



From Kansas Farm Boy to Scientist:

The Autobiography of Elmer Verner McCollum

A story of difficulties overcome, widening horizons, and achievement by an eminent scientist known for his work on nutrition, including the discovery of two vitamins and appreciable influence on everyday meal planning ... \$5.00

Soviet Agricultural and Peasant Affairs

edited by Roy D. Laird

Sixteen contributors on the social, economic, and political background, and the record of Russian agriculture ... \$7.00

American Feminists

by Robert E. Riegel

The backgrounds, careers, and personalities of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone, Carrie Chapman Catt, and dozens of other leaders in relation to their feminism ... \$4.50

Forthcoming:

The Hyphenate in Recent American Politics and Diplomacy,

by Louis L. Gerson

From your bookseller or

**The University of
Kansas Press, Lawrence**



THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

Bumper Vote Coming

AT this stage, it's all Barry on the bumper strips of Los Angeles, bumper strip capital of the world. "Au H₂O '64" is unchallenged as yet on the freeways by Rocky, Scranton, Dick, and Maggie. Nor is there a Romney to be seen, even on a Rambler. Bumper strips, which began as homey gags ("Don't Laugh, It's Paid For," etc.), have wound up as slogans, billboards, and editorials. Probably because 99 per cent of the eligible voters spend some time every day reluctantly looking at the backs of other cars, Southern California political campaigns often seem to be waged at sixty miles an hour. Back in 1960, Republican drivers, with Nixon obviously their man, looked on with detached amusement and bare bumpers as L.A. Demos fought out their convention split at five car lengths. Stevenson followers, a pretty passionate lot out this way, were the last to get to work with soap, hot water, paint thinner, and razor blade on the allegedly easy-to-remove stickers. In fact, some wistful "Only Adlai" strips can still be seen gliding through stop signs.

In the California gubernatorial campaign, with Pat Brown the Demo choice all the way, it was the Republicans' turn to carry a private primary battle through the four-level interchange, as Joe Shell's high-octane, ultra-conservative followers battled that old pink, Nixon, with such patriotic bumper motifs as "Get U.S. Out of U.N. and U.N. Out of U.S." Demos on wheels almost felt an odd pang of empathy with drivers of Nixon-stickered cars under the Shell fire. But once ol' Dick won the primary, it was back to the 1960 custom of dropping in on their friendly neighborhood GOP headquarters, asking for a pair of Nixon strips, saying thank you so much, slicing one of them between the X and the O, and affixing the legend Nix on Nixon to their chariots. This act, of course, may go into its third L.A. run.

Less mutable are such manifestoes as "Girl Scout Cookies," "Square Dancing," and "See a Realtor." Among other L.A. bumper standbys one finds "America Is a Republic, Not a Democracy, Let's Keep It That Way" (which, aptly, does not fit on foreign cars); "What's Wrong with Being Right?" and "The Only Ism for Me Is Americanism!"

The American Freeway

This last has elicited one favored by college students that goes, "The Only Ism for Me Is Abstract Expressionism!" Also observed sporadically on the roads to and from Disneyland are such sentiments as "Make Disarmament Your Shelter" and "End the Arms Race, Not the Human Race."

Actually, regardless of opinions, nobody should complain. These days, bumper strips may be the last refuge of controversy. —LES RODNEY.

The Truth About Spinnaker

RECENT appraisals by leading critics of the work of the late James Harmon Spinnaker have, in my opinion, done less than justice to the unique contribution of one of the most widely celebrated writers and philosophers of our day. Although portraits of the bearded lion of letters have appeared on the covers of a dozen literary reviews, and Spinnaker chairs of English Literature have been founded in seventeen colleges, no one has yet, to my knowledge, penetrated the inner core of the Spinnaker revelation. As one whose knowledge of Spinnaker's life and work is second to none, I propose to repair this deplorable omission.

Spinnaker was a mere instructor in freshman English at Tewksbury when I first met him at the bar of the Bell in Hand in Boston's Pi Alley on the eve of World War I. His was a mood of dejection; he had just been told that his contract would not be renewed. A man who had written a monograph on R. B. Caverly for the *Saugus Bulletin* had been hired to replace him. The bartender listened to his tale and told him to go home and write a book. Two years later, Spinnaker's *The Curve of Civilization* made its bow, and the author was recalled to his beloved classroom.

His subsequent meteoric toboggan ride through the groves of academe is too well known to require recapitulation. In spite of the notable *succès d'estime*, he met all praise with great modesty, even refusing to lend a copy of the work to fellow scholars. Word of his unappreciated genius grapevined the lecture circuits; clubs and seminars congregated for his casual causeries on life and art; and his baroque baritone drolleries proliferated on radio. Millions miss his televised foliage in *Think Along with Spinnaker*.

It was characteristic of the man that



The Benjamin F. Fairless Memorial Lectures (Inaugural Series)

IS THE INDIVIDUAL OBSOLETE?



By GABRIEL HAUGE, President

Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company

New York

Presented at

Carnegie Institute of Technology

November, 1963



Carnegie Press

Carnegie Institute of Technology

Schenley Park, Pittsburgh,

Pennsylvania 15213

Carnegie Press
Carnegie Institute of Technology
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213

Please send me.....copies of *Is The Individual Obsolete?* by Dr. Gabriel Hauge, at the price of \$2.65 plus .14c Pa. Sales Tax.

My check enclosed ☐

Please bill me ☐

Name:

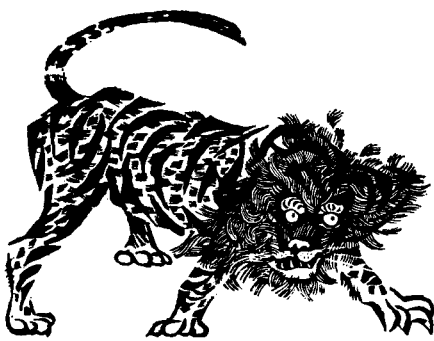
Address:

City: State: Zip Code:

Please make checks payable to Carnegie Institute of Technology

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DREAMTIGERS (*El Hacedor*)

By Jorge Luis Borges. Translated by Mildred Boyer and Harold Morland. Introduction by Miguel Enguídanos. Drawings by Antonio Frasconi. Time says: "Borges' latest book of poems and parables shows that blindness has not blurred his poetic vision . . . No other writer of this era has so movingly championed what a man sees against what he knows."

Illustrated \$4.00

CONFABULARIO and Other Inventions

By Juan José Arreola. Translated by George D. Schade. Illustrated by Kelly Fearing. A biting commentary on the follies of mankind, by one of Mexico's outstanding authors.

Illustrated \$5.00

AMERICAN EXTREMES

By Daniel Cosío Villegas. Translated by Américo Paredes. A much-needed collection of essays by a leading Mexican historian, in which are discussed Latin America's internal problems and her relations with the United States, Russia, and the rest of the world.

\$5.00

THE THREE MARIAS

By Rachel de Queiroz. Translated by Fred P. Ellison. The Baltimore Sun says: "This is a moving story of adolescents striving for maturity. Written in 1939 by one of Brazil's foremost novelist-essayists, it is neither dated nor regional . . . Ellison's translation preserves Senhora Queiroz' clear, graceful style."

Illustrated \$4.00

THE GREAT FRONTIER (new edition)

By Walter Prescott Webb. Introduction by Arnold J. Toynbee. A new theory of Western history since 1492. Toynbee says of Webb: "He managed to combine being a master in a special field of study with having a vision of the history of the World as a whole."

\$6.00

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS

AUSTIN



78712

for years he ignored the frantic pleas of a hundred publishers, but his next opus, *The Parabola of Culture*, was truly a great event. It was not until this 880-page book appeared that I really understood Spinnaker. I was at a cocktail party in Greenwich, and the book was on the coffee table, of course. I was early. Guided by who knows what strange compulsion, I opened it. There was a challenging preface mentioning Kierkegaard. I was about to put it down when my hand slipped. The rest of the book was full of names and phone numbers, which I later learned came from the Chicago directory.

Spinnaker's story, when I sought him out, was brief and simple. Writing always gave him a headache, he told me, but he soon discovered that it was not necessary. Examining the libraries of friends, he found an astonishing number of books with uncut pages. This led to the formulation of Spinnaker's Law: The more formidable the title and the bigger the book, the lower the readership. He had published *The Curve* at his own expense, sending one copy to the Library of Congress and burning the other ninety-nine. Later he found this precaution superfluous.

"It's like this," he chuckled. "Get yourself a symbolic, polysyllabic title and beef the weight up to three pounds or so and you're safe." So I went to more cocktail parties early and hefted and flipped the greatest books I could find. Believe it or not, 87.5 per cent of the heavyweight classics are blank after page 10. If you question this, look in your own shelves. Spinnaker's later books were published fearlessly through ordinary channels. When he first met a colleague who said, "I've just reread *The Parabola*, old man, and it seems to me . . .," he blanched, but soon he learned to listen with modest quizzicality. Naturally, Spinnaker saw his way to strike a lucrative bargain with me, and for years I have regarded his books, shelved with other masters from Montauk to Santa Monica, with fond personal appreciation.

You may ask, why reveal the truth now, with Spinnaker's *The Dichotomy of Learning* on the best-seller list, Elizabeth Taylor signed for the film, and the author the first posthumous recipient of the Nobel Prize? My answer is: truth is all, especially since the Spinnaker Foundation refuses to honor our little agreement.

—HARLAND MANCHESTER.



As It Happens

The President's Committee on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Crime is now making liberal cash grants to communities with teen-age problems. As a result, every community is taking a second look to see if it hasn't some bad boys.

✓ ✓ ✓

The AP reports a Vietcong stronghold as close to Saigon as New Haven is to New York. The road is often blocked there, too.

✓ ✓ ✓

Los Angeles police say shoplifters religiously follow department store ads in newspapers. Agencies can judge the effectiveness of their copy by the amount of merchandise stolen.

✓ ✓ ✓

Our Manhattan operative overheard a husband bark at his wife: "I told you to send our donation to CARE, not CORE!"

✓ ✓ ✓

Coca-Cola has reconstructed a typical Hong Kong street at the World's Fair in New York. An old Asian hand, we found everything authentic, the rickshaws, tea shops, Her Majesty's officers, coolies. The only typical Hong Kong fixtures we didn't see were Pepsi-Cola signs.

✓ ✓ ✓

The newest wrinkle in group travel this summer will be bachelor tours. An equal number of compatible young men and women, previously unacquainted, will be packaged through Europe. If the idea clicks no one will have time for sightseeing.

✓ ✓ ✓

The operator of a New York tourist agency, a big spender, faces trial for forging tickets for overseas flights. He, of all people, should have known you've got to pay later.

✓ ✓ ✓

Under President Johnson, plain American fare has gradually replaced sophisticated French cuisine in the White House. These days everything seems to hinder better relations with Paris.

✓ ✓ ✓

We don't dispute the fact that the basic economy of this country is sounder than ever. It's just that a lot of us still don't have any money.

—FRED SPARKS.