again. On buses and in airports, people meet other people, crash into one another and then go their own way. Even tragedies happen fast. In "Mexican Dust," four people are vacationing together: Miriam and her husband, Eric; Eric's twin sister and her husband. Miriam, the trip fool, decidedly at a disadvantage, tells the story. The other three — two doctors, one computer scientist — are strapping Californians, large and blond, while Miriam, dark and small with, as yet, no career, hails from Quincy, Mass. The dark images end in Miriam's psychic flash of her husband's accidental death in Mexico. Miriam leaves the other three in Ixtapa without telling them.

"Waiting for Stella" is a poignant tale about a group of friends in their 70's and 80's trying to prop one another up after the death of the most vibrant member of their group. In "Barcelona," the purse of a vacationing woman is snatched, then returned; the woman feels obliged to acknowledge her husband's part in getting the purse back, although in fact his wild heroics had little effect. In "Molly's Dog," maybe the best story in the collection, Molly, an aging scriptwriter and poet, and her homosexual friend Sandy go to Carmel, Calif., for an anxious holiday weekend. Molly has had many lovers. As Miss Adams tells us in one of her many parenthetical explanations, "(Molly's emotional past had been strenuous)." But nothing has lasted and now, late in life, "gray-haired, dark-eyed and thin in her nice flowered silk dress," she is alone. Molly and Sandy go for a walk on the beach. A gray dog with ears described as "tall" follows them. The dog is bony and without elegant lineage. But she is faithful and exuberant, all heart. She runs, chases sticks, making wide circles on the beach. When Molly and Sandy leave, the dog races after their car until she can no longer keep up, "running, endlessly running, growing smaller in the distance." The dog is emblematic of what Molly and Sandy have missed and what Molly in particular feels the lack of: fearlessness, spontaneity, love itself.

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"Return Trips" contains 15 stories in less than 200 pages. Obviously, they do not dwell in one spot overlong. Like a watercolorist whose every brush stroke must be perfect, this author's hand is lightning fast and brilliant. Of necessity, she must work with confidence and from a large and very certain store of information, as well as a brisk and full imagination. Which she does. Rereading all her stories yields much amazement. How can one person know so much?

Like Colette's, Alice Adams's world is — praise be, these times — an altogether adult one. Long may she explore that world and make her swift reports. □

Beverly Lowry's most recent novel is "Daddy's Girl."

Man the Pursuer

"Oh good, my passport's here," she [Persis] tells Thad. . . . Gratified, sipping at his wine, Thad says, "I wonder why he [the thief] didn't take it, actually." Persis does not say, "Because it's hidden inside my address book" — although quite possibly that was the case. Instead, she says what is also surely true: "Because you scared him . . . running after him . . . Thad smiles, and his face settles into a familiar expression: that of a generally secure, intelligent man, a lucky person, for whom things happen more or less as he would expect them to.


LISA COHEN

Persis is thinking, and not for the first time, how terrible it must be to be a man, how terrifying. Men are always running, chasing something. And if you are rich and successful, like Thad, you have to hunt down anyone who wants to take away your possessions. Or if you're poor, down on your luck, you might be tempted to chase after a shabby bag that holds nothing of any real value, to snatch such a bag from a foreign woman who is wearing false gold chains that shine and glimmer in the dark. — *From "Return Trips."*

About Books

Confessions of a Page-Stayer, Staller, Stopper

By Anatole Broyard

WHILE some reviewers use the expression "page-turner" to recommend a book, I think the word has just the opposite connotation. An eagerness to turn the page suggests that there is nothing on it to hold you. Yet the more I like a book, the more reluctant I am to turn the page. Lovers, even book lovers, tend to cling. No one-night stands or "reads" for them.

There are things in a good book that can't be hurried. You have to surrender yourself to them, and surrender is a slow process. When a good, complex sentence seizes you in its rhythms, when it beats against you like a Jacuzzi whirlpool, the last thing you want is to move on. It's like being taken in hand by Michelangelo and having him arrange you in a graceful *contrapposto* attitude like his David, whose head is turned, as Kenneth Clark said, "in a movement toward epiphany." To hurry through the rise and fall of a fine, full sentence is like defying the role of time in human life.

Such a sentence leaves you elated, grateful, pensive, revised. It spreads out in the mind, like a dawn or sunset, suggesting a triumph of language, art, or even mankind over the obscurity that surrounds us. It's a flag raised for civilization. Flaubert tells us that he spent three days writing a single sentence: at what rate should we read it? When someone complained to James Joyce that it would require a lifetime to read his books, Joyce answered — who knows how seriously? — that he expected his readers to devote a lifetime to his work.

One of the things that often detains me in reading a good page is a primitive sense of wonder — "How in the world did he, or she, think of that?" It may be a word slipping surely and irrevocably into place, like the thunk of a very expensive car door, or it may be an image. One such image that comes to mind is from E. M. Forster's "Passage to India." Toward the end of the book Fielding and Miss Quested, who have kept a certain formal distance, arrive at a sort of shy, surprised intimacy, and Forster writes, "A friendliness, as of dwarfs shaking hands, was in the air."

The first time I read it, I spent several minutes pondering that image, asking myself what could have put that notion in Forster's mind, marveling at its peculiar evocativeness. You can't hurry past something like that. If you want to read properly, you have to stop and shake hands with the dwarfs.

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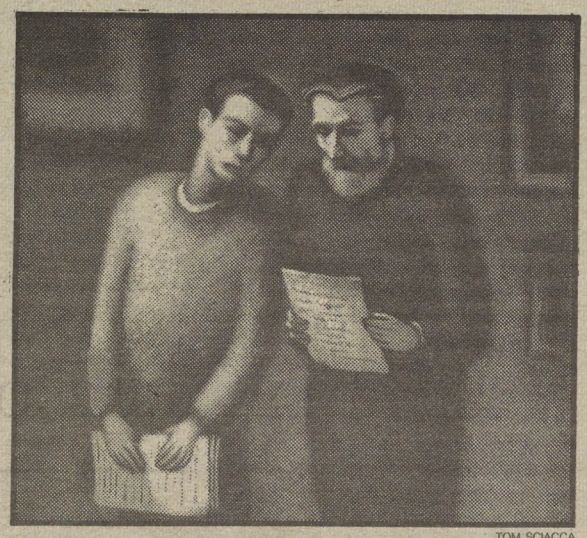
As an opponent of "page-turner," I feel it incumbent on me to suggest alternative expressions. Here are



TOM SCIACCA

a few: page-stayer, stopper, staller; page-postponer, prolonger, impeder; page-delayer, deferrer, repriever; page-retarder, retainer, restrainer; page-fastener, fixer, arrester; page-holder, halter, inhibitor.

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People who say they envy me my friendships with writers have no idea what a hard job it is for two writers to be friends. Sooner or later you have to talk about each other's work, and this is one of the most complicated of all literary transactions. It's even more delicate than a husband or wife evaluating the other as a lover.

Of course every writer says to his friends, "I want you to tell me the truth" — but most often he doesn't. What he wants you to do is agree with him. From what I hear and what I've seen, even the most sophisticated and successful authors behave this way. While it's all right to make a small suggestion, any major objection seems to call the whole friendship into question.

"How can we be friends when you don't appreciate my work?" a novelist and short-story writer asked me recently. I had praised his work, but he wasn't satisfied. I had suggested that his talent was capable of a wide range of effects and that I liked some of them better than others. While his reaction to what I said was more or less predictable, there were other considerations. Besides having my own integrity to answer for, as well as the truth of art itself, I didn't see how I could be of any use to him unless I told him what I thought. When friends stop being frank and useful to each other, the whole world loses some of its radiance.

My friend takes the position that he and his work are identical, or congruent, but here too I disagree. What usually troubles me in his writing is the disparity between what he is, or is capable of, and what he actually does. I want him to be his best self, but he wants to be the self that appeals to him today. He says he has no choice, that he *has* to write as he does — but when I say that I have to think as I do, that I can't change my perceptions to suit him, he refuses to see the parallel. While he insists on unconditional acceptance, his own attitude toward criticism is a rejection of his friends' literary efforts on his behalf.

Because of its psychoanalytic overtones, rejection is an unfortunate word. When an editor sends back a manuscript, what this should mean is not "I reject you," but "We have a difference of opinion." When a friend disagrees with an author about his work, he's often saying, in effect, "I see virtues in you which are not represented here."

Once in a while you meet an exception, a writer who welcomes criticism. Years ago, I was friends with a poet, a man with a very powerful ego. To my surprise, he asked for and accepted a good deal of criticism from me, actually changing quite a few of his poems. Somehow, he was able to admit to himself that criticism can make poems better — and he wanted to be the best. I think he salvaged his pride by simply subsuming me under his ego. As he saw it, his work brought out remarkable responses in me — responses that belonged more to him than to me. It was a solution of sorts.

More than one female writer has told me that she doesn't talk about her work with her husband, and since I think of friendship as a kind of sexless marriage, I experimented a couple of times with silence instead of criticism. It didn't work. I remember walking in Washington Square with a novelist who had just published an inadequate book. I had resolved to volunteer nothing and, if pressed, to say that I didn't think friends could be trusted to criticize each other's work. There are too many variables, I'd say; my opinion was contaminated by sentiment.

My silence on the subject of his book lay between us like an accusation until he said, "Well, what do you think?" as if nothing else could be on my mind. The statement I had prepared was demolished in a few minutes and the friendship eventually collapsed too. Still, the two-writer relationship is not hopeless. There *are* miracles, times when the author thanks the friend doing the criticizing for helping him, and the critic feels the author has enabled him to be more intelligent, perceptive, judicious, even talented than he was before. Each serves, so to speak, as an exalting occasion for the other. And it's occasions like this that make the whole impossible business bearable. □

Anatole Broyard is an editor of The Book Review.

The Little House in the Desert

THE NYE COUNTY BROTHEL WARS
A Tale of the New West.
By Jeanie Kasindorf.
302 pp. New York:
The Linden Press / Simon & Schuster. $16.95.

By Steve Oney

WALTER PLANKINTON, a cross-country trucker with a knack for making money in enterprises ranging from garbage collecting to shrimp fishing, had a truck driver's dream — he wanted to buy a couple of house trailers, cover the walls with gold-flecked mirrored tiles, hang up a few nudes painted on velvet, install a Jacuzzi and open the best little whorehouse in Nevada.

Steve Oney is working on a book about the lynching of Leo Frank in Marietta, Ga., in 1915.

In her splendid "Nye County Brothel Wars," Jeanie Kasindorf tells how in 1976 Plankinton claimed 20 miserable acres of parched land in Nye County (site of the United States nuclear testing ground), hired a dozen prostitutes, christened his establishment the Chicken Ranch in honor of the legendary Texas brothel of the same name and started mining for gold in the wallets of Las Vegas conventioneers and gamblers. Shortly Plankinton was grossing $500,000 a year, and most of his employees were earning about $1,000 a week.

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If this sounds too good to be true, it was. Prostitution is legal in some counties in Nevada, but it didn't take Plankinton long to discover that the business is actually governed by an unwritten frontier code — a man doesn't prospect on someone else's territory. In this case, the someone else was Bill Martin, the owner of a well-established Nye County house. Martin didn't cotton to competition, and in June 1978 he paid three men to burn the Chicken Ranch to the ground. The arson, from which 14 people narrowly escaped with their lives, sparked a fight that would last nearly four years.

Before the dust settled, a cast of characters that included a courageous but naïve pistol-packing grandmother turned sheriff, a deputy who worked out of a homemade stockade fashioned after Fort Apache and penciled arrest reports on the crown of his cowboy hat and enough laconic hombres to populate several B westerns came scurrying into the unforgiving Nevada sunlight like scorpions from beneath an upturned rock.

Mrs. Kasindorf tells the story of how Plankinton's bawdy fantasy come true was transformed into a crazy nightmare. "The Nye County Brothel Wars" is a taut account of a chain of vicious acts perpetrated by a group of toughs who seem to have stepped right out of the pages of Bret Harte. In Nye County Mrs. Kasindorf discovered a latter-day incarnation of the Wild West. Like mining camps of yore, it operated almost entirely outside the law, and its denizens were driven by only one motivation — greed.

Mrs. Kasindorf, who first covered the brothel wars for New West magazine, appears not to have a lazy

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Letters

Constitutional Scholarship

To the Editor:

Paul J. Mishkin is an astute constitutional observer and a fair, if tough, critic. His review of Laurence H. Tribe's "Constitutional Choices" (Aug. 18), however, is unfair, even meanspirited. First, he does not "review" the book. The reader is not alerted to the range of subjects considered or the book's major substantive themes. Second, when Mr. Mishkin begins to discuss what Mr. Tribe says, he gets it wrong. Indeed, his discussion of Mr. Tribe's critique of instrumental rationality is positively reckless. No part of that critique mandates "unconcern for relevant data" or calls for the "conscious disregard" of reality. But Mr. Mishkin's suggestion that Mr. Tribe says what he clearly does not say frames the review. It colors his discussion — distorted in each case — of judicial power, the principle of free speech and affirmative action.

Most disturbing is the suggestion that in the force of his "rhetoric," Mr. Tribe departs from the "scholarly tradition" and fails to consider explicitly the best arguments against his position. This suggestion builds on Mr. Mishkin's statement that "there are times when one cannot help but feel a powerful immediate influence" from Mr. Tribe's consulting work and the advocate's role that goes with it.

But Laurence Tribe simply could not have become what he uncontrovertibly is — a leading, if not *the* leading, constitutional scholar and an enormously successful Supreme Court advocate — by ignoring the best arguments against the positions he seeks to defend. Nor does he do so in "Constitutional Choices." Indeed, Mr. Tribe most often seeks to offer choices rather than defend his own. His book makes brilliant connections, displays sophistication on constitutional matters and is both elegant and eloquent. Only with that combination does "Constitutional Choices" depart from scholarly tradition.

STEVEN SHIFFRIN
Los Angeles

Appreciating Strindberg

To the Editor:

I find Eric Bentley's complaint in his review (Sept. 1) of my biography of Strindberg — "If he appreciates the magnitude and subtlety of Strindberg's genius, one would never know it from his book" — extraordinary.

In my final chapter, I write: "As a dramatist Strindberg was, as so many of his peers in that field have recognized, a giant. He pioneered the depiction of men and women driven by love, hatred, jealousy or a mixture of all three to that nightmare border country where hysteria abuts on madness. . . . He explored those dark corners of the human soul which most of us seal off like poisoned wells; he was unbalanced, but so were most explorers of that country — Swift, Melville, Dostoevsky, Kafka. Other dramatists had set foot there, but none had mapped it . . . as Strindberg did. . . . Strindberg wrote about sex with a realism which none of his predecessors, not even Ibsen, had matched. . . . Strindberg pioneered the exploration in drama of another border country, that in which reality and fantasy merge. . . . Structurally, too, he achieved an economy beyond Ibsen's."

Can anyone really read these words and suggest that I do not appreciate "the magnitude and subtlety of Strindberg's genius"? One problem confronting anyone who writes about Strindberg is that those who identify very personally with Strindberg resent a cool and critical approach. I believe, and make it clear in my book, that Strindberg was a genius, but my approach to him is different from that of Mr. Bentley to Brecht.

MICHAEL MEYER
London

Eric Bentley replies:

By "appreciate" was not meant "concede" or "acknowledge." What was meant was "sense what is involved." A critic who sensed what was involved in such magnitude and subtlety would write illuminatingly about them. (A good critic is one who says illuminating things about works of art.)

Women's Proletarian Fiction

To the Editor: NYTBR, Oct 6, '85

In his essay "Workers in Fiction: Locked Out" (Sept. 1), Robert S. McElvaine writes, "Most of the 'proletarian' fiction of the 30's . . . is not worth discussing." I believe his assessment dismisses a genre that indeed served artistic as well as political purposes.

In "Go Left, Young Writer," an essay published in The New Masses in January 1929, Michael Gold urged the creation of proletarian fiction. Gold saw his young writer as "a wild youth of twenty-two, the son of working class parents." In reality, women wrote many of the era's outstanding novels about industrial workers. Agnes Smedley's 1929 novel "Daughter of Earth," dealing in part with Colorado coal miners, presaged the era. The strike by Gastonia, N.C., textile workers in 1929 was the subject of novels by Mary Heaton Vorse ("Strike!"), Fielding Burke ("Call Home the Heart"), Grace Lumpkin ("To Make My Bread") and Myra Page ("Gathering Storm"). In Lumpkin's and Page's novels, a patiently acquired intimate knowledge of millworkers' lives and the industrial process, enhanced by the authors' own Southern backgrounds, resulted in memorable central characters, based on an actual union organizer, the martyred "ballad woman," Ella May.

Later in the decade, Josephine Herbst produced a trilogy of novels showing workers in rural and industrialized settings. A strike by department-store workers was the focus of Leane Zugsmith's novel "A Time to Remember." "The Summer Soldier" by Zugsmith and "Jordanstown" by Josephine Johnston also dealt with industrial workers.

The "locking out" of writers is responsible for the absence of workers in contemporary fiction. McCarthyism rendered the serious treatment of industrial conflict unpublishable. Writers on the left who had written sympathetically of workers were blacklisted, pursued by the F.B.I., forced to adopt pseudonyms, write on other themes or stop writing entirely. Women writers on the left endured the further hardship of being omitted from most revisionist surveys of the era, including Mr. McElvaine's.

SANDRA ADICKES
New York

Cavour's Italy

To the Editor:

In his review of Denis Mack Smith's "Cavour" (Sept. 1), Raleigh Trevelyan omits important aspects of Cavour's career.

Cavour was steadfast in his desire to prepare all Italians for participation in government, and he carefully nurtured the republican mechanism. He was equally intent on using every possible means to unite the Italian people. If this is opportunism, so be it.

In addition to his political sagacity, he had a sense of the role of trade, agriculture, finance, education, industry, the army, railroads and communications in shaping a nation, and he did his homework on all aspects of government.

He was the greatest statesman Italy has ever had and the greatest European statesman of the 19th century. Without Cavour, Garibaldi could not have succeeded in creating an Italian nation, but Cavour would have succeeded without Garibaldi (although it would have been a northern Italian nation, at least for a time).

PETER SAMMARTINO
Rutherford, N.J.

Summing Up a Poet

To the Editor:

When my review of books by James Merrill, Howard Moss and David St. John was published (Sept. 1), my concluding comment on Mr. St. John's "No Heaven" was omitted, no doubt because it was the last thing said in an already long review. A mild injustice was thereby done to Mr. St. John. My final words were: "It is the restraint of such a poem ["A Hard & Noble Patience"] that makes it so effective, so beautiful in its pacing and carefully drawn imagery. In fact, it would not be inaccurate to call this an elegant poem, thanks to its stately free-verse way. 'No Heaven' solidifies David St. John's reputation as a wry and intelligent poet, among the best of the young."

PETER STITT
Houston

Appraising 'At Freddie's'

To the Editor:

Roxana Robinson's review of "At Freddie's" by Penelope Fitzgerald (In Short, Sept. 8) is both inaccurate and unfair. In the first place, this is not "Penelope Fitzgerald's first work to appear in America" — her quadruple biography, "The Knox Brothers," was published here by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan in 1977; her first novel, "The Golden Child," was published by Scribners in 1978.

Mrs. Robinson is, of course, free to respond to "At Freddie's" in any way she chooses, but calling this novel "instantly forgettable," complaining that "nothing is resolved" and dismissing Freddie herself as "a shabby old woman with boiled blue eyes, a musty smell and plans too complicated to reveal, for which last we may feel grateful," does seem a bit condescending and presumptuous.

I am indeed grateful to David R. Godine for publishing "At Freddie's" and to The New York Times for reviewing it. Mrs. Fitzgerald's fiction deserves a wider audience. I only hope that her sixth novel, now nearing completion, will receive more space and a more knowledgeable reviewer.

ROBERT E. HOSMER JR.
South Hadley, Mass.

The Times welcomes letters from readers. Letters for publication should include the writer's name, address and daytime telephone number. Letters should be addressed to The Editor, The New York Times Book Review, 229 West 43d Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. We regret that because of the large volume of mail received, we are unable to acknowledge or to return unpublished letters.

The Genesis of 'Star Wars'

THE MILITARIZATION OF SPACE
U.S. Policy, 1945-1984.
By Paul B. Stares.
334 pp. Ithaca, N.Y.:
Cornell University Press. $25.

By John M. Logsdon

THE successful test of a United States anti-satellite (ASAT) device Sept. 13 against a still-functioning spacecraft has once again dramatized the controversy over the necessity and wisdom of developing weapons systems for use in or from space. We now have, in Paul Stares' book "The Militarization of Space," a work that places recent events in a broad historical perspective. According to Mr. Stares, who is a research associate at the Brookings Institution, when Ronald Reagan entered the White House in 1981, "the future development of ASAT weapons was still very much in the balance." This is no longer the case, Mr. Stares says. His "depressing prognosis" therefore is that, under President Reagan, "the chance for a significant anti-satellite arms control agreement was lost — possibly forever."

While the book is dispassionate and scholarly in tone as it traces American military space policy from Presidents Eisenhower to Carter, the insistence of the Reagan Administration that ASAT testing and research on space-based ballistic missile defense go forward and the refusal, until recently, to negotiate with the Soviet Union on space arms control have alarmed Mr. Stares. The resumption of arms control talks at Geneva and the forthcoming Gorbachev-Reagan summit, however, could conceivably lead to limitations on space weaponry that Mr. Stares thought was impossible a year ago.

"The Militarization of Space" shows that the roots of the current program of developing anti-satellite weaponry go back to the final days of the Ford Administration, when the lame-duck President directed the Department of Defense to develop an operational anti-satellite system based on non-nuclear technology. Until that time, "a convergence of national interests, military disincentives and technical constraints," in addition to formal international agreements, had dissuaded both the United States and the Soviet Union from investing heavily in anti-satellite or other space weaponry, although both sides had tested and deployed relatively primitive anti-satellite systems in the 1960's.

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The basic outlines of United States military space policy from 1957 to 1977 were set by Eisenhower, who disagreed with those who argued that the American response to Sputnik should include development of an anti-satellite capability and other space weapons on a crash basis. Eisenhower did not consider the Soviet space efforts enough of a threat to warrant such a response. More important, the President wanted to secure international acceptance of satellite overflight, and particularly to assure satellite reconnaissance by the United States over the Soviet Union. Developing an American anti-satellite weapon, Eisenhower thought, would give the Russians an avoidable added incentive to develop its own ASAT system, thus threatening United States reconnaissance satellites.

The basic elements of Eisenhower's policy — de-emphasizing the military aspects of the space program and promoting its open, civilian aspects, while at the same time carrying out a highly classified intelligence satellite effort — were accepted by the Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon Administrations. Mr. Stares traces the nuances of military space policy under those Presidents in an account likely to remain unchallenged for some time.

The resumption of Soviet anti-satellite tests in 1976, after a five-year hiatus, was a "rude challenge" to the notion that restraint by the United States with respect to ASAT development would influence Soviet behavior; in reaction, President Ford ordered a reluctant Air Force to give high priority to developing space weaponry. That reluctance was a result of 20 years of Air Force frustration over failing to establish a significant role in space. Mr. Ford's decision was not rescinded by the incoming Carter Administration. Rather, a two-track policy was adopted in which ASAT development continued while negotiations with the Soviet Union to control space weapons were initiated. The United States and the Soviet Union did carry out three rounds of space arms control talks during 1978 and 1979, but they were discontinued after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in December 1979.

In 1981, according to Mr. Stares, the Soviet Union began signaling its desire to resume talks on space weapons, but the Reagan Administration "had no intention" of responding positively to such Soviet initiatives. Even when the Russians in August 1983 declared a unilateral moratorium on ASAT tests and put on the table at the United Nations what the author sees as a serious draft of a space arms control treaty, the American response was negative. To Mr. Stares, this was a "squandered" opportunity, one which future administrations will "regret bitterly."

Some of Mr. Stares' own analysis, however, seems to contradict this conclusion. He notes that by the mid-1970's the increasing military importance of satellites made them vital targets in the case of war, and that maturing technology made affordable anti-satellite weapons more feasible. When the Soviet Union resumed ASAT testing in 1976, an American response was almost inevitable, given the perceived need for symmetry in strategic military capabilities as an element of deterrence and the growing importance of space systems in the strategic balance.

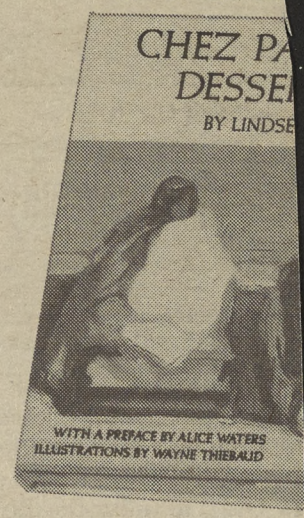
The key question for successful negotiations may be when such symmetry is perceived by both sides; Mr. Stares himself suggests that "some initial tests of the US ASAT system against objects in space may provide a rough parity in testing experience and possibly even improve the chances for a mutual moratorium." Perhaps the outlook for meaningful space arms control is not quite as bleak as the author suggests.

THE information and analysis contained in this study are not only relevant to current debates over developing space weapons; the book is also likely to have lasting value as the standard account of United States military space policy from 1945 to 1980. Mr. Stares' narrative is based on extensive research in Presidential archives and interviews with key participants in policymaking; the scholarship is impressive. And the study provides only enough information about the Soviet space program to give a good sense of the action-reaction character of the space arms race. The author does provide a wealth of detail on the various American proposals for developing an anti-satellite capability over the last 25 years, noting that "men began thinking about disabling satellites well before there were any spacecraft to disable." He provides brief discussions of directed-energy (laser and particle beam) weapons, but these sections are not up to the quality of the rest of the book and are not essential to its argument. This is not the study to consult on the "Star Wars" debate.

"The Militarization of Space" is thus not a complete history or analysis of the military uses of space, but it covers the anti-satellite issue as well as is conceivable. It stands as a model of research in an area where military classification is a formidable barrier to scholars. Mr. Stares has given us a well-written book that both meets high standards and offers a broad perspective on a crucial contemporary issue. What more could a reader want? □

John M. Logsdon is director of the graduate program in science, technology and public policy at the School of Public and International Affairs, George Washington University.

"Lovely," "irresi



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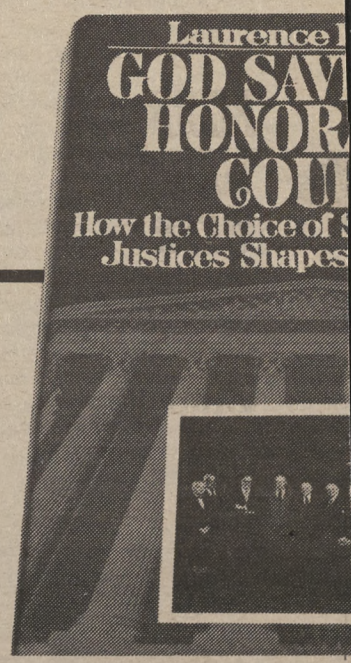

Workers in Fiction: Locked Out

By Robert S. McElvaine

MANY politicians will appear at Labor Day gatherings tomorrow mouthing platitudes about industrial workers being the backbone of the United States, but few of these speakers will believe what they say. For many Americans in this age of high technology, industrial workers are at best an anachronism, at worst an embarrassment.

Steelworkers, truck drivers and men and women on assembly lines have not entirely vanished from the pages of American fiction, but they are no longer the heroes they occasionally were at earlier times in our literature. Since World War II, few novels about the working class have been set in the present; instead, the authors have nostalgically looked to bygone eras of labor militancy. Some of this fiction is based on the activities of the Industrial Workers of the World, the radical labor union founded in 1905. Among such works are Irving Stone's "Adversary in the House" (1947), a fictional biography of the Socialist leader Eugene V. Debs; Wallace Stegner's "Preacher and the Slave" (1950), based on the life of Joe Hill, an I.W.W. member who some saw as a martyr; Marcia Davenport's "Valley of Decision" (originally published in 1942 and reprinted in 1979), which describes the lives of immigrants who worked in the Pittsburgh steel industry early in the century; Mary Lee Settle's "Scapegoat" (1980), set in a West Virginia mining town in 1912; and Meredith Tax's "Rivington Street" (1982), which centers on the lives of Russian immigrants who lived on New York's Lower East Side and worked in the garment industry.



When contemporary working-class life has been addressed at all in modern American fiction, it has usually been in a peripheral manner. In recent years, the closest we have come to genuine working-class novels — those that deal directly with life on the job — are Ernest Hebert's "Dogs of March" (1979), a stirring story of New Hampshire family members employed as mill workers, and Robert Ward's "Red Baker" (1985), a solid if not outstanding book about Baltimore steelworkers who lose their jobs when a mill closes down. Both received some good reviews but people were not moved to buy large numbers of copies. Yet even "Red Baker" is not that concerned with the working lives of industrial laborers. Though its protagonist is a lifelong resident of a steel mill community in Baltimore, the reader learns little about life in

Continued on page 19

Robert S. McElvaine, the author of "The Great Depression: America, 1929-1941," teaches history at Millsaps College in Jackson, Miss.

Eric Bentley on a Life of Strindberg/3

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-selected by ***Jayne Anne Phillips***

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23 NOTED WITH PLEASURE.

Workers in Fiction: Locked Out

Continued from page 1

the mill. The story centers on the destructive effects of *un*employment and is far more concerned with alcohol, drugs, aging and community disintegration than with on-the-job problems.

Other recent fiction that touches on working-class life does so in a similarly oblique way. In "Shiloh," a 1982 collection of her short stories, Bobbie Ann Mason writes of a disabled former truck driver who smokes marijuana and has no interest in looking for other work. Raymond Carver has written stories, collected in "Cathedral" (1983), of the unemployed and the alcoholic. William Kennedy's Pulitzer Prize-winning "Ironweed" (1983) is among those books that look longingly back at labor history. But in Mr. Kennedy's 1930's, just as in novels set in the present, the theme is the disintegration of the unemployed. Similarly, in the South Philadelphia of Pete Dexter's "God's Pocket" (1984), violence joins with alcohol to form the essence of working-class life. These are chronicles of decline, not paeans to working-class heroes.

IT is tempting to suggest that the current literary uninterest in workers is a reflection of the present atmosphere of political conservatism and that the mood is likely to pass if the pendulum swings back toward liberalism. There is, though, little in American literature's past treatment of workers to support such a view. Throughout most of this nation's history the industrial working class has been largely ignored in our fiction. The important exceptions were a few novelists with socialist connections early in the 20th century and a host of "proletarian" writers during the Great Depression of the 1930's.

Jack London has been called our first working-class writer. He came from a background of poverty and knew the problems of the poor. London went far beyond the genteel socialism of William Dean Howells's novels and declared himself a revolutionary. Yet the stories that brought London fame and temporary fortune — "Call of the Wild" and "The Sea-Wolf," for example — have little to do with the working class and espouse a philosophy that contradicted the writer's professed socialism. His most popular fiction looks backward to a primitive, pre-industrial time of rugged individualism, not forward to a cooperative utopia. These same writings emphasized the brutal social Darwinism that often coexisted with the spirit of progressive reform of the first decade of this century.

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London showed a distaste for the class from which he had risen. His kinship with workers — he was employed as a longshoreman, and in jute mills, bowling alleys and canneries — may have attracted him to socialism, but his almost fanatical desire for success turned his feeling for the working class into a classic mixture of love and hate. In this, London was an extreme expression of the attitudes of many of his countrymen — real Americans ought not to be industrial workers.

The reception that greeted the most successful working-class novel of the early 20th century, "The Jungle" (1906) by Upton Sinclair, paradoxically indicated American readers' minimal interest in the lives of laborers. Sinclair described at great length the conditions under which Jurgis Rudkus, a Lithuanian immigrant, lived in Chicago and worked in the meatpacking industry. In 1904 the author wrote to his editor, "The novel I plan would be intended to set forth the breaking of human hearts by a system which exploits the labor of men and women for profits." Although this romantic socialist was never a novelist of the first rank, "The Jungle" is a powerful evocation of working-class life. London said of it, "What 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for black slaves, 'The Jungle' has a large chance to do for the wage slaves of today."

Though the enormous popularity of "The Jungle" made Sinclair an international celebrity, the book did little to win sympathy for the workingmen of America to whom he dedicated it. Winston Churchill wrote in a review that the novel had disturbed "the digestions and perhaps the consciences of mankind." He was wise to add the note of uncertainty. When Sinclair related that the packing houses processed meat from animals that had tuberculosis — thus exposing workers to the disease — many readers were less concerned with the workers



PETER ELWELL

than with what might be in their breakfast sausage. "I aimed at the public's heart," Sinclair lamented, "and by accident hit it in the stomach."

The progressive era — roughly 1902 to 1917 — was a time of middle-class reformers and of general prosperity. It was to be expected that for consumers, an issue such as tainted meat would attract greater interest than the problems of meatpackers. Other realists of the early 20th century, Frank Norris and Theodore Dreiser among them, touched on the lives of workers, but concentrated their efforts on the higher reaches of the social order. After World War I, interest in reform of any kind — whether for consumers or producers — waned and the substantial American literature of the 20's had almost nothing to say about labor.

The Great Depression of the 1930's brought workers to the center stage of American letters. The first of the new naturalist works was John Dos Passos' "U.S.A." trilogy inspired by his revulsion at the 1927 execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. There is no single working-class hero in this highly original work; rather, Dos Passos fuses working Americans into one protagonist. He portrays a nation of exploiters and exploited. One character who seems to sum up the author's view of the evils of capitalism is Charley Anderson, who starts out as an honest mechanic but is captivated by greed and leaves the working class behind, thereby beginning a process of personal decline.

Most of the "proletarian" fiction of the 30's, written to serve political rather than artistic purposes, is not worth discussing. One of the exceptions is "The Disinherited" (1933) by Jack Conroy.

Conroy described industrial labor as few novelists since the 30's have. The protagonist says, "But I never really escaped by quitting and changing jobs. All the factories had the same conveyors, the same scientific methods for extracting the last ounce of energy. The same neon tubes pulsing with blue fire and the same automatons toiling frantically beneath the ghastly rays that etched dark shadows under their eyes and blackened their lips to resemble those of a cadaver."

Certainly the most noted of the proletarian novelists of the Depression era was John Steinbeck. "In Dubious Battle" (1936) chronicles a strike by migrant farm workers in California. In "The Grapes of Wrath" (1939), the single most important novel of the working class in our history, Steinbeck relates the tragic trek of displaced Okies to the Golden State. For laborers, machinery may seem to be the enemy but, Steinbeck shows, the problem is of a different sort: "Is the tractor bad? Is the power that turns the long furrows wrong? If this tractor were ours it would be good — not mine, but ours. . . . We could love that tractor then as we have loved this land when it was ours."

In both these novels, Steinbeck dealt with agricultural, not industrial, workers. The distinction is crucial. He found it easier to disturb the consciences of Americans with novels about rural workers than Upton Sinclair had with his portrayal of urban immigrants in a meatpacking plant. Of course the vastly different economic circumstances between the time of "The Jungle" and that of "The Grapes of Wrath" partly explains the different reactions. In the Depression, readers were more receptive to literature about the working class simply because so many people were suffering. "Even if they were not hungry and hopeless themselves," Harvey Swados has observed, "the depression generation had burned into them the dulled and shamed glances of men who were [hungry and hopeless] and who could no longer feed their wives and children."

Such conditions easily account for the greater literary and social interest in labor in the 30's. But it is significant that even in that decade — one of extreme industrial dislocation — most working-class literature still did not deal with industrial laborers, and the heroes of most proletarian novels remained tenant farmers, miners, migrant workers and others who, as Edmund Wilson said in "The American Jitters" (1932), had never been "broken to the abject life of the industrial cities." From Steinbeck's farmers through James T. Farrell's lower-middle-class Studs Lonigan, to the tramps of Nelson Algren's "Somebody in Boots" (1935), the subjects are most often outside the mainstream of American labor.

Here lies an indication of the reasons behind Americans' general uninterest in industrial workers: those workers have never fit the self-image that Americans like to maintain. The American Eden was, of course, founded in the wilderness. The Jeffersonian idea that American farmers were far superior to the urbanized masses of Europe became ingrained in American thought. Agriculture, it has usually been thought, is the truly American way of life; industry is "foreign." This notion was reinforced in the later 19th and early 20th centuries when immigrants constituted so much of the urban working class.

AMERICANS cherish the myth of success as much as they do the agrarian myth. It is permissible to be a laborer early in life, as long as you rise to better things later; but he who remains an industrial worker is seen by most Americans as unsuccessful. The heroes of the Horatio Alger stories rose *from* the working class, no one aspires to *be* a worker.

A third myth to which most Americans pay homage is that of self-reliance. The agrarian myth held that farmers were independent, though they are extraordinarily dependent on weather, fluctuation in the world market, transportation systems, interest rates and many other variables. But in the public mind, the farmer was what all Americans longed to be: independent and self-reliant. Not so the industrial worker; his complete dependence for his livelihood upon the owners of factories and machinery was apparent.

If industrial workers are not close to nature and have to depend on others to earn a living, how can they be Americans? Quite easily in reality, since most Americans fit these categories. But when we think of a "real" American, an industrial laborer does not come to mind.

It seems odd that other forms of popular culture have of late done a better job than literature in depicting the problems of laborers. One thinks of such films as "Norma Rae" and "The Deer Hunter," television's "All in the Family," which at least on occasion showed sympathy for Archie Bunker. Popular musicians have also addressed the issue, as Billy Joel's "Allentown," Dire Straits' "Industrial Disease" and such Bruce Springsteen songs as "My Home Town" illustrate. Perhaps the wider audience that exists for these cultural forms has a greater interest in the problems of labor than the much more limited group that buys books.

If, however, many of those who show greater interest in fiction about the upwardly mobile would prefer to forget workers, they might be asked to pause on Labor Day to remember that someone has to make the steel for the Mercedes. But they probably would retort that Americans are no longer likely to make the steel. □

Sept. 1, '85

New & Noteworthy

THE DAY OF TRINITY, by Lansing Lamont. (Atheneum, $11.95.) "The Day of Trinity" recounts the work of scientists at the Government's laboratories in Los Alamos, N.M., which culminated in the explosion in the desert of the first atomic bomb on July 16, 1945. In 1965 our reviewer, William L. Laurence, who witnessed the blast, termed this book "a remarkable achievement . . . authentic history providing facts, never told before." And he added, "The author fills in the background that gives the occasion its meaning and significance." Two new chapters describe the scientists' subsequent lives and the state of nuclear science today.

THE OLD BUNCH, by Meyer Levin. (Citadel, $14.95.) A



964-page composite story of 19 Chicago youths — 11 boys and 8 girls — from the same neighborhood. "The Old Bunch" follows them from their high school graduation in 1921 to the mid-1930's. In 1937 in these pages Harold Strauss called the book "a landmark in the development of the realistic novel" that "brilliantly succeeds in taking the reader on a memorable tour of the world in which the old bunch lived." Levin later became well known for his novel "Compulsion."

THE ECONOMICS AND POLITICS OF RACE: An International Perspective, by Thomas Sowell. (Quill, $6,95.) Thomas Sowell tries to answer the question "Why have some American minorities climbed the ladder of economic success more readily than others?" To do so he takes a comparative historical look at the fate of racial and ethnic minorities in societies throughout the world. In 1983 our reviewer, George M. Fredrickson, said that Mr. Sowell does not give sufficient weight to the importance of political power and influence, but he judged the work "provocative."

A TIME TO DANCE: And Other Stories, by Bernard Mac Laverty. (George Braziller, $5.95.) These 10 short stories by the author of the acclaimed novel "Cal" are all set in Ireland and focus on how young people and old people get along with one another. In 1982 reviewers praised the dialogue, the author's conciseness and his portrayal of Irish life.

SEX AND REPRESSION IN SAVAGE SOCIETY, by Bronislaw Malinowski. (University of Chicago, $10.95.) The founder of social anthropology, Bronislaw Malinowski (1884-1942), claimed in this 1927 work — based on his observation of Trobriand Islanders — that the Oedipus complex described by Freud is not a universal phenomenon. The book, now considered a classic, also argues that the European social system subjects Westerners to stresses, strains and nervous disturbances generally unknown among the Trobriand "savages."

THE INHERITORS, by Joseph Conrad and Ford Madox Ford. (Carroll & Graf, $7.95.) The plot here has to do with colonization and development, the fortunes of an unsuccessful novelist and the intrigues of an unscrupulous young woman. In 1901 The New York Times called the novel "more than a clever study of contemporary manners, morals and ideals. Mr. Conrad sees the significant facts of life and character. . . . The book lacks the emotional power of 'Lord Jim,' but it is clear, vigorous and not machine-made." Because the review did not mention Ford Madox Ford's name, Conrad wrote The Times saying "The Inheritors" was "emphatically an experiment in collaboration."

MARINERS, RENEGADES AND CASTAWAYS: The Story of Herman Melville and the World We Live In, by C. L. R. James. (Allison & Busby/Schocken, $5.95.) The Trinidadian historian and philosopher C. L. R. James contends that Herman Melville's "Moby-Dick" was the initial literary critique of the industrialized world and the impulse toward totalitarianism of left and right. After teaching and organizing tenant farmers and automobile workers in the United States, Mr. James wrote "Mariners, Renegades and Castaways" in 1953 on Ellis Island while awaiting deportation.

THE NIGHT IS A TIME FOR LISTENING, by Elliot West. (Pantheon, $3.95.) This 1966 novel, set in postwar Europe, is about an American spy seeking vengeance for his wife's murder at the hands of the SS. Our reviewer, Anthony Boucher, called the story "closer, both in spirit and in attainment, to 'The Spy Who Came In From the Cold' than anything else I've read since."

THE GOSPEL SOUND: Good News and Bad Times, by Anthony Heilbut. (Limelight, $9.95.) An in-depth examination of gospel music, a creation of the black church. An unsigned review published here in 1971 described the book as "a thorough survey of gospel singing, with attention to the relationship between gospel and other black musical forms in America such as jazz and rhythm & blues. The characterizations of performers and the insulated world of the gospel church are particularly well done." This is a revised edition.

NOWHERE TO RUN: The Story of Soul Music, by Gerri Hirshey. (Penguin, $6.95.) Extending, in effect, the story of "The Gospel Sound," "Nowhere to Run" lets artists and entrepreneurs tell the history of what was called — starting in the 1960's — soul music. Gerri Hirshey's 1984 book delineates the roles of the music's major creators (many of whom had gospel origins) and underscores the debt white rock musicians from the Rolling Stones to Bruce Springsteen owe black music. Reviewers considered it a valuable resource.

MY SEARCH FOR WARREN HARDING, by Robert Plunket. (Laurel/Dell, $3.95.) Robert Plunket's first novel, published in 1983, describes the pursuit of a trunkful of love letters from Warren G. Harding — "the shallowest President" — by a historian who seduces the former President's granddaughter and spends time with zanies in Los Angeles. Reviewers' plaudits ranged from "very funny" to "riotous."

JACOB'S WELL, by Stephen Harrigan. (Ballantine, $3.50.) "Jacob's Well," a second novel, is set in central Texas; it tells of a geologist, his estranged wife and her lover, a professional scuba diver. Although our reviewer, Richard Smith, wrote last year that it "saddened" him that the work was not more skillfully executed, he praised Stephen Harrigan as "clearly a writer of compassion and sensibility." — *C. Gerald Fraser*

Sept. 1, 1985 THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Paperback Best Sellers

Fiction

1	**THINNER,** by Stephen King writing as Richard Bachman. (NAL/Signet, $4.50.) The case of a lawyer whose body is mysteriously wasting away.
2	**FIRST AMONG EQUALS,** by Jeffrey Archer. (Pocket, $4.50.) Three young men vie to be chosen Prime Minister of Britain.
3	**BRAINCHILD,** by John Saul. (Bantam, $3.95.) A young boy miraculously saved by an operation becomes an instrument of revenge.
4*	**". . . AND LADIES OF THE CLUB,"** by Helen Hooven Santmyer. (Berkley, $5.95.) Chronicle of an Ohio hamlet from 1868 to 1932.
5*	**FULL CIRCLE,** by Danielle Steel. (Dell, $4.50.) The relationship of a mother and daughter is altered by the changing values of the past 40 years.
6	**CRESCENT CITY,** by Belva Plain. (Dell, $4.50.) A Jewish woman in 19th-century New Orleans.
7	**THE MIKO,** by Eric Van Lustbader. (Fawcett, $4.50.) An American businessman struggles with a vengeful Japanese sorceress in a high-stakes battle.
8	**THE PASSION OF MOLLY T.,** by Lawrence Sanders. (Berkley, $4.50.) The loves and hatreds of a feminist activist all but consume her.
9	**JULIE,** by Catherine Marshall. (Avon, $4.50.) The fortunes of a young woman and her family during the Depression, based on the author's experiences.
10	**SUPERIOR WOMEN,** by Alice Adams. (Fawcett, $3.95.) Five friends at 1940's Radcliffe and after.
11	**THE OUTSIDER,** by Howard Fast. (Dell, $3.95.) Life as seen by a young rabbi and his family.
12	**OTHER WOMEN,** by Lisa Alther. (NAL/Signet, $4.50.) The relationship of two women as they progress through life's vicissitudes.
13	**THE HAJ,** by Leon Uris. (Bantam, $4.95.) One man's experience in the wars of the Holy Land.
14	**THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK,** by John Updike. (Fawcett, $4.50.) Three witches wreak havoc in a contemporary Rhode Island town.
15	**TWIN OF FIRE,** by Jude Deveraux. (Pocket, $3.95.) A hot-blooded woman of the Old West wins her man.

Nonfiction

General

1	**IACOCCA,** by David Abodaher. (Zebra, $3.95.) His life, by a former employee of Chrysler's ad agency.
2	**THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED,** by M. Scott Peck. (S&S/Touchstone, $8.95.) Psychological and spiritual inspiration by a psychiatrist.
3	**IN SEARCH OF EXCELLENCE,** by Thomas J. Peters and Robert H. Waterman Jr. (Warner, $8.95.) Lessons from well-run corporations.
4	**THE KENNEDYS: An American Drama,** by Peter Collier and David Horowitz. (Warner, $4.95.) Four generations of a prominent family.

Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous

1	**RAND MCNALLY ROAD ATLAS: United States, Canada, Mexico.** (Rand McNally, $5.95.) For 1985.
2	**PENGUIN DREAMS AND STRANGER THINGS,** by Berke Breathed. (Little, Brown, $6.95.) Cartoons.
3	**DIETS DON'T WORK,** by Bob Schwartz. (Breakthru Publishing, $9.95.) How to lose weight without dieting.
4	**VALLEY OF THE FAR SIDE,** by Gary Larson. (Andrews, McMeel & Parker, $5.95.) Cartoons.
5*	**THE ONE MINUTE MANAGER,** by Kenneth Blanchard and Spencer Johnson. (Berkley, $6.95.) How to increase your productivity.
6*	**EAT TO WIN,** by Robert Hass. (NAL/Signet, $4.50.) A regimen for sports and fitness activities.
7*	**SNIGLETS,** by Rich Hall and Friends. (Collier/Macmillan, $5.95.) Newly minted words.
8*	**GROWING UP CATHOLIC,** by Mary Jane Frances Cavolina Meara, Jeffrey Allen Joseph Stone, Maureen Anne Teresa Kelly and Richard Glen Michael Davis. (Doubleday/Dolphin, $4.95.) Humor.
9	**BRIDE OF THE FAR SIDE,** by Gary Larson. (Andrews, McMeel & Parker, $5.95.) Cartoons.
10	**THE SILVER PALATE GOOD TIMES COOKBOOK,** by Julee Rosso and Sheila Lukins with Sarah Leah Chase. (Workman, $11.95.) Recipes.
11	**WHAT COLOR IS YOUR PARACHUTE?** by Richard Nelson Bolles. (Ten Speed Press, $8.95.) Job and career advice; 1985 edition.

The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from 2,000 bookstores and from representative wholesalers with more than 40,000 retail outlets, including newsstands, variety stores, supermarkets and bookstores. These figures are statistically adjusted to represent sales in all such outlets across the United States. The number of titles within the two subdivisions of nonfiction can change from week to week, reflecting changes in book buying.

*An asterisk before a book's title indicates that its sales, weighted to reflect the book-selling industry nationally, are barely distinguishable from those of the book above.

Ring Lardner at 100— Facing a Legacy

By James Lardner

I DON'T know why the vagaries of the decimal system should cause people to mount exhibits, print posters, make speeches, perform plays and issue proclamations in honor of someone not otherwise in the news. But the Ring Lardner Centennial — held on the campus of Albion College in Albion, Mich., a few weeks ago — could not have been better timed so far as I was concerned. I had been thinking about my grandfather, in a way, all my life. Although he died in 1933, 15 years before I was born, hardly any early memory looms larger than the recurring one of being asked if I was related and answering in a voice honed to just the right degree of becoming modesty.

Learning to handle the legacy of a famous ancestor and a world full of people who didn't have this skeleton in their closets was pretty near full-time work, and I passed right on through childhood and adolescence unhindered, so far as I can recall, by the thought that the ancestor in question might have had some role in life other than to reflect well or ill on me. Then adulthood struck, with its own preoccupations, and he became old business on an agenda crowded with the new. So when I heard about the centennial and received an invitation to attend in the lofty capacity of "respondent," I responded eagerly — hoping that the primal need to avoid making a fool of myself would add to my motivation to learn.

Six of us (one father, one mother, one sister, one cousin, one wife and I) made the trip by plane from New York to Detroit and on to Albion in a van provided by the college. Our route roughly retraced another family migration in the opposite direction. In the late summer of 1919, my grandfather foresook the ancestral breeding grounds in the Middle West for the East, the family's principal habitat from then to now. He left a highly unreliable record of that journey in a story called "The Young Immigrunts," which, purporting to have been written by my father at the age of 4½, made suitable reading for the likes of me when I was not much older. The opening lines ("My parents are both married and ½ of them are very good looking. The balance is tall and skiny and has a swarty complexion with moles") were, I believe, the first written words that ever made me laugh. As did a passage in which the family caravan took a wrong turn in the Bronx, prompting the exchange "Are we lost daddy I arsked tenderly. Shut up he explained."

• • •

The centennial triggered new laughter as well as the memory of old. Waiting for us on our arrival was a copy of the Albion College newspaper, The Pleiad, which had reprinted excerpts from a series of newspaper columns I had never read, because, like most of my grandfather's journalism, they have never been published in book form. (He wrote seven columns a week from 1913 to 1917, while turning out "You Know Me Al," "Alibi Ike," "Gullible's Travels," "Champion" and dozens of other short stories.)

In January of 1916, under the title "Office Secrets," he offered his readers an inside look at the big-city newspapermen of The Chicago Tribune (who "lighten with their art the world's pain") and at the paper itself ("no common workshop, no mere tabernacle of the great god Gain"). The city editor was revealed as "a giant in stature, his fierce black eyebrows and untrained moustache making his appearance the more forbidding," who "stands, whip in hand, in the very center of the room, ready to spring in any direction at the slightest hint of mutiny," and the sports editor as "a small but wiry bundle of nerves" whose "desk is a veritable gymnasium, equipped with every imaginable kind of athletic paraphernalia," so that "when there is a moment's pause in the day's labor he is out of his chair in an instant swinging heavy Indian clubs, exercising with the pulley weight or boxing with one of his men."



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Ring Lardner, center, with his sons, from the left, Ring Jr., James, David and John, 1923.

My father read these passages aloud to an appreciative vanload of Lardners on the morning of March 6, as we embarked on a side trip to the town of Niles, where my grandfather had been born on the same date a century earlier and where his forebears had been reasonably solid citizens as far back as the 1830's. It was a fine, crisp day, and after the readings from The Pleiad, we filled up most of the travel time in quiet study of the rolling farmland on both sides of Route 60. But when we entered Niles, my father spoke up again. "Why don't we park here," he suggested, "and get out and start looking for roots?" It was the only comment anyone felt compelled to make on the Deeper Significance of the occasion.

As per instructions, we continued on to the Niles town museum to view a collection of photos, letters and newspaper clippings and a work of taxidermy called "the two-headed lamb," which, candor compels me to disclose, has probably drummed up more business for the Lardner memorabilia than vice versa. Then came a ceremonial lunch with Niles officialdom at the Pickwick Club, where the list of "Sam Weller's Favorites" included taco salad. No one can say that Niles has failed to move with the times. And then we were off to Trinity Episcopal Church, where my great-great-great-grandfather had once been the rector and my great-grandmother and great-aunt reigned as organists for a total of 101 years (the latter being rewarded, on her retirement in 1950 or so, with a tea party and $50).

We had been lured to the church by word that we would find the initials R.L. carved into the organ's base — this being one of the perquisites of a young organ pumper in my grandfather's day — and the promoters had not misled us. But the advertised attraction was overshadowed by the unadvertised presence of Caribel Schmidt Young, a white-haired woman who bounded forward, embraced my father (whom she had not met until that moment) and told him, "The last time I saw your father, I was on roller skates." Then came a sweep past my grandfather's boyhood home, identified by a historic marker across the street ("sportswriter, humorist, sardonic observer of the American scene"); a royal reception at the Niles public library; and a fleeting glimpse of an old barbershop that, according to local legend, inspired the story "Haircut." (We would have checked out the the barbershop further but for our fear of missing the centennial's opening ceremonies back in Albion. Some legends, on the other hand, are best not examined too closely.)

Niles had been a simple pleasure. On the return trip, I began to feel anxious. A crack team of scholars from the city of Litcritia, in the state of Academia, was going to have at my grandfather's remains with all the formidable tools of their trade. Having been to college myself, I fancied that I knew what English professors were capable of. So it was a huge relief to meet the no-nonsense group that had organized the event, and some of their invited guests.

J. Robert Higgs, a colorful Tennessean who was introduced as the author of a book called "God in the Stadium — Muscle in the Church," prefaced his attempt to apply Northrop Frye's theories to my grandfather's work with the confession that "Lardner would be absolutely appalled by this endeavor, and I'm not exactly enamored of it myself." Christian Messenger, a sports literature specialist at the University of Illinois, recalled how the story "I Can't Breathe" — about a girl juggling half a dozen boyfriends in the course of a two-week vacation — had made it "hard to be enthralled by Daisy Buchanan again."

RICHARD J. SHRADER, a 20's specialist at Boston College, complained of "a tendency to overplay Ring Lardner as an amanuensis, a mimic, a retailer of others' speech, which has obscured the distinctly non-oral shape of his stories" and explained that "True products of illiterate or semiliterate people, whether bards or letter writers, tend to go on shapelessly as long as there is tape in the folklorist's recorder or ink in the letter writer's pen."

I could go on. The only speaker who lived up to my fears of academics was not an academic at all but Jonathan Yardley, the book critic of The Washington Post, who wrote a fine biography, "Ring," a decade ago. At the opening-night banquet, Mr. Yardley undertook to assess my grandfather's literary stature, a subtle process that seemed to require only a cursory examination of Lardner but a prolonged one of Ellen Gilchrist, Peter Taylor, the Barthelme brothers and others too numerous to mention (although Mr. Yardley managed to). All of which led inexorably to the finding that Lardner was a "distinctly minor figure."

Not being an official literary weighing station, I'm not entirely clear on how one arrives at this sort of judgment. But Mr. Yardley's bottom line, I noted, was not so very different from what two earlier critics — also apparently repenting of more favorable opinions — said about my grandfather during his lifetime and shortly after. F. Scott Fitzgerald had championed his work with Maxwell Perkins and Scribners, and Ernest Hemingway had gone so far as to adopt the pseudonym Ring Lardner Jr. in the pages of a high school newspaper in Oak Park, Ill., but both later chastised him for prudery and a want of seriousness.

Now, these don't strike me as the worst charges ever leveled against a 20th-century author. So I was glad to hear my cousin Susan — during a panel discussion of "Lardner in American Literature" — boldly declare that she had never batted an eyelash at "the evidence of ancestral prudery, of which I am imbued with a share."

Continued on page 27

James Lardner is a staff writer for The New Yorker.

Not since THE FIRST DEADLY SIN has there appeared a psycho-drama that so surely pierces to the heart of our darkest fears and deepest emotions

JONATHAN KELLERMAN'S

WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS

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—Carol Brener, *Murder Ink*



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Book Review

March 31, 1985

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10 HOLLYWOOD ANDROGYNY. *By Rebecca Bell-Metereau.*

12 THE WAR DIARIES OF JEAN-PAUL SARTRE: November 1939/March 1940. *By Jean-Paul Sartre.*

16 THE WHOLE DUTY OF A WOMAN: Female Writers in Seventeenth Century England. *By Angeline Goreau.*



18 MARXISM: The Science of Society: An Introduction. *By Kenneth Neill Cameron.*
MARXISM: Philosophy and Economics. *By Thomas Sowell.*

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39 NOTED WITH PLEASURE.

present here, and even less of his sharp-edged wit. Although Mr. Buckley probably has not constructed a graceless sentence since he was in prep school, there isn't much energy here. "See You Later Alligator" is not full of sound and fury but, then again, it doesn't signify much either.

Perhaps Mr. Buckley needs a looser story line to show off his good moves. He is so busy setting the historical background of the missile crisis that he has little room for novelistic maneuver. Oakes spends nine months and some 100 pages chatting with Guevara, swimming nude in the ocean and making love to a Cuban apparatchik until one night she takes him to see the hidden missiles. At one point, Mr. Buckley gets so mired in his story the only way he can push the plot forward is to have the brilliant Blackford Oakes make a stupid security blunder. It is a fairly good indication that a spy story may be in trouble when the reader is smarter than the hero.

Mr. Buckley mixes fictional and historical characters with indifferent results. Having Mr. Buckley write dialogue for Jack Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev should have been fun but here the execution is lackluster. Guevara is the only one who comes off with any kind of vitality. A man with an interesting mind who chafes Oakes for his genteel manners in the face of revolution and gives his adversary all the debate he can handle,. Guevara is a well-drawn character whom one remembers even after the plot is forgotten. So Mr. Buckley knows how to do the job when he sets his mind to it. "See You Later Alligator," however, sometimes reads as if it had not always fully engaged the author's attention.

Which is not to say there are not some very good things in this novel. Mr. Buckley blows up an airplane as neatly as anything I have read in a long time and there is a crackerjack boat chase. The final scene, in which Oakes meets Guevara for the last time in Bolivia, when the string has run out for the troubled visionary, is touching and fine. But essentially these are grace notes in a routine story. This Oakes outing is a bit off form; but form counts a lot for Blackford Oakes and doubtless we shall see him in fitter fettle the next time. □

A Hero of Enormous Appetites

MACUNAIMA
By Mário de Andrade.
Translated by E. A. Goodland.
169 pp. New York:
Random House. $14.95.

By Alexander Coleman

THE Brazilian poet, essayist, musician and novelist Mário de Andrade (1893-1945) first published his verbal rhapsody called "Macunaíma" in São Paulo in 1928. This first printing was of some 800 copies, done at his own expense. He wrote the work in six days flat, a burst of poetic furor without much parallel in the history of Latin American letters. Eventually, in later editions, he added some bits and trimmed others, but the book still stands pretty much as he originally wrote it.

The book did not have an overwhelmingly positive reception; most readers were, and still are, perplexed by it. "Macunaíma" started as a secret, subversive artifact. Few readers could figure out what the author was up to and almost no one divined the structural unity behind the interwoven motifs. The work was just too much, too flamboyant, too obscene, too squalid, too indecorous — in the end, too foolish to be taken seriously. "Macunaíma" owed nothing to any literary tradition inside or outside Brazil, except that the old, accepted rhetoric appeared in parodic or satiric form. It did owe much to de Andrade's skittish perusal of anthropology, ethnology and folklore, particularly Theodor Koch-Grünberg's "Vom Roroima zum Orinoco," an exhaustive five-volume study of the legends of Venezuelan, Guianese and Northern Brazilian Indians, published in Berlin just after World War I.

• • •

"Macunaíma" is a fantasy done in a poet's prose, and in an artificial macaronic language of the author's own devising — classic Portuguese mixed with phrases from the blacks and Indians who were transforming the fossilized language of the mother country into an expressive national medium. "Macunaíma" is above all a vision of mythical Brazilian consciousness, a picaresque epic of birth, triumph, decline and death. It is a funky book, an ongoing outrage to literary decorum. In its cunning fusion of avant-garde technique and primitive sources, it reminds one of another kind of revolutionary music, written 15 years before, Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring."

This rhapsody, fable, or whatever it is, is only one example of the artistic insurgency that swept Brazil in the early 1920's, about which people outside that country still know precious little. The violence of the rupture with the past can be understood only if one remembers how stagnant the country's culture was at the time: Wagner was still the musician of the future, and Rodin, Cézanne, Matisse and Debussy were the laughing stock of solid Brazilian philistines, if they happened to have heard of such artists at all. The situation changed almost overnight, during the 1922 "Week of Modern Art" in São Paulo, a Dionysian celebration of people whose names have become representative of Brazilian culture — Heitor Villa-Lobos and Guiomar Novães, of course, but also a flock of painters, sculptors, poets and novelists, Afro-Brazilian dancers, folklorists and theoreticians still for the most part not known here.

The year 1928 brought Oswald de Andrade's "Man-Eater's Manifesto," celebrating with high revolutionary insouciance the devouring of a meaty Portuguese bishop by Brazilian Indians 374 years before. This manifesto, with its motto "Tupi or not Tupi, that is the question," honored the ancient tribe mightily feared by the early Portuguese settlers. Brazilian artists were urged to imitate in certain ways the liberating action of their indigenous forebears. Though Oswald and Mário de Andrade were in fact not related, they became symbols of Brazilian modernism, a new wave that created a national past into which Brazilian art could be born. There was a touch of chauvinism in the movement, but a keen critical intelligence guided it. It should be noted that the movement was also the triumph of one city over another in Brazil. As Mário de Andrade said in a letter to a friend, "You people in Rio de Janeiro will never forgive São Paulo for us having rung the liberty bell."

Macunaíma, the hero, is a figure without character, a collage of types in action. Like Whitman's democratic, epic personae, he is without psychology or nuance and seems to enjoy an eternal age, 20, wrinkles notwithstanding. De Andrade tried to make him not a representative of the Brazilian psyche but a simple "American." As Macunaíma moves from jungle to city and back, we gradually sense the underlying theme of the book: man versus the gods of the New World, the search for self against the protean transformations of the gods we thought were left behind but instead were found again as the adventure of the New World began.

The gods have innumerable forms, both social and anthropological, but the hero outwits them until his time is up; so the story repeats ever-widening variations of transformation within the inevitably unequal battle. Macunaíma himself has folk wit and cunning as his weapons. He can seduce willing sisters-in-law and outfox dullard brothers. If the sun goddess, Vei, offers him one of her three daughters he might not choose to accept. The ogre in the book is the devourer of men and possessor of the hero's lost talisman, the Peruvian immigrant Venceslau Pietro Pietra. The hero finally conquers this upstart by means of a hallucinatory inundation in a grand pot of pasta: "As he brushed aside pieces of macaroni sticking to his face, he rolled his eyes heavenward, licked his mustache and with his last breath spluttered, 'Not enough cheese!' " After more stunningly visualized trials, Macunaíma dies and flies to heaven as a member of the Great Bear constellation. The most intriguing sections are the hallucinatory black magic scenes of chapter seven and the hero's "Letter to the Amazons," which has gained a canonical place in Brazilian literature as the most subversive parody of Portuguese classicism.

E. A. GOODLAND'S translation brings the language across with descriptive passages of considerable eloquence. However, he cannot make Mário de Andrade's folk speak in English as they should. "Fiddlesticks," "hell's bells," "gosh," and "high dudgeon" have no place in contemporary translation, and there are places where he lapses into the language of Sir Walter Scott, which has nothing at all to do with de Andrade's wild experimental work. Nonetheless, I am almost ready to forgive anything from Mr. Goodland, who has obviously taken pains to bring such a nutty and happily unserious exercise into English. □



Brothers of Three Colors

Macunaíma caught sight of . . . a hollow the shape of a giant's footprint, full of water. . . . The hero, squealing because the water was so cold, washed himself all over. But this water was magic water, for the hollow was St. Thomas' footprint. . . . When the hero had finished his bath he was white-skinned, blue-eyed and fair-haired; the holy water had washed away all his blackness. . . . As soon as Jiguê saw this miracle he sprang into St. Thomas' footprint. But by this time the water was very dirty from the hero's ivory blackness, so . . . [Jiguê] was left the color of freshly minted bronze. . . .

Then Maanape went to wash, but Jiguê had splashed all the water out of the pool . . . so that Maanape could wet only the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet. That's why he remained black like a good son of the Tapanhuma tribe. . . .The three brothers made a superb picture . . . one fair, one red-skinned, one black. All the denizens of the forest looked at them in amazement.

—From "Macunaíma.

Alexander Coleman is a professor of Spanish and Portuguese literature at New York University.

March 3, '85

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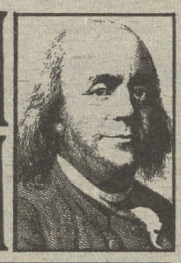
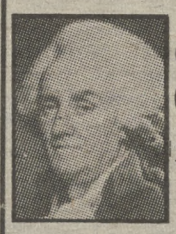
A LITTLE REVENGE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN





& HIS SON

WILLARD RANDALL

Notes, bibliography, index.

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His Carnal Itch

EXPERIMENT IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
Discoveries and Conclusions of a Very Ordinary Brain (Since 1866).
By H. G. Wells.
With drawings by the author.
718 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.
$29.95.

H. G. WELLS IN LOVE
Postscript to an Experiment in Autobiography.
By H. G. Wells.
Edited by G. P. Wells.
Illustrated. 253 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.
$16.95.

By Samuel Hynes

WHEN H. G. Wells first published his "Experiment in Autobiography," in 1934, he was in his mid-60's and could look back with gratification and without apparent remorse to a lively, often scandalous and still continuing sex life that spanned nearly half a century. Yet the "Experiment" deals with his sexual history only up to the turn of the century, when he had settled into the stable second marriage that would last until his wife's death, in 1927, and into a series of extramarital affairs that would go on, it seemed, forever.

Wells's reason for omitting these later adventures from his story was not, as one might think, a widower's desire to preserve the fiction of a long and happy marriage; he simply believed that by 1900 sex had ceased to be the primary shaper of his life. By then he had become the Wells we know — the polymath, prophet and planner of the "World State." Henceforth the theme that mattered would be the history of his brain.

But though Wells didn't record his later sex life in the "Experiment," he acknowledged that sex was still important. "I suspect," he wrote there, "that the sexual system should be at least the second theme, when it is not the first, in every autobiography, honestly and fully told," and before long he was back at his desk, writing on that second theme. What he wrote could not be published until all the former mistresses had died. Apparently those women are all dead now, and so the postscript appears, titled, rather unfortunately, "H. G. Wells in Love."

Unfortunately, because it is not, or not primarily, about the occasions when Wells was by his own account in love. "In all my life," he writes, "I think I have really loved only three women steadfastly: my first wife, my second wife and Moura Budberg." Of these three, his first wife gets no attention at all, and the second appears only in the role of a woman of incredible tolerance and little sexuality. Wells can't decide about Rebecca West — perhaps he was in love with her toward the end of their liaison. Of the other great disturber of his middle years, Amber Reeves, he says only that she stirred his passions. As for the others (and they were many), "all these women I have kissed, solicited, embraced and lived with, have never entered intimately and deeply into my emotional life."

The book as it comes to us is untidy and incomplete. It begins with a eulogy to his second wife and ends in a string of gloomy diary entries from the early years of World War II, most of them not about sex. But everything else is about sex, in one way or another: either about Wells's love affairs or about his theories of love and sex.

The latter passages center on "the Lover-Shadow," a Platonic other that the self (or, to use Wells's term, the persona) goes through life seeking and approximating in lover after lover but never finding. "The *persona* and the Lover-Shadow," Wells explains in a revealing passage, "are ... the hero and heroine of the individual drama most of us make of our lives."

True enough, one might say: if you choose to see your life as a drama, as Wells did, you will have to turn yourself and your lovers into hero and heroines (or heroine and heroes). On the other hand, if you are content to accept your life as the undramatic mess most lives are, you'll feel no need for such dramatic personae. But then you probably won't write an autobiography.

IN spite of Wells's theory, there is no hero in his story. The narrative defeats his efforts at self-dramatization and self-justification. There are, however, a number of heroines — his wife, who managed to maintain her dignity under such humiliating circumstances; Rebecca West, who not only survived a furtive decade as his mistress but went on to write better than he did; Elizabeth von Arnim, who dismissed him as "only half a lover" and went off to marry an earl; and Moura Budberg, the strange Russian exile who refused to marry him or even be faithful to him and forced him to accept her on her terms. In their different ways, they all survived his hungry ego, and that no doubt is why at the end of his life he returned to brood over their — to him — unsatisfactory individuality.

The notion of the Lover-

Samuel Hynes teaches English at Princeton University.

The Flight Deck

Continued from page 9

have been government-owned or subsidized. The Soviet Union boycotted the conference held in Chicago in 1944 to establish a structure for postwar aviation, and Britain, the number one ally of the United States, thwarted the Roosevelt Administration's proposals for "open skies" and free competition on international airways. Subsequently, routes were negotiated in bilateral treaties between governments. Fares were set by the International Air Transport Association (I.A.T.A.), a trade group identified by Mr. Sampson in "The New Europeans" as "one of the most hated cartels in the world."

"Empires of the Sky" is about the contest between cartels and competitive forces in the airline industry and the clash of consumer pressures against the rock of government protectionism. With a fine appreciation for comic irony, Mr. Sampson registers dismay at the political and social consequences of economic nationalism exerted on a global scale through the airlines. He believes that cartels have fragmented Europe, negating idealistic dreams that the airplane would erase borders. Airline pooling operations with set frequencies and fares have made it more expensive to fly from London to Rome, for example, than across the Atlantic, a distance three times greater.

Franklin D. Roosevelt and succeeding Presidents rejected the "chosen instrument" approach, preferring to have several United States airlines competing internationally. Juan Trippe, the founder of Pan Am and an obsessive monopolist, warned that these airlines would be at a disadvantage competing not only against one another but against a multitude of single flag-carriers from other nations.

During the last 40 years, America's commanding share of international traffic has dwindled. Moreover, the White House has traded landing rights for diplomatic favors — such as support in the United Nations from a third world country that, coincidentally, was buying American-made jets under more lenient credit terms from the Export-Import Bank than United States airlines could obtain.

After airline deregulation was enacted in 1978, the quid pro quo for foreign airlines became entry to cities in the Midwest and the Sun Belt for promises to accept competitive pricing. Major beneficiaries of deregulation turned out to be foreign airlines such as KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, the privately operated and consistently



profitable Dutch carrier that gained access to the booming Atlanta market.

"In writing this book I owe most thanks to my IBM Personal Computer and the Wordstar word-processing programme," Mr. Sampson declares in his introduction, paying tribute to the tools that are supposed to guarantee freelance writers increased output and income. Regrettably, the flavor of a processed product deprives "Empires of the Sky" of the authority found in Mr. Sampson's "Sovereign State of ITT" and "Seven Sisters." Attempting to follow his proven recipe for exposing the inner workings of multinational businesses, he has extracted his telling anecdotes, thumbnail sketches of eccentric pioneers and tales of espionage aloft from previously published biographies, duly credited. He has spiced this warmed-over material with quotations from interviews with industry veterans, some in their dotage. In haste to process his words, he seldom pauses to evaluate these veterans' self-serving, sometimes erroneous statements.

Mr. Sampson is at his best when he writes from first-hand observation, as in his descriptions of the jumbo culture (he likens the mammoth jets to slave galleys) and the political underpinnings of the industry. His skimpy attention to financial legerdemain weakens a book about a business in which creative accounting is as significant as marketing razzle-dazzle.

The world airlines are not "technically close to being bankrupt," as he maintains. After four years of losses mainly attributable to high interest charges, the industry posted an estimated $800 million net profit in 1984, with rosier prospects ahead, barring another recession or an unlikely rise in fuel prices.

Mr. Sampson acknowledges that United States deregulators have made a chink in the armor of the European cartel. The first bargain air fare has been set between Britain and the Netherlands, and other discounts are in the offing. British Airways, one of the most rigid of nationalized airlines, is being turned into a private company. In Asia, the growth region for air travel and the future battleground for airline entrepreneurs from east and west, numerous competitors on busy routes have undermined fare schedules set in I.A.T.A. conferences.



PETER ELWELL

But as long as governments treat air transport carriers as commercial and political surrogates (as in the shooting down of the Korean jetliner over Soviet territory), can the international skies ever be considered domains of free enterprise? Mr. Sampson cannot be faulted for his skepticism. □

Heroic Surgery, Heroic Patient

LISA H.
The True Story of an Extraordinary and Courageous Woman.
By Richard Severo.
180 pp. New York: Harper & Row. $13.95.

By Eric W. Schrier

SOME people go to great lengths to be noticed. They wear floppy hats and roller skate to work. If they succeed, no one can call them normal, average or ordinary. Lisa H. (the pseudonym of a young woman with an unforgiving genetic disorder that recast her face in a mass of tumors) went to great lengths to be ordinary. To her, success would be measured by how easily she could get lost in a crowd.

Lisa's deformity was not the kind most people were willing to overlook, as much as she tried to let them. So Lisa took what life offered and waited for her chance.

It came when she was 21. Eleven previous operations had failed to help her, but if Lisa wanted, she could gamble her life on one more — an unprecedented surgical nightmare with a very uncertain outcome. Along the way, she would have to give up an eye that had swollen to three times its normal size and risk severed nerves that could leave her with an expressionless face. It was radical and ambitious surgery, but it was what Lisa wanted. She had finally found a plastic surgeon willing to take this chance with her.

Thanks to Richard Severo, a New York Times reporter, we are with Lisa, too. We are there one Halloween night when a neighbor points at her and says to his son, *"Look at that scary mask."* We are with her, ever so tentatively, at her junior prom. We hear the surgeons calmly describe the risks to her, and we edge closer to the operating table when they take them. And then we wait with her for the results.

The disorder that afflicts Lisa is neurofibromatosis. Often the symptoms are barely noticeable, but they can be savagely disfiguring, as they were for Joseph Merrick, known as the Elephant Man, and for Lisa a century later. In fact, Lisa's was the worst case of neurofibromatosis of the face on record: "There was so much tumor that the weight of it had pulled the skin on her face downward, so that the openings for her eyes had dropped, making it hard to see much of her eyes. It was as though her face had been cast in wax as the theater's traditional mask of tragedy, then worsened, as if the wax were melting from fierce fire, pulling her eyes downward, pulling her mouth downward, burying her eyes and her mouth in tumor."

Always graphic but never sensational, Mr. Severo is at his best in a medical setting, whether he's recounting the private conversations of doctor and patient or reconstructing the controlled fury of an eight-hour operation. He is obviously at home explaining the relevant medical concepts, such as why there is a limit to the number of transfusions during a given surgery (Lisa needed 35 pints of blood) or why the anesthesiologist decided to administer atropine. Much of the book's drama is derived from Mr. Severo's refreshing ability to convey what confronts Lisa and the surgeons in the operating room of the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia.

It is also refreshing to discover the doctor as hero again. With one exception, Lisa's doctors are the honest, skilled and compassionate professionals Hippocrates always wanted them to be. By the time we walk into the operating room with the surgical team, Mr. Severo has made us comfortable with them. And then, through his incisive account, we watch them work.

To get to the surgery, though, you must traverse the middle of "Lisa H." It is not that it's such slow going, it just feels that way because Mr. Severo has so effectively made us anxious about the operation, and we want to get on with it. But it is only right that we must first watch Lisa endure her tormentors, the "Turkeys" as she called them. Fortunately, for every bus driver who whispers to Lisa, "You are the ugliest thing I have ever seen in my life," there is an innocent child who unknowingly supports her. Told by his second-grade teacher to make believe Lisa is lost and the police need a description, a classmate describes her as having brown hair, hazel eyes and a certain height. And that's all. It is also in this part of the book that we come to appreciate how much of Lisa's strength is built on the love of her mother and three older sisters.

Mr. Severo never pretends to be completely detached from his subject, but his feelings are not particularly intrusive. Sometimes he annoyingly shows up in scenes where we're already conscious of his presence because of his account's intimacy. He inexplicably reminds us he's at the operation, for example, in what amounts to a complaint that he could use a better view.

HIS most bewildering entrance, however, occurs early on, when he finds out that people ridicule Lisa: "I had been taught not to stare nor to take delight in someone else's misery. That lesson was so basic, so easy to learn, that I had assumed, foolishly, that almost everybody else in the world had been taught the same lesson." He soon follows that with: "I felt myself losing my reportorial objectivity, fighting the suggestion that something I had regarded as almost mythic that had happened in the shadows of London streets a century before could happen now." Foolishly or not, it's difficult to comprehend how an intelligent reporter could have held on to such a naïve, wide-eyed view of the human species. There always has been, and there always will be, a lot of turkeys out there.

Not that everyone is necessarily a turkey for life, which is why books like this occasionally nudge humanity in the right direction.

In a recent episode of the television series "St. Elsewhere," a woman with neurofibromatosis enters the hospital for radical surgery. Her deformity is not nearly as severe as Lisa's, but all the other characteristics of her case and the operation are hauntingly familiar. At a meeting before the operation, one of the doctors, looking at a picture of the woman, says, "This girl has really been dipped in the ugly pond." There is silence, and then he turns to the doctor seated next to him and says, "I heard myself saying it and I just couldn't stop." If he had read "Lisa H.," I'm sure he would have. □

Eric W. Schrier, a co-founding editor of Science 85 magazine, is its managing editor.

What She Was Silent About

VIRGINIA WOOLF
A Writer's Life.
By Lyndall Gordon.
Illustrated. 341 pp. New York:
W. W. Norton & Company. $17.95.

By Carolyn Heilbrun

AS Lyndall Gordon well knows, no writer's life has been so fully documented as Virginia Woolf's. Woolf left 4,000 letters and 30 volumes of a diary, "yet the woman writing remains elusive." Between those who have already had too much of Woolf (they rarely complain of having too much of Joyce, Yeats or T. S. Eliot) and those who recognize that she created her own life like a novel and that we shall not soon be done with interpreting it, there yawns an abyss.

It is likely that Mrs. Gordon, with her radical views on biography and her conservative views on marriage, will have done as much as anyone to bridge it. Mrs. Gordon's views on biography are radical in their refusal to find in the usual documentation the major events of a writer's life — she understands that profound events take place beyond record and are only later reflected in the creative act of fiction. Her insistence that a marriage central to a woman's life cannot include other loves and must fit the portrait of marriage prescribed by religion and custom is conservative. A South African by birth with a doctorate from Columbia University who teaches at Oxford, Mrs. Gordon has given us a "writer's life" that is measured, and brave in its imaginative interpretations.

Biographies are fictions we contrive about lives we find meaningful. Facts are interpretable, and become available to the biographer with a certain randomness: the significance of unknown "facts" can scarcely be determined. Mrs. Gordon notes that it is not external, recorded events that mark the significant moments in a writer's life, but rather what she calls turning points, internal illuminations. She identifies these turning points in Woolf's life. They were: "1892 when a ten-year old child spied the monumental characters of her parents; 1897 [two years after their mother's death] when the sisters learnt to walk alone; 1905 when the young woman tramped out the unorthodox form of her novels; 1907-8 when she discovered the uses of memory; 1912-15 when she set up her private life against all marital and mental odds; the fertile spring of 1925 [when she was planning "To the Lighthouse"]; the 'fin' of 1926; and the 'soul's change' of 1932."

The 'fin' of 1926, what Woolf called "my vision of a fin rising on a wide blank sea," marked her new conception of fiction. As she herself wrote of this vision: "No biographer could possibly guess this important fact about my life in the late summer of 1926; yet biographers pretend they know people." Her "soul's change of 1932" was her decision to write with a public rather than a private voice. At the age of 50 she had become a feminist, a reformer and a questioner of the abuses of power. As Mrs. Gordon demonstrates, Woolf "wished to expose a woman's point of view and called the autumn of 1932 'a great season of liberation.'" She had ceased to dread male condemnation.

Mrs. Gordon identifies as the three most significant elements in Woolf's life her marriage to Leonard, her devotion to the dead ("ghostly voices . . . more real for her than were the people who lived by her side") and her "move away from the self-conscious superiority of modern writers towards the lives of the obscure, particularly the lives of women." Mrs. Gordon's thesis that the dead claimed Woolf more than the living, that she may even have died to join them, necessitates her finding all of Woolf's work essentially autobiographical — the recapturing of youthful ghosts.

Mrs. Gordon understands that Woolf was, like all women, trained to silence, that "the unlovable woman was always the woman who used words to effect. She was caricatured as a tattle, a scold, a shrew, a witch." Women felt "the pressure to relinquish language, and 'nice' women were quiet. Mrs. Ramsay smiles at her husband silently." Finally, Mrs. Gordon refuses to use absurd simplifications like "madness," "sanity," and "frigidity." As she wrote in an essay on Woolf and T. S. Eliot, "the greater the woman, the less possible it is to slot her feelings, thoughts and relationships into fixed categories."

Probably Mrs. Gordon's comparison between Woolf and Eliot, about whom she has written the brilliant "Eliot's Early Years," has led her into a certain conservatism that renders this book mildly idiosyncratic. She may well be correct in seeing Woolf's marriage as central to her life. There has been a recent tendency in Woolf studies to bury or condemn Leonard rather than to praise him. Yet if the Woolfs' marriage was, as I agree, necessary to her survival, this was not, as Mrs. Gordon would have it, because it was in any sense conventional. It did not begin in romance, was not celebrated by ceremony or reception and would not, in its personal details, have suited the marital ideals of T. S. Eliot or the Archbishop of Canterbury. A rare marriage, it allowed two unusual people to lead, with the fewest impediments and the largest opportunities, their chosen lives. It is a remarkable fact how few women in lasting marriages have recorded anything about them. The role of the nurturing husband has been one of the better-kept secrets. There is surely no female experience of which so little truth has been told as that of a woman in an "equal" marriage.

Mrs. Gordon's emphasis on the centrality of Woolf's marriage is important, therefore, but does raise problems. She simultaneously admits that Woolf wrote little about Leonard Woolf ("If I dared I would investigate my own sensations with regard to him, but out of . . . I don't know what reticence — refrain. I who am not reticent") and yet, despite her admission that the diary almost never explores Woolf's attitude to her husband, Mrs. Gordon claims to understand the marriage's success. She doubts the view, now generally accepted, that there was no sex in the marriage — this is a daring guess. Mrs. Gordon adds that in the marital exchanges of Leonard and Virginia "there is not one note of tepid compromise." But a marriage without the occasional "tepid compromise" would be shattered in a year.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Gordon's emphasis on the marriage leads her into surprisingly tasteless abuse of Vita Sackville-West and a gross underestimation of Woolf's love of women. One might have expected more of Mrs. Gordon than to dismiss Sackville-West as a "promiscuous Sapphist," to find "Orlando" frothy and tricksy because it is "about" Vita, and three times to characterize Woolf's letters to her as insincere.

Mrs. Gordon presents a carefully reasoned, illuminating reading of "The Waves." She compares it with "To the Lighthouse," that recapturing of a family in a certain place at a certain time that Mrs. Gordon calls historical time. "The Waves," on the other hand, looks at lives from the perspective of what Mrs. Gordon calls eternal time: the creation, endurance, triumph and ultimate return to the ocean of lives anywhere, anytime.

Mrs. Gordon understands that Woolf's womanhood was central to her creative life, but shies away from recognizing Woolf as a revolutionary feminist, one who, to the dismay of many, saw connections between fascism and the treatment of women, between war and male hegemony. Surely what Mrs. Gordon calls Woolf's "feminist polemic" was more than "an attempt to rewrite rather than discard the Victorian model of womanhood." And Mrs. Gordon compares Woolf and Eliot on the silence of women without discerning that for Eliot silence in women was a male necessity.

THIS highly original biography will help to direct future Woolf criticism away from both the derision common among British critics and the ponderous oversights so frequently produced by American male historians of modern literature. Unfortunately, Mrs. Gordon bears out the observation in Alison Lurie's novel "Foreign Affairs" that British intellectuals "have little respect for American critical opinion." She is noticeably ungenerous to those American scholars whose work enabled and often preceded her own. She lists (only to dismiss) many editions and interpretations of Woolf in her bibliography, suggesting that scholars like Brenda Silver, Mitchell A. Leaska, and Louise DeSalvo have impeded rather than advanced her work. Only British writers on Woolf are treated with respect. She makes the extraordinary statement that the "most sensitive critical assessments of the essentials of Woolf's career" come from two reviews, one by Rosemary Dinnage, and the other by John Mepham, both published in Britain. Other studies are dismissed as "too laborious or partisan." She implies that one can read a huge body of material, mainly by Americans, only to scorn and dismiss it. I should think that she has inevitably learned much from what she read. It simply will not do to claim all this as virgin territory.

Her book's most glaring defect is the notes, which seem to have been designed, like the cancer warning on cigarette packages, to be disdained. References are virtually impossible to find, since they are not numbered, nor is there a list of works cited: to track down a source requires the skill and fortitude of a private eye. Mrs. Gordon is far too fine a scholar to have permitted or encouraged such shameful documentation.

Virginia Woolf is beginning to be seen, in academic circles, as the central modern figure she is: the masculinist bias of English departments, which has led to the elevation of Joyce as the pre-eminent modern figure may soon begin to abate. Mrs. Gordon's measured acount of "a writer's life," coming as it does from Britain, should do much to place Woolf where she belongs, at the heart of the canon of what Hugh Kenner mistakenly calls "the Pound Era." But, more than that, Lyndall Gordon has given us in this work what is essential to the biography of any writer: an analysis of those experiences about which they were silent. We come away with the sense that, muted by centuries of training, women writers especially have found that when they attempted truthfully to record their own lives, language failed. □



Virginia Woolf in her mother's Victorian gown, 1926. From "Virginia Woolf."

Carolyn Heilbrun is a professor of English literature at Columbia University.

Changes" is ultimately a muted and rather tame story of a girl's growing up that fails to examine the promising background material it introduces. —*Alan Gelb*

•

SO LONG, AND THANKS FOR ALL THE FISH. By Douglas Adams. (Harmony Books, $12.95.) There are perhaps some readers who would find it quite witty that this work is described as "The *Fourth* Book in the Hitchhiker's Trilogy." This sort of archness-cum-insult repeats itself ad nauseam in Douglas Adams's sequel to "The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy," "The Restaurant at the End of the Universe" and "Life, the Universe and Everything" — books that earned both respectable reviews and a cult following among science fiction and fantasy readers. "So Long, and Thanks for All the Fish" is a self-conscious celebration of whimsy, written in a telegraphic style where paragraphs often consist of single short sentences reminiscent of comic-book captions, and repetition and listings are frequently used for no apparent reason other than to fill out the impoverished narrative. Surprisingly, for the author is clearly aiming to write a book that breaks with traditions, the plot underlying all the nonsense consists of the namby-pamby formula of boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy finds girl. Arthur Dent, a space traveler, begins his search for true love after he returns to earth to find that it hasn't really been blown up to make way for a hyperspace bypass as he had thought. Some humanitarian dolphins, it seems, saved the day. In this novel Mr. Adams is not only frequently careless in his use of words, but his intended humor is also carelessly cruel: "As it chanced, the following day the driver of the Cortina went into the hospital to have his appendix out, only due to a rather amusing mix-up the surgeon removed his leg." We were not amused. —*Barbara Tritel*

NONFICTION

THE RAGE WITHIN: Anger in Modern Life. By Willard Gaylin. (Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) Our city streets are often described as a jungle. But are they really, and should our responses continue to be those that helped our primitive forebears survive? According to Dr. Willard Gaylin, a psychoanalyst and the author of "Feelings" and "The Killing of Bonnie Garland," the biologically programmed rage that enabled our ancestors to defend themselves against aggressors has been rendered obsolete by modern life. Today, he writes, "danger is more likely to fall out of an envelope than to jump out of a bush." Our modern lions and tigers — humiliation, frustration, the withdrawal of love — are not threats to our survival but assaults on our dignity. Dr. Gaylin rejects the "current cult of catharsis . . . the overvaluation of direct and overt expression of anger" and criticizes psychoanalysts and behaviorists for abandoning the study of our emotions to purveyors of self-help. He suggests that, just as we have made strides in reducing infant mortality and curing infectious diseases, we may eventually have to "redesign ourselves" — through pharmacology or genetics — to exclude our rage response. In the meantime, he calls on social scientists to turn their attention to problems that fuel our anger — racism, sexism, street violence, the family's deterioration. He is concerned that we are witnessing the erosion of important restraining sensibilities like empathy and shame. "The Rage Within" is an eloquent warning against the gradual coarsening and brutalization of our natures, a process that could "destroy the compassion and undermine the identity which serve group survival." —*Brett Harvey*

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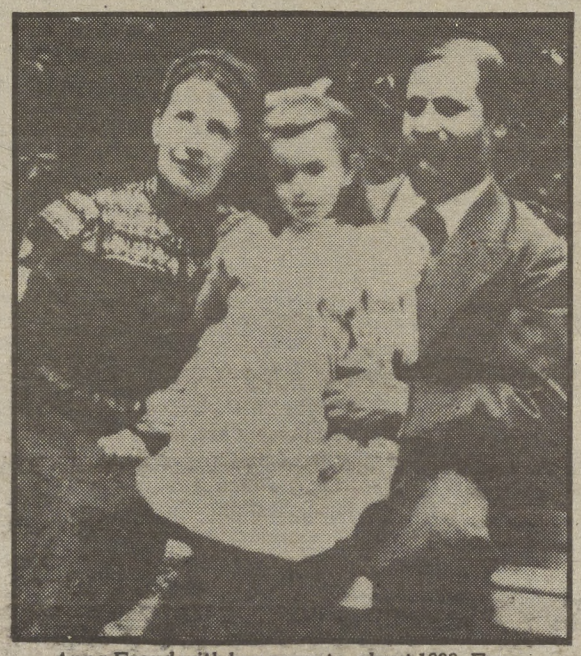
ANNA FREUD: A Life Dedicated to Children. By Uwe Henrik Peters. (Schocken, $24.95.) This biography of Sigmund Freud's daughter, Anna, was published in Germany in 1979 and is rendered here in stilted English. "Anna Freud" draws mostly on familiar sources and offers no dramatic disclosures. Uwe Henrik Peters, a professor of psychiatry and neurology at the University of Cologne, offers a respectful portrait of Anna Freud and argues, perhaps a bit obsessively, that she should be recognized as an innovative contributor to psychoanalysis. His portrait of her goes beyond her public image as a forbidding, duty-inspired woman, carefully guarding her father's legacy. Dr. Peters does venture some interpretations of her character, but they seem shallow and



Anna Freud with her parents, about 1898. From "Anna Freud."

forced. For instance, to cast light on her seeming selflessness, reticence and lack of ambition, he invokes the concept of altruistic surrender, a defense mechanism introduced by Anna Freud herself. Dr. Peters succeeds, however, in chronicling her personal and professional life. A thin but nonetheless textured characterization of *fin-de-siècle* Vienna sets the stage for a recounting of her close ties to her father and colorful sketches of her many prominent mentors, colleagues and friends. We see her evolve into a powerful voice in the inner circle of psychoanalysis and become the founder of child psychoanalysis. Her humanitarian clinical work with traumatized children in war-scarred London is movingly described. Some readers may find the descriptions of her many professional activities and lecture tours tedious, but Dr. Peters conveys her major ideas along the way.
—*Leo Goldberger*

•

FATHERS PLAYING CATCH WITH SONS: Essays on Sport (Mostly Baseball). By Donald Hall. (North Point, Paper, $13.50.) Always leave it to the poetic mind to make us aware of the boundaries of our sensibility. Donald Hall, a distinguished poet and critic, does just this in "Fathers Playing Catch With Sons." His essays vary in tone and mood, but all are concerned with the metaphors that sport provides through tradition and seasonal ritual. There are seven essays about baseball, five others on basketball, football and Ping-Pong, and two poems about baseball. The title essay is a warm, humorous account of his brief stay at the Pittsburgh Pirates' spring training camp in the early 1970's. On a freelance assignment, he was an observer and out-of-shape participant. It also reveals a part of Mr. Hall's adolescence that is preserved and refracted through an adult mind. His love for the sport gives him relaxation from his craft and a place where "the child [in him] can walk." The most notable essay is a reprint of the first chapter of Mr. Hall's book "Dock Ellis in the Country of Baseball" that can stand alone as a profile of the former Pirates pitcher. It lends substance to what otherwise would be a tenuous collection. Another essay, "Proseball: Sports, Stories, and Style," is an appreciation of baseball writing in which Mr. Hall evaluates some of the best writers of the genre. In "Baseball and the Meaning of Life," he becomes philosophical to show how baseball bridges the generations. Yet all the time, he reminds us that while baseball is a diversion for the fans, it is a serious business for the players and the owners. Mr. Hall's performance here assures us that, in his prose about sport as well as in his poetry, metaphor remains alive and well. —*Bert Atkinson*

•

THE MAKING OF A MOONIE: Choice or Brainwashing? By Eileen Barker. (Basil Blackwell, $19.95.) Does the decision to join the Unification Church of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon primarily involve free choice or brainwashing? In an effort to find out, Eileen Barker, a British sociologist, persuaded the Unification Church in Britain to allow her to study it. In addition to gathering information through interviews and observations as a participant at church workshops, she orchestrated herculean questionnaire campaigns (40-page interrogations were administered to the church's British membership, some 1,000 guests at church workshops, church members in Europe and North America and to a control group). Mrs. Barker's conclusions will not win her friends among those who hold that cult conversion is largely a result of mind manipulation. She argues that the church's workshops can't be all that manipulative or even persuasive because most of those who attend them do not join. The crucial factor in conversion, she says, is a potential recruit's particular predispositions and experiences. Thus we are left with a consumer theory of cult conversion, largely ignoring the manipulative character of the conversion process. Mrs. Barker dismisses the mind-control theory of cult induction, but her arguments are not convincing. She narrowly defines cult mind control and does not cite the thesis's arguments. Still, this is an important book, with a mountain of relevant data, and it tackles many topics (the characteristics that render a person susceptible to the Unification Church's approach, for example) ignored by other researchers. It is sure to foster controversy and more inquiry into the dynamics of cult conversion.
—*Steve Kemperman*

•

H. L. MENCKEN AND THE DEBUNKERS. By Edward A. Martin. (University of Georgia, $22.50.) For Edward A. Martin, humor is a deadly serious matter. It was also a serious business for his subjects — the satirists, parodists and sometimes just plain comics known as the debunkers, whose self-appointed task it was to reform the philistinism of the provinces, the know-nothing estheticism of bohemia and the sentimentality of much humanitarian zeal in the post-World War I period. Their tool was iconoclastic and sometimes perverse celebration of language, and one thinks they had fun. Mr. Martin's method — in delving the roots of their rage and locating the sensibility that made them in the main shrewd assessors, not radical analysts — is psychosocial criticism. The Baltimore journalist who is the centerpiece of "H. L. Mencken and the Debunkers," Sinclair Lewis, Don Marquis, Ring Lardner, Nathanael West and other lesser members of the clan share, Mr. Martin tells us, "double perspectives" — "They criticized and ridiculed what they loved." (There are plenty of passing allusions to little magazines, to the radical shift of the role of women, to Swift, Twain, Shaw, Darwin and Nietzsche, though not to Bergson.) It would be nice if there were more of the debunkers' voices. Mr. Martin, the chairman of the Department of English at Middlebury College in Vermont, tends to say the same thing over again only slightly differently each time, a trait that makes his book's 251 pages seem longer than that. —*Caroline Rand Herron*

•

UNION POWER AND NEW YORK: Victor Gotbaum and District Council 37. By Jewel Bellush and Bernard Bellush. (Praeger, Cloth, $33.95. Paper, $14.95.) During the last two decades, Victor Gotbaum, a shrewd and articulate labor leader, has guided an unusual public employee union — District Council 37 — that has linked bread-and-butter unionism to social advocacy and service to its members. The council, representing more than 100,000 New York City employees, has expanded its role far beyond contract negotiations and has blazed new trails in providing innovative programs and in opening the way for improved career opportunities. In "Union Power and New York" Jewel Bellush, a professor of political science at Hunter College, and Bernard Bellush, a professor of history at City College, describe these achievements and the struggles to accomplish them. They chronicle the drama and turmoil of the union's early years, when the late Jerry Wurf battled to organize city workers. Then they tell how Mr. Gotbaum took over and built the union into a thriving and influential organization. Although jealous of the right to strike, Mr. Gotbaum and other union leaders basically favor the use of other methods of resolving disputes. In fact, Mr. Gotbaum played a key role in devising new procedures for settling collective-bargaining impasses. Unfortunately, the authors do not portray Victor Gotbaum the man and personality as vividly as one might wish. But their well-documented account of the city's fiscal crisis in the mid-1970's and the way in which Mr. Gotbaum and other union leaders helped the city avert bankruptcy is of particular note. The union's role in the crisis was evidence indeed of labor's maturity and social responsibility. —*Damon Stetson*

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The Life We Live And the Life We Write

By Erica Jong

WHERE does autobiography end and fiction begin? Best seller lists and publishers' catalogues assume we know the answer to this question, as they assume there is a clear-cut difference between fiction and nonfiction. Many writers are not so sure. The strongest and most passionate writing always comes out of our own experiences and obsessions — but how we transform these obsessions depends on the writer, or even on the writer's mood, at a given point in time. In some ways, I knew my 18th-century historical novel, "Fanny: being the True History of the Adventures of Fanny Hackabout-Jones" to be a truer spiritual autobiography than my other novels, "Fear of Flying" or "How to Save Your Own Life" or even my most recent, "Parachutes and Kisses." In seeking to devise a historical fable for myself, I was forced to reveal my own obsessions to myself in a very distilled way. But to most readers, the more a book resembles the outer structure of an author's life, the more "autobiographical" it will be presumed to be. That there is autobiography within fiction and fiction within autobiography comes as no surprise to the author or reader who knows exactly what Gustave Flaubert meant when he said: "Madame Bovary, c'est moi."

But what of those "slide forms" — autobiographies that slide into fiction and fiction that slides into autobiography? In E. E. Cummings's classic novel of World War I, "The Enormous Room," the author writes as "I," identifies that "I" as Edward Estlin Cummings, even includes sketches from his own notebooks, and yet the shapeliness of the book, the sense of a beginning, middle and end, lead us to think of it as a "novel."

On the other hand, in a book like Renata Adler's novel "Pitch Dark," the fragmentary nature of the narrative makes us sense that we are reading thinly disguised autobiography even though the characters' names are fictionalized. Elizabeth Hardwick's "Sleepless Nights" also comes to mind as a "novel" that has the feel of a memoir (though reading its exquisite prose we wonder at the huge, looming absence at the center of the book, an absence that inevitably evokes the silhouette of her husband Robert Lowell, whose "confessional" poems echo through our brains even as we read Miss Hardwick's novel.)

A puzzlement. Are Henry Miller's "Tropic of Cancer" and "Tropic of Capricorn" autobiographies or novels? I vote for calling them novels since, according to their author, they are full of inventions and exaggerations (even though the protagonist is called "Henry"). A lawyer (or the plaintiff in the libel suit) may care whether names and physical descriptions are changed to conceal the actual identity of persons and places, but to the author, the novel-biography problem rests on something different. Does the book have a shapeliness that distinguishes it from the anarchy of life? Does it seek to present a fable that distills the author's intentions? "Portnoy's Complaint" and "The Ghost Writer" are clearly novels — however much they may draw on certain elements of Philip Roth's own history. Whereas Mr. Roth's "My Life as a Man" is, to my mind, a slide form — part novel, part autobiography, mirroring in its very structure (a book within a book) the chaos of life.

This is said with no disparagement whatever. Some of my favorite books — Doris Lessing's "Golden Notebook," Marcel Proust's "Remembrance of Things Past," Colette's " Vagabond," and James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" — are clearly slide forms. In fact, part of their fascination comes from the sliding. The reader knows that one of the very themes of such books is the difficulty of capturing life in art — the disturbing habit life has of spilling



MACIEK ALBRECHT

out over the edges of a book and refusing to be held neatly together with paper and glue. But certainly that spillage is preferable to dryness. Since the novel is indeed the bright book of life, the novelist's greatest enemy is lifelessness. Better to spill out over the margins than to shrink inward, repelling readers.

It has been alleged that the *roman à clef* derives part of its appeal from the human fascination with gossip — and gossip is thought to be a lowly form, unworthy of the attentions of "serious" people. And yet the same elements that fuel gossip also fuel the novel: people are interested in people. The gossip of one decade tends to become the literary history of the next. Also, as the gossipy allure of a *roman à clef* fades, we can begin to see whether there is literary merit in the novel itself. It is one of the weaknesses of F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Tender Is The Night" that we must explain its appeal partly in terms of its (presumed) portraits of Gerald and Sara Murphy. It is one of the strengths of D. H. Lawrence's "Women In Love" that we care little whether or not Katherine Mansfield and Frieda Lawrence served as models for Gudrun and Ursula Brangwen.

Time tends to erode the gossipy veneer from a book and reveal its quality — or its meretriciousness — with utter clarity. Who but the lowliest drudge of a graduate student walking through the air-conditioned, perfectly humidified stacks of Yale Univesity's beautiful Beinecke Library cares today whether or not Alexander Pope was satirizing Arabella Fermor in "The Rape of the Lock"? The main thing is that the poetry still bewitches and the satire still crackles. So, too, with the *roman à clef*.

The memoir appears to be a different story altogether — it is a sort of summing up, written at the end of a busy life (as did Casanova, as did Lillian Hellman) when action and enterprise have finally given way to reflection and recollection in tranquillity. Does this mean that the memoir is as slippery a form as the novel, that it has as many uses (and misuses)? I think so. In fact, the comforting notion that there are definite forms in literature — novel, confessional novel, memoir, autobiography — is more of a fiction than fiction itself.

I SEE I have left out of this catalogue of forms, slide forms and antiforms my own special favorite (and perhaps the quintessential modern form), the imaginary autobiography. Colette's use of the first person in her stories and some novels, her establishment of an "I" which is not exactly identical to the historical Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette Willy Gauthiers-Villars de Jouvenel des Ursins Goudeket, is one of the great seductions of her writing. She weaves herself (or a fictionalized version of herself) into her observations of other characters, and it is this trait, above all, that marks her modernity. It is also, ironically, a harking back to the most ancient impulse of the storyteller — a human being speaking to other human beings — including her own quirks, experiences, digressions, meanderings, wherever they will enhance the story. Colette, like Proust, is the master of such narration. We also find imaginary autobiography used to great effect in such otherwise dissimilar writers as Somerset Maugham and Isaac Bashevis Singer.

"When all is said and done." the French poet Paul Valéry said, "a book is merely a selection from its author's monologue." We tend to read certain authors again and again so as to participate in their inner monologues. We find that certain monologues coincide with or enhance our own. It is almost a mark of greatness in an author that he or she establishes a beachhead in our brain, reacting, commenting, supplying words for the ineffability of experience, supplying structure for the amorphousness of life.

"I can only write about myself," says Enid Bagnold at the outset of her autobiography. "But oneself is so unknown. Myself has no outline." And then she proceeds to create the outline, as the reader watches, enthralled. "I can only write about myself" is perhaps the *cri de coeur* of the modern author. But since "myself" is at least partly a fiction, the autobiographical unraveling we are witnessing is also a created thing, the product of artifice, a work of art. That is the essential paradox of the modern writer, and it is also what has made forms so slippery and unpredictable in our contemporary discourse about books. □

Erica Jong's most recent novel is "Parachutes and Kisses." She has also published five books of poetry.

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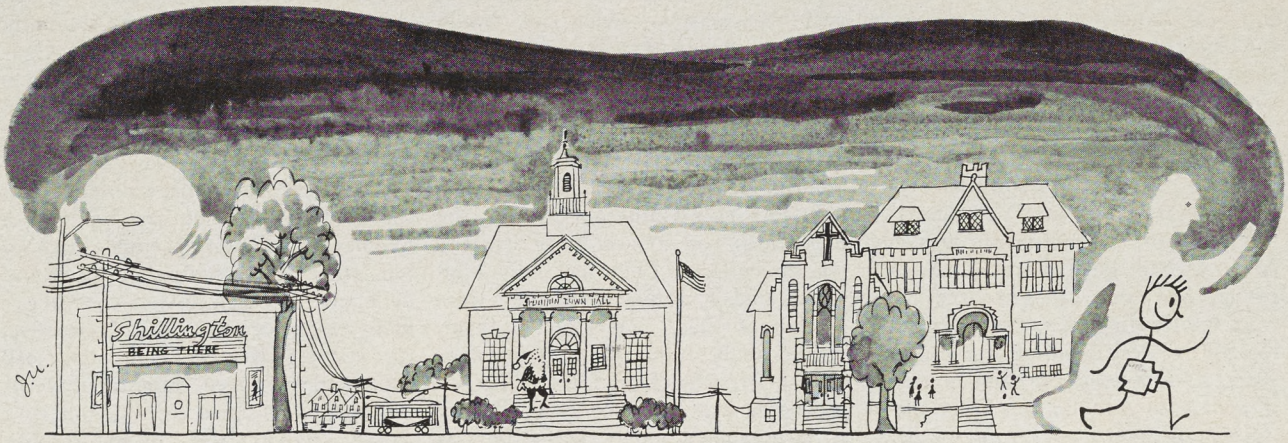
PERSONAL HISTORY

A SOFT SPRING NIGHT IN SHILLINGTON



HAD not my twenty-five-year-old daughter undertipped the airline porter in Boston, our luggage might have shown up on the carrousel in Allentown that April afternoon in 1980, and I would not have spent an evening walking the sidewalks of Shillington, Pennsylvania, searching for the meaning of my existence, as once I had scanned those same sidewalks for lost pennies.

The idea of lost luggage has been flavored for me with the terrible, the void, ever since William Maxwell gently said to me on our first acquaintance, in 1954, when I, newly a Harvard graduate and *New Yorker* contributor, was about to embark for England with my slightly pregnant wife, "People think lost luggage is just like death. It isn't." The words were meant to be comforting, perhaps in response to some nervously expressed worry of my own; but they had an opposite effect, disquieting. Since early adolescence, I had longed to get where now, for a brief interview, I was: inside *The New Yorker's* offices. And almost the first words spoken to me, with a certain Stoic gaiety that made clear I had definitely left behind me the Christian precincts of Berks County, concerned death. I was to lose my luggage a number of times in the peripatetic future ahead of me: in 1978 my folding suit bag vanished between Rome and Dubrovnik and I was obliged to parade through Yugoslavia, Greece, and Israel in the rumpled denim leisure suit meant to be my airplane pajamas, and was ridiculed for my sartorial gaucherie in the Jerusalem *Post;* in 1980, my big yellow suitcase was mistakenly grabbed by somebody from Long Island (I know because his similar suitcase then became, uselessly and infuriatingly, temporarily mine) in Kennedy Airport and so I had to visit the Yanomami Indians in southern Venezuela wearing ill-fitting safari clothes borrowed from the American Ambassador. In Allentown, our two bags just weren't on the carrousel, though it went round and round, and at last there seemed nothing to do but turn away, my daughter and my widowed mother and myself, and drive the forty miles south to where my mother lived and, indeed, still lives.

How relentlessly circumstantial reality is! Facts are like the individual letters, with their spikes and loops and thorns, that make up words: eventually they hurt our eyes, and we long to take a bath, to rake the lawn, to look at the sea. Where was my wife? Also on a family trip, in Florida, with her nine-year-old son by a former marriage. Why did I leave it to my daughter by a former marriage, the matured fruit of that slight pregnancy twenty-six years before, to check in at the airport? I was parking the car, we were in a rush, because we were late, in turn because since childhood I have been a late sleeper, preferring to let others get the world in order before I descend to it—a mode of efficiency, actually, that seems the opposite. Why (if she did) did my daughter botch this small assignment? Because my first wife and I raised our children to be innocents, being innocents ourselves and thinking it a nice aristocratic thing to be. Guilt, at having left, after twenty-one years of marriage, this other innocent, tinges my relations with my four children and makes for a lot of bumbling, of the lost-luggage sort.

In my mother's house—another complicated story: an old sandstone farmhouse, the very one, in fact, in which she was born, and which had been reacquired forty years later by a strange bit of family derring-do—the telephone rang, at six-thirty. A voice from Allentown, brightly female, with that flirtatious-seeming drag of a Pennsylvania accent which after thirty years away still strikes me as just the right note, announced that the bags were at the airport, they had come in on the next flight. We were just walking out the door, having eaten an early supper and planned to see "Being There," starring Peter Sellers as Chance, at the movie theatre in Shillington, eleven miles away. Rather than disappoint my two female companions and, furthermore, frustrate this third female, on whom our luggage weighed heavily as a bad conscience and who was offering to bring it to us personally, I improvised this scheme: I, who had already seen "Being There," would take my mother and daughter to the movie as planned, and then I would be there, under the movie marquee, waiting for the girl from the Allentown airport, with the two suitcases. Her boyfriend lived in the Reading area, she seemed to be saying, and would be driving her.

The plan (unorthodox, but then life is like that, or at least my life has been, devoted to awkward and elaborate arrangements other people gracefully avoid) was agreed to on all sides. The theatre location was described over the phone. The girl thought her boyfriend knew where it was anyway. Then the eleven miles to Shillington were navigated and my two kin were tucked into the movie theatre, which, on this drizzly Thursday night, had attracted no

line. The last latecomer bought the last tardy ticket, and I stood alone beneath the marquee. The thinnest of mists drifted across the sulfurous street lights of Lancaster Avenue and gave the passing tires an adhesive, plaintive sound. The girl from Allentown couldn't be here for another hour at best. I had nothing to do, here at the center of my earthly being.

Dasein. The first mystery that confronts us is "Why me?" The next is "Why here?" Shillington was my *here*. I had been born here—or, rather, had been brought back to it from the Reading Hospital, which was located in West Reading. For thirteen years, I had lived in the same house on Philadelphia Avenue, and after moving eleven miles away, in my family's quixotic recapture of my mother's birthplace, still returned to the town for school and social life. Shillington, I can now see with a sociological eye, is a typical town of the region, a farm region where land was precious and the brick houses, often semidetached, were closely packed. Across the street from the Shillington Movie Theatre stood a big plain building whose left side once held Stephens' Luncheonette, where I had smoked and posed and daydreamed for hours after school, and whose right side had been the Shillington Post Office, where as a child I had solemnly traded pennies for war stamps, amid a cacophony of anti-Axis posters—what we would call propaganda now but at the time seemed simple self-encouragement. Now the left half of this building was a florist's shop, the right a real-estate office. The post office had moved to a building of its own, on Liberty Street next to Grace Lutheran Church; the Stephenses had moved away while I was in college. They had been kind to me and I, I felt when they were no longer there, not kind to them. I tried to be funny at their expense, calling Mrs. Stephens Gert when her nickname was Boo (for Beulah), and I once stole a candy bar from the counter, or at least watched another boy do it without crying "Thief!" Half the high school, it seemed, came there at three-twenty, when the last class let out; but then within an hour the teen-agers who lived in Shillington would have walked home and those who lived in Adamstown climbed into their cars and driven home, leaving me with Walt Stephens and the pinball machine. I was waiting for my father, who taught at the high school and never went back to the farm before he had to. He was the only adult except Walt and Boo I ever saw in Stephens', and he came in only to take me away, and never penetrated past the region of the soda fountain, into the booth area, where the cigarette smoke and adolescent intrigue were thickest. Walt was totally bald and had a way of doing hot dogs—cutting them the long way and putting the butterfly shape flat-side-down on the griddle and then serving it in a hamburger roll with the ends sticking out—that was peculiar to him and delicious. But then to teen-age hunger many things are delicious. Cigarettes, for example, were delicious: the sleek cellophane-wrapped snug rectitude of the pack, the suave tapping out of a single "weed," the chalky, rasping initial inhale, the little crumbs to be picked from the lower lip without breaking conversational stride, the airy pluming gesturingness of it all. Time itself—the time spent idling in Stephens'—was delicious.

The center of town lay a block to my right, and I walked there. The night was drier now, and warm, with a heedless overflowing pre-summer warmth not felt in New England until May. Where the movie house now stood there had been a long vacant lot, strangely vacant in the center of town, where travelling fairs had set up their stalls and rides, in the days when the Shillington Theatre, under the proprietorship of tall, bald (like Walt Stephens, but with a different, less tapered dome to his skull), mild-mannered Mr. Shverha, had been situated a half block up New Holland Avenue. Nothing was very far from the central, five-sided corner where New Holland Avenue, Philadelphia Avenue, East Lancaster Avenue, Liberty Street, and West Lancaster Avenue met and still meet. On the five corners, beginning with the one where I stood, had been Kindt's Funeral Home, the Shillington Town Hall and its prettily planted grounds, Ibach & Bixler's Restaurant, Ibach's (no relation) Drug



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the Pottses', I felt most welcome, though not so welcome as to escape chastisement when I pressed my face to a crack in the door to see my playmate being given a washcloth bath while standing naked on a kitchen chair.

These houses, on the "safe," on "our," side of the street, however little or much I knew them from the inside, knew me—Wes and Linda Updike's boy, John and Katie Hoyer's grandson. Where now I made my way down the pavement on Proust's dizzying stilts of time, virtually floating, a phantom who had not set foot on these exact cement squares for perhaps thirty years, I had once hastened low to the ground, day after day, secure as a mole in the belief that I was known, watched, *placed*.

What *was* our standing in Shillington? Social position in America is not easy to diagram. My grandfather bought our big white house to retire in; but he then lost his money in the Crash, and took a job, old as he was, on the town highway crew, spreading oil and shovelling crushed stone. My grandmother never seemed to change her dress and ate standing up, while the rest of us sat at the table; but she was Aunt Katie to the Kachel sisters, who were, all three, beautiful, competent, and well thought of in Shillington. My father was a high-school teacher, known (I imagined) to everyone; but teachers were thought of as rather ineffectual figures, well below machinists and full-fashioned knitters in the local social scale. Updike was an unusual name, which savored of high expectations and good self-regard; it was also something of a joke, used more than once in Hollywood movies for comic minor characters, winning howls of local laughter in the movie house on New Holland Avenue. My family sold asparagus and pansies for odd money, embarrassing me; but agricultural enterprise—the most depressing activity, I felt and still feel, in the world—was not really déclassé in a town where cornfields marched up to the back yards, and back-yard gardens were common, and every woman put up preserves. I felt, on the dimly perceived social scale of Shillington homogeneity, a cut above the children who came to school from the west end of Lancaster Avenue and the tough areas toward Pennwyn or behind the hosiery mill, and a cut below those who came from the newly built section—with curved, sycamore-shaded streets, in the style of Wyomissing—of Lyn-

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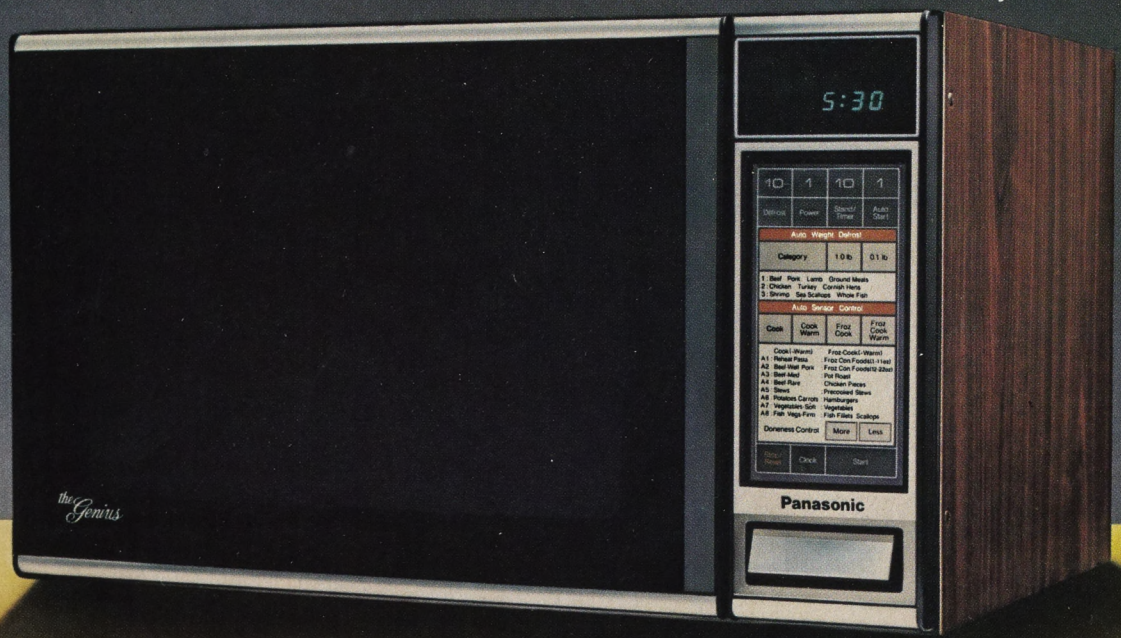

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SINCE 1974, ASHBERY has directed the graduate poetry-writing program at Brooklyn College. The assignments he gives to his students differ dramatically from the usual agenda in creative-writing workshops. One Ashbery assignment is to write in a constricting form like the sestina, whose intricate rules can prove curiously liberating. (A sestina consists of six six-line stanzas followed by a terminal three-line stanza; the same six words that conclude the lines in the opening stanza recur in a predetermined order as the end words of all the subsequent lines in the poem. Writing a sestina, Ashbery has said, is "rather like riding downhill on a bicycle and having the pedals push your feet" — you wind up speeding into unknown terrain.) The students are also asked to translate a poem from a language they don't understand — without the help of a dictionary; to solve a rebus; and to transform "a poem that's in the public domain" into a poem of their own. Robert Frost once defined poetry as "what gets lost in translation." For Ashbery, it sometimes seems, poetry is closer to an inspired form of *mis*-translation.

Ashbery's students speak of him — and his exotic methods of composition — with unabashed enthusiasm. "He was marvelously laid-back in class," recalls Star Black, who was well advanced in her career as a photographer when she enrolled in the Brooklyn College writing program in 1980. "He wanted us to subvert — and expand — our minds. He also wanted to undermine the cranky standards we had for judging poetry. One time he asked us to write a deliberately amateurish poem. I found that, much to my amazement, my poem

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that. He encouraged you to try to go beyond the mainstream of what's acceptable."

Although his academic credentials include a Master of Arts degree in English literature from Columbia University, Ashbery is a self-taught instructor — he was close to 50 when he taught his first class — and this may help to account for his unique pedagogical style. "What startled me most about Ashbery's teaching was his seemingly off-hand manner," says Elizabeth Brunowski, a student in the program. She is a clinical psychologist and is completing a book about Nijinsky. She says she entered the program largely because of a published interview in which Ashbery made frequent reference to Nijinsky. Ashbery's commentary on the great dancer's diary — on "the quality of language of someone going into a psychotic state" — impressed her enormously. "His psychological insights were nothing short of brilliant," says Miss Brunowski.

For the last several years, Ashbery has taught only during the fall semesters, a decision dictated by the life-threatening illness he suddenly came down with in the spring of 1982. A common staphylococcus infection in an uncommon place — the spine — required that he be rushed to the hospital for major surgery. The operation was a success, but for months thereafter Ashbery needed a mechanical walker to get around, and he continues to suffer from an assortment of permanent, if slight, disabilities.

On the subject of his health, Ashbery assumes "the stoic pose, tinged with irony and self-mockery," that he describes in one of his poems. "I can't run, and I get tired if I walk a long time or stand a

fain would lie down" — and branches off from there. Other recent works, too, come to mind as examples of Ashbery's fondness for fairy tales and once-popular ballads in the public domain. "At North Farm," the keynote poem in "A Wave," refigures a motif from a Finnish folk epic, and "Description of a Masque," a prose poem in the same volume, more elaborately features Little Jack Horner ("a tall and roguish-looking young man wearing a trench coat and expensive blue jeans") as well as Simple Simon and the Pie Man (two vaudevilleans, it appears) among its nursery-rhyme heroes.

Ashbery readily acknowledges folklore as an influence — or at least as a fund of poetic material. The distinction is an important one to Ashbery. "I don't see influence the way literary critics see it," he says. When pressed, he mentions Auden and Stevens, "hybrid" French Surrealists like Pierre Reverdy and Max Jacob, German Romantic poets like Hölderlin and Novalis. "But I don't sit down to write a poem and think, well, since I've been influenced by Wallace Stevens, I will now write a poem that's influenced by Wallace Stevens."

Virtually everything, on the other hand, can serve Ashbery as a source of material or as the occasion for a poem. It might be a comic strip that sets him off — he has published a sestina about Popeye as well as a poem titled "Daffy Duck in Hollywood," whose range of references includes Speedy Gonzales, the Princesse de Clèves, and Milton's Satan in "Paradise Lost." Should the telephone ring during the hour or so a week that Ashbery reserves for the writing of poetry, he'll welcome the interruption — and allow it to modify the poem in progress. Nothing is excluded or suppressed: Ashbery can leap in an instant from Sydney Carton to a wrong number to an affirmation of love, and make it seem the most natural thing in the world.

"When I began writing poetry, I was a compulsive reader of all the contemporary poetry of that time," Ashbery says. "Now I look for ideas for poetry elsewhere — in other kinds of writing, movies, daily life in New York City." Ashbery considers "the New York School" of poetry — in which he, Koch, James Schuyler and the late Frank O'Hara are commonly thought of as charter members — a misleading tag. "I never really thought of myself as being a sort of spokesperson for New York," he tells his guest. "But I was wondering, when you were asking me about the simultaneity of high culture and low in my poems, whether that might be a result of living in New York City, where everything is mashed together that way. I look out my window and see what seems to be a Gothic church tower and a big building that says ABIE'S BABY on it right next door." The latter is an "office furniture supermarket"; the former is the spire of the General Theological Seminary, where South African Bishop Desmond M. Tutu, lately awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, is currently a visiting professor. "It must be a state that I find it profitable to reflect on," muses Ashbery. "The simultaneity of conflicting states of being" — something that New York City specializes in.

These days, Ashbery divides his time between his Manhattan apartment and an eclectic American Victorian house in the Hudson Valley, a convenient train ride away. He shares his Hudson Valley digs with David Kermani, his companion for more than a decade, who works as a rug and art dealer in nearby Albany. The pair spend weekends together, until Monday classes compel Ashbery to return to the city.

Ashbery writes in either place, though his professional obligations — at Newsweek and at Brooklyn College — limit the time he has available. "Being both a lazy and ambitious person, I want to get some work done and also get it over with so I can get back to being lazy," says Ashbery. "I'm not sure that I'd write much more poetry than I do. But I'd like very much to try other kinds of writing, such as fiction, that I don't have the time for. I have ideas for some short stories."

CONSPICUOUSLY ABSENT from Ashbery's poetry are the autobiographical tales and details of his life. You wouldn't know from reading his verse that Ashbery grew up on a farm in Sodus, N.Y., during the Great Depression — "Actually, I had a sort of Victorian childhood," he says — or that he was extremely close to his maternal grandfather, a prominent physicist at the University of Rochester.

His poems won't tell you that the bookish lad became a radio "quiz kid" and later attended Deerfield Academy, "an uncomfortably conservative, WASP, jock school," where he gradually gave up painting for poetry — and where another boy pirated two of his early efforts and published them in Poetry magazine under the pseudonym "Joel Michael Symington."

Ashbery attributes his reticence to a feeling that "the circumstances of my own life are of no compelling interest to me." It isn't really a question of privacy; on the contrary, it's a predilection for writing poems about "paradigms of common experience," poems that invent their own experiences rather than simply record events in the life of the poet. "My own autobiography has never interested me very much," Ashbery once told an interviewer. "Whenever I try to think about it, I seem to draw a complete blank.

"There is the title of a Japanese film by Ozu: 'I was born, but . . .' That's how I feel about it."

. . . Heck, it's anybody's story,
A sentimental journey — "gonna take a sentimental journey,"
And we do, but you wake up under the table of a dream:
You are that dream, and it is the seventh layer of you.
We haven't moved an inch, and everything has changed. . . . ■

NY Times Magazine Dec. 16, '84


Rendezvous w
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Meet Marie Brizard this evening

SIPPING A CUP OF coffee in his living room, Ashbery explains that the assignments he prepares for his poetry classes "work for the purpose of distracting the students to the point at which they're able to write the poem they were planning to write anyway, without worrying about it, because they imagine they're solving some problem." Asked whether he assigns these or similar tasks to himself, Ashbery at first demurs but then obligingly pulls out a new poem called "Forgotten Song," which begins by juxtaposing two lines from folk ballads — "O Mary, go and call the cattle home/ For I'm sick in my heart and

store it had completely disappeared. There was no trace of its ever having been there. It was like De Quincey looking in vain for the store where he first bought opium. Being kind of susceptible to all kinds of mystical, superstitious ideas, I felt that this bookstore had just materialized for a few moments to allow me to buy this book, and then vanished." Seen in the light of a crucial passage near the end of the poem, this eery anecdote seems almost a parable about poetic inspiration:

. . . the "it was all a dream"
Syndrome, though the "all"
tells tersely
Enough how it wasn't. Its ex-
istence

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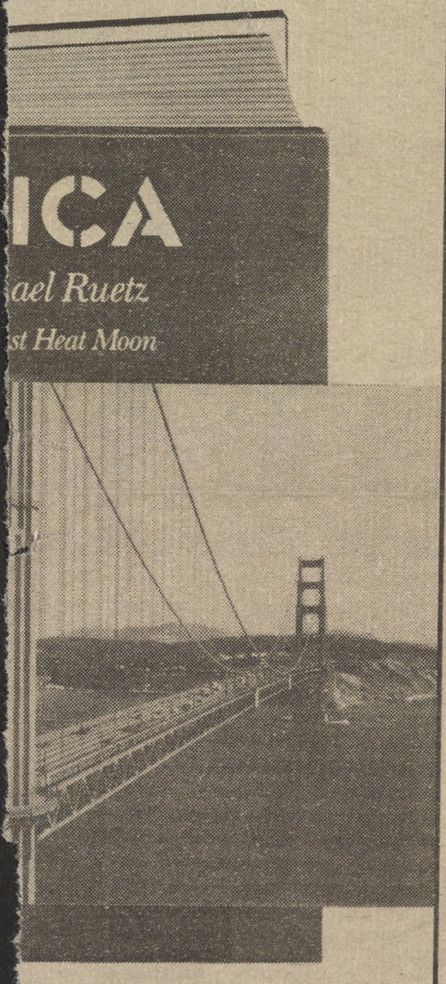

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Love in A Coin Laundry

SOME OF THE THINGS I DID NOT DO
By Janet Beeler Shaw.
144 pp. Urbana:
University of Illinois Press.
$11.95.

By Bette Howland

A YOUNG mother in love with a priest calls him long distance for spiritual advice. A new husband, scared of intimacy, seeks images of innocence as a Peeping Tom. An aging cowboy, doing his jeans in a coin laundry, dreams of coming to the rescue of a girl doing diapers. (You don't need to be told he comes to grief.) The 10 stories in "Some of the Things I Did Not Do" — the latest in the University of Illinois Short Fiction Series — are better than summaries make them sound; but not as good as I wanted them to be.

Janet Beeler Shaw's gifts seem at odds with her fictional devices. For all her invention of people and places, these tales are depopulated. For all her descriptive powers, the poetic settings of such stories as "The Geese at Presque Isle" seem contrived — not nearly as convincing as the more stripped-down backgrounds in other stories here: the pay phones — stand-ins for confessionals — in "Love and Other Lessons"; the laundromat with its isolation and exposure, its graveled lot and glaring lights in "Saturday Night in Pinedale, Wyoming." And for all her empathy, Mrs. Shaw's characters have the same inner lives, defined — limited — by their longings. This territory we know: the photodocumentary realism of recent fiction; the high gloss, the heightened detail, so good at conveying separation. But Mrs. Shaw is not bounded by such techniques — it's hard to believe that's all there is to her vision. Won't she give her characters a chance? A charge of energy — anger, humor? With so much imagination, why not *more*?

The title story bears out larger expectations. The title doesn't refer, as you'd expect, to omissions or failures; it's a list of small successes — all too short. The narrator finds it after his mother's suicide. The story suggests that love is no weakness, but the source of all strength; that the past may not be much, but it's at least what we have. It's the last story here. I like to think it may be the most recent.□

Bette Howland is the author of "Things to Come and Go," a collection of short stories.

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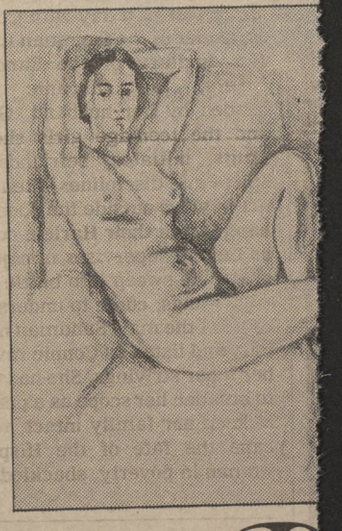

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Black and Standard English Held Diverging More

By WILLIAM K. STEVENS
Special to The New York Times

NYT March 15, '85

PHILADELPHIA, March 14 — Contrary to expectations, the form of English spoken by many black Americans is becoming more different from standard English rather than more like it, a study by linguists at the University of Pennsylvania suggests.

The "black English vernacular" of urban America, say the linguists, is evolving in its own direction despite earlier predictions that television, radio and the movies would exert a homogenizing influence on language in the United States.

The black vernacular, a recent study has concluded, appears to be steadily diverging not only from standard English as spoken, for example, by radio and television announcers, but also from local and regional white dialects. These dialects, say the linguists, are themselves moving in a direction separate from both the black vernacular and the American standard.

The development reflects increasing racial segregation and isolation of urban blacks, according to Dr. William Labov, a professor of linguistics at the University of Pennsylvania, an authority in the field who directed the study. He said the study suggested that ordinary communication between whites and blacks was becoming increasingly difficult and that the problems of many black children in school might be worsening.

"Essentially, I agree with it," Dr. Arthur Spears, a linguist at the City College of New York, who is black, said of the Pennsylvania report. Dr. Spears, who has also studied the subject, said there had been an "underlying assumption" that racial integration and the effects of the mass media would cause linguistic differences to narrow.

"There is evidence that, far from getting more similar, the black vernacular is going its own way," Dr. Labov, who is white, said in an interview here. "It's a healthy, living form of language. But separate development is only made possible by separate living."

His assessment is based on a three-year study, supported by the National Science Foundation, in which hundreds of recorded conversations of several hundred Philadelphia blacks and whites were analyzed in detail.

One of the field studies was conducted from 1977 to 1980 in North Philadelphia by Wendell Harris, who is black and grew up in the area, and a team of other Pennsylvania researchers, black and white. Many of the 34 Philadelphians whose speech was analyzed in that study were relatives, friends or acquaintances of Mr. Harris.

Trend Towards Divergence

"The results of our analyses show a black English vernacular that is more remote from other dialects than has been reported before," the study said. "We also believe that Philadelphia reflects a national trend in the black community towards continued linguistic divergence. The differences appear to us to be increasing."

"People's speech behavior," Dr. Labov said, "is not influenced by the remote communication of the mass media." He said that "the primary linguistic influences are from those kinds of relationships that make a difference in your life chances," such as those involving an employer or supervisor or co-worker.

The researchers expected to find more contact, including language contact, between blacks and whites than they did, Dr. Labov said. Many black children in broad stretches of Philadelphia almost never talk to a white person before the age of 6, when they enter school, he said.

But here and in other cities, Dr. Labov, said, there are many exceptions to the pattern. Millions of blacks speak standard English, and many more speak standard English, the black vernacular and white dialects, shifting from one to the other depending on the setting.

A Matter of Grammar

Even among the group of black Philadelphians whose speech was studied, some spoke in the grammatical forms of standard English, though their vocabulary and accents may have sounded like the black vernacular. Musicians and political activists, for example, who had come into frequent contact with whites in connection with their work, spoke in the grammar of standard English.

As the black middle-class grows and expands, Dr. Labov said, a higher proportion of blacks speak standard English. But because the black population as a whole continues to grow at a high rate, he said, the absolute number of speakers of the black vernacular has also increased.

Moreover, he said, most black Philadelphians, like urban blacks elsewhere, live in increasingly segregated neighborhoods, as numerous studies have shown.

"The language is reflecting that picture," Dr. Labov said. "The blacks' own grammar, which is very rich and complicated, is developing its own way. It looks as if all kinds of new things are happening in black grammar."

He said the proof of this was not ironclad but was nevertheless strong and convincing.

Many of the characteristics of the black vernacular have long been familiar. Among them are the substitution of "a" for "an" before a vowel, as in, "a apple"; the Southern pronunciation of "fine" as something close to "fahn"; the dropping of certain end consonants, as in "ma' " for "man" and "firs' " for "first"; the use of "he work" for "he works," "he here" for "he's here" and "my brother house" for "my brother's house."

What appears to be happening now, Dr. Labov said, is that in the black vernacular words are taking on new meanings and being combined in new ways to produce idioms not found in any white dialect or in standard English.

For example, the construction "runs and tell me" appears recently to have become the standard construction for "he ran and told me." It is used only in the narrative past tense, and the first verb always ends in an "s" while the second does not. The invariability of the construction amounts to a grammatical rule.

Similarly, some idioms that are nearly impossible to translate literally appear to have developed. In an example given by Dr. Labov, a man might say to a dog, "Get out of my way, or I be done go upside your head." In this case, the phrase "be done" has assumed a specialized meaning and emphasis. In standard English, Dr. Labov said, the sentence might read: "As sure as there is a God in heaven, I'll knock you out of the way."

"The more we study and analyze," Dr. Labov said, "the more it shows the signs of people developing their own grammar."

"We're looking at this as a danger signal that our society is being split more and more," he said, "and we're not ruling out the possibility that it is contributing to failure of black children to learn to read. How much a little child has to do to translate!"

The task for black children might well be even more difficult because the white dialects used by some school teachers are themselves evolving away from standard English and black English. And, Dr. Labov said, while the black vernacular appears similar and somewhat uniform in urban America, there are a number of white dialects in the North that are dissimilar, at least in terms of how they sound, and getting more so.

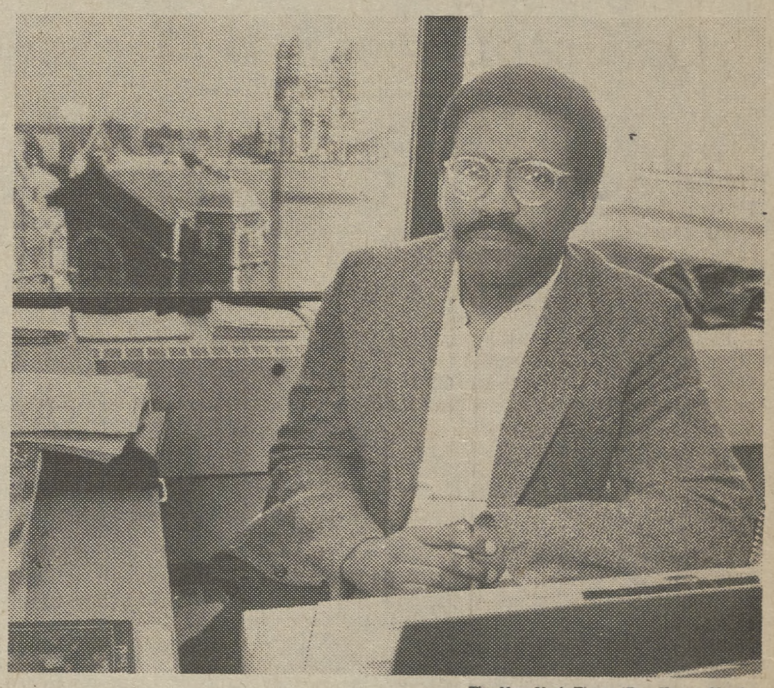
And contrary to what might be expected, Dr. Labov said, white community leaders and teachers speak white dialects most strongly, whether it is New Yorkese or the peculiar Philadelphia language in which "l's" are swallowed, "down"comes out like "day-on" pronounced very quickly, and "crown" sounds like "crayon."

One result of the simultaneous evolution of white dialects and the black vernacular, Dr. Labov said, is that in the cities, "there's more misunderstanding between blacks and whites than any other groups."



The New York Times

William Labov, professor of linguistics at the University of Pennsylvania, directed study of the "black English vernacular" of urban America.



The New York Times/Don Hogan Charles

Arthur Spears, linguist at City College of New York, said there had been an "underlying assumption" that racial integration and the effects of the mass media would cause linguistic differences to narrow.



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By John Hooker. 439 pp. New York: Elisabeth Sifton Books / Viking. $16.95.

By Craig McGregor

AUSTRALIA seems to be rediscovering its past. The new wave of Australian films — "Gallipoli," "The Man from Snowy River," "Newsfront" — are all attempts, in their different ways, to come to grips with some of the heroic themes of Australian mythology: conflict, endurance, the struggle to master one of the harshest continents on earth. It is the local version of the American frontier myth, less optimistic, more mundane and stoic, but just as potent in shaping the national consciousness and the artists who have tried to give it some expression.

The literature of the nation worked its way through this seminal process decades ago, not least in Patrick White's early novels, "The Tree of Man" and "Voss." It is because such themes have been so fully explored in the past that contemporary Australian writing has moved on to other concerns and tends to be highly sophisticated, urbanized, formally self-conscious.

John Hooker's "Bush Soldiers," therefore, is something of a throwback. It is essentially about the bush, the outback and mankind's attempt to live in an environment that not only D. H. Lawrence but generations of pioneers and bush people have found forbidding and "hostile." It thus returns to a theme that Australian fiction (though not poetry) has all but abandoned.

And in its monotonous, relentless, pared-down yet sometimes melodramatic prose, its absolute lack of humor or interior sensibility, its laconic avoidance of anything like emotion and its lack of stylish fictional devices, it deliberately turns its back on contemporary literary directions.

It is, in this sense, an old-fashioned novel. What Mr. Hooker, a leading Australian book editor whose only previous work, "Jacob's Season," is very much a young man's novel, seems to have done is set out to write an epic.

And extraordinarily enough, he has succeeded. It is as though the gritty, one-dimensional, unyielding nature of his theme finally transfers itself to his writing, so that what begins as an awkward and clumsily handled melodrama, almost a pastiche of Hemingway heroics, ends as moving and convincing. By the time it reaches its tragic and inevitable denouement, the narrative has transcended its limitations and become epic history.

Whose history?

Ostensibly, it is that of Geoff Sawtell, the tough, inarticulate bush soldier who, emotionally damaged in World War I, finds himself in another war in 1943, this time leading a ramshackle group of volunteer guerrillas who are drifting through the outback destroying anything of use to "the enemy" — the Japanese troops who (in this novel) have taken the key Australian cities of the seaboard and have left only the drought-stricken interior of the continent to the Resistance.

> *"By the time it reaches its denouement, the narrative has become epic history."*

The structure of the novel is simple and satisfying. The main narrative follows the adventures of Sawtell and his raiders. Every other chapter, however, is a flashback to Sawtell's earlier life as a young man growing up in the city and moves forward to time present.

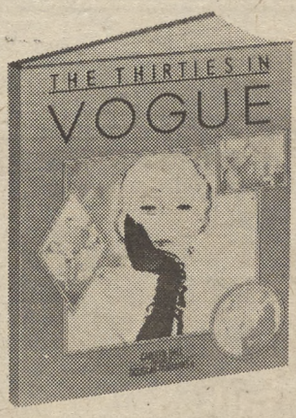
SAWTELL'S biography is really a selective history of Australia in the 20th century — World War I, the Depression, the Irish-Catholic labor movement, the slow drift into World War II — and as detail and repetition pile up, the book becomes a grim social account of those times.

As Sawtell and his men push deeper and deeper into the interior, they retrace the tracks of the early explorers who died trying to cross the continent. Does the same fate await them? The enemy, by now, is no longer the Japanese, who scarcely appear, but the bitter and secret land itself. In the end, it is the land, and its original inhabitants, the aborigines, who take revenge.

The strength of "The Bush Soldiers" resides not in the writing, which is often crass, but in its story of endurance and endeavor. Its powerful and mythic undertones sustain the novel. The epic may be an unfashionable fictional form at the moment, but there are still regional literatures that can make it authentic. □

Craig McGregor is an Australian writer and critic. His latest book is "Soundtrack for the 'Eighties," a collection of essays.

NYTBR
Dec. 9, '84



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Huck Finn,

Continued from page 1

piece. . . . Twain's genius is comp
and Ernest went further. In "Gr
rica," after disposing of Emerson,
Thoreau, and paying off Henry Jar
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book by Mark Twain called 'Huckle
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has been nothing as good since."

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Down in Darkness," "Catch-22,"
According to Garp" (which reads
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surprised, annoyed, competitive,
nally excited. A new writer had
block. He could be a potential frie
he most certainly was talented.

Illustrator at Work: Barry Moser

Barry Moser is one of the most important wood engravers working today and his star continues to ascend. He has illustrated such diverse works as Moby Dick, Alice in Wonderland *and* Alice Through the Looking Glass, Frankenstein, Huckleberry Finn *and* The Wizard of Oz, *to name but a few. His style zooms in on the elements that make for character—on the lines under an eye rather than on two men dueling, or on odd interpretations of the familiar instead of a voyeuristic ogle of the "normal." In a recent talk before an audience at New York City's Endicott bookstore, Moser, proprietor of the Pennyroyal Press, in an unusually frank look at himself and his techniques, unfurled what might be termed his "philosophy of art for the book."*

While reading in my studio one day I came across a letter by George Bernard Shaw to the then prominent engraver, John Farley. The letter was brief but contained four elements that I think are important to any artist who works with the book as his medium. It read as follows: "Dear Sir, As I am old and out of date I have not the privilege of knowing you or your work. But Mr. William Maxwell of Clark's of Edinburgh tells me you can design, draw and engrave pictures as part of a printed book, which you can understand is something more than making a picture and sticking it in a book as an illustration. The idea is that you and I and Maxwell should cooperate in turning out a good-looking volume consisting of a story contained in the enclosed proof sheets (please hold them as very private and confidential) and, say, a dozen pictures. Are you sufficiently young and unknown to read the story and make one trial drawing for me for, say, five guineas, that is, if the job interests you. Sincerely yours, G. Bernard Shaw."

[Moser then selected key quotes from the letter to illustrate his points.]

"If the job interests you." This involves choice of the text. What texts do you do—for the horizon is full of possibilities. A text I choose must seed my mind and have a market. I know it is not popular for an artist to talk about money, but as far as I'm concerned there is no reason to choose a text that has a limited market when you can choose a text that has a broad one.

"Are you sufficiently young and unknown . . . to make one trial drawing for me for, say, five guineas?" I don't want to belabor this point, except to quote from the last sentence of Chapter 32 on Cetacea of Melville's *Moby-Dick*: "Oh time, strength, cash and patience." These are inextricable from the life of the arts. Works take time, the artist needs stamina and patience to stay with it, and funds with which to exist during the project. The sentence is one of the few things I have ever engraved in wood.

"The idea is that you and I and Maxwell should cooperate. . . ." This is a matter of collegiality. The illustrated book, which is different from the typographic book, does not belong to any one person, neither to the author any more than it belongs to the illustrator, any more than, on a different level, to the craftsman who had manufactured its paper, to the designers and punch-cutters who had drawn and cut the punches for its type, to the compositors who had composed the type, to the impositors who had imposed it, any more than it belongs to the pressman who has midwifed the book to a physical reality, nor to the binder, who ultimately cradles it between its boards to give it a substance that allows it to go out to be held in the hand to be read. The art of the book is an act of solidarity and collegiality. It is more closely akin to theater or architecture than to painting or sculpture. Designer and illustrator are craft-fellows to typographers and printers, to papermakers and bookbinders, to editors and publishers. The whole book is spawned in a community of peers.

"Mr. Maxwell . . . tells me you can design, draw and engrave pictures as part of a printed book, which you can understand is something more than making a picture and sticking it in a book as an illustration." This is perhaps the most complex and therefore the most important of the four points. The book is an organic whole, a single voice, a single form. When I see images from a book tacked up on a wall they look out of place. They need to be tied together because that's what they have been designed for.

I don't know where ideas come from. One moment you have none, the next moment you do. Deadline pressure seems to make them flow more readily. Happily, with the *Alice* books I had all kinds of ideas. The creation of illustrations is often a merging of the theoretical and the practical. This was the case of one *Alice* illustration idea I had for the falling-down-the-well dream scene. I discussed this with people in the theater department of Smith College, who were helping me design an authentic period costume, about making an apparatus inside the costume consisting of a pongee cord to which I could hook up one of my daughters. The theory was to attach her to a hanging ring in a gymnasium with me lying flat on my back, taking pictures underneath her, and have her bounce up and down on the cord trying to create a falling effect. But, in practice, it never would have worked, since the gestures of a human form falling in space are different from those of a secured weight on which gravity is acting.

Although I wanted to explore it, I was diverted by information I came by that was to change the nature of my approach. From a concordance to *Alice* then being written by a scholar at the University of Colorado, I was astonished to learn of the number of times the words "death" and "dying" and "lone" and "lonely" came up in the text. It came to me then that reality was the key, not the dream scenes. So I abandoned the falling idea and of ever seeing Alice except when she's awake. The only time we see Alice within the



Courtesy of the University of California Press

Mirror-image twins from Alice

THE MANUFACTURING FRONT

A high-tech flavor will thread through nearly all exhibits at this year's Graph Expo 84 East, the graphic arts trade exposition, which is coming to the largest printing marketplace in America when it opens at the New York Coliseum October 14. The more than 170,000 square feet of exhibit space were sold out nearly a year in advance for the four-day show. This will be the first time since 1978 that a Graph Expo has been held in New York City. The over 225 exhibitors will display such products as new presses and advances in papers and inks. Exhibitors will highlight new developments in such areas as copy prep and composition, press controls and materials handling. Advance registration costs $10 per person. Information: GASC, 6849 Old Dominion Dr., Suite 2009, McLean, Va. 22101. . . . **A downward trend in book printing** was noted by the Printing Industries of America in its report on first-quarter sales results for the North American print industries. This was in marked contrast to overall first-quarter results, reported as being the "best ever since we began compiling the index back in 1978." For the first quarter compared with the same period last year, 70% of surveyed respondents increased sales, while 12% reported sales remaining the same and 18% had reductions. However, for books, only expectations are bright. For first quarter 1984 vs. fourth quarter 1983, only 43% of book printers saw sales increases; 32% saw decreases and 25% saw sales remain the same. However, 74% of the printers responding expect sales increases in the next six months, while 91% expect sales increases for the next year. The report notes that book printers are the most optimistic of all PIA's product groups. . . . **Ringier AG, Switzerland,** the largest Swiss publisher and quality printer, has formed a new wholly owned subsidiary, Ringier Print US, Inc., which will begin business September 1 as a color separation house located at Oakhill Business Park in Charlotte, N.C. Bob Balzan is president of the new operation, which will have a staff of seven Swiss technicians. Balzan formerly headed Ringier's International Management Consulting Group in Switzerland. He will be assisted by Bernhard Käppeli, a former plant manager of a Swiss trade shop in Bern, as general manager. According to Ringier, the new firm will initially produce color separation work primarily for W. F. Hall Printing Co. . . . **George Banta Co.** has named Joseph J. Gulick as mid-Atlantic regional manager. He has been with the firm since 1978. Gulick will serve accounts in New York, including New York City, New Jersey, Connecticut and Pennsylvania. . . . **Tina H. Allman** has been named executive director of the National Composition Association, a PIA industry group. She replaces Wade B. Dowdle, who resigned last year. Allman has been with NCA since 1977 as director of membership and meetings. Assisting Allman will be NCA's technical director, Mark Killmon, and project coordinator Marianne Cruden. . . . **David Hare** has been named manager of the finishing department at Port City Press. Earlier, Terry H. Young joined the firm as plant manager of the book manufacturing department, succeeding James Crown. . . . **Clarinda Co.,** Clarinda, Iowa, has appointed Merlyn D. Hawn president and chief operating officer, succeeding Daniel R. Petersen, who has been named chair and chief executive officer. Hawn joined Clarinda in 1972 as a computer programmer and production supervisor. He was promoted to vice-president of sales in February 1983. Clarinda is a nationally known phototypesetter and compositor of educational textbooks and professional reference books.

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dream is when she sees herself in the looking glass, which is an announcement of the next book, *Alice Through the Looking Glass*. I used the mirror image to play the two books against each other—images from one book being identical in position and outline with images in the other. If you lay the two *Alice* books side by side and flip the pages simultaneously from the back of one book and the front of the other, you find that some illustrations are exact mirror images—duplications. In *Alice in Wonderland*, 10 pages from the back, there is a double spread of the jury that is at the bottom of the page, with two large hats going up into the margin. Close the pages and those two hats close on top of each other and are, in fact, mirror images. Ten pages from the front of *Alice Through the Looking Glass* are two chess sets that do exactly the same thing. In fact, if you pile the books one on top of the other and drive a nail through them both, it would pass through exactly similar points, particularly eyes, in both books. The hatter and the hare in *Alice* and the hatter and the hare in *Looking Glass* are based on the same two images, and if one traced them both they would be identical and the tracings could be interchanged.

Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's *Frankenstein*, which I recently completed, was a difficult book to do. It was the first one I did using color in the image. I "see" in black and white and I create my images in black and white. But *Frankenstein* changed all that. The book contains 10 color plates and its typography is rigidly black and white. There are no paragraph breaks. Instead, I used tiny crosses for paragraph marks, so there are little black spots all the way through, but the pages are always a rectangle and always mechanically the same, each page 31 lines long. Even at the end of a volume (the book is written in three volumes), I designed the layout of the last page so as to end in a triangular point of type that is 31 lines from the top line.

Color is nonexistent in the book except as it relates to the monster. Ugliness in *Frankenstein* is the book's psychological basis, and I used color to bring it out in a structural sense. I decided the monster had to be very ugly, and in meeting the problem head on I decided to go to color to give him special intensity.

In the middle of the work, the monster comes back and in a monologue tells Frankenstein what he has been doing over the past two or three years. During that monologue, I have shown the monster eight times in what I call conversational portraits—his head turns slightly, gestures change, the light changes. In them, the monster's color becomes more and more complex—the first image is one color under black, then two colors under black, then three colors. Then I play yellow over red over a second red, then the second red over the first red over the yellow, playing it in reverse order. And I continue building color for the subsequent portraits. The frontispiece—a tree being blown apart by lightning—is the motif of the book and is a pale blue overprinted with black. In the book's last image—the last thing the monster says is "farewell"—his face is literally going out of the picture, thrown way up into a corner; his back is also printed with blue.

Once an idea is in place, the search for the image begins. Images can emerge from a lot of research. Some I do in my library, which contains visual material rather than books purely for reading—history, objects, costumes, anatomy, curiosities and the like. This kind of material comes in handy when I'm called in to handle just one aspect of a job, like cutting the woodblocks for *Moby-Dick* [Arion Press]. That wasn't my book and I didn't create the illustration concept, but was hired because my hands could cut the blocks. The publisher felt that no one should interfere with, or interpret, Melville's novelistic art. The illustrator should do nothing more than build "stage sets" for it, that is, simply illustrate for the reader authentically detailed elements of whaling at that time. So my woodcuts are of harpoons, tackle, long boats, whales and the like. At the time I thought the approach was a good one. But I have my own ideas about the illustrating of *Moby-Dick* and am longing for a chance to do the book again, but from a dramatic point of view, interfering, as it were, with Melville's work.

In researching, I go as far down into a project as I possibly can. In doing *Huckleberry Finn*, for instance, in order to depict a trip down the Mississippi River I sat on a boat in the middle of the river with a camera to capture the essence of the scene. (I use a camera as a tool to record in a permanent way what my eyes see.)

I may not use a single piece of research I come up with, but it's there. It's part of the well I have to dip into. And no matter what I find, whether I use it or not, it all makes the final work richer.

In creating the image of the monster in *Frankenstein*, I did not rely on conventional research. For instance, I didn't turn to a memory of Boris Karloff, who played the monster in the original film version. To avoid stereotyping and to give the image true ugliness, my 18-year-old daughter and I took a human skull, built up areas with plasticene, covered it with chicken skin and then sewed it with coarse black thread to create the suture lines. I must have taken over 300 pictures of it, and it was from those pictures that the image was created.

I bought a 500mm lens for my camera, which I am using specifically to capture faces of outpatients at the State Mental Hospital in Northampton, Mass., for the day I do my own *Moby-Dick*. I want to use such faces as the crew of the *Pequod*. I can't capture them by sketching, because I'm not that fast or that good. But standing unobtrusively at a distance with a 500mm lens, I can do it.

When I get into a project I live an intense life. When I did *Alice*, I'd get up at 4 o'clock in the morning and work for 17 hours a day, seven days a week, for eight or nine months and damn near killed myself. As Bernard Shaw said, "Whiskey makes it possible." □



Courtesy of the University of California Press

Moser's monster in Frankenstein

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FICTION

THE MIKO

Eric Van Lustbader. Villard, $16.95 ISBN 0-394-53929-X

In this sequel to *The Ninja*, Lustbader sets a sharply wrought tale of ritual revenge by a *miko*, a sorceress, against the larger, yet equally powerful story of a search for oil that will affect the balance of power between Russia and Japan . . . to produce a splendid narrative made all the more satisfying by the author's knowledgeable portrayal of the attitudes and behavior of the Japanese, Russians and Americans and his sensitivity to the potential for high drama when they are in conflict. Nicholas Linnear, an American businessman of part Japanese heritage, goes to Tokyo with his boss, Raphael Tomkin, to facilitate a merger with Sato Petrochemicals, unaware that the bride of the president of Sato, the *miko*, is committed to destroying the company and killing Linnear. The stakes, personal and professional, are high. Linnear is about to marry Tomkin's daughter; the assistant to Sato's president, severely wounded in World War II, hates Americans; a Russian national hopes to exploit the oil find to incapacitate his government; and the *miko*, as breathtakingly beautiful as she is committed, has been trained in all the arts of attack and defense by one of Japan's most revered *sensei*. This is a long, complex and richly textured novel that will keep readers entertained right up to the last word. *Major ad/promo; Literary Guild dual main selection.* [*August 20*]

THE SKOOK

JP Miller. Warner, $17 ISBN 0-446-51296-6

For 48 years, Spanish Barrman, an American businessman, has led a frustrating existence. Afraid of his father, alienated from his wife, he is unable to come to grips with himself. Fleeing from a motorcycle gang, he becomes trapped at the bottom of a cave under tons of rubble, and there his life begins. The cave is a metaphor for his being, pulsing with the terrors of the unknown. A river that cascades to a pool runs through it, containing prehistoric sea serpents and other frightening manifestations. Then the Skook, a creature that he had invented years before to entertain his children, suddenly appears, to inspire and comfort Span. Pushing himself to the limits of his physical and mental strength, Span finally makes his way out of the cave and achieves a new and intensely satisfying accommodation with his wife, only to find that a new problem faces them. In this imaginative, affecting novel, Miller, award-winning dramatist and screenwriter (*Days of Wine and Roses*), makes the fantastic real and shows us another side of the truth about life. The book's cover features a much-touted hologram, a three-dimensional representation of the Skook, in living colors. *Major ad/promo. Foreign rights: Rosenstone/Wender.* [*August 27*]

DOYLE'S DISCIPLES

Bob Leuci. Freundlich (Scribners, dist.), $14.95 ISBN 0-88191-006-6

For love of Chief Inspector Doyle's daughter, Cathy, ex-hippie Bobby Porterfield becomes a New York City cop. His idealism is quickly washed away by the tide of junkies, whores and pimps in his East Harlem precinct, and when more than the usual number of Doyle's cops begin dying sordidly, Bobby discovers a pattern that points to a culprit within their own ranks. Leuci, himself the model for the cop in *Prince of the City*, tells the story straight from the hip: how a cop's personal life becomes subordinate to his beat; of the Irish old-boyism of the NYPD; of the moral battles ahead for anyone like Bobby who tries going against the grain. Though Leuci leaves a few things unfinished (Cathy all but disappears from the story), his knowledge of the street and of the edgy camaraderie on the force work to give this book many of the qualities of *Serpico* while retaining its own distinct style. [*August*]

HOB'S DAUGHTER

T. Alan Broughton. Morrow, $15.95 ISBN 0-688-03911-1

Broughton (*A Family Gathering*) creates a thoughtful, sensitive first-person narrator in Julie Cobb, a young Vermont sculptor whose meditations on a complex network of family ties provide the dynamic for this novel. Julie's own family is absent: her brother disappeared after their mother committed suicide; her novelist father died of a heart attack. But her tender lover, Michael, who's divorced, has a family she shares—his 23-year-old daughter, Melissa, and blind father, Sheldon. Julie's broodings on love, grief and a tragic childhood explode with pain when Melissa is brutally beaten to death by a demented youth. More than half the book chronicles Julie's efforts to fit yet another death into her fragile worldview. Broughton, author of three previous novels and five volumes of poetry, excels at characterization, shading his raw New England families with a masterful palette of local color. At first, Julie also interests us with her intuitions and unexpected associations, but in the end her meanderings seem unfocused, somewhat out of the author's control and, sadly, after the auspicious beginning, a bit boring. *Foreign rights: Ellen Levine Literary Agency.* [*August 31*]

HEROES ARE GRAZING IN MY GARDEN

Herbert Padilla, translated by Andrew Hurley. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $15.95 ISBN 0-374-16982-9

This novel, whose title can be read as a sarcastic slur on Fidel and crew, landed its author, Cuba's celebrated poet, in jail and resulted in his deportation. It focuses on two men—Gregorio, an alcoholic writer, and Julio, a former member of the ORO (a revolutionary council), who is now reduced to doing interpreting work for having openly, and continuously, criticized the regime. Their attempts to retain their identities and their right to think critically are the novel's true concern. The most accessible aspect of the narrative is the men's contrasting relationships with their wives. Julio's in particular is a small marvel of sadomasochism and frustration, a microcosm of the larger struggle going on in Cuba. The work is ambitious and complex, multicharactered and often elusive in meaning. The story frequently digresses into dreams and memories before we have had enough of the reality, and returns to reality before we have been able to incorporate

sea.[9] Referring to Ulysses and Dante, Morris observes how western man has always gone to the sea "in search of some notion of himself" (p. 69). But, keeping in mind the American fascination with self-reliance and solitary experience, Morris emphasizes how peculiarly American it is to "go to the sea just to get away, to get away from it *all*" (p. 69). Morris continues: "It is no accident that an American, Captain Joshua Slocum, was the first man to have done what even wily Ulysses would not have thought of doing [i.e., to sail alone around the world]. Slocum was born in 1844, just a year before Thoreau pitched his camp at Walden, and Herman Melville, an ordinary seaman, was homeward bound from Honolulu on the *United States*. Americans were beginning . . . to get away from it all" (p. 69). Morris's remarks help bring into focus an essential quality of American sea fiction that underscores its vital relationship to American literature in general, with its radical preoccupation with the ideals of democracy, individual freedom, and self-reliance. To be at sea is a deeply liberating experience, as well as a frightening one perhaps—as anyone who has been on the water beyond the sight of land has probably felt. So it must have seemed to the first Europeans, whose sea-crossings would bring them to an envisioned new world; and so it was for the later mariner-mystics, Dana and Melville, who, liberated at sea, saw not only their own versions of metaphysically deep or transcendent realities, but something a good deal more particular about the American reality—the abuses of democratic freedom in the lives of ordinary seamen. It is deeply characteristic of our literature that in the freedom of being at sea, as in that of being *over*seas, many of our greatest writers have found a perspective from which to evaluate and extend the American vision. Indeed, writing from the perspective of the seas is perhaps merely a pronounced version of the general tendency in American writing that Richard Poirier has described in *A World Elsewhere*—the American's characteristic "struggle to create through language an environment in which the inner consciousness of the hero-poet can freely express itself, an environment in which he can sound publicly what he privately is."[10] Often, the American sea writer, like the characteristic American writer Poirier describes, "builds a world elsewhere" in terms of "the mystical experience to which William James alludes, an 'enormous sense of inner authority' " (p. 14). Poirier sees in *Moby-Dick* a prime example of this tendency; whereas he sees in *Robinson Crusoe* (which is often described as a British sea novel) "a sort of idyllic parable of man's gaining merely economic control over an environment out of which he could try to make anything he chose. A true born Englishman, [Defoe] has no interest whatever in the merely visionary possession of landscape" (p. 9). In general, British sea fiction from Smollett to Conrad (as well as the earliest American sea fiction) is distinguishable from most American sea fiction in that it emphasizes glorious extensions of empire or national victories at sea in war and commerce.

Any renewed effort to comprehend the tradition of American sea fiction must consider the individual writer's "enormous sense of inner authority" as he responds to the sea; for the tradition's greatest achievements have always come more because an individual genius had gone to sea and been moved by that experience than merely because of the measurable tonnage of American shipping during a given period. While is seems obviously true that *Moby-Dick*, for example, could not have come into existence if Melville had gone to sea just two decades later than he did (i.e., when the great American whaling industry had virtually died), it is misleading to imagine that the industry itself—or even the popular interest in whaling or polar exploration—contributed very significantly to the production of our great book. Indeed, the primary relationship between *Moby-Dick* and the intense maritime activity in America at midcentury seems to be that the popular interest in sea matters served mainly to blind the reading public to what Melville had made of his whale.

Finally, another related shaping force in the continuing vitality of American sea fiction is, as it has been since the 1840s, the force of inspiration and influence among writers within the tradition. Philbrick traces this force up through the time of Cooper and his contemporaries, and on to Melville. But, perhaps because *Two Years Before the Mast* appeared so late in the period his study covers, Philbrick underplays Dana's influence in the tradition, giving far more emphasis, for example, to Joseph C. Hart's *Miriam*

[9] *The Territory Ahead* (n.p.: Harcourt, Brace, 1958), pp. 67–77. Further references to this work appear in the text.

[10] *A World Elsewhere: The Place of Style in American Literature* (New York: Oxford Univ. Press, 1966), p. 35. Further references to this work appear in the text.

American Literature May '59

The Road Taken

FROST
A Literary Life Reconsidered.
By William H. Pritchard.
Illustrated. 286 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $15.95.

By Helen Vendler

tention to the work of art as an object directed by esthetic ends, criticism moved, in the middle third of this century, away from the biographical; now, in reaction, there has begun a replacement of literature in history. Literary biography, never a defunct genre, has had its status revalidated; the work of art, it is now thought, suffers from being removed from historical and social con-

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Inside the Lines



FRANK WARD
Pritchard.

In the 1950's, when he was an undergraduate at Amherst College in Massachusetts, William H. Pritchard had a prophetic exchange with Robert Frost. The future biographer asked the poet, who was on the faculty, "what he meant by a line in one of his poems. He shook his finger at me and didn't answer. He used to say a poet has a line and won't step over it to explain for the reader."

The pun is part of the Frost that "delights and interests and puzzles" Mr. Pritchard, who himself teaches at Amherst now and had wanted to write "a relatively short book about Frost's life and art — in a selective way." In "Frost: A Literary Life Reconsidered," the author steps inside the poetic lines but does not judge the poet by his life. "I make moral judgments, but I hope that they are not moralizing," Mr. Pritchard said from his home in Amherst.

Referring to Lawrance Thompson, Frost's official biographer, "as a strongly literal-minded person about right and wrong," Mr. Pritchard said, "I think after spending 30 years writing about Frost he grew increasingly judgmental. Often with Frost, the relation between the art and the life is tenuous and indirect, and at your peril do you move easily from poem to life. If there is any principle in my book, it is that we can understand Frost better by looking at what he said."

— Andrea Stevens

death, as in Stevens; complex, tortured public-private conflict, as in Yeats . . .; symbolic expression of dark, ancestral wisdom, as in Eliot." In fact, Mr. Pritchard continues, "None of these models serves to take in the extremely individual, even perverse-looking aspects of the three Frost poems . . . the highly artificial, unnatural treatment of the central situation of each."

Frost's genuine oddity — "the humor, the irony, the mischief, the teasing, the playfulness" — is what Mr. Pritchard renders most convincingly. And it is finally that verbal oddity toward which the biographer of a poet must be most responsible, giving us not psychological reduction to a type but rather that resistance in every genius to all stereotyping. The price paid for individuality of voice — the quality, after all, for which we remember poets — is absolute social singularity. Each poet is a species to himself, a mutant in the human herd, speaking an idiolect he shares with no one. Other geniuses — musical, scientific — may have quite ordinary social voices (as their letters bear witness) and may in consequence be able to live comfortable and integrated social lives. But to possess a different voice from others of one's kind — in conversation, in letters, in verse — sets one dreadfully apart (this is one reason poets become monologuists). The poet's voice breaks in on social convention in a way that inevitably makes the poet conscious of his own social uniqueness.

Mr. Pritchard's book documents Frost's steady pursuit of his own voice, from the early, very discouraging days of grief and poverty through the later years of additional grief accompanied by public acclaim. By quoting the best parts of weak poems and by reminding us of the powerful poems in the volumes of Frost's middle age, Mr. Pritchard recalls to us Frost's esthetic stubbornness in finding his own American manner. Frost, always a technician of verse, repays technical study, and Mr. Pritchard, with a light touch, notices technical perfections.

I wish Mr. Pritchard had repeated the two stories told by Robert Francis in his small memoir of Frost, both of them illuminating Frost's confidence in the relation of technique to subject. As I recall them, here they are: Frost, seeing through the window-frame of Francis' living room an apple tree in blossom, said, "The sticks improve the tree"; and speaking of the indolence of poets who write free verse, he said that they reminded him of the Amherst wives who wove wall-hangings: "If you're going to weave cloth, *do* something with it: *make pants.*" But Mr. Pritchard does use the rich notebooks, letters and talks of Frost to corroborate his sense of the poet as a stylist in life as in art, always maintaining his peculiar combination of the reckless and the guarded, the headlong and the withheld.

And yet, much as I trust Mr. Pritchard as a guide to Frost the man (seen from Frost's own vantage point) and Frost the poet (seen historically as well as esthetically), I cannot quite follow him in his tendency to excuse the Frost who was a cause of grief to others. I was one of the reviewers who trusted Thompson's facts; no doubt Thompson's biography prejudiced us against Frost; perhaps we were, as Mr. Pritchard generously suggests, misled by Thompson's literal-minded interpretations of Frost's extravagance in word and gesture. But it seems to me that Mr. Pritchard treats Frost's eccentricities rather too lightly. He retells, for instance, Frost's daughter Lesley's memory of a "wild occurrence" (Mr. Pritchard's words) which took place when Lesley was 6: "She was awakened one winter night by her father and led downstairs where her mother lay weeping at the kitchen table, hands over her face. The child then noticed that the father was brandishing a revolver, pointing it first at Elinor, then at himself, while announcing that Lesley was to take her choice since before morning one of her parents would be dead."

MR. PRITCHARD comments, "Heady stuff for a child at any age, especially in the middle of the night." This seems to me the wrong tone to take (even though Mr. Pritchard adds that the "traumatic disruptions" of such a gesture must have persisted in all concerned). For Frost, the scene may have been what Mr. Pritchard calls it, "a very bad piece of theatricality," but for his wife and child it must have been terror. And although Mr. Pritchard says that Frost — that master of style — "tried hard to strike a believable tone of support and encouragement" in his letters to his son, Carol, who committed suicide, the passages quoted from those letters do not sound believable to me. Frost's own words to Louis Untermeyer (quoted by Mr. Pritchard) are revealing: "I failed to trick Carol or argue him into believing he was the least successful." If Frost had at all admired his son, he would not have had to trick or argue him into anything. Rhetoric could not substitute for feeling, in life any more than in poetry.

But Mr. Pritchard, as I have said, argues the best case for Frost in every such instance; and it is right that the case be made, to counter Thompson's harsher view. This deft, concise, readable literary life moves between its two genres — biography and criticism — with confidence and poise. It seems to me, however, that most of what Mr. Pritchard says about the poems could have been said without reference to the events of the life, and that finally the practice of the poems is better explained by being set against, say, Wordsworth and Horace rather than against such undeniably important biographical facts as Frost's friendship with the English poet Edward Thomas, or the death of Frost's infant son.

On the other hand, the life of an artist is best understood in the light of the work, as Mr. Pritchard believes and convincingly demonstrates. We needed — and now we have — a compact, sympathetic account of Frost's life as a poet, one that puts the biographical emphasis where it belongs, on Frost's tenacious and powerful art. □

NYTBR 14 Oct. '84

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Best Sellers

Fiction

This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	**THE FOURTH PROTOCOL,** by Frederick Forsyth. (Viking, $17.95.) A London jewel robbery leads to plots and counterplots behind the Iron Curtain.	1	9
2	**GOD KNOWS,** by Joseph Heller. (Knopf, $16.95.) King David describes his life in comic and anachronistic style.	10	2
3	**"... AND LADIES OF THE CLUB,"** by Helen Hooven Santmyer. (Putnam, $19.95.) Life in an Ohio town, 1868 to 1932.	2	18
4	**FIRST AMONG EQUALS,** by Jeffrey Archer. (Linden Press/Simon & Schuster, $16.95.) Three young men vie to be chosen Prime Minister of Britain.	3	11
5	**LINCOLN,** by Gore Vidal. (Random House, $19.95.) A fictionalized account of the Civil War Presidency.	4	17
6	**STRONG MEDICINE,** by Arthur Hailey. (Doubleday, $16.95.) A strong woman rises in the pharmaceutical industry.	7	3
7	**CRESCENT CITY,** by Belva Plain. (Delacorte, $16.95.) Life in 19th-century New Orleans, seen from the viewpoint of a Jewish woman.	6	5
8	**TOUGH GUYS DON'T DANCE,** by Norman Mailer. (Random House, $16.95.) A murder mystery set in Provincetown, Mass.	5	8
9	**JOB: A Comedy of Justice,** by Robert A. Heinlein. (Del Rey, $16.95.) A bigoted yet lovable religious man has his faith tested in a series of tribulations in a variety of alternate worlds.	8	7
10	**THE MIKO,** by Eric Van Lustbader. (Villard Books, $16.95.) An American businessman struggles with a vengeful Japanese sorceress in a high-stakes battle involving oil.	9	8
11	**THE AQUITAINE PROGRESSION,** by Robert Ludlum. (Random House, $17.95.) A lawyer is caught in a conspiracy to seize the Western world.	12	32
12	**THE BUTTER BATTLE BOOK,** by Dr. Seuss. (Random House, $6.95.) A warning about the nuclear arms race in words and pictures.	11	31
13	**THE OUTSIDER,** by Howard Fast. (Houghton Mifflin, $15.95.) Life in a small New England town as seen by a young rabbi and his family.	13	5
14	**SUPERIOR WOMEN,** by Alice Adams. (Knopf, $16.95.) Five friends at Radcliffe and after.		1
15	**ROLE OF HONOR,** by John Gardner. (Putnam, $11.95.) James Bond leaves Government service to become a private spy.	14	4

Nonfiction

This Week		Last Week	Weeks On List
1	**LOVING EACH OTHER,** by Leo Buscaglia. (Slack/Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $13.95.) Suggestions for "setting our priorities right in order to enjoy life to the fullest."	1	7
2	**PIECES OF MY MIND,** by Andrew A. Rooney. (Atheneum, $12.95.) More essays by the journalist and television commentator.	3	5
3	**THE BRIDGE ACROSS FOREVER,** by Richard Bach. (Morrow, $16.95.) The author of "Jonathan Livingston Seagull" recounts his search for a true love.	2	6
4	**THE KENNEDYS: An American Drama,** by Peter Collier and David Horowitz. (Summit, $20.95.) The dark as well as the glamorous sides of four generations of a prominent family.	4	16
5	**THE REST OF US,** by Stephen Birmingham. (Little, Brown, $19.95.) Success stories of American Jews from Eastern Europe.	5	6
6	**HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, I WROTE A BOOK!** by John Madden with Dave Anderson. (Villard Books, $14.95.) An anecdotal autobiography of the popular television sports announcer.	6	4
7	**CLOSE ENCOUNTERS,** by Mike Wallace and Gary Paul Gates. (Morrow, $17.95.) A memoir by the "60 Minutes" reporter.	15	2
8	**ONE WRITER'S BEGINNINGS,** by Eudora Welty. (Harvard, $10.) The novelist recalls her childhood in Mississippi.	13	32
9	**A LIGHT IN THE ATTIC,** by Shel Silverstein. (Harper & Row, $13.50.) Light verse and drawings by the author.	12	99
10*	**THE WENDY DILEMMA,** by Dan Kiley. (Arbor House, $15.95.) Why some women inappropriately mother their men.	9	3
11	**IN GOD'S NAME,** by David A. Yallop. (Bantam, $16.95.) A British journalist argues that Pope John Paul I's death in 1978 was a case of murder.	7	15
12*	**GOOD MORNING, MERRY SUNSHINE,** by Bob Greene. (Atheneum, $14.95.) The syndicated columnist's journal of his child's first year.	11	17
13	**THE FIRE FROM WITHIN,** by Carlos Castaneda. (Simon & Schuster, $16.50.) Another report on the world of magic and sorcery.		21
14*	**THE NIGHTMARE YEARS: 1930-1940,** by William L. Shirer. (Little, Brown, $22.50.) Second volume of the memoirs of a celebrated foreign correspondent.	10	19
15*	**MOSES THE KITTEN,** by James Herriot. (St. Martin's, $9.95.) The illustrated version of a story told in "Vet in Harness."		1

And Bear in Mind

(Editors' choices of other recent books of particular interest)

AN ANGEL AT MY TABLE: An Autobiography. Volume Two, by Janet Frame. (Braziller, $12.95.) The New Zealand novelist tells how, mistakenly diagnosed as a schizophrenic, she spent eight years in mental hospitals, and how her need to write rescued her.

THE CHEER LEADER and JULY 7TH, by Jill McCorkle. (Algonquin, $15.95 and $17.95.) By issuing simultaneously the first and second novels of Jill McCorkle, a North Carolina publisher lets us see at once her maturing from a good to a full-grown novelist.

DEADLY GAMBITS: The Reagan Administration and the Stalemate in Nuclear Arms Control, by Strobe Talbott. (Knopf, $17.95.) A masterly account of the Reagan record by a writer to whom just about everyone in the Government talked privately.

DUSE, by William Weaver. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $19.95.) An excellent life story of the legendary Italian star who, in her search for the actual emotional truth of her characters' situations, could properly be called the first great *modern* actress.

"THE GOOD WAR": An Oral History of World War Two, by Studs Terkel. (Pantheon, $19.95.) Sensitively using his tape recorder, Studs Terkel has created a tremendously compelling portrait of a national experience in the words of men and women who lived it.

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF A SHE-DEVIL, by Fay Weldon. (Pantheon, $13.95.) A devilishly delightful tour de farce of a novel in which a humble and lumpish good wife, always unappreciated and humiliated, takes revenge as far as it will go.

SECOND MARRIAGE, by Frederick Barthelme. (Simon & Schuster, $15.95.) Ordinary people, caught with photographic accuracy as they marry and break up, are the subjects of this novel that makes them all fully engaging and human.

Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous

1	**WHAT THEY DON'T TEACH YOU AT HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL,** by Mark H. McCormack. (Bantam, $15.95.) Notes and tips of a "street-smart executive."	2	4
2	**EAT TO WIN,** by Robert Haas. (Rawson, $14.95.) A regimen for participants in sports and fitness activities.	1	29
3*	**MARY KAY ON PEOPLE MANAGEMENT,** by Mary Kay Ash. (Warner, $15.50.) The head of a cosmetics company applies the golden rule.	4	2
4	**WEBSTER'S NINTH NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY.** (Merriam-Webster, $14.95.) A standard work updated in 1983.	3	28
5	**WEBSTER'S II: NEW RIVERSIDE UNIVERSITY DICTIONARY.** (Houghton Mifflin, $14.95.) A new dictionary with more than 200,000 definitions and many unusual features.		7

The listings above are based on computer-processed sales figures from 2,000 bookstores in every region of the United States, statistically adjusted to represent sales in all bookstores. In Advice and How-to, five titles are listed because, beyond that point, sales in this category are not generally large enough to make a longer list statistically reliable.

*An asterisk before a book's title indicates that its sales, weighted to reflect the bookselling industry nationally, are barely distinguishable from those of the book above.

Lillian Hellman's Gift To a Young Playwright

By MARSHA NORMAN

People lie to girls. At least, when I was growing up, they did. They said there was always some way to make everybody happy. They said fighting wouldn't get you anywhere. And they said that conversation was how you kept people from knowing what you were thinking.

None of those things made much sense to me. Consequently, I spent my girlhood feeling confused and left out. I knew they were lying, but I didn't know why. Was I really supposed to live that way? Was there any other way? If there was, why didn't somebody tell me?

It was Lillian Hellman who finally told me the truth. It's all a fight, she said, the whole thing is a fight, but "if you are willing to take the punishment, you are halfway through the battle." I read "An Unfinished Woman," and rejoiced in my relief. She was mad and I was mad and we were right to be mad.

I had read her plays in high school, but to this day, I have never had the opportunity to see any of them performed. It was her other writing that called me, her life that moved me. Her own story was the most compelling one she wrote, she was her own most significant character. Her voice was the one that carried all the way to Kentucky, where I lived.

I read "An Unfinished Woman" as I was graduating from college. As I started living my life, she started writing about hers. There was "Pentimento," "Scoundrel Time" and "Maybe." I read her story as though she were living it in my time. For fifteen years, I picked up the messages she left for me, and began to find my way toward our meeting last summer, when, finally, I had the opportunity to thank her.

Did she want to be thanked? "Yes," she said. Did she want to know what she had done for me? "Yes," she said, "I'd like to hear that." And suddenly, I was terrified for both of us. How easy it would have been for me not to come. How soon I would be sitting old and frail.

I asked her about her most significant sentence for me — "the stubborn relentless, driving desire to be alone, as it came into conflict with the desire not to be alone when I wanted not to be." I asked her if it was still true for her.

She said "that one gets more and more true. And I am less and less alone." She explained that with three rounds of nurses, she had so much more desire to be alone, but she knew she would never be alone again. She cautioned me against listening to flattery, she confirmed my suspicion that she would have liked to do more war reporting, and railed at America's tendency to destroy people for their success. That afternoon, nearly blind and very sick, she did what she always did for me, she told me the truth.

When I told her of my love for the Chekhov letters, she said her translation was under attack, which I knew. Most of her work has been

Continued on Page 7

Marsha Norman is a playwright whose "'Night, Mother," won the 1983 Pulitzer Prize for drama.

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Lillian Hellman's Legacy

Continued from Page 1

attacked in one way or another. But I am not interested in the degree to which she told the literal truth. The literal truth is, for writers, only half of the story. I am interested in what I can use, what I can enjoy, what I can laugh at, what I can learn from.

Over the years, I was most relieved to hear her say she was never comfortable in the world of the theater. She was right not to be comfortable. The theater is an amusement park in the jungle, and only wild animals and very brave children can be consistently happy there.

Working in the theater, as I do, is an act of faith. As such, it requires regular communion with those who are older in the faith, more confirmed in their belief. Writers like Lillian Hellman, who are willing to share their lives as well as their work, make it possible for those who come after them to survive.

She often wrote that the glamor of theater people didn't mean much to her, and she wasn't much good at collaboration. "I like fame," she said, "but I'm no good at its requirements. One must," she insisted, "pay fame the respect it demands, or leave it alone and find someplace else to go." Unfortunately, she did not tell me exactly where else I might go.

Hammett told her she didn't like the theater at all except when she was in a room by herself putting the play on paper. Every playwright I know feels this way. The play and the production of the play are quite separate creatures, one the work of the playwright, the other the work of the director. But audiences and critics often have trouble telling them apart.

People who say the theater is where the playwright is in control, are lying. Relinquishing control, but accepting the responsibility nevertheless, requires considerable grace and strength from the playwright. This is why playwrights are not as visible as directors. We are home saving up our grace.

Lillian Hellman's description of the serious play and how it feels, is the best I have ever read. We all know how uncomfortable the serious theater can be. You go expecting to be moved, to be taken somewhere. But the longer it goes on, the more you wonder how much longer it goes on.

"But sometimes," she says, "we go to a play and after the curtain has been up five minutes, we have a sense of being able to settle back in the arms of the playwright."

I tell students that they have eight minutes to let the audience know who this play is about, what is at stake, where you are going and why. A woman in Houston once told me she thought the audience would happily listen to at least an hour of exposition.

> When I met her, she did what she had always done—told me the truth.

After all, she said, they've gotten all dressed and hired a baby sitter and everything. I simply asked her how long she liked to sit on the runway waiting for the airplane to take off.

Lillian Hellman claims, in "Pentimento" that playwrights are quite different from novelists, that there is a light the natural dramatist can see on a dark road. But what is this light? Over the years, I've come to think it's a singleness of purpose, the ability to remain focused on one event.

The dramatist conducts one search for one answer, and rejects whatever distractions might be enjoyed if he were traveling this road in the company of a novelist. If a cliff diver is a novelist, she will tell you what you can see from so high above the water. A playwright cliff diver is only interested in how far down it is.

In a good play, "each detail falls into useful place," Miss Hellman says. "And you know that the shortest line, the smallest stage movement, has an end in view, and is not being used to trick us or . . . pull fashionable wool over our eyes. To such writers, in whatever field they be, we give our full attention and they deserve it."

It is not enough to learn to write for the theater. Playwrights must learn to survive in the theater. There are warnings in Miss Hellman's work about the equally destructive effects of success and failure. "Failure in the theater is more public, more brilliant, more unreal than in any other field." But she consoles us by saying that "the failure of a second work is more damaging to a writer than failure ever will be again."

She's right. Second plays almost always fail. This is due in part to the expectations of the critics and the audience, but also to the fact that a playwright's growth is not a smooth process toward a universally recognized standard. Many failed plays are simply studies for the great work which comes later. But it takes considerable maturity to remember this as you are reading the reviews, knowing that everybody else in the production can go out and get another job tomorrow.

Young writers soon learn, she says, that you only care about what a few people think, that there are only a few people who will stand behind your chair for good or bad, forever. And everyone knows, she says, that good theater jokes are almost always based on survived disasters. It helps me survive to see other playwrights. But not to talk about the work. I simply derive great comfort from seeing that Lanford and Wendy are still alive. Sitting at the council table at the Dramatists Guild is a joy unlike any other I know. As Mary Rodgers says, "It's the best club in town."

Lillian Hellman says that in order to survive in the theater, you must "act with confidence, no matter how little right you have to it." Ordinary timidity and stumbling seem like disintegration in the theater, she said, and they are "infectious and corruptive to other frightened people."

Lillian Hellman watched the theater changing, and she didn't like it. "I think that after 'Watch on the Rhine' much of the pleasant hijinks of the theater was never to be seen again because the theater, like the rest of the country, became expensive, earnest and conservative." Oh how right she is about this. Too often today serious plays are only solemn, and comedies are so desperately sincere it makes you weep. . .and walk.



Bonnie Schiffman Rhoda Nathans

The late Lillian Hellman, above, and playwright Marsha Norman—"From my vantage point of admirer and debtor, I am convinced that Lillian Hellman's anger caused her more pain than anyone else."

Everybody is so afraid now. The regional theaters are afraid of losing their "purity," the producers are afraid to come in without stars. The stars are afraid of looking bad and the writers are afraid of starving. Only the stage hands are happy, but that's because they always get their money. We should be angry, not afraid. This is the time, in Lillian Hellman's own words, to "show off against the fear."

Her counsel is not limited to the theater, however. She warns us that we will forget how we got from where we were to where we are, that we may never know what we do not understand, and that people and reasons will be "lost in deep summer grass."

It is far too easy to say Lillian Hellman was mainly angry. She spent her life "showing off against the fear," and that seems like a decent enough plan to me. I know her friends suffered from her temper, but I think the world enjoyed it, loved reading about ther rages. Her writing, however, explains the anger in another way.

"I've gone through my life blaming myself for almost anything that harmed me: what anybody did to me, what work failed, what meanness or malice was given . . . It is vanity in the end, I guess, to think so much depends on you."

From my vantage point of admirer and debtor, I am convinced that her anger caused her more pain than anyone else. "I feel betrayed," she said, "by the nonsense I had believed."

But her anger may very well have saved me, and people like me who heard her screaming. When she finishes with you, if you still believe any of the nonsense, it's your own fault and you can go to hell with her blessing.

When I lecture or talk to students now, I preach the sermons she delivered so freely. Nobody is going to come save you, that's your job. Save yourself. If you don't like where you are, get out of there. The object is not for them to like you, the object is for them to listen to you. Nobody knows what you want except you. And nobody will be as sorry as you if you don't get it.

Your family thinks of you as a pet, you have to leave them. They are just where you came from, they are not what you are. They will give you everything they have, but that will not make you want it, or know what to do with it. Wanting some other way to live, is proof enough of deserving it. Having it is hard work, but not having it is sheer hell.

This is, then, a simple tribute to the power of her voice to carry down the dark road, the strength of the example she never meant to set, and the generosity she unwittingly showed to another girl who, like Lillian Hellman, "stepped too early into solitude." ■

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New Polish Artists in New York

Continued from Page 1

quickly established himself as a magazine and book illustrator in the United States since arriving in New York City in September, 1981.

And Jan Sawka, who was famous in Poland for his satirical posters and book illustrations, has also had a steady rise in reputation since he left Poland in 1976. After staging several relatively small but successful shows of his work in New York and California galleries, the 37-year-old Mr. Sawka now seems on the verge of a career breakthrough, with three one-man shows of his work planned for next March in New York City galleries. Included in the three shows will be Mr. Sawka's recent paintings, assemblages, three-dimensional objects and a limited edition book made of 25 handpainted, dry-point engraving prints.

While the repressive political climate of Poland both before and since the crushing of Solidarity has been the main catalyst of the recent exodus of artistic talent from that country, nearly all of the artists insist that they emigrated for artistic as well as political reasons.

"I wanted freedom, inner freedom," explained Andrzej Czeczot, who was a nationally known satirist in Poland and was jailed for ten days in December, 1981 for having drawn cartoons for a newspaper published by Solidarity. He moved to the United States in the fall of 1982. "After martial law in Poland you had only two choices, to be a dissident or to be a pig. But I am an artist, not a professional dissident. I would only vegetate if I stayed, so I had to leave."

Most Polish artists who have recently immigrated to the United States have done so for reasons even less politically motivated than Mr. Czeczot's. Many of them were taking extended vacations in the West under the liberal passport policy of the Solidarity period, when martial law was declared in December, 1981. Although no law stopped them from returning to Poland, the fear of being jailed and the extreme uncertainty over Poland's future led many of them to decide to settle in the United States.

In some cases — though it may seem paradoxical — it was the tremendous political excitement caused by Solidarity itself that prompted the artists to leave. Daniel Wnuk, for example, a 30-year-old sculptor, left Poland during a time of intense political activity and self-questioning for all Poles — the summer of 1981. His decision to leave was partially based on his determination not to let the powerful political ideas in the air dictate the way he developed as an artist.

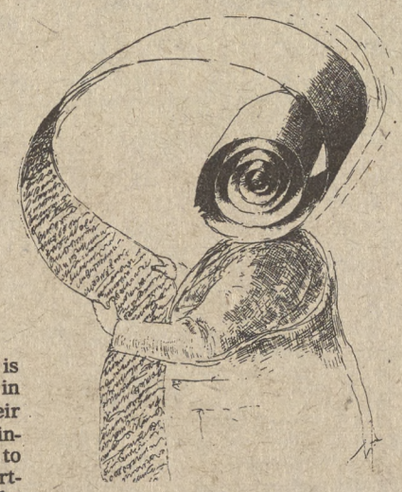


Above, "Noah's Ark" (1982), a painting by Andrzej Czeczot—"I am an artist, not a professional dissident." At right, "Speaker," by Janusz Kapusta, from a book of the artist's drawings published by William Morrow in 1984.

their own style, the major problem is often an excruciating indecision in choosing the themes and style of their art: Should they look to Poland for inspiration, they ask themselves, or to their adopted homeland? Older artists, on the other hand, often face the jolting realization that the artistic style that brought them success in Poland might not find an audience in the United States. Quite often, also, the older artists have made their reputations in Poland doing posters and other graphic arts, which have relatively high standing in the artistic echelons of that country. In the United States, however, these artists see that the prestige and the money is in fine arts painting, but often find it difficult, as mature graphic artists, to shift to that discipline.

•

Maciek Albrecht, who is 28-years-



SPEAKER

"I am often told 'Your art is too strong' or 'it is too good, we are not running an art contest,'" said Mr. Czeczot. His work has a fluid, whimsically erotic style resembling that of the American artist William Steig, although it sometimes veers into darker psychological territory, when it resembles the post-World War I satirical drawings of the German artist, George Grosz.

While many Polish artists have had a difficult start in this country, some of them, like Mr. Dudzinski, have the

New Jersey suburbs, and with little American cities, McDonald's, kitsch, all this stuff."

As it turned out, however, Mr. Sawka was only learning a new visual vocabulary during this period, not any new themes for his art. This fact, too, he says, smoothed his artistic transition to the West.

"My obsession is with human life and human troubles," Mr. Sawka explains. "These do not change drastically from Poland to America, but they have to be updated to the American scene. I am still painting about loneliness, ambition, dreams, failure, and memory. But now, if I draw a man looking out a window, the window has to be an American window, that opens up and down, not a European window, opening side to side."

Many Polish artists, who have been in the United States for far less time than Mr. Sawka and Mr. Dudzinski, are still wrestling with their English and their art. But now, in the crucial first few years that put every immigrant to the test, they are beginning to show in their own lives the same cleverness they were trained to use in their art.

Janusz Kapusta, for example, a 33-year-old artist who moved to the U.S. in 1981, has come up with an especially clever solution for an early "foot in the door" success. Within a year and a half after stepping off the airplane from Poland at Kennedy Airport, with no money and no friends in this country, Mr. Kapusta managed to have a book of his drawings published and in bookstores.

The book, called "Almost Everybody," is a collection of 92 pencil drawings that depict ingenious portraits of people in different professions. A doorman, for example, is shown opening his jacket, which is made to look like a door. An architect is shown in profile, with his head cut away to reveal the inside of a domed cupola. An unemployed person is shown hanging over a coathanger, like a wet sheet, to dry.

"I started with pencil drawings, using only pencil and paper and my imagination, because that was all I had," Mr. Kapusta explains. With the help of a translator, Mr. Kapusta showed his drawings to only a few publishing companies before William Morrow and Company quickly decided to publish them as a book.

For Daniel Wnuk, the sculptor, the problems of developing as an artist in the United States are perhaps more vexing. Mr. Wnuk's basic materials are marble and granite — 400 pound slabs of them — which are impossible to keep in his tiny Lower East Side apartment. His solution is to work several months straight at construction jobs to save money, and then to

The Year of Living Narratively

THE EDITORS' CHOICE
New American Stories: Volume One.
Edited by George E. Murphy Jr.
331 pp. New York: Windstone / Bantam Books. Paper. $6.95.

THE GRAYWOLF ANNUAL
Short Stories.
Edited by Scott Walker.
175 pp. Port Townsend, Wash.: Graywolf Press. Paper. $6.

By Anita Susan Grossman

THESE are flourishing times for short-story writers, as evidenced by these first volumes in two new planned series of anthologies that join such long-established annual collections as "Prize Stories: The O. Henry Awards" and "Best American Short Stories," not to mention such other annuals as the Pushcart Prize anthology, now in its ninth year or the many individual volumes of stories being published by both commercial publishers and university presses.

As its title suggests, "The Editors' Choice" was compiled by polling the editors of 18 magazines for their choices of the best stories appearing in their pages during 1983. This method, George E. Murphy Jr. announces, avoids the predictability of having the same editor picking the stories year after year (as is the case of the O. Henry collection, whose editor is William Abrahams) and the individual preferences of any single guest editor (the procedure of "Best American Stories"). Needless to say, it also saved him the enormous labor of reading through hundreds of extra stories.

Scott Walker, the publisher of Graywolf Press and the editor of "The Graywolf Annual," gives no such rationale for his new series: the short stories appear without benefit of an introduction or even notes about the contributors. Still, whatever the selection procedures, the effect is similar in both cases. The stories share a certain level of competence, with a reasonable mixture of work by famous and lesser-known young writers. Four of the 12 Graywolf authors also appear in "The Editors' Choice," and one story, Richard Ford's "Winterkill," appears in both books. Moreover, three of the stories in "The Editor's Choice" have been anthologized in "Prize Stories 1984" or "Best American Short Stories."

Several of the better ones have been published in well-received collections by their individual authors. Among them is David Leavitt's "Counting Months," which compassionately describes how a divorced mother of three attempts to cope with terminal cancer and the more mundane complexities of family life; "A New Life," by Janet Beeler Shaw, which tells how a young widow grows increasingly attached to the child she baby-sits for, while her best friend has trysts with the child's married father; and Margaret Atwood's survivalist tale, "When It Happens," which crosses the bounds of realism otherwise observed in "The Editors' Choice." (Although hardly a new work of American fiction — the story first appeared in a Canadian magazine in 1975 before being reprinted in her 1982 collection "Dancing Girls" — it is a welcome addition.)

Perhaps simply because of their greater number, the stories in "The Editors' Choice" seem more varied than those in "The Graywolf Annual," where the prevailing mood seems to be one of disappointment or loss. The narrator of Alice Adams's "Time in Santa Fe" says of a friend that "we are like people holding hands through a disaster." The same could be said of the protagonists of "Brothers" by Daniel Menaker or "A Sounding Brass" by Elizabeth Cox. Still, it is difficult to sympathize with the problems of some of the characters because they are so weakly delineated, and the narratives containing them so sluggish and aimless.

"These books offer an instructive — and inexpensive — look at what kind of fiction is in fashion."

Several authors in both books have discarded plot in favor of studies in character or atmosphere, and those are shown only by indirection and ellipsis, through a mass of surface detail; narrative tact goes so far that we may be unsure at the end of a story what exactly has happened or why it is significant. Motivation, too, remains opaque, so that the depressed rural matron of Mary Hood's "Inexorable Progress" (in "The Editors' Choice") is driven to attempt suicide for reasons unknown to us, and the gently humorous narrator of Thomas McGuane's "Like a Leaf" remains amiable and easygoing until the last few paragraphs, when he shoots a woman in the head.

MANY of the characters are also exasperatingly stupid, like the mother of a troubled boy in Anne Tyler's "Teenage Wasteland" (in "The Editors' Choice"), who lets herself be bullied by a school counselor with his glib philosophy of permissiveness, or the shiftless young veteran in Tobias Wolff's "Desert Breakdown 1968," who plans to ditch his infant son and pregnant, foreign-born wife at a desert gas station when he is offered a lift in a hearse by a drugged-out trio who look like rejects from the Manson family. And in Charlie Smith's "Crystal River," two Southern good old boys — and occasional lovers — encounter on a river bank a naked young woman who compels them at gunpoint to have sex with her and then joins their canoe trip down a Florida river; apparently it never occurs to them that she might not be the ideal traveling companion.

Although these two collections are in certain respects disappointing, one can still support the new series in principle, if only because young writers need all the exposure they can get. Moreover, the volumes offer an instructive — and inexpensive — look at what kind of fiction is in fashion and being promoted by innumerable creative writing programs throughout the nation. Perhaps the next crop of stories will be richer. □

Anita Susan Grossman is a freelance writer and critic.

Author's Query

For a book about, and accompanying record of, carnival and medicine show barkers, street criers and pitchmen of all kinds, I would appreciate hearing from anyone with reminiscences, recordings, photographs or first-hand knowledge of these occupations.

AMANDA DARGAN ZEITLIN
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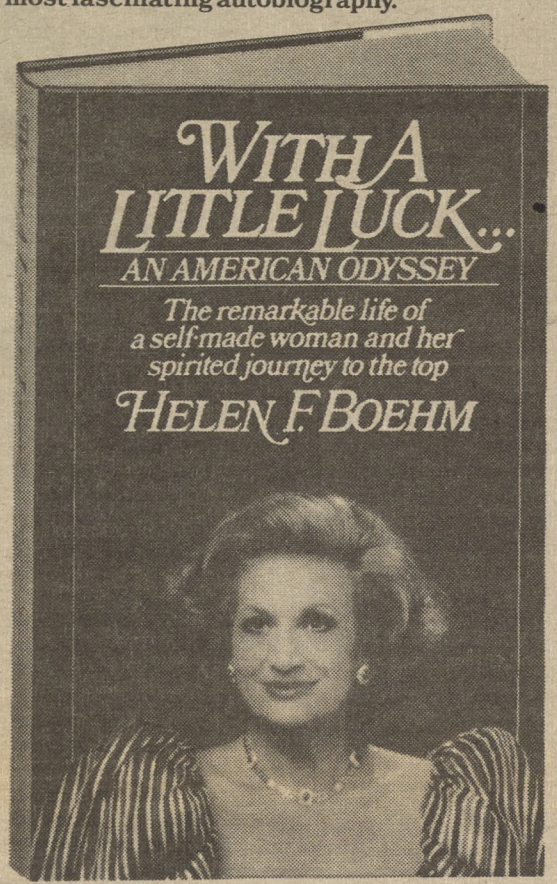

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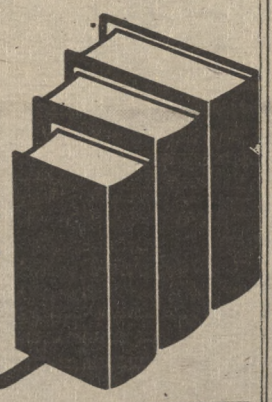

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Escape Into War

CARLINO
By Stuart Hood.
144 pp. New York: Carcanet.
Cloth, $14.95. Paper, $7.50.

By Charles F. Delzell

THIS enthralling autobiographical fragment by Stuart Hood, a World War II British intelligence officer, tells of his escape from a prisoner-of-war camp in Parma and his life on the run with Italian partisans in the Resistance. Mr. Hood, formerly the head of the BBC World Service and responsible for scheduling programs at BBC Television, is now a freelance producer of documentaries and a scriptwriter for the BBC and ITV networks, and his skills as a writer are much in evidence here.

Mr. Hood's story begins a few weeks after the coup détat that overthrew Mussolini's dictatorship. On Sept. 8, 1943, the new Government suddenly announced Italy's breach with her Axis partner and the signing of an armistice with the Allies. In the confusion that followed, hundreds of Allied prisoners of war escaped, including Mr. Hood, who was then an army captain. In the ensuing days thousands of young Italians, acting out of a variety of motives, began to flee into the mountains to organize resistance against the Germans and the Italian Fascists.

Mr. Hood decided to hike into the rugged Apennine mountains south of Parma, where there were rumors of partisan activity. He reached Tuscany as winter set in, and it was there that a peasant, unable to pronounce Mr. Hood's name, decided to call him Carlino, a nickname he used from then on. Somewhere between Pistoia and Prato, Carlino made contact with Franco, a left-wing partisan who worked with the Tuscan Committee of National Liberation. Instead of asking for help to get across the lines, Carlino decided to stay and help the partisans in their dangerous struggle. The ensuing months consisted of brushes with death, punctuated by peaceful interludes while in hiding. During one period of enforced seclusion Carlino came across an old copy of Dante's "Divina Commedia." For the first time, he says, he really understood the book — and he alludes to the similarities between his own wanderings and those of the great poet.

When spring arrived, Carlino tucked Dante in his pack and took off again. He headed south into the Chianti region, where he joined a motley band of resisters that included some South Africans and Poles. Under the leadership of a monarchist-minded Italian landowner turned resister, they made contact with the Allies, who air-dropped submachine guns and other supplies in time for them to open fire on a retreating column of German trucks. In midsummer the underground ordered Carlino into Siena to prepare for the arrival of Allied forces. Once that city was liberated, Carlino realized that he could no longer delay his return to regular military duty. In Naples his record was studied by the authorities, who ordered him back to Britain.

• • •

From time to time, as he traces his wanderings, Mr. Hood makes fleeting reference to his background. We learn that he came from Scotland, was married and had a small son whom he had not yet seen. He had studied Italian, German and some Russian at the University of Edinburgh, which he remembers as a mix of "university politics, milk for Spain, 'Battleship Potemkin,' and fine chalk-dust swirling in the class-rooms." Mr. Hood began his book soon after the war, then decided that the project was premature. After trips back to central Italy he tried again, this time successfully.

Charles F. Delzell, professor of history at Vanderbilt University, is the author of "Mussolini's Enemies: The Italian Anti-Fascist Resistance."

The original edition, entitled "Pebbles From My Skull," came out in Britain in 1963 to warm acclaim. Readers did raise questions about certain obscurities in the account, particularly about Mr. Hood's political views. In this new edition, he has appended an afterword in which he explains that he avoided making his political beliefs explicit either to resisters or to fellow prisoners in 1943-44 out of prudence. And in 1963, he says, "it would have been difficult for an executive of the BBC to admit that he had for some years been an active member of the Young Communist League and then of the Party, membership of which one was allowed to let lapse in wartime so that one could, with a clear conscience, declare to the military authorities that one was not a member of any political party. My reasons for joining the partisans were therefore quite specific and specifically political."

Despite a few slips as to precise dates of events, Mr. Hood's memoir is a persuasive and gripping account of many features of the early Italian Resistance. The book also makes a contribution to cultural anthropology through its vivid description of



Stuart Hood.

the social structure and mores of peasant life in Emilia and Tuscany. Mr. Hood's descriptions of peasant life have a Bruegel-like texture — one can almost taste the polenta and smell the oxen's breath. In the parts of Italy through which Mr. Hood wandered, peasant life had scarcely changed since the 14th century; one generation later that pattern of life was virtually unknown, as a result of modernization and emigration both abroad and to other areas of Italy.

Mr. Hood concludes his first-rate book with a tribute to the courage of the men in the Resistance. "Who would have thought," he observes, "that Mussolini's Italy, apparently so supine, would produce a resistance movement and a vast demonstration of political and human solidarity?" Publication of this new edition is particularly timely this year, which marks the 40th anniversary of Italy's final liberation. □

Authors' Queries

For a research project on Henry Englehardt, who was born in Bavaria in 1837 and brewed weiss beer in Alexandria, Va., from 1876 to 1888, I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has correspondence, brewery records or photographs.

WALTER V. BARBASH
312 Rucker Place
Alexandria, Va. 22301

For a study of the later novels of Sinclair Lewis, I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has letters by him or articles, clippings, anecdotes or memories about him, especially for the years after 1930.

SALLY PARRY
c/o Department of English
Fordham University
Bronx, N.Y. 10458

N Yorker

PROFILES

CITY VOICES

Dec. 31, 184

LOLA SZLADITS



Lola Szladits has two profound loves—her husband, Charles Szladits, and the Berg Collection, of which she is curator. Charles Szladits, a professor of law at Columbia, takes care of Lola (as she likes to be called), and Lola takes care of the Berg. Housed in four large rooms on the third floor of the New York Public Library, the Berg is formally known as the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, and it contains roughly a hundred and fifty thousand items, among them a letter from Jane Austen to her sister Cassandra, dated November 26, 1815; original drawings by Phiz (Hablot K. Browne) for "Nicholas Nickleby;" Emerson's famous printed letter to Walt Whitman praising "Leaves of Grass," and a first edition of that volume; the manuscript of Henry Roth's "Call It Sleep," written in pencil in blue-covered examination books; Fanny Burney's diaries and Virginia Woolf's diaries; a first edition of Daisy Ashford's "The Young Visiters," together with the pencil manuscript, starting "Mr. Salteena was an elderly man of 42 and was fond of asking peaple to stay with him;" a first edition of "Paradise Lost;" the manuscript of T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land," with Ezra Pound's leapfrogging deletions and corrections, the first American edition of the poem (1922), and the Hogarth Press edition (1923), set in type by Virginia Woolf; "Two Stories," by Virginia Woolf and L. S. Woolf, the first book issued by the Hogarth Press (1917); Jerome Kern's copy of a first edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and a dedication copy to Alice Pleasance Liddell, signed by the author; one of the twenty-three known original copies of Blake's "Songs of Innocence;" the betrothal copy of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," signed "Miss Sophia A. Peabody, with the affectionate regards of her friend, Nath. Hawthorne;" the manuscript of Winston Churchill's obituary of Rupert Brooke, done for the London *Times;* Carl Van Vechten's (No. 366) and James Stephens' (No. 474) copies of the first edition of Joyce's "Ulysses" (a thousand copies were printed); Wilkie Collins' edition of Dickens' collected works; Charlotte Brontë's travelling desk; and the papers of Lady Gregory and of May Sarton. The Berg Collection was begun in 1906 by two prominent New York physicians, Henry W. Berg and Albert A. Berg. The eldest and the youngest of eight children of a poor Hungarian who came to the United States in 1862, Henry and Albert eventually lived as bachelors in a town house on Seventy-third Street, just off Fifth Avenue. They practiced at Mt. Sinai. Henry Berg died in 1938, and a little over a year later Albert presented to the New York Public Library thirty-five hundred items the brothers had collected. Not long after, he bought and added sixteen thousand pieces (the W. T. H. Howe collection) and then fifteen thousand pieces (the Owen D. Young collection). John D. Gordan, a former Harvard English instructor and a Conrad expert, was appointed the first curator of the Berg, in 1940, and he continued to add to the collection until his death, in 1968. (Albert Berg died in 1950.) Lola Szladits was appointed curator in 1969, and, in turn, has continued to add to the collection. Her most famous acquisition is probably the Auden papers, some of which came to the Berg only after an arduous legal battle.

Qualified researchers (generally no college undergraduates) use the collection in the great oak study room, which is lined on two walls with hundreds of hand-tooled leather slipcases filled with Thackeray and Dickens. The public gets glimpses of the Berg at its semiannual exhibitions, mounted next door, in an even larger exhibition room. One of the best of these shows was called "1922: A Vintage Year," and it included a hundred and seventy-five things written or published in America and England during that miraculous year. Here are some: "The Waste Land," "Ulysses," Fitzgerald's "The Beautiful and Damned," Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga," Katherine Mansfield's "The Garden Party and Other Stories," Booth Tarkington's "Gentle Julia," James Weldon Johnson's "The Book of American Negro Poetry," D. H. Lawrence's "Aaron's Rod," E. E. Cummings' "The Enormous Room," Edna St. Vincent Millay's "The Ballad of the Harp-Weaver," Sinclair Lewis's "Babbitt," Willa Cather's "One of Ours," A. E. Housman's "Last Poems," Virginia Woolf's "Jacob's Room," John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson's "The Undertaker's Garland," Yeats' "Later Poems," and the first English translation of Proust's "Swann's Way." Handsome catalogues accompany these exhibits, and from time to time the Berg publishes books. Generally, they are facsimile editions of holdings, and a recent one is of Dickens' "Mem-

way, he worried that they would trample his azaleas. Single file, following the leader, they continued up the slope to the Albrecht house (at that time the trailer was not there) and followed the walk around the house onto the deck at the rear. The rail fence around the deck confined them; there they formed an assembly, casually informal, like guests at a cocktail party. Peering down at Huggins, one or two mooed plaintively. He could see the red streaks on their flanks and udders. The bizarre spectacle brought to Huggins' mind a fantastic, fanciful painting. Fear that the deck might collapse —his neighbors were out that afternoon—aroused him to call the fire department for some quick action. The man who owned the cows, a shaggy, bearded fellow who did not trouble to greet Huggins, finally appeared to herd them peaceably back down to the street.

At the time, the incident seemed merely bizarre. But that night, as Huggins put his mind to it, his eyes on the play of shadows on the bedroom ceiling, it came to him that the face of a cow, a craggy primitive mask, was like a piece of the landscape seen in closeup. That congress of cows assembled on a house deck, their gaze centered in judgment on Huggins, had led him to forgo the ribs smoking on his barbecue.

Another day—it had been overcast, with a bit of drizzle, obliging him to plod along with his head down—Huggins heard a raucous clamor above and behind him. A flock of grackles, their wet feathers gleaming, sat along one of the telephone wires. On an impulse, he threw up his arms and hooted hoarsely. The birds rose about him like a leaf storm, scattered for a moment, then gathered on a wire on the street below. Did Huggins detect, as he passed by, a change in the tone of their discussion? Several flew ahead to strut about on a plot of grass. As he approached them they took off, flying in crisp military formation. He wheeled to watch them, blinking his eyes at the pelting stream of their forms. After several orderly strategic flights, they congregated in a tree along the curb walk. The tree itself was not much—a dark clump of leaves without visible branches. It was Huggins' impression, however, as he walked toward it, that the gabble of the birds caused the leaves to tremble, as if stirred by a breeze. He sensed their hovering, inscrutable presence.



From beneath the tree, he peered upward just as the flock noisily departed, like bees from a hive. Bits of leaves and feathers rained on him. The agitation Huggins had observed in the leaves he now felt within himself—a tingling, pleasurable excitement. Squinting skyward, he could see strips of sky as if through cracks in leaky shingles. High at the top, perched at an angle, was a single black bird. Either that bird or another just like it—among birds it seemed unimportant—fluttered along with Huggins, its hatpin eyes checking on his interests and curious habits, all the way back to the foot of his drive, where he heard, high on the slope above him, the expectant clucking of the little pullet, and he responded in kind.

—Wright Morris

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Theodore Roosevelt's unabashed passion for living set him apart from the cautiously bland political leadership of the United States in the 1980's.—*Photo caption in the Times Magazine.*

By about seven decades.

oranda" book, kept in 1855 and containing ideas and descriptions he had jotted down, along with lists of possible names for characters. Fred Kaplan, who edited the facsimile, points out that many of the names may have come from the parish register of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. (So much for Dickens' long-celebrated genius for inventing onomatopoeic names!) From these lists, Twemlow turns up in "Our Mutual Friend," Magwitch in "Great Expectations," Stiltstalking in "Little Dorrit" (Dorrit is a variation of Dorret, which also appears at St. Andrew's), and Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities." These names were never used: Snosswell, Squab, Pordage, Pemble, Jee, and Spessifer.

Lola Szladits talks about the Berg with passion. She said recently, "We protect the written word at the Berg. It is a research collection, not a museum. It has to be used. It is alive. My role at the Berg is to stand still and allow the collection to grow. In fact, I try to make time itself stand still here. I try to create quiet and the timelessness that allows for the pursuit of truth. The young, especially, need a great deal of time. I might buy well or badly for the collection—that is intellectual judgment. But I would reap havoc or madness by confusing our users—by not sizing up a question from a caller or correspondent and sending him in the proper direction or helping him discover it himself. I have been fortunate in having the right advisers at the right time. John Gordan, who brought me into the Berg, in 1955, marked me for life. When he was here, we were very gay. He would roar like a lion in his magnificent baritone or sing like a bird. He used to sing all of 'Pal Joey.' We laughed so hard sometimes people heard us through our closed doors. But he had another side. He was a misogynist, who used to tell me only men had a chance for promotion here. And he had a terrible temper—even though it only lasted five minutes. I grew up very fast during my first year or two as curator.

"There are first-rate collections all over the United States now, but no collection has everything. My great pride in the Berg is that everything fits. The Huntington Library, in San Marino, California, is a paradise, and it has a beautiful illuminated manuscript of 'The Canterbury Tales.' The Houghton Library, at Harvard, has Keats and the Samuel Johnson collection put together by the American collectors of eighteenth-century literature Donald and Mary Hyde. Yale has the Boswell papers and Horace Walpole's letters, collected by Wilmarth Lewis. It also has Gertrude Stein. There is an extraordinary collection at the University of Virginia. It has Faulkner manuscripts. The Morgan Library has Thoreau's journal, and it has Hawthorne. The Princeton Library has Fitzgerald and Maxwell Perkins. Between 1956 and 1970, the University of Texas was probably the biggest of all university collectors. It had oil money and could buy anything. It got Evelyn Waugh, the Alfred Knopf collection, Ford Madox Ford, the largest Shaw collection. The English and American collection at the University of Tulsa is beginning to shine. It bought Edmund Wilson's library. And one must never forget the Library of Congress, and the Folger Shakespeare Library, and the Joseph Regenstein Library at the University of Chicago—and the rare-books division of the New York Public Library, which is terribly important and far larger than we are."

Lola Szladits takes care of the Berg five days a week. (It is shut Thursdays and Sundays.) Her office is a long, rectangular room that shoots off at a right angle from the northeast corner of the study room. One wall is lined with shelves holding materials waiting to be catalogued. At the rear of the room, Lola has her desk, and close by are her assistant, Brian McInerney, and her cataloguer, Patrick Lawlor. They are her amanuenses, helpmeets, slaves. Once or twice an hour, peremptory commands issue from Lola's desk—"Brian, please. Find me Emerson's letter to Whitman." "Patrick, please. I would like Tenniel's drawings for 'Alice.' " "Brian, please. Bring me the manuscript of Yeats' 'Wild Swans at Coole' "—and Brian or Patrick disappears into the stack area, a big two-story temperature-controlled room adjacent to the office. Lola is short and dresses snappily. She wears her gray hair in a closely controlled version of what used to be called a feather cut. She has egg cheeks and sharp, deep-brown eyes. She talks quickly and explosively, with a slight Middle-European accent, and she has a steep, sudden laugh. One quiet day, when few research calls came in, when Patrick



"I didn't know you dreaded New Year's. I thought it was just Christmas you dreaded."



"Brockhurst has an M.B.A. from Harvard and a Ph.D. from Columbia, but everything he does is deeply rooted in the blues."

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was away and Brian was at work on the papers of Jean Garrigue, when the study room was empty and the exhibition room had only a handful of lookers-in, Lola sat at her desk and talked of her life and work. The occasional passages that are in parentheses have been taken from her unpublished autobiography, "Journey of a Heart." Her two voices—speaking and written—are surprisingly close.

"I was born Lola Leontin Abel, in Budapest, in 1923," she said. "What I saw from 1923 to 1929 was happiness and the most privileged view that any child could have. (Time was available, always, everyone seemed to have endless amounts of time in our society and in the twenties: time on street corners, time in coffeehouses, time around dinner tables, time to take long walks, long rides, time to spin out conversation.) I lived in a beautiful apartment in a beautiful house on a beautiful street of a beautiful city. I had a brother, Egon, who was two years older. (He was physically weaker than I, was less resistant, more withdrawn, and much gentler.) I was robust, outgoing, cheerful, impatient—a very sunny child. I was spoiled but disciplined. My brother was extremely watchful, skeptical. He was the most brilliant young man I have ever known. He had strange posture, with his head to one side. I was surrounded by a German governess, a household of servants, innumerable aunts and uncles, a maternal grandfather and grandmother, and a paternal grandmother. (Since my brother and I were new toys to play with in a large family, aunts and uncles came in an endless stream. Some would settle into our little chairs, eat from our little plates, vigorously protesting that they only wished to have a taste. Some would sit at the bedside and tell stories, some leaned against the beautiful handmade tiles covering the ovens to warm their hands. They all clasped their hands behind their backs. Most hands caressed, but the uncles had strong grips. The whiskered uncles kissed, and I developed rashes.) The house we grew up in had been built by my mother's father in 1892 on the site of his father's drygoods store. It was a four-story Gothic building, modelled on a Venetian palace. (Grandfather commissioned one of Hungary's leading painters, Kàroly Lotz, to decorate the façade of his house with two figures—one representing music, the other dance. Artists also covered the gray vaults of the balconies. An azure-blue sky studded with silver stars looked down on me when in balmy weather I stretched out under them or waited for the lamplighter, who, in the twenties, still climbed a ladder to turn on the gaslight.) We had a salon in the Moorish gilt style, with an extraordinary red-glass chandelier. The dining room had Gothic woodwork, and was forty-five feet long. It had stained-glass windows and huge carved Gothic chairs, with green velvet upholstery and bolsters that hit you in the back of the neck. The paintings in the house included a Passion of Christ by a member of the Munich School, and one called 'The Dream,' in which a reclining lady was being served coffee by a monkey. When my mother and father were married, in 1919, she was twenty-six and he was thirty-nine. My grandfather gave them an apartment in the house, and after I was born my grandparents moved into a villa even more luxurious than our house. We visited them every Sunday and stayed all day. My mother's twin brother, who had an unhappy life, and her older sister and younger brother, who was my grandparents' pet, also lived there, in their own apartments. My grandfather was born in 1860, and he was small and fast-moving. He was crazy about aviation, and he had a picture of himself standing near a zeppelin. In 1927, there was no peace about Lindbergh. We ate it noon and night. And my grandfather's house was full of radios. His love of his first house was contagious, and it became the house where I walked in later years in my dreams. His love was so strong that in the early forties he shipped a piece of Carrara marble to Budapest and had it carved in the shape of the doorway to the

house and placed it in the cemetery as his tombstone. He also had a plaster model of the tombstone on his desk. My grandmother was patient and lovely. She spoke Hungarian with a Slovak accent. My first language was Hungarian, but there were Italian noises in the house, and some Serbian. (Even in my close family, there were those who were less well off than we were. Every Saturday afternoon, we visited Father's mother, who lived on a widow's pension. . . . I don't believe I ever saw my father embrace his mother, and during those twenty years I knew her she remained no more than a presence to me. The joy of visiting her was supplied by the coachman who allowed me to hold the reins, and by a canary Grandmother Rosa kept. . . . At Grandmother Rosa's, it was always very cold, and she always sat in a rocker wrapped in shawls. She lived in a small apartment, which had only one portrait—that of my grandfather whom I never knew, who had been a mechanical engineer on the National Railroad. . . . Apart from my uncles, a widowed aunt shared Grandmother Rosa's house; after her husband's death she cried most of the time.) My father's older brother had travelled in Turkey and America, and he was a mechanical engineer. He had seen the George Washington Bridge and, being from Budapest, a city of bridges, he loved to talk about it. I never heard my father's younger brother say a single word. I remember Grandmother Rosa's hands—she was always knitting.

"When my brother was born, my parents bought a summer cottage on Lake Balaton. It was three hours by train from Budapest, and we spent the summer there. Everything was made by peasants. The dining room was blue, with floral painting and peasant carving. Cornfields stretched for miles, and the meadows were full of sheep. We had a well, and our water was stored in a cistern in the attic. There was no electricity. There was a rose garden and an orchard and a barnyard, all tended by a gardener who lived there year round.

"My mother was not attractive. She was only four feet eight. But she was quite astonishing. She was emancipated. She read in German, French, Hungarian, and English. She read history. She was into the avant-garde of Hungarian literature. She did all this very quietly, very subtly. She never showed off. My father was a simple man, almost transparent. He was quiet, gentle, and sweet. He was not a social being. Much of the time he did what my mother told him to do—without murmuring. When the Depression came, my father lost his job. He had been a 'Mr. Director' in the Teudloff-Dietrich factory, but it went bankrupt and was dismantled by its creditors. He could not find work. He heard that the Americans had discovered oil near the Austro-Hungarian border, and with my mother pushing him he ended up a 'Mr. Director' with a subsidiary of Standard Oil of New Jersey."

BRIAN went out for lunch, and Lola made a phone call. Then she looked into the study room and the exhibition room. The study room had one visitor in it, and the exhibition room had a dozen or so. When Brian returned, Lola descended four flights to the library cafeteria, which is in the basement near the loading area. She had a tuna-fish-salad sandwich and coffee. After lunch, she visited the gleamingly revamped Periodical Room, on the main floor, and ascended by elevator to the Berg. She said hello about twenty times during her trip.

"When I started at the Lutheran Elementary School, I already knew how to read and write," Lola said. "Our German governess left in 1930, and a nineteen-year-old English girl, Marjorie Wolff, came for the summer and stayed until 1941, when she took the last train back to England. She had come from a convent, and she grew into a ravishing young lady. She left many battered hearts behind. She taught us English with charades and very little discipline. She was a real pal to me, and she shaped my mind to a degree that only I know. After elementary school, I went to a sort of progressive *Gymnasium*, from which I graduated in 1941. I never received a grade below A in any subject. My brother and I went to the University of Budapest. He was at the law school, and I took English and French literature, with a minor in art history. (I visited many of my friends whose families owned land; continued to play a



"Ladies and gentlemen, the cheerleaders to the President of the United States."

good game of tennis; held my grandfather's weakening elbow on the skating rink; and turned into one of those strange twenty-year-old girls who are confided in and have no confidences to share.) Hitler had marched into Vienna in 1938, and the Germans arrived in Budapest on March 19, 1944. On April 2nd, my father's two brothers and his widowed sister killed themselves. Grandmother Rosa had already died, aged ninety. My brother became an auxiliary Army worker, and I took a job in a French cotton factory and lived in a dormitory in the factory. My father resigned from the oil company. My grandparents were driven from their villa and ended in an old people's home. I became a wild thing. I met a French Army deserter in the factory and spent a couple of platonic nights in his mistress's attic, quite far from the city. I remember he said, 'What is the use of having you here? You don't know how to cook or make love.' I recited French poets to him at night, and during the day we travelled the trams, passing unnoticed among Germans and Hungarian Nazis. I stayed with a Swiss friend of my father's, and I stayed with a friend who had a room at a policeman's house. When the Russians besieged Budapest, late in 1944, my mother and father and I were living in a cellar on the edge of a park, my father out scavenging for food and me cooking weak stews. The last time I saw my brother, I begged him to get out, to escape, but he didn't have the courage. I still have my guilt: I should have made him leave. He died somewhere in the west of Hungary, either shot or from typhoid. The siege lasted fifty days, and Budapest was indescribable when it was over—the beautiful bridges gone, the streets full of dead, a terrible stink everywhere. We moved back into our house, which had not been badly wrecked, and I took what furniture I could out of my grandfather's villa, which had been desecrated. I brought it by degrees in a small pushcart to our house—I do not to this day know how. I had already decided I would have nothing to do with rebuilding Budapest. I had decided I would go to America.

"The American Military Mission arrived in April of 1945, and I got a job as a secretary and a translator. I worked for Colonel Richard Shackelford, who introduced penicillin into Hungary and became our saint. I occasionally took trips around the country with him, translating for him. I took some time off and did my thesis. It was a comparative study of the psychological effects of children's literature on English and Middle-European children. I took my degree summa cum laude. That was early in 1946, and it was then that I wrote to Columbia University asking for a scholarship. I had heard through the American cultural officer, Tom Riegel, that there were frozen Hungarian funds over here that might be accessible. He wrote to Columbia, too. Columbia finally said yes, and that I could start late that year. I got a passport, a student visa, and clearance from the Russians, who had taken over my beloved country. I raised two thousand dollars in American bills to take with me. I tried to tell my parents what Russia would do to our country, and was told, 'What does a twenty-three-year-old know of politics?' They were appalled that I was leaving, and when Grandfather heard he said he would disinherit me—although he had no idea he no longer had anything to disinherit anyone with. I flew in an American plane to London, where Marjorie Wolff met me, and by November I was in New York.

"A year later, I was on the Queen Mary with my mother on my way back to London. I had exhilarating beginnings in America—travelling to Washington and Chicago, making friends easily, enjoying the wide-openness of New York just after the war. I got engaged and broke the engagement. I worked too hard and didn't get enough sleep. I did crazy things. I was very depressed. I had written my mother three times a week, and by the fall of 1947 she got the signal something was wrong. In England, I recovered. My mother left me in London and went back to Budapest. I met Charles Szladits, whom I had known slightly in Budapest, and who was to become my husband in 1950. I got a job as a medical librarian at Oxford but was fired after six weeks for talking indiscreetly about politics. In 1948, I enrolled in library school in London,



and supported myself by typing and by giving English lessons to an aging Hungarian couple. Sometimes I was hungry. Then what I feared would happen happened. My father was arrested. The Communists had taken over all foreign and privately owned companies, Standard Oil among them. He was tried on bogus charges and was sentenced to ten years. He was in his late sixties. He spent five years in prison, and died in September of 1953, whether by murder or from starving to death we shall never know. Charles and I had come to America in 1950. In 1955, my mother managed to get a passport and went to London, finally arriving in New York in 1956. She took over our household, then moved into her own apartment in Butler Hall. She was sixty-four, and insisted that she work. She sewed pearls on sweaters—pearls were the rage—and finally she became a medical-records librarian at Columbus Hospital. She loved New York, and went to all the free concerts and sat in the Family Circle at the opera. She died of leukemia in January of 1960. She had not told anyone about it. I don't think she even told herself.

"Between the time I came back to New York with Charles and November of 1955, when I was hired as an assistant at the Berg, I worked for a Park Avenue advertising agency, in the periodicals room and rare-book division of the beautiful Academy of Medicine, and as an art librarian at the New York Public Library. That was not a happy job for me. Brian, please. Get me my 'Statement of Professional Achievement,' which I did two years ago." When Brian returned with it, Lola read this aloud: "In the Art Division of the New York Public Library I served with no distinction from March to November, 1955. I expected a different, more specialized public from the one we had, and the professional work assigned to me was too clerical for my highbrow aspirations. I was at the reference desk for two hours; answered reference letters which required 'at most one hour;' sorted a vast clipping file and clipped daily art items from the *Times*. The staff had avant-garde tastes and my 'classical profile' isolated me from my peers, who perceived someone very different from them. The service review I received—the first one I had ever seen—was very bad indeed: I discriminated among the readers (I had spent a couple of hours with Aldous Huxley, ignoring everyone else); the ques-



"Gentlemen, I've called you here today to discuss greed."

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tions that interested me received too close attention; telephone questions had been answered without my referring to 'at least two reference books;' I got along badly with the staff. Much of what was objectionable, wrote my supervisor, could in time be eliminated, because the clue was in my personality. I did not see how that could be changed, but I did by then hear of a vacancy that arose in the Berg Collection."

The phone rang, and Lola talked for several minutes. She said after she hung up that a scholar named Bart Winer had just told her he had heard that the Nabokov papers were available. Lola said there was nothing she wanted more for the Berg, and she fired off a telegram to Véra Nabokov in Montreux: "B. WINER TELLS ME YOU WISH TO SELL ARCHIVE. LETTER FOLLOWS FROM THE BERG COLLECTION, THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. CORDIALLY, NABOKOV'S GREAT ADMIRER AND YOUR FRIEND, LOLA SZLADITS, CURATOR, BERG COLLECTION."

"Love of literature has little to do with this sort of thing," Lola said. "This is pure business. You have no idea how many hard-hitting literary widows there are in the world. So, anyway, you see what I was like until John Gordan took me over, until New York took me over. New York has become my natural habitat. I'd be fenced in anywhere else. I can behave exactly as I want: I can appear, I can disappear. It's lovely to see Park Avenue dressed in green in the summer and to see the roses in front of the library. It's lovely to walk near the Hudson and down tree-filled side streets. I love the early-morning light. The morning crowd is a little like a small town—people say good morning. When I'm in Europe on book-buying trips, I miss New York, and sometimes Europe doesn't compare well. London slows you down. Rome is too crowded. Munich is a showcase. Zurich hems you in.

"Charles' and my marriage works because we leave each other alone. He's a remarkable man. He was born in Budapest, in 1911. His father was a professor of law and a judge, and his mother was very strong. They were marvellous parents, and supported Charles and his older brother in everything they did. Charles went to law school in Budapest and started out in the Ministry of Justice. He took another law degree at the London School of Economics after the war, and studied at Columbia, where he still is—at the Parker School of Foreign and Comparative Law. Charles' great work is his bibliography of foreign and comparative law, seven or eight volumes of which have been published since 1955. It is known in law simply as 'the Szladits.' Charles is very routine-minded. In the morning, I read the paper in bed, and Charles prepares my breakfast—orange juice, coffee, a fruit salad with five or six different kinds of fruit. Then he exercises, doing twenty-five pushups. He runs around the living room while listening to the news on the radio. I talk all the time, slowly get ready, and leave for work. He sees me to the door. Charles reads the *Times* and has his breakfast. I call him when I get to work and, soon after, he goes to work. At one sharp, he has lunch with Nina Galston—Mrs. Clarence Galston—who is the editor of a series of legal publications put out by the Parker School. They have had lunch together for thirty-four years. After lunch, Charles walks home. (We live near Columbia.) He looks at the mail, brews his coffee, and has some fresh fruit. Then he has a short nap, and goes back to work. I try to be home to hear the six-o'clock news on WQXR. When Charles returns, I am lying down and talking, and after he listens a while he excuses himself and says, 'I have to bread the chicken,' or 'I have to see to the spinach.' He is a good, reliable cook. I join him in the kitchen, and we eat and talk until eight-thirty. I fall asleep early. When we go out, it's to the Philharmonic or to the movies or to book affairs. If he doesn't want to go to the book things, he stays home. We dine out in the neighborhood. On Saturday, I leave the library at midday. By the time I get home, Charles has done the vacuuming, and he has already been to Zabar's. We watch my diet. We have lunch and I have a nap—two hours. Saturday night, he buys the early edition of the Sunday *Times*. We have a late breakfast on Sundays. Sometimes we take a walk on Riverside Drive or Broadway. Sometimes we go to the Metropolitan Museum or the National Academy of Design. We used to spend weekends at Mohonk or visit friends in the suburbs, but we don't seem to do that much anymore. We never exchange harsh words. If I get impatient, I shut up. It took a long time to know Charles. He is very reserved. A one-to-one person. A silent person. He spoils me."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

REFLECTIONS

TRUFFAUT

François Truffaut, who died last October, at the age of fifty-two, was first a critic and then a filmmaker. As a filmmaker, he was at his best in historical films, like "Jules and Jim," "The Wild Child," and "The Story of Adèle H." As a critic, he did his most passionate writing in obituaries for directors he loved. A tone of retrospection, of elegy, came easily to him. The period films are made poignant by his wholly distinctive editing style: rapid, fleeting, episodic, a series of intense moments that often appear to have been cut off prematurely, before we can surrender to the illusion of their dramatic immediacy—vignettes linked only by matter-of-fact narrations whose effect is strangely melancholy, interpreting and mediating, and thus reminding us that the lives we're watching are long over. These pictures are moving in the way discovered letters and journals are, intimate and remote in equal measure: we follow the traces of once vital passions. In his writings on film, Truffaut was always looking for such traces in the work of his favorite directors, scanning even the most apparently opaque Hollywood surfaces for the features of the artists behind them. (This is the essence of the "*auteur* theory," which Truffaut championed in *Cahiers du Cinéma* in the fifties.) What interested him was the personality of the filmmaker, and his criticism often reads like a peculiar form of biography—as if every director's body of work were the journal of a life, as if every individual movie were a letter addressed to him. Truffaut's articles, and especially his obituaries, express a profound desire for identification with their subjects, coupled with an ironic awareness that they can be no more than sympathetic commentaries, voice-overs.



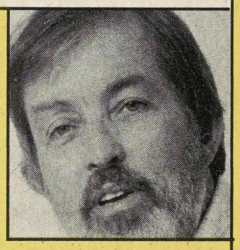
In the course of his erratic career, Truffaut left elements of autobiography, signs of himself, everywhere, and in a variety of forms. His works include the explicitly autobiographical Antoine Doinel series of films ("The 400 Blows," the "Antoine and Colette" episode of "Love at Twenty," "Stolen Kisses," "Bed and Board," and "Love on the Run"); three movies ("The Wild Child," "Day for Night," and "The Green Room") in which he played an important character himself, and others in which he did Hitchcocklike cameos; a memorable appearance as a UFO expert in Spielberg's "Close Encounters of the Third Kind;" innumerable interviews; a large handful of graceful, very personal prefaces, mostly to editions of his own screenplays and to the work of his mentor, the critic André Bazin; the text of his extensive conversations with Alfred Hitchcock, known here as "Hitchcock/Truffaut;" and his own selection of his critical writings from the mid-fifties through the mid-seventies, "The Films in My Life." Truffaut clearly wanted members of his audience to be able to evoke him as they watched his films—for him this direct contact between the filmmaker and the moviegoer was the essence, the real experience, of the movies. He once characterized the films of Jean Renoir, the director he most admired, as "conversations," and the body of Renoir's work as "thirty-five natural and alive films, modest and sincere, as simple as saying hello."

Truffaut's descriptions of his own early moviegoing, in the forties, are lyrical and finely detailed, almost reverent, with a kind of awe at the feelings these movies stirred in him. In his introduction to one of Bazin's collections, Truffaut wrote about the first movie he could remember seeing, Abel Gance's "Paradis Perdu": "The coincidence between the situation of the characters in the film and that of the spectators was such that the entire audience wept, hundreds of handkerchiefs piercing the darkness with little points of white. Never again was I to feel such an emotional unanimity in response to a film." The movies were for Truffaut what the radiant femme fatale Catherine was for Jules and Jim, what Lieutenant Pinson was for Adèle Hugo, what water and sunlight were for Victor, the wild boy of Aveyron—the first great experience, the one that seems to embody all the world's secrets, the moment to which our imaginations are ceaselessly returning. Truffaut's idea of cinema was of a sacred, magical instrument that transmitted to him, across great distances, the voices of great men; and too frequently, both in his criticism and—more damagingly—in his films, he made the mistake of believing that the greatness of cinema could be found in the properties of the instrument itself rather than in the quality of the voice or the magnitude of the emotional response. When he grilled Hitchcock for fifty hours on the secrets of his technique, when he tried his hand at his own "Hitchcock films" ("The Bride Wore Black" and "Mississippi Mermaid"), and when, at the end of his career, he began to turn out smooth and utterly impersonal exercises in classical style, like "The Last Metro" and "The Woman Next Door," Truffaut was perhaps conducting experiments on the source of the cinema's grace—hoping, with a seminarian's uneasy faith, that it could be found in perfectly imitated forms, precise invocations.

His youthful passion for moviegoing may have dwindled, over time, to a mythic notion of "cinema," but Truffaut's best movies were also triumphant vindications of that passion—proof that a full and sympathetic response to movies, or literature, can be the means to a complex understanding of experience. The exhilarating early scenes of "Jules and Jim," in which the two young intellectuals of 1912 argue about literature, experiment with love, and discover Catherine, their feminine ideal, are the work of an artist who knows that exuberance, that playful and profound rapture. What makes the movie so unsettling is that Truffaut also knows (just two years after "The 400 Blows" and the rest of the first crop of New Wave films had seemed to reinvent the rules of the game for cinema) the fading of that spirit, the messy accumulation of experience that blurs the clear outline of the ideal. The movie's buoyant, helter-skelter rhythms stop abruptly with the outbreak of the First World War, and from then on the narrative proceeds by way of long leaps in time, the characters losing sight of each other for gaps of weeks, even months; and every time we pick them up again we read their faces closely (Why does Jules look so wan and small, swaddled in his bulky sweater? Why has Catherine's mouth set that way?) to fill in the gaps, to figure out how these people got so tired from living up to their younger selves. The beauty, the real wisdom, of "Jules and Jim" is that the disillusionment of its characters—their painfully protracted awareness of failure—doesn't diminish the value of their moral experiment.

If you see "Jules and Jim" at the

MY SAY



George V. Higgins, *whose "14th indiscretion in book form,"* Penance for Jerry Kennedy, *will be published this month by Knopf*

Al is a Boston cabbie whom I sincerely hope to be in the last painful stages of his novitiate as a member of a small and definitely not-select ad hoc society. It germinated spontaneously, like the green mold on old bread, about 13 years ago, when I naively and delightedly allowed Knopf to publish *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*. Subsequent indiscretions committed with Knopf and other publishers, together with intemperate remarks printed in newspaper columns, have swelled its ranks to perhaps a couple dozen, maybe even more. I know for a fact that my friend Robert B. Parker generated a similar organization when the first of his Spenser novels, *The Godwulf Manuscript*, attracted much interest in 1974, and I have it on reliable authority that other writers who sell better have legions of Als. I do not envy them at all.

Al's emphatically unsolicited application commenced with a telephone call to the *Boston Globe*, which brought him the polite advice that I don't write my column on the premises, make only brief visits, and have extracted from its management solemn promises not to divulge my telephone number. It's not that I don't appreciate the occasional stranger's praise for something I have written, or dissent from the broad consensus that displeased readers have a right to their rebuttals. My moderate view is that since I wrote what inspires their reactions, they should employ the same medium. I established that policy very early on, when I discovered that a number of my readers keep late hours during which they get all liquored up and become moved to express themselves to persons they have never met but still feel that they know. A pox on Holden Caulfield.

Rebuffed and made indignant by the unsatisfactory results of his call, Al addressed to me at the *Globe* a manila envelope containing a packet of manuscript I did not read, and a letter that I did. The letter reported Al's understandable pride in his self-emancipation from abject servitude to a gambling addiction. It also asserted that the tale of the friends he made during those years and the fun they shared would, if written by me, prove to be an immediate bestseller. He proposed that I telephone him to schedule the first of the many and protracted conferences that this eagerly awaited collaboration would happily entail.

That communication met all of the requirements evolved by tradition as prerequisites for membership in the society. They are not many and they are not complex, either. A number of convicted felons, as a matter of fact, easily satisfied them while still incarcerated, prompting me to suspect for a while that prison counselors were referring their more garrulous confidants to me and perhaps even supplying them with postage and stationery for the purpose. All that is required of the novice is that he or she become convinced, even with the aid of friends, that a story of his or her life would captivate millions of Americans and bring lasting fame, so that I or the other scribbler most recently impinging on his or her attention will spring at the chance to write it.

My duties as membership director, while relatively few, are still fairly troublesome. What I have to do, receiving documents like Al's, is draft a letter in which I attempt the impossible task of reconciling contradictions. My objectives are to convince all Als of either sex that I will not write their stories, without at the same time hurting their feelings. This is a cruel world. I am not James Michener. I can't go thrashing around like John Madden in a Miller Lite ad, decimating my meager following by telling fans to take a hike. Besides, how do I know whether Al is being casual with the truth when he says he not only loves my stuff, but actually buys it?

> ***"My objectives are to convince all Als of either sex that I will not write their stories, without at the same time hurting their feelings."***

Then, too, there is the ordinary reluctance to injure Al's feelings by telling him the truth, which is that his story will not sell (assuming that that is the truth, another chancy issue—maybe Al is right in his belief that he is Samuel Johnson, and if I had any brains I could make the world forget James Boswell. I don't want to look like a jerk two years from now when Lally Weymouth cuts up three mill with Al for the paperback). Also, human decency requires some tact.

Lots of it, in fact: far more than I can claim. And so far as I have been able to ascertain, a good deal more than any writer I know has yet mustered. Which is why, after I write a letter to Al and return his manuscript unread, I get another letter, more ebullient than the first, declaring his still-unshaken belief that I have but to talk to him to accede to his demands.

Do not misunderstand me here, I know we asked for this, all of us who set out with the idiotic notion that an adult human being could derive a livelihood from making black marks on white paper, and no whining is allowed. But nevertheless, having taken all the creative writing courses offered at the campuses that took me in, and having seen enough of conferences to last me a lifetime, I think that someone should have told me somewhere along the line that if I did get something published, Al would be out there. And should have told me also what to say to good old Al. I might have decided to keep practicing law. You can fire clients.

YELLOW • PAGES

TALK OF THE TRADE

by Leonore Fleischer

More Megatrends

If you can wait until the end of February to learn what the 10 new trends are that will shape our lives in 1985, have we got good news for you! John Naisbitt and the Naisbitt Group have a new (albeit short) book out with AMACOM, *The Year Ahead: 1985.* You will remember Naisbitt's name from his *Megatrends*, which took possession of the Number One spot on the best-seller lists last year and didn't let go for a very long time. Curious to find out how come this book went to AMACOM and not, say, to Warner Books, which did such a job selling *Megatrends*, I spoke to AMACOM's acquisitions editor, Peter Shriver. It happened like this: AMACOM, which is the book division of the American Management Association, has a sister division that publishes business newsletters, including one that goes exclusively to CEOs. The editor of the newsletter told Peter that John Naisbitt and the Naisbitt Group had produced this 64-page book as a study for its clients and was distributing it by mail, saddle-stitched, at $15 a copy. But nobody had yet approached them for bookstore distribution rights, although another trade publisher was very much interested. Peter swung into action. Learning of the book in mid-December, he had the contracts signed for a bookstore edition by January 2; books (trade paper, perfect bound, $6.95) come off the press by the first week in February and will be in the stores by mid to late February. The first printing is 50,000 copies, which is AMACOM's largest first printing ever of a bookstore book. They are all very proud of their "instant" book. What of future years? Will they do a 1986 edition, followed by, perhaps, a 1987? Nothing signed and sealed, but it's certainly being contemplated and even discussed. And what are the 10 new trends that *The Year Ahead* promises "will shape the way you live, work and make money in 1985"? Among them: computers and telephones will marry; the issue of food pollution will grow to paramount proportions; the San Antonio–Austin corridor will become the heartland of U.S. bio-technology. The rest you have to read for yourself.

Getting an Argument on Goetz

Name the two most inflammatory issues of the month—the two most likely to cause shouting matches between friends—and you'll come up with legalized abortion and New York's so-called "subway vigilante," Bernhard Goetz. Even as he was arrested, you knew that somebody out in Hollywood was already writing a fictionalized version of the subway shootings for TV and that, somewhere deep in Publishers Row, lights were burning late into the night as instant books were being rushed to the press. Well, you weren't wrong. I don't know how many Goetz books are in the making, but Avon's is already well on the way. It's not an "instant" book, in the old Bantam terms of headlines-today-and-book-tomorrow, because it's not scheduled to appear before November or December, and even that's tentative. But all systems are go. From what we hear, this will be no sensationalized version, but a serious look not only at the man, but at the social phenomenon—the public's reaction to the event, which was instantaneous and polarizing, and what it says about our society as a whole. (A week ago, I myself got into a nasty argument with a total stranger over the Goetz business, and I have the sunniest disposition in the history of the world.) The author of the as-yet untitled book is Lillian B. Rubin, a prominent psychologist and sociologist, whose book, *Intimate Strangers*, was published in 1983 by Harper & Row. Rubin has written a number of books, including *Woman of a Certain Age: The Mid-Life Search for Self* (Harper & Row) and *World of Pain: Life in the Working-Class Family* (Basic Books). She is also a practicing psychoanalyst and a senior research associate at the University of California Berkeley's Institute for the Study of Social Change. She intends to probe deeply into the factors in our present society that prompted so great an outpouring of support for Goetz, and that have made this man the symbol of the anger that lies not far under the surface in so many Americans. The editor of Rubin's book is Roger W. Strauss III, Avon's executive editor. He says, "When I started reading about Goetz, it seemed to me that this was clearly more than just another crime. It involves political and sociological questions, and Goetz himself appears more psychologically complex than your average perpetrator. Dr. Lillian Rubin combines skills in the areas of psychology, and is someone who's worked in the political arena. This, along with her formidable writing talents, made her the ideal person, in my mind, to tackle the questions raised with regard to the Subway Vigilante." Avon has not yet made the decision between trade and mass market format but, either way, expects it has an important book on its hands.

Making Book on *Jewel*

Meanwhile, not everything at Avon is grim reality and unlicensed guns. The house is basking in the success of Paul Scott's *The Jewel in the Crown,* volume one in The Raj Quartet, upon which is based the electrifying *Masterpiece Theatre* series of the same name. The novel has been showing up on paperback bestseller lists around the country, and reached *PW*'s own list (at the #9 spot) just last week, but has yet to attain the eminence of the paperback list at the good gray *New York Times*. Still, where there's life there's hope. So optimistic is Avon that the folks over there are running a kind of ship's pool. Fourteen people, including Walter Meade, Page Cuddy, Leigh Haber, Sabra Elliott and others, chipped in five bucks apiece for a pot of $70 and bet on which episode of the TV series will at last catapult *The Jewel in the Crown* onto the *Times* list. We've seen the pool; there are a couple of votes apiece for episodes 8, 9, 10, and one for 11. But there are *six* votes for Episode Seven. By now you should know why—and in another week whether that was the one that did it.

be made and the calculations completed in time to place bets on the predicted numbers.

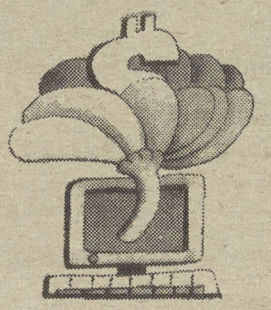
But of course accuracy and speed were not the only requirements. While there was nothing illegal about what the group planned, no one doubted that if the casinos were to suspect that one of their patrons had a chance of actually beating the house, they would soon hit on a method of making that person feel intensely unwelcome. Thus procedures had to be devised for gathering data, entering it into a computer, learning the results and winning a lot of money — all without antagonizing the pit bosses, ideally, without being noticed.

The reader's first reaction might be that undertaking to meet so imposing a set of specifications is itself a gamble, as risky as any faced in ordinary, unaided roulette playing. This book shows very clearly just how sensible such a reaction is. The Eudaemonians, as Mr. Bass describes them, were wonderfully attractive people. They all seem skillful and bright, fluent in the style associated with California student culture, yet disciplined and determined. Even so, one by one, most fell under the incessant attacks of the monsters that assailed the project from every corner. Between the mean little varmints that scooted back and forth between hardware and software, mocking every effort at detection, to the hydras that seemed to grow worse with every effort to cut them down, the faith of the Eudaemonians that reason conquers all, was severely tested. It may have been no coincidence that the serious scientific research conducted by two members of this group concerned the problems of modeling chaos.

• • •

After six difficult years, during which the effort of nearly two dozen people had been sucked into the project, an approach was developed that relied on teams made up of two people, a data gatherer and a bettor. It worked so well that small, experimental bets placed in minor league casinos began to pay off consistently. The group them revamped its technology, shrinking the computer, receivers, transmitter and keyboard involved to the point where everything could be worn in the players' shoes. Then they launched the first major raid on Vegas. At this point, inevitably, a technical problem emerged — and this time the Eudaemonians just threw up their hands and walked away. Mr. Bass plays all this straight, as though fate had reserved the toughest problems for last as a technical *coup de grâce*. But on the evidence he presents this last difficulty seems the most trivial. The problem was that static in the casino drowned out the radio link with which the gatherer transmitted the computer's predictions to the bettor. That may sound severe, but in fact all that was being transmitted was a number between 1 and 8. Maybe Mr. Bass does not explain the problem properly, but it is unimaginable to me that a group shown to be this ingenious could not think of another way to transmit such a tiny amount of information.

Yet "The Eudaemonic Pie" does not end with any sense of defeat. Certainly, from any practical perspective the Eudaemonians had won the gamble. It seems likely this book will spread serious alarm among the casino owners of the world and that the customs of roulette are in for some concentrated scrutiny.



No doubt the rational thing to do, given the group's nearness to its goal and the size of its investment, would have been to go home, tinker a bit more and then return to make back the time and money. Aristotle probably would have advised that. But perhaps after six years the Eudaemonians had hung around Vegas long enough to be infected by the local mores, according to which all that matters, the only thing that matters, is winning. And that they already knew they had done. □

How We Look to Our Friends

THIRD WORLD INSTABILITY: CENTRAL AMERICA AS A EUROPEAN-AMERICAN ISSUE

By Fernando Morán, Irving Kristol, Michael D. Barnes, Alois Mertes and Daniel Oduber. Edited by Andrew J. Pierre. 156 pp. New York: Council on Foreign Relations. Paper, $5.95.

CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE WESTERN ALLIANCE

Edited by Joseph Cirincione. 238 pp. New York: Holmes & Meier. $26.50.

By Flora Lewis

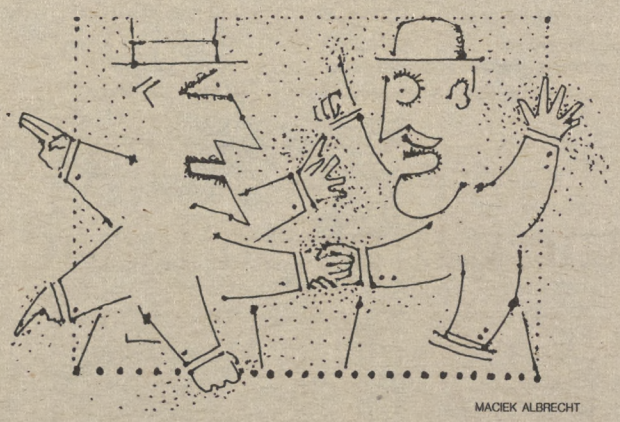
THE spreading war in Central America is of growing concern to the Europeans, although they do not feel directly involved. Their major worry is what it portends for the United States, for their own relations with Washington and overall Western relations with the developing world.

Almost all the European countries in the Western alliance were colonial powers at some point. Some of them went through wracking wars of decolonization, leaving scars that still throb. Then they watched the United States grapple with the ordeal of Vietnam and acquire its own scars. Many Europeans do not accept the American self-image as a nation that never stooped to seek an empire. They consider the American vocabulary of a territorial "backyard," of "vital interests," of "rescue from alien domination" as euphemisms, fine points of distinction among various forms of colonial hegemony rather than as a clear contrast between America's historic policies and their own imperial past.

So there is a degree of empathy and a certain knowing disdain as they watch the United States trying to deal with nationalism, social unrest and revolution in Central America. There is something familiar about it all, even if it is far from their own immediate problems. And there is the persistent fear that Americans will lose sight of their fundamental security partnership with Europe in their passionate, even reckless, response to ideological challenges elsewhere.

The French have a phrase for this kind of reflex. It is "primary anti-Communism," and it is an expression of some contempt for those who can't see the forest for the nettles in the underbrush, who reject the evidence of a complicated world in favor of a single view of good and bad. But this by no means denies that there are many dangers, and that expansionist Communism is one of them, especially when it is beholden to Soviet power. Of course, there is not a *single* European view of Central America and United States behavior there. There are differences between left and right, between establishments and their critics, between those who emphasize *Realpolitik* and those who preach moral principle. There are differences in the sense of national interest based on history, in current national politics and in future hopes.

The one surprise in these two collections of essays by Americans and Europeans is the extent of basic



MACIEK ALBRECHT

agreement between opposing sides. On three main points, there is no dispute:

- The basic goals are to achieve stability in a region of turmoil and violence and to prevent the Soviet Union from establishing new political or military bases. There is no argument about the need to keep the Russians out.
- Present American policy is not working and cannot be expected to reach either of these goals.
- A sharp division between American and European attitudes as the conflict continues would inevitably weaken the Western alliance.

Why things are not going well and what to do about it is the subject of the debates. They take separate forms. The Council on Foreign Relations book contains five essays by two Americans and three Europeans. It is part of a series on European-American relations, the result of lengthy discussions but presented as individual contributions.

The other book, "Central America and the Western Alliance," is the outcome of a symposium in the late spring of 1984 under the joint auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and the International Institute for Strategic Studies. There are 24 contributors, representing condensed versions of the papers presented at the conference and the points brought out in the discussions. This provides a broader spectrum of opinion, but it is less developed, a smorgasbord instead of a table d'hôte menu.

But the flavors are quite similar. It should be noted that despite their conflicting stands, the authors are all more or less insiders, the kind of people who are in position to steady the alliance and are convinced that it is necessary and desirable. There are no Soviet contributors, no revolutionaries who want to see the United States humiliated and "the other side" triumphant. This is a family quarrel, but it is an uneasy family.

As Robert O'Neill, Australian-born director of the London-based International Institute for Strategic Studies, points out in the symposium book, "the present ambiguity and obscurity of United States aims and policies in Central America are complicating an already difficult situation." And Edward Luttwak, a hawkish American defense consultant who has had official missions to Central America, concludes that "to persist at the current level of activity" in both El Salvador and Nicaragua "offers no assurance of success, to say the least." He suggests alternatives of "very greatly" increased United States intervention, or withdrawing and relying on Mexico "to resist the spread of insurgency." The current "midpoint of political compromise," he says, "does not correspond to either one of these valid strategic options."

THERE is a "second Western option," says Wolf Grabendorff, a West German analyst, in which the European Community would take the initiative to provide for Central America an alternative of "pluralism" to dependency on either the United States or the Soviet Union.

This same idea threads through the more extended arguments in the Council on Foreign Relations book. Irving Kristol, a spokesman for neoconservatives, is the exception. He sees European reluctance to support the Reagan Administration's approach to Central America as a symptom of Europe's infection by Socialism and doubt. He lumps European conservatives, centrists and leftists together as people dangerously short of the will and capacity to resist Communism, which he rates well above Russian expansionism as the menace. Nor is Mr. Kristol satisfied with United States policy. He hints that he favors full-scale United States military intervention to settle the Central American hash. And he warns that if Europe gets in the way, too bad for Europe.

He writes that "the American people today are

Continued on next page

Flora Lewis writes a column on foreign affairs for The New York Times.

How We Look

Continued from preceding page

more insistent than ever that the United States remain a great power capable of shaping the international order. They are not opposed to the NATO Alliance — so long as that alliance does not interfere with this nationalist ambition. If the American people should ever come to feel that the two commitments are incompatible, it is NATO that will go by the board, not nationalism."

Michael Barnes, Democratic Congressman from Maryland, says flatly that all this amounts to an American demand for hegemony. The United States cannot solve the political and economic problems of Central America, he says, and should see the region not as a vital security interest but as a political quagmire. The people will have to work their own way out. The United States cannot provide a compromise settlement, a view Mr. Kristol echoes, but neither can it win a victory.

Fernando Morán, the Spanish Foreign Minister, also insists that the local crisis must be seen in its own terms, and cannot be subordinated to the larger East-West conflict. But for him, the backwardness of Central America is also a failure for the United States, which helped Western Europe to recover but was never able to develop the countries at the narrow waist of the Western Hemisphere. American credibility in the region, he says, depends on *not* seeking risks, the opposite of claiming the right and capacity to shape local affairs.

Alois Mertes, Minister of State in the West German Foreign Ministry and former parliamentary foreign affairs spokesman for the Christian Democrats, is the most sympathetic of the foreigners toward the Reagan Administration arguments. But it is clear he does not agree. Rather, he considers it unwise to split with the United States on an issue it takes to heart, and wants more Euro-American dialogue on the subject.

Finally, Daniel Oduber, former President of Costa Rica and now a vice president of the Socialist International, actively urges a European role as an alternative to Communist support for Central American malcontents. He does not see military force as a solution, and says that ideology does not equal security or insecurity.

It emerges clearly that nobody thinks the United States is on the right course, or is even sure of what it wants to accomplish. Europe's longer perspective and even tolerance for political confrontation may be due to its lesser responsibility, as Irving Kristol argues. It may be another of those wan hopes for a "third way." But the other two ways, as defined by Edward Luttwak, are unacceptable to Europe and can provoke the very disaster all want to avert. The books do show that the Europeans would like to try conciliation and think they have a chance. It is perilous for the United States not to listen. □

Opiates of the Unemployed

RED BAKER
By Robert Ward.
202 pp. New York: The Dial Press / Doubleday & Company. $14.95.

By Pat Barker

WINTER in Baltimore, and the freezing cold reflects the despair of men laid off from the Larmel Steel works. It is 1983. The 60 percent of the work force that has been thrown out of work has little hope of ever getting its jobs back. The workers read in a local newspaper that their skills are "nontransferable," but when Red Baker, the narrator and central character of Robert Ward's third novel, reaches the unemployment line, it doesn't take him long to realize the truth is bleaker still.

When Baker tells the receptionist at the unemployment office what his job was, she replies, "Rougher? I'm sorry, Mr. Baker. That falls under the category of unskilled laborer. You go to the line on the left, please." He is quick to correct the mistaken impression: "Now wait a minute, Miss. . . . maybe you don't understand just what it is a rougher does. I turn bars of steel that are hotter than hell. I don't do it right, the steel jumps the track and somebody ends up walking on stumps for the rest of their life. There's plenty of skill in that, you better believe it." It makes no difference: he goes to join the "dead-eyed, bent-backed guys" in the line on the left.

Using Red and his friends as examples, the novel sets out to explore what it's like, in America today, to stand in this line. While he still has a job, Red has a wife, a son, a home. Gradually, he loses them all. His habit of repeating his name, Red Baker, begins to sound less like a triumphant assertion of identity, more a desperate attempt to convince himself he still exists. He begins to drink heavily, takes speed, loses his unemployment benefits because he forgets to mail the necessary forms. When, finally, he brings himself to take a job as a parking lot attendant, he is too far gone in addiction to hold the job down. He is haunted by a Vietnamese war veteran whom he meets in an alley. The vet hides himself amid the garbage because his nose has been shot away. Gradually, Red comes to identify with him: To be a man without a job is to be mutilated.

Looking like a man in spite of having no job is Red's main preoccupation. Playing baseball is one way, but Red's hand and eye are not too steady now. Heavy drinking, hunting for sex, and crime are other, more attractive, ways — certainly more attractive than facing his responsibilities as husband and father. He settles on a stereotyped masculinity that almost destroys him and his family.

Red's wife, Wanda, supports him emotionally and financially as long as she can. Then, exhausted from coping with his drinking and drug-taking, she moves out and takes their son, Ace, with her. Almost simultaneously, Red's girlfriend, Crystal, tires of waiting for him to take her off to Florida, as he is always fantasizing he will do, and runs away with somebody else instead. Red expresses a great sense of loss at the departure of both women, but it's difficult to believe him because the novel is not convincing in its portrayal of the women or Red's love for them. Crystal, in particular, with her spangles and her attractive figure is no more real than the 50-foot-high billboard blonde outside the mattress factory where Red goes looking for work.

The real love affair in "Red Barker" is the one that grows up between men when the demands of an industry force them to trust each other with their lives. But the love that can be taken for granted at work is hard to express outside it. Drink makes it possible, and in drink Red and his friends relive their boyhood exploits. But this endless reminiscence becomes another drug, another way of escaping the problems of the present.

Red's solution to his problems is to rob a nightclub. With its mixture of farce and terror, the robbery is both authentic and gripping. But the novel's happy ending seems contrived, and in terms of the social tragedy the book explores, almost irrelevant.

THE strengths and weaknesses of the book are both intimately linked with Mr. Ward's decision to use Red Baker as narrator. Mr. Ward's style is tough, graphic and an easy, gripping read, though he veers toward a kind of virile sentimentality at times. But Red is by no means the naïve narrator. He doesn't see clearly or report accurately because his perceptions are constantly dulled by alcohol and drugs, or distorted by his extreme egocentricity. He exhibits the ruining effects of social forces he cannot grasp. Inevitably some of the limitations in his vision limit the novel's capacity to engage its theme fully.

Nevertheless, with all his shortcomings, Red does, in the end, fight his way to an understanding of the dimensions of the tragedy of the mill closing. Looking around his neighborhood for the last time, he sees clearly that it isn't one man, one steel works, or even one industry that's being destroyed: "Our whole way of life was going to go."

What is most moving and memorable in "Red Baker" is not so much the account of one man's disintegration and recovery, as the portrait of the city itself, with its long lines of men waiting in the snow, for jobs, for charity hand-outs and for dope. □

Pat Barker is the author of "Union Street" and "Blow Your House Down."

Workers Yes, Proletarians No

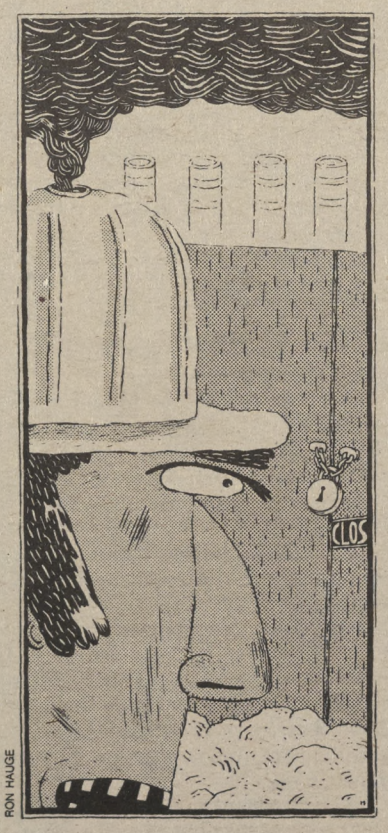


THE NEW YORK TIMES/GEORGE TAMES
Robert Ward.

Robert Ward has written a novel whose title character, "Red Baker," is an angry, unemployed steel worker living in the old Baltimore neighborhood where Mr. Ward grew up. The 41-year-old novelist feels for his old friends in Baltimore who are also angry, unemployed steel workers. In the novel and in person Mr. Ward sounds like his fictional characters who say harsh things about "the President and his band of television writers" who keep claiming that "the economy is on the big climb." Mr. Ward says that he is not the novel's Red Baker but that his feelings are similar to his character's. This is Mr. Ward's third novel; the other two were "Shedding Skin," set partly in Baltimore, and "Cattle Annie and Little Britches." All of his books, he says, are concerned with friendship.

"But this is not a proletarian novel," Mr. Ward insists. "I've got trouble with that 1930's term. George Orwell wrote about the working classes but I wouldn't call his proletarian novels. I like to think mine is a novel with fully realized characters. Defiant, but likable people. My background is lower middle class — my mother worked as a secretary all her life. I now live in Washington because my wife, Celeste Wesson, is national news editor of National Public Radio. But my characters live in Baltimore. So will those in my next novel. It's a city with neighborhoods, it's my true turf."

Mr. Ward is pleased to have remained true to his roots, to have written about ordinary working people in distress. "You have to look yourself in the mirror in the morning," he says. — *Herbert Mitgang*



RON HAUGE

When the Identity Is the Crisis

Continued from page 1

NYTBR May 5, '85

Otherwise it gets to be a habit.'

"Her father cheers up. Nothing cheers them up so fast as a new rule, for when it comes to making rules, they are as bad as children. You should see them at croquet."

Irmgard is reclaimed by her parents at the end of the story, but her dream is dismissed by their unimaginative answer and the proposal of capricious, unofficial rules to live by.

IN "Home Truths" most of Mrs. Gallant's Canadians are either bound by convention or wasted by efforts to transcend a culture they perceive as imitative, provincial and second-rate. The struggle to wrench a personal identity out of a skewed national identity can lead her to create grotesques and buffoons: matrons, Red Queens, who wear pearl earrings like the Duchess of Kent's. ("Brooches pinned to their cashmere cardigans carried some daft message about the Empire.") Bertie Knox, clerk and mimic, can do any Canadian accent, but during World War II he keeps a photograph of himself over his desk "in full kilt, Highland Light Infantry, 1917: he had gone 'home,' to a completely unknown Old Country, and joined up there." And the worldly Dr. Chauchard, upper-bourgeois French, whose "sitting-room-converted-to-waiting-room had on display landmarks of Paris, identified in two languages:

Le Petit Palais — The Petit Palais
Place Vendôme — Place Vendôme
Rue de la Paix — Rue de la Paix

as if the engraver had known they would find their way to a wall in Montreal." Hilarious, but it is more than touchingly ironic nonsense, given the passions that later brought about a significant separatist movement in Canada.

With few exceptions, these stories are set in the late 1930's and 40's. Mrs. Gallant has a sharp sense of history. Incidents are carefully dated — Prohibition, Depression, treaties, the entrance of Canada into "Hitler's war." She writes of a Canada that was and makes good use of her Red Queens and clownish clerks to set up cultural pretensions and longings. She's funny and perceptive on houses, on dress — the customs of a country in which you could almost never be right.

Quick as she is with telling details — flat nasal accents, ugly reddish-brown streets — Mrs. Gallant never patronizes her country. There is no complicit wink at the reader, no easy put-down — the mere reference to shopping mall, beer brand, K Mart, the smart visual that asks for the conditioned response in too many American stories of recent years. Her Canadians are as particular and complex as Eudora Welty's Moodys and MacLains. When she uses types — the cold godmother, the remittance man — it is to redefine an attitude, correct a memory. The godmother, who disowns the grown child, is boozy, chill. Caught up in her war work, she is amusing, crisp about her aging Yorkshire terrier:

" 'I would like it if Minnie could hang on until the end of the war,' Georgie said. 'I'm sure she'd like the victory parades and the bands. But she's thirteen, so I don't know.'

"That was the way she and my parents and their friends had talked to each other. The duller, the more earnest, the more literal generation I stood for seemed to crowd the worn white room, and to darken it further."

Here the built-in answer to the past once again requires that you say what you are.

In "Varieties of Exile," the disreputable or younger son sent out from England — the remittance man — is played off against the real refugees who flood into Montreal. These "Belgians, French, Catholic German, Socialist German, Jewish German, Czech" come to Linnet Muir, she admits, "straight out of the twilit Socialist-literary landscape of my reading and my desires." The story is about Linnet's willful idea that people must behave according to the script in her head. The refugees are romantic. The remittance man she meets on a commuter train is not. Looking back, she can date her discovery that life does not adhere to literary models, nor can she peg people, get them all down. The refugees are busily assimilating, even taking out Canadian passports. The remittance man — vaguely intellectual, a woolly socialist — she has written off. But he appears heroically in casualty lists as "Maj. Francis Cairns, dead of wounds in Italy."

The stiff set of mind placed like a template on life is seen again in "Virus X," a wandering story in which a smug young woman, Lottie Benz, comes to Paris with the conclusion to her thesis drawn before she does the research. Confronted with Vera, a young Ukrainian woman from home who has had an illegitimate baby and is now knocking around Europe, Lottie's scholarship crumbles. She never gets to the libraries where she intends to prove that minority groups can be integrated "without a loss of ethnic characteristics." Like the Poles in Canada, with their Easter eggs. . . .

"You crazy or something?" Vera asks. It is a fairly comic piece that could turn predictable — Vera, freewheeling and triumphant; Lottie, unstable, giddy with her props gone — but Mrs. Gallant resists any route that might echo a thesis, "trying to stick people in it" (Vera's words). It is characteristic of the best stories in "Home Truths" that there is always another rule to be broken, another limit to be crossed. Lottie does not write a word of her inane study, but she composes, in her head, open, insightful letters, never to be mailed to her dull fiancé. She is not courageous — she will return to Canada and marry this man she does not care for. Like the flu that has disoriented her, Europe is over, and her honest, imaginative words will never be said.

Mrs. Gallant has a remarkable sense of place. Her snowy streets and stark row houses are as carefully drawn as Elizabeth Bowen's English cities in wartime. Her men and women do not live their exacting stories in a void. Where you are is as important as what you are. It's more than atmosphere — whether you find Paris, Geneva, the south of France liberating, therefore possible, or whether you live thinly in those cities as an outsider, but know that going home will never do. She is as sure of her Montreal as Joyce was of his Dublin — that it is the place from which the stories flow.

SHE has written well about France and Germany, though there is more dependence on reportage and a tendency to be anecdotal when she cuts free of her Canadians. "The Pegnitz Junction" was an arresting novel that strained for invention trying to get at the roots of Nazi culture and ended up mannered. "A Fairly Good Time," about a young Canadian woman finding her way through a French marriage, was poised, a lively novel of manners, but it did not have the urgency — Mrs. Gallant's voice, with the distinct Canadian burr, claiming that this story must be told — found in the best of "Home Truths."

Here she is most likely to astonish when she buys her own wisdom and refuses to be orderly and neat, so that we hardly notice the plot within plot, or that the untidy asides, further reflections (she is always so bright) will not give a single or good answer. Many of these stories are quests — a search for answers that turn out to be conflicting or partial. At times it would seem to the young that the answers given them about the past are true and it is best to turn away.

In "Bonaventure" a musical prodigy is terrified of nature. Staying in Switzerland with the widow of a famous composer, a keeper of the flame, he is plagued by insects, plants, bird song. Water from a natural spring seems to him bilious, diseased. It is all too mysterious, too random. He does not want to learn the names of trees, or mountains. His parents have been overly explicit about the accident of his conception, which he has come to see as an unnatural act: "They kept feeding him answers when he hadn't asked for anything." Their love, the widow's primordial strength are abhorrent to him, and he makes a dash for civilization

family, we come upon a Nashville lawyer who fancies himself an amateur songwriter. His effort? "Billy Broke My Heart at Walgreen's and I Cried All the Way to Sears." One wishes there were more moments like this. But while "The Sixkiller Chronicles" is an affectionate, knowledgeable look at the Nashville music scene, it is at the same time a heavy-handed story of one man's fight to maintain his values in the face of an encroaching world. The hero is Bluejay Clay, a talented songwriter from Sixkiller Gap, N.C. Bluejay is content to sit in his cabin and extol the country life, but once in a while he has to make the 500-mile trip to Nashville to perform. When he does, the novel comes alive. Mr. Hemphill takes us to the Grand Ole Opry and to hangouts like Tootsie's where we listen to aspiring country singers and small-time agents. Real characters mingle pleasingly with fictional ones. We find Kris Kristofferson, alone and unknown, strumming away in his room at a cheap boardinghouse. It is when we return to Bluejay's home in the hills that the book loses its appeal. Here, we are subjected to, among other things, a greedy developer bent on turning Sixkiller into a huge ski resort. There are also a few unlikely subplots, all of which make us eager to get back to Nashville. The wait between trips can be frustratingly long. Still, any novel that manages to give speaking parts to both Dr. Robert Coles and Hank Snow might be worth reading out of curiosity.

— Richard Goodman

NONFICTION

TAMRART: 13 Days in the Sahara. By Eleanor Clark. (Stuart Wright/Small Press Distribution, 1784 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94709, $15.) "It is clear that droves of people, of no innate criminal tendencies will go to almost any length to get away from those same old streets and faces for a while." So writes Eleanor Clark, the novelist and the author of the travel books "Rome and a Villa" and "The Oysters of Locmariaquer," as partial explanation for her most recent trip, a 13-day trek through the Sahara desert. For any Westerner, this would be an arduous journey, but for Miss Clark, the *tamrart* (a Tuareg word meaning old woman) of the story, the trip was made even more difficult because she quit smoking halfway through and because, of course, she and her husband, Robert Penn Warren, are no longer young. "The young are managing," she writes, referring to all those in their party under 50, but "for us it's torture." Yet, by blending anecdote and regional lore, she makes her travelog informative and appealing. Among the highlights are a cameo appearance by her husband, who keeps falling off his camel; a description of a tea ritual and wedding feast, at which a camel is eaten; and tales of some of the more illustrious residents of the area. Miss Clark also gives some handy advice on desert life. What do you do with garbage? Burn it. How do you ride a camel? In front of the hump, though it's advisable to lean back and clutch the fat atop the hump when descending steep inclines. Though "Tamrart" is, at times, rambling and verbose, on the whole, it is a pleasant, inspiring account.

— Jeanne McCulloch

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THE PLURALIST ERA: American Art 1968-1981. By Corinne Robins. (Harper & Row, $25.95.) Traditionally art history has been viewed as a succession of major movements, one neatly following the other. But in the 1970's, writes Corinne Robins, an art critic, there was no longer a single prevailing artistic style or vision. Instead, it was a decade of pluralism, an era in which a new "more populous" art world emerged offering "a host of alternatives." Mrs. Robins divides these alternatives into seven broad categories. One can't help wishing her selection of artists, all of whom have been drawn from the art world star system, was as comprehensive. She begins with process and conceptual art, citing Richard Serra, Robert Morris and Eva Hesse among its many innovators, and then discusses the marriage of art and politics in the works of Romare Bearden, Judy Chicago and others. From there Mrs. Robins moves on to the earth sculptures, site works and installations of artists such as Robert Irwin, Christo and Robert Smithson, then offers chapters on pattern painting, representation, abstraction and, finally, photograph
performance art. For each artist she pro
biography and summary of his or her artist
then enumerates each artist's pivotal show
cant works. The result, not surprisingly, i
reading an encyclopedia. Though clearly th
been gathered with care, the absence of ei
analysis or a clear historical context r
Pluralist Era" seem disjointed. The autho
fully recorded many fashionable opinions,
nately, she offers few insights of her own.

— An

•

**JOHN MASEFIELD'S LETTERS FROM TH
1915-1917. Edited by Peter Vansittart.
Watts, $18.95.)** In 1915, 15 years before he
England's poet laureate, John Masefield
went to the Western Front as an orderly for
Red Cross. In his poem "Sea Fever," he wr
ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by.
however, he was much less lyrical: whether
country life, rough-mannered sailors or th
Troy, he refused to gloss over harsh or uns
tails. This side of his talent shows in the daily
wrote from France to his wife, Constance.
front, Masefield found, had become an open-a
house, "a litter beyond conception of half
buried men, with broken gear & dud shells &
& smashed clothes, helmets torn into sp
masks, rotten sandbags, bones, backbones, le
old wheels, miles of bedeviled wire." Such gri
repeated day after day, drive home the enorr
carnage. Some moments are less somber. M
both amused by the French and touched by
they endure. He likes the Australian troops –
brave, cheerful and take no nonsense from
Britons. Toward the Germans he mostly ma
appalling hate-the-Hun attitude straight fro
ganda poster. Peter Vansittart, the editor
From the Great War" and "Voices: 1870-1914,
rizes the 1916 lecture tour Masefield made of
States and provides a useful introduction.
From the Front" should help stir up America
in Masefield.

— Al

•

**DASHIELL HAMMETT. By Julian Symons.
Brace Jovanovich, Cloth, $24.95. Harvest/HB
$12.95.)** In this addition to the HBJ Album Bio



*Photograph of Dashiell Hammett on book ja
"The Thin Man," 1934. From "Dashiell Ham*

and its easier discontents. What pursues the prodigy is "the possibility of lapsed genius" and the possibility that he is sickly, ordinary like his father, a mild Canadian. The truth, which he runs from, seeps through in this story like a dark hereditary stain.

The same fears come to Linnet Muir, but there the dangerous debts to a moody, disconsolate mother and an attractive, bohemian father are acknowledged in a calm retrospective voice, though never completely set aside: "I began to ration my writing, for fear I would dream through life as my father had done. I was afraid I had inherited a poisoned gene from him, a vocation without a gift. He had spent his own short time like a priest in charge of a relic, forever expecting the blessed blood to liquefy." Mrs. Gallant cuts deep. It is not merely what you are that is problematic, there is also the terrifying proposal of what you may never be.

I have one quibble with "Home Truths" as a collection: aside from the amazing "Jorinda and Jorindel," the opening pieces in "At Home" do not give the reader the full promise of what is to come. I recommend "In the Tunnel" and "The Ice Wagon Going Down the Street" from the next section, "Canadians Abroad," as particularly good examples of her success with more ambitious tales. I don't think this indicates that Montreal is better seen from Paris, but the ideas of exile and return, reclaiming and remembering do seem to up the ante in Mrs. Gallant's fiction. The Linnet Muir stories, written from the mid- to late 70's, are wonderful, actually full of a young woman's wonder at the past. They bear a thematic resemblance to Mary McCarthy's "Memories of a Catholic Girlhood" (for me, an American classic) in the search through family legends, hearsay, lies for a story that will approximate some version of the truth.

Like Miss McCarthy, Linnet Muir attempts, reasonably and unsentimentally, to discover what really happened, who people *were*: but that line of inquiry yields to and finally nourishes richer material — the more difficult stories that reveal herself. The six Linnet Muir stories, set in Montreal, seem highly autobiographical, but we are always poking about with that gossipy word, as though intricate and satisfying fiction were no more than a footnote to People magazine. In any case, Mrs. Gallant's reconstruction of Linnet's return home in the war years is closely informed by exact events, by place and authentic emotions, as good stories always are.

LINNET is 18 and already knows too much, then sets herself to finding out a good deal more. She has raced ahead and is engaged to be married. In "Between Zero and One," we find her working in a wartime office among statisticians and engineers, faking a job she does not understand. "I spoke to Mr. Tracy: What occupied the space between Zero and One? It must be something arbitrary, not in the natural order of numbers. If One was solid ground, why not begin with One? Before One there was what? Thin air?" Mr. Tracy says, "Don't worry your head." Going back to that time, Linnet associates it with her belief that limits are different for women and men and with the terror that lay before her in a headstrong marriage, the warnings she did not heed. Many years later she can only repeat the same questions without answers: "How do you stand if you stand upon Zero? What will the passage be like between Zero and One? And what will happen at One? Yes, what will happen?" That "yes" still looks forward bravely, even if life does not prove out.

A Canadian friend of mine remembers going to a stadium to welcome the young Queen Elizabeth and her new husband — 30,000 little boys yelling and waving the Union Jack. Canada has changed dramatically, irrevocably. Mavis Gallant has made it her business to look back. In the hard act of knowing her origins, she has written powerful stories. Her home truths tell us what we can (and cannot) do with what we have been assigned. □

Learning to Laugh Out Loud



The first time I ever heard people laughing in a cinema was [in New York]. I can still remember the wonder and excitement and amazement I felt. I was just under fourteen and I had never heard people expressing their feelings in a public place in my life. The easy reactions, the way a poignant moment caught them, held them still — all that was new. I had come there straight from Ontario, where the reaction to a love scene was a kind of unhappy giggling, while the image of a kitten or a baby induced a long flat "Aaaah," followed by shamed silence. You could imagine them blushing in the dark for having said that — just that "Aaaah." When I heard that open American laughter I thought I could be like these people too, but had been told not to be by everyone, beginning with Olivia: *"Pas si fort"* was something she repeated to me so often when I was small that my father had made a tease out of it, called "passy four." From a tease it became oppressive too: "For the love of God, Linnet, passy four." What were these new people? Were they soft, too easily got at? I wondered that even then. . . . Were they, as Canadian opinion had it, vulgar? Perhaps the notion of vulgarity came out of some incapacity on the part of the refined. Whatever they were, they couldn't all be daft; if they weren't I probably wasn't either. I supposed I stood as good a chance of being miserable here as anywhere, but at least I would not have to pretend to be someone else.

— From "Home Truths."

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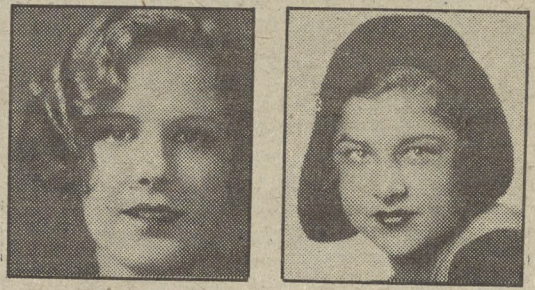
THE MAN EVERYBODY LOVES TO CLIP

Did it ever happen to you? Did you ever clip a column from The Times to send to a friend

The Stars and Their Curses

DREAMS THAT MONEY CAN BUY
The Tragic Life of Libby Holman.
By Jon Bradshaw.
Illustrated. 431 pp. New York:
William Morrow & Company. $17.95.

THE OTHER MARILYN
A Biography of Marilyn Miller.
By Warren G. Harris.
Illustrated. 248 pp. New York:
Arbor House. $16.95.



WIDE WORLD STUDIO

Marilyn Miller in 1925; Libby Holman in 1930.

By Marian Seldes

ROBERT EDMOND JONES once cautioned theater students, "Bear in mind the difference between imagination and ingenuity. Imagination is the God-given faculty of inward seeing, inward viewing. Ingenuity is our human faculty for thinking up things."

These biographies of magnetic, talented women seem to be written by researchers, not writers. The inward eye is closed. Devotees of these performers, who have only imperfect recordings of Libby Holman's voice or memories of Marilyn Miller's three film recreations of her great Broadway successes, will feel more like voyeurs than worshippers as they read the private, intimate and secret lives of these women as reconstructed by two men.

In 1910, when Elizabeth Lloyd Holzman was 6, living unhappily and comfortably in Cincinnati, she saw a production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The part of Little Eva enchanted her. She did not see herself as Topsy even though her classmates thought her jet-black hair was kinky and her dark olive skin

Reynolds, and even after the charges were dropped the memory of the ghastly shooting in a bedroom after an all-night party would haunt her life and color her reputation.

The widow and son shared $7 million from the estate. Sixteen years later the boy, "Topper," whom she adored, died while mountain climbing.

Holman sang, traveled, lived well, attracted the famous and the fascinated. She gave generously to causes that mattered to her — human rights and civil liberties. She was a supporter of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in the mid-1950's. She backed a play, appeared in it and fell in love with the leading actor, Montgomery Clift. They were to be more than friends from 1942 until his death in 1966.

Lists of Libby's lovers fill these pages. Few of the men or women would be happy with their sketched portraits. The reader is taken into bedrooms and beds but the informants of these affairs are hidden behind pseudonyms. Others in the cast are no longer living. Twisting and turning in their graves, no doubt.

In 1965, six years before her own death by suicide, Holman attempted to tell her story to a biographer. Her early years made her

Exorcising the 20th Century

HITLER IN HISTORY
By Eberhard Jäckel.
115 pp. Hanover, N.H.: University Press of New England. $11.95.

IMAGINING HITLER
By Alvin H. Rosenfeld.
121 pp. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. $15.

By Fritz Stern

HITLER has been dead for 40 years, and yet he is alive — in the debates of historians and in the conscience and fantasy of people everywhere. And no wonder: he was the most dramatic exemplar of demonic power in our century, a mass murderer, a genius without a trace of moral scruple. He found accomplices everywhere. We have to live with this memory; we live, moreover, in a world that was fashioned on the ruins of his empire. He remains a presence. Historians still grapple with the puzzles of his career, while most of the public seems to be endlessly fascinated and titillated by a mythic Hitler, a fabricated ghost that stalks the world.

"Hitler in History" and "Imagining Hitler" attest the continuing curiosity about Hitler. They complement each other; one discusses aspects of the historic Hitler and the other explores the posthumous and fictionalized Hitler. Scholars argue about the causes of his success and the nature of his rule; others have an unappeasable hunger for vulgar, pornographic Hitleriana. The appearance of fraudulent Hitler diaries in 1983 was a striking example of the greed with which even responsible journals and individual scholars will exploit this mass appetite. As Alvin Rosenfeld notes. "the marketing of Adolf Hitler has become big business."

The historians' Hitler is in more limited demand — partly, perhaps, because historians have become less and less willing to write comprehensive, readable biographies, such as Alan Bullock's, which was one of the first and remains one of the very best accounts of Hitler's life. Eberhard Jäckel, a well-known German historian, is the author of two earlier excellent works on Hitler's rule. "Hitler in History" consists of four lectures Mr. Jäckel delivered in 1983 at Brandeis University, plus an added final chapter. Two of these pieces had already been published in Germany; the first and last pieces are surprisingly, distressingly, alike in substance. The promise of Mr. Jäckel's title bespeaks his authoritative style but belies the paucity of this particular contribution.

He deals with four topics: Hitler's rise to power, his conduct of the war, his role in the Holocaust and his decision to declare war on the United States. On these topics he writes crisply, lucidly, persuasively. He is refreshingly interested in the concrete and the personal; he writes with a certain deftness, and the lectures have a commendable economy, as if he had asked himself: what is the minimum a historian can say and what is the bare requisite students must know?

Mr. Jäckel, who has previously written a book on Hitler's *Weltanschauung,* here contends that Hitler never diverged from his basic beliefs and aspirations. These he expounded in "Mein Kampf" for all the world to read; the book sold by the millions, but was read by very few and taken seriously by fewer still. In that book and elsewhere Hitler insisted that dictatorial rule had to be based on popularity (presumably reinforced by terror, for it is unlikely that he could have envisioned a regime without violence); that the Jews were a mortal threat and had to be eliminated, and that Germany needed to conquer vast living space in the east at the expense of the Soviet Union. These were Hitler's aims, and Mr. Jäckel focuses on the conditions that allowed him to realize all but the final aim.

Mr. Jäckel explains Hitler's rise to power as due to "the structural stalemate" in the Weimar Republic — that is, the rough equality of the groups supporting and opposing that republic. Each was strong enough to block the other, but neither was strong enough to govern alone. This is a somewhat simplistic view. Consider, for example, that the Catholic Center party managed to align itself with either group, though after 1930 its authoritarian right wing came to predominate. It is true that in the eyes of conservative Germans Weimar lacked legitimacy, and the absence of consensus exacerbated every economic and political conflict. In the desperate situation of the Great Depression, and in a parliamentary deadlock that could have been avoided, the personal powers of the octogenarian president, Field Marshal von Hindenburg, greatly increased. At first, he used his authority to prevent Hitler, the leader of the largest German party, from assuming power; in the end, he succumbed to the advice of his frivolous entourage and appointed him chancellor.

Mr. Jäckel calls Hitler's rule a "monocracy" with competing state and party agencies, a "polycracy," serving under him. The decisions were his, however; he was the indispensable popular ruler. He served the interests of no single group, but threw an occasional favor to this group or that, hoping to escape opposition by turning potential enemies — in the army, for example — into highly rewarded accomplices. Mr. Jäckel pays little attention to the controversy among historians about the role of big business in supporting Hitler and omits almost altogether the deeper reasons why the German elites proved so vulnerable to his appeal. In the 1930's, international conditions favored Hitler's aggressive designs. Mr. Jäckel reminds us that Japan embarked on its aggressive course with the invasion of Manchuria and Mussolini conquered Ethiopia. Violent expansionism abroad and terror at home belonged to the political life of the time, and Hitler perfected violence and terror and made millions into his instruments.

Mr. Jäckel is incisive in dealing with Hitler's role in the Holocaust. He thinks the notion that the absence of an explicit order from Hitler suggests his innocence or ignorance is risible. He records the steps that led to the mass killings and insists that "Hitler was the prime and only instigator of the Holocaust." The beginnings of the Holocaust, he rightly notes, "involved considerable inconsistency, improvisation, and confusion." It would have been contrary to Hitler's practice to divulge his objectives all at once and entrust implementation to one designated agency. Mr. Jäckel acknowledges, however, that in this, the most dreadful chapter of Hitler's rule or indeed of Western history, we are still at the beginning of the requisite research. Finally he suggests that Hitler's determination to destroy European Jewry coincided with his gradual realization that his other great aim, the conquest of the east, might fail. At least he could win the war against the Jews — and, he assumed, thereby earn the world's gratitude.

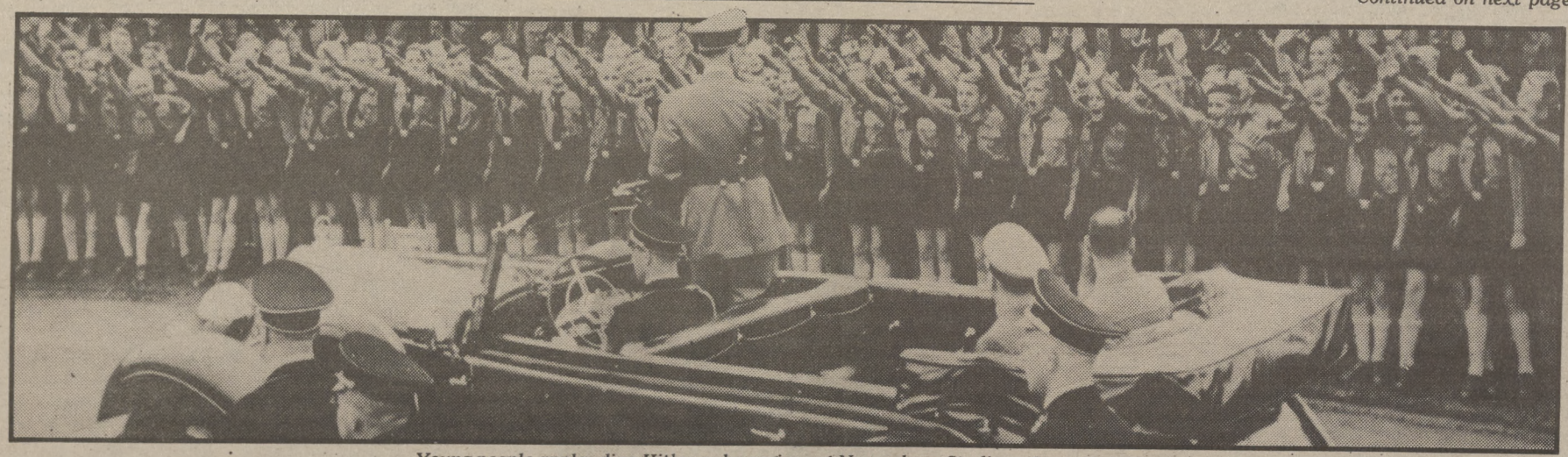
THE battle for Moscow in December 1941 destroyed Hitler's expectations of defeating the Soviet Union in a blitzkrieg. In the fall of 1941 he had shown the utmost restraint in dealing with an ever more interventionist United States; he did not want to face the same deadly constellation that Germany had confronted in World War I. He wanted Japan to enter the war in order to destroy British power in the Pacific, but instead, his secretive ally focused on the United States. Hitler declared war on the United States, relying on Japan's pledge not to conclude a separate peace. He assumed that America would concentrate its forces against Japan, leaving Germany free to fight — and win — a war of attrition against the Soviet Union. But by declaring war on the United States, Hitler enabled American leadership to do the opposite, to throw America's power against Germany. Hitler's declaration of war, improvised and unnecessary, sealed his fate.

In dealing with horrendous subjects Mr. Jäckel tries to heed his own view "that it is not the historian's business to pass value judgments or moral verdicts . . . he has to explain how things could have happened, and in so doing he may safely rely on the general assumption that the Germans living under Hitler were not better or worse than those who lived before or after them or other people in their times, but that they lived under special conditions." This is a facile formulation; conditions affect a people's moral constitution. A succession of national traumas, distorted by continuous and purposeful deception, had embittered the Germans and Hitler's hatreds had further poisoned their minds and dulled their consciences. Mr. Jäckel himself acknowledges "Germany's exceptional aggressiveness and brutality." Historians can hardly avoid rendering judgments and for all his self-denying intention, Mr. Jäckel

Continued on next page

"How we remember Hitler is a test of our moral capability and maturity."

Fritz Stern teaches history at Columbia University. Among his books is "Gold and Iron: Bismarck, Bleichroeder and the Building of the German Empire."



Young people applauding Hitler as he arrives at Nuremberg Stadium, Sept. 11, 1938. SYGMA

Exorcising the Century

Continued from preceding page

proves no exception. Some of his judgments are implicit: by focusing on Hitler, he conveys the impression that the German people were passive, more passive than they probably were.

• • •

Alvin Rosenfeld, professor of English at Indiana University and author of a book on the Holocaust, has written a brief, slightly breathless study, without footnotes, of the post-1945 portrait of Hitler in American popular culture, in fiction and film. Unlike Mr. Jäckel, Mr. Rosenfeld writes out of moral outrage; he is less concerned with interpretation or analysis. He is appalled to find that the Nazi "aura of destructive power has been turned into sexual and political fantasies, religious allegories, pseudohistories, science fictions."

Mr. Rosenfeld examines high and low culture, mostly in the United States, and finds that almost all of it trivializes National Socialism. He objects to "fiction's infidelity to history," and demonstrates that freedom from fact has not given us some kind of deeper understanding of Hitler's horror. None of the literature about Hitler that Mr. Rosenfeld cites even approximates the psychological acumen of Thomas Mann's "Mario and the Magician," written before Hitler ever came to power. The trashy trivializers seize on "the pornography of violence," and Mr. Rosenfeld believes that "*total* sexual degradation" today is identified with Nazism, as in the imaginary erotic encounters between Nazi brute and Jewish victim.

Most people are probably ignorant of the worst smut, from the pages of The National Examiner or from the pornography of trashy books that seem bent on confirming the view of Otto Strasser, who had once been one of Hitler's chief lieutenants, that Hitler was "liberating the mass unconscious." Yet Mr. Rosenfeld assembles a frightening record; the magnitude of the obsession and the mendacious trivia with which it is satisfied constitute a danger to and an indictment of our culture. The danger includes the possibility that this ghost of Hitler can inspire mad would-be emulators. The trivializing of National Socialism allows for facile, deadly analogies; a kind of retroactive collective culpability is set up: today's putative culprits, be they Israelis or Russians, are equivalent to the National Socialists.

Western imagination has always found Hitler uniquely difficult to grasp. Several decades ago, Max Picard wrote a book, "*Hitler in Us*," and perhaps it is that shocking recognition that both fascinates and paralyzes the imagination. There is a shaming awareness of *us* in Hitler, of seeing in him, in the most unrestrained form, the murderous drives that civilized society usually tries to contain and deny. It is a portentous fact that in half a century novelists and dramatists have not been able to deepen our understanding of this demon, this "psychopathic god," as W. H. Auden called him. On the contrary, they have contributed to the distortion of Hitler.

The search for the historic Hitler has been more successful than the creation of the mythic Hitler; Gresham's law, however, is at work in our world — the cheaper version is driving out the better one. But the manner in which Hitler and National Socialism are remembered, both here and in Germany, is not only a political datum; it is also a test of our moral capability and of our maturity. A hundred years ago Nietzche wrote: " 'I have done that,' says my memory. 'I cannot have done that,' says my pride, and remains inexorable. Eventually — memory yields." The worst distortion is willed amnesia, whether for the sake of self-exculpation or some sort of convenient reconciliation. For an American President to encourage that amnesia, to seem to establish some kind of moral equivalency between agents of atrocity and victims, is to abandon all moral and historical imperatives. It marks the descent from amiability to amorality. □

The Past in the Present Tense

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS
1923-1985.
By Robert Penn Warren.
322 pp. New York: Random House.
Cloth, $19.95. Paper $9.95.

By William H. Pritchard

From the deep and premature midnight
Of woodland, I hear the first whip-o-will's
Precious grief, and my young heart,
As darkling I stand, yearns for a grief
To be worthy of that sound.

THESE lines are from Robert Penn Warren's "Boyhood in Tobacco Country," a poem originally published in his "Being Here: Poetry 1977-1980," and one of many that readers will find missing from Mr. Warren's new 322-page selection of his work. Ten years ago, when his last "Selected Poems" appeared, the pruning of earlier volumes was evident, but the losses did not seem so prominent: generous samples were still present from such earlier books of the 1950's and 60's as "Promises," "You, Emperors, and Others," "Tale of Time" and "Incarnations." Now, the 165 pages representing these poems in the volume of 10 years ago have been trimmed to 50, and the trimming has not been confined merely to those poems Mr. Warren wrote two and three decades ago. Recent volumes, such as "Now and Then," "Being Here" and "Rumor Verified," many of whose poems have been highly admired by reviewers eager — like Harold Bloom and Stanley Plumly — to assert the preeminence of Mr. Warren's later poetry, have also met the axe. One looks in vain in the new book for "Speleology," "No Bird Does Call," "Passers By on a Snowy Night," "Vermont Thaw" and "Millpond Lost," just to mention some of the ones I had put checks next to when encountered in their original habitats.

The "New and Selected Poems" idea, with the new poems placed first and the selection of previous work following them, has been, I think, a fairly recent publishing phenomenon (there was no "New and Selected" Wordsworth or Browning), and in Mr. Warren's case it is worth attending to for two reasons. First, because it teases us into wondering whether the stern winnowing he has performed is merely at the behest of exigency (his publisher wants the book to stay under 350 pages), or whether and to what extent it represents an act of critical discrimination designed to indicate an oeuvre: *these*, at the age of 80, are the poems on which I make my claim as a poet. Second, because the new poems in this volume (the section titled "Altitudes and Extensions") occupy roughly a quarter of it, and all date from the last five years. Could it be, the skeptic might wonder, that Mr. Warren upon entering his ninth decade has been bemused by his most recent work, to the extent of critically misrepresenting himself?

The answer to the skeptic's question seems to me to be decidedly no, even though my acquaintance with these new poems has been of relatively short duration. But from the very first one in the book — a tripartite piece titled "Three Darknesses" — one is engaged by a voice that is wonderfully expressive, as first it remembers watching a bear at the zoo in Rome (surely Mr. Warren has more bears — and not just metaphysical ones — in his poems than any other American poet) who

. . . big as a grizzly, erect, indestructible,
Unforgiving as God, as rhythmic as
A pile-driver — right-left, right-left —
Slugged at an iron door.

The bear, so the speaker eventually decides, is trying to enter into darkness, into a cave containing "the darkness of wisdom." Later, in the poem's third section, a man, a "You" (often a stand-in for R.P.W.) lies in the darkness of his hospital room, thinking about the "trivial" operation he is to undergo in the morning:

A dress rehearsal,
You tell yourself, for
The real thing. Later. Ten years? Fifteen?

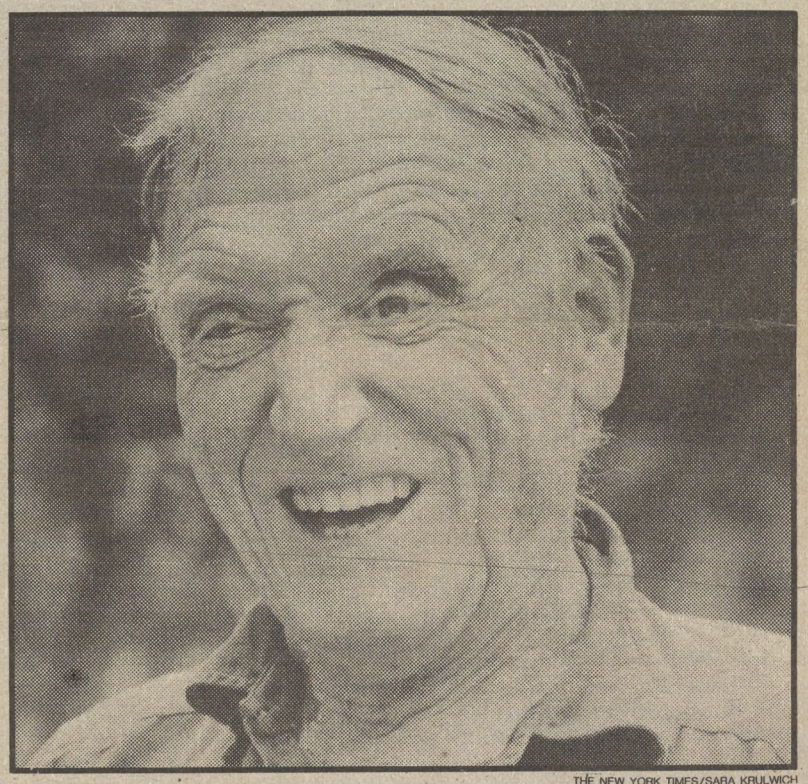
In this darkness (is it of wisdom?) he reaches out and flicks on the television to an "old-fashioned western" where "Winchester fire flicks white in the dream-night." Both the bear in his pile-driving actions and the man flat on his back in the grip of thoughts are helplessly doing what they have to do, and Mr. Warren gives them to us without a hint of condescension or pity.

One notes that this opening poem establishes contours of altitudes and declensions, light and darkness, to be met more than once in the volume. Yet, as with so much of Mr. Warren's recent verse, what fascinates him and his readers is (in the language of "Rattlesnake Country," a poem of 10 years back that has survived) "The compulsion to try to convert what now is *was* / Back into what was *is*." This compulsion can be seen from titles like "Old-Time Childhood in Kentucky" and "Re-interment: Recollections of a Grandfather," or by the question asked in "Covered Bridge":

How can you think back and know
Who was the boy, sleepless, who lay
In a moonless night of summer, but with star-glow
Gemming the dewy miles, and acres, you used to go?

These moments I judge to be Mr. Warren at his finest, converting "was" into the "is" of presence, the present. In "Little Girl Wakes Early" the child is invited or summoned to

Remember when you were the first one awake, the first



THE NEW YORK TIMES/SARA KRULWICH

Robert Penn Warren: "How do poems grow? They grow out of your life."

William H. Pritchard is Henry Clay Folger Professor of English at Amherst College. His most recent book is "Robert Frost: A Literary Life Reconsidered."

WOOLF'S VOICE ECHOES THROUGH DIARY

THE DIARY OF VIRGINIA WOOLF. Vol. 4: 1931-1935. Edited by Anne Olivier Bell (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $19.95).

By Michael Anderson
Field News Service

What, I wonder, was the sound of Virginia Woolf's voice? Memoirists describe it as low and throaty, a beautiful speaking voice. Surely it incorporated accents of the famous Bloomsbury intonations. One imagines eccentric stress and pitch, nearly singsong, the keening of a soprano saxophone.

Her voice echoes through the current volume of Woolf's diary, with a resonance so strong in the imagination that it is a disappointing surprise that the actual sound remains stubbornly silent, almost but not quite wafting off the printed page into its atonal song.

MICHAEL ANDERSON teaches at Northwestern University's Medill School of Journalism.

Woolf's writing is marvelously alive, tensile and fresh. Usually, her diary shows the clipped rhythm of cognition, brisk and colorless; in this volume, in the years where she was in fullest command of her powers, Woolf teases her talent, lets it cavort.

She was well-aware of this newly discovered ease in her writing. "Why, even now, at the end, I'm turning up a stone or two," she says, nearing the end of her masterpiece, "The Waves." "No glibness, no assurance; you see, I could perhaps do Bernard's soliloquy in such a way as to break up, dig deep, make prose move — yes I swear — as prose has never moved before: from the chuckle & the babble to the rhapsody."

By some happy happenstance, the current volume catches a slice of Woolf's life crowded with events as momentous as the deaths of two of her closest friends, Lytton Strachey and Roger Fry, and as colorful as her sojourns to Ireland and Nazi Germany, and as trivial as her London social whirl. These years also saw completion of "The Waves," "Flush," the second volume of "The Common Reader," and chronicles the progress of "The Years," "Three Guineas" and her biography of Roger Fry.

This is an extraordinarily diverse palette of experience, and it is all the more remarkably event-filled for a writer whose chosen landscape was the rendering of reverie and impression. She proved more than capable of recording the psychic reverberations of such external dramas as Strachey's slow and painful death and the subsequent suicide of his disciple, Dora Carrington, or a convention of the Labor Party attended by Leonard Woolf. She still could describe the sensations of a walk in the country or reading the letters of D.H. Lawrence.

"Well, of course, it's extremely interesting having to deal with so many different selves," she notes.

Yet there was a certain cost to maintain such an intensity of vision, a sacrificial withdrawal from the intimacy of the shared world. And there were the wounds from the direct arrows of spiteful criticism that increasingly were thrown at her in the Depression '30s.

"The only thing worth doing is to stick it out: stick to the original & don't lower it an inch to anyone," she writes. "And I wish I need never read about myself, or think about myself, anyhow 'till it is done, but look firmly at my object & think only of expressing it."

In the diary, unlike her work intended for publication, her gaze is shorter, her expression quicker; but happily, this volume finds her talent overflowing so that it reads as well as a novel. Some tones are tragic; there are the ominous intonations of the psychic cost of "The Years" that drove her to madness. There is the domestic comedy of her loving union with the occasionally irascible Leonard. The darkling hints of war are noted, in her comments on Hitler and Mussolini. Frippery receives its due in her amused snobbery about which great London hostess is snubbing the other this week. These fragments of the real create a mosaic-like texture in a guided tour of an extraordinarily rich and sensitive mental life.

"A wild wet night — floods out: rain as I go to bed: dogs barking: winds battering," Woolf writes in the last sentence in the book. "Now, I shall slink indoors, I think, & read some remote book." ■

FUSSELL'S OBSERVATIONS SPARKLE

THE BOY SCOUT HANDBOOK AND OTHER OBSERVATIONS. By Paul Fussell (Oxford University Press, $15.95).

By Henry Kisor
Field News Service

Of all our important critics only Paul Fussell was imaginative enough to devote a sober review to the newest edition of the "Official Boy Scout Handbook" when it appeared in 1979, and only he was shrewd enough to look beyond the usual first-aid and knot-tying lore. He found the bible of scouting to be full of psychological and ethical good sense, with roots in Aristotle and Cicero. "What a shame the psychobabblers of Marin County will never read it," he declared, and he meant it.

Fussell is a critic of wit and originality. His "The Great War and Modern Memory," which showed brilliantly how that conflict forever changed the West's romantic notions about war, won a National Book Award in 1976. His newest book, "The Boy Scout Handbook and Other Observations" (Oxford University Press, $15.95), collects 15 years' worth of his exhilarating reviews and essays from Harper's, the New Republic, Encounter and other magazines.

They sparkle on Poe and Whitman and Boswell and are amusing and acerbic on Baron Corvo, Rider Haggard and Evelyn Waugh. One is a splendid appreciation of Herman Wouk as a fine popular historian and bad popular novelist. Another makes the point that removing racial slurs from Booth Tarkington's "Penrod" is an attempt to manipulate the past, much as the Soviets rewrite history to glorify the present.

He has a knack for the perfect quote, too. In an essay soothing writers on hostile reviews, he cites Samuel Johnson: "Nay, sir, do not complain. It is advantageous to an author that his book should be attacked as well as praised. Fame is a shuttlecock. If it be struck at only one end of the room, it will soon fall to the ground. To keep it up, it must be struck at both sides."

Now shouldn't that be graven in bronze above every writer's desk?

Of course Fussell is no more the perfect critic than is anyone else. A few reviews are one-sided, not even-handed. He can bludgeon instead of skewer. In one bilious essay he dwells on Graham Greene's "thematic hokiness," then, to drive home the spike, makes up a mock expository-writing exam of the author's clumsier sentences. This is a thumb in the eye, not an illuminating literary exercise, for all authors make grammatical bloopers, some more than others. (In this same piece Fussell himself commits a solecism: "Like many another OK writer, his publishers have oversold him." Or maybe Fussell just wanted to be ironic.)

Occasionally he writes interestingly and at length about the life of a biographee, then dismisses the biography with a few brief generalizations, usually negative. Perhaps these are conscious ephemera written for a non-intellectual audience. Readable as they are, it's probably a mistake to collect them unabridged.

These faults stick out more than the obscure crimes of fusty academic critics because, unlike his inferiors, Fussell has a powerful moral sense. He takes chances. He writes passionately. And he covers an astonishing range of subjects; he thinks, like his model George Orwell, that criticism should embrace all of life.

Paul Fussell is the most valuable kind of critic — a clear-eyed, wide-ranging, truth-seeking maverick. ■

The New York Times

BEST-SELLER LIST

FICTION

1. MASTER OF THE GAME, by Sidney Sheldon.
2. DIFFERENT SEASONS, by Stephen King.
3. THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER, by Jeffrey Archer.
4. THE VALLEY OF HORSES, by Jean M. Auel.
5. THE CASE OF LUCY BENDING, by Lawrence Sanders.
6. THE PARSIFAL MOSAIC, by Robert Ludlum.
7. THE MAN FROM ST. PETERSBURG, by Ken Follett.
8. LACE, by Shirley Conran.
9. TOUCH THE DEVIL, by Jack Higgins.
10. CINNAMON SKIN, by John D. MacDonald.

NON-FICTION

1. JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT BOOK, by Jane Fonda.
2. LIFE EXTENSION, by Durk Pearson and Sandy Shaw.
3. LIVING, LOVING & LEARNING, by Leo Buscaglia.
4. WHEN BAD THINGS HAPPEN TO GOOD PEOPLE, by Harold S. Kushner.
5. EDIE, by Jen Stein.
6. RICHARD SIMMONS' NEVER-SAY-DIET COOKBOOK, by Richard Simmons.
7. INDECENT EXPOSURE, by David McClintick.
8. NO BAD DOGS: THE WOODHOUSE WAY, by Barbara Woodhouse.
9. PRINCESS, by Robert Lacey.
10. A LIGHT IN THE ATTIC, by Shel Silverstein.

POETRY

Edited by Penny Avila

THE COMMON MURRE

Even the books tell it. How
the bird will die a public death.
We saw it run sick toward
the lips of ocean and trip
on a gray glide of water
to fall headfirst. It arose,
wings still sound to dry themselves
and beat out enough strength
to advance where the next wave
rolled the bird up, erased it,
and tide further flooding caught
the bird's last prints in the sand.

We walked to where the ocean
was smoothing itself. Sadly
we threw a stick the dog saved
again and again from the surf:
"The Common Person, the witness,
lives in the town and migrates
restively to the coast
where he feeds on an image
of death that could have been worse —
and where for some reason
the dusk will congeal itself
into a red hallowed light"

William Chamberlain
Astoria

A SUBURBAN LAND

Now, after more than two decades of experimentation, a group of scientists at the University of Utah has developed a pneumatically operated aluminum-and-plastic heart that is ready for trial in human beings. The heart (latest version called Jarvik-7) was designed by an inventive 34-year-old doctor, Robert Jarvik.

DISCOVERY, *April 1981*

With fat your heart is laden
For your lifestyle has been bad;
But you'll get a handsome trade-in
On a Jarvik-7, lad.

Oh, they've tried it out on calves, lad,
And tested it on sheep;
True, the beasts did not survive, lad,
But the heart never missed a beat.

You'll no more toss and turn at night;
Lie quiet, lad, lie still;
And pray your air tubes are in tight,
And praise young Jarvik's skill.

By night instead of sleeping
And dreaming pleasant dreams,
You'll listen to the beeping
Of the life support machines.

In a bed too hard for sleeping
The patient lies awake,
His prayerful vigil keeping
That his vinyl heart won't break.

Mark Worden
Roseburg

BLOOD RIVER

The dusted mountains hold the softest air
Which falls and fills the deepest, greenest sea
And blows its murmurs through the sand
To chime with many whispered songs.

With blood along the current
fishes swim.

The under mountains too, have watered air
Which presses up to meet the tallest sky
And pokes through sandy clouds and sun
To merge with voices of the wind.

With blood along the current
black bats fly.

The yellow cloudy earth has sulphur air
Which curls and sleeps on dark and silent mats
And settles softly on a curb
To blend with sleeping sounds of men.

With blood along the current
women cry.

Mary Gelb Park
Portland

Submissions of poetry should be addressed to Poetry Editor, Northwest Magazine, The Oregonian, 1320 S.W. Broadway, Portland, OR 97201. All submissions must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Northwest Magazine is under no obligation to return others. For poetry workshop information, call 636-1816 between 7 and 9 p.m.

AUEL

Continued from Page 15.

On one of these, far afield with a bagged reindeer, she rescues a wounded cave lion cub from a pack of hyenas. Because she carries the mark of cave lion claws on her thigh, scars aquired at age 5 and symbolizing the beast as her personal "totem," they are linked symbiotically, and Ayla nurses the little creature back to health.

The lion, which she calls "Baby," grows — quite literally — by leaps and bounds. He tolerates Ayla, who one day leaps up on his back and takes off like Sheena, Queen of the Steppe. But to everyone and everything else, the lion is "meaner than a junkyard dog."

Meanwhile, far to the northwest, two advanced Cro-Magnons, the brothers Jondalar and Thonolan of the people called "Losadunai," have begun a journey of some 1,000 miles down the "Great Mother River" to its mouth, probably near the present Soviet city of Odessa.

Traveling east with the ominous and omnipresent glaciers at their left, the two brothers experience myriad adventures with other tribes along the way, exchanging gods, myths, language and cultural innovations while making infrequent contacts with declining groups of Neanderthals, known among the Cro-Magnons as "Flatheads."

Considered subhuman by these ascending modern men, the Neanderthals are sharper than anyone thinks, despite their inability to communicate verbally. If they had read Auel's first volume, Jondalar and Thonolan would realize this squatty, hairy, beetle-browed bunch, with remarkable rear cranial development, has memories extending back thousands of years, allowing them to enjoy their own space-time continuum.

Auel, by now known to nearly everyone as a Portland writer, or at least one living in Beaverton, is steeped in anthropology and survival techniques, and began this wonderfully human epic by choosing the dim mystery of what happened to the Neanderthals when The Others proliferated to the point of becoming pests.

The out-muscled Cro-Magnons have distinct advantages in their more versatile physiology, speech development and, more importantly, their capacity for abstract and analytical thought.

Jondalar, Thonolan and their ilk are progressing rapidly, improving on flint tools and their general lifestyle, while participating increasingly in the elaborate religious rites described in the early chapters of anthropologist Sir James George Frazer's "The Golden Bough."

There are marriages, deaths, births, wine-drinking bouts and singing. In contrast to the plodding Flatheads, the Cro-Magnons are a relatively merry, fun-loving bunch.

All of these early people are, of course, food gatherers and nomads, hunters of the steppes, but in the strange, divisive tribe of the "Sharamudoi," located virtually on the river, we see the beginning of settled communities.

A portion of the Sharamudoi live on land and pride themselves on hunting the elusive chamois, while the rest live on boats and pursue gigantic sturgeon. But often there is too much of this anthropological detail in Auel's second novel, and at times, when you read for the third time how to dig a pitfall or to work flint into various points, choppers and scrapers, you lose the plot of the novel, and become a wanderer across the steppes of her detailed research. Yet, despite these mild distractions, "Horses" is a fine story, and the contrast between Ayla and her travails and the hike of the seeking brothers, makes good reading. We know from the start that Jondalar and Thonolan, wounded and healed, married and in despair, will march inexorably into the young woman's valley. The outcome is essential if the series is to continue.

Readers, however, may become impatient for the inevitable meeting, which comes as no surprise in its general outline. That and no more should be said to preserve the ending.

What we find in contrast to "The Clan of the Cave Bear" is a livelier style, an abundance of sensual confrontations rare in her first book, and the paperback quality of Ayla ruling her small turf with the assistance of horse and lion.

Either Auel is straining to break away from her early, heavy involvement with academic anthropology, or she is working toward a lighter treatment in her style, anticipating the sustenance required to complete the series.

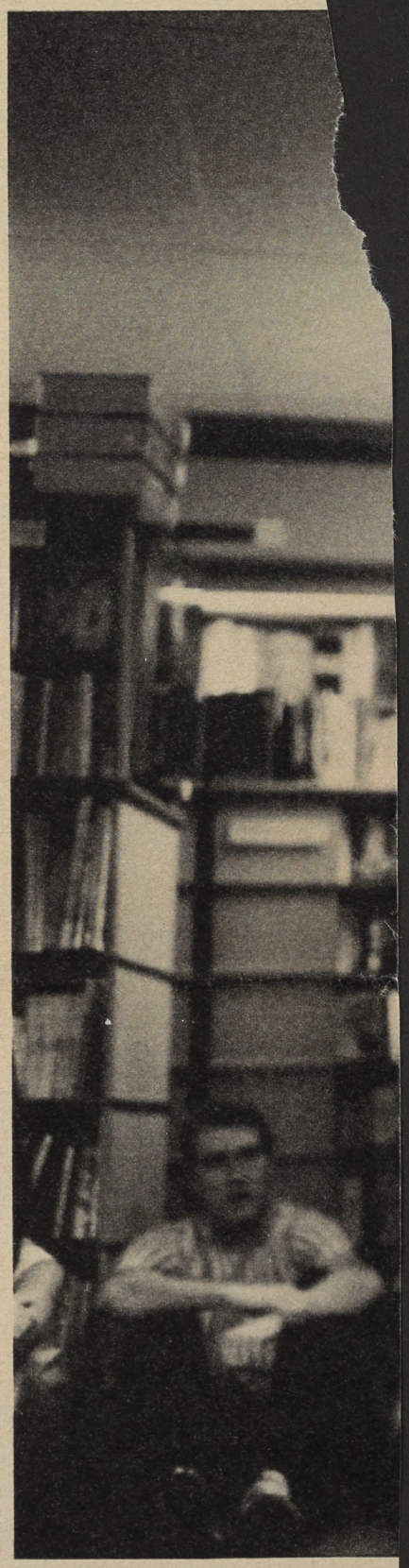
Nevertheless, she can only be encouraged, for the reader willingly pushes on until the end, anticipating the balance of Ayla's life in the prehistoric world.

"Never go forth when the mammoths go north" is a Cro-Magnon admonition, and we hope that, at least through another novel, Jena will continue to ignore the warning. ■

Can Writing Be Taught In Iowa?







By Maureen Howard

THIS WEEKEND, AS VETerans and high school bands all over America are marching to the local war memorial with wreaths of tribute for those fallen in our wars, more than 300 writers have come together in Iowa City to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Iowa Writers' Workshop. Graduates of the nation's first creative-writing establishment, they have convened with former teachers and, much like the rest of the working world, are talking shop. There are commemorative T-shirts, an Iowa Writers' Workshop cookbook, beer and barbecue, a Workshop Ball, but much of the talk — actually organized panel discussions — might seem far-fetched at a down-home Memorial Day picnic or, for that matter, at any other college reunion. The workshop crowd is holding forth on: The Care and Nurture of New Writers; Renaissance of the Short Story; and Beyond Minimalism, Beyond Modernism, Beyond Realism. Toasting the golden years and looking around, the poets, novelists and short-story writers might, indeed, feel like veterans — a few of them heroes, many more casualties — of the battlefield of American writing.

At 50, the Iowa workshop is something of a dowager, standing unshakably in the mainstream of our literary life. There are now more than 150 graduate writing programs in this country, at least 100 of them born in the last decade, but in spawning what amounts to a national training ground for writers, Iowa has engendered as well a controversy: Has the proliferation of writing programs led to an industrialization, to a kind of product control of much of our recent fiction and poetry? Do young writers now feel they must have that relatively new-minted degree, the Master of Fine Arts, to qualify as artists? Is it artists or just successful professionals they aim to be? Today, the Writers' Workshop is so illustrious among American writers (real and would-be), editors, publishers and literary agents that a recent graduate might easily refer to his apprenticeship there by saying simply, "I was at Iowa. . . ." and the magic aura is invoked without the official name. To what extent can the practice of imaginative writing be accredited? Despite the glamour, the argument is afoot that the workshop system has led to comfortable writing, safe and salable. Could "Moby Dick" or "The Waste Land" or "Gravity's Rainbow" have been written as homework?

IT MUST HAVE SOUNDED impractical, even indulgent, back in 1936, the announcement of the Iowa Writers' Workshop — stories to be nurtured in the cornfields, cultivated poems among the prairie flowers — when the economic concerns of a Middle Western agricultural state were far from literary. With farmers broke on all sides, soup kitchens in nearby Cedar Rapids, the then State University of Iowa listed its classes in imaginative writing as the "Writers' Workshop" for the first time. Earlier, in the 1920's, when strict scholarly research was the only respectable academic game, the English department had already taken the bold step of handing out advanced degrees for critical and creative writing. The landlocked fellow responsible for that long cultural reach was the dean of the graduate college, aptly named Carl Seashore. So the homestead for the Workshop was staked out on the fertile banks of the Iowa River.

The origins of the Workshop, like its rise to fame under Paul Engle, poet and grand impresario — he directed the Workshop from 1941 to 1965, began as a lecturer in 1937 — are clearly documented; so is the cultural history that made it

Maureen Howard's fifth novel, "Expensive Habits," has just been published by Summit Books.

Top left: Paul Engle, poet and director of the Workshop from 1941 to 1965. Left: John Leggett, novelist and director for the last 16 years. Right: Jean Heilprin, a student, reads her work at the Prairie Lights Bookshop in Iowa City.

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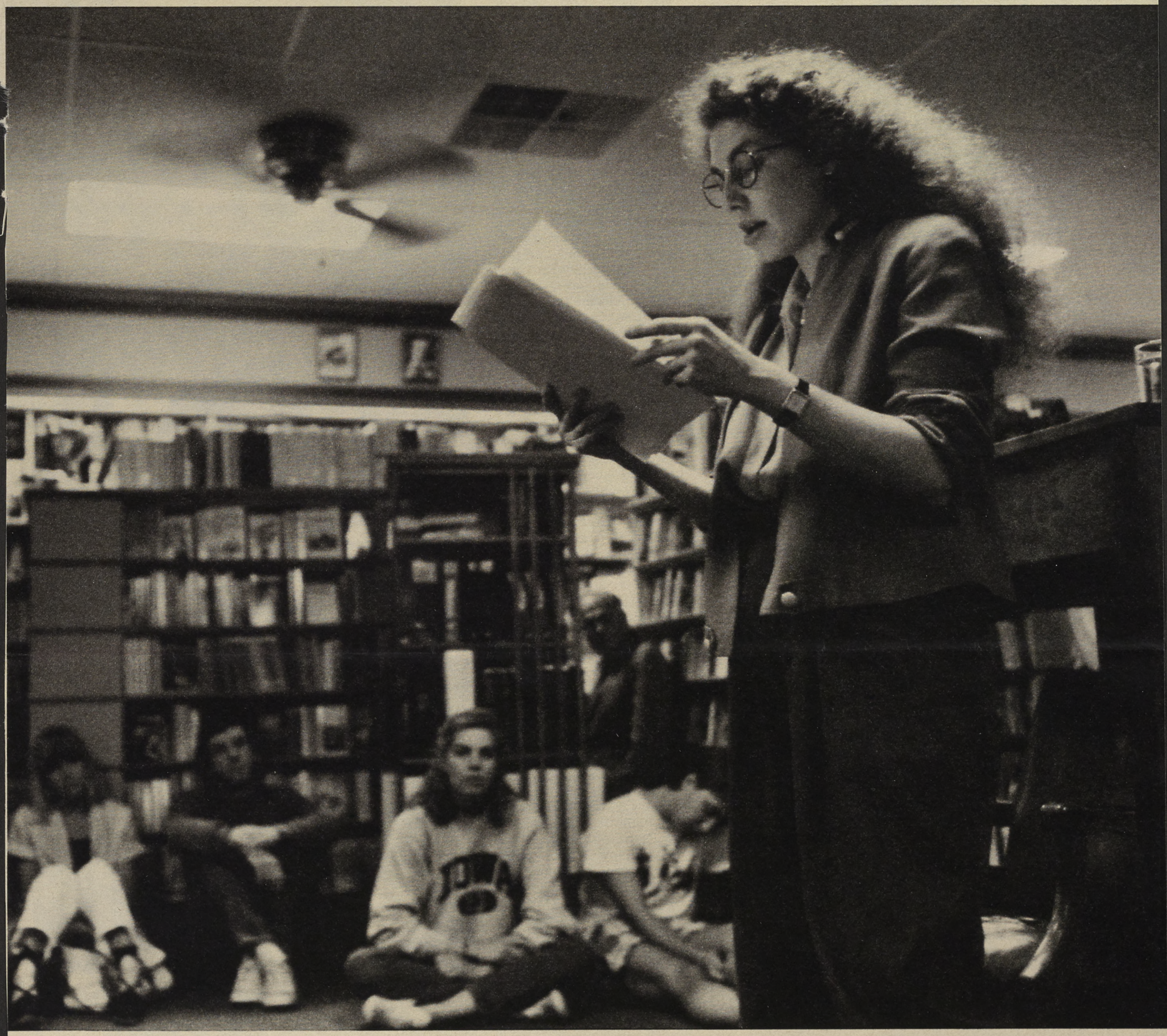
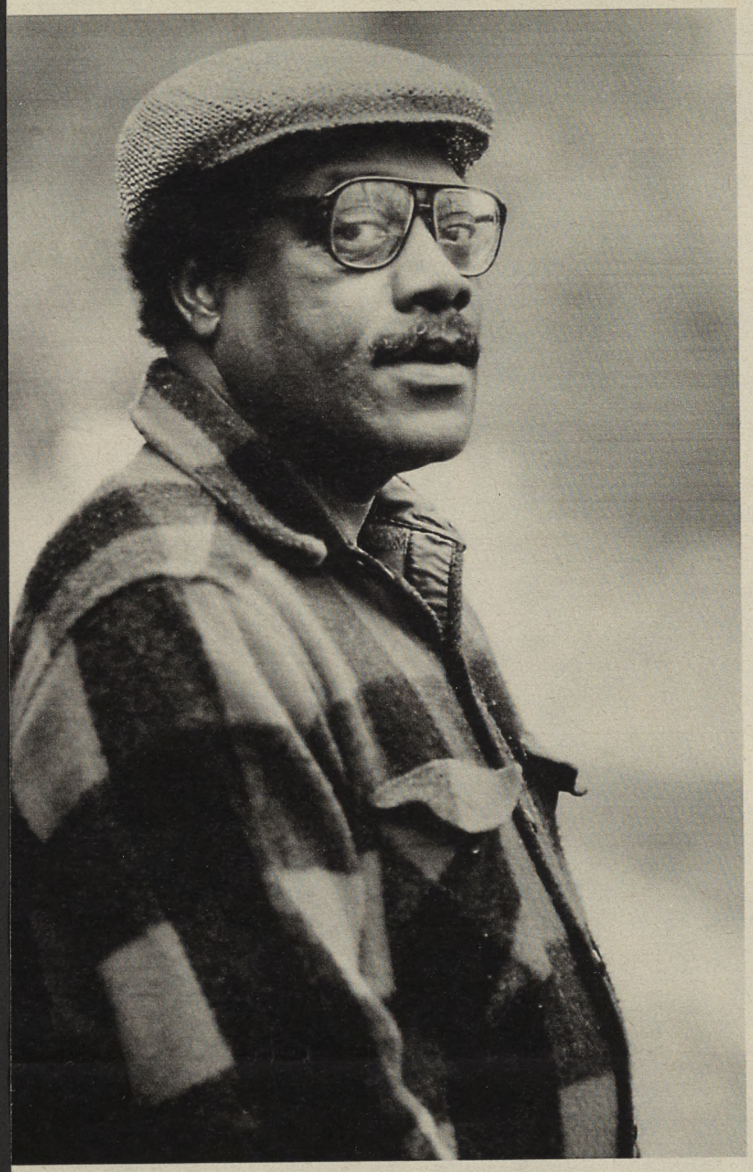
A.J. FOYT
VALVOLINE
GILMORE
Copenhagen
GOODYEAR
MONROE
MIDLAND



For 50 years, fledgling authors have learned their trade at the Iowa Writers' Workshop.

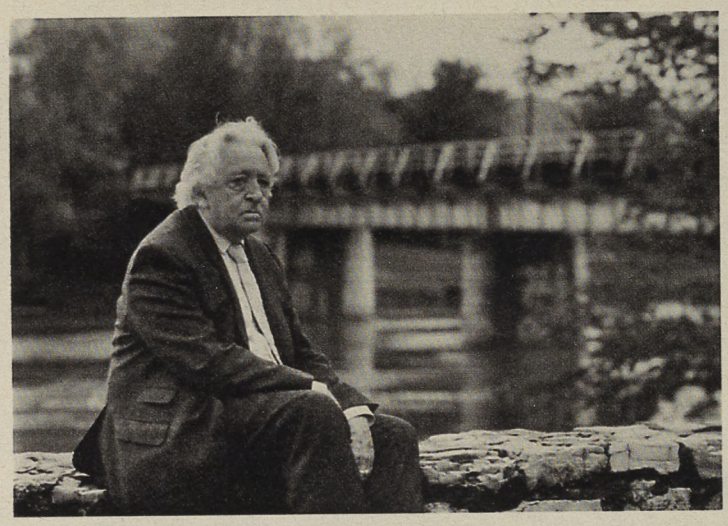


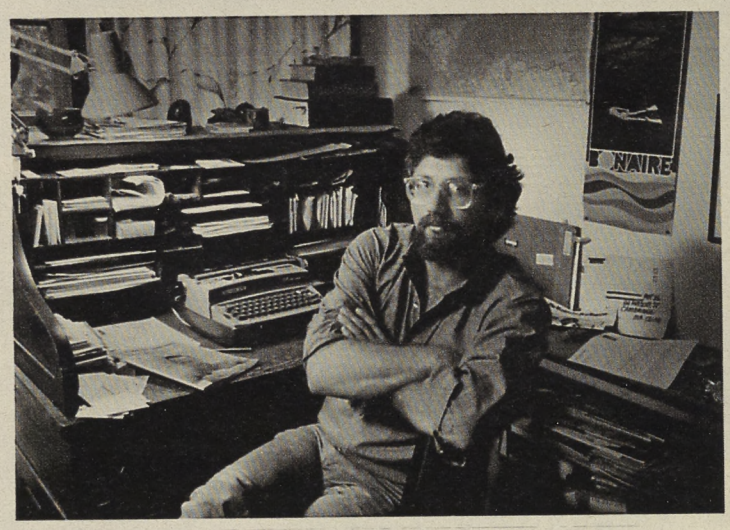
possible. The 1930's lent themselves to a healthy regionalism in the arts, sometimes in a conservative, humanistic mode that was backed by Works Progress Administration projects. There was a deep concern on the part of writers, painters, theater folk, that American artists draw their material from the strong, at times harsh, reality of the small town or rural scene, a movement that was anti-big city, sought to reaffirm agrarian values and insisted on a vital connection to local setting and history, the unadulterated stuff of American life. Less obvious was the Workshop's growth from the genteel tradition of reading clubs, societies long established throughout the country, which met to discuss the classics as well as the latest literary craze, a self-reliant American idea that assumed an importance in the Middle West, where, not given the overload of Boston or New York, home-grown cultural pursuits were taken very seriously — indeed, held dear. Often, in an ardent, predictable transformation, readers' clubs became writers' clubs, and there we have it: as far back as the 1890's, the first workshops; aspiring poets and novelists handing round their manuscripts, hoping for a helpful critical word, a little artistic camaraderie.

Although creative writing is now a national enterprise, there is still something protected, unworldly, private, going on in Iowa. Young writers welcome the remove from the big, tough world and a public that might not take much time to consider the heavy stresses in a line of verse or the extension of a metaphor that makes a story work. "It's two years before real life," says Debra Spark, a second-year student. A recent graduate of Yale, she has had a story published in Esquire magazine and edited "20 Under 30," an anthology of short stories by young American writers.

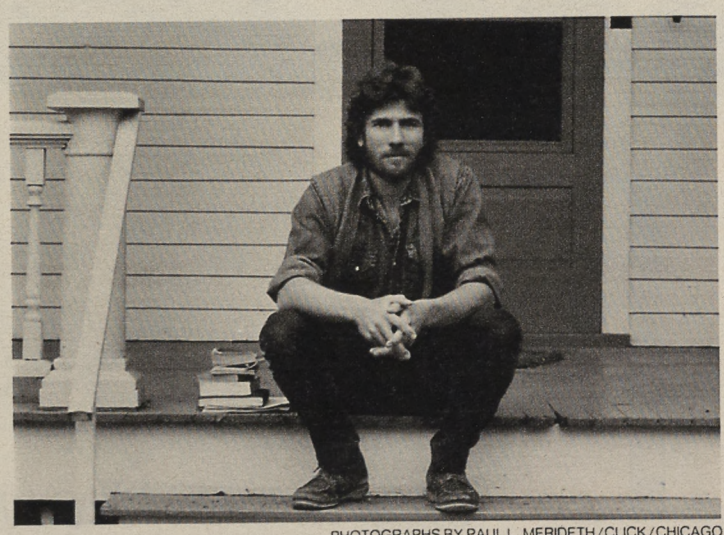
At the same time, students know they have come to Iowa because the Workshop is celebrated, its back-list of teachers and graduates dazzling. It would seem that everyone, well, almost everyone, in the literary world, has been through the notorious mill in Iowa City. Partial lists: as faculty — Robert Lowell, Robert Penn Warren, R. V. Cassill, John Berryman, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Vance Bourjaily, Stanley Elkin, John Cheever, Richard Yates, Kurt Vonnegut, Philip Roth, Frank Conroy, Galway Kinnell; as students, many of whom came back to teach — Flannery O'Connor, Donald Justice, Gail Godwin, John Gardner, Mark Strand, Robert Bly, John Irving, Raymond Carver, Jayne Anne Phillips.

Conservative in dress and









Among the poets, novelists and short-story writers on the Iowa Workshop faculty, are, above left, James Alan McPherson and, from top to bottom at the right, Angus Wilson, Bob Shacochis, Jorie Graham and James Galvin.

Students speak of their freedom to write what they please.

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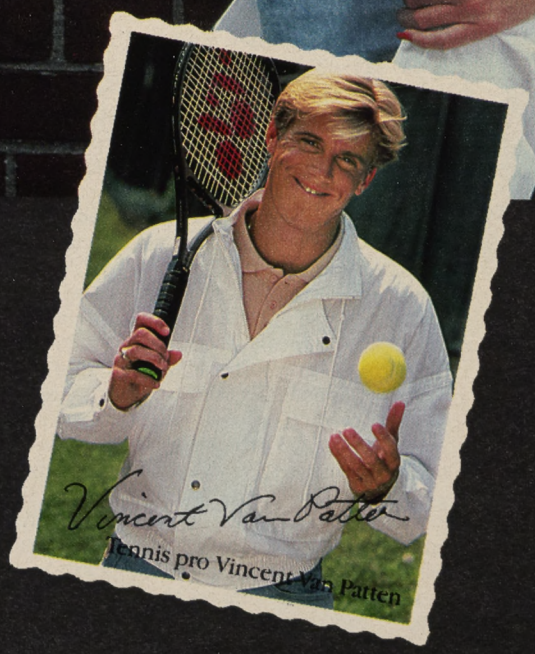

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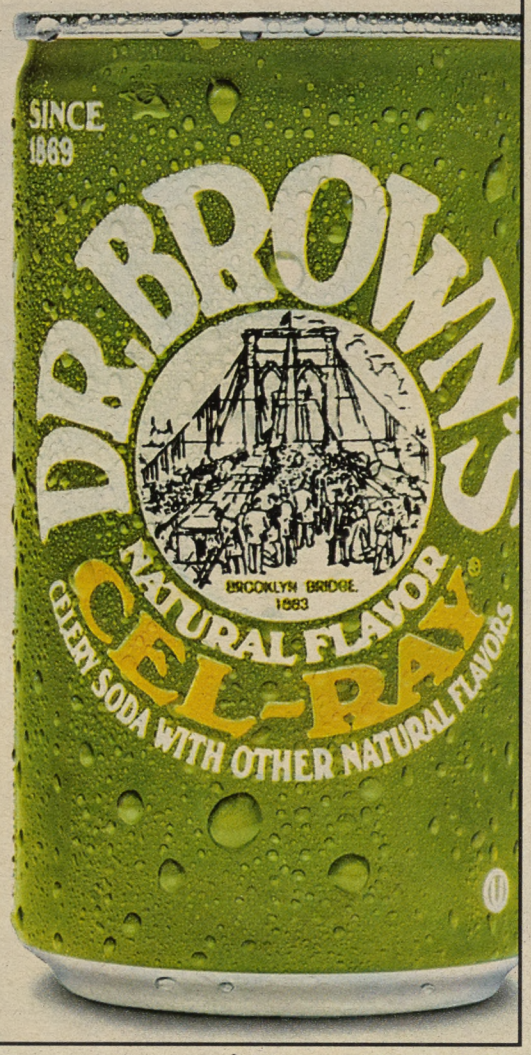

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NYS–3

To many, the smallness, the sense of community, is a comfort despite the competition. The Workshop is a bargain at a little over $2,000 a semester.

manner, Debra Spark looks the gentle lady scholar, but she's outspoken about the competition among the students, the inevitable envy of those who begin to "make it." Obviously, she sets high value on her two-year stint in Iowa, but says, "Everything here's so double-edged."

This ambivalence, the tug between the pursuit of a true vocation and the baser calls of careerism, surfaces everywhere in Iowa City. The students speak of their freedom to write what they please, no matter how unfashionable, to take risks with their work, and of the splendid close readings they get from their friends. They say it's the classes and discussions that matter; that's what they're here for. But the Iowa Writers' Workshop, pure as it may seem, cut off from the publishing industry, is not a monastery in which the artist works for greater glory not his own, nor a sweet commune with a collective goal. It has, at its Golden Jubilee, come fully into the "successful" 1980's, and there is the ever-present talk about those students who receive the coveted second-year grants that will allow them to teach real courses in poetry and fiction, or, more impressive still, student writers who have placed their work in The Atlantic, The Paris Review, Antaeus. A microcosm with its celebrities like any other.

Jean Heilprin, another Yalie who found her way to Iowa, says the Workshop provides the validation that she needed as a beginning writer. "It's so anonymous out there," she says. She's writing a novel set in New Hampshire, where she worked as a reporter. It is easy to imagine the isolation — that bind of choice and fate allotted to all writers — of this resolute young woman working through chapter after chapter with no feedback. She sees that her coming to Iowa was a way of making a full commitment to her craft. Now, at the end of two years, she — precise and thoughtful, black wire-rimmed glasses, her pre-Raphaelite hair braided neatly — seems remarkably steady and sure of what she's up to. She's sitting in the Cottage, a coffee shop of renown that seems no more than a cozy 1930's bungalow. But the Cottage is Workshop territory, where one might easily find a student working on a manuscript. "Here," Jean Heilprin says, "writing is the accepted, O.K. thing to do." And then, with the true Iowa double edge: "But it's a small universe with everyone doing the same thing."

To many, the smallness, the sense of community, is a comfort despite the competition. In these days of elevated tuition, the Iowa Writers' Workshop is a bargain at a little over $2,000 a semester. When you consider that two-thirds of the students are on financial aid (mostly teaching courses in the English department, which grants the student state-resident status, plus a stipend), it must seem a pretty good alternative to starving in a garrett. Still, it is at a considerable sacrifice that many students come to the Workshop, and they are not all fresh young faces who haven't missed a beat between the B.A. and graduate school. Many have taught, worked in advertising, publishing, the film industry, have saved up to take this chance on themselves, and there is no way of knowing as they talk over pitchers of cheap beer at The Mill, if their gamble will pay off.

The Workshop must be a mystery to the ordinary fellow on Washington Street who knows it's a star attraction at the university. What goes on: one session that meets just once a week. Poetry Monday, fiction Tuesday — the students parceled out into four class sections. Fifteen students to a class, more or less, and each discipline has a staff of four, so in the course of two years student writers have a crack at four editors, advisers, coaches, if you will. A book-length manuscript is a degree requirement. There's a small core of tenured professors, but most of the teachers are invited to Iowa for a semester or a year at a time. John Irving, a superstar graduate of Iowa, believes he experienced his best years as a student and teacher there — "the most sensitive and sensible" — though, he says, it might well be five years after

(Continued on Page 45)

WORKSHOP

Continued from Page 38

a workshop that a writer, if he has sustained his career, may feel the good of it.

"Students run the workshops," says John Leggett, a New York editor turned novelist, who has directed the program for the last 16 years. "What they want is important. They should not be looking to the instructor for approval. They should look into one another's eyes." That is what seems to go on in Leggett's class. He is crisp though kindly, an aging statesman with a boyish, military air. "When I read Cynthia's story," Leggett says to his class, "I thought that it was so well done I'd have nothing to say, but then. . . ." So it begins, Leggett with a few carefully chosen openers and the class jumping in, admiring, critical, picky about the ending. Alternately blushing and bridling, Cynthia Payne, the writer, is accepting yet self-contained, as well she might be, having done a nifty first draft.

"What we're meant to do, really," Leggett says later, by way of charming oversimplification, "is to help the students refine their skills. 'You can't do children,' we say, 'but the old people in that piece came off fine.' We can stop them from doing what they don't do well and hope that next time out they'll play to their strength."

Other workshop teachers are less prescriptive. Bob Shacochis, who won the American Book Award last year for his collection of stories, "Easy in the Islands," was once a student at Iowa. His class is laid-back, informal. His remarks are spare. The students tear into a funny, mock-violent story with few holds barred. At first, Shacochis is tense as a player on the bench, not missing a move; then he switches to coach with just a gesture, a phrase, a word. At the end of the discussion, he comes on managerial, articulate though brief in his enthusiasm for the story's verve and, alas, his grave reservations. A young man, Shacochis is a great favorite, said to be fully engaged with his students' work. But then every workshop teacher is reported to have a style. James Alan McPherson, a MacArthur Fellow on leave this semester, says almost nothing in class and meets with his students individually, giving them a generous amount of time, one-on-one. Angus Wilson, the British novelist doing his third stint at Iowa, takes each of his "young people" to lunch. He finds them more worldly this time, less idealistic than in the past. "All we can do with our good young writers," says Doris Grumbach, the novelist and critic, "is hold their coats, give them their head."

AS IN SOME ANCIENT rite that cannot be explained to the uninitiated, Iowa writers believe in the place. They laugh at workshop lingo — "This story wants to be a novel"; "I love what you're doing!" But at times the commentary can be brutal, a real bloodletting. "Devastating and true," says Colin Harrison. His fresh preppy look belies his intensity as he testifies that the best help he has had on his novel is from a fellow student, Scott Raab. Scott, who's older by some years, says he'd love to be an editor.

"We teach each other"; "I teach myself," are phrases heard over and over in Iowa City. David Michael Kaplan spent 12 years in the film business, writing on the side, before yielding himself up to the Workshop. He says: "What builds the editorial skill more than workshops, more than anything, is the act of writing over a long period of time. I've always placed great faith in one or two trusted readers. They are not yes men for me, but they do understand what I'm trying to do and are rigorous in their analysis and criticism." Kaplan, though a first-year student, mild mannered, seasoned, is fast becoming a local star. He has sold two stories to The Atlantic, and a collection of his work will be published by Viking next year.

Nelson Algren, a visiting teacher in 1965, hated Iowa and vented his rage in an article for The Chicago Tribune titled, "At play in the fields of hack-ademe," in which he asked why the famous Workshop had "not produced a single novel, poem or short story worth rereading?" Defenders of the place can counter with Flannery O'Connor's "Wise Blood" and the early poetry of Donald Justice, W. D. Snodgrass, and Mark Strand, but others share Algren's view with more even-tem-



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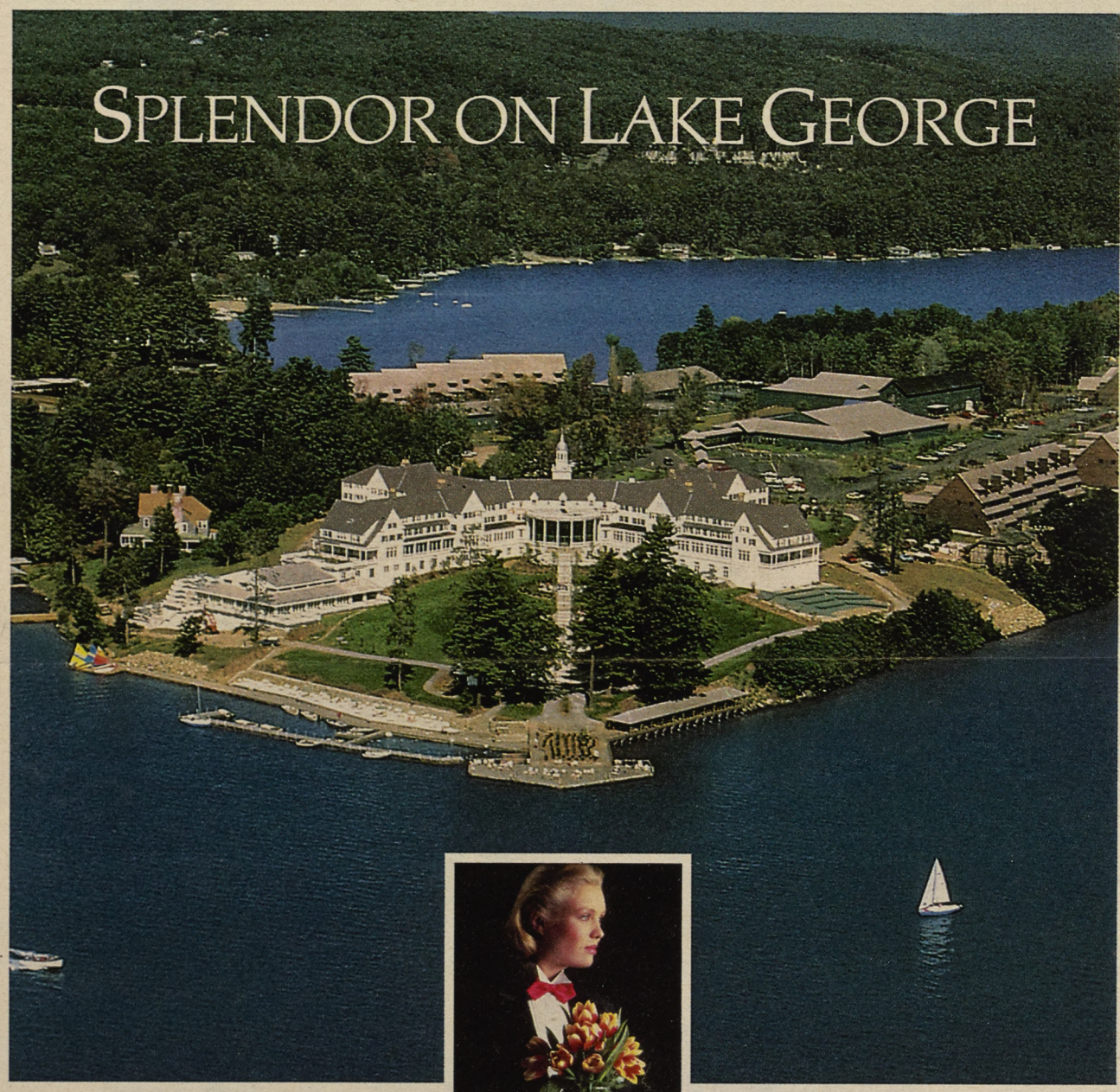
pered skepticism. Strand, a peripatetic professor now settled at the University of Utah, feels that Iowa has proliferated too many writing programs. "Mediocrity has taken hold," he says, and speculates that novices who submit themselves to too many workshops come out incompetent poets. In this day of free verse they write "paraphrasable poetry in the plain style, anecdotal, confessional. Who would want to linger on it?"

This might be what John Hollander has in mind when he relegates a good deal of work that comes out of writing programs to the level of magazine verse. "Fifty years ago, these poems could have been published in newspapers, in Collier's," he says. Hollander, a poet who has won the Bollingen Prize, feels that an enclave has been created in the classroom, a constituency for uninspiring manuscripts that meet set criteria. "An atelier model," he says, "is not appropriate for poetry."

For writers, traditionally in want of steady financing, Iowa, with all its descendant workshops, can be said to have created a new crop of academic jobs. Now writers are employed in universities throughout the land. For some, publication of work in little magazines and small presses may yet be a high-minded avoidance of commercialism; for others, however, the "literary magazine" has become an outlet for mediocre work, motivated by necessity, the old publish-or-perish route to tenure. Charles Newman, founder of the fine literary magazine TriQuarterly, now teaching at Washington University in St. Louis, thinks that the idea of an advanced degree in writing may have been liberating at first, given the rigidity of most graduate programs, but "now that the curriculum is flabby and in disarray, to have the same thing in workshops, only flabbier, is silly." And he, too, notes the undistinguished results. "Writing for class makes you not write narrative," Newman says. "but little miniatures that can be discussed in class."

Right now, the little miniatures are à la mode and it would seem that the workshop system has spawned them — short stories everywhere, technically accomplished, mannerly performances with no social concern and little personal vision, often imitations of Raymond Carver, Ann Beattie, whoever presents a model accessible enough to be "done" with ease. A few years ago there was, in fact, a Raymond Carver write-alike contest at Iowa, a bit of a put-on that Carver judged himself. A dull prospect, but one extreme result of what John Hollander refers to as the "problems of imagination in a culture so concerned with fashion." It's as though these young writers — and almost all young writers in America now have sidled up to one workshop or another — believe they can be prewriters — like premeds. Insiders all, a few will practice their craft professionally, perhaps, even, with recognition and financial success; many more will join a small circle that depends on academic jobs, and quiet unglossy publication. Universities do provide support for the worthy to write responsible, inspired work. In fact, given the big bad world of American culture, Charles Newman says, "Anything serious in literature has been moved into the university by default." Yet he, of course, is among those who worry about that atmosphere gone stale.

Another side effect of the Iowa syndrome could have been anticipated: the matter of patronage among the graduates of writing programs. Students walk out into real life and become editors, publishers in New York, chairmen of departments, and thus is a network perpetuated. This is hardly surprising, because many professions, including the medical, work on referrals, but most of us hope or pretend that an assessment of a story is, unlike the diagnosis of an arthritic joint, a pure artistic judgment. It's true that influential editors still believe in and stand behind first-rate work, but it's true as well that opportunities to give public readings, academic jobs, and even publication are passed around as favors. A larger ef-



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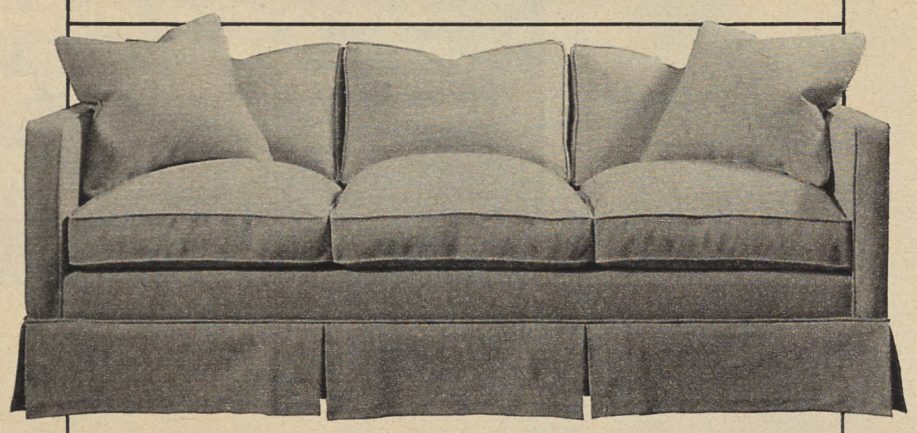

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fect might be that the public would buy the establishment perception of serious fiction directly off the workshop shelf and believe that real American writing is all proper fare, carefully wrought, a sort of public television.

A legendary tale, perhaps apocryphal: Flannery O'Connor, when asked if the Workshop discouraged young writers, replied: "Not enough of them."

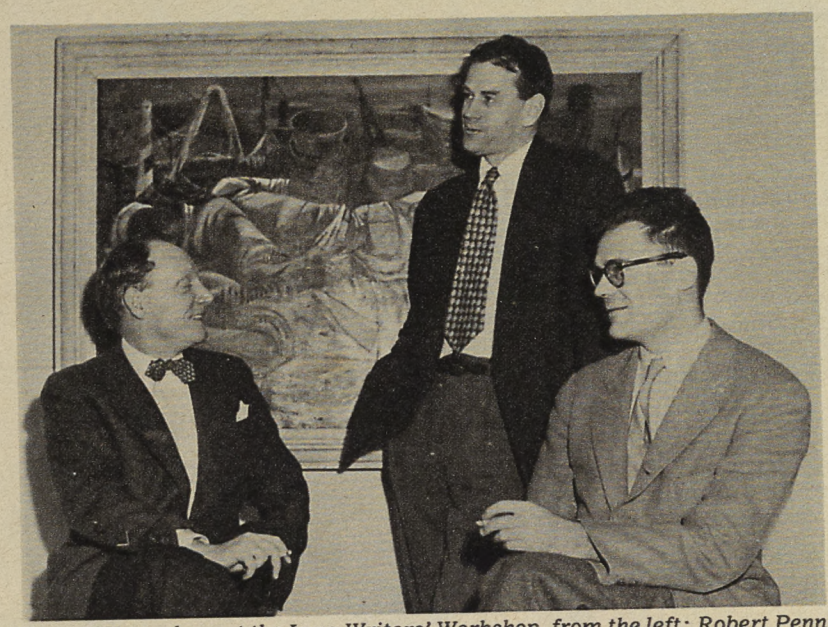
FROM ITS MOST foolish imitative aspects to the grand design as the nurturing heartland of a good art, the Workshop is a puzzle, but a puzzle that gets a lot of respect. Howard Moss, the poetry editor of The New Yorker, says that as the granddaddy of writing programs: "Iowa has become a whipping boy for all that's wrong with any of them. It can't make you a writer. You're talented or not. If nothing else, the students are improved as readers."

Doris Grumbach has taught at the Writers' Workshop on and off since the late 1970's, and will return next fall. A professor who lectured on the 19th-century novel for years before becoming a novelist herself, she confesses that she shared with many a scorn of writing programs and was converted by Iowa. She loves the idea of teaching the young to sharpen their critical skills and has found great originality among the students, though she does admit that, at times, the middling crop might come to write like one another. Almost everyone at Iowa denies there is anything remotely like a "workshop" story or poem. The fame of the Workshop, they say, brings the best students. One out of 10 who apply get in, but Jack Leggett allows that in judging the poems and stories of applicants, the selection committee avoids extremes, steering clear of experimental work and writing that is either so professional or so commercial there's not much more that can be done with it. James McPherson, former railroad waiter, with a Harvard law degree, and a graduate of the Workshop, has an admitted tolerance for the definition and re-examination of life through family, block and neighborhood that has flourished in the new regional fiction. But he wonders if such stories fulfill a writer's mission. "Political concerns, no," he says of the writing being done at Iowa.

"Iowa is blamed for what editors pick," says Jorie Graham, a fierce Workshop advocate who teaches poetry. She and her husband, James Galvin, are both prize-winning poets, both graduates of the Writers' Workshop. They are immensely popular at Iowa and (an observation that seems crass, given their commitment) astonishingly handsome — she with her tangle of hair and loose sweaters, he in his cowboy hat. Jorie sits at the head of a seminar table and attends to the four and five stress lines, the back beat in a student's poem. Her command of modern poetry controls the class deftly. Randall Jarrell, Theodore Roethke, Elizabeth Bishop are invoked on specific matters of technique, but it seems pure Jorie Graham as she follows a metaphor through the poem, shows where it works, where not, and then, pushing her hand back through her mass of hair, says, "The ending doesn't arrive."

Jorie Graham says, "Poets don't expect money." She feels that the Master of Fine Arts degree they get at Iowa is worthless for many of her best students who are now substitute teaching, waitressing, pumping gasoline. But the education is worth something else, as she sees it. Her poets are writing about deeply emotional issues, political issues. She says: "What do we do? What's our job? — now that progress is bankrupt. And what's the fate of the earth? Idealism is alive. These kids are asking questions where they can't be answered."

They are also, according to Jorie Graham, deep readers lusting after the great traditions, "writing to Keats and Dickinson, Eliot and Berryman." Yes, for all the talk of "time to write" the students do have to show up more than once a week and take a reading course each semester. No papers, no exams, but there is a kind of back-burner respect given to scholarship. Jorie Graham's course is Masters of Extreme Style. The reading includes Pound, Eliot, Mallarmé, Hart Crane, Stevens, Montale — not bad fare for fledgling poets. And Jim Galvin's course in Faulkner gets a press worthy of best-sellerdom — "tremendous," "exciting," "the hit of the season." Aside from their required dose of academia, many of the students work hard at their own teaching, so perhaps the heady atmosphere of *la vie bohème*, the self-induced high of one's own poetry or prose, is not too thin, after all.



Three 1951 teachers at the Iowa Writers' Workshop, from the left: Robert Penn Warren, Paul Engle, who was also director at the time, and Robert Lowell.

IN THE EARLY 1950'S, ROBERT Lowell found Iowa City "tame and friendly." His old classmate from Kenyon College, Robie Macauley, who'd been to the Workshop as a student in the late 40's, likened the community in Iowa to a European cafe or Greenwich Village in the 20's. John Cheever loved Iowa City. So does Jim McPherson, who calls himself a booster. The fine old capital building, now administration offices for the university, sits high at the center of the town, the capital itself long ago removed to Des Moines. The rest of the campus slopes down to where pretty footbridges span the muddy Iowa River and lead on to the huge modern establishments that house the medical school and performing arts. A real university town — you can easily walk it — with a few smart shops, a couple of decent restaurants, and on Dubuque Street a local landmark, the Prairie Lights Bookshop, where the Workshop students give readings of their work, where books are not only loved but actually in stock.

Iowa City is a queer, lovely place seen from Paul Engle's window. The river curves below; a hideous bit of university housing, soon to be screened by lush midwestern growth, looms to the right. A tall sturdy man, Engle is 78, and the legendary energy is still apparent. He remembers it all: the hospitality of the university to the Writers' Workshop as he came on strong, settling in for the long run as its director; the hard work of raising money; the morning when a shy Southern girl, Flannery O'Connor, appeared in his office to announce she wanted to write fiction; the risk he took hiring Robert Lowell, just out of a sanitarium, to teach poetry. And, of course, he speaks of the tremendous success of his students. From his speech, you feel that Engle could list every publication, every prize won over the years, and that he made the Iowa Writers' Workshop himself, with all his young brilliance and force. A boy from Cedar Rapids who became a poet, a Rhodes Scholar who did not linger long in artistic circles abroad, Engle brought it all home. "After all," he has written, "has the painter not always gone to an art school, or at least to an established master, for instruction? And the composer, the sculptor, the architect? Then why not the writer? Good poets, like good hybrid corn, are both born and made."

As he talks, his vision reappears, fresh, ambitious as it must have been in the 1930's. Things aren't what they used to be, is one of his themes, but Paul Engle would not want to bill himself as an old geezer who's seen better days. He has gone on to found the International Writing Program, now run by his wife, the Chinese novelist Hualing Nieh, which invites foreign writers to Iowa for 90-day sabbaticals. For the 50th anniversary of the Writers' Workshop, Engle should have the parental satisfaction of knowing that his Workshop has had built-in staying-power.

The mood has been upbeat for the Golden Jubilee. Questionnaires have been sent out to the graduates and they've been asked to list their publications. Some will have a bibliography longer than the space allotted, with Pulitzers and Guggenheims; others must leave the page painfully blank. "There are not 2,500 famous writers in America," Jack Leggett says, calculating the facts of 50 years, "but we would hope those students received a tremendous education, not only exploring the language itself, but the basic knowledge of the human condition." For some, it may be enough to have been to Iowa, and maybe even the pure pleasure of writing was a good enough end. One can speculate that a lot of talk and a lot of beer is going down with the flood of memories, but one might hope that by the last pitch of the softball game at Happy Hollow Park, both sides, the famous and the obscure, might entertain Jorie Graham's tough proposition: "Esthetic choices are moral choices. We must write out of full lives." ■

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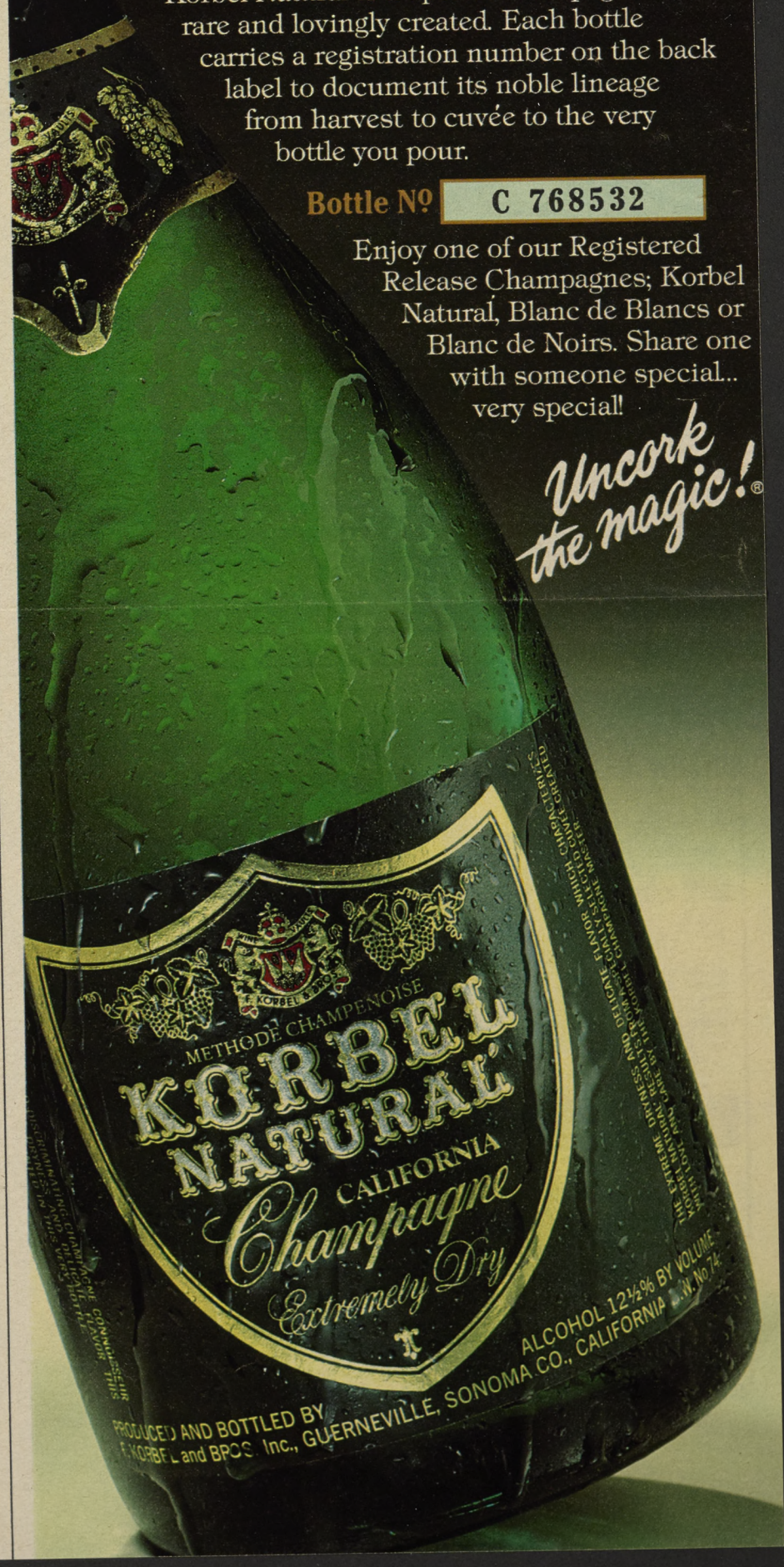

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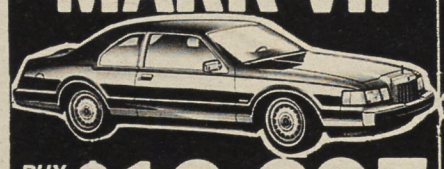

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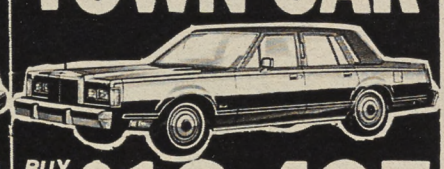

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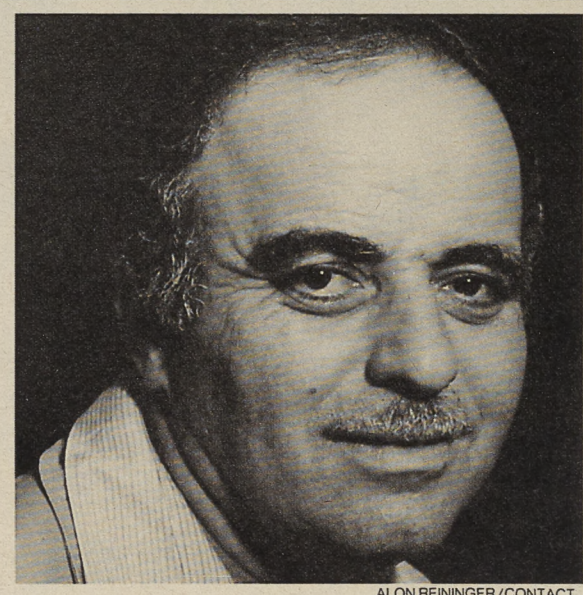
ISRAEL

Continued from Page 30

Ya'acov Tzur, Israel's Minister of Immigrant Absorption, worries about the increasing number of Soviet Jews who choose America over Israel when emigrating.



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the legitimacy of Reform or Conservative rabbis by stipulating that anyone converted to Judaism by them would not be considered Jewish, and would be ineligible for automatic Israeli citizenship. The vast majority of affiliated American Jews are associated with either the Reform or Conservative movements.

"There is a danger of a real religious schism," said Rabbi Richard G. Hirsch, who represents the Reform movement in Israel. "We are creating two Judaisms, one for Israel and one for America and the rest of the world. If the 'who is a Jew' amendment passes, there is no question that a lot of American Jews are going to be turned off to Israel." The Rabbinical Assembly of Conservative rabbis in America has already passed a resolution banning from speaking in its synagogues any Knesset member who voted in favor of the "who is a Jew" amendment. The ban includes representatives of religious parties as well as most members of the Likud Party.

There is astonishingly little awareness on a popular level in Israel of just how serious the situation might become. The majority of Israelis are nonobservant Jews who express their Judaism through living in a Jewish state, not by praying. But when Israelis do think of religion, they think of the Orthodox Jews who have monopolized religious life in their country. American-style Reform and Conservative Judaism are totally alien to them.

Before the who-is-a-Jew amendment came to a vote last year (it was narrowly defeated), a delegation of American Reform and Conservative rabbis went to lobby (vainly) Yitzhak Shamir, Israel's Foreign Minister, against voting in its favor. Mr. Shamir began the meeting by asking the delegation, "Is it true that in America you can get a conversion to Judaism over the telephone?"

In a way, the 71-year-old Mr. Shamir's question was highly revealing of his generation's belief that the Diaspora does not really count and that Jewish life outside Israel is not authentic. After all, for the founding fathers of Israel, so many of whom came out of the ghettos of Eastern Europe, it is difficult to accept that American pluralism and tolerance will prove real or lasting.

But for many younger Israelis, who are attracted to America or moving to America, this attitude no longer holds true. The emigration statistics make that quite clear. It is for them in particular that America now poses a serious ideological challenge. Zionism essentially set out to provide a safe haven for the Jews and at the same time to widen the range of experiences and occupations available to them — to make them "normal," so to speak, and a nation like all others. But, as some Israelis ask, what is the meaning of this ideal when there is an America over the horizon where a Jew can be as safe, if not safer, and as normal, if not more normal — with almost the full range of human opportunities open to them.

"When the early Zionists spoke of life in the Diaspora," argued Rabbi Hartman, "they never had America in mind, with such a vibrant Jewish community and such a vibrant American community. What this means is that Israel can't anymore simply say to American Jews, 'Come because you are either going to assimilate or suffer a pogrom.' That isn't sufficient, especially when Israel's own future depends in a way on there being a vital American Jewish community. No, the challenge of America to Israel is to revitalize itself, to build a society that will be compelling, meaningful and attractive and make living here as a Jew significant and exciting. It is not enough anymore for Israel to proclaim its 'centrality.' With America out there, it is going to have to prove it." ■

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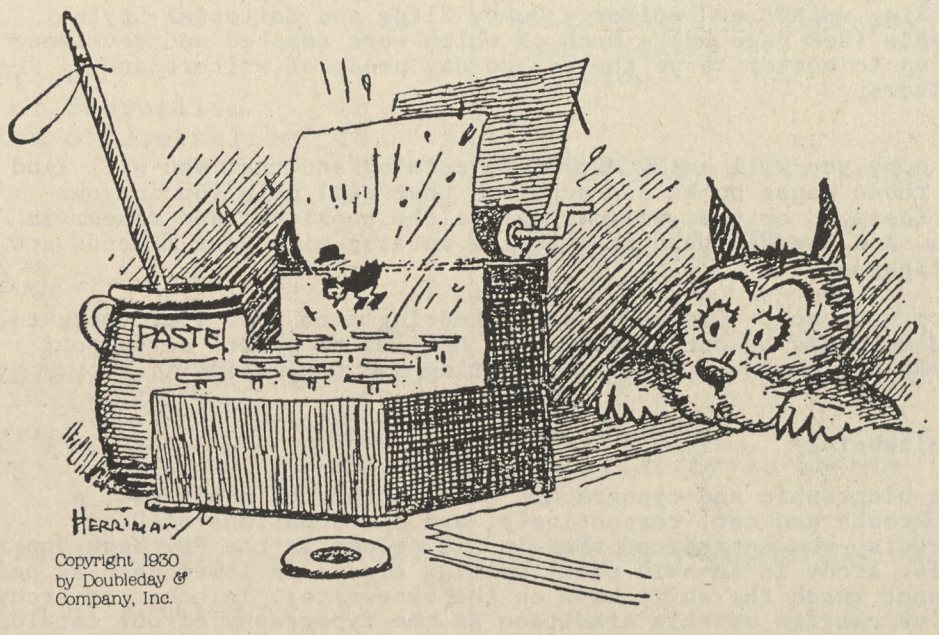

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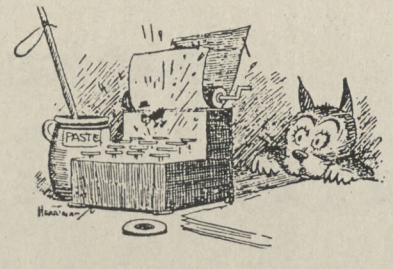
mehitabel s*

* a biographic and typographic note. archy and mehitabel, a cockroach and cat, respectively, are the creations of Don Marquis, who introduced them in his column in the New York Sun in 1916. archy is an avid poet, writing always in lower case as he cannot reach the shift keys on the typewriter. In honor of archy, we've carried on this tradition in the typography of our catalog. See page 37 for more on the life and times of archy and mehitabel.



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publishing



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the business of publishing

Art and Science of Book Publishing
Herbert S. Bailey, Jr.
$8.95 pb 230pp 1980
An analysis of the problems of management in publishing written by the Director of the Princeton University Press. Discusses the economics, organization, planning process and environments affecting book publishing.

Book Publishing:
A Working Guide
Donald Armstrong
$10.00 1979

Business of Book Publishing:
Papers by Practitioners
Elizabeth Geiser and Arnold Dolin with G. Topkis
$38.75 hc 435pp 1985
Aimed at the beginner in publishing, this book covers every phase of the book publishing process, as well as specialized types of publishing. The thirty contributors include Elisabeth Sifton, Esther Margolis and Oscar Dystel.

Publishing:
The Creative Business
Harald Bohne and Harry Van Ierssel
$25.00 pb 91pp 1973
Although directed primarily at the Canadian publishing community and frightfully expensive for so small a book, this is none-the-less an excellent and worthwhile survey of the business aspects of publishing, including budgeting, copyright, contracts, inventory control, accounting & more.

the profession of publishing

Book Publishing:
What It Is, What It Does
2nd ed.
John B. Dessauer
$15.95 pb 248pp 1981
An overall view of the publishing industry and profession, this text looks at the history and environments of publishing and takes one through its processes, products and markets.

Editor to Author:
The Letters of Maxwell Perkins
edited by John Hall Wheelock
$12.50 hc 1979

On Writing, Editing and Publishing:
Essays Explicative and Horatory
2nd ed.
Jacques Barzun
$5.95 pb 142pp 1986
The eleven articles collected here were written and published between 1945 and 1967 and address such issues as the writer's discipline, jargon and literacy, sloppy translations, poor literary research and the business of publishing, always arguing for standards of excellence.

Religious Publishing and Communications
Judith S. Duke
$29.95 275pp 1980
Analyzes the religious book industry and the religious communications fields, looking at the economic and social trends, markets, finances and other important elements. Includes profiles of some of the major organizations in the industry.

What Happens in Book Publishing
2nd ed.
Chandler B. Grannis, ed.
$37.50x hc 467pp 1967
While this book is nearly twenty years old, it does provide a comprehensive survey of what takes place at a publishing house through essays written by working publishers. Coverage includes buying and editing manuscripts, design, production, manufacturing, rights, specialized publishing, and marketing

self-publishing

Book of One's Own:
A Guide to Self-Publishing
Christine L. Johnson and Amy C. Straayer
$4.00 pb 70pp 1979

Complete Guide to Self-Publishing:
Everything You Need to Know to Write, Publish, Promote and Sell Your Own Book
Tom and Marilyn Ross
$19.95 hc 399pp 1985
Detailed and valuable guide covering writing, publishing, promoting and selling your own books. Includes guidelines on selection of a marketable topic, applying for ISBNs and copyrights, production, promotion, advertising and distribution.

Encyclopedia of Self-Publishing:
How to Successfully Write, Publish, Promote and
Sell Your Own Work, 2nd ed.
Tom and Marilyn Ross
$29.95 hc 215pp 1980
Presents many, many marketing ideas, both creative and practical for the self-publisher.

How to Publish, Promote and Sell Your Own Book:
Everything You Need to Know About Self-Publishing,
From Pasteup to Publicity
Robert L. Hope
$16.95 hc 384pp 1985
A self-publishing guide which outlines the basic procedures for the new publisher.

Publish It Yourself Handbook:
Literary Tradition and How-To
rev. ed.
Bill Henderson, ed.
$12.50 hc 374pp 1980
How-to book on self-publishing, showing ways to proceed without commercial or subsidy publishers. Includes an extensive bibliography for further reading and many illustrations.

Self-Publishing Handbook
A Step-by-Step Guide to the Publishing Process for
Those Who Want To Produce Their Own Books
David M. Brownstone and Irene M. Franck
$7.95 pb 212pp 1985
Begins with an explanation of how books are selected for publication and the arguments for and against self-publishing. Gets into the entire publishing process in detail: estimating costs; production; selection a printer; info on distribution and marketing and much more.

Self-Publishing Manual:
How to Write, Print and Sell Your Own Book
3rd ed.
Dan Poynter
$14.95 pb 352pp 1984
A concentrated, short course in writing, publishing, marketing and distributing books written by someone who has done each of these successfully. Moves step-by-step from idea, through manuscript, printing, promotion and sales, with tips on innovative marketing techniques. Very valuable sourcebook

Self-Publishing:
How to Cash in on Your Own Writing Ability Now
C. Raymond Van Dusen
$3.95 pb 67pp 1982

marketing & sales

book marketing

Book Marketing Handbook, Volume One
Nat G. Bodian
$59.95 hc 482pp 1980 Indexed, four appendices
Contains literally hundreds of step-by-step techniques presented by a professional with 25 years' experience. Covers 450 topics (not exhaustively, but well) from book promotion to direct mail to advertising, telephone marketing and much more. Includes a glossary of terms.

Book Marketing Handbook, Volume Two
Nat G. Bodian
$59.95 hc 607pp 1983
This second of two volumes picks up where the first ends. Presents specific tips and techniques for book marketing, with attention to scientific, scholarly, technical and other

Book Marketing Made Easier
John Kremer
$14.95 pb 160pp 1986
Contains 81 forms to help the book publisher run his/her business, ranging from sales forecasting to sending out press releases to defining a cooperative advertising agreement to granting subsidiary rights. Well worth owning for new and self-publishers, as well as for old hands.

Book Marketing:
A Guide to Intelligent Distribution
Michael Scott Cain
$12.50 hc 232pp 1985
Although this book does spend time discussing why the present system of book distribution is archaic and should be scrapped, it does present sound advice on how to get your your small press or self-published book to its intended readers.

Bowker Annual of Library and Book Trade Information, 1986
31st edition
Editors of R.R. Bowker
$79.95 hc 784pp 1986
This thirty-first annual edition of Bowker's Annual is even more exhaustive and valuable than the others. In one volume are: a statistical abstract of book trade figures, listings of important articles written in the field, details on trade and library meetings, a directory of professionals and more.

Children's Books and Magazines:
A Market Study
Judith S. Duke
$32.95x hc 1979
A thorough look at the children's book industry, analyzing the economic and social trends, the markets and the future of children's book publishing.

Gallup 1986 Annual Report on Book Buying
John McIlquham, editor
$82.95x pb 313pp 1986
Based on the Gallup Organization's monthly interviews with 1,000 adults (18 or over), this annual report provides an in-depth look at specific segments of the book buying public examines their purchasing habits, motives, demographic infor mation, price and other expectations. Vital marketing source

One Hundred and One Ways to Market Your Books:
For Publishers and Authors
John Kremer
$14.95 pb 1985
Provides 1,000 tips and suggestions for marketing books, including two separate chapters showing writers how to take a more active role in marketing their books. Although this is essentially an introductory book, it does contain new and innovative material useful to the experienced.

Technical, Scientific and Medical Publishing Market
Judith S. Duke
$29.95 218pp 1985

Trade Book Marketing:
A Practical Guide
edited by Robert A. Carter
$19.95 pb 339pp 1983
Contributed chapters written by publishing professionals on most aspects of trade book marketing, from defining the market to selecting the channels of distribution. Covers research, brochure testing, direct mail, marketing plans, promotion of backlist and rights sales.

promotion & publicity

Copywriter's Handbook:
A Practical Guidebook for Advertising and Promotion of
Specialized Scholarly Books and Journals
Nat G. Bodian
$19.95 pb 277pp 1984
An invaluable reference tool for anyone involved in specialized scholarly book and journal marketing.

How to Create Super Slide Shows
Burt E. Close
$10.95 pb 233pp 1986
Basics of planning and carrying-out an effective slide presentation, including planning the story treatment, building on the power of curiousity, selection of topic and title writing scripts and previewing the production.

How to Promote Your Own Business
Gary Blake and Robert W. Bly
$10.95 pb 241pp 1983
A practical guide to promoting small businesses, illustrated with case histories, sample ads, flyers, brochures, letters, news releases, letters and more. Includes a bibliography of sources for additional information.

Publicity for Books and Authors:
A Do-It-Yourself Manual for Small Publishing Firms
and Enterprising Authors
Peggy Glenn
$12.95 pb 180pp 1985
Writing for the Media:
Public Relations and the Press
Sandra Pesman
$14.95 pb 172pp 1986
A fine introduction to how to create successful public relations campaigns. Outlines basic PR vehicles, effective research principles, interviewing techniques and essentials of writing. Presents many ideas and strategies, writing exercises, anecdotes and examples, by a 20-year PR veteran.

advertising

Big Sales from Small Spaces:
Tips and Techniques for Effective Small-Space Advertising
Norman King
$16.95 hc 240pp 1986 14 illustrations
A practical guide to planning and carrying out effective ad campaigns on a limited budget. Covers the types of small-space ads, where to place ads, how to design ads, generating sales leads from ads, direct response (mail order) selling and more. Illustrated with examples from L.L. Bean.

How to Make Your Advertising Twice as Effective at Half the Cost H. Gordon Lewis
$14.50x pb 207pp 1979
An "advertising survival kit" for anyone trying to create advertising for their own small to medium-sized business. Covers issues related to print and to broadcast advertising, moving step-by-step through the process of creating effective advertising.

direct marketing

Catalog Marketing:
The Complete Guide to Profitability in the Catalog Business
Katie Muldoon
$34.95 hc 350pp 1984
A step-by-step guide on creating effective consumer catalogs. Includes many examples of successful catalogs, a wide selection of illustrations and techniques on mailing strategies. A good introduction to direct marketing.

Direct Marketing Handbook
Edward L. Nash
$49.95 hc 928pp 1984
Comprehensive reference tool on the concept, strategy and tactics of direct marketing, written by seventy-five people in the field. The book is divided into five areas: planning, media, creative, production and applications and includes appendices to help the new marketer.

Direct Marketing Success:
What Works and Why
Freeman F. Gosden
$19.95 275pp 1985
Gosden, Direct Marketing Columnist for ADWEEK, covers all the basics of direct mail marketing and shows how to analyze why a program was or was not successful. Issues include why third class mail works as well as first, the fallacy of mail glut, presentation of sales materials and much more.

Sell It By Mail:
Making Your Product the One They Buy
James E.A. Lumley
$19.95 320pp 1986
A step-by-step guidebook to mail order selling, with many techniques described and illustrated: design of mailing packages, creation of ad copy and direct mail letters, how to buy mailing lists, test mailings and developing repeat customers.

directories

markets

photographers

Photographer's Market - 1987:
Where and How to Sell Your Photographs
Robin Weinstein, ed.
$16.95 hc 576pp 1986 35 sample photos, other illus.
Contact names & addresses, submission requirements, pay rates and other essential information on over 2,500 buyers of freelance photographs. Includes publishers, PR firms, record companies, advertising, etc. Also discusses releases, copyrights, compiling a portfolio and basic record keeping.

poets

Poet's Market - 1987:
Where and How to Publish Your Poetry
Judson Jerome
$16.95 hc 372pp 1986 Alpha, state and subject index
Newest of Writer's Digest series of marketing guides, this book contains listings on 1,300 poetry publishers. Each listing contains a critique of the publisher; type of market for which they publish; contact, submissions and pay scale information and much more.

Poet's Marketplace:
The Definitive Sourcebook on Where to Get Your Poems Published
Joseph Kelly
$9.95 pb 176pp 1985
Comprehensive guide to over 400 journals, magazines, chapbook publishers, university presses and trade book houses who publish new poetry. Editors' names, submission guidelines, payment terms, poets' associations, grants, contests and other information included.

software

Microcomputer Market Place, 1987:
The Comprehensive Directory of the Microcomputer Industry
$110.00 pb 1,100pp 1987
Contains listings for over 3,300 software producers, 400 microcomputer manufacturers, 500 computer magazines and journals, and a names and telephone numbers "yellow pages" listing more than 17,000 people and companies from the main text. Also trade exhibits and associations and much more.

Programmer's Market - 1987
Brad M. McGehee, ed.
$16.95 pb 348pp 1986
Coverage of 700 buyers of freelance programs and programming Each entry describes types of programs used, submission requirements, royalty/payment terms, sales tips and availability of contract work. Also a directory of software agents, articles on software design and interviews.

Software Writer's Marketplace
Dennis Joyce and John Earl Pickering
$9.95 pb 288pp 1984

songwriters

Songwriter's Market - 1987:
How and Where to Market Your Songs
Rand Ruggeberg, ed.
$15.95 hc 432pp 1986 Illustrated, indexed
Over 2,000 listings of song buyers (500 new to this edition) with contact name, address, pay rates, submission requirements and types of songs wanted given for each. Also lists clubs, associations, contests, songwriter publications and

writers

Fiction Writer's Market 1987
Jean M. Fredette
$18.95 hc 648pp 1986
The sixth annual edition of this detailed source of markets for writers of fiction includes 1,500 listings of magazines and book publishers, 25 articles on fiction writing technique (including ones by John Updike and Raymond Carver) and interviews with editors and writers.

International Writers' and Artists' Yearbook - 1987
$12.95 pb 530pp 1985
Annual international directory helpful to writers on submission of written works for newspapers, magazines, book publishers, theatre, TV and radio, and to literary agents. Helpful section on copyrights, taxes and other services.

Magazine Industry Market Place, 1987:
The Directory of American Periodical Publishing
$59.95 pb 712pp 1987
Names, addresses, telephone numbers and other vital business data of the people and companies in the periodical industry, including subscription agencies, printers, and distributors. With over 20,000 listings of companies and individuals, this is the most complete directory available.

Religious Writer's Marketplace
William H. Gentz
$19.95 hc 128pp 1985 125 color and b&w illus/photos
Current listings of over 1,500 publishers actively seeking religious materials for this every expanding market. Also data on grants, organizations, workshops; a bibliography and extensive index.

Travel Writer's Markets
Elaine O'Gara
$14.95 pb 96pp 1984

Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory, 1986-1987
25th ed.
$149.95 hc 2,160pp 1986 In two volumes
Listings for approximately 70,000 periodicals throughout the world by subject heading, with full data on who to contact and how, subscriptions and advertising. Includes indices by title, publications of international organizations, abstracting and indexing services and ceased publications.

Writer's Guide to Magazine Markets: Fiction
Karen Krieger and Helen R. Freedman
$8.95 pb 384pp

Writer's Guide to Magazine Markets: Nonfiction
Karen Krieger and Helen R. Freedman
$8.95 pb 384pp 1983

Writer's Market - 1987:
Where and How to Sell What You Write
Paula Deimling, ed.
$21.95 hc 1056pp 1986 Illustrated, indexed
Current information on over 4,000 buyers of freelance material, from books and magazines to scripts, greeting cards and syndicates. Each listing contains the names and addresses of key people, editorial needs/priorities, pay scales, submission requirements, etc. An essential reference

professional & organizations

ALA Handbook of Organization and Membership Directory:
1984-85
Staff of the American Library Association
$21.95x 708pp 1984
Lists the members of all committees and commissions, addresses of chapters, affiliates, subsidiary groups of the academic, public and administratrive divisions of ALA. Provides organizational charts and lists periodical publications. A complete reference guide to the ALA.

American Library Directory
Jacques Cattell Press, ed.
$129.95 hc 2,345pp 1986 In two volumes
Lists public, academic and special libraries in the U.S. and Canada, and U.S. administered regions, arranged geographically. Includes addresses, names of administrators, size of holdings, branch breakdowns, automated equipment systems, and more.

Author Biographies Master Index
Dennis LeBeau
$199.95x 1984
Index to biographical data on living and dead authors as they appear in selected biographical dictionaries.

Directory of American Poets and Fiction Writers:
1985-86 Edition
Poets and Writers, Inc.
$14.95 pb 1985 Indexed
Lists a total of 6.020 poets and fiction writers who publish their work in the U.S., organized by state. Includes names addresses, phone numbers and publication information. Useful as a source for editors, publishers and agents, as well as for writers to contact others with similar interests.

Directory of Short-Run Book Printers
John Kremer
$10.00 pb 240pp 1985
Lists 200 printers specializing in runs of 1 to 10,000 copies; reviews 90 printers and provides price comparisons for various book sizes and quantities.

Foundation Directory
10th ed.
Loren Rentz, ed.
$65.95x 1985
Acknowledged to be the single most important reference work on foundations.

Freelancers of North America:
1984-85 Marketplace
Author Aid/Research Associates International
$32.95 pb
Lists and describes the qualifications of over 6,000 free-lancers in the U.S. and Canada - editors, copywriters, speechwriters, ghostwriters, business/tech/medical writers and more. Details services, fees and expenses, specialities, for each. An excellent source of talent and information.

National Faculty Directory, 1986
16th ed.
$450.00 hc 4,000pp 1984 In three volumes
An alphabetical list with addresses of about 600,000 members of teaching faculties at junior colleges, colleges and universities, and at selected Canadian institutions. An exhaustive work of great value to educational/textbook publishers.

People Behind the News:
A Guide to Accessible Bay Area Journalists
rev. ed.
Media Alliance
$10.00 pb 1985
Published by Media Alliance, the premier media organization in Northern California, this guide lists more than 500 accessible and competent San Francisco Bay Area journalists. Each has a brief description of accomplishments and areas of expertise. Excellent source for editors and publishers.

The Upper Left-Hand Corner:
A Writer's Guide for the Northwest
2nd ed.
E. Kernaghan et. al.
$10.95 pb 144pp 1984

publishing & publishers

American Book Trade Directory, 1986
Jacques Cattell Press, ed.
$129.95 hc 1,711pp 1986
Directory of wholesalers, retailers and distributors in the U.S. and Canada. Arranged geographically, it lists names, addresses, telephone, types of books carried, subject matter, etc. An extremely valuable marketing resource for publishers, sales people and others.

American Publishers, 1986
$40.00 pb 1,712pp 1986 In three volumes
A detailed listing of over 71,000 U.S. publishers, including book, periodical, alternative presses, institutions and organizations, video and software. Has full name, address, phone, SAN, ISBN prefixes and other essential information for each. The most comprehensive directory available.

Bowker Annual of Library and Book Trade Information, 1986
31st ed.
$79.95 hc 700pp 1986
Divided in five major sections, this is an exhaustive annual reporting on publishing trends, statistics, developments in the library market (funding, legislation, etc) and information for library professionals.

Directory of Poetry Publishers
Len Fulton and Ellen Ferber, eds.
$9.95 pb 228pp 1985 Includes subject index
Contains more than 1,000 listings of presses and magazines around the world. The Directory goes into some depth on each publisher, including poetry publishing policies, rights purchased, submissions policies, etc.

Directory of Small Press and Magazine Editors and Publishers
1985-1986
Len Fulton and Ellen Ferber
$14.95 pb 220pp 1985
A companion volume to the International Directory of Little Magazines and Small Presses, this directory lists editors and publishers alphabetically by name, with addresses and phone numbers for each.

International Directory of Children's Literature
Mary Beth Dunhouse, ed.
$29.95 hc 136pp 1985
Contains entries for over 84 countries, arranged alphabeti-

cally by country and topic. Topics covered include: publishers; magazines; fairs, seminars and conferences, prizes libraries and special collections and statistics on children's literature.

International Directory of Little Magazines and Small Presses, 1985-86
21st edition
Len Fulton and Ellen Ferber, eds.
$19.95 pb 712pp 1985 Complt. subject&regional index
Contains detailed information on literary magazines and publishers, including type of material used, payment rates, rights purchases, statements from the editors, and more. Called the "Bible of the business" by the Wall Street Journal.

International Literary Market Place, 1986-87
$95.00 pb 560pp 1986
A reasonably comprehensive directory of publishers, distributors, agents, libraries and other book-related organizations in 160 countries other than the U.S.

Literary Market Place, 1987 (LMP)
The Directory of American Book Publishing
$75.00 pb 900pp 1987 Indexed
An essential source for anyone in publishing, this annual includes detailed lists of publishers, distributors, agents, associations, prizes, journals, printers, designers, and a great deal more, categorized and cross-referenced. Includes contact names, addresses, phone numbers, etc. for each.

Publisher's Directory
6th ed.
Linda S. Hubbard, ed.
$269.95x hc 1,800pp 1985
Directory of 7,100 pubishers in the United States and Canada including non-traditional sources as listed in the sub-title "A Guide to New and Established, Private and Special Interest, Avant-Garde and Alternative, Organization and Association, Government and Institution Presses."

Publishers Trade List Annual, 1986
$149.95 hc 10,000pp 1986 In four volumes
Contains the complete catalogs and booklists for roughly 1,800 publishers in the U.S. and Canada, with a separate small publishers section. This four volume set is indexed by publisher, subject and series. Published and updated annually.

Publishers, Distributors and Wholesalers of the United States, 1986-1987
The Editors of R.R. Bowker Co.
$75.00 pb 1,200pp 1986

Small Press Record of Books in Print, 14th Annual Edition
Len Fulton and Ellen Ferber
$29.95 hc 1,250pp 1985 Author,title,pub.& subj indexs
Each entry includes complete, detailed information on the book (much like Bowker's Books in Print), as well as a descriptive note. A valuable reference as it includes many books NOT listed in other sources and provides more detail on books listed.

Who Distributes What and Where:
An International Directory of Publishers, Imprints, Agents and Distributors
$65.00 pb 393pp 1983
Lists publisher representatives in distribution, distributors and agents in 100 countries.

law

authors

Author Law and Strategies:
A Legal Guide for the Working Writer
Brad Bunnin and Peter Beren
$14.95 pb 298pp 1983
Designed to help authors understand the legalities of writing and publishing material, including libel, slander and invasion of privacy, as well as contractual agreements such as subsidiary rights.

Law and the Writer
3rd ed.
Kirk Polking and Leonard S. Meranus
$9.95 pb 303pp 1984
Includes complete text of the current copyright law, advice on libel, contracts, taxes, subsidiary rights, entertainment and broadcasting law, writers' estates and more.

copyright

Copyright Book:
A Practical Guide
2nd ed.
William S. Strong
$13.95 hc 224pp 1984
Short, easy to read guide to copyrighting, licensing and following-through on protecting works.

Copyright Handbook
2nd ed.
Donald F. Johnston
$29.95 hc 381pp 1982
Comprehensive guide to establishing and protecting copyright geared toward the publishing industry.

How to Copyright Software
M.J. Salone
$21.95 pb 238pp 1985
Describes how to establish copyright, common mistakes and how to correct them, failure to register, problems with software protection and the Computer Copyright Act.

How to Register a Copyright and Protect Your Creative Work
Robert B. Chickering and Susan Hartman
$12.95 hc 192pp 1981
A guide to the copyright law of 1976, including how to file for copyright. Includes a question and answer section which covers many of the common issues of copyright.

Intellectual Property:
Patents, Trademarks and Copyright in a Nutshell
Arthur R. Miller and Michael Davis
$8.95 428pp 1983

Legal Care for Your Software
2nd ed.
Daniel Remer
$24.95 pb 247pp 1984
Describes how to protect the software you've written through trade secret, trademark, copyright, patents, contracts and other forms of written agreement, as well as international applicability of these protections. Contains forms, examples and instructions.

Legal Guide to Computer Software Protection:
A Practical Handbook on Copyrights, Trademarks, Publishing and Trade Secrets
Thorne D. Harris, III
$19.95 pb 320pp 1984

Patent, Trademark and Copyright Laws
Jeffrey M. Samuels, ed.
$18.50 pb 270pp 1985

Practical Introduction to Copyright Law
Gavin McFarlane
$37.50 256pp 1982

What Everyone Should Know About Patents, Trademarks and Copyrights
Donald Dible
$12.95 pb 1981

Writer's Guide to Copyright
Poets and Writers and Caroline R. Herron
$4.95 49pp 1979 Needs annotation

news media

Free but Regulated:
Conflicting Traditions in Media Law
Daniel Brenner and William Rivers, eds.
$27.50x pb 284pp 1982

Libel:
Rights, Risks and Responsibilities
rev. ed.
Robert H. Phelps and E. Douglas Hamilton
$8.95 pb 436pp 1978
A factual and documented study of what makes a statement libelous and what defences there are for those who publish them. The authors provide guidelines on how much you can say with safety and how to recognize and avoid libel.

Media Law:
A Legal Handbook for the Working Journalist
Katherine Galvin
$14.95 pb 224pp 1984
A practical guide for the working journalist and those who

desire a better understanding of how the law and journalism intersect. Covers censorship, libel and invasion of privacy, how to gain access to public records, entry to public meetings and courtrooms, and how to handle gag orders.

publishers & publishing contracts

Book Publisher's Legal Guide
Leonard D. DuBoff
$50.00 hc 363pp 1984
Publishing history; business organizational structures; accounting; financing the business; contracts; author/publisher contracts; secured transactions; how publishers find authors; copyright law; censorship; defamation; right of privacy; antitrust; unfair trade practices and more.

Book Publishing Agreement:
With Guidelines for Publishers
Richard Balkin
$1.00 pb 12pp 1985
A 12-page model publishing contract, with guidelines for use written in jargon-free language. Covers virtually all the contractual issues that might arise in a publishing agreement, written in a way that does not favor either party. Designed to be adapted and used.

How to Understand and Negotiate a Book Contract or Magazine Agreement
Richard Balkin
$11.95 hc 156pp 1985
Presents the background knowledge necessary to negotiate a successful and profitable publishing agreement, with or without an agent. Works through sample contract clause by clause.

Publishing Agreements:
A Book of Precedents
Charles Clark
$21.95x hc 176pp 1980

careers

publishing

Aside From Teaching English, What in the World Can You Do?
Dorothy K. Bester
$10.95 pb 1980
Bestor, an English major and teacher, presents a number of alternate careers for students of language and literature. Among these are editing, publishing, research and writing for businesses and teaching in non-traditional settings. Encouragement and good advice for the new & confused grad.

Editorial Assistant
Career Examination Series
Jack Rudman
$12.00 pb

How to Get the Right Job in Publishing
William Scherman
$9.95 pb 256pp 1983

Opportunities in Magazine Publishing
William S. Pattis
$6.95 pb 160pp 1986
A survey of magazine publishing, including career opportunities available, designed for anyone considering working in the field.

self-employment

How to Start and Run Your Own Word Processing Business
Gary Belkin
$9.95 pb 206pp 1984

Marketing Your Professional and Consulting Services
Richard A. Connor and Jeffrey P. Davidson
$19.95 hc 225pp 1984

Working for Yourself
A Guide for People Who Work Outside the 9 to 5 World
Phillip Namanworth and Gene Busnar
$10.95 pb 288pp 1985
Offers an array of business and financial advice for people who either work for themselves or freelance, including writers, photographers and artists.

writing

Career Opportunities for Writers
Rosemary Guiley
$10.95 pb 247pp 1985
A comprehensive overview of jobs currently available to writers. Contains descriptions of 100 jobs, from editor and journalist to public relations, copy and tech writing, all grouped according to type. Twenty-page appendix of schools and associations.

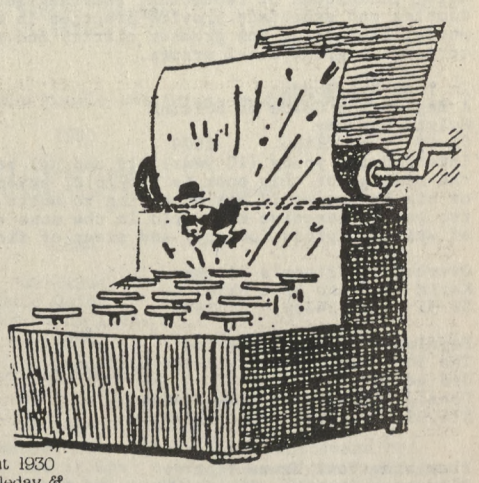
Complete Handbook for Freelance Writers
Kay Cassill
$14.95 hc 391pp 1981
Evaluates markets, apprenticeships and sidelines, staying ahead of cash flow problems, dealing with contracts and advances, developing negotiating skills, working with agents and other essential topics for freelancers.

Freelance Jobs for Writers:
How to Find Them, How to Get Them, How Much They Pay
Kirk Polking, ed.
$7.95 pb 281pp 1984
Lists and describes hundreds of opportunities to develop writing skills and earn extra income. Each of the forty chapters is written by an expert, with coverage of the fields of advertising, editing, reviewing, fund raising, public relations and many others.

Freelance Writer's Handbook
Gary Provost
$3.95 pb 230pp 1982

Freelance Writing:
Advice from the Pros (revised edition)
Curtis W. Casewit
$8.95 pb 304pp 1985

How to be a Freelance Writer
David Martindale
$3.95 pb 240pp 1984



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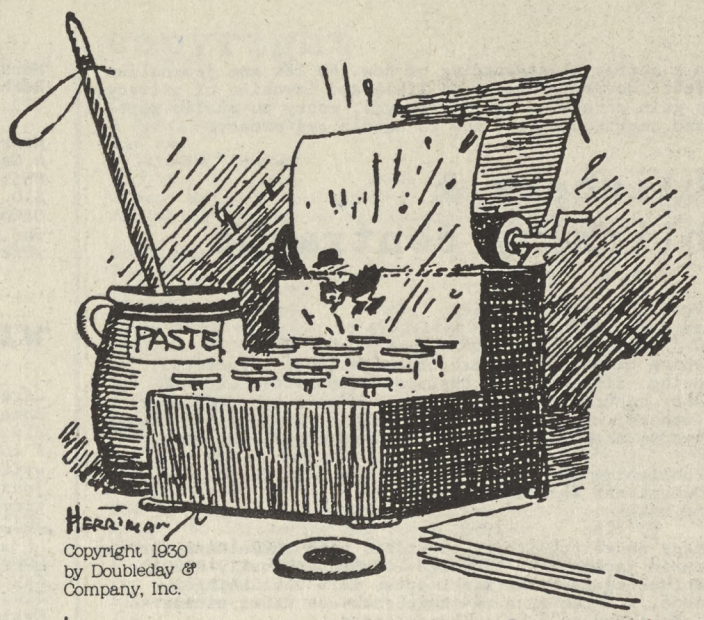
writing



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Company, Inc.

the art & craft of writing

Craft of Writing
William Sloane; Introduction by John Ciardi
$10.95 hc 123pp 1979
Novelist, editor and publisher Sloane here writes about what it is that makes a book readable. The major sections on the reader-writer relationship, fiction as a means of perception the setting of scene and knowing your material are finely crafted, highly instructive and enjoyable reading.

Craft of Writing
Thomas Elliot Berry
$4.95 pb 200pp 1974

Effective Writing
Christopher Turk and John Kirkman
$9.95 pb 1982

Getting the Words Right:
How to Revise, Edit and Rewrite
Theodore A. Rees Cheney
$13.95 hc 215pp 1983
Illustrates how to improve writing through careful revision using techniques of reduction, rearrangement and rewording. Samples and exercises provide practice in cutting excess words, organizing for greater clarity and unity and correcting grammatical errors.

In Your Own Words:
A Beginner's Guide to Writing
Sylvia Cassedy
$8.95 hc 214pp 1979
Intended for young (10 years old and up) beginning writers, the message of this book is two-fold: anyone who take notice of his or her world has something to write about; and now two people perceive the world in the same way. Covers forms of writing (prose, poetry) and areas of fiction.

Overcoming Writer's Blocks
Karin Mack and Eric Skjei
$6.95 pb 242pp 1979

Popular Writing in America:
The Interaction of Style and Audience
3rd ed.
Donald McQuade and Robert Atwan
$16.95 pb 696pp 1985

Preparing Your Manuscript
Elizabeth Preston, Ingrid Monke and Eliz. Bickford
$9.95 pb 1985
Includes the most important rules of grammar, language usage and punctuation, with examples of errors and how to avoid them. Chapters on spelling and capitalization, lists of misspelled words, proofreading marks, correct notation forms make this a valuable reference work for all writers.

Right Brain...Write On!:
Overcoming Writer's Block and Achieving Your Creative Potential
Bill Downey
$16.95 pb 212pp 1984
Every editor, writer and agent could benefit from this book!

Thinking Better, Writing Better
V.A. Howard and J.H. Barton
$10.95 hc 120pp 1986
A unique and intriguing new approach to the interaction of writing and thinking, this book explores the way in which writing affects thinking, rather than simply how writing is a clear expression of already formed thought. The authors argue that writing must be treated as a form of thinking.

Writer's Advisor
compiled by Leland Alkire
$60.00 hc 452pp 1986
Contains references to 800 books and 3,000 magazine articles that deal with the art and craft of writing. The references are organized by subject with complete access through Author, Title, and Subject Indexes. A detailed reference work for writers, publishers and those studying each.

Writer's Block and How to Use It
Victoria Nelson
$14.95 hc 204pp 1985
Shows methods for getting to the roots of writer's block and using it as a stepping stone to new levels of creativity. Examines different types of writer's block, their causes and how to deal with each.

Writing After Forty
Leonard L. Knott
$12.95 hc 224pp 1986
Intended for new writers already past their mid-life crisis, Knott's book is an encouragement to all those who have wanted to write but have never. Many ideas for getting started, from keeping a journal, to taking notes and clipping news items. Also discusses avenues for selling what you write.

Writing from the Inside Out
Charlotte Edwards
$9.95 pb 195pp 1984
Shows writers ways to explore their emotions and experiences to help portray characters, events and dialogue more effectively. The Stanislavsky school of writing.

Writing the Natural Way:
Using Right-Brain Techniques to Release Your Expressive Powers
Gabrielle Rico
$9.95 pb 288pp 1983

Writing with Power:
Techniques for Mastering the Writing Process
Peter Elbow
$7.95 pb 394pp 1981

Writing with Precision:
How to Write So That You Cannot Possibly be Misunderstood
rev. ed.
Jefferson Bates
$12.50 pb 214pp 1985

Writing Without Teachers
Peter Elbow
$4.95 pb 198pp 1973

the business of writing

Author-Publisher Handbook
David T. Hunn
$3.95 pb 95pp 1980
This book outlines the relationship between the author and the publisher, delineating the usual responsibilities of each. Each step from the first query to publication is described: organizing and preparing the manuscript, agents, contracts, layout and design, proofreading, etc. Excellent.

Awful Truth About Publishing:
Why They Always Reject Your Manuscript...And What You Can Do About It
John Boswell
$13.95 hc 1986
Boswell is a professional book packager very familiar with the publishing industry. Despite that, he comes up with only ten Awful Truths, none of which is all that new. He does, however, make a persuasive presentation of how writers can work successfully within the system to get published.

Beginning Writer's Answer Book
Kirk Polking and Rose Adkins, eds.
$14.95 hc 314pp 1985
This book answers nearly 900 questions about writing: what you need to know before writing begins; specific types of writing and their general guidelines; the business of writing (royalties, contracts, agents, etc) and many others. A good basic primer on the profession of writing.

Fiction Writer's Help Book
Maxine Rock
$12.95 hc 197pp 1985
Offers specific advice and inside information about the craft of fiction by writers of fiction, including Truman Capote, Frances Statham and David Niven. Each provides insights into such topics as preparing for a writing career, researching and finding an agent, to name a few.

Guide for Authors:
Manuscript, Proof and Illustration
2nd ed.
Payne E. Thomas
$5.95x pb 96pp 1980

Is There a Book Inside of You?:
How to Successfully Author a Book Alone or Through Collaboration
rev. ed.
Dan Poynter and Mindy Bingham
$9.95 pb 240pp 1985
Distinguishes between "writing" a book and "authoring" one. Those who do not have the time or skills to write a book on their own but who have the idea or information to express or present are shown how to find, interview, contract and work with writing partners, editors, researchers, etc.

Writer's Encyclopedia
edited by Kirk Polking
$19.95 hc 532pp 1983
Over 1,200 alphabetically arranged entries, including terms, facts, figures, addresses of literary organizations and other useful information. Appendices on contracts, taxes, copyright and proofreading, among many other topics.

Writer's Guide to Book Publishing
2nd ed.
Richard Balkin
$10.95 pb 245pp 1981
A textbook-like discussion of the machinations of the general trade book industry, this book gives the writer a picture of what to expect once a publisher has been approached.

Writer's Handbook, 1986 Edition
50th Anniversary Edition
Sylvia K. Burack, ed.
$24.95 pb 788pp 1985
One hundred chapters of finely packed information on over 2,000 markets for writing, from nonfiction to science fiction, articles to romance to plays, with contributions by dozens of leading writers.

Writer's Tax and Recordkeeping Handbook:
Including Everything You Can Legally Deduct
William Atkinson
$7.95 pb 128pp 1983
Thorough lists and explanations of what writers can deduct and depreciate, what records and receipts to keep and other important tax considerations of being a writer.

Writing Business:
A Poets and Writers Handbook
Editors of Coda: Poets and Writers Newsletter
$11.95 pb 1985
Complied from ten years of Coda, a newsletter for poets and writers. Includes excellent "nuts and bolts" information on subjects ranging from writer's block to word processing to working with or without an agent to writing screenplays and much, much more.

getting published

Breaking Into Print:
How to Get Your Work Published
Philip J. Gearing and Evelyn Brunson
$3.95 pb 136pp 1977

Get Published:
Editors From the Top Magazines Tell You What They Want
Diane Gage and Marcia Hibsch Coppess
$24.95 hc 1986

Getting Into Print:
The Decision-Making Process in Scholarly Publishing
Walter W. Powell
$22.00x hc 269pp 1985
Using two (anonymous) commercial publishers of scholarly works as examples, Powell details how the decision to publish is reached. A lively and entertaining inside look at publishing for prospective authors or those considering careers in publishing.

Getting Published
David S. Thomas and Hubert Bermont
$4.95 pb 1974

Getting Published:
A Guide for Business People and Other Professionals
Gary S. Belkin
$8.95 pb 224pp 1983

How to be Your Own Literary Agent:
The Business of Getting Your Book Published
rev. ed.
Richard Curtis
$7.95 pb 264pp 1984

How to Get Happily Published:
A Complete and Candid Guide
Judith Appelbaum and Nancy Evans
$6.95 pb 288pp 1982

How to Get Your Book Published:
An Insider's Guide
Herbert W. Bell
$15.95 hc 252pp 1985
Starts from the premise that writers must understand the publishing process, publishers' needs and how they work in order to place their books for publication. Describes trade, text, professional and scholarly publishing.

How to Sell Seventy-Five Percent of Your Freelance Writing
Gordon L. Burgett
$9.95 pb 1984

How to Write a Book Proposal
Michael Larsen
$9.95 hc 124pp 1985
Written by a successful San Francisco literary agent, the book provides a step-by-step guide to writing an effective book proposal. Includes examples of proposal formats, suggestions on content and information gathering and advice about markets and competition.

How to Write Books That Sell:
A Guide to Cashing in on the Booming Book Business
L. Perry Wilbur
$7.95 pb 211pp 1979
Designed for beginning writers, this introduces a wide range of basic issues, from who to conceive and write successful books to how and where to sell them. Describes the primary publishing markets, discusses working with agents and shows how best to make contacts in publishing.

Literary Agent and the Writer:
A Professional Guide
Diane Cleaver
$10.00 pb
An experienced New York literary agent and author discusses who needs agents, how to find them, how to prepare a query, how to submit fiction and nonfiction, what an agent can and cannot do for a writer, how to select a publisher. Goes over rights, contracts and marketing advice also.

Literary Agents:
A Writer's Guide
Debby Mayer
$5.95 pb 92pp 1983
A guide for new writers who want to find and work successfully with an agent. Through interviews with well-known agents and the writers they represent, Mayer explores the delicate balance of author and editor. Includes a listing of 102 agencies, a bibliography and reference sources.

Literary Agents:
How to Get & Work with the Right One for You
Michael Larson
$9.95 hc 144pp 1986
Written by an experienced agent, the book concentrates on specifics - what agents do for writers at each stage of the writing/selling process, how to find the right agent to meet your needs, sample agency agreements and discussion of some established agencies.

Making Money with Words
Clement David Hellyer
$5.95 pb 262pp 1981

Words in Our Pockets:
The Feminist Writers Guild Handbook on How to Gain Power, Get Published and Get Paid
Celeste West, ed.
$9.95 pb 386pp 1985
A result of the Feminist Writers Guild's desire to "share what we know," this book covers survival outside the publishing system through independent, feminist press, ways of coping with male publishers' "customs," marketing your writing and legal issues. Both a reference and guide.

Write Yourself a Fortune:
Write, Publish and Sell Information
J.R. LeFontaine
$14.95 pb 106pp 1982

Writer's Survival Manual:
The Complete Guide to Getting Your Book Published Right
Carol Meyer
$13.95 pb 317pp 1984
Includes coverage of copyright and libel laws.

Writing for Regional Publications
Brian Vachon
$11.95 hc 203pp 1979
Shows how regional publications differ, how to break into a given market, catch an editor's interest and sell writing. Book includes 50 story ideas for all regions of the country.



on writers & writing

Authors by Profession, Volume I
Victor Bonham-Carter
$16.50x hc 256pp 1978 Bibliog., appendices, index
A sprightly account of professional authorship from the 15th century until the start of the 20th century, illustrated with the business arrangements of authors and playwrights from John Milton to Bernard Shaw. Includes the text of the 1911 copyright act.

Authors by Profession, Volume II
Victor Bonham-Carter
$18.50x hc 336pp Bibliog., appendices, index
Carries on the discussion begun in Volume I from the 1911 Copyright Act to the present age of disk storage and movie pick-up options.

Becoming a Writer
Dorothea Brande
$5.95 pb

Fiction:
Interviews with Northern California Novelists
Dan Tooker and Roger Hofheins
$3.95 pb 209pp 1986
This book makes accessible the craft and personalities of twelve excellent contemporary novelists, including Kay Boyle Evan Connell, Ernest J. Gaines and Wallace Stegner. Each addresses the questions "Why do you write?", "How did you get started?" and "How do you write?", among others.

First Person Singular:
Writers on Their Craft
compiled by Joyce Carol Oates
$16.95 hc 288pp 1983
Essay and interviews by and with 29 writers, including Saul Bellow, E.L. Doctorow, Anne Tyler, John Updike and others.

Maybe You Should Write a Book
Ralph Daigh
$8.95 hc 181pp 1977
Daigh, founding president of Fawcett World Library, Crest and several other imprints, uses anecdotes about such known writers as Michener, Hemingway, Bellow and Oates, to answer the questions posed by prospective writers. An encouragement for new writers and enjoyable reading for those writing.

Mississippi Writers, Reflections of Childhood and Youth:
Volume Two - Nonfiction
compiled and edited by Dorothy Abbott
$14.95 pb 1986
The second of four volumes in a monumental anthology revealing the theme of youth in 20th century Mississippi literature. Contains 82 works of nonfiction by such authors as Faulkner, Welty, Percy, Wright and other eminent figures.

Modern Stylists:
Writers on the Art of Writing
Donald Hall, ed.
$7.50x pb 1968

One Writer's Beginnings
Eudora Welty
$3.50 pb 136pp 1985
In this slim autobiographical volume, Welty describes her early childhood and the influences which led to and became the subjects for much of her writing. Illuminating as autobiography and an intriguing description of the making of a writer.

Victorian Novelists and Publishers
J.A. Sutherland
$6.50x pb 251pp 1976
This study of the relationship between authors and their publishers in mid-nineteenth century Britain is an absorbing view of how the creative and editorial process interact. Authors studied include Dickens, Eliot, Hardy, Thackeray, Charlotte Bronte and Bulwer-Lytton.

Women Writing in America:
Voices in Collage
Blanche H. Gelfant
$10.95 pb 290pp 1985

fiction

general interest

Characters Make Your Story
Maren Elwood
$11.95 hc
An original approach to the essence of good fiction writing-creating true-to-life characters convincingly.

How to Write Best-Selling Fiction
Dean R. Koontz
$13.95 hc 309pp 1985
Discussion of how to handle characterization, theme, background, plot and style, as well as advice on manuscript submission, agents, titles, sale of rights, etc.

On Moral Fiction
John Gardner
$9.50x pb 1978

Telling Lies for Fun and Profit:
A Manual for Fiction Writers
Lawrence Block
$6.95 pb 256pp 1981
Martin Cruz Smith (author of GORKY PARK and STALLION GATE) says of this book "Lawrence Block is a writer's best friend. He is wise, he is funny and, to tell the truth, he is damn helpful." This book is loaded with good advice and practical techniques for writing fiction.

Thirty-Six Dramatic Situations
George Polti
$8.95 pb
The classic guide to plotting, used by thousands of successful playwrights and novelists.

children s books

Children's Picture Book:
How to Write It, How to Sell It
Ellen E.M. Roberts
$17.95 hc 189pp 1985 16 color, 30 b&w illustrations
Detailed coverage of writing picture books for children, with how to select a subject, plot the story, use appropriate vocabularly, working with artists and editors and selling the completed manuscript. Includes a list of agents who handle picture books.

Green and Burning Tree:
On the Writing and Enjoyment of Children's Books
Eleanor Cameron
$3.95 pb 377pp 1969

How to Write a Children's Book and Get it Published
Barbara Sueling
$14.95 hc 202pp 1984

Writing Books for Children
rev. ed.
Jane Yolen
$9.95 pb
Yolen, the author of over 60 popular books for young readers describes the techniques for writing publishable books for children, from pre-school age through teen-age.

Writing for Children and Teenagers
Lee Wyndham, revised by Arnold Madison
$9.95 pb 268pp 1985
Discusses how to hold children's attention, sources of ideas building characters, vocabulary/age levels and plot development.

Writing Juvenile Stories and Novels
Phyllis A. Whitney
$7.95 pb
Whitney, the author of more than 40 successful books for young readers, here gives practical advice on writing for the juvenile market.

Writing with Pictures:
How to Write and Illustrate Children's Books
Uri Shulevitz
$27.50 hc 272pp 1985 Illustrated, indexed, bibliog.
Essential reading for anyone interested in writing books for children. Begins with a succinct explanation of how visual thinking is employed as a writing tool and goes into story structure, importance of illustrations in the narrative and works through a sample creation/storyboard to finished book.

greeting cards

Art and Craft of Greeting Cards
Susan Evarts
$13.95 pb 158pp 1985 28 color, 258 b&w illus.
Shows how to create personalized designs for greeting cards, announcements and invitations. Through diagrams and colorful examples, covers preparing artwork, printing technigues, type selection, color separation, printing processes and marketing. A complete self-publishing manual!

Guide to Greeting Card Writing
Larry Sandman, ed.
$7.95 pb 242pp 1984
Successful greeting card writers and editors tell how to write and sell all categories of greeting cards.

Writing and Selling Greeting Cards
Carl Goeller
$10.95 hc
A practical, authoritative handbook by an experienced editor of a major greeting card company, on writing salable verse and prose for today's greeting card market. Detailed market lists and valuable do's and don'ts increase salability.

humor

Craft of Comedy Writing
Sol Saks
$14.95 hc 252pp 1985
Saks (most widely known for creating the T.V. series "Bewitched") shows how to write humor for various settings; T.V., radio, film, theatre, working comedians, publications, etc.

How the Great Comdey Writers Create Laughter
Larry Wilde
$12.50x pb 285pp 1976
As the title states, the purpose of this book is to shed light on the inscrutable and mysterious art of putting words together to get people to laugh. Wilde, a practising comic and teacher of comedy, explores the work of 11 writers of humor, including Mel Brooks, Neil Simon and Art Buchwald.

How to Write and Sell (Your Sense of) Humor
Gene Perret
$12.95 hc 281pp 1985
For people who want to pursue writing as a hobby or profession, Perret gives detailed instruction on how to write jokes, monologues, sketches, and sit-coms, with valuable advice on how to contact performers, develop a career and publish one's work.

How to Write Comedy
Brad Ashton
$19.95 160pp 1983

mysteries

Mystery Writer's Handbook
Mystery Writers of America/revised by L. Treat
$8.95 pb 284pp 1985
Advice from some of America's top mystery writers on how to write short and novel length mysteries.

Writing Mysteries That Sell
Harvey and Audrey Belker
$7.95 pb 160pp 1982

Writing Mystery and Crime Fiction
Sylvia K. Burack, ed.
$12.95 pb
A collection of pieces by successful mystery writers on their craft.

novels

Guide to Fiction Writing
Phyllis A. Whitney
$12.95 hc
One of today's leading novelists (60 books published; over 25 million copies sold in paperback) gives practical advice on how to write fiction for publication. Covers the planning

of a novel, characterization, suspense, flashbacks and transitions, beginnings and endings, with a revision checklist.

How to Write and Publish Your Novel
William C. Knott
$14.50x pb 192pp 1982

On Becoming a Novelist
John Gardner
$5.95 pb 177pp 1984

Writing a Novel
John Braine
$5.95 pb 232pp 1975

Writing the Novel:
From Plot to Print
Lawrence Block
$8.95 pb 197pp 1985
Attempts to answer those questions that plague prospective novelists: what kind of novel to write, how and to whom to sell it, how to get started, how to develop plot and character, researching, and revising the completed manuscript.

How to Write a Play
Raymond Hull
$13.95 hc 240pp 1983
Shows how to write a "performable" play, through all aspects of playwriting from plot development to stage equipment. Includes practice exercises for each technique described. Also includes advice on how to get plays performed.

Playwrights on Playwriting
edited by Toby Cole; Introduction by John Gassner
$5.95 pb 299pp 1960
Cole has selected important and influential writings from over two dozen playwrights on their writing, including Ibsen, Strindberg, Shaw, O'Neill, Miller and many others. The essays are divided into two sections; "Credos and Concepts" and "Creations."

Playwriting:
How to Write for the Theatre
Bernard Grebanier
$5.95 pb 386pp 1979
This is a step-by-step guide to all aspects of playwriting: how to select a theme, develop a plot, build the structure, portray the characters and fashion the dialogue. Also includes material on one-act plays and writing for T.V., along with chapter-by-chapter exercises.

poetry

Becoming a Poet
Ruth Whitman
$8.95 pb
Analyzes the sources (memories, dreams, etc.) form, and pattern of poetry, with illustrative poems to guide the aspiring poet through the process of creating a finished poem.

First Principles of Verse
Robert Hillyer
$10.00 hc
A Pulitzer Prize winning poet talks to poets about the elements of poetry; basic metrical forms and rhyme; the sonnet, the ode, and other patterns of verse; poetic diction and the music of words.

On Being a Poet:
How to Find, Cultivate and Make Peace with the Poet Within Yourself
Jerome Judson
$14.95 hc 314pp 1984
Clear and eloquent description of the interior processes of creating poetry, with insights into the sometimes difficult act of sharing poetry with others. Jerome appraises what he believes it takes to be a published poet.

Poet's Grammar:
Person, Time and Mood in Poetry
Francis Berry
$22.00x 190pp 1974 Reprint of a 1958 edition
Although somewhat dated, Berry's book is none-the-less of interest and importance to poets today, as well as to teachers and students of poetry.

Poet's Handbook
Judson Jerome
$11.95 hc 224pp 1986
Illustrated with the works of noted poets, the book explains what kinds of language are appropriate for different poetry, use of figurative language and symbols, the sound relationships of words and the characteristics of various poetic forms. Commercial but good.

Poetry in the Making
Ted Hughes
$4.95 pb 124pp 1967

Stealing the Language:
The Emergence of Women's Poetry
Alicia Suskin Ostriker
$19.95 hc 1986

Towards a New American Poetics:
Essays and Interviews
Ekbert Faas, ed.
$17.50 pb 1978
A fascinating collection of pieces by and about the poets Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Gary Snyder, Robert Creely, Robert Bly and Allen Ginsberg.

Writing a Poem
Florence Trefethen
$12.00 hc
How to shape an idea into a finished poem: the poet's intention; choosing the right form, point of view and "voice"; using words, images and figurative language to maximum effect.

romance

Confession Writer's Handbook
Florence K. Palmer, revised by Marguerite McClain
$9.95 hc 173pp 1985
How to write a confession story from the beginning to the satisfying conclusion, use your own experiences, make an insignificant event important, develop confession tone and get the reader to identify with the writing.

How to Write a Romance and Get It Published:
With Intimate Advice From the World's Most Popular Romance Writers
Kathryn Falk
$6.95 380pp 1983

How to Write and Sell Confessions
Susan C. Feldhake
$10.95
A complete guide to tested techniques of writing for today's receptive confession market - fiction, nonfiction, male-viewpoint stories - by the author of the 200 published confessions.

How to Write Erotica for Fun and Profit
Valerie Kelly
$15.95 hc 1986
Written by a successful author in the genre (with over 500 published stories), this book provides information on writing and selling everything from videotapes to advertising. Includes writing exercises, guide to writing proposals, contact names and addresses, glossary of euphemisms.

How to Write Romance Novels that Sell
Marilyn M. Lowery
$7.95 pb 236pp 1983
Intended for working writers who want to break into the genre and for those beginning to write, this book lays out what romance writing is and how to do it. Covers everything from the categories of romance writing to what editors want to techniques for writing, dealing with contracts, etc.

Romance Writer's Phrase Book
Jean Kent and Candace Shelton
$6.95 pb 144pp 1984
Here, organized by physical characteristics, parts of the body, types of movement, emotions and sex, are phrases for every occasion of the romance writer's pen. Heady reading and useful for those in the genre.

Writing and Selling the Romance Novel
Sylvia K. Burack, ed.
$9.95 pb
A practical guide to writing and selling contemporary, suspense, ethnic, Gothic, Regency and other category romance novels. Each piece is written by a successful author of the genre.

Writing Romance Fiction:
For Love and Money
Helene Schellenberg Barnhart
$14.95 hc 272pp 1985
Shows how to research the markets, get ideas, create appealing characters and captivating settings, develop a sensuous vocabulary, and put together an impressive editorial package. Filled with helpful tips from romance writers and editors, reading lists and advice on selling your work.

science fiction

Language of the Night
Ursula K. Le Guin; Introduction by Susan Wood
$5.95 pb 276pp 1985

Notes to a Science Fiction Writer:
The Secrets of Writing Science Fiction that Sells
Ben Bova
$5.95 pb 193pp 1981

Science Fiction Handbook:
For Readers and Writers
George S. Elrick
$8.95 pb 325pp 1978 Illustrated
Defines over 1,000 words and terms used in science fiction and fantasy genres, listed alphabetically and prefaced with a discussion of the nature of science fiction and followed by such useful and interesting information as pictures of space ship models, lists of s-f publishers and organizations

Writing and Selling Science Fiction
compiled by Science Fiction Writers of America
$7.95 pb 195pp 1982
Professional science fiction writers offer advice on selecting and working with plots, characters, dialogue, new ideas and other aspects of s-f writing.

short stories

Creating Short Fiction
Damon Knight
$8.95 pb 212pp 1985
A practical, tested approach to unlocking the creative potential and producing professional stories. Through numerous exercises and discussions, helps writers find and correct weaknesses, begin a story, keep it under control and develop a satisfying conclusion.

Handbook of Short Story Writing
Frank Dickson and Sandra Smythe, eds.
$7.95 pb 238pp 1985
Extensive advice on how to create, develop and sustain characters, using description effectively, creating a setting, plotting a short story and more.

How to Write Short Stories
Ring W. Lardner
$49.95x 1971 Reprint of a 1925 edition
Advice and example on the writing of short stories by one of the masters of the form, Ring Lardner. This book, although rather pricey, has both historic and literary value.

How to Write Short Stories That Sell
Louise Boggess
$7.95 pb 212pp 1985
An over-the-shoulder account of how a successful short story writer develops a story designed to help others new to writing. Describes how to work with ideas; develop plot, character and scenes and tie them together into a successful story.

On Writing the Short Story
Hallie Burnett
$13.95 hc 192pp 1983

Story Writing
Edith Ronald Mirrieless
$8.95 pb
Mirrielees, a well-known instructor of creative writing, discusses such basics in the novel as time, point of view, characterization, dialogue and word choice.

Story-Crafting
Paul Darcy Boles
$14.95 hc 243pp 1985
Boles, a successful writer of short fiction (with over 150 stories in print), here offers advice and direction on how to develop writing for publication. Includes a short story written for this book to illustrate Boles' philosophy and techniques or writing.

songwriting

Craft of Lyric Writing
Sheila Davis
$16.95 hc 350pp 1985
Davis, a successful lyricist, composer and teacher, analyzes more than 30 successful lyrics to show why they caught the music industry's attention. Instruction on techniques of rhyme, meter, beat and other essentials is included in this helpful introduction to song writing.

How To Be a Successful Songwriter
Kent McNeel and Mark Luther
$7.95 pb 222pp 1978
This is a book on what it takes to write "hit" songs, as told through interview/profiles of such diverse songwriters as Loggins and Messina, Henry Mancini, Billy Preston and Paul Williams. Although often dated (some of these folks haven't had a hit in years), this is still a useful book.

nonfiction

general interest

Complete Guide to Writing Nonfiction
Edited by Glen Evans
$24.95 hc 871pp 1983
Articles by 108 professional writers describing how to specialize to succeed in non-fiction writing. Includes studies of 15 primary areas of nonfiction writing, plus advice on where and how to sell your work.

How I Make a Comfortable Living Writing and Publishing
Short Mini-Guides
Mark Baczynsky
$9.95 pb 1981

How to Write "How-To" Books and Articles
Raymond Hull
$8.95 pb 202pp 1985
Detailed information on writing and selling "how-to" pieces, with advice on selecting a subject, researching, use of illustrations, finding a publisher and other essentials.

Writing and Selling a Nonfiction Book
Max Guntler
$6.95 131pp 1973

Writing Nonfiction That Sells
Samm Sinclair Baker
$14.95 hc 204pp 1986
Coverage includes: selection of a marketable topic, focusing on writing to sell throughout, gathering information for the writing, packaging and presenting the manuscript and how to assist the publisher in selling the book once out. Author co-wrote COMPLETE SCARSDALE MEDICAL DIET and other books.

Writing the Creative Article Today
Marjorie Holmes
$12.95 pb 1986
An experienced article writer, columnist and book author gives detailed advice on writing the articles most in demand -personal experience, inspiration, nostalgia and humor. She tells how opinions, ideas, daily events and relationships can be turned into salable articles without research.



biographic & autobiographic

How to Write and Sell Your Personal Experiences
Lois Duncan
$10.95 hc 226pp 1979
How to turn personal experiences into writing that sells.

How to Write the Story of Your Life
Frank P. Thomas
$12.95 hc 230pp 1984
Memoir writing for writers and non-writers alike. Provides advice on remembering, researching, style. Illustrated with excerpts from actual memoirs.

Nature of Biography
Robert Gittings
$12.50x hc 96pp 1978
Gittings, a veteran biographer of Keats and Hardy, presents a concise survey of the field of biography. Adapted from a lecture given at the University of Washington, the book discusses the changing role of the biographer and the impact of psychology, political theory and other movements.

business & professional

Feel Free to Write:
A Guide for Business and Professional People
John Keenan
$9.95 pb 208pp 1985
Using a simple mnemonic device (PAFEO = purpose, audience, format, evidence and organization), this book guides writers in writing clear and direct prose for a variety of business and professional purposes.

Legal Writing:
Sense and Nonsense
David Mellinkoff
$9.95 pb 242pp 1982
A guide and handbook to writing about legal topics and the law, designed for practicing lawyers and students of law alike. Cuts through much of the "legal-ese" with which many documents are laden, giving practical advice on how to make writing more clear and concise.

Writing for Results:
In Business, Government, the Sciences and the Professions
2nd ed.
David W. Ewing
$14.95 448pp 1985

Writing from a Legal Perspective
George D. Gopen
$16.50x 225pp 1981

cookbooks

How to Write a Cookbook and Get it Published
Sara Pitzer
$15.95 hc 253pp 1984 8 pages in color
Covers selection of type of cook book to write, deciding how to publish (self, commercial), presenting recipes clearly, preparing the manuscript, use of illustrations and more. Also provides advice on writing newspaper columns, newsletters and "premium" cookbooks.

How to Write and Publish a Classic Cookbook
Hays, Rolfes and Associates with Perre Magners
$8.95 pb 1986
The authors, experienced junior league cookbook publishers, discuss packaging an idea to attract a publisher and successfully marketing it, considering self-publishing, approaching publishers and preparing the manuscript. Illustrated with examples from a wide variety of cookbooks.

scholarly & academic

How to Complete and Survive a Doctoral Dissertation
David Sternberg
$6.95 pb 231pp 1981
As the title indicates, this is a survival guide for graduate students. The book covers a wide variety of topics, from selecting a topic for a dissertation, dealing with committee members and advisors, defending your paper and using it to career advantage.

How to Write Themes and Term Papers
2nd ed.
Barbara Lenmark-Ellis
$4.95 pb 212pp 1981

Manual for Writers of Term Papers, Theses and Dissertations
4th ed.
Kate L. Turabian
$5.95 pb 1973
For use by students and writers of papers not intended for publication, this (along with the Stanford Term Paper Manual) is perhaps the most concise and useful guide to the writing of term papers. Widely used in colleges.

Practical Guide to Writing and Publishing Professional Books:
Business, Technical, Scientific and Scholarly
Daniel N. Fischel
$27.95 hc 300pp 1984

Students Guide for Writing College Papers
3rd ed.
Kate L. Turabian
$5.95 pb 1977

Technical Writing for Social Scientists
John S. Harris and Reed H. Blake
$9.95x pb 122pp 1976

Ten Steps in Writing the Research Paper
3rd ed.
Roberta H. and Peter T. Markman with Marie Waddell
$4.50 pb 133pp 1982
Arranged to lead the student step-by-step through the writing of a research paper, from finding a suitable subject to checking the final copy. A beginner's guide, but complete and with many good techniques for research.

The Thesis and the Book
Eleanor Harman and Ian Montagnes, eds.
$8.95 pb 96pp
Compilation of ten articles from Scholarly Publishing: A Journal for Authors and Publishers on the subject of editing a thesis for publication as a book. Articles are all written by either scholars or editors; Robert Plant Armstrong, Olive Holmes, William Dowling and others.

Thesis Projects in Science and Engineering:
A Complete Guide from Problem Selection to Final Presentation
Richard M. Davis
$9.95x pb 253pp 1980

Writing the Doctoral Dissertation:
A Systematic Approach
Gordon B. Davis and Clyde A. Parker
$5.95 pb 148pp 1979
A concise handbook for doctoral candidates in all fields. Although very basic, this does provide a good overview and starting point for graduate students on how to select an advisor, develop a topic, write the proposal, schedule time and prepare the final work.

science & technology

Complete Guide to Writing Software User Manuals
Brad M. McGehee
$14.95 pb 165pp 1984
Step-by-step approach to writing a software user manual, with guidelines on designing, illustrating, printing, copy-editing. Includes a sample manual as illustration.

High Tech Writing
Paula R. Bell
$19.95 pb 250pp 1985
A guide for engineers, technical staff and anyone who writes documentation or support material for electronics products and computer hardware and software. Organized along the lines in which tech manuals are written, with dozens of examples as illustration.

How to Write a Scientific Paper
Michael J. Katz
$5.95 pb 1985

How to Write Computer Manuals for Users
Susan J. Grimm
$21.00 hc 211pp 1982
The author's stated main purpose is "to eliminate the costly trial and error process in the writing of user's manuals." The book does just that, with a rigorous, step-by-step method for analyzing needs, structuring material and writing and editing the manual for use.

Scientists Must Write:
A Guide to Better Writing for Scientists, Engineers and Students
Robert Barass
$9.95 pb 187pp 1978

Technical Writing for Beginners
Winston Smock
$6.95 pb 1984

Writing Handbook for Computer Professionals
William D. Skees
$27.50 hc 296pp 1982
Designed to serve as a ready resource that can teach clearly and quickly how to write well about most aspects of the computer field. Covers a wide variety of situations, from systems/technical information to management/administrative to marketing and promotion. Organized for easy reference.

specialty

Book Reviewing
Sylvia E. Kamerman, ed.
$12.00 232pp 1978
This anthology by twenty book editors, columnists and free-lance writers discusses the principal techniques of book reviewing. Includes pieces by Doris Grunbach, Robert Kirsch, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt and others. Discussion of the methods, ethics, pay and requirements for book reviewing.

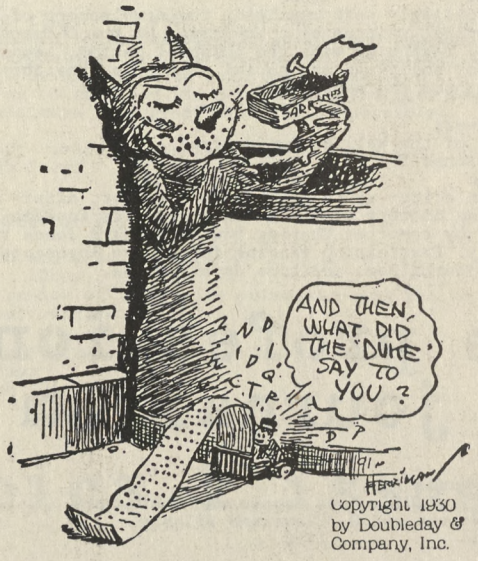
Christian Writer's Handbook
rev. ed.
Margaret J. Anderson
$8.95 288pp 1983
Religious oriented writing is quite specialized, and this manual is designed to lead writers of Christian works through the publishing process and bring them to the Christian publisher's perspective on the industry.

Sell Copy
Webster Kuswa
$11.95 hc 205pp 1985
How to write and sell ad copy, sales letters, brochures, direct mail, publicity releases, speech scripts. How to get organized, set fair rates and succeed in the cut-throat world of copy writing.

Successful Outdoor Writing
Jack Samson
$11.95 hc 244pp 1985
Samson, editor of Field and Stream Magazine, offers advice on writing specific kinds of outdoor stories from backpacking to boating, fishing and hang gliding, for magazines, books, newspapers, radio and T.V.

Travel Writer's Handbook
Louise Purwin Zobel
$9.95 pb 274pp 1984 Illustrated
Describes how to find background information, take saleable photographs, do on-site research, available free or tax-free perks for travel writers and how and where to sell your work.

journalism



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general interest

And Now...The News:
How to be a More Effective Radio/T.V. Journalist Using the Specialized Techniques of Electronic News Gathering
Mike Wolverton
$17.50x hc 136pp 1977

Beginning Broadcast Newswriting:
A Self-Instructional Learning Experience
2nd ed.
K. Tim Wulfemeyer
$7.95 pb 77pp 1984

Broadcast Journalism
Marvin Barrett
$15.95 hc 256pp 1982

Broadcast Journalism
An Introduction to News Writing
2nd ed.
Mark W. Hall
$6.95 hc 1978

Flashback:
Nora Johnson on Nunnally Johnson
Nora Johnson
$11.95 hc 369pp 1979
Nunnally Johnson, who died in 1977, was a newspaperman, short-story writer, movie producer and director. This biography, written by his daughter and sometime co-author, is a capsule history of Hollywood and New York from the 30's through the 70's.

International News Services:
A Twentieth Century Fund Report
Jonathan Fenby
$19.95 hc 1986
An exhaustive study of the four dominant news services worldwide: Reuters, Agence France-Presse, Associated Press and United Press Internation. An engrossing study of how each reports the news, and how their predilection for U.S. and European news is criticized in the Third World.

Let's Be Frank About It:
A Memoir
Frank Blair
$10.95 hc 377pp 1979
Frank Blair was one of the founding members of the "Today" show team, introduced on NBC in 1952. This memoir is largely concerned with his twenty-three years on the show during which television came of age.

Newsthinking:
The Secret of Great Newswriting
Bob Baker
$11.95 hc 206pp 1981
Baker, a Los Angeles Times reporter, focuses on the "pre-writing" process (i.e., what takes place before writing begins) to show how to organize thoughts in preparation for writing news articles.

Poetry and Journalism
Archibald MacLeish
$10.00 hc 1973

the history of journalism

Power of the Press:
The Birth of American Political Reporting
Thomas C. Leonard
$22.95 hc 1986
A rather scholarly work examining the development of modern news reporting, written by a professor at the University of California. Beginning with the colonial period, Leonard covers major political and social events and how tbey shaped journalists and the news media.

Worldly Power:
The Making of the Wall Street Journal
Edward E. Scharff
$18.95 hc 1986
Scharff, an editor at Institutional Investor, offers an illuminating history of the JOURNAL from its founding in the 1880's by reporter Charles Dow and Edward Jones to the present day. Fascinating reading for anyone interested in business, journalism, politics or all three.

the profession of journalism

American Journalist:
A Portrait of U.S. News People and Their Work
David H. Weaver and G. Cleveland Wilhoit
$25.00 hc 1986

Making of a Journalist
William S. White
$22.00 hc 1986
In this brilliantly written autobiography, White discusses not only his career in journalism but also the famous people he has known, including Truman, Kennedy and Johnson. From his beginning in Texas, White moved to AP, covered WW II in Europe, worked at the NYT and had his own column. A treat.

Media Elite:
America's New Pawnbrokers
Robert Lichter, Stanley Rothman and Linda Lichter
$19.95 hc 1986
This is the first volume of a research project conducted by Smith College of those who are entering now in and will be entering the media as a profession. Using extensive demographic data, the authors try to show how the media's presentation of news is determined by a small elite.

New Business Journalism:
The People and Corporations Behind America's Business Publications
Donald Gussow
$14.95 193pp 1984

New Journalism:
The Underground Press, the Artists of Nonfiction and Changes in the Established Media
Michael L. Johnson
$6.50x pb 1971

On Press
Tom Wicker
$14.95 hc 1978

Road to Syndication:
The Complete Guide to Newspaper Syndication for Writers and Artists
W.H. Thomas
$5.95 pb 95pp 1967
Although somewhat out of date (1967), this is the only guide we know of on newspaper syndication and will be of help to those who want to become syndicated columnists or strip cartoonists. Practical guidelines cover breaking into the business, rights, contracts, collections, promotion, etc.

Washington Reporters
Steven Hess
$8.95 pb 182pp 1981

reporting

Contemporary News Reporting
Douglas Anderson and Bruce Itule
$16.95 pb 352pp 1984

How to Use the Freedom of Information Act
L.G. Sherick
$3.50 pb 1978

Investigative Reporting and Editing
Paul N. Williams
$19.95x hc 294pp 1978
A practical and quite comprehensive exploration of modern investigative reporting. This is a step-by-step guide to all working aspects from story concept to final decisions on art work and layout. Illustrated with case studies and scattered with tips from working journalists.

Journalist's Handbook on Libel and Privacy
Barbara Dill
$19.95 hc 1986
Dill is a member of the legal staff of the New York Times and an expert in the field. Examines recent court cases and their implications to provide guidelines for how to avoid legal problems in reporting the news. An excellent, current handbook for any working journalist.

Muckraker's Manual:
How to Do Your Own Investigative Reporting
2nd ed.
M. Harry
$9.95 pb 148pp 1984

News Business:
Getting and Writing the News as Two Top Journalists Do It
John Chancellor and Walter R. Mears
$12.95 hc 224pp 1983
Despite a somewhat verbose title unbefitting a journalist, this book provides a fascinating and instructive view of the methods, choices and philosophy of two influential T.V. journalists.

News Reporters and News Sources
Herbert Strentz
$8.50x pb 1978

Newsgathering
2nd ed.
Ken Metzler
$19.95 pb 384pp 1986

Precision Journalism:
A Reporter's Introduction to Social Science Methods
2nd ed.
Phillip Meyer
$9.95x pb 448pp 1979

Reporter's Handbook:
An Investigative Guide to Documents and Techniques
John H. Ullmann
$17.95 hc 592pp 1983

Reporting
Lillian Ross
$8.95 pb 442pp 1981

Reporting for Television
Carolyn Diane Lewis
$22.00x hc 193pp 1983

Reporting News in Depth
Sidney Kobre
$31.50x hc 405pp 1981

Stalking the Feature Story:
How to Get and Write the Facts on the People, Places and Events that Make the News
William Ruehlmann
$9.95 hc 310pp 1978
Shows how to get and write the necessary facts for complete and accurate reporting, with explanations of construction, unity, style, news sense and the role of the critic.

newspapers

Best Editorial Cartoons of the Year, 1987 Edition
Charles Brooks, ed.
$9.95 pb 1987
A collection of the best editorial cartoons from newspapers around the U.S., this book provides both an important insight into what constitutes effective and successful editorial cartooning and is a very funny book.

Beyond the Facts:
A Guide to the Art of Feature Writing
2nd ed.
Louis Alexander
$22.00x hc 300pp 1982

Concise Guide to Newspaper Feature Writing
E.J.A. Friedlander
$7.50 pb 56pp 1982

Craft of Writing Articles
Gordon Wells
$5.95 pb 96pp 1983

How to Produce a Small Newspaper:
A Guide for Independent Journalists
2nd ed.
Kathleen Cushman and Edward Miller
$9.95 pb 192pp
By writing down their procedures, the people at the Harvard Post have provided a service to those who want to start a small weekly newspaper. They discuss the best bets in printing and typesetting equipment, choosing content design, layout and paste-up, advertising, circulation and more.

Improving Newswriting:
The Best of the Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors
Loren Ghiglione, ed.
$4.95 pb 138pp 1982

Writing for Newspapers
John Wolcott
$5.00 pb 50pp 1982

Writing for Your Readers:
Notes on the Writer's Craft from the Boston Globe
Donald Murray
$8.95 pb 172pp 1983

Writing with Style:
The News Story and Feature
Peter Jacobi
$15.00 pb 1982

magazines

Basic Magazine Writing:
How to Master the Five Most Important Article Forms and Sell Them to the Leading National Magazines
Barbara Kevles
$15.95 hc 300pp 1986
Focuses on what the author believes to be the five basics of the magazine writer's craft: biographical profile, single issue articles, articles on consumer products or services, interviews and multiple viewpoint articles. Each is described and illustrated. Also includes the basics of submissions.

How to Write and Sell Magazine Articles
Shirley Biagi
$4.95 pb 167pp 1981

Magazine Article Writing, Substance and Style
Betsy P. Graham
$20.95 pb 224pp 1980

Magazine Writer's Handbook
Franklynn Peterson and Judith Kesselman-Terkel
$8.95 pb 263pp 1983

Magazine Writing Today
Jerome E. Kelley
$10.95 hc 220pp 1985
Beginning magazine writers will find techniques in this book for contacting editors, writing leads, taking or obtaining photos and avoiding writing pitfalls.

Write on Target:
Triple Your Magazine Sales Through Magazine Market Analysis
Connie Emerson
$12.95 hc 234pp 1985
Presents strategies that helped the author sell twenty articles for every rejection slip - how to study the markets by studying advertisements, style, titles and article lengths of your target publications.

Writing the Modern Magazine Article
Max Gunther
$12.95 225pp 1982

newsletters

Editing Your Newsletter:
A Guide to Writing, Design and Production
2nd ed.
Mark Beach
$9.95 pb 122pp 1982
Offers guidance to the newsletter editor and publisher, including techniques in interviewing and in working with volunteers, developments in word processing, and alternatives to help new and poorer organizations develop their newsletters as cost-effectively as possible.

How to Start Publishing Newsletters
Towers Club Press
$4.95

Newsletter Editor's Desk Book
3rd ed.
Marvin Arth and Helen Ashmore
$10.00 188pp 1984
A concise review of journalism principles applied to special audience periodicals.

Publishing Newsletters
Howard Hudson
$19.95 hc 224pp 1982

ethics & issues

Crisis for the American Press
John Hohenberg
$28.50x hc 316pp 1978

Foreign News and the New World Information Order
Robert L. Stevenson and Donald L. Shaw
$17.95x pb 224pp 1984

Freedom of Expression
Archibald Cox
$2.95 pb 89pp 1980
Cox discusses the First Amendment and Bill of Rights in the context of ten years' of Berger Supreme Court decisions.

Information Machines:
Their Impact on Men and the News Media
Ben H. Bagdikian
$6.50x pb 360pp 1971

Media Are American:
Anglo-American Journalism in the World
Jeremy Tunstall
$16.50x pb 352pp 1977
A well-documented account of our news media exports and the astonishing effects on Europe and the third world countries. United Stated government policy, advertising throughout the world and the alternatives to American-dominated news media are covered, and the situation is much worse today.

Media Power Politics
David L. Paletz and Robert M. Entman
$13.95 pb 304pp 1981

Newsmaking
Bernard Roshco
$4.95x pb 160pp 1975
In his book, Roshco argues that societal values and sociological values determine what becomes news in America, rather than the flow of events of the psyches of editors and reporters. He surveys the history of journalism, showing how it has changed as definitions of news have changed.

Newspapers and Democracy
Anthony Smith, ed.
$41.95x hc 320pp 1980

Privacy and the Press:
The Law, the Mass Media and the First Amendment
Don R. Pember
$8.95x pb 298pp 1972
A practicing journalist for many years, Pember has written a lively legal socio-historical study of the crucial relationship between the right to privacy and the right to free speech as guaranteed by the First Amendment. This book is of interest to legal scholars and the lay audience alike.

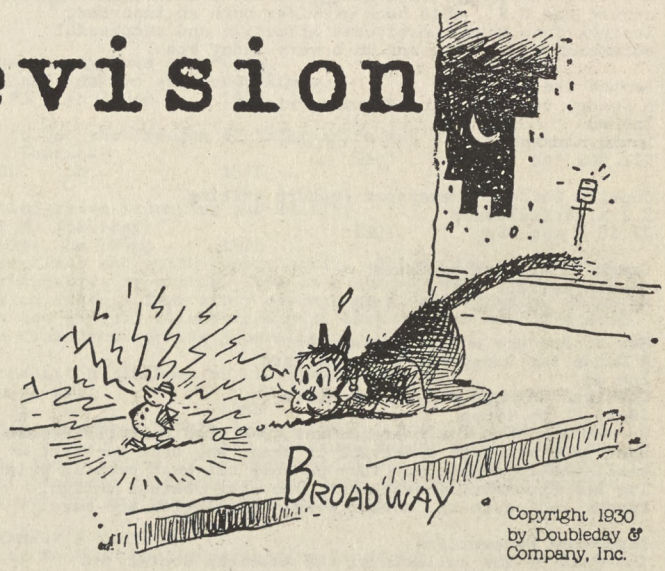
Responsibilites of Journalism
Robert Schmuhl, ed.
$6.95 pb 1985

Talking Back to the Media
Peter Hannaford
$17.95 hc 200pp 1986
Designed for anyone who must deal directly with the press at some time; writers, public relations people and even private individuals. Provides strategies for handling various media situations and describes the press and its priorities.

Untended Gates:
The Mismanaged Press
Norman Isaacs
$20.00 hc 192pp 1986
Newspaper editor, former chairman of the National News Council and ex-president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Isaacs is a champion of ethics in journalism. This is a challenging, often critical, but important book.

Why, Who and How of the Editorial Page
Kenneth Rystrom
$16.95 352pp 1983

film, television & video



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general interest

Documentary Tradition, 2nd ed.
selected, arranged and introduced by Lewis Jacobs
$14.50x pb 594pp 1979
A selection of the writings of almost 100 filmmakers and critics, this book describes the history of the film documentary from the 1920's to the present. Each of the six sections focuses on one decade, with lists of important documentaries for each with photographs.

Film Facts
Cobbett Steinberg
$19.95 hc 476pp 1980
An encyclopedic compendium of data on the movies and the film industry, covering everything from box office stats to award winners to stars' salaries, movie attendance figures and censorship codes. A ready reference for all film buffs.

Filmmaker's Dictionary
edited by Ralph Singleton and Joan Vietor
$5.95 pb 192pp 1986 Illustrated
A dictionary of over 1,000 film terms used in the motion picture industry, this book is designed for day-day-day use by working filmmakers.

Home Video:
Producing for the Home Market
Michael Wiese
$16.95 pb 400pp 1986
Brings together comprehensive information on the successful development and distribution of original made-for-home video programs. Genres such as comedy, how-to, children's, music, and sponsored programs are discussed in detail by an experienced producer/filmmaker.

How to Sell Your Film Project
Henry Beckman
$9.95 pb 312pp 1979
Beckman, a veteran (bit-part) screen actor, has prepared a highly detailed guide to creating and selling a film project (as opposed to simply a script). Included are sample budget charts, contracts, schedules, script formats, casting sheets and other forms. Somewhat dated, but informative.

Independent Film and Videomaker's Guide:
How to Finance, Produce and Distribute Your Short and Documentary Films
Michael Wiese
$14.95 pb 386pp 1986
Producing, finding investors, writing a prospectus, giving presentations, negotiating distribution contracts and releasing your films and videotapes in multiple markets are covered in this book. Wiese is an experienced filmmaker whose credits include "Dolphin" and "Hardware Wars."

T.V. Facts
Cobbett Steinberg
$19.95 hc 541pp 1980
An encyclopedic compendium of data on the t.v. and the television industry, covering everything from ratings, awards and advertisers, to programming (including prime time schedules from 1950-80) and live broadcasts. Has almost anything the devoted t.v. fan might want.

T.V. Guide:
The First Twenty-Five Years
Jay S. Harris
$9.95 pb 319pp 1980
Published in 1980, this is a capsule history of the first 25 years of television throught the eyes of it's most faithful chronicler, T.V. Guide. Feature articles of shows and stars are interspersed with programming schedules. Organized by year, the book includes ALL Guide covers for the period.

scriptwriting

Complete Book of Scriptwriting
J. Michael Straczynski
$14.95 hc 288pp 1982
Covers scriptwriting opportunities in radio, film and theatre, discussing the rewards and draw-backs, mechanics of scriptwriting and how scripts are marketed.

Screenwriter's Guide
Keith Burr and Joseph Gillis
$7.95 pb 160pp 1982

Screenwriter's Handbook:
What to Write, How to Write and Where to Sell It
Constance Nash and Virginia Oakley
$5.95 pb 150pp 1974

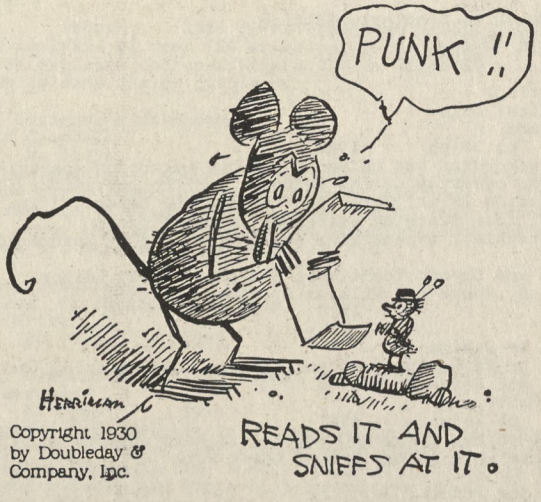
Screenwriting for Narrative Film and Television
$19.95 pb 320pp 1980

T.V. Scriptwriter's Handbook
Alfred Brenner
$9.95 pb 324pp 1985
Brenner, an Emmy Award winner, gives complete instruction on scriptwriting - comedy, movies, serials, specials and animated programs - as well as how and where to sell scripts what an outline looks like; the role of the producer, editor network executive, agent; contracts, fees/residuals, etc.

Teleplay:
An Introduction to Television Writing, revised edition
Coles Trapnell
$7.95 pb 245pp 1974
Trapnell, a writer, story editor and producer for T.V., offers advice and instruction on television grammar and tools, camera terminology and direction, characters and plotting, adaptations, writing for actors, selling scripts and more. Includes a sample completed teleplay.

Writing for the Soaps
Jean Rouverol
$14.95 hc 220pp 1984
Written by a successful soap opera script writer ("Search for Tomorrow" and "The Guiding Light"), the book combines a discussion of the history and development of soaps with practical scriptwriting instruction and advice.

editorial & production



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the profession of editing

Art of Literary Publishing:
Editors on Their Craft
Bill Henderson, ed.
$15.00 hc 275pp 1980
Included are the practical, personal and philosophical views of many editors from both commercial and small, independent houses. An illuminating and valuable work.

Editor to Author:
The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins
John Hall Wheelock, ed.
$2.95 pb 335pp 1979 Illustrated
These letters have been drawn from Perkins' thirty-seven year career at Scribner's, edited by his successor. Here is Max without interpretation, writing to Thomas Wolfe, Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemmingway, John Galsworthy, Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings and many others.

Editor, Author and Publisher
Conference on Editorial Problems Series
William J. Howard, ed.
$21.95x hc 1976

Editors on Editing:
An Inside View of What Editors Really Do
Gerald Gross, ed.
$12.95 pb 352pp 1985
Comments of many of the most prestigious editors in the business. Addresses all aspects of editing - structural, theoretical, practical - with wit and insight.

Education of an Editor
Burroughs Mitchell
$8.95 HC 1980

Max Perkins:
Editor of Genius
A. Scott Berg
$5.95 pb 1983
Berg's biography is wonderful and fascinating reading for many reasons. This is at once a full-scale biography of one of the 20th century's most influential editors (who worked with Hemingway, Fitzgerald and many others) and an in-depth account of an editor at work.

What is an Editor?:
Saxe Commins at Work
Dorothy Commins
$10.00 hc, $5.95 pb 256pp 1978
As an editor, Saxe Commins worked with such formidable literary figures as Eugene O'Neill, Sinclair Lewis, W.H. Auden, William Faulkner and Isak Dinesen during his career at Liveright and Random House. His relationships with and influences on each are described in this absorbing book.

the practice of editing

Author and Editor at Work:
Making a Better Book
Elsie M. Stainton
$4.95 pb 96pp 1981

Brief Guide to Scholarly Editing
Robin Higham
$4.50x 62pp 1982

Copyediting:
A Practical Guide
Karen Judd
$16.95 pb 304pp 1982
Solid background and guidance for the beginning copyeditor, giving an overview of the industry and the copyeditor's role and position in it. Takes you through the basics of the process, from learning awareness to handling of bibliographies, typemarking and tables. Highly recommended.

Editing and Layout Techniques for the Company Editor
Charles B. Moore and William F. Blue, Jr.
$32.50 1979

Editing by Design:
A Guide to Effective Word and Picture Communication for Editors and Writers, 2nd ed.
Jan V. White
$29.95 pb 248pp 1982
A primer on designing and editing to help editors understand the why as well as the how of their work.

Editing for Print
Barbara Horn
$14.95 hc 160pp 1985 32 color, 48 b&w illustrations
Covers almost all aspects of the editors job in reference format, from how to work with authors, designers and others to researching and checking facts to coordinating work flow, estimating sales/profits and keeping up with changes in the technology. A fine introduction to editorial work.

Editing in the Electronic Era, 2nd ed.
Martin L. Gibson
$27.50x 1984

Editing the Small Magazine, 2nd ed.
Rowena Ferguson
$12.00 pb 221pp 1976
Coverage includes: the magazine world, editorial planning, procuring manuscripts, pictures, processing the manuscripts, hints on layout, printing the magazine, basic editorial policy, basic design, reader needs, reference works for the magazine editor and much more. Good overview/introduction.

Elements of Editing:
A Modern Guide for Editors and Journalists
Arthur Plotnick
$4.95 pb 176pp 1984

Magazine Editing:
How to Acquire the Skills You Need to Win a Job and Succeed in Magazine Editing:
J.T.W. Hubbard

On-Line Editing
James G. Stovall, et. al.
$19.50x pb 256pp 1984

Proofreading and Editing for Word Processors
Sheryl L. Lindsell
$6.95 pb 128pp 1985

production

Copy-to-Press Handbook:
Preparing Words and Art for Print
Judy E. Pickens
$41.00 hc 547pp 1985
Written for the non-expert, this book addresses the major issues of production of newsletters, brochures, reports and other printed matter, including vendor estimates, type and art selection, printing and controlling of costs throughout the publishing process.

Print Production Handbook
David Bann
$14.95 hc 160pp 1986
Covers working with a printer, typesetting, color separation printing processes, paper and ink selection, etc. Useful for anyone who oversees the production from rough material to finished, printed pieces.

indexing

Alphabetic Indexing Rules:
Application by Computer
Joseph S. Fosegan
$3.95 pb 1984

Book Indexing
M.D. Anderson
$4.50 pb 1979

Indexing Concepts and Methods
Harold Borko and Charles Bernier
$20.00 1978

Indexing Methods and Theory
Anne G. Cutler
$3.95 pb 1970

Indexing Your Book:
A Practical Guide for Authors
Sina K. Spiker
$4.50x pb 40pp 1954



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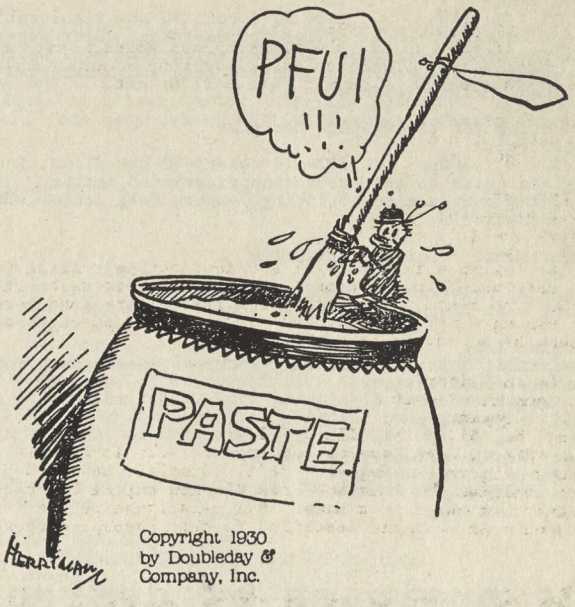
graphics & the visual arts



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design & production

general interest

Bookmaking:
The Illustrated Guide to Design, Production and Editing
2nd ed.
Marshall Lee
$44.95 hc 1980
This book is an outline of practical information and procedure in the three basic areas of editing, design and production, so that those working in each area will know the basics of the other two.

By Design:
A Graphics Sourcebook of Materials, Equipment and Services
Jon Goodchild and Bill Henkin
$12.95 pb 256pp 1980
A combination reference work for the professional graphic artist or designer containing an annotated listing of tools and supplies and a primer for the lay audience with descriptions of the major elements of graphic design.

Copy-to-Press Handbook:
Preparing Words and Art for Print
Judy E. Pickens
$41.00 hc 547pp 1985
Written for the non-expert, this book addresses the major issues of production of newsletters, brochures, reports and other printed matter, including vendor estimates, type and art selection, printing and controlling of costs throuhgout the publishing process.

Design Concepts
Allen Hurlburt
$22.50 160pp 1981 7 color/115 b&w illus, index
Concentrates on practical problems in graphic design. Covers the development of advertising concepts, strategies, and the emotional appeals that add to their impact.

Design Rendering Techniques:
A Guide to Drawing and Presenting Design Ideas
Dick Powell
$24.95 hc 160 1986 242 color, 78 b&w illus.
Specific techniques to help clearly present design ideas, including step-by-step building-up of the visual image; use of airbrush, marker and colored papar rendering; finishes and mounting and (an idiosyncracy of the author) a section on automotive design.

Do-It-Yourself Graphic Design
John Laing, ed.
$13.95 hc 160pp 1984
A step-by-step guide to designing and producing any printed material, whether books, posters, brochures, letter-heads, T-shirts, magazines or other matter. Very detailed; a delight to read and use.

Forget All the Rules About Graphic Design, Including the Ones in This Book
Bob Gill
$16.95 168pp 1985 80 color/50 b&w illus, index
Through analysis of over 120 examples of the authors work, this book explains the most likely way to discover a unique solution to many design problems.

Graphic Designer's Handbook
Alastair Campbell
$14.95 hc 192pp
Poorly designed (not enought white space, too light a type-face, too tight a gutter), nevertheless this book is worth owning for its 28 pages of color tint charts, its glossary, and its other charts and tables. An excellent book for both beginners and more experienced designers.

Mastering Graphics:
Design and Production Made Easy
John V. White
$29.95 pb 194pp 1983

Notes on Graphic Design and Visual Communication
Gregg Berryman
$4.95 pb 46pp 1979
This brief (46pp) booklet is a combination "introduction to" and "tips of the trade" for graphic arts. Each of the twenty two sections (from Design, Roots, Audience and Symbols to Type, Camera-Ready and Portfolio) contains a brief definition with examples, followed by tips for application.

One Book/Five Ways:
The Publishing Proceedures of Five University Presses
Association of American University Presses, eds.
$14.50x pb 349pp 1978
Shows in step-by-step detail how five university presses handled the same manuscript from first consideration through to bound book. Detailed descriptions are included of the editorial, design and production considerations and choices of each press.

Photo/Graphic Design:
The Interaction of Design and Production
Allen Hurlburt
$22.50 144pp 1983 32 color/120 b&w illus, index
Addresses the practical application of photography and its effects in graphic design from both the designer's and photographer's perspectives.

Print Production Handbook
David Bann
$14.95 hc 160pp 1986 80 color, 50 b&w illustrations
Covers working with a printer, typesetting, color separation printing processes, paper and ink selection, etc. Useful for anyone who oversees the production from rough material to finished, printed pieces.

Production for the Graphic Designer
James Craig
$24.50 208pp 1974 16 color/400 b&w illus, index
Complete guide to the production of printed matter, including composition, printing, paper, inks, color, binding and mechanicals.

Professional Printing Estimating
2nd ed.
Gerald A. Silver
$14.95 pb 224pp 1984

Slinging Ink:
A Practical Guide to Producing Booklets, Newspapers and Ephemeral Publications
Jan Sutter
$7.95 pb 168pp 1982

Twenty Problems/Twenty Solutions:
The Basic Design Workbook
Raymond Dorn
$10.00 pb 88pp 1980

the business of design

Business of Graphic Design
Ed Gold
$24.95 hc 176pp 1985 50 color, 50 b&w plates, index
Written in three parts, the book begins with an overview of graphic design as a business, including how to start and manage a business (financing, capitalization, legal and tax issues, management and organization), and interviews with the principles of major firms. A fine introduction.

Legal Guide for the Visual Arts
Tad Crawford
$6.95 pb 1979

Selling Your Graphic Design and Illustration:
The Complete Marketing, Business and Legal Guide
Tad Crawford and Arie Kopelman
$14.95 hc 237pp 1981
Crawford, General Counsel to the Graphics Artists Guild, and Kopelman, a business and legal advisor for graphic designers and General Counsel to the Society of Illustrators, combine talents to create an accurate, detailed and very useful book for graphic artists.

layout & pasteup

Advertising Layout:
A Step-by-Step Guide for Print and T.V.
Harry Borgman
$24.50 hc 144pp 1983 44 color, 132 b&w illus; index
Explores all types of layouts along with the materials, tools and techniques most commonly used to render them. A vital book for art students, layout renderers, designers and others in commercial art and advertising.

Basic Graphic Design & Paste-Up:
How to Design and Prepare Artwork for Printing
Jack Warren
$11.95 hc 96pp 1986 150 b&w illustrations
Designed for beginners, this book covers basic design principles, centering around layout and design, typography and preparing the design for reproduction.

Fundamentals of Copy and Layout:
Everything You Need to Know To Prepare Better Ads
Albert C. Book and C. Dennis Schick
$14.95 pb 248pp 1986 Charts, illustrations
Presents case histories, the creative philosophies of the authors, and detailed advice on targeting of advertising to medium and audience. Covers direct mail and yellow page ads in addition to consumer and business magazines and newspapers.

Fundamentals of Layout:
For Newspaper and Magazine Advertising, For Page Design of Publications and Brochures
T.H. Wills
$4.50 pb 124pp 1965
Based on the author's own experience, this handbook concentrates on the effective arrangement of the elements of an ad, the adaptation of each element to the other to achieve eye-catching qualities. Includes typeface selection, photo cropping and sizing, text. Many illustrations.

Graphics Handbook:
A Beginner's Guide to Design, Copy-Fitting and Printing Proceedures
Howard Munce
$11.95 pb 160pp 1985 227 b&w illustrations
The essentials of copy-fitting, paste-up and printing procedures necessary to produce brochures, posters, greeting cards, booklets, etc.

Language of Layout
Bud Donahue
$11.95 pb 1978

Layout
Allen Hurlburt
$19.95 hc 160pp 1977

Paste-Up:
Production Techniques and New Applications
Rod van Uchelen
$10.95 pb 140pp 1976
Covers the functions and mechanics of paste-up at three levels of complexity: office duplication, professional volume work and art production. Each area is described in detail, with over 200 line drawings, halftones and two-color examples. Materials, techniques, preparation are covered.

Pasteup for Graphic Arts Production
Kenneth F. Hird
$27.50x pb 352pp 1982

Pasteups and Mechanicals:
A Step-by-Step Guide to Preparing Art for Reproduction
Jerry Demoney and Susan E. Meyer
$23.50 176pp 1982 28 color/330 b&w illus, index
Covers every phase in the process, including drafting table techniques, different types of artwork and more.

Preparing Art and Camera Ready Copy for Printing:
A Contemporary Procedures Techniques for Mechanicals and Related Copy
Henry C. Latimer
$41.50 hc 1977

Preparing Art for Printing
rev. ed.
Bernard Stone and Arthur Eckstein
$27.95 hc 1983

Publishing Short-Run Books:
How to Pasteup and Reproduce Books Instantly Using Your Quick Print Shop
3rd ed.
Dan Poynter
$6.95 pb 100pp 1985
Introduces the new techniques and machinery available to produce books quickly and inexpensively. A highly useful system for those needing only a few copies of a given work - teachers, business people, those trying to get the attention of a publisher or desire a small printing of their work.

books & magazines

Book Design:
Systematic Aspects
Stan Rice
$19.95 hc 1978

Book Design:
Text Format Models
Stan Rice
$19.95 hc 1978

Design of Books
Adrian Wilson
$10.95 pb 160pp 1974
An illustrated guide to book design, covering layout, typography, printing methods, paper, binding, covers, etc.

Designing for Magazines:
Common Problems, Realistic Solutions, 2nd ed.
Jan V. White
$29.95 pb 224pp 1982
An excellent basic help in magazine work.

Editing by Design:
A Guide to Effective Word and Picture Communication for Editors and Designers, 2nd ed.
Jan V. White
$29.95 pb 248pp 1982
A primer on designing and editing to help editors understand the why as well as the how of their work.

Paragraphs on Printing
Bruce Rogers
$6.95 pb 187pp 1979
Bruce Rogers (1870-1957) was a pioneer in the field of book design who worked for the Oxford University Press, Alfred A. Knopf, the Riverside Press and the Harvard University Press. This book is a compendium of his writings on design, with many of his own illustrations.

Production Design:
A Guide to Page Layout, Typography, Format and Style
rev. ed.
Allen Hurlburt
$12.95 pb 134pp 1976

desktop publishing

Desktop Publishing
Fred Davis, Michael Wiesenberg and John A. Berry
$25.00 1986

Putting Page Maker to Work:
Techniques for Layout and Design
James Cavuoto
$17.95 pb 256pp 1986
Cavuoto, editor of microPublishing Report, a monthly newsletter on desktop publishing, describes how to use this page makeup software with word processors and graphics programs to produce brochures, reports, forms and other desk top publications. Includes examples and a reference guide.

Writing and Publishing on Your Microcomputer:
How to Create Professional-Quality Documentation
Russell A. Stultz
$13.95 165pp
A clear guide to writing and publishing on your computer, discussing everything from selecting the right software and hardware to writing and designing copy with a computer. Its best section is the one describing the interfacing of your computer with a typesetter to produce high-quality work.

drawing

cartooning

Best Editorial Cartoons of the Year, 1987 Edition
Charles Brooks, ed.
$9.95 pb 160pp 1987 black and white illustrations
A cartoon documentation of the major events of 1987, as seen through the eyes of 140 editorial cartoonists in over 325 cartoons. This is the 15th year Brooks has produced this highly entertaining and valuable collection.

Comic Art and Caricature
Roy Paul Nelson
$6.95 pb 286pp 1978
An instructive delight for both the beginning comic artist and the interested layman, this book collects nearly two hundred pieces of comic art by such cartoonists as Al Capp, Mort Walker, Virgil Partch and George Price. Discusses each type of comic art, with advice on tools, materials and jobs.

Great Cartoonists
Art Wood
$24.95 hc 200pp 1987 black and white illustrations
This extensive collection covers the works of some 50 illustrators and cartoonists, with over 150 reproductions. Included are Al Capp, Milt Caniff, James Montgomery Flagg, the creators of "Flash Gordon," "Prince Valiant," "Bringing Up Father," and many others. A little weak on the new stuff.

illustrating

Graphics Simplified:
How to Plan and Prepare Effective Charts, Graphs, Illustrations and Other Visual Aids
A.J. MacGregor
$5.00 pb 64pp 1979
This brief, concise volume deals specifically with ancillary charts, graphs and other descriptive illustration for use in reports of various kinds. Each graphic is intended for use in publication or for projection. Seven common types of graphs are shown, with guidance on when and how to use each.

How to Prepare Charts and Graphs for Effective Reports
Robert Lefferts
$4.95 pb 1982
Illustrating Children's Books:
A Guide to Drawing, Printing and Publishing
Nancy S. Hands
$16.95 pb 192pp 1985 4 page, full color insert
This primer initiates both artists and writers to contemporary art and printing techniques in books for young readers. Covered are: types of children's literature, the steps from sketching to drawing, ink, watercolor and other media, working with writers and printing the finished book.

Using Charts and Graphs
Jan V. White
$24.95 hc 201pp 1984
White teaches how to creat graphs, diagrams, charts, etc. that convert factual data into dynamic visual images. She explains which formats are most suitable for communicating specific types of information. All related graphic design and production techniques are described and illustrated.

photography

Photo/Graphic Desing:
The Interaction of Design and Production
Allen Hurlburt
$22.50 144pp 1983 32 colot/120 b&w illustrations
Addresses the practical application of photography and its effects in graphic design from both the designer's and photographer's perspectives.

Photographing for Publication - How to Create and Evaluate Photographs for Better Reproduction:
A Guide for Photographers, Editors and Graphic Arts Professionals
Norman Sanders
$34.95 pb 112pp 1983
A short, concise work covering most aspects of the photography end of the printing industry. Includes a portfolio of photographs examined as examples.

Photography and Layout for Reproduction
$5.50 pb 1978

Selling Your Photography:
The Complete Marketing, Business and Legal Guide
Arie Kopelman and Tad Crawford
$15.95 hc 256pp 1980
Crawford, General Counsel to the Graphics Artists Guild, and Kopelman, a business and legal advisor for graphic designers and General Counsel to the Society of Illustrators, combine talents to create an accurate, detailed and very useful book for photographers.

Stock Photo and Assignment Source Book
Fred McDarrah
$29.95 hc 324pp
Lists over 4,000 sources of stock photos about everything and anything, for every need from books and magazines to publicity, annual reports, brochures, ads, etc. Many of these sources provide free photos. Includes a list of professional photographers who work on short deadlines.

type

the history of type

Printing Types:
An Introduction
Alexander Lawson
$7.95x pb 119pp 1971
An introduction to type and its development, covering main areas of typesetting (photo offset, computerized, history and mechanization), nomenclature, and type classification, written by a professor at the School of Printing, Rochester Institute of Technology.

Short History of the Printed Word
Warren Chappell
$9.95 pb 265pp 1980
This comprehensive short history is, perhaps, the best in print. It is a systematic attempt to make plain the evolution, impact and importance of the printed word, a sort of sociology of the printed word. Illustrated with over 200 examples of calligraphy, typography and books.

Typologia:
Studies in Type Decision and Type Making with Comments on the Interaction of Typography, the First Types, Legibility and Fine Printing
Frederic W. Gondy
$3.95 pb 1978

setting type

Chicago Guide to Preparing Electronic Manuscripts:
For Authors and Publishers
Staff of the University of Chicago Press
$25.00 hc 202pp 1986 Appendices of forms and codes
At last, the Chicago people have turned their attention to the thorny issue of preparing electronic manuscripts. This book is a companion volume to Chicago, with sections for the author and the publisher. Based on almost seven years of experience working with electronic mss., this is IT.

How to Typeset from a Word Processor:
An Interfacing Guide
Ronald Labuz
$29.95 pb 219pp 1984
Describes the process by which word processors and type-setting equipment are "interfaced" (i.e., hooked-up). Not the most recent information, but still one of the few and most complete guides available.

Interface Date Book for Word Processing/Typesetting
Ronald Labuz
$19.95 pb 200pp 1984
This is a buyer's guide and handbook of technical data designed as a companion volume to Labuz's How to Typeset from a Word Processor. Includes brand specific comparisons of hardware and a directory of over 600 typesetting companies that are now interfacing with word processors.

Mathematics Into Type
Ellen Swanson
$14.00 pb 98pp 1982

TypEncyclopedia:
A User's Guide to Better Typography
Frank Romano
$29.95 hc 224pp 1984
A collection of over 100 typesetting terms, arranged alphabetically, defined and discussed. Includes how and when to use accents, different types of allignments, mechanics of copyfitting, how to determine line spacing, etc. Extensively illustrated. Useful for both the typesetter and client.

type design

ABC's of Typography:
A Practical Guide to the Art and Science of Typography
Sandra B. Ernst-Moriarty
$8.95 pb 188pp 1984

Designing with Type:
A Basic Course in Typography
rev. ed.
James Craig and Susan Meyer, eds.
$22.50 hc 176pp 1980 200 illus, index, bibliography
The latest edition of this classic includes the basics of phototypesetting and an expanded glossary with both phototypesetting and production forms.

Phototypesetting:
A Design Manual
James Craig, edited by Margit Malmstrom
$24.50 224pp 1978 700 b&w illus, glos,bibl,index
Covers type terminology, designing with phototype, copyfitting and phototypesetting systems.

Practical Typography from A to Z
Frank Romano
$28.50 176pp

Techniques of Typography
Cal Swan; Foreward by Herbert Spencer
$12.00 pb 96pp 1982 52 illus., glossary of terms
Intended for printing apprentices, design students and graphic artists, this book is a guide to the purely commercial aspects of typographic design. Deals primarily with the visual refinements necessary to set display type.

Typography:
A Manual of Design
Emil Ruder
$12.95 pb 221pp 1981

type faces

Art Directors' Workbook of Type Faces
J.I. Biegeleisen
$9.95 pb 256pp
An invaluable resource for graphic designers, typographers, editors, and anyone who works with type faces. Presents the 75 most common typefaces in jumbo size and in a complete font, along with reduced point sizes. Includes 940 one-line specimens, glossary, and info on identifying and using type.

Art of Typography:
An Introduction to Typo-icon-ography
Martin Solomon
$27.50 hc 192pp 1985 Illustrated, glossary, biblio.
Explores the aesthetic elements of type, including line, mass, space, texture, planes and tonal value and then moves into the proper use of the refinements of type by the designer. Includes a section with exercises for designers and line-by line comparisons of over 200 typefaces.

Book of One Hundred Type Face Alphabets
Jacob I. Biegeleisen
$10.00 hc 1974

Designer's Guide to Text Type:
Leaded Showings of Fifty-One Popular Text Typefaces in 6 Through 12 Point, Plus 14 Point
Jean Callan King and Tony Esposito
$26.50 pb 319pp 1978
An essential creative tool for graphic designers, art and type directors, editors, production managers and others. As the title states, this is a collection of typefaces: 1,632 blocks of text set to a 20 pica measure, each set on the VIP to a uniform range of character size. An essential reference

Handbook of Type Faces and Lettering
4th ed.
J.I. Biegeleisen
$14.95 pb 272pp 1982

Rookledge's International Typefinder:
The Essential Handbook of Typeface Recognition & Selection
compiled by Christopher Perfect
$40.00 hc 268pp 1985 Bibliography, index
Designed for anyone who works with type, this book contains examples of 700 typefaces arranged in groups by simple de-sign characteristics. Valuable in the identification and selection of typefaces.

Type
David Gates
$19.50 185pp 1973 Illustrated, index
Over 850 style categories of typefaces illustrated with line drawings. Traces the evolution of type structure from those developed in the 15th century through Transitional, Modern, Square Serif and Sans Serif. A typophilists dream, and helpful in considering and selecting type faces.

Types and Typefaces
2nd ed.
Ben J. Lieberman
$9.95 pb 1978
A celebration of and guide to type and its many faces, this book looks at the historical development of this segment of the printing industry and takes the reader through the type design process.

language tools



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the craft of language

style manuals

Bibliography and Footnotes:
A Style Manual for Students and Writers
Hurt Peyton (revised & enlarged by Mary Richmond)
$8.95 pb 1973 Illustrated
Covers only documentation; particularly good on citing government documents.

Chicago Manual of Style:
For Authors, Editors and Copywriters
13th ed.
$37.50 hc 1982
Published since 1913, "Chicago" (as it has come to be known) is the most authoritative reference for writers and an essential tool for editors. Contains excellent sections on documentation and tabular material, with abundant examples throughout.

McGraw-Hill Style Manual:
A Concise Guide for Writers and Editors
Marie Longyear, ed.
$27.50 hc 1983
A comprehensive guide to correct grammar, style and usage. This is a combination of in-house manuals written to the specifations of the needs of the house, especially in typemarking and typesetting.

MLA Handbook for Writers of Research Papers, Theses and Dissertations 2nd ed.
Joseph Gibaldi and Walter Achtert
$8.95x pb 222pp 1984
Intended primarily for students and writers of papers not for publication. Contains advice on manuscript preparation, with information on citation of notes and preparation of a bibliography. Extensively revised in 1984.

MLA Style Manual
Walter Achtert and Joseph Gibaldi
$15.00 pb 250pp 1985

MLA's Line by Line:
How to Edit Your Own Writing
Claire Kehrwald Cook
$14.95 hc 227pp 1985
The Modern Language Association's own guide to editing in the MLA style.

Publication Manual of the American Psychological Association
American Psychological Assoc.
$16.50 pb 200pp 1983

Term Paper:
A Manual and Model
Charles W. Cooper and Edmund J. Robins
$1.50 pb 1967

United States Government Printing Office Style Manual
Government Printing Office
$15.00 hc 448pp 1984
This stylebook establishes the standards for all materials submitted to the Government Printing Office, giving guidance on form, style, grammar, type size, etc. of government publications.

Words into Type
based on studies by Marjorie Skillin, Robert Bay
$25.95 hc 583pp. 1974
This is probably the most widely used manual of style next to the Chicago Manual of Style and is favored by editors and publishers of non-academic writings. Excellent on grammar and usage.

guides to grammar, style & usage

Better English
Norman Lewis
$4.50 pb 430pp 1956

Careful Writer:
A Modern Guide to English Usage
Theodore Bernstein
$10.95 pb 1965
An alphabetically arranged list of usages.

Complete Writer's Guide:
Questions of Language
A. Franklin Parks and Richard M. Trask
$17.50 hc 248pp 1985
A practical, step-by-step "how-to" guide for writers.

Dos, Don'ts and Maybes of English Usage
Theodore M. Bernstein
$15.95 hc 1977

Elements of Style 3rd ed.
William Strunk and E.B. White
$7.95 hc 103pp 1979
Often referred to as "Strunk and White," this has become a standard reference for professional writers and for the teaching of writing. A sensible and concise guide to the correct use of language.

Functional English for Writers
Kevin G. Burne et. al.
$16.50x pb 1978

Grammar and Good Taste:
Reforming the American Language
Dennis E. Barron
$7.95 pb 272pp

Grammar of the English Language:
Volume I - Parts of Speech
George O. Curme
$20.00 hc 1983
This classic work on English grammar was originally published in 1932, then revised in 1962. This edition was reprinted in 1977, and is as sharp and useful as when it first came out. (First of two volumes.)

Grammar of the English Language:
Volume II - Syntax
George O. Curme
$20.00 hc 1983

Handbook of Good English
Edward D. Johnson
$16.95 hc 310pp 1985 Glossary, index
Covers modern punctuation, style, grammar and usage.

Handbook of Grammar, Style and Usage
James K. Bell and Adrian A. Cohn
$11.95 pb 323pp 1981
Unlike many other handbooks which are organized by the parts of grammar (punctuation, documentation, etc.), Bell and Cohen have chosen an alphabetic format. This is a quick, comprehensive and practical grammar handbook for writers.

How to Write Plain English
M.L. Stein
$5.95 pb 160pp 1984
A basic guide to Craft of Language/Style. Begins with an ana writing," including clarity, conciseness, directness, objectivity, simplicity and variety. The role of clear thinking; word use; sentence, paragraph and essay organization and writing for specific situations.

Make Every Word Count:
A Guide to Writing Fiction and Nonfiction
Gary Provost
$7.95 pb 208pp 1985
Covers the basic techniques of good writing, whether to convey information or to create the fabric of a story, shows how to make sure each piece of writing do its job.

Miss Thistlebotton's Hobgoblins:
Careful Writer's Guide to Taboos Bugbears and Outmodes Rules English Usage
Theodore M. Bernstein
$6.95 pb 1984
Contains excellent advice for over-zealous editors.

Modern American Usage
Wilson Follett (edited & completed by Barzun)
$18.95 hc, $9.95 pb 436pp. 1966
A classic guide started by Follett and completed by Jacques Barzun.

Modern English Usage, 2nd ed.
H.W. Fowler (revised & edited by Sir Ernest Gowes)
$8.95 pb 725pp. 1965
A classic work on English uasge. Although slanted towards British usage, it has value for American editors and writers.

New Concise Handbook
Hans P. Guth
$7.95x pb 384pp 1984
A very handy and thorough handbook of basic grammar, style and usage rules for English. Written by a highly experienced teacher and author, this is one of the most accessible and useful handbooks available.

On Writing Well:
An Informal Guide to Writing Nonfiction
William Zinsser
$9.95x pb 200pp 1985

Pinckert's Practical Grammar:
A Lively, Unintimidating Guide to Usage, Punctuation & Style
Robert C. Pinckert
$12.95 hc 224pp 1986
A contemporary handbook which distinguishes between those rules which should not be broken and those which may be broken in order to achieve the writer's purpose. Covers selection of words, punctuation, organizing sentences, paragraphs and essays, etc. A reference and instructional guide.

Pocket Guide to Correct Grammar
Vincent F. Hopper, et. al.
$2.95 pb 1984

Prose Style:
A Handbook for Writers
Wilfred Stone and J.G. Bell
$18.95 pb 368pp 1983

Simple and Direct:
A Rhetoric for Writers
Jacques Barzun
$7.95x pb 256pp

Solutions to Your Writing Problems
Leon Gersten and Arthur Traiger
$5.95 pb 1980

Style Manuals of the English Speaking World:
A Guide
John Bruce Howell
$32.50 hc 152pp 1983
Lists and annotates 321 English language style manuals from all over the world.

Style:
Ten Lessons in Clarity and Grace, 2nd ed.
Joseph M. Williams
$9.95x pb 250pp 1985
Although designed as a textbook for college writers, this concise handbook of style and usage is helpful for all writers. Each of the ten "lessons" in the book concentrates on a central issue of writing with examples and exercises: coherence, emphasis, concision, style and usage.

Twenty-Nine Most Common Writing Mistakes and How to Avoid Them
Judy Delton
$9.95 hc 73pp 1985
Describes the 29 most common writing mistakes and shows how to learn to avoid them. Included are: don't "self express," communicate; don't tell, show; don't use too much punctuation and more. Concise, clear and in good humor.

Washington Square Press Handbook of Good English
Edward D. Johnson
$4.95 pb 318pp 1983

Watch Your Language
Theodore M. Bernstein
$7.95 pb 283pp 1963

Well-Tempered Sentence:
A Punctuation Handbook for the Innocent, the Eager and the Doomed
Karen E. Gordon
$7.95 pb 96pp

Word Book
compiled by Kaethe Ellis
$3.95 hc 1976
A concise, practical guide to writing, usage, and style with special features for secretaries and students. Includes a usage glossary based on the recommendations of the American Heritage Dictionary.

Word Watcher's Handbook:
A Deletionary of the Most Absurd and Misused Words
Phyllis Martin
$4.95 pb 144pp 1982
Although the book focuses on common mistakes in spoken communication, it is of value to writers also. Describes words and phrases to avoid and suggests replacements to make communication correct and clear.

Write Right!:
A Desk Drawer Digest of Punctuation, Grammar and Style
Jan Venolia
$4.95 pb, $5.95 spiral bound 128pp

Write to the Point and Feel Better About Your Writing
Bill Stott
$7.95 pb 232pp 1984

Writer's Art
James J. Kilpatrick
$8.95 pb 254pp 1985
A fine companion to such style guides as Strunk and White's ELEMENTS OF STYLE and Zinsser's ON WRITING WELL.

Writer's Grammar Guide
Jane Walpole, PhD
$6.95 pb 208pp 1984

guides for journalists

Associated Press Guide to Good Writing
Rene J. Cappon and the Associated Press Staff
$7.95 pb 196pp 1982

Editing Exercises
Gene Gilmore
$7.50 pb 125pp 1974

Editing in Brief
Gene Gilmore and Robert Root
$13.50x pb 1977

Editorial Process:
A Workbook
Dan Lattimore and John Windhauser
$15.50x 320pp 1984

Grammar for Journalists, 3rd ed.
E.L. Callihan
$9.95 pb 332pp 1979
Aimed at both the student journalist and the practicing journalist, as well as anyone in need of practice in the "fundamentals of expression." Easy to follow, with quizzes at the beginning of each chapter and extensive instruction and exercises.

Headlines and Deadlines:
A Manual for Copyeditors, 4th ed.
Robert E. Garst and Theodore Bernstein
$11.95x pb 1981

Magazine Editing in the Eighties:
Texts and Exercises
William L. Rivers

Modern Newspaper Editing, 3rd ed.
Gene Gilmore
$22.00x hc 360pp 1983
ALthough designed as a textbook, MODERN NEWSPAPER EDITING has none of the academic myopia of many texts. Gilmore, a veteran newspaperman and teacher of journalism at the University of Illiois, covers all the bases with excellent detail on all facets of the news editor's job.

New York Times Manual of Style
revised and edited by Lewis Jordan
$15.95 hc, $6.95 pb 231pp 1976
This stylebook governing use and presentation of language The New York Times is of use to newswriters and editors at other papers also. Organized alphabetically for easy reference.

News Editing
Bruce Westley
$27.50x 1980

News Editing in the Eighties:
Texts and Exercises
William L. Rivers
$17.50x pb 320pp 1977

On the News Deck:
Practical Exercices in Copy Editing
David Bowers and Nicholas Plasterer
$8.95 pb 240pp 1973

Student Journalist's Proofreader's Manual
Marion McCullo
$8.95 pb 125pp
So far, this is the only how-to book we've found on proofreading. Reading it is a quick way to familiarize yourself with proofreading marks and proofreader's lingo. It covers the rudimentary procedures to follow when proofreading for newpspapers, magazines, book publishers,etc

United Press International Stylebook
Bobby Ray Miller
$4.95 pb 1977 Sprial bound

self-editing

Did I Say That?:
Editing Your First Draft
Sidney R. Wilson and Eugene H. Soules
$5.00 pb 1976

Edit Yourself:
A Manual for Everyone Who Works With Words
Bruce Ross-Larson
$12.95 1982

nonsexist language

Guidelines for Bias-Free Publishing
$2.00 pb 1983

Handbook of Nonsexist Writing:
For Writers, Editors and Speakers
Casey Miller and Kate Swift
$5.95 pb 144pp 1981
Contains much sound and practical advice on how to avoid sexism in language use without being awkward or verbose.

research

guidelines

Finding Facts Fast:
How to Find Out What You Want and Need to Know
Alden Todd
$3.95 pb 160pp Illustrated
A concise, well-organized guide to research, outlining available resources for information and presenting useful techniques for obtaining, recording and using what you've found.

Knowing Where to Look:
The Ultimate Guide to Research
Lois Horowitz
$16.95 hc 436pp 1984
A basic guide to research for writers. Includes examples of research questions with answers and describes how to find information - statistics, maps, quotations, etc.

Modern Researcher
4th ed.
Jacques Barzun and Henry Graff
$24.95 hc 480pp 1985

Where to Go For What:
How to Research, Organize and Present Your Ideas
Mara Miller
$5.95 pb 240pp 1981
A unique sourcebook which includes how to use libraries, reference books, and government information systems and how to interview by telephone and in-person.

Writer's Guide to Research
Lois Horowitz
$9.95 hc 144pp 1986
A contemporary guide to research for writers. Topics covered include locating special organizations and experts, phone and in-person interview techniques, use of the Subject Guide to Books in Print and more. Includes two sample illustrative research projects.

interviewing

Craft of Interviewing
John Brady
$9.95 hc 244pp 1985
A lively, practical guide to getting the interview, doing research, hurdling hazards, asking questions, taking notes, taping, dealing with off-the-record types, concluding the interview, verifying it and writing it.

Creative Interviewing:
The Writer's Guide to Gathering Information by Asking Questions
Ken Metzler
$14.95 pb 185pp 1977

tools

Basic Tools of Research:
An Annotated Source for Students of English
Philip H. Vitale
$6.50x pb 279pp 1975
A compact and highly selective presentation of the most helpful research sources to be found in most libraries, organized alphabetically by category.

Guide to Reference Books:
Primary Volume
9th ed.
Eugene P. Sheehy
$40.00 hc 1976 Plus supplements in 1980, 1982
This guide is the first place to look for annotations on reference tools available throughout the world.

Guide to Reference Works, First Supplement - 1980
Eugene P. Sheehy, ed.
$15.00 pb 316pp 1980
The first supplement to Sheehy's monumental reference work, this volume includes new works and revised editions.

Guide to Reference Works, Second Supplement - 1982
Eugene P. Sheehy, ed.
$15.00 pb 252pp 1982
The second supplement to Sheehy's monumental reference work, this volume includes new works and revised editions since first supplement done in 1980.

New York Times Guide to Reference Materials
rev. ed.
Mona McCormick
$15.95 hc 224pp 1985

Research:
A Practical Guide to Finding Information
Peter Fenner and Martin Armstrong
$9.95 pb 180pp 1985
Although this is confined to use of the library and books for research, it does a good job of describing available resources and how to use them.

Writer's Resource Guide:
A One-Volume Directory of Sources of Information on Practically Any Subject
2nd ed.
Bernadine Clard, ed.
$16.95 480pp 1983
Lists more than 1,500 sources of research information, including associations, companies, government agencies and special interest groups. Includes the title and address of contact people. Also has advice on research techniques.

dictionaries

general interest

World Dictionaries in Print:
A Guide to General and Subject Dictionaries in World Languages
Editors of R.R. Bowker
$99.95 hc 579pp 1983
Contains information on 20,000 dictionaries from 3,500 publishers worldwide. Listed by subject, title, language, and author/compiler/editor. Also includes a publishers/distributors' directory for all dictionaries listed. No evaluations are given, but still a useful reference.

english language

unabridged

American Heritage Dictionary of the English Langauge
$21.95 hc 1,600pp 1981 Thumb-indexed
In print since 1969 and often revised since, this is a general-use, unabridged dictionary containing over 155,000 entries; 4,000 illustrations; 200 maps and many usage notes. Also includes helpful reference material such as proofreader marks, word roots and abbreviations.

Chambers 20th Century Dictionary
E.M. Kirkpatrick, ed.
$24.95 hc 1583pp 1983
This is among the most comprehensive single-volume dictionaries available in English, with 176,000 references, 250,000 definitions and extensive coverage of scientific, technical, literary, archaic and unusual words.

Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary
Two Volumes, Boxed
$175.00 hc 1971 (comes with magnifying glass)
A 2-volume microprint of the 12-volume Oxford English Dictionary. Traces the historical development of words with examples of usage. A fascinating and important reference work.

Random House Dictionary of the English Language
$49.95 hc 1966
This unabridged dictionary includes guides to use of capitalization and italics, selected proper names, a gazateer, geographical and historical information, as well as definitions.

Webster's Third New International Dictionary
Unabridged
$69.95 hc 2,752pp Thumb-indexed
The great authority for settling arguments. Excellent on usage, synonyms and connotations. Contains over 460,000 entries; 200,000 usage examples; 3,000 pictorial illustrations and 1,000 synonym articles. An essential reference work.

abridged

American Heritage Dictionary, 2nd College Edition
Edited by the Staff of Houghton-Mifflin
$15.95 hc 1,600pp Thumb-indexed, illustrated
Based on the unabridged American Heritage Dictionary, this contains many usage notes provided by a panel of American writers and scholars.

Random House College Dictionary
Stuart B. Flexner, ed.
$19.95 hc 1979 Thumb-indexed

Webster's New World Dictionary:
Second College Edition
$17.95 hc 1692pp 1980 Thumb-indexed
One of the best and most useful collegiate dictionaries, this contains over 159,000 entries, more than 20,000 of which have been added since the last edition.

Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary
$15.95 hc 1,568pp 1985 Thumb-indexed
Based on the unabridged Webster's Third and constantly updated, this version contains words not found in the older unabridged version. Webster's Ninth is used by typesetters and proofreaders as the standard for hyphenation. Foreign words, biographical and goegraphical names, style handbook.

speller/divider

Webster's Instant Word Guide
$3.95 hc 1980
Over 35,000 English words spelled and divided into component syllables.

Webster's Legal Speller
$3.95 hc 1978
Contains 28,000 English words relating to the law, each spelled and divided into syllables.

Webster's Medical Speller
$3.95 hc 1975
A quick spelling reference to over 35,000 English words relating to the practice of medicine.

Webster's New World Speller/Divider
compiled by Shirley M. Miller
$3.95 pb 1971
Contains the spellings and syllable divisions for 33,000 of the most commonly used words in English.

specialty

abbreviations

Abbreviations Dictionary:
Augmented International
Ralph DeSola, ed.
$45.00 hc 1985

biographic & historic

Cambridge Illustrated Dictionary of British Heritage
E.M. Kirkpatrick, ed.
$24.95 hc 450pp 1985
A unique, one-volume reference covering a wide range of cultural and institutional issues.

Chambers Biographical Dictionary, revised edition
J.O. Thorne and T.C. Collocott, eds.
$24.95 hc 1493pp 1984
This reference book of the famous, the notable and the infamous of all nations and all times combines the functions of historical guide and contemporary Who's Who. Contains over 15,000 entries, each with essential biographical detail and critical observation on the subject. Recently revised.

Newswordy:
A Contemporary Encyclopedia of People, Places, Events and Words in the Headlines
Ken Dachman
$9.95 pb 160pp 1985
In this unique and valuable reference work, the author sets out to clarify many of the words used every day in the news. Organized into nine sections (ranging from business to sports to politics and government), the books contains over 2,700 entries.

Notable American Women, 1607-1950:
A Biographical Dictionary
Edward T. and Janet Wilson James and Paul Boyer
$32.50 pb 2,141pp 1971 Slipcased, three volumes
Based on research done at the Women's Archives at Radcliffe College and modelled after the DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY, this book covers 1,359 American women born no earlier than 1607 and who died no later than 1950. An important book and invaluable source.

Webster's American Biographies
Charles Van Doren and Robert McHenry
$18.95 hc 1233pp 1975
Highly readable, comprehensive biographies of more than 3,000 significant Americans, selected not only for their contributions to American life, but also on the interest of to today's readers.

business & legal

Black's Law Dictionary
Henry Campbell Black, J.R. Nolan and M.J. Connolly
$19.95 hc 1511pp 1979
The most widely used dictionary of legal terms, Black's has been in print since 1891.

Dictionary of Advertising:
An Essential Resource for Professionals and Students
Laurence Urdang, ed.
$15.95 pb 212pp 1985
Urdang, Managing Editor of the Random House Dictionary of the English Language, has drawn together more than 4,000 current definitions in advertising, ranging from "openside envelopes" to "Cleo Awards," designded to provide a quick reference for anyone in or dealing with advertising.

Dictionary of Legal Terms:

A Simplified Guide to the Language of Law
Steven H. Gifis
$5.95 pb 511pp 1983

Intellectual Property Law Dictionary
Elias Stephen
$17.95 1985

More Words of Wall Street:
2,000 Investment Terms Defined
Allan H. Pessin and Joseph A. Ross
$9.95 pb 1986

Plain Language Law Dictionary
Robert E. Rothenberg, ed.
$7.95 pb 430pp 1981
Contains over 6,500 legal terms, technical words and phrases found in common legal documents.

Webster's New World Dictionary of Business Terms
William W. Cook
$6.95 pb 256pp 1985
This dictionary of contemporary business terms covers more than 3,000 of the terms most frequently used, from "money market" to "mutual fund" to "excise taxes," "escrow" and commodities. Includes many legal terms as well.

foreign terms

Dictionary of Foreign Terms
C.O. Sylvester Mawson; revised by Charles Berlitz
$5.95 pb 368pp 1979
This wide-ranging reference book contains definitions of more than 15,000 words and phrases from every major foreign language, from ancient Greek to modern Russian and Swahili. Included are terms encountered in literature, law, science, politics and other areas.

Dictionary of Foreign Terms in the English Language
David Carroll
$4.95 pb 1979
Contains entries relating to law, music, literature, history, theatre, politics and other areas, as well as ancient proverbs, mottoes and aphorisms. A list of abbreviations and the foreign terms from which they are derived are defined in a separate section.

Dictionary of Translated Names and Titles
Adrian Room
$29.95 hc 336pp 1985
Conventional foreign names and titles of books, plays, films and other artistic works are listed separately in alphabetic order and cross-referenced. Also includes important historical figures and events, biblical characters, saints and more. Fascinating and practical.

graphic arts

Dictionary of Graphic Arts Terms:
A Communication Tool for People Who Buy Type and Printing
Patricia Barnes Mintz
$21.95 hc 328pp 1981
A printing and graphic arts dictionary for people who buy and sell products and services in the industry. Designed for understanding by people outside the industry.

North Light Dictionary of Art Terms
Margy Lee Elspass
$10.95 pb 311pp 1984 2 pp. color fold-out chart
Contains 3,600 definitions, 38 biographies of influential artists, illustrations, and a two-page, full color chart of 40 paint colors.

literary

Dictionary of Fictional Characters
William Freeman, compilor
$13.95 pb
A "Who's Who" of literary characters from novels, short stories, poems, plays and operas written in English.

Dictionary of Literary Terms
J.A. Cuddon, ed.
$8.95 pb 1982

Literary Terms: A Dictionary
Karl Beckson, ed.
$6.95 pb 1975
This dictionary is a revised and enlarged edition of A READER'S GUIDE TO LITERARY TERMS, and provides concise definitions of the terms of prosidy and versification, figuarative and rhetorical language, literary forms and genres and much more. Includes many bibliographic references

publishing

Bookman's Glossary
Jean Peters, ed.
$24.95 hc 1983
A practical guide to the terminology used throughout the publishing industry, from editor to bookseller.

Dictionary of Publishing
David M. Brownstone and Irene M. Franck
$18.95 hc 304pp 1982
A dictionary of terms covering all aspects of the publishing process including printing, journalism, art, photography, computer science, sales, marketing and bookselling.

quotations

Concise Oxford Dictionary of Quotations
Editors of the Oxford University Press
$8.95 pb 464pp 1981
This new edition is drawn from the third edition of the OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS, published in 1979. Collected here are 5,800 well-known quotations by 1,100 authors, ranging in time from the 8th century B.C. to the 1970's and from all over the world.

Dictionary of Foreign Quotations
Robert and Mary Collison, eds.
$29.95 hc 1980
Each entry gives the quotation in the original language, the source from which it was taken, a translation and cross-references to other relevant quotations. The index of authors provides a quick guide to the works which have been quoted. Quotations are grouped by subject.

Facts on File Dictionary of Proverbs
Rosiland Fergusson
$21.95 hc 352pp 1985 Indexed
Contains over 7,000 entries. An enjoyable and useful book.

Quotable Woman:
Eve to 1799
Elaine Partnow, ed.
$14.95 pb 480pp 1985 Indexed
Quotations from outspoken women born from biblical times through the end of the eighteenth century.

Quotable Woman:
1800 - 1981
Elaine Partnow, ed.
$14.95 pb 608pp 1985 Indexed
Over 8,000 quotations on a wide variety of subjects from 1,500 women ranging from Queen Victoria to Jane Fonda.

Writer's Quotation Book
James Charlton, ed.
$9.95 hc 1985

religious

Dictionary of The Bible and Religion
William H. Gentz, General Editor
$26.95 hc 1986
An extensive dictionary of the bible and of world religions from early man to the present compiled by a leading bible scholar.

rhyming & poetic

Poetry Handbook:
A Dictionary of Terms
Babette Deutsch
$5.95 pb 224pp 1982

Words to Rhyme With:
A Rhyming Dictionary
William R. Espy
$35.00 hc 1320pp 1986 Glossary
Contains over 80,000 rhyming words, making it the most exhaustive rhyming resource available. Words are divided by sound into single, double and triple rhyme lists. Includes an introduction to meter, rhyme schemes and the major poetic forms, with 100 of the author's own poems.

science & technology

Dictionary of Computer Terms
Douglas Downing and Michael Covington
$5.95 pb 256pp 1986
Contains over 600 key terms, along with common commands and computer functions, diagrams and flow-charts, sample illustrative programs in COBOL, FORTRAN, PASCAL, and other languages. Descriptions of electronic components, logic circuits, etc. Amounts to a concise intro to computers.

Dictionary of Robotics
Harry Waldman
$34.95 hc 256pp 1985
A compilation of over 2,000 terms and definitions in robotics and related fields.

McGraw-Hill Dictionary of Biology
Sybil P. Parker, ed.
$15.95 pb 1985
Contains over 15,000 terms and definitions in all the biological sciences.
McGraw-Hill Dictionary of Chemical Terms
Sybil P. Parker, ed.
$15.95 pb 1985
Contains more than 11,300 terms and definitions in all the fields of chemistry.

McGraw-Hill Dictionary of Physics
Sybil P. Parker, ed.
$15.95 pb 1985
Contains over 11,000 terms and definitions in all areas of physics.

Medical and Health Sciences Word Book, 2nd ed.
Ann R. Hafer, ed.
$7.95 hc 448pp 1982
Spells 60,000 terms used in medicine, nursing and other health sciences. Sub-categories give multiword phrases and the glosses and cross-references for words likely to be confused. Also lists surgical terms, trade names of commonly used drugs, medical abbreviations and symbols and much more.

Webster's New World Dictionary of Computer Terms
Laura Darcy and Louise Boston
$6.95 pb 282pp 1985
With over 75,000 definitions of words relating to computers, this newly revised edition is among the most comprehensive available.

slang

British/American Language Dictionary:
For More Effective Communication Between Americans & Britons
Norman Moss
$5.95 pb 192pp 1986
An entertaining and informative book that covers the important differences in American and British English. In addition to definitions, Moss provides guidance in avoiding faux pas that might embarrass or offend. A useful guide for travelers, business people and those interested in language.

Dictionary of American Slang
Harold Wentworth and Stuart Berg Flexner
$16.95 hc 766pp 1975
Ten years in the making, begun by Wentworth and completed by Flexner, this dictionary "represents American slang in all its vigor and variety from the most widely accepted to the taboo." Over 22,000 entries with full sources notes and info on origins/background. Appendix on the mechanics of slang.

Dictionary of Catch Phrases British and American, From the Sixteenth Century to the Present Day
Eric Partridge
$11.95 pb 288pp 1979
Eric Partridge has been writing about slang and unconventional English for over 40 years and he still calls the catch phrase an "elusive phenomenon" that is at once "linguistic and literary," and "usually more pointed and 'human' than cliches." Over 3,000 phrases are included.

Dictionary of CLiches
James Rogers
$18.95 hc 352pp 1985
Casts a refreshing new light on those tired, trite expressions we were taught to avoid. A delightful book for browsing, and an important reference for anyone interested in cliches.

Harper Dictionary of Contemporary Usage
William and Mary Morris, eds.
$19.95 hc 672pp 1985

New Dictionary of American Slang
Dr. Robert L. Chapman, ed.
$21.95 hc 650pp 1986
Based in part on the DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN SLANG, this is a completely revised and expanded dictionary, with more than 15,000 words and phrases, both new and old. Each entry has examples of usage, an explanation of origin and indications of period use.

Newspeak:
A Dictionary of Jargon
Jonathan Green
$9.95 pb 263pp 1984
Lexicographer Green has selected for this novel and comprehensive dictionary today's form of "newspeak": the slangs and specific vocabularies of the professions, occupations and intersts of our highjy specialized society. The 7,500 entries are broad in scope and witty.

Slang Today and Yesterday:
With a Short Historical Sketch and Vocabularies of English, American and Australian Slang, 4th ed.
Eric Partridge
$30.00 hc 1970

for word lovers

Bernstein's Reverse Dictionary
Theodore M. Bernstein
$16.95 hc 384pp 1975
A cross between a dictionary and a thesauraus, with "clue" words (those you have in mind) leading to "target" words (ones you are looking for). Both target and clue words are indexed. An enjoyable and highly practical book.

Origins of English Words:
A Discursive Dictionary of Indo-European Roots
Joseph T. Shipley
$39.95 hc 672pp 1984
More readable and current than the Oxford English Dictionary, this volume is far more descriptive and far less complete. Anyone interested in language and its development will enjoy this book.

Second Browser's Dictionary:
A Native's Guide to the Unknown American Language
John Ciardi
$16.95 hc 420pp

Words About Words:
A Dictionary of 2,000 Words - Old, New and Surprising
David Grambs
$17.95 hc 420pp 1984

thesauri

Right Word:
A Concise Thesaurus
$3.95 hc 1978
Based on the American Heritage Dictionary, this pocket-sized guide is organized alphabetically to help find alternative words and phrases for writers.

Roget's II:
The New Thesaurus
$11.95 1980 Thumb-indexed

Roget's International Thesaurus
4th ed.
Roger L. Chapman, ed.
$12.95 hc 1962 Thumb-indexed
The only authorized "Roget's" in print, this is an excellent source of alternate words and inspiration for writers and editors.

word processing

general interest

Affordable Word Processing:
How to Find a Low Cost System that Fits Your Needs and Your Budget
Richard McGrath
$10.95 155pp 1983 Illustrated

Author's Primer to Word Processing
Association of American Publishers
$2.95 pb 42pp 1983
Written by the AAP to answer the many questions writers have in considering what sort of word processing system to choose this brief book handles the task admirably. Rather than discussing specific brands of hard/software, the authors give a method for analyzing author needs and wp solutions.

Definitive Word Processing Book
Jonathan Price and Linda Urbas
$12.95 pb 412pp 1984

Grin on the Interface:
Word Processing for the Academic Humanist
Alan T. McKenzie
$8.50 pb 82pp 1984

Improve Your Writing With Word Processing
David F. and Virginia D. Noble
$12.95 pb 440pp 1984

Magic Writing:
A Writer's Guide to Wordprocessing
John and D. Stratton
$12.95 pb 1985

Writer's Guide to Word Processors:
What Word Processors Can Do For You, How They Work, What to Buy, How to Use a Word Processing System
Shirley Biagi
$6.95 pb 162pp 1984 Illustrated

Writing Becomes Electronic:
Successful Authors Tell How They Write in the Age of Computers
Bernhardt J. Hurwood
$13.95 hc 1986

Writing in the Computer Age:
Word Processing Skills and Style for Every Writer
Andrew Fluegelman and Jeremy Joan Hewes
$10.95 pb 256pp 1983
Writers, whether they've already plunged into word processing of are only considering it, will welcome the opportunity to peer over the shoulders of William F. Buckley Tom Clancy, Mary Higgins Clark and 30 other writers as they wend their way through the electronic age.

Writing With a Word Processor
William Zinsser
$5.95 pb 128pp 1983
The electronic sequel to Zinsser's ON WRITING WELL, this book explores the effects of word processors on writing and presents techniques for improving your writing with a computer.

ibm & compatibles

Advanced WordPerfect:
Features and Techniques
Eric Alderman and Lawrence J. Magid
$16.95 pb 300pp 1986
Describes and instructs how to use the more advanced features of this word processor for the IBM-PC: macros, outlining, indexing, mathematical functions, printing formats, integrating with other software and others.

Complete PFS Book:
File, Report, Graph, Write, Proof and Access
Ralph Milius
$19.95 pb
Concise, easy to follow and fully illustrated, this book demonstrates the integration capablilites of the six PFS programs. Arranged alphabetically by command.

DisplayWrite 3:
Productive Writing, Editing and Word Processing
Lan Barnes
$17.95 pb 1986
Describes and instructs how to write, edit, format and print everything from a brief note to a lengthy technical report, this is among the first books published by Big Blue (IBM) in their new series on their own software. Well-presented and authoritative.

IBM-PC and XT Word Processing Software Guide
Gerald Van Diver
$9.95 pb 187pp 1984

Microsoft Word for the IBM-PC
Philip Lieberman
$12.95 pb
An excellent guide to WORD and its capabilities, this book contains an appendix which demonstrates the process of converting WordStar files using the program CONVERT which comes with WORD.

Processing Words with the IBM-PC, PC/XT or PC Compatible
Terry Tinsley and F. Lloyd Datz
$16.95 pb 160pp 1985
Reviews the major word processing programs for the various IBM computers and compatibles, including WordStar, Microsoft Word and VisiWord Plus. Discusses available software tools such as spelling and style checkers, indexing programs and mailing list generators.

Quick and Easy Guide to Word Processing with the IBM-PC
David Lansing
$4.95 pb 128pp 1984

Quick and Easy Word Processing with the TI Professional Computer
Shirley Radl and Marjorie Klemp
$19.95 pb 1985

Ratings Book:
IBM-PC Word Processing Programs
Software Digest
$14.95 pb 1984

Using the EasyWriter II System
Linda Williams
$16.95 256pp 1985

Word Processing for the IBM PC, PC jr. and Compatible Computers
Carol B. and Martin S. Matthews
$18.95 pb 1985

Word Processing for the IBM Personal Computer
Danny Goodman
$19.95 pb 464pp 1983
Includes a comparative analysis of fifteen commercially avai lable word processing packages for the IBM-PC/XT.

Word Processing Power With Microsoft Word:
Professional Writing on Your IBM-PC
Peter Renearson
$16.95 pb 304pp 1984

Word Processing with Style and Microsoft Word
Peter Rinearson
$18.95 pb 192pp 1985

Word Processing with the IBM-PC
Jeremy Joan Hewes and Bill Grout
$12.95 pb 224pp 1984

WordPerfect for the IBM-PC
Dineh M. Davis
$17.95 pb
Follows sample documents through initial typing, formatting, editing, storing and printing to show how to use the software.

apple

Applewriter II Made Easy
Leah Freiwald
$16.95 pb 210pp 1985
Tutorial presentation of Applewriter II with reference material that supplements the standard documentation.

Applewriter Made Easy
Richard Loggins
$17.95 pb 288pp
Tutorial approach to teaching of Appleweiter I and II, their capabilities and undocumented features. Divided into short segments to aid in learning.

Microsoft Word for the MacIntosh:
Tips, Tricks and Techniques
Dennis James
$15.95
A clear, self-paced tutorial to learning and using WORD on the Apple MacIntosh.

multiple & other machines

Advanced MultiMate and MultiMate Advantage
Mark Brownstein
$17.95 pb 325pp 1986
A combination book covering both the MultiMate and the new MultiMate Advantage. Instructs in the use of both through tutorial presentation with short applications and examples for each feature.

Complete Guide to MultiMate
Carol Holcomb Dreger
$15.95 pb 250pp 1884 Illustrated
Concise introduction to the Multimate word processing program, with coverage of editing, formating, printing and library functions.

Introduction to Wordstar
3rd ed.
Arthur Naiman
$17.95 pb 208pp 1985
Naiman's book has become almost the standard learning and reference work for the WordStar word processing program. An intelligible, readable and highly useful book for anyone who has found the manuals lacking.

Introduction to Wordstar 2000
David Kolodney and Thomas Blackadar
$17.95 pb 320pp 1985 Illustrated
A detailed tutorial and reference guide covering the basic features of this newest version of WordStar. Chapters are organized by functional groupings of commands, with summary tables, diagrams, installation information, several helpful appendices and two indexes aid in locating information.

Mastering Wordstar
Vincent Alfieri
$19.95 pb 432pp 1985
Introduces the main functions of WordStar and describes all commands alphabetically, in addition to discussing SpellStar and MailMerge. Although not machine specific, this book does primarily describe WordStar for CP/M computers.

Microsoft Word Made Easy
2nd ed.
Paul Hoffman
$16.95 pb 300pp 1986
This newly revised version of the highly useful guide covers the latest version of Microsoft WORD and such new developments as WORD's use with laser printers. For use with the IBM-PC and Macintosh.

Perfect Guide to Perfect Writer
Dona Z. Meilach
$17.95 pb 288pp 1984
Explains items (and there are many) left unclear in the manufacturer's Perfect Writer manual. Good organization with many helpful illustrations.

Word Processing for the Wang Professional Computer:
Principles and Applications
Samantha Fraser
$15.95 pb 1984

Wordprocessing on the Xerox 860
Jacklyn M. Williford
$14.95 pb 120pp 1984

handcrafting books



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bookbinding

Bookbinding and the Care of Books
Douglas Cockerell
$9.95 pb 347pp 1978
This famous book has long been regarded as a classic on its subject. This is a comprehensive treatment dealing with all the operations that go into binding a book, as well as the selection of method and materials for any given book. First published in 1901, the book is still of practical use today.

Creative Bookbinding
Pauline Johnson
$17.50 pb 263pp 1977
A unique combination of practical information with a wider view on the values of participation in the experience of artistic creation. A valuable book for artists, teachers and bookbinders alike. Thoroughly illustrated with step-by-step instruction in the hand-binding of books.

Make Your Own Booklet
John Dumpleton
$2.95 pb 33pp 1980
A clever, brief guide to pamphlet/booklet making which is itself an example of that craft. Hand-lettered and illustrated, the booklet discusses contents, planning, layouts, headings, design, text, binding and more. Ideally suited for juvenile and adult avid amateurs.

lettering & calligraphy

Modern Display Alphabets
Paul E. Kennedy
$4.00 pb 112pp 1974

Renaissance Alphabet
Giovan Francesco Cresci
$21.95x hc 1971
A simple and very beautiful book as pleasurable for the bibliophile as it is practical for the designer. The book consists of full-page reproductions of an upper-case, renaissance Italian alphabet created in 1570. An introduction describes how the letters were designed.

Type and Lettering
4th ed.
William Longyear
$16.50 176pp 1966 Spiral bound
More than 700 selected alphabets; copy casting; proofreaders marks; lettering methods; mechanics of typography; alphabets for lettering.

paper making

Complete Book of Handcrafted Paper
Marna Elyea Kern
$12.95 hc 224pp 1980
The author provides a step-by-step guide to the choice of pulp sources (anything from flowers to other vegetable matter); controlling blending, molding and drying; sizing finishing; dyeing and painting; decorating, watermarking and embossing. A wonderful book.

Paper - Art and Technology:
The History and Methods of Fine Papermaking with a Gallery of Contemporary Paper Art
edited by Paulette Long and Robert Levering
$13.00 pb 118pp 1979
Based on an international conference sponsored by the World Print Council in 1978 and attended by nearly 500 artists, printmakers, curators, publishers and collectors. These reprints of presentations describe a wide variety of new and traditional methods for the creation and use of paper.

Papermaking:
The History and Technique of the Ancient Craft
Dard Hunter
$8.95 pb 638pp 1978
Just about every aspect of papermaking is covered in this book. Beginning with the history of papermaking in China, Hunter describes its introduction to Europe and America, the development of tools, techniques and materials, moulds, machines and much more. Includes over 320 illustrations.

printing

Introduction to Printing:
The Craft of the Letterpress
Herbert Simon
$7.50 pb 120pp 1980
"Mr. Simon's book is exactly what its title says it is - an introduction to printing. It explains the tasks of the hand compositor and platen machine minder, and offers some sound advice on the first principles of fine typography." - from PRINTING WORLD.

good books



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book collecting

Book Collecting:
A Modern Guide
John Peters
$23.95 hc 1977 Illustrated

Booklover's Almanac
compiled and edited by Robert Brittain
$24.95 hc 416pp 1985 74 b&w illustations; index
Contains an event of literary significance for each day of the year, duly commemorated and illustrated with an extract of reading matter appropriate to the occasion ranging from the earliest Anglo-Saxon to the present day. Illustrated with engravings and rare title pages and holographs.

How to Buy Rare Books:
A Practical Guide to the Antiquarian Book Market
William Rees-Mogg
$22.95 hc 1986
Rees-Mogg is a former editor of the Time of London, a long-time book collector and for 25 years the proprietor of a London antiquarian bookselling firm (Pickering and Chatto). Designed for the new collector, this guide provides sound advice and direction on book selection, purchase and care.

Rare Books, 1983-1984:
Trends, Collections, Sources
edited by Alice D. Schreyer
$49.95 hc 581pp 1984
This is a year-in-review and contact guide for rare and collectible books covering trends in book collecting, lists of associations, book dealers, appraisers, rare book libraries, etc. A useful reference for any rare book collector.

Treasury of Bookplates:
From the Renaissance to the Present
Fridolf Johnson
$5.00 pb 151pp 1977 761 illustrations
An astonishing array of reproductions of bookplates dating from 1515 to the present. These nearly 800 bookplates are arranged chronilogically and numbered to indentify artist and date, and may be reproduced for use. Begins with a brief introduction by the author on the art form.

language

Almanac of Words at Play
Willard R. Espy
$6.95 pb 360pp 1975
In the spirit of "a three-ring circus of words," Willard Espy parades on page after page some very funny verses. Included in this trove of word play are acronyms, rebuses, palindromes, univocalics (one for each day of the year) interspersed with the author's thoughts on the world.

In Praise of English:
The Growth and Usage of Language
Joseph T. Shipley
$15.00 hc 1977

Language and Women's Place
Robin Lakoff
$5.95 pb 83pp 1975
In this original investigation, Lakoff works to discover those roots of our language that classify and delineate the sexes. For example, why are parallel words (one applying to masculine and one to feminine) not also parallel in use and connotation? An important and disturbing book.

Language in America
Charlton Laird
$3.50 pb 1970

Long Journey of Noah Webster
Richard M. Rollins
$19.50x hc 1980
A scholarly biography of Noah Webster whose name has come to be synonymous with the word "dictionary." Webster, who lived to be 84 years old, emerges as a man who believed that man could be perfect and that a future utopia could exist in the United States. His dictionary was one example of this quest.

Metaphors We Live By
George Lakoff and Mark Johnson
$8.95 pb 1980
This arresting book will make you think, in a whole new way, about the language we use. For metaphors are not mere poetical or rhetorical embellishments, but affects how we perceive, think and act, and how our society as a whole operates. Fascinating socio-etymology.

On Language
William Safire
$15.95 hc 331pp 1980
Drawn from Safire's syndicated newspaper column, this collection of essays and letters from readers is an engaging and very amusing exploration of langugage, its development and use. Throughout, Safire campaigns for proper use of the language while delighting in new and innovative language.

On Metaphor
Sheldon Sacks, ed.
$8.50x pb 1979
A collection of fourteen essays by eminent philosophers, literary critics, theologians and psychologists which explore the nature, function and meaning of metaphor and its significance as a means of human understanding. Of interest to anyone intrigued by the use and power of language.

State of the Language
Leonard Michaels and Christopher Ricks
$9.95 pb 1980

World Within the Word
William Gass
$8.95 pb 353pp 1979

literature

American Literary Autographs:
From Washington Irving to Henry James
Herbert Cahoon, Thomas V. Lange and C. Ryskamp
$13.50 pb 208pp 1977
The authors have gathered and here reproduced signatures and writing samples from such famous Americans as Noah Webster, Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Poe, Twain, James and Frank Norris, each accompanied by a brief biographic note and printed transcription. Fascinating insights into lit. greats

Book of Literary Lists
Nicholas Parsons
$16.95 hc 1986
A somewhat odd-ball but engaging collection of curiousities of world literature from the ancient past to the present. Included are lists of the reading choices of authors, critical reviews of later-to-be-praised authors, reports of censorship through the ages and publisher-author relations.

Literary Landscape of the British Isles:
A Narrative Atlas
David Daiches and John Flower
$14.95 hc 288pp 1985 Atlas, gazateer, indexed

Oxford Book of American Literary Anecdotes
Donald Hall, ed.
$8.95 pb 384pp 1981
Donald Hall, the prolific writer and teacher, has here gathered anecdotes on American writers from Anne Bradstreet to Sylvia Plath. A trove of information and reading pleasure for writers and readers alike.

Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes
James Sutherland, ed.
$31.50x hc 1975

Rotten Reviews:
A Literary Companion
edited by Bill Henderson
$12.50 hc 1986 illustrated by Mary Kornblum
This is an amusing and instructive collection of unfavorable reviews of now classis literature. For example:
Anna Karenina ("sentimental rubbish"), The Great Gatsby ("falls into the class of negligible novels"), Gulliver's Travels ("evidence of a diseased mind"). Writers, take heart

Shakespeare and Company
Sylvia Beach
$4.95 pb 260pp 1980
The history of one of the twentieth century's most famous bookstores as told by the founder/proprietor. Sylvia Beach knew, sold books to, published the works of and extended credit and comfort to such writers as Hemmingway, Joyce, Pound and Fitzgerald.

...and of course...

archy and mehitabel
Don Marquis, with illustrations by George Herriman
$4.50 pb 192pp 1975
Don Marquis introduced archy, the cockroach, and mehitabel, the cat, in his newspaper column, "Sun Dial," in the New York Sun in 1916. archy has the soul of a poet, and he cannot resist the temptation to express himself in verse. Every night he climbs on the typewriter where he literally "knocks out" his vers libre by forcefully casting himself head downward on key after key. His first words were "expression is the need of my soul." Due to his diminutive size and limited reach, his verse is always in lower case and has no punctuation, simply because he cannot operate the shift key. archy is fascinated with mehitabel, a roaming cat who claims her spirit was formerly incarnated in the body of queen cleopatra, and who, no matter what her predicament, can be heard singing, "there s a dance in the old dame yet." mehitabel is often the subject of archy's verse, and, most importantly, she is archy the cockroach's friend. This book is a collection of the original newspaper columns, and is a brilliant, delightful commentary on all phases of our life and times. It is as fresh today as it was in 1916, and is an American classic. Marquis's writing is complemented by George Herriman's wonderful drawings (which appear throughout this catalog).



Also available:

the lives and times of archy and mehitabel
$14.95 hc 264pp 1983
Another collection of Marquis' columns on the adventures of archy and mehitabel.

editorial supplies

query slips



Query slips, also known as flags or editor's slips, are a primary tool of editors and writers. Write your query, note or message on a slip, lick the glue edge and affix it to the back of a manuscript page. You may be neat and fold the slip over (front or back), or you may want to leave the slip extended to catch attention. Once the query has been answered or the note or message becomes extraneous, the slip can then simply be torn off, leaving only the glue edge on the back of the manuscript page.

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No style book will provide rules covering all matters of style encountered by the editor, and no editor worth the title will apply identical rules to every manuscript. Therefore, to ensure consistency in the style used in a particular ms., and to aid the editorial memory, it is vital to keep an editorial style sheet for each ms. The style sheet is a running account of special words to be capitalized, odd spellings, compound words with or without hyphens, figure legends, table specifics and any other important items. As new issues arise throughout editing, editors will need to consult and add to their style sheets. A style sheet not only aids the editor's memory as editing progresses, but may be indispensible in the later stages of production. Few editors can give their time exclusively to one ms. and it is difficult to remember the particular style for each when checking material returned from the author, galley proofs, page proofs and indexes months after editing the original. Proofreaders will also need to refer to the editor's style sheet to ensure consistency and avoid repeated or needless queries to the editor or author.

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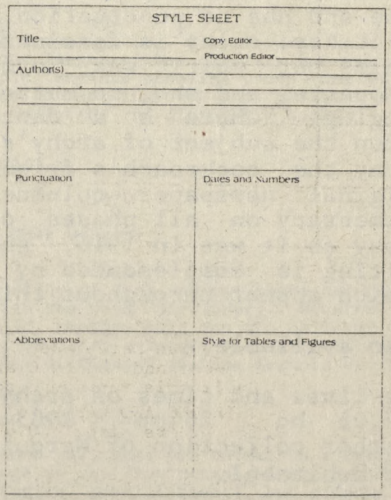
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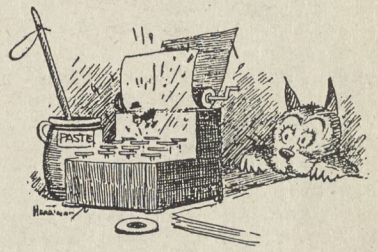

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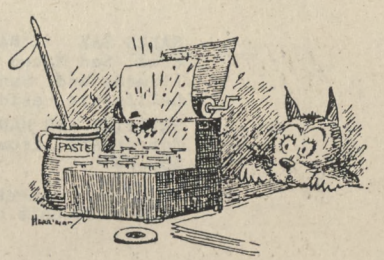

The ideology of rejection

By Robert Boyers

JAMES D. WILKINSON:
The Intellectual Resistance in Europe
358pp. Harvard University Press. £14.
0 674 45775 7

As a study of anti-fascist intellectuals in France, Germany and Italy during the years of the Second World War and the immediate aftermath, James Wilkinson's book does more than illuminate a period. It documents, better than any work with which I am familiar the various ways in which ideas change under the pressure of events. It shows, as well, how subject to disillusion and despair intellectuals are, most of whom achieve dispassion only when they abandon ideas and settle into their academic specializations, or are content to describe rather than to analyse or shape events. If anything distinguished the anti-fascist intellectuals in the period Wilkinson studies, it was their unflagging commitment to ideas and to the prospect of renovation in a culture on the brink of extinction. But precisely in the degree that they were serious about ideas and about renovation they were also subject to the varieties of retreat to which most intellectuals are inexorably compelled. If, as Wilkinson contends, the period of the Resistance was a period of hope, the larger picture reveals how rapidly hope gave way to resignation.

A major element in this study is the relation between public and private virtue. In the Resistance itself, intellectuals came to feel that they had a working model for a society of the future. Theirs was an acceptable discipline, imposed by participants in a way that reflected their immediate needs and interests. All could agree that there was an enemy whose defeat was the primary objective, and all could feel that the ideological differences dividing them were insignificant beside the primary goal. Life in the Resistance had, in this sense, an elementary simplicity that participant intellectuals valued more than many could have anticipated. One could feel ambivalent about all sorts of things, about one's children or marriage or future, without having also to consider the possibility that life itself was insignificant. Sartre recognized during his eight months of captivity in a German prison camp that "private life, if you wish, no longer existed". One belonged to something greater than oneself and more important than anything one was likely to accomplish by oneself. Private virtue was, in this sense, indistinguishable from a capacity to maintain a feeling of solidarity with one's comrades. The philosopher who had previously refused an "abstract notion of duty" – particularly duty conceived as a collective obligation – because this was incompatible with his idea of freedom, suddenly found himself fully engaged in a national and communitarian struggle to which he owed perfect allegiance.

In fact, as events were soon to show, the question of the relation between public and private virtue was not settled by the Resistance experience. It had merely been put aside. Intellectuals who, in 1940, had a clear sense of their priorities, were by 1946 uncertain about the very possibility of a political commitment. Camus was not alone among French writers in discovering that the ethical precepts of the Resistance were not applicable in the post-war years. When he resigned from the staff of the Resistance journal *Combat* in 1945, he already knew he would have to dirty his hands if he were to remain as intimately involved in politics as he had been. Even the question of whether or not to punish war criminals proved difficult. In the end, as Wilkinson notes, "Camus threw his weight on the side of the avengers for fear that the guilty might otherwise go free." But, like Sartre and others in French Resistance circles, Camus hated being forced to take positions at all on such questions, and the ambiguous behaviour of several war criminals who in adversity seemed every bit as honourable and sincere as their accusers took a heavy toll on Camus. His principled defence of "proportion" and refusal to go along with Mauriac and others who wanted an end to hostilities of any kind could not guarantee that he would feel any more secure in the future than he did in the present. Merleau-Ponty and others on the left felt that ambiguity, properly appreciated, encouraged an appetite for risk, but Camus was far more typical in learning to value caution.

Merleau-Ponty, of course, was a central figure in French intellectual life, and seemed to understand better than his colleagues how complicated any political issue is likely to be. Unlike Sartre, he resisted from the first an idea of absolute freedom, arguing in his *Phenomenology of Perception* that "Free action, in order to be discernible, has to stand out from a background of life from which it is entirely, or almost entirely, absent." We may wish to resolve problems by insisting upon what we know to be good, but always we are forced to acknowledge constraints. Every affirmation of freedom is also in some sense a restriction of another's freedom. The rationalist who poses every dilemma as an either/or situation loses sight of the way in which freedom and contingency are invariably connected. The free human being, as Merleau-Ponty describes him, has to "establish his autonomy on the very ground of his dependence".

In *Humanism and Terror*, 1947, Merleau-Ponty presented what he took to be the political consequences of his view. A defence of the Moscow Trials, the book refutes in effect the theory of them offered by Arthur Koestler in *Darkness at Noon*. It is in every respect a sorry performance, the arguments muddled, the distinction between progressive and regressive violence entirely unsatisfactory. Wilkinson briefly explains what is weak in Merleau-Ponty's position, properly concludes that "a less rigorous standard" is applied to Marxism than to "its liberal counterpart", and asks, "Why should Marxism benefit from suspended judgment when liberalism was condemned solely on the basis of present faults?" Part of the burden of *Humanism and Terror* is to argue that concepts like freedom and justice can be fully understood only by those with a revolutionary perspective. What matters is whether or not an action delivers the desired "objective results". Does it delay or further the revolution? Other questions are likely to betray collective hope, and Koestler's respect for "man in the singular" was but one expression of a "mediocre Marxism" that would soon assume the aspect of a sterile and reactionary ideology.

Merleau-Ponty's rejection of Koestler was part of his larger critique of bourgeois violence. The critique was based upon his conviction that what was not openly admitted could not be effectually reformed. If it was the goal of bourgeois society to conceal violence by "appeals to 'Order' or to the economic laws of free enterprise", then it was the duty of progressive intellectuals to tear away the camouflage and prevent that species of violence from becoming institutionalized. Marxist societies might commit this act of violence or that, but were aiming in the long run at something better. They did not pretend that freedom in the abstract was a noble virtue, or that freedom was possible in a society that depended upon the so-called free activity of the market. Freedom, properly understood, was a virtue only if responsibly used, and it could be responsibly used only by persons who had a genuine feeling for "the unity essential to the revolution". Those who judged the Moscow Trials by the standard of an abstract virtue unrelated to the ongoing struggle were naturally unable to see what was in fact at stake.

Merleau-Ponty's defence of state terror in the interests of the revolutionary future was only one of many efforts to transcend ordinariness. And like most of the other efforts, it was itself transcended or abandoned as circumstances changed and the future turned out to seem as shabby as the past had been. Wilkinson's book helps us to feel how tempting it was for gifted people even during the Nazi period to conclude from the first stirrings of distress that nothing could be done, and that political action especially would bring one to a bad end. Even in France, after all, the Resistance was the effort of very few people. And those few, once the Liberation had occurred, quickly became "more concerned with the abuse of power [by emergent politicians] than its exercise".

In Germany, of course, the retreat from real political resistance occurred more or less at once, and those who wanted to resist Hitler were mostly forced to get out of the country. Wilkinson examines the content of poetry produced by Germans in POW camps, and concludes that, like most French Resistance writers, the Germans hated everything that "invited ambiguity and harbored lies". They wanted to believe that the truth was simple, and felt that they might purify their souls through suffering. By enduring, they would prove they had the courage to remake the German spirit, to reform its character. Hitler would be defeated, sooner or later, and in some ways it would be better for ordinary Germans not to have other Germans to blame for his defeat. "Stab in the back" legends had an ugly way of turning people from their own responsibilities, and if anything was necessary, it was that ordinary people in Germany should be made to confront the awfulness of what they had done.

It is always difficult, of course, to understand how German intellectuals can have fallen silent, or nearly so, during the Nazi period. But Wilkinson is quite right to stress how few people in the population at large were or would have been ready to support a resistance effort. It is not only that people feared what might happen to them and their families. The fact is that most Germans were at least ambivalent supporters of the Reich, and would not have thrown their support to persons of questionable judgment, particularly if they happened to be partisans of the left. What Wilkinson calls "the continuing German respect for qualities extolled and exploited by the Nazis – obedience, loyalty, bravery, hard work" made even the post-war responses of most Germans a good deal less morally strenuous than might have been supposed.

So Germany was not a country in which a fully formed intellectual resistance movement may be said to have taken shape. To speak, as Wilkinson and others have done, of inner emigration, of silent resistance, is to acknowledge that political action is not always a viable option, and that to resist only the worst excesses demanded by a given regime is somehow to keep oneself ready for better things when conditions improve. This is hardly a stirring "program", but it does address what may be the available *perceptions* of reality under conditions of absolute terror. It is hard to be impressed by the poetry of German émigrés who submitted mournfully to Hitler as if he were a force of nature, but it is also hard to know what would have been a more effectual protest against that force. To die bravely, in a cause known from the start to be futile, might well have been the only other option, in which case the literary reflection and commemoration would have to have been left to a later generation.

Wilkinson's book also discusses the Italian Resistance, a subject a good deal less familiar to most Anglo-American readers than the Resistance in France or Germany. It has been clear for some time that many Italian writers supported Mussolini for a while at least, but we have heard relatively little of their Resistance efforts. Important Italian writers like Pavese and Vittorini have had only a modest number of their works translated into English, and these are in general not widely read or discussed. Vittorini's major anti-fascist novel, *Uomini e no*, has never been translated into English, so far as I know, and the scrupulous attention paid this book by Wilkinson will rightly make us feel how much we have been missing. Silone has, of course, been widely praised and studied, in England and America, though anyone who takes him for a representative Italian Resistance figure will be badly mistaken. The sweetness and probity of Silone's mind were not qualities widely shared among his colleagues, and the internecine warfare they waged among themselves during and after the war does not provide an entirely edifying spectacle.

Vittorini emerges from Wilkinson's pages as the leading, or at least the most interesting, Italian Resistance intellectual. After briefly supporting Mussolini's attempt to clean up what both took to be the bourgeois mess, he joined with others to fight against the régime. The struggle was for the most part fought with the usual literary and journalistic tools, but it was a special struggle in the writer's persisting desire to enlist the aid of ordinary people. Vittorini's review, *Il Politecnico*, was not directed exclusively at an élite readership but tried to address social and political problems in a language available to readers of all social classes. Wilkinson rightly indicates how important Gramsci was to Italian leftists, and invokes "Gramsci's faith that every person had an intellectual vocation". But he also shows how hard it was to hold on to this faith. Not only were readers often unable to follow debate. That was a problem that might have been remediable in the long run. More troubling was the opposition of other leftist intellectuals to the very idea of debate. Vittorini's journal "nurtured debate by presenting opposing points of view within the same issue". This policy itself came under heavy attack by the Communist publication *Rinascita* and whatever unity Italian intellectuals may have achieved in their common opposition to Mussolini was quickly eroded. The hostilities followed a course comparable at least to the sectarian quarrels that split the American left in the 1930s and led to the creation of the journal *Partisan Review* in New York.

The pattern is really quite simple. A Vittorini, with the best will in the world, launches a journal dedicated both to resist fascism and to conduct a careful inquiry into present conditions. He finds, gradually, that a good part of his constituency is unhappy with him. Why? Because the inquiry he supports has no definite "end in view", as Wilkinson puts it. He does not know what exactly he wants to find, has no clear sense of what the presumably revolutionary future will look like, what shape it ought to take. More, those who are unhappy with his policies come also to attack the very idea of art and culture as these are promoted in the journal. The cultivation of aesthetic insight is derided as counter-revolutionary, a capitulation to bourgeois affectation. After a while, Vittorini finds himself arguing that "culture must preserve itself from the 'backwardness of the masses'". What had seemed a viable democratic exercise turns out to be a holding action against the combined forces of blind political adventurism and philistinism. Brecht's facetious suggestion that intellectuals "dissolve the people and elect another" comes to seem an idea whose time has come. And, increasingly, intellectuals with some sense of a political vocation withdraw from politics to sing sad songs and concern themselves with issues more obviously tractable.

None of the key Resistance figures accurately predicted what would occur years later in the various countries affected. Who could have foreseen how Pavese's warm feeling for the United States would turn to contempt once he and other Italians had made contact with the occupying American armies? What indications were there that Konrad Adenauer's 1957 election motto, "No experiments", would help to consolidate the gains of a rebuilt German society fully capable of producing first-rate writers, artists, and thinkers? And who, finally, could have foreseen the failure of leftist intellectuals in the Western countries to build genuinely popular movements on the left? At the beginning of his book, Wilkinson recalls the sectarian debates of Julien Benda and Karl Mannheim in the 1920s and 30s, and supports Mannheim's view of intellectuals as persons capable of maintaining "creative dissatisfaction", no matter what the temporary success of their programmes. At a time when most Western intellectuals have tired of programmes, and are more dissatisfied with the state of the economy than with the spiritual impoverishment of their respective nations, there remains a sense that things have not changed so much as we may wish to believe. If, as Wilkinson contends, young Resistance intellectuals forty years ago "defined their beliefs largely by what they rejected", current Western intellectuals may be said to operate quite in the same way. The only genuine "progress" we can claim is in our collective resistance to extravagantly idealist solutions. The other temptation to which many intellectuals succumbed forty years ago, namely irrationalist prophetism, remains very much a present danger. If the resistance spirit we associate with Camus, Silone, and Vittorini is good for anything, it will serve to strengthen our current resistance to that most potent temptation.



Avenue des Acacias, in the Bois de Boulogne, July 1941: the traditional and the experimental take to the roads in the Paris of the Occupation. This wartime scene forms one of the illustrations to Paris Allemand *by Henri Michel (380pp. Paris: Albin Michel. 2 226 01276 1), which will be reviewed in a forthcoming issue.*

To see the person whole

By Don Locke

MARY MIDGLEY:
Heart and Mind
The Varieties of Moral Experience
176pp. Brighton: Harvester. £16.95.
0 7108 0048 7

PETER SINGER:
The Expanding Circle
Ethics and Sociobiology
190pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £6.95.
0 19 824646 3

One essay in Mary Midgley's new collection is called "On Trying Out One's New Sword", a title which might well have served for the whole – except, I imagine, that she would not herself describe the sword as new. Right from her opening, introductory, chapter she flails valiantly to left and to right, striking here with the side, cutting there with the edge, and sometimes impaling neatly on the point. It is a book of superb spirit and style, more entertaining than a work of philosophy has any right to be. To take two minor examples, there is G. E. Moore's pedantic prose style "like an old lawn-mower chugging over rough ground", or those reductivists who think "we ought to take to dissecting our brains instead of using them".

But all this cut and thrust, the cry and the clamour, tends sometimes to obscure the argument. A key chapter on the very notion of morality is so poorly structured that the reader has to think it all through for himself – no bad thing, perhaps – and there is an unfortunate tendency, in someone quick to criticize others for overstating their case, to exaggeration. "Every term in these contentions needs defining", she writes, "and any reasonable definition will wreck the conclusions". *Every* term? *Any* definition? Too often the author rejects some claim as meaningless, or as failing to make sense, when what she really means is that it seems to her obviously false.

But then I doubt whether Mary Midgley intends her book to be read as a work of philosophy, at least in the narrow technical sense. This is not the usual introduction to moral philosophy, but an invitation to think about the issues. Indeed it is our contemporary tendency to divide things up, to compartmentalize, to specialize – with the by-product that academic books become very boring – which she sees as the main obstacle to a proper moral understanding. At this point the metaphor of the sword becomes wholly inappropriate, for what the specialists of different persuasions – the behaviourists, the sociobiologists, the linguistic philosophers – have set asunder, Mary Midgley is concerned to put back together, to see the person whole. To this extent the book's subtitle is inappropriate too: it is concerned not so much with the varieties of moral experience, as with its interconnectedness. "It is no use trying to unscrew the outside from the inside of the teapot."

It is easy to see from Mary Midgley's book where things have gone wrong. It is much less easy to see where to go from here. It often seems that if only we could get *something* straight we could build towards a proper understanding of human morality, and perhaps the burgeoning human and social sciences can at last provide us with that starting point. The trouble is, though, that the contemporary orthodoxy is that matters of value, as distinct from matters of fact, are precisely what we cannot get straight, for here everyone is entitled to their own opinion, and no one can prove to the satisfaction of all that he is right and others are wrong. And this disease then infects even facts about values. The claim that values are relative to societies or individuals, for example, quickly becomes a matter of interpretation and opinion, about which individuals can legitimately differ, depending on their own value-scheme.

Nevertheless, here and in her earlier *Beast and Man*, Mary Midgley clearly belongs among those who believe that there are facts, facts of human nature, which have to be the starting-point for any adequate account of human morality. In this her interests overlap, once again, with the most prominent contemporary attempt to put ethics on a sound scientific basis, the project of sociobiology, whose claims for morality are also the topic of Peter Singer's latest book. Singer begins with a clear and crisp account of the biological basis of ethics, and especially altruism, a topic which metaphorical talk of selfish genes has done more to obscure than clarify. As Singer shows, relying mainly on the work of others, human evolution can be expected to produce creatures who are moderately altruistic, and altruistic in motivation as well as deed. Indeed what else should we expect from evolution, since that is clearly what we are?

But as Singer is well aware, to move directly from biological claims about the origins of attitudes and conduct to substantive ethical claims about the content of morality is to commit a well-known fallacy, which has not, however, prevented sociobiologists from sometimes doing precisely that. The content of ethics, according to Singer, is grounded not in biology but in reason, and in particular in a principle of equal consideration of interests. Yet this principle, whose application has been steadily extended through the course of human history – the expanding conflict of Singer's title – comes into conflict with the biological bases of altruism, which instead incline us to favour first our own families, then those with whom we come into regular contact, then those of our own society or race.

This conflict, which ought to be familiar to anyone who prefers buying presents for his children to relieving the suffering of children overseas, is dramatized philosophically in William Godwin's "famous fire cause", where we are faced with a choice between saving some noted benefactor and saving our own mother who, as Godwin says, may be "a fool or a prostitute, malicious, lying or dishonest". Of what consequence is it that she is my mother? What magic is there in the pronoun "my" to overturn the requirements of morality? But if reason and justice demand that we save the benefactor, perhaps, as Godwin came belatedly to recognize, human beings are not made like that.

It might seem that in any such conflict, biology would have to win. But, Singer argues, reason is not the slave of our genes, any more than it is the slave of our passions. As Midgley also emphasizes, evolution presents us not with a rigid determinism but with a choice between, or a need to harmonize, different and often conflicting natural preferences. People are, by their biological nature, thinking and deciding beings, and they can decide to act in ways which are contrary to the evolutionary scheme. They can, for example, use contraceptives. Yet even the use of contraceptives itself demonstrates the power of our genetic inheritence. Presented with a choice between contraception and chastity, most of us will prefer the former, precisely because evolution has made us sexy. And if evolution, likewise, has made our altruism limited, where does that leave the impartial consideration of everyone's interests?

Singer's own solution to this problem is obscure. He seems to agree both with Godwin and with his critics – in principle we ought to save the benefactor; in practice I will save my mother – and suggests that a conventional rule-based ethics may prove more practicable than the abstract appeal to the interests of all. His argument peters out with the hope that reason, combined with an increased understanding of the evolutionary pressures, may still win through.

Much depends, therefore, on Singer's argument for the rationality of his principle of the equal consideration of interests, and that, unfortunately, is the weakest part of the book. The argument is of two kinds, positive and negative. The negative argument seems to assume that the only alternative to his principle is some form of absolutism which takes no account of the consequences of morality. The positive argument seems to assume that only an impartial or disinterested justification will satisfy a requirement of being acceptable to everyone. Both assumptions seem clearly false.

To non-philosophers, moreover, Singer's argument will seem a prime instance of the philosophers' fallacy, of assuming – despite a delightfully caustic quotation from Oscar Wilde – that we are more rational than we actually are. No doubt wholly rational beings will agree on something only if it can be shown to be equally in the interests of all, but human beings, down the centuries, have been persuaded to accept all manner of arrangements which are decidedly neither impartial nor disinterested.

Like the sociobiologists, who despite their name are manifestly more interested in biology than they are in society, Singer tends to underestimate social needs and pressures. Societies need to survive, no less than the human species, if only because the human species needs societies to survive in, and those factors which contribute to the survival of the society – co-operation, conformity, obedience – may not be the ones which evolution has bred into the individual. It is therefore possible, as the psychologist Donald Campbell has suggested, that societies evolve moralities as a counterweight to our genetic individualism, and that the greater the genetic pull towards individualism the more demanding the social morality has to be. This failure to consider Campbell's position is the most striking omission in Singer's impressive synthesis.

Singer's virtues are in many ways the opposite of Midgley's. Where she is provoking, he is thoughtful; his literary style consists solely in the exceptional clarity of his prose. But both are books which deserve to be, as they are obviously intended to be, read and remembered well beyond the narrow ranks of the professional philosophers.

Under the spell

By Desmond Lee

RUSH RHEES (Editor)
Ludwig Wittgenstein
Personal Recollections
235pp. Oxford: Blackwell £12.
0 631 19600 5

We must be grateful to Rush Rhees for this collection of memories of Wittgenstein. The number of people who knew him personally is now few, and it is valuable to get such first-hand testimony on the record while it is still possible. This collection has a particular interest because none of the contributors was professionally concerned with philosophy; in their conversations with Wittgenstein philosophical topics were not discussed, and were indeed deliberately avoided. The man is seen without any philosophic miasma to cloud the vision.

The volume ranges from recollections by his sister Hermine, who was fifteen years older than him, to two pieces by Maurice Drury, who was with him when he died. His sister's brief memoir is an affectionate family tribute which acknowledges some of the relentlessness of a man who could insist on having a ceiling in the house he had designed raised by three centimetres after completion, and that at the same time, with all his extraordinary abilities and awkwardnesses, he had a "big heart". There are some errors of fact in her account which an editorial note puts right, bur her final emphasis, on Wittgenstein's greatness of heart, on his warmth and humanity, is a strain which runs through all these recollections.

F.R.Leavis is the best-known of the other contributors. An awkward character himself, he appreciates that Wittgenstein's awkwardnesses – his domination of discussion in which "he never gave you a chance" and yet needed a collaborative human presence", his periodic lack of consideration for others – were the by-products of his intensity of genius, of a "troubled soul" full of self-doubt, and not of any natural unkindness. He was a man of "full humanity". Leavis guesses, interestingly, that he was not a good teacher. The guess is right and wrong. You did in fact learn from him, though that was not the object of the exercise, but, so to speak, a by-product. At the other end of the scale is John King, who describes himself as "ordinary" and Wittgenstein as saying "Normal human beings are a balm to me and a torment". But his memoir is of particular value for that reason. It has the directness and perspective of an ordinary pupil and friend, who could only wonder at the kindness shown to him by such an extraordinary man and the humility he found in him.

But perhaps the most fascinating and illuminating contribution is Fania Pascal's. She taught Wittgenstein and Francis Skinner Russian together, and continued to see him from time to time after having moved to Birmingham when her husband became a professor there. Wittgenstein did not see much of women, was not much aware of them in any case, and positively disliked intellectual women. When Fania Pascal had to break off the lessons in the eighth month of a pregnancy neither he nor Francis had noticed it and to avoid embarrassment she had to write later to explain. Her contribution is written with a sharp realism. Much of what she saw is familiar but is seen with a particular clarity. She notices Wittgenstein's elusiveness, the spell he cast on those who knew him, his damping and inhibiting effect; his frequent insensitiveness to the feelings of others, caused by his self-preoccupation, yet combined with a frequently shrewd judgment of them. But the overall effect on her was of someone "benign and encouraging"

There are three points here of particular interest. First, the relationship with Francis Skinner, the only person Wittgenstein referred to by Christian name. It was clearly emotionally charged and absorbing, and there is a nice and independent tribute to Skinner by Professor Goldstein, quoted by Drury. It was not homosexual in any proper sense of that much abused term, and Mrs Pascal has a nice phrase about Wittgenstein being a person of "unenforced chastity", an impression which Drury's recollections later confirm. Second, there is the visit to Russia. Wittgenstein used to talk about this in 1930 before it was ever made, and the motive for it was surely not political in any ordinary sense. He spoke of Russia as a country where something new was happening, and the visit was another phase of his constant attempt to escape from himself: "for the greater part of his life he was making plans to forsake his work and live an entirely different mode of existence", writes Drury, who records yet another plan to study medicine in Dublin with Skinner. Such plans were also an expression of his deep pessimism about the world in which he lived.

Third, there is the "confession" which he made both to Fania (much to her annoyance at the time) and to Drury. Drury says nothing about the content, except that it was about those things in his past life of which "he was most ashamed". Fania says that it was concerned with two things. First, an incident in which during his time as a school teacher he hit a little girl and, when she complained to the headmaster, denied he had done so. It was not, surely, the memory of the blow that most tormented him (though it may have made him realize his unsuitability for that kind of teaching) but the denial. His passionate dislike of deception could have made the memory agonizing. The other item of the confession was that he had misrepresented the extent of his Jewish blood. This is rather surprising. Professor Rhees says "I am sure he was never worried about his Jewish ancestry", and I agree. In his early days in Cambridge I do not think anyone else worried about it either. It is true that Wittgenstein admired Weininger; but, as Rhees again says, he would not have accepted Weininger's interpretation of Jewishness, any more than he accepted his view of women ("How wrong he was", quotes Drury). It was probably the Nazi persecutions that made him think about it, and there is no mention of it in Drury's two contributions.

These form the major part of the book, the first having already been published elsewhere. Though their meetings were interrupted by war and other causes, Drury knew Wittgenstein well and these are tributes to a friend "kind, generous, quick-tempered, and with his own eccentricities". They are full of interest, if inevitably disjointed, and record some characteristic sayings – "Do not allow yourself to become too familiar with holy things". They bring out the qualities of character of the summary just quoted – the kindness and generosity and the quickness of temper which was never bad temper. And they show Wittgenstein's strong if elusive moral preoccupation, and the despair to which he was often given. He never succeeded in doing what he described in his own words to Russell – "mit mir selbst ins Reine kommen" – an elusive phrase which I would venture to translate "in coming to terms with myself".

The editing of the volume is a little uneven. If Hermine's German was to be included it is a pity that a translation is not given of footnote 5 on page 25, which gives the correct version of the interview with Russell and Moore, it seem unnecessary to include a page of particulars about someone as well-known as Leavis, who has already been dealt with adequately in a footnote; two diagrams are omitted from John King's contribution; the footnotes are of unequal relevance and the postscripts rather laboured.

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NYTBR 28 June '87

THE BANNER OF BATTLE

The Story of the Crimean War.
By Alan Palmer.
Illustrated. 289 pp. New York:
St. Martin's Press. $24.95.

By Robert Blake

THE Crimean War is too often seen in Britain through British eyes alone: the sleeping cabinet that reputedly took the decision to go to war against Russia in 1854 to check Russian ambitions in the Near East (in fact it had been taken earlier and they were merely bored with interminable dispatches read by the Duke of Newcastle, who liked the sound of his own voice); "the Lady with the Lamp" (Florence Nightingale thought that appellation was nonsense); the heroic Charge of the Light Brigade (the result of muddle, arrogance and folly). The historian Alan Palmer reminds us in his excellent and very readable book, "The Banner of Battle," that Britain was not the major participant or the major sufferer. Before the end French forces outnumbered the British by three to one. British deaths amounted to nearly 20,000; fewer than 2,000 men died in action, the rest partly from wounds but principally from cholera. The French lost 10,000 in action and another 70,000 from other causes. No one knows the extent of Turkish casualties, though they must have been very heavy. The Russian death toll from all causes has been recently estimated at the huge figure of 450,000. It was a grim enough war for Britain, but the other combatants fared even worse.

Mr. Palmer also points out that the Anglo-French strategy comprised a double thrust — the battle in the Crimea to deprive Russia of her Black Sea naval base, and the forgotten unsuccessful expedition to the Gulf of Finland to capture Kronstadt and threaten the capital itself. The Baltic command was under the eccentric Sir Charles Napier — "Mad Charlie." He was not in the prime of life. He was 67 and had fought his way up Chesapeake Bay 40 years earlier to attack Baltimore. But the commanders in the war both on sea and on land tended to be elderly. Reproached for not choosing a younger man, the First Lord of the Admiralty pointed out his difficulty in passing over the "adventurous" but "uncontrollable" Lord Dundonald, aged 79. Lord Raglan, who commanded the troops in the Crimea, was 75, and his second in command, Sir George Brown, was a youngster of 66. Many of the senior British officers had last seen action in the Napoleonic wars. This was not in itself quite as much of a drawback as one might suppose. Military technology had scarcely changed since 1815. Tolstoy, who fought at Sebastopol as a young officer, was able to write his marvelous descriptions in "War and Peace" based on experiences very similar to those of Prince Andrew in the novel.

There had been one major change since 1815: for the first time, war correspondents left their desks in London and actually saw what was happening. In theory they could have done so with earlier campaigns no less disastrous. Communications by sea were only marginally easier in 1854, but the press, headed by William Howard Russell, a journalist of genius, was far more enterprising and organized itself far more efficiently. There is no reason to think that the horrors and sufferings of the Crimea were worse than those of the Peninsular War during Napoleonic times, but they received unparalleled publicity. One might compare the similar impact of the reporting of the campaign in Vietnam.

There was another contrast with the fighting in the Iberian Peninsula. Lord Raglan remembered a war in which the Duke of Wellington's troops could "live off the land" because the local population welcomed them as liberators. The Crimea offered "only fired villages, scorched earth, and despite amiable gestures from surviving Tartar settlements, the implacable hostility of a colonizing master race." Finally — and the biggest contrast of all — there was no one of the caliber of the great Duke himself. Had he been alive, the campaign would probably never have been attempted. It certainly would have been far more efficiently conducted.



The Crimean War (1853-56) was the first war to be extensively documented in photographs. Roger Fenton, an Englishman, took this picture of British infantrymen and cavalrymen behind the lines.

• • •

Although much of the war looked backward to the days before 1815, some aspects were prophetic of the future. Battle orders were flashed by electric telegraph to places thousands of miles away. Floating mines were used against naval vessels. There were proposals for a primitive submarine and for a "locomotive land battery" — a sort of proto-tank. Aerial reconnaissance by balloon was another idea seriously considered, though not actually put into effect. That "adventurous" octogenarian, Lord Dundonald, put forward a scheme for chemical warfare, first in the Gulf of Finland to overcome the defenders of Kronstadt with sulfurous fumes and create panic in St. Petersburg, later to smoke the enemy out of Sebastopol. The authorities declined, partly on humanitarian grounds, partly for fear that the wind might suddenly change — a contingency the German High Command would have been well advised to consider before launching their chlorine gas attack on the Western Front in 1915.

Appalling though the story of the Crimean War is, there were some silver linings. The efforts of the Nightingale ladies greatly reduced the mortality rates at the military hospitals at Scutari, though Florence Nightingale could do little in the Crimea itself since her writ did not run there. Another notable improvement was caused by the arrival of the chef of the Reform Club, Alexis Soyer. He was a brilliant cook who invented the stove named after him and taught the Army how to make palatable and wholesome dishes, thus greatly raising morale and lowering disease.

The last chapter of "Banner of Battle" is interesting. The main effect of the war was to enhance the power of neutral Prussia. Napoleon III, who really started it, received his retribution in the Franco-Prussian War. The author is also fascinating on the subject of "survivors." The Crimean troopship Himalaya, once the largest vessel in the world, was sunk by German bombers in Portland Harbor in 1940. In that same year Colonel Rookes Crompton, who had been a midshipman in the Crimean fleet, died. He remembered visiting his soldier brother in the trenches. He recalled the Carcasses — flare shells used to light up the battlefield at night — and how "what appeared to be 'a bluish sort of gravel' in front of the trenches was 'the remains of countless lead bullets.'" This is a fascinating book, by far the best so far written on the subject. □

Robert Blake is the author of, among other works, "The Decline of Power, 1915-1964" and "Disraeli."

8, 1987 THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

Paperback Best Sellers

Fiction

		Weeks On List
	ACT OF WILL, by Barbara Taylor Bradford. (Bantam, $4.95.) Three generations of talented, ambitious women in England and New York.	4
	A PERFECT SPY, by John le Carré. (Bantam, $4.95.) The tale of a British secret agent and his father, a flamboyant con man.	8
	THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT, by Lawrence Sanders. (Berkley, $4.95.) The theft of a priceless Greek coin brings a New York dynasty's scandals to light.	1
	BARRIER ISLAND, by John D. MacDonald. (Fawcett, $4.50.) One man's effort to thwart a multimillion-dollar land swindle.	6
	HEARTS AFLAME, by Johanna Lindsey. (Avon, $3.95.) A beautiful captive becomes the captor of a handsome thane in the age of the Vikings.	5
	MURDER IN GEORGETOWN, by Margaret Truman. (Fawcett, $4.50.) The mystery surrounding the death of a senator's daughter.	1
	THE GOOD MOTHER, by Sue Miller. (Dell, $4.95.) A woman's attachment to her daughter becomes a consuming passion.	9
	TAMING A SEA-HORSE, by Robert B. Parker. (Dell, $4.50.) Spenser tracks a young woman through the seamy byways of a pleasure empire.	4
	SWAN SONG, by Robert R. McCammon. (Pocket, $4.95.) An evil force roams a nuclear-devastated America in search of a child with the gift of life.	3
	THE RAIDER, by Jude Deveraux. (Pocket, $3.95.) Rebels, redcoats and love in colonial New England.	4
	VENDETTA, by Steve Shagan. (Bantam, $4.50.) Tracking down the killer of several Hollywood porn stars.	3
	DREAMS OF THE RAVEN, by Carmen Carter. (Pocket, $3.50.) In this "Star Trek" novel, Captain Kirk faces a nightmarish enemy.	4
	THE BOURNE SUPREMACY, by Robert Ludlum. (Bantam, $4.95.) A plot to seize Hong Kong and bring China into conflict with the West.	17
	THE UPLIFT WAR, by David Brin. (Bantam, $4.50.) The planet Garth is held hostage by a deadly alien race.	1
	THE HANDMAID'S TALE, by Margaret Atwood. (Fawcett, $4.95.) In the Republic of Gilead, men and women perform the services assigned them.	23

gs above are based on computer-processed sales fig- 2,000 bookstores and from representative wholesalers than 40,000 retail outlets, including newsstands, vari- s, supermarkets and bookstores. These figures are lly adjusted to represent sales in all such outlets across d States.

risk before a book's title indicates that its sales, to reflect the book-selling industry nationally, are tinguishable from those of the book above.

Nonfiction

		Weeks On List
1	**FATHERHOOD,** by Bill Cosby. (Berkley, $6.95.) Anecdotes and ruminations by the television star and father of five.	9
2	**THE ROAD LESS TRAVELED,** by M. Scott Peck. (Touchstone/S&S, $9.95.) Psychological and spiritual inspiration by a psychiatrist.	192
3*	**"AND SO IT GOES,"** by Linda Ellerbee. (Berkley, $4.50.) Television journalism as experienced by a veteran correspondent.	5
4	**NECESSARY LOSSES,** by Judith Viorst. (Fawcett, $4.95.) Life is a series of losses, the author says, and we must confront them to grow.	18
5	**WHEN ALL YOU'VE EVER WANTED ISN'T ENOUGH,** by Harold Kushner. (Pocket, $4.50.) A rabbi on "the search for a life that matters."	8
6*	**MAYFLOWER MADAM,** by Sydney Biddle Barrows with William Novak. (Ivy/Ballantine, $4.95.) A member of one of America's oldest families tells of the world's oldest profession.	1
7	**JAMES HERRIOT'S DOG STORIES.** (St. Martin's, $4.95.) Fifty tales by the Yorkshire veterinarian.	9
8	**FORD,** by Robert Lacey. (Ballantine, $5.95.) The story of Henry Ford, his company, his progeny and his cars.	4
9	**WEST WITH THE NIGHT,** by Beryl Markham. (North Point, $12.50.) A woman's experiences flying in East Africa and across the Atlantic in the 1930's.	34
10	**BUS 9 TO PARADISE,** by Leo Buscaglia. (Columbine/Fawcett, $7.95.) Another trip with the ebullient advocate of the virtues of love.	2

Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous

1	**MEN WHO HATE WOMEN & THE WOMEN WHO LOVE THEM,** by Susan Forward and Joan Torres. (Bantam, $4.50.) How to cope with overbearing men.	3
2	**THE BOOK OF QUESTIONS,** by Gregory Stock. (Workman, $3.95.) Provocative and challenging questions to ask yourself in order to learn more about yourself.	3
3	**CALVIN AND HOBBES,** by Bill Watterson. (Andrews, McMeel & Parker, $6.95.) Cartoons about a boy, his toy tiger and his parents.	11
4	**HOUND OF THE FAR SIDE,** by Gary Larson. (Andrews, McMeel & Parker, $5.95.) A collection of syndicated "Far Side" cartoons.	10
5	**WOMEN WHO LOVE TOO MUCH,** by Robin Norwood. (Pocket, $4.95.) How to avoid or end addictive, unhealthy relationships with men.	56

own of Rocksburg is shocked by the grisly mur- man found beaten to death on a railroad plat- d Police Chief Mario Balzic, making his debut nce in this novel, must uncover the secret of his he mystery "carries a tremendous wallop," Callendar said here in 1973. "It certainly is one ost sensitive crime novels of recent years." The blisher has reissued **THE MAN WHO LIKED K AT HIMSELF** ($3.95), in which Balzic tackles ase — body parts found scattered about a hunt- nd. "The mystery . . . is well plotted," Newgate r said later that year, and the author "plays usly fair in his puzzle. . . . Constantine is a mar- riter. May Mario Balzic thrive!"

SCHUMANN: The Artist and the Woman, by Reich. (Cornell University, $9.95.) This biogra- e pianist and composer Clara Schumann, wife of chumann and intimate of Johannes Brahms, is modern study of her in English, Harold C. rg said in The Book Review last year. The au- ls the story well, introducing much new materi- al. The chapter on Schumann as a composer, for in- stance, shows that many of her themes were taken over by her husband."

WALKING ON AIR, by Pierre Delattre. (Graywolf, $8.) Mamouli, earth mother to the Great Papouli Circus, un- dertakes the stunt of all stunts in Pierre Delattre's novel — to walk on air. The book "abounds in paradox and the kind of now-you-see-'em-now-you-don't philosophical footwork we have come to associate with one popular version of Zen," Robert Miner said here in 1980. "But the book is written with a kind of easy grace, and I was charmed despite my misgivings."

HOW THE WEST GREW RICH: The Economic Transformation of the Industrial World, by Nathan Rosenberg and L. E. Birdzell Jr. (Basic, $10.95.) This study of the West's rise to wealth and power, spurred by a productive bourgeoisie, is "an argument for capitalism" but it is "no pamphlet," Donald N. McCloskey said here in 1986. "Jammed with economic argument and historical fact," it is "scholarly, amusingly written, accurate."

PATRICIA T. O'CONNER