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ties working up to the proper pitch, when Dr. Bevis, stepping inside the house for a moment, was distressed to note that the party seemed to be breaking up en masse. Very much put out, he hurried to the garden to see why everybody had gone home so early—and at the same time. He discovered that somebody had tripped over an electric wire, whereupon all the temporary lights were extinguished. The polite guests thought they recognized a hint when they saw it. . . . In Columbus, too, I had the opportunity to see what a bang-up job Larry McHugh was accomplishing in the Lazarus book department, presided over formerly by the late and deeply loved Lulu Teeter.

APPLETON CENTURY'S NEW THREE-VOLUME "Cyclopedia of Names," edited by the indefatigable Clarence Barnhart, belongs on your reference shelf if you



can find room for it, next to Webster's Biographical Dictionary and H. W. Wilson's "American Authors" (which needs bringing up to date). When seeking data on living Americans, however, experience has taught me that the latest "Who's Who in America" usually is worth all other comparable compilations put together. . . . Engrossing story of a washed-up

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 572

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 572 will be found in the next issue.

WVDR HEDRW QTBJI QTRM

EKR TEKH QV ORQ. YTRJ

QTRM EKR KREUUM TEKH

QV QEIR.—QEUUXUET

FEJITREH.

Answer to No. 571

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CLARENCE The Life of a Sparrow

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Foreword by JULIAN HUXLEY

● "One evening in 1940, the author found a small, unfledged English sparrow on the doorstep of her bungalow in a London suburb, and . . . took him in . . . He survived for twelve years . . . became a performing acrobat . . . learned two songs . . . [and] in his old age, taught himself to walk. Over the years, Mrs. Kipps kept a journal of Clarence's life . . . the substance of this enchanting book."

—*The New Yorker*

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theatrical luminary who fought her way back to the top: "I'll Cry Tomorrow," by Lillian Roth, with valuable assists by Mike Connolly and Gerold Frank. You'll be seeing this



one on the screen. . . . The novel workshop of the New School (West 12th Street, New York) either has developed a magic formula for turning out successful practitioners or has been particularly fortunate of late in its choice of students—or both! Graduates of the course have had no less than twenty-one novels accepted for publication in the past six years. Best known to date is William Styron's "Lie Down in Darkness," but keep your eyes on such other graduates as Sigrid de Lima, William Michelfelder, Mario Puzo, Jefferson Young, Mac Hyman, and Thomas Gallagher. . . . Coming: from World—a collection of pieces by Clifton Fadiman; from the University of Minnesota Press—a much-needed comprehensive study of the laws of obscenity and the censorship of books both in the USA and England, by Robert McClure and William Lockhart, professors of law at U. of M.

IT'S A SORRY REFLECTION on the state of current fiction in America that the Pulitzer Prize committee, not too finicky in other years, couldn't find a single novel worthy of an award this year. Furthermore, nobody seriously questioned the omission, though here and there a hesitant voice was raised for one or two of the more likely contestants published in 1953.

The novel I enjoyed most in recent weeks has been John Brooks's "A Pride of Lions." I was attracted to it because I had enjoyed his previous book about high nabobs at Time-Life, "The Big Wheel," because I had heard its central character was a young editor in a book publishing house, and because a critic I respect

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1053)

L. MUMFORD:
(MIRROR OF) A VIOLENT
HALF CENTURY

If our civilization is not to produce greater holocausts, our writers will have to regain the initiative for the human person and the forces of life, chaining up the demons and releasing the angels and ministers of grace we have shamefully incarcerated.

In this age of the common man, is our culture becoming common too?

HERE is a provocative, stimulating discussion of the problem by twelve distinguished writers, who analyze what's wrong with American culture, and suggest what can be done about it. They focus their attention on mass communications and education, and make a plea for greater concentration on individual taste, and less on the desire to please everybody at the same time. This book brings together writings that originally appeared in *The Saturday Review*.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
on the Tyranny of the Average

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN
on Books

ALISTAIR COOKE
on the Press

GILBERT SELDES
on Radio and TV

NORMAN COUSINS
on the Creative Artist

HAROLD K. GUINZBURG
on Business and Culture

A. WHITNEY GRISWOLD
on Higher Education

JOHN W. DODDS
on Humanistic Values

C. W. de KIEWIET
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George Platt-Lynes

"The new translation of *La Fontaine* by Marianne Moore is perhaps the most extensive work of this kind to be done by an American poet. All 241 fables have been translated. . . . She is the predestined translator of this particular poet. . . . Miss Moore has been preeminently successful in finding the American equivalent for the directness and primitive naturalness of *La Fontaine's* speech."

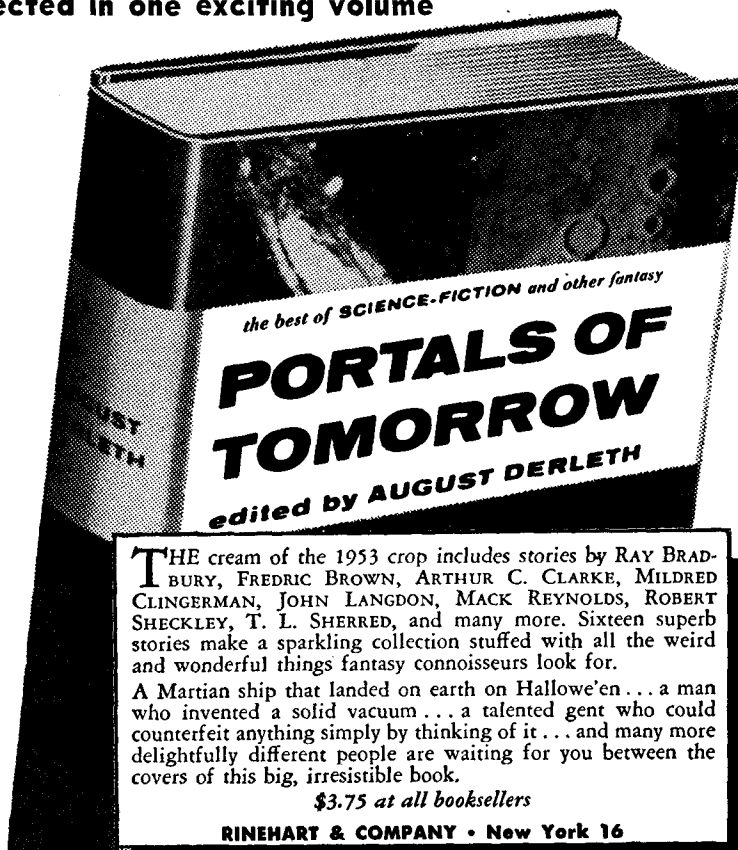
—WALLACE FOWLIE, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Miss Moore manages to sustain, not only the original verse form, but the whimsical tone of *La Fontaine*, while continuing—not least of the attractions of her version—to sound like herself."—HARRY LEVIN

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emphasized its "Marquandian" qualities. (There's never been a Marquand novel I didn't find richly rewarding.)

The only trouble with "A Pride of Lions" is that most of the characters, like the ones in Tennessee Williams's "The Glass Menagerie," are the sort of dedicated bores from whom you'd run like a startled doe in real life. Indomitable pride of ancestry and rigid adherence to a code long out of date may be admirable qualities in their way, but possessors thereof are not necessarily the ones with whom you'd care to be stuck for a long, rainy weekend!

The scene of John Brooks's novel is the town of "East Bank," whose citizens can be in midtown Manhattan in a few short hours, if they can tolerate the Pennsylvania R.R. One critic is sure Brooks is describing Red Bank, another nominates Wilmington, and an executive at Harper's, his publisher, insists it's Chester, Pa. Unless the author specifically denies it, however, I'll string along with those who think "East Bank" is, in reality, Trenton, New Jersey.

IN BEN HECHT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, "A Child of the Century," he recalls a dinner at Publisher Horace Liveright's nobby home in New Rochelle at which historian Hendrik Van Loon complained, "You shouldn't fill your sanctum with rag-bag creatures. You waste your time on nobodies with holes in their pants." "It's not always a waste of time," Liveright reminded him. "I recall one nobody with holes in his pants—a dishwasher from Greenwich Village—who, happily, got in to see me. His name was Hendrik Van Loon, and he persuaded me to look at his manuscript, 'The Story of Mankind.' I published it, and it made us both rich!"

RESIDENTS OF CHAPEL HILL are partial to a tale of D. C. Jacobsen's about an extremely frugal member of the University of North Carolina faculty. This worthy gent, it appears, had just drawn \$35 from his bank, bent upon acquiring some reference tomes at Paul Smith's Intimate Bookshop. No sooner had he turned away from the paying teller's window, however, than his path was blocked by the formidable figure of Native Son Kay Kyser, the popular band leader, who retired while he was about three millions ahead.

"I'm bound for lunch," announced Kay. "How's for coming with me?"

"Love to," agreed the professor. Then, glancing down at the seven crisp five-dollar bills in his hand, he added hastily, "I'll join you as soon as I've made this deposit."

—BENNETT CERF.



MISTER IMAGINATION

By GEORGE KENT

With science-fiction so much in the ascendant these days, a reconsideration is in order of the creator of that genre, Jules Verne, whose best sellers of the nineteenth century so accurately predicted the technological achievements of our times.

BACK in the 1880's a big red-bearded man came to call one day on the French minister of education. The receptionist looked at the card and his face lighted up. Hurrying out from behind his desk, he pushed an armchair toward the visitor. "Monsieur Verne," he said reverently, "pray be seated. With all the traveling you do, you must be tired."

Jules Verne should have been worn out. He had gone around the world 100 times or more—once in eighty days. He had voyaged 60,000 miles under the sea, whizzed around the moon, hitchhiked on comets, explored the center of the earth, chatted with cannibals in Africa, bushmen in Australia, Indians on the Orinoco. There was very little of the world's geography that Jules Verne, the writer, had not visited.

Jules Verne, the man, was a stay-at-home. If he was tired it was merely writer's cramp. For forty years he sat in a small room of the red brick tower of his home in Amiens, turning out in longhand, year in, year out, one book every six months—more than 100 altogether. Verne himself had made visits around Europe and North Africa, and one six-week tour of New York State. And that was all. The world's most extraordinary tourist

spent less than one of his seventy-seven years *en voyage*.

His books are crowded with hunting and fishing expeditions, but Jules went hunting only once. Then he raised his gun and—poof!—shot the red cockade off the hat of a game warden. The only fish he ever caught was on a plate at the end of a fork.

Though he never held a test tube in his hand, Jules Verne became a stimulus and inspiration to the scientist in the laboratory. He had TV working before simple radio had been invented; he called it phono-telephoto. He had helicopters a half century before the Wright brothers, dirigibles before Zeppelin. There were, in fact, few twentieth-century wonders that this man of the Victorian era did not foresee: neon lights, moving sidewalks, air conditioning, skyscrapers, guided missiles, tanks, electrically operated submarines, airplanes.

Beyond any doubt, Verne was the father of science-fiction; he was years ahead of H. G. Wells, Conan Doyle, Aldous Huxley, and the other great visualizers of things to come.

Nor was he simply an entertainer. He wrote about the marvels of tomorrow with such precise, indisputable detail that he was taken seriously. Learned societies argued with him.

Mathematicians spent weeks checking his figures. When his book about going to the moon was published, 500 people volunteered for the next expedition.

Those who later were inspired by him gladly gave him credit. Admiral Byrd, returning from his flight across the North Pole, said Jules Verne had been his guide. Simon Lake, father of the modern submarine, wrote in the first sentence of his autobiography: "Jules Verne was the director general of my life." La Cierva, inventor of the autogiro (now the helicopter), acknowledged his debt to the author, as did Georges Claude.



—Illustrations from Bettmann Archive.

"An oyster of extraordinary dimensions."