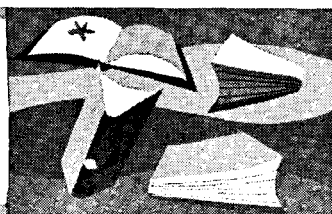


Trade Winds



From the Town of University City, Missouri, Clyde Carter writes that he has been obsessed with this classic sentence: *John, where Jim had had "had," had had "had had."*

Long used by English teachers as a stiff test of a student's ability to punctuate, the sentence has stumped even experts. But Mr. Carter wonders what would happen if *another* John and Jim were given it to punctuate, and John had given up in disgust. He figures the situation would then come out something like this: *John, where Jim had had "John, where Jim had had 'had,' had had 'had had,'"* had had "John where Jim had had had had had had."

John, where Jim had had "had had" had had "had" Jim had had "h had had John had "had had "had had"

"This brings me to the absolutely unpleasant thought," Mr. Carter writes, "that *still another* John and Jim might get involved to produce almost impossible complications."

We have a staff of three experts checking out Mr. Carter's solution to that one.

If our mail is any indication, readers of **TRADE WINDS** are constantly creating brain twisters for themselves. Robert Challman, for instance, a Ph.D. from Minneapolis, finds restful therapy in creating what he calls Household Poets. For the kitchen, there is Burns; the dining room, Lamb; the bedroom, Love-lace; the nursery, Suckling; the smoking room, Seegar; the laundry, Dryden; and out in the barn, De la Mare.

He is also developing a series of Occupational Poets: Wordsworth for authors; Donne for bill collectors; Pope for the Catholic clergy; and Longfellow for basketball players.

The matter of immortality resulting from an untoward act on the part of the doer has prompted Earl Reese of Philadelphia to start a list that others may add to. He suggests that John Wilkes Booth is remembered as an assassin rather than as an actor; Oscar Wilde is remembered more as a deviate than as a

genius; Wrong Way Corrigan would never be remembered had he flown otherwise; Roy Reigels, who ran 105 yards the wrong way in a Rose Bowl game, is remembered mainly for this in sporting circles; the tower of Pisa would hardly be noticed if it were vertical.

At the University of Pennsylvania, Jerre Mangione recalls a twister game he used to practice as a youth, and which still haunts him. He calls it Exclamation—Without Point. It involves a series of this sort:

"What, no mummy?"

"Tut, Tut!"

"What, no drama?"

"Pshaw!"

"What, no corn?"

"Shucks!"

"These examples," Mr. Mangione writes, "may explain my reluctance to take any credit for inventing the game—if indeed I ever did."



In Hollywood, Sam Marx has spent a good many sleepless nights trying to figure out how much wisdom can be crammed into four words. He lists the following, each one neither more nor less than four words: In God we trust; this, too, shall pass; live and let live; still waters runs deep; bad news travels fast; love laughs at locksmiths; nothing succeeds like success; charity begins at home; politics makes strange bedfellows; nothing ventured, nothing gained; man proposes, God disposes; let sleeping dogs lie.

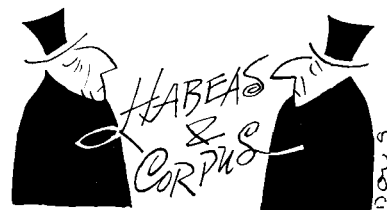
The moral may be: If you can't say it in four words, don't say it.

There are many other faithful readers who find this kind of small-game hunting a rewarding malady.

Reader Charles Mantoni has created a game called Hollywood. For a film about the sea, he would cast George Raft, Howard Keel, Ethel Waters, and Clara Bow. For religious drama, he would cast George Abbott, Thelonious Monk, and Shirley Temple.

Bob Busby, of the city desk of the *Kansas City Star*, recalls a game that he and his former colleagues on the *Cherryville (Kansas) Republican* called Famous Passes: Thou shalt not . . . ; Pippa . . . ; Kybher . . . ; Faux . . . ; Ships that . . . ; . . . at girls who wear glasses.

Bob Peck and Phil Desmond are fascinated by what they call Classic Cognometry. They would develop such enterprises as: Habeas and Corpus, undertakers; Ipso Facto, Inc., data processors; Lux et Veritas, honest electricians;



Ave atque Vale Tours, Inc.; De Profundis, Inc., well diggers; Caveat Emptor, Inc., used cars.

Charles Sweningsen has a rather simple game: He keeps a sharp eye out for extraordinary candor, or self-effacing names of businesses. His first is an actual company in Chicago called Adequate Electric Company.

Howard P. Hudson is now on a sharp lookout for redundancies. He heard a sports broadcaster, for instance, describe Patty Berg as a "leading female woman golfer." In the same interview, Miss Berg continued with: "I'm going to Europe, and then to the Continent."

Harriet Silverman is developing a game she calls Unlikely Double Features, in which a moviehouse might combine *The Key* and *The Apartment*; *If a Man Answers* and *Sorry, Wrong Number*; *Giant* and *The Incredible Shrinking Man*.

If there is any more fodder for insomniacs, we'd be delighted to hear about it.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1568)

A. L. ROWSE:
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The key to the resolution of the problems of the Sonnets, all of which are now cleared up—except for the identity of Shakespeare's mistress, which we are never likely to know—has been to follow strict historical method and establish a firm dating and chronology.

THE VANISHING NOVEL

An author argues that the genre of Fielding, Austen, and Hemingway, beset by disinterest and mass-media competition, is withering away

By HERBERT KUBLY

IN NEW YORK I live on the upper West Side. Since this is the less chic, less expensive side of the park, quite a number of my neighbors are professional writers. There exists in the area a restricted society known as Novelists Anonymous, which meets once a week in one or another of the neighborhood restaurants for lunch. The single condition for membership is the taking of a pledge never to write another novel. The membership includes five reformed novelists who have written a total of twelve novels, one of which won a Pulitzer Prize. Today, two are writing for Hollywood and two for television; one is a magazine editor. All are prosperous. When it was suggested to one of the Hollywood converts, the author of a single highly successful novel, that he should try another, he replied: "You think I'm crazy? I'm not putting my neck in that noose again."

Last fall after the publication of my first novel it was suggested to me that I might like to join. I did not then share the members' cynicism about the future of fiction, so I did not take the pledge. To satisfy my curiosity, however, I began to think and talk about the fate of the novel.

The history of the novel as we know it is astonishingly short—covering barely more than two centuries. The novel form developed in the eighteenth century, rose to its peak in the nineteenth, and now, if the portents are to be cred-

ited, is declining in the twentieth. I am not speaking of the art of fiction, which is as old as civilization. The telling of tales in prose was popularized in fourteenth-century Italy by Boccaccio and a school of followers. From Spain came Cervantes's great satirical romance, *Don Quixote*, and in France the lusty friar, Rabelais, gave us *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. In England, of course, there were Chaucer, Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

But the novel, when it came, was a reaction to such formal romancings, and quite another matter. It grew out of the literary demands of the English middle class, a previously illiterate public that, with increasing prosperity, became able for the first time to read words on a page. That the novel's three great innovators, Daniel Defoe, Samuel Richardson, and Henry Fielding, were of the same nation and generation was no accident. Conditions in lusty pastoral England were just right for the burgeoning of their genius. Philosophical thought had been liberated by Descartes' *Discourse on Method*, with its premise that the pursuit of truth is an individual matter, independent of traditional thought. Thus freed, the three inventors of the novel were doing precisely this—presenting the truth of life as they saw it. The result was a new realism that looked closely at human beings and presented them without their social masks.

One might say the novel had a somewhat scandalous birth: Defoe's Moll Flanders was, among other things, a thief; Richardson's Pamela was a hypocrite; and Fielding's Tom Jones was a lusty wench. But the authors presented not only the seamy side; they presented all of life. Individual experi-

ence was their raw material, and individual experience is forever new and unique. Traditionally accepted plots were abandoned; the authors let their narratives flow spontaneously out of their own intuition about what their protagonists might do next. What plots there were arose out of the psychology of the characters, instead of being superimposed on them by the authors. The new art of the novel was to show, to let a story tell itself, instead of having to be told by the author. A reader, forgetting he was reading a book, was brought to life in the book's own world; he was given the feeling he was actually there. Such a relationship between literature and life became the novel's unique province.

WHEN, a few years back, an American editor asked one of the ablest—and currently the eldest—masters of fiction, Somerset Maugham, to select the ten great novels of all time, he chose one, *Tom Jones*, from the eighteenth century and nine from the nineteenth. It is a matter of interest to note that four novels were English, three French, two Russian, and one, *Moby Dick*, American. Extending it for historical purposes to 1914, Mr. Maugham makes the obvious conclusion that the nineteenth century was the century of the novel.

Let us look for a moment at the beginning of this marvelously literary century, into the life of one of its greatest novelists, Jane Austen. Jane and her sister Cassandra, daughters of one of England's oldest landed gentry families, made their own clothes and their brothers' shirts. They were talented cooks who cured the household hams and fermented mead and wine. They loved theatricals and dancing and their great-

Herbert Kubly is the author of a novel, *The Whistling Zone*, and a collection of short stories, *Varieties of Love*, among other works. This article is adapted from a recent lecture at Marquette University, Milwaukee.