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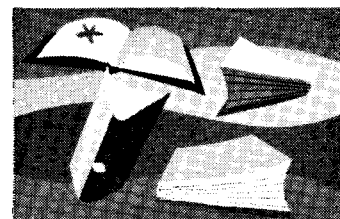
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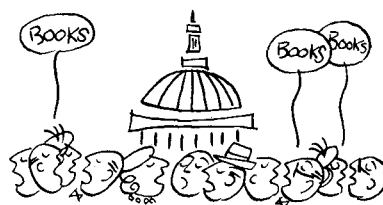
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Trade Winds



WASHINGTON, D.C.

ONCE A YEAR a couple of thousand people get together here to talk about books. They are those who vend them and those who publish them, with a few who write them thrown in for color and promotion purposes. This is the convention of the American Booksellers Asso-



ciation. The things one can learn by milling about at the displays or in the smoke-filled hotel rooms!

For instance, *Happiness Is a Warm Puppy* is going to have a sequel, entitled *Security Is a Thumb and a Blanket*. Charles Schulz has peopled this tiny volume with the same characters—Linus, Lucy, Schroeder, Snoopy, et al.—and added more trenchant sayings that sound childish but somehow strike with mature force.

Bookstores love to have a *Happiness* come along. Customers don't ask questions; they just grab half a dozen and plunk down the money. Determined Publications has sold almost half a million of them so far. I think *Security* is even more appealing.

Publishers like the trend, too. When the Dial Press salesmen asked for a description of a new book on the list, Virginia Baron merely said, "Happiness is a warm skip rope." It wasn't Greek to the salesmen. She was referring to *The Skip Rope Book*, a lovely collection of rhymes that children jump rope to. It's about the size of the Schulz book, and I guess the salesmen think they have a hot item on their hands. Two young women, Francelia Butler, a Ph.D. and English professor, and Gail Haley, an artist, chased back some 500 years to Henry VIII and medieval Europe to find jump-rope rhymes. Apparently kids have been singing "Charlie Chaplin went to France . . ." for a good long time.

A pretty Cleveland girl named Lois Wyse has done a *Happiness*-size book, too. This is Macmillan's *The I Don't Want to Go to Bed Book*, a cute little thing that talks children into going to bed on time. A nightcap goes with it.

Parents read the book to the recalcitrant child, and on the last page grab the nightcap, plunk it on his or her head, and tuck him or her in—theoretically.

ON THE OTHER HAND, if you want large books, just see what Oxford University Press is offering for "only \$100"—*The Atlas of Britain and Northern Ireland*, a huge, thorough tome that shows, for example, the exact distribution of the Long-leaved Sundew and the Marsh Andromeda along the banks of Loch Lomond.

Another impressive volume is *The Splendor That Was Egypt*, a revised edition by Margaret Murray, an Englishwoman who is said to be the world's foremost Egyptologist. When Hawthorn Books sent her a biographical questionnaire recently, she replied that it came at a most inopportune moment.

"You have imposed on my time," she



wrote, "because I am busy working on a book on another aspect of Egyptology, I am preparing to write my memoirs, and I am getting ready to celebrate my 100th birthday."

That will be on July 13. Hawthorn will do its part by bringing her book out on that date.

TALK ABOUT great minds running in the same channel! Crown has issued a novel about a talking porpoise, *Penelope*. In an imaginative mood, the editors worked out a deal with the House of Chan, a New York Oriental restaurant, whereby 5,000 Chinese cookies would contain fortunes that plugged the book, like "Everyone needs a porpoise in life. Read *Penelope*."

At the same time Paul Eriksson is publishing *The Chinese-Kosher Cookbook*. It has been written by Bob and Ruth Grossman, who got most of the recipes from a stubborn Jewish grandmother who refused to let her Orthodox cooking chase her modern sophisticated family away from her table. So what kind of stunt does Mr. Eriksson dream

Irving Kolodin Reports on Music in Europe

In keeping with SR's policy of global music coverage, Mr. Kolodin will cover the following major events on his itinerary:

ENGLAND: New productions in London of Moussorgsky's *Khovanshchina*, Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*; productions at Glyndebourne of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and Strauss's *Capriccio* (first time).

HOLLAND: Revival for Verdi Anniversary of *Falstaff*, Carlo Maria Giulini conducting; Dvorák's *Rusalka*; new work by Swiss composer Frank Martin.

FRANCE: Divonne, the famous casino-spa in France eight miles from Geneva, is the scene of a music festival from June 22 to July 10. The schedule includes concerts by the Deller Consort of England, the Solisti di Zagreb, Isaac Stern and Eugene Istomin, Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus, the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, etc. Area is in close proximity to Lausanne, Vevey, and Morges as well as Geneva, all of which will be included in coverage.

ITALY: Coverage of summer activities to be included with attention to the recording sessions of *Falstaff* in Rome (RCA Victor).

Saturday Review

up to promote it at the ABA convention? Sure enough, he has hundreds of cookies prepared, inside of which the fortune-seeker is exhorted to purchase the cookbook.

The mind reels at the possibilities. The Grossmans are working on *The Italian-Kosher Cookbook*. I think it would be ingenious to place some promotion material in some pizza pies, perhaps hidden under the anchovies.

I HEARD A friendly argument here between Frances Parkinson Keyes and one of her paperback publishers. She complained about the lurid covers on the paperback editions of some of her books. She particularly objected to an edition whose cover showed a man and a woman embracing over a large sugar kettle, especially since there was no such scene in the book. On one occasion when she was asked to okay a cover, she registered her disapproval by tearing the proof into four pieces and mailing it back.

The paperback publisher listened to Mrs. Keyes's protests and then reassured her that on the covers of her books the man and woman would always be at least two feet apart.

MODERN TIMES: Goddard Light, proprietor of the Lighthouse Bookstore in Rye, New York, says that a major problem is pilfering. In his area the young teens have formed a club whose entrance requirements include the necessity of shoplifting from a local store.

Mrs. Ida Goldsmith, manager of the Mayer and Schmidt bookshop in Tyler, Texas, reported that there is a young people's organization in that part of the country, too. She learned about it when a seventeen-year-old asked for a copy of *Tropic of Cancer* and paid the \$7.50 for it with quarters and halves. She questioned him and he replied:

"Oh, a bunch of us have gotten together and formed this club so we could afford the book."

In Rye they may be stealing them, but in Texas, by gum, they're reading them. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1524)

HAYES B. JACOBS:

UNHAPPY TALK
(From *Harper's*, March 1963)

I grew up in a family given to very little, if any, swearing. Not until World War II did I become competent in all forms of it. Living with small detachments of men, jammed together in Quonset huts or barracks, I may have been late blooming, but I was full flowering.

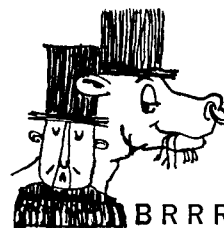
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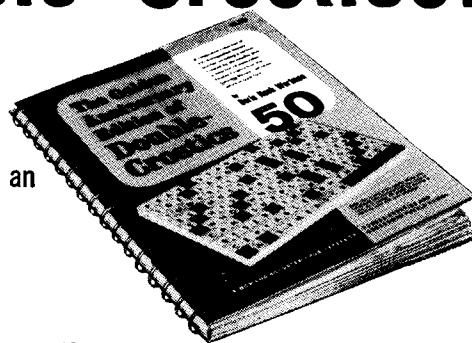
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SATURDAY REVIEW
Circulation Department

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Look who's doing Double-Crostics!

DOUBLE-CROSTICS, Series 50, by Doris Nash Wortman, is just published. In celebration of this golden anniversary book of America's favorite literary puzzles, here are some comments from devoted solvers. They will give you an inkling of the tantalizing joys and lasting rewards of Double-Crosticking.



Cornelia Otis Skinner:

"As you know I am a Double-Crostics fan, especially a fan of Mrs. Wortman whose Double-Crostics have caused me more frustration, delight, fury and rewarding satisfaction than any other form of mental gymnastics I know."

Ogden Nash:

"After some thirty years of mingled frustration and fascination I am a more ardent fan than ever."

Suzy Parker:

"I was introduced to Double-Crostics at a tender age by one of my suitors, a confirmed addict. And the reason I am planning to marry soon is that I've met a man who is confident enough to do the puzzles in ink. So please tell Mrs. Wortman that she is grounds for compatibility."

Marc Connelly:

"Thirty years ago I became an insatiable Double-Crostician. When Elizabeth Kingsley announced her intention to retire, I didn't think any successor could possibly take her place. For several years now Doris Nash Wortman has been putting me in mine, and I am happily reconciled to eating my words as I continue meeting the challenge to identify hers."

John D. J. Moore,

Vice President, W. R. Grace & Company:

"Some people measure their affection for Double-Crostics in terms of hours spent on them. I travel about 100,000 miles per year in Europe and South America and I measure my regard for DC's in thousands of miles instead. For over two decades they have been my constant companions and I enjoy DC friendships from Santiago, Chile to Tokyo via London. At present jet speeds I refer to them as 1000 milers, 2000 milers, etc."

Henry Morgan:

"One DC is more entertaining than a year of TV."

Frank Sullivan:

"The book-form DC's have been a great force in strengthening my character. Restraining myself from looking up the answers in the back of the book has developed a will power that has made a man of me. You might be interested to know that the DC appeal is to a much wider audience than elderly fellows like myself. At a local restaurant, a few nights ago, two of the most beautiful blonde skiers I ever saw came in with a boyfriend, sat at a table near me, and immediately became so lost in the current Saturday Review DC that they almost forgot to drink the Martinis they had ordered."

Elmer Rice:

"You are quite right in assuming that I am a DC fan. What is more, I am quite stuffy about my proficiency. I have done literally thousands of them. So far, I have yet to be stumped."

Mary Ellen Chase:

"I'm deeply sorry for anyone in this world who doesn't adore doing, or *trying* to do, Mrs. Wortman's Double-Crostics. She's given me more truly wonderful hours than anyone else has ever given me. And more mental exercise, too."

Pyke Johnson, Jr.,

Editor-in-Chief, Anchor Books:

"Let others have their mysteries, their science fiction, their westerns, even (God save us all) their television. For me the most satisfactory form of escape has always been into Double-Crostics."

Virgilia Peterson:

"Double-Crostics have been my refuge. And on vacations, they come next after the sun in the order of my delight."

The Rev. Bernard C. Newman,

Vicar, Trinity Church, New York:

"Each of Mrs. Wortman's books gives many occasions of pleasure, often of excitement. The game of solving Double-Crostics, like conversation with stimulating friends, means the fun of associating ideas as well as experience in new ways."

Marshall Best,

Viking Press:

"I am indeed a Double-Crostic fan and have been since Elizabeth Kingsley started them, way back when. I am constantly surprised to find how well their interest holds up after all these years, and how many good new words they continue to yield."

Adela Rogers St. John:

"I began Double-Crostics with Book One. From that day up to now, they have given me real joy, excitement, and mental stimulation. Over and over, the final quotation, a reward of your work which no other puzzles seem to offer, has been worthwhile. I've never had a good Double-Crostic fail me."

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“EVERYTHING NAILED DOWN IS COMING LOOSE”

By MARSHALL W. FISHWICK, author and historian. This article is adapted from the annual Keese Lecture delivered recently at the University of Chattanooga.

NO LESS a figure than the Angel Gabriel said it. The line occurs in *Green Pastures*, a play by Marc Connelly that has found a permanent niche in the history of American drama. Looking down from heaven on earth's confusion and turmoil, Gabriel noted sadly: “Everything nailed down is coming loose.”

When the play appeared, in 1930, it *did* look as if the floorboard of American society were loose: economic collapse, mass unemployment, bank failures, bonus armies, mob violence. Millions in our present Affluent Society remember songs like “Can I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight, Mister?” and “Brother Can You Spare a Dime?” Yet, as they compare the problems of the 1930s with those of the 1960s, they tend to agree with the harassed executive in a recent *New Yorker* cartoon who gazed out of the window and murmured: “Ah, for the good old days, when we had nothing to fear except fear itself!”

Today we see problems that were once regional or at most national inflated to international proportions. Thirty years ago it was the American upper class that feared for its survival in a revolutionary-minded America. Now all of America looks out over an increasingly agitated and questioning world. Once the problem was merely in the

corn belt, or the First National Bank, or along Route 66. Now it engulfs six continents and involves the whole human race, two-thirds of which is colored.

Pick up any morning newspaper, and see how well Gabriel's line describes the world situation: “Everything nailed down is coming loose.” The “way of life” which historians sometimes called classical liberalism was one of the victims of our troubled times. The cosmology built on parliamentary debate, decent diplomacy, the open market place, and Newtonian physics no longer prevails. We still believe in individualism, but we fear for it in the age of mass media, mass communication, and massive retaliation. “Everybody knows that at some point in the twentieth century America went

through a cultural revolution,” Henry F. May writes in *The End of American Innocence*. “Glance at a family album, or pick up a book or magazine dated, say, 1907. You will find yourself in a completely vanished world.”

Robert Oppenheimer continues in the same vein, and attempts to tell us in what sense the new world has already taken shape and substance: “This world of ours is a new world, in which the unity of knowledge, the nature of human communities, the order of society, the order of ideas, the very notions of society and culture have changed, and will not return to what they have been in the past. What is new is new not because it has never been there before, but because it has changed in quality. One thing that is new is the prevalence of newness, the changing scale and scope of change itself, so that the world alters as we walk in it, so that the years of man's life measure not some small growth or rearrangement or moderation of what he learned in childhood, but a great upheaval.”

We are poised, in Secretary of State Dean Rusk's memorable phrase, eyeball to eyeball with our atomic adversaries, realizing that the blowup may occur at any moment. New terms are originated in the Pentagon—spasm response, second strike counterforce capability, counterforce collateral damage. Somehow they sound as unreal and academic as doctrines set forth by the medieval theologians. But we have every reason to know that they are anything but unreal. When a magazine like the *Saturday*

