

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

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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.

✓ ✓ ✓

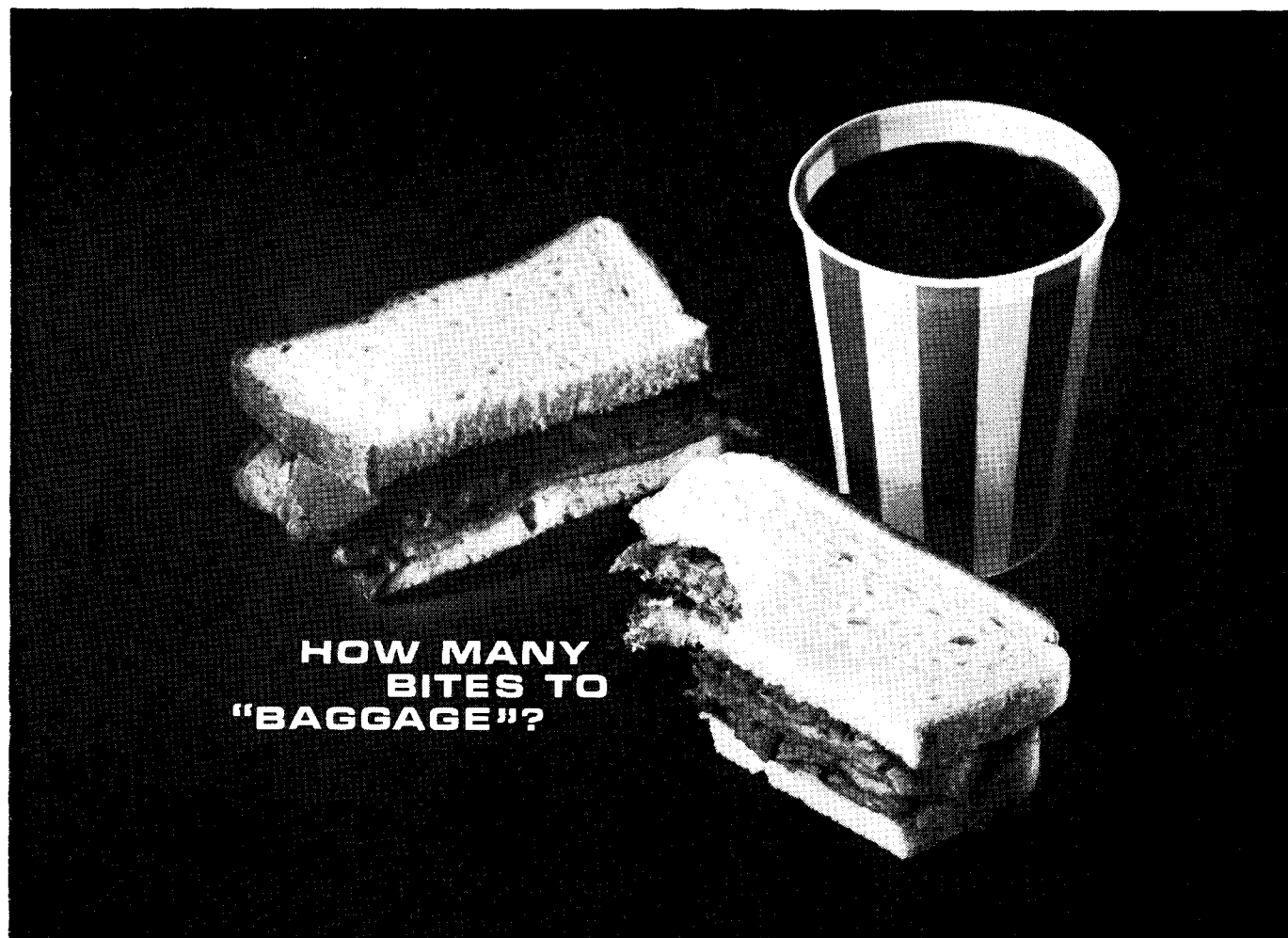
Under President Johnson, plain American fare has gradually replaced sophisticated French cuisine in the White House. These days everything seems to hinder better relations with Paris.

✓ ✓ ✓

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.

GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



**HOW MANY
BITES TO
"BAGGAGE"?**

In 1925, Sir William Craigie joined the University of Chicago faculty to direct the compilation of the first **DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN ENGLISH**.^{*} On his retirement in 1937, when Dr. James Root Hulbert took his place, Part I had been completed—"A" to "Baggage." For nearly two decades George Watson, supervising hundreds of assistants, worked a ten-hour day and lunched on sandwiches at his desk.

Then in 1944, the four volumes were completed—2,500 sets, calculated as a five-year supply. They vanished overnight. A local meat-cutter bought two sets. Al Smith bought six. The price, \$100.

Big books or small, large readership or limited, works of key significance are the province of the university press. Here are recent examples from Chicago.

THE YEAR OF THE GORILLA

George B. Schaller. African gorillas and a young couple share in a fascinating wildlife adventure. *Illus.* \$5.95

WHAT CAN A MAN DO?: A Selection of His Most Challenging Writings

"Milton Mayer is the most brilliant journalist in our country. He writes powerfully, thinks clearly, and has the courage to live as he writes and thinks."
—*Sydney Justin Harris* \$5.00

THE ETRUSCANS: Their Art and Civilization
Emeline Richardson. In this lavishly illustrated book, the art of the Etruscans opens wide the door to curious customs, origins, unique religion, homeland and history. *Illus.* \$7.95

THE ENEMY JOY: New and Selected Poems

Ben Belitt "is an impressionist in the best sense—warm, distinct, and original."

—*LOUISE BOGAN in The New Yorker* \$3.95

THE RISE OF THE WEST

William H. McNeill. "The most lucid presentation of world history in narrative form that I know."

—*Arnold Toynbee. Illus.* \$12.50

FICTION OF THE FORTIES

Chester E. Eisinger. "No one else to my knowledge has yet subjected the fiction of the forties to such an expert scrutiny."

—*Saturday Review Syndicate* \$7.95



CIARDI



"Violent, full of passion, with extraordinary discipline, John Ciardi makes a weapon of his poetry—a weapon for justice, honesty, humanity."

—WEBSTER SCHOTT, *Kansas City Star*

PERSON TO PERSON

His newest volume, to be published June 10. "...these poems are beautifully shaped, imaginative, and come from the heart and mind of a poet."—*Publishers' Weekly* \$3.50

IN FACT

"The originality and vitality of expression for which Ciardi is noted are ably demonstrated in this volume."

—*Chicago Tribune* \$3.50

IN THE STONWORKS

"He sees life with understanding, and we are glad to be overwhelmed by his several kinds of music and his solid perceptions."

—*America* \$3.50

39 POEMS

"...energy, warmth, and sheer humanity. ... One of the delights of Ciardi is that he appears ready for anything."

—*Harper's* \$3.00

I MARRY YOU

"A fine garland of poems in praise of a happy marriage."

—CHARLES POORE, *N.Y. Times* \$2.75

AS IF

"Persuasive and vital... Mr. Ciardi's poetry depends on the world of his imagination as much as it does on the world in which he is living."—I. L. SALOMON,

Saturday Review \$3.50

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Brunswick, New Jersey

Top of My Head



Son-of-a-Gun...

ON THE surface, television seemed to have settled down to the quiescent doldrums and re-doldrums of summer. Suddenly from behind the scenes and out of the West came the sounds of furious struggle, frenzied intrigue, and sabotage and ambush.

Richard K. Doan, TV editor of the *Herald Tribune*, told the story most graphically and with a seven-column banner that read: JOEY BISHOP TO CBS—TO BATTLE BONANZA NEXT FALL. But it was the story itself that gripped and held me:

Joey Bishop is moving from NBC to CBS next fall. CBS literally grabbed Bishop within an hour after his contractual obligations to NBC had expired. NBC's option to renew its contract with Bishop expired at 4 P.M. last Friday. CBS's program boss, Mike Dann, was standing by on the coast to move in if NBC let the contract lapse . . . and when the deadline hour passed Mike Dann acted immediately to sign Bishop. Thirty-five minutes later the comedian was in the CBS bag.

Doesn't that grab you? You couldn't ask for anything more in any TV dramatic hour show. All the elements of suspense and who-will-do-it-to-whom are tightly knit into this exciting plot, which in *TV Guide* would be highlighted as "A TV tycoon in his lust for power and glory outwits a big network in a chess game of Big Business, with humans as pawns, and wins Bishop."

This of course is only a description of a *fait accompli*. But it is not difficult to imagine the climactic scene of the drama as enacted by Mike Dann and his aide, hidden away in an old, discarded radio studio where once the Boswell sisters held forth, ready to spring at the hour of four. The scene is played with alternating shots of Mr. Dann nervously pacing, and close-ups of the moving hands of that old debbil clock on the wall.

"What time is it?"

"Three minutes and ten seconds to four, Mike."

"You sure that clock's right?"

"I don't know, Mike. It was always right for the Boswell sisters."

"Boswell sisters — Boswell sisters! Bring your thinking up to date, man. Think Bishop!"

"Oh, I am thinking about him, Mike. As a matter of fact, I was thinking maybe we're making a mistake putting him on at that ill-fated Judy Garland hour opposite *Bonanza*."

"Stop using that word."

"Ill-fated?"

"No, that other word."

"*Bonanza*?"

"Don't say it. If we get Bishop for a half-hour, and that other half-hour show, *Living Doll*, we'll have Sunday night made."

"You think Bishop can do it?"

"Sure he can. In Bishop we have a veritable bonan — treasure-trove. What time is it?"

"Two minutes to four. You're really anxious to get this fellow, aren't you, Mike? You like his show that much?"

"I like his rating. And besides I have a personal reason."

"Well, I mean when you watch his show, don't you get the feeling that—"

"Watch it! I'm the program boss. Who's got time to watch television? Especially on other networks. Have you been watching that other net—remind me later. What time is it?"

"One minute to four. Are you thinking of making any changes in his program, Mike?"

"Just one. I'm gonna change his name. How long can a grown man keep calling himself Joey? What's the matter with Joe Bishop?"

"Good thinking, Mike. Is the Joe Bishop show that important to CBS?"

"It's important to me. I have personal reasons. You know NBC got Jack Benny away from us. Now we're going to get Joe Bishop away from them. An eye for an eye, a J.B. for a J.B."

"That's cute, Mike. Five seconds to four, Mike."

"Countdown. Five, four, three, two, one!"

(Phone rings . . . receiver off)

"Hello. Yes, this is Mike. Oh, hello, Joe — how's the boy, Joe? Well, congratulations! You are now a member of the CBS family, Joe. And the first thing I'm going to do is to change the — What? . . . Oh sure, Joey, anything you say, Joey . . . I understand, Joey."

—GOODMAN ACE.