

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

THE BUSY BODY. By Donald E. Westlake. Random House. \$3.95.

DEVILWEED. By Bill Knox. Doubleday. \$3.50.

Current Affairs

THE ECONOMICS OF POVERTY: An American Paradox. Edited by Burton A. Weisbrod. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, \$4.95. Paperback, \$1.95.

FORMOSA BETRAYED. By George H. Kerr. Houghton Mifflin. \$6.95.

HARLEM: The Making of a Ghetto. By Gilbert Osofsky. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

THE MALAGASY REPUBLIC: Madagascar Today. By Virginia Thompson and Richard Adloff. Stanford Univ. Press. \$12.50.

THE X IN MEXICO. By Irene Nicholson. Doubleday. \$4.95.

Education

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL STUDENT TEACHING. By Everett Keach. Wiley. \$1.95.

FERMENT ON CAMPUS. By David Malery. Harper & Row. \$4.50.

THE MENTALLY RETARDED . . . THEIR NEW HOPE. The Joseph P. Kennedy, Jr., Foundation. Paperback. Free.

Fiction

THE ASTRONOMER AND OTHER STORIES. By Doris Betts. Harper & Row. \$5.95.

A CHILD DIVIDED. By Henry Cecil. Harper & Row. \$3.95.

THE CORINTHIAN. By Georgette Heyer. Dutton. \$3.95. (Reissue.)

HOME IS WHERE YOU START FROM. By Gene Horowitz. Norton. \$4.50.

JASPAR AND THE LOVE OF MONEY. By Robert E. Reardon. Morrow. \$4.95.

KING OF THE HILL. By Thomas J. Fleming. New American Library. \$4.95.

LIONHEART. By Alexander Fullerton. Norton. \$3.95.

MY ESCAPE FROM THE CIA (AND OTHER IMPROBABLE EVENTS). By Hughes Rudd. Dutton. \$4.95.

THE PAPER BULLET. By Otis Carney. Morrow. \$4.95.

THE SINEWS OF LOVE. By Alexander Cordell. Doubleday. \$4.95.

A SURFEIT OF SUN. By Sean Graham. Doubleday. \$4.50.

MR. THREE. By William Butler. Putnam. \$4.50.

THE UNDERGROUND. By Mario Tobino. Doubleday. \$5.95.

Government, Politics

THE POLITICS OF DEMOCRACY. By Pendleton Herring. Norton. \$6.

PRESIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT: The Crucible of Leadership. By James MacGregor Burns. Houghton Mifflin. \$5.95.

History

THE BATTLE OF CAPORETTO. By Cyril Falls. Lippincott. \$4.50.

A CENTURY OF DISAGREEMENT: The Chamizal Conflict, 1864-1964. By Sheldon B. Liss. Univ. Press of Washington, D.C. \$6.

THE DELUGE: British Society and the First World War. By Arthur Marwick. Little, Brown. \$6.

THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS UNDER CHARLES II AND JAMES II. By Phyllis S. Lachs. Rutgers Univ. Press. \$7.50.

IN HONORED GLORY: The Story of Arlington. By Peter Andrews. Putnam. \$5.95.

MAGNA CARTA: Legend and Legacy. By William F. Swindler. Bobbs-Merrill. \$6.

TRAGEDY AND HOPE: A History of the World in Our Time. By Carroll Quigley. Macmillan. \$12.50.

THE TROJAN WAR: The Chronicles of Dictys of Crete and Dares the Phrygian. By R. M. Frazer, Jr. Indiana Univ. Press. \$6.

Ideas

RENAISSANCE AND REVOLUTION: The Remaking of European Thought. By Joseph Anthony Mazzeo. Pantheon. \$6.95.

THE VOICES OF TIME. Edited by J. T. Fraser. Braziller. \$12.50.

Law

THE BIBLE AND THE SCHOOLS. By William O. Douglas. Little, Brown. \$3.75.

THE PETITIONERS: The Story of the Supreme Court of the United States and the Negro. By Loren Miller. Pantheon. \$8.95.

Literary History, Criticism

THE AMERICA OF CARL SANDBURG. By Hazel B. Durnell. Univ. Press of Washington, D.C. \$6.

CHEKHOV AND HIS PROSE. By Thomas Winner. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$5.

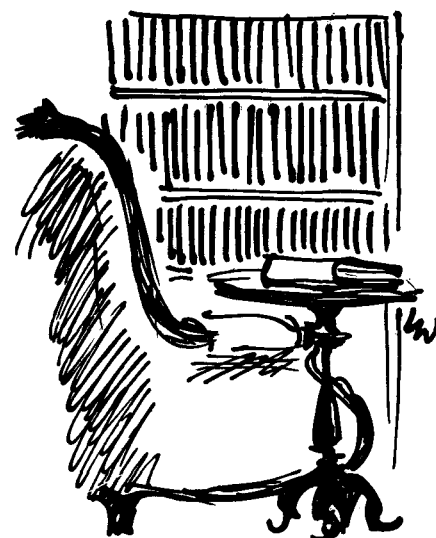
POETS ON POETRY. Edited by Howard Nemerov. Basic Books. \$4.95.

THE SAVOY: Nineties Experiment. Edited by Stanley Weintraub. Pennsylvania State Univ. Press. \$7.50.

Miscellany

BIPLANE. By Richard Bach. Harper & Row. \$3.95.

BIRDS AROUND THE WORLD. By Dean Amadon. Natural History Press. \$3.95.



COMPLETE BLENDER COOK BOOK. By Sylvia Schur. Simon & Schuster. \$3.50.

CONTEMPORARY TABLE SETTINGS. By Patricia Kroh. Doubleday. \$7.50.

THE COTTONTAIL RABBIT. By Leonard Lee Rue, III. Crowell. \$5.95.

HOW TO READ A FRENCH MENU. By Martin Dale. Appleton-Century. \$2.95.

PATCHWORK QUILTS. By Averil Colby. Scribners. \$6.50.

THE STEVENSON WIT. By Bill Adler. Doubleday. \$3.95.

Personal History

ADDINGTON: A Biography. By Philip Ziegler. John Day. \$8.75.

THE COMPLETE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: Volume I, 1708-1720. Edited by Robert Halsband. Oxford Univ. Press. \$13.45.

DAG HAMMARSKJOLD: A Spiritual Portrait. By Sven Stolpe. Scribners. \$3.95.

GIVE US THIS DAY. By Nathan Haverstock. Appleton-Century. \$4.95.

LAST ADVENTURE: The Martin Johnsons in Borneo. By Osa Johnson. Morrow. \$4.95.

THE SECRET ISLANDS: An Exploration. By Franklin Russell. Norton. \$5.95.

SHAKESPEARE'S SOUTHAMPTON: Patron of Virginia. By A. L. Rowse. Harper & Row. \$6.95.

VALLEY OF ANIMALS. By Elma M. Williams. John Day. \$4.95.

Poetry

NONSEQUENCES: Selfpoems. By Christopher Middleton. Norton. Hardbound, \$4.50. Paperback, \$1.95.

Psychology

SOCIALIZATION AFTER CHILDHOOD. By Orville Brim and Stanton Wheeler. Wiley. Hardbound, \$5.95. Paperback, \$2.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE BOOK OF GOD AND MAN. By Robert Gordis. Univ. of Chicago Press. \$8.50.

THE FACES OF LOVE. By John B. Terbovich. Doubleday. \$3.95.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF MAN. By Martin Buber. Harper & Row. \$3.50.

MARXISM AND THE LINGUISTIC PHILOSOPHY. By Maurice Cornforth. International. \$6.95.

OLD TESTAMENT THEOLOGY. Volume II. By Gerhard von Rad. Harper & Row. \$6.50.

PHILOSOPHY IN PROCESS. By Paul Weiss. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. \$15.

IN SEARCH OF PHILOSOPHICAL UNDERSTANDING. By E. A. Burt. New American Library. \$5.75.

SIMON PETER. By Lord Elton. Doubleday. \$4.50.

Science

NAKED EYE ASTRONOMY. By Patrick Moore. Norton. \$6.50.

THE YEARBOOK OF ASTRONOMY, 1966. Edited by Patrick Moore. Norton. \$4.50.

Theater

THE GREAT PO SEIN. By Kenneth Sein and Joseph A. Withey. Univ. of Indiana Press. \$4.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

You Are The Most Important Person In Your Life...

The Behind-The-Scenes Success Story of "Advice From A Failure"

Dear Reader:

Jo Coudert phoned me one Monday morning that she would be dropping off the manuscript of her new book that day. When it hadn't reached my desk by late Tuesday, I asked around and learned that our receptionist had glanced at it, become fascinated, and taken it home with her. The next morning she handed it over excitedly to my secretary, who started reading the manuscript on her lunch hour, and now pleaded with me to let her take it home. And so it wasn't until Wednesday that I got my hands on *Advice from a Failure*, with recommendations from these two unauthorized readers who swore, each in her own way, that it was the best book of its kind they had ever read. That had never happened in our office before.

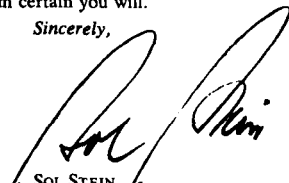
I asked Peg Parkinson, one of our editors, to read the manuscript right away. When I poked my head in her office late in the day, she was just turning over the last page. Very quietly she said, "Wow." That evening it was read by my wife and partner, Patricia Day, who is a cool one about incoming manuscripts. She stayed up very late that night. The next morning she asked simply, "How fast can we bring it out?"

After I read it, to confirm the rapidly spreading excitement in our company I sent the manuscript out to specialists in the field of psychology. Dr. Harris B. Peck, Director of Mental Health Services of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, wrote us that *Advice from a Failure* was full of "profound wisdom," handled with "delicacy and tact." Dr. Molly Harrower, Professor of Psychology at the New School for Social Research, called *Advice from a Failure* "A challenging book, exceptionally well written. The intelligent reader cannot help but benefit from it." Dr. Saul Scheidlinger of the Community Service Society in New York reported *Advice from a Failure* is "Refreshingly different... Every intelligent reader is bound to profit from it, rich as it is in wisdom, sensitivity, and compassion."

I sent 500 advance copies of *Advice from a Failure* to book-sellers and influential librarians across the country. Their enthusiastic reactions came in the form of phone calls, letters, telegrams—and orders.

I have just finished reading *Advice from a Failure* for the fifth time, and am still finding fresh and immediately useful insights in every chapter, as I am certain you will.

Sincerely,


SOL STEIN
Publisher, Stein and Day books

What Is This Brilliant New Book About?

It is a breakthrough in the field of self-understanding.

"Of all the people you will know in a lifetime," says the author, "you are the only one you will never leave nor lose. To the question of your life, you are the only answer. To the problems of your life, you are the only solution."

In *Advice from a Failure*, you will learn:

- How to stop being a prisoner of past mistakes.
- How to stop bribing others with bits and pieces of yourself.
- How to stop suing for acceptance—and thereby get it, from friends, lovers, neighbors, business associates.

From a reading of this book you will also learn:

- How to lessen your discomfort with people who trouble you—and how to reason with unreasonable people.
- How to be at ease with strangers and acquaintances, and how to make intelligent new friendships.
- How to deal effectively with your depressions.
- How to understand the real reasons behind "money" problems, and how to deal with them.
- Why you love the person you treat well and not necessarily the person who treats you well.

You Will Find Out if You Are One of the ANGRY or One of the GUILTY.

You will learn quickly to cope with your anger and to lighten the burden of your guilt feelings. You will become aware of how much of your adult life has been shaped by what happened to you as a child, and what to do about it now, how to free yourself from those shadows. The greatest joy of this book is how it helps you deal with your own self. You will warm to this book in the very first pages.

You May Be Startled by What Jo Coudert Has to Say About "The Most Satisfying Game Ever Invented," Sex.

Sex is "a slightly ridiculous process that happens to be exceedingly pleasurable." You will gain new insight into sex as a form of recreation, learn how to maintain a "hot line" between body and brain, and women will come away from the book with a nearly infallible method for the achievement of pleasure.



Unconditional Guarantee

Advice from a Failure will bring you joy and release. If not, return it.

It will show you how to get along with difficult people in a way that works—if not, return it.

It will transform your view of marriage, children, parents—if not, return it.

It will be of greater benefit to you than any book you have read in years.

We make this unconditional guarantee because everyone who has read an advance copy of this book has stressed how practical it is. You, too, will find yourself marking up passages, reading, and re-reading whole sections time and again, and showing paragraphs to people close to you. Sending in the coupon may be the best thing you have done for yourself in a long, long time. We are certain that you will be grateful for this book the rest of your life, for that is what is at stake.

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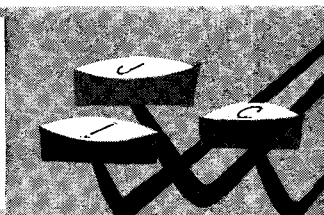
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Manner of Speaking



The Refugee Angel (a, perhaps, allegory): Homesick for ourselves, we refugee angels inserted personals in the leading newspapers and became pen pals. It wasn't, of course, the same thing as going home, wherever that had been, whatever was left of it.

But just to have someone to talk to in our own language (which we are forever inventing) is almost the next thing to a reality, like phoning long distance from a combat zone: there's half a world and all its cables between saying and being; and still if you shouted you could be heard, and if you strained you could almost hear what was almost a voice of someone almost remembered say Yes, the weather was fine, and wanting to know how you were. And when you said Goodbye, to nothing, that was a month's pay shot.

As a matter of fact we phoned only in the beginning. In the long run the letters (with always the dim snapshots) were not only cheaper but more satisfactory. A letter is an evidence. It can be folded and carried in a pocket and reopened at night and read again. And, during the day, touched. It is the next thing to being almost real. It is a thing and, therefore, partly believable.

Even when you forgot who had written it, it was there with its dim snapshots of whoever it had been you had meant to remember.

Even when it was from no one you knew except as a name, the name was still vaguely of someone who knew what you knew about the towers and choir-stalls and gold villages.

It was always from someone who had been there when you had been there and who spoke parts of the language you were forever inventing as the way all of you have of trying to remember how far back it is to never-again.

Though, really, it wasn't so much that I wanted to be a pen pal as that I had nothing else to be.

Maybe it's like smoking cigarettes after you get the habit of it: you don't really want the cigarette, but what on earth do you do without it?

So I chain-smoked and pen-palled from all the endless world's ends I was forever being sent to, and I kept the letters that came to me, some of them from space, and some of them almost halfway to being nearly understandable. For after those first few times, I never again tried to reach back by cable.

And after the first few letters carried

into combat and bloodied a bit, I never folded them into my pockets but mounted them in bound tomes and stored them in the squadron files to read again on furloughs.

When I was finally discharged with my two Band-Aids and my disability pay, I was sure I had all that was left of the libraries of Heaven.

I had to turn down Air Force transportation and make my way back by freighter just to get the crates of books back to the ranch-style abbey I had picked out in San Diego.

And here I am, and even now I can pass days just stroking the bindings, feeling the weight of all those words we were forever inventing, hefting the bulk of the great proofs I used to read when I could see.

Sometimes another angel passes through town and drops in and I bring out the wine and we toast the names we invent again as if we could really remember what we once knew.

In the end, of course, we have nothing to say.

The bottle is always empty too soon.

He is still on active duty and he has his orders and it is time to say goodbye.

It is always time, from the beginning, to say goodbye.

I cannot see him and I am sure he does not see me.

He came not to hear what I had to say but what he had to say.

He admires my library but he cannot read it either.

And still I know what it makes him feel just to stroke the bindings and to heft the bulk of all those proofs.

I know how much he wants to persuade himself that we were real once and that we might again become real.

I let him listen to himself and I pretend that I, too, am listening, and sometimes I am, but not to him.

What I am doing is listening through him.

I hear all the waters of all the oceans we have crossed from nothing to nothing.

I hear the express rush of space, the raging silence.

I remember when I had eyes in that dark too wide to see across.

I think how it was really the same as being blind.

Whatever we were looking for was farther across the dark than we could see to, except for those pinpricks of light at the opposite nothing.

Blind, I can imagine that much as clearly as I saw it then.

He ignores me and I ignore him and we stroke the bindings and heft the weight of the proofs and empty the bottle and it is always time to say goodbye.

Sometimes the letters still arrive, two or three at a time, dog-eared and limp, and I can guess how many times they have been forwarded from God-knows-where and the way stations between.

But even if I opened them and even if I could read them, what could they say that I don't know already?

Yes, I confess I can never quite bring myself to throw them out. I toss them into a drawer and forget about them.

The fact is I no longer care to invent what I never was in the first place—or what I can no longer remember having been, which is really the same thing.

I think sometimes of the blood I shed in combat and I wish it had been real.

I touch the sewed-on scars and think of unstitching them, but it's like throwing out the letters—some inner feeling stops me: what could I pretend to be without them?

I could even open my eyes and see the dark again, the uncrossable fact of it. But why?

If I think hard enough, shut here in my own willed dark, I believe I could reinvent myself as a thing.

A mote would be enough: I have survived ambition, I tell myself.

And then I know I have been gulped down into the same pride I rose in once. That insistence on being real.

Always that insistence.

Among other dreams.

Of nothing.

—JOHN CIARDI.

