

# THE REPORTER Puzzle

## Acrostickler® No. 112

by HENRY ALLEN

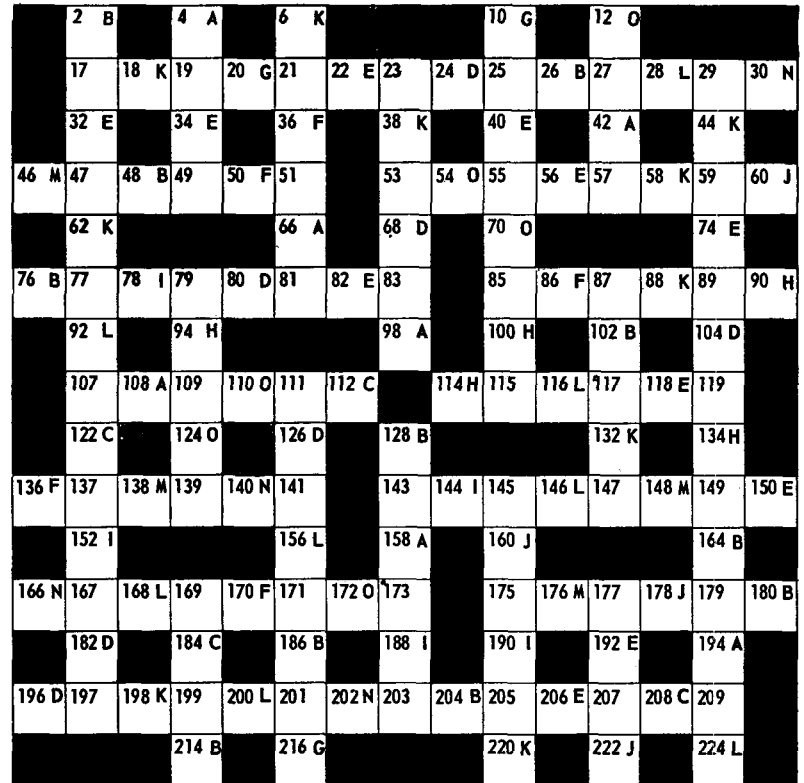
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### DIRECTIONS

- 1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
- 2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
- 3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

- A 4 194 42 98 158 66 108 To squirm.
- B 76 164 214 102 128 204 2 180 48 186 26  
Any of a genus of toothed birds.
- C 122 184 112 208 "Say, has some wet  
bird-haunted English \_\_\_\_\_ /Lent it the  
music of its trees...?" Matthew Arnold,  
"Parting."
- D 196 104 126 24 182 68 80 A large Old  
World plover.
- E 82 32 56 74 206 150 192 34 118 22 40 An  
emetic.
- F 136 170 50 86 36 "A moment yet the \_\_\_\_\_  
stops, / And looks around, to say fare-  
well." Thackeray, "The End of the Play."
- G 20 124 216 10 To ogle, flirt (slang).
- H 134 114 90 94 100 "He is crazed with  
the \_\_\_\_\_ of far Arabia." De la Mare,  
"Arabia."
- I 144 152 188 190 78 An insert mark.
- J 60 160 222 178 "She knows her man, and  
when you \_\_\_\_\_ and swear / Can draw  
you to her with a single hair." Dryden,  
"Persius, Satires."
- K 88 6 198 18 132 62 38 44 58 220 Stern or  
severe.
- L 156 28 200 168 116 146 92 224 Not  
required.
- M 148 138 176 46 Afternoon receptions.
- N 166 30 202 140 "Almost at \_\_\_\_\_ with  
morning, which is which." Shakespeare,  
"Macbeth."
- O 110 54 172 70 12 The fifth of the seven  
canonical hours.



### ACROSS

17. Is the stew then formed whence London society comes? (4,3,4,3).
46. Dispatch when stoned (4,2).
53. With 2 down, title of the Acrostician (8,2,12).
76. With much toil, gain an engraving.
85. You can't do business in ale, son (2,4).
107. Ye town, ye know, still at present (3,3).
114. Posts that seem to be heaped up.
136. A poem I'm unwilling to hear.
143. A hundred lice, etc.? I'm choosy!
166. I canoed in to the south side of a cathedral (2,6).
175. What one may catch with seasoning.
196. A Mormon recently canonized? (6,3,5).

### DOWN

2. See 53 across.
4. Blue dye found about in Canada ownership.
6. Take a walk, but revolve at last.
10. Exclamatory kind of days hereafter.
12. Roil in a less tired condition.
23. A drink that costs twelve hundred and one!
29. Works of Pope, Reynolds, as stair once calls (10,4).
79. How did the French tar at the place of worship?
87. The cost I find for the philosopher.
111. Unclose atmospheres or free style music? (4,4).
128. Exodus the Acrostician might have made.
145. Tea-ales are the most up-to-date.
169. Heat easily for the Scots.
177. The urn I find completely broken.

## BOOKS

# Sartre Resartus

JUSTIN O'BRIEN

**THE WORDS**, by Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Bernard Frechtman. *George Braziller*. \$5.

In the beginning was the Word, many a writer could say as he looks back to his initiation through the magic of the written word. This is particularly true in France, where formal education, with its emphasis on the specifically literary, tends to form writers. Everything in French teaching, indeed, pushes the child to express himself pertinently and elegantly, to know and admire his literary patrimony, and even to dream of enriching that patrimony.

But the case of Jean-Paul Sartre is exceptional even in France. He was a child prodigy. Teaching himself to read at an extraordinarily early age, whetting his childish imagination simultaneously on the "classics" of his grandfather's library and thrillers from the corner kiosk, then urged by example and mimetism to writing thrillers himself, he precociously rushed the evolution so that it was virtually completed even before his real schooling began at the age of ten. Meanwhile, living in the usual child's dream world, he acted out the breathtaking adventures of the swash-buckling heroes he met in books and films (there is a marvelous evocation here of the pre-1915 movies) and even wrote new scenarios for his solitary theatre. But, worried by the compulsive outpourings of such an overexcited imagination, his domineering and doting grandfather, a smug Alsatian teacher of French to German pupils, dictated his future career by suggesting a safer combination of two professions:

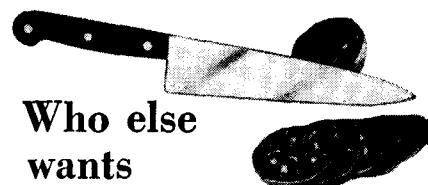
Teaching gave a man leisure. Scholarly interests went hand in hand with those of men of letters. I would move back and forth from one priestly function to the other. I would live in close contact with the great writers. At one and the same time, I would reveal their works to my pupils and draw upon them for inspiration. I would

beguile my provincial solitude by composing poems, by translating Horace into blank verse. I would write short literary articles for the local papers, a brilliant essay on the teaching of Greek for the *Pedagogic Review*, another on the psychology of adolescents. Upon my death, unpublished works would be found among my papers, a meditation on the sea, a one-act comedy, a few sensitive and scholarly pages on the monuments of Aurillac, enough to fill a thin volume that would be edited by former pupils.

**T**HIS is precisely what Jean-Paul Sartre did in life, although his brilliant record at the Ecole Normale Supérieure provided a less provincial exile than Aurillac and his own writings have had far greater importance and enjoyed a much wider public than those foreseen here. Yet, as many passages in his memoirs show, he is the first to be aware of the ironic parallel.

Written as Sartre is on the point of turning sixty, *The Words* covers only the first eleven or twelve years of his life. Fortunately, there are hints in this very lively and too brief volume that there will be more memoirs to come. In view of his general revulsion against the past, clearly stated here, and his "loathing" of his "rejected, lost, forgotten childhood," such a record was decidedly unexpected. Viewing himself and his family with an acute lucidity bathed in an irony that is at times mildly indulgent and at times almost savage, he portrays the boy growing up between a young widowed mother, adoring and adored, and a somewhat tyrannical, opinionated grandfather, the uncle of Albert Schweitzer. It tells quite flatly of the mingling of Protestant and Catholic faiths which led to no faith, joyfully of the absence of a father, most unemotionally of his own ugliness, and pathetically of his rejection by other children.

Most of all, however, as the title suggests, *The Words* concerns "little



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