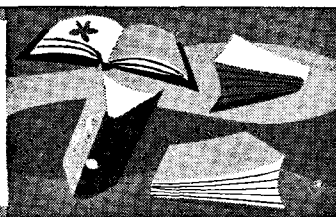


Trade Winds



On August 20, *The New York Times* book review section carried a full-page ad for Andre Dubus's novel, *The Lieutenant*. The headline read: "In the Tradition of *The Caine Mutiny*." Almost immediately following was another full-page ad, for John Winton's *HMS Leviathan*. Guess what? "In the Great Tradition of *The Caine Mutiny*."

So what did our distinguished friend over at Random House do? Put together an ad for the Modern Library edition of *Moby Dick*. Naturally, in the great tradition.

Would it be unreasonable to suggest that when one book seeks to trade on the reputation of another, some small fee be paid to the original author? There's always one you know, that's in the tradition of *The Naked and the Dead*, or *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, or *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*.

Conceivably, some current best sellers could be advertised as follows: Shulman's *Anyone Can Make a Million*, in the tradition of Edna Ferber's *Come and*

Get It; Levin's *Rosemary's Baby*, in the tradition of Ogden Nash's *I'm a Stranger Here Myself*; Mayer's *The Lawyers*, in the tradition of Anne Lindbergh's *Listen! The Wind*; Berne's *Games People Play*, in the tradition of Kinsey's *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*; Birmingham's *Our Crowd*, in the tradition of Margaret Sidney's *Five Little Peppers and How They Grew*. The Smithsonian Institution Press is just bringing out *The Medical and Veterinary Importance of Cockroaches*. That could be said to be in the tradition of Stegner's *All the Little Live Things*.

Of course you'll all send in your own.

Until you start to open it, nothing is more welcome in the mail than a brown package containing a book. You put the package on your desk and try to plan a course of action. You look at the nasty little staples driven into the corrugated board, and the strips of glued tape across the top, bottom, and sides. Should you slit across the top, or try to slip a

paper-opener into one of the ends so solidly cemented? You will need scissors, of course, and possibly a screwdriver. You jab, and dig, manage to get a fingernail in, then a finger, and then you tug. What comes out? Ugly fluff, a kind of ground-up paper garbage that, for all your care, sneaks away from you and drifts down onto the carpet and nestles itself in.

Then you get to the book, and must blow the gray gook off the jacket before you open it.

I know, not all publishers send out their wares that way, but enough of them do to make you mad.

For obvious reasons, Arde Bulova, the watchmaker, was interested in anything having to do with time. During a dinner party he asked a group of guests to estimate the passing of a minute. After a given signal each guest was to raise his hand when he believed sixty seconds had passed. All hands were raised at least twenty seconds before the minute was up. Try it, and see.

Then he asked for an estimate of how many minutes had passed since the day Christ was born. I guessed the total to be in uncountable trillions, and nobody else came anywhere near. Even today, not many more than a billion minutes have gone by.

It used to take me three days to go by rail from New York to California. Now, by plane, I am there in five hours. In a few years, the time will be cut in half. Still, the fastest conveyance is a train of thought. Last night, in two minutes, I went from Park Avenue in New York to Fleet Street in London.

Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsay, who live nearby, are fond of the French crullers our Emilie makes. I took a batch of them over to the Lindsays. Directly across the street is the home of Vladimir Horowitz, and immediately I remembered a day on Fire Island, when Horowitz spent a summer there, and people stopped outside his house to listen to him at his piano. In the same twirl of mind I could see a man named Ernst (Putzi) Hanfstaengl, who once was Hitler's pet and played piano while the Fuehrer dreamed beautiful dreams.

In another second I was back in 1939. Hanfstaengl had fallen out of favor and had fled from Germany, taking up residence in England. I had heard he was writing a book, and arranged to meet him in a Fleet Street office in London.

Hanfstaengl interrupted our conversation twice by moving stealthily to the door, opening it suddenly, and peering cautiously along the corridor, to be certain no one was listening. A little overdramatic, it seemed, but interesting.

He had, he said, written his memoirs. At last the world was going to know all

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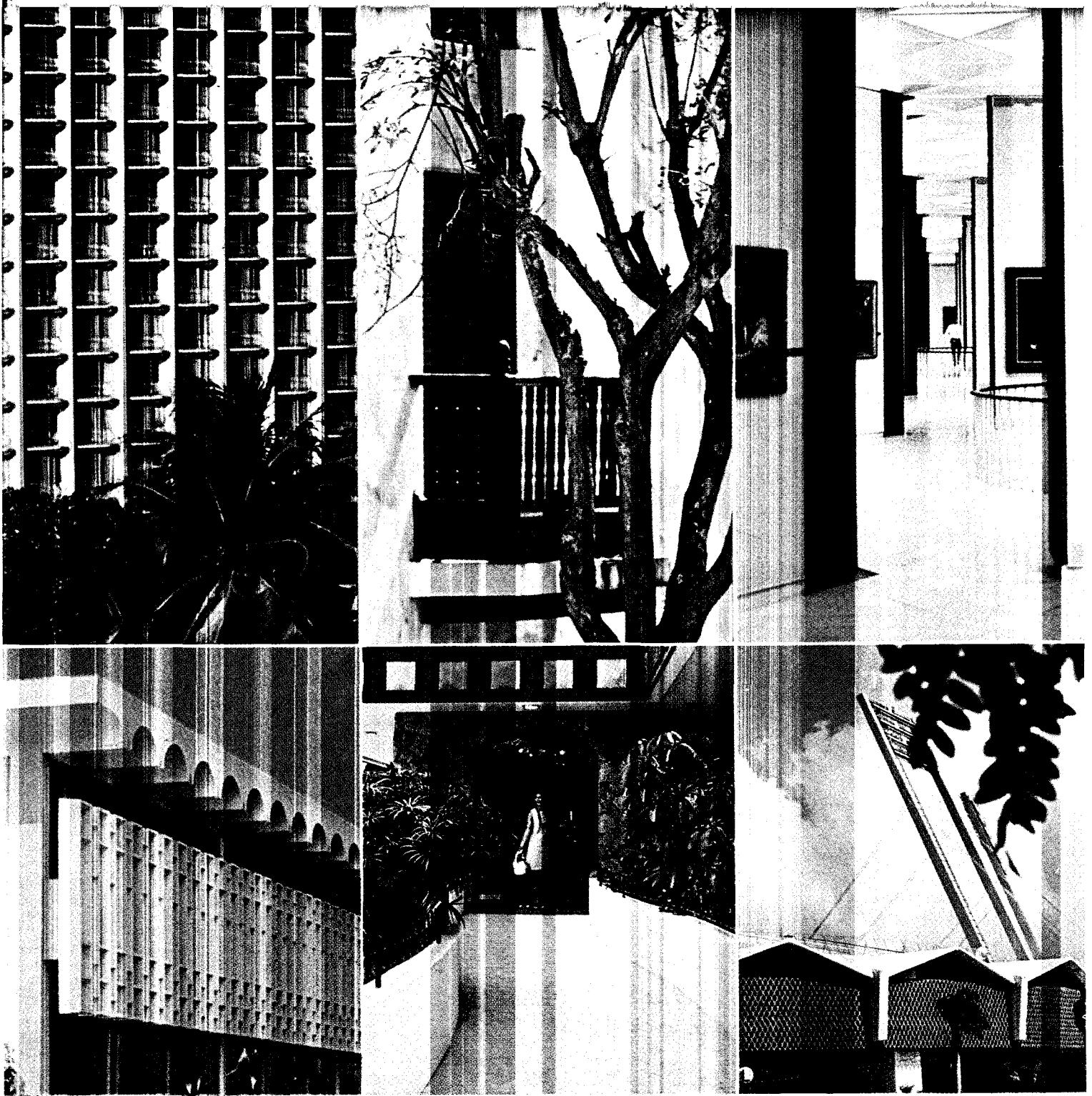
We changed the Skylark from front to rear, we gave it a whole new look, simply because we believe you want a car like this. In other words, we're talking your language.

We thought you'd like to have a little easier time parking. So we shortened the wheelbase of the two-door Skylark down to 112 inches. Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

All Buicks have the full line of General Motors safety features as standard equipment. For example, seat back latches and padded windshield corner posts.



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Top (l to r): *Hotel Americana*, restored town house, San Juan; Museum of Art, Ponce. Bottom (l to r): Kodak offices, Howard Johnson *Hotel* and Hiram Bithorn Stadium, San Juan.

How today's Puerto Rico is changing the face of the Caribbean

IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN to San Juan in a few years, today's skyline may surprise you.

Skyscrapers leap up from sun-spangled surf. Expressways head out to the beaches and the mountains. Instead of a somnolent tropical town, you see a wide-awake, 20th-century city.

Puerto Rico is now spending at the

rate of one million dollars *every day* on new schools, new homes, new hospitals, new hotels.

But the end result goes much deeper than the architectural niceties above. These buildings are proof of the progress that can come when people set out to hoist themselves up by their own bootstraps. While Puerto Rico is chang-

ing the face of the Caribbean, it is also changing the *spirit* of the Caribbean.

This sunny Commonwealth has been called a "showcase to the new nations."

A showcase of hope.

This is the real promise of today's Puerto Rico.

Commonwealth of Puerto Rico • Economic Development Administration • 666 5th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019

about Hitler. In the event anything untoward happened to Hanfstaengl, a bank, which held a copy of the manuscript in its vault, was authorized to release it for publication.

Would I want to buy it? I would. Well, for an advance of \$25,000 in cash, to be paid immediately, a copy of the manuscript would be sent to me.

I explained I rarely carried that much money with me, except when going shopping with Mrs. Mayes. He didn't seem amused. Surely the Hearst organization had accounts in London? True enough, but I was not authorized to pay anything, or conclude any arrangements, without seeing the story. That, my friend said, was out of the question. Money had to come first. The manuscript would be delivered to me at the Dorchester.

Silly? He was a silly man, Harvard graduate or no. Of course I never saw a word. I don't think anybody else did, either. I don't know that a single word was written.

I think Putzi died some years back. He made a quick trip from his art gallery on West 57th Street to being Hitler's toady in Berlin, to being a refugee. Not as quick, however, as a train of thought.

The Open Court Publishing Company, now responsible for the *Library of Living Philosophers* (Dewey, Karl Jaspers, Einstein, Russell, Santayana, among others), recently issued *The Philosophy of Martin Buber*, a huge volume—probably 325,000 words—that sells for \$15. I have gone through a third of it, being fascinated by the opening section called “Autobiographical Fragments,” and totally frustrated and sunk in trying to understand the first ten of thirty critical essays contributed by various scholars. No student of philosophy, I don't know how to evaluate a book of this kind. Until now, I had no concept—which is still meager—of Buber's “philosophy of dialogue.” For students of philosophy, I have a feeling that this offering is a must. For myself, I wish I were bright enough to be able to grasp even a fair portion of it. For \$15 you can match your understanding against mine.

—HERBERT R. MAYES.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
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“In singing the song today so many people speak of Frankie's ‘forty-four gun’! It should be ‘forty-one gun,’ because in those days Colt manufactured something between a thirty-eight and a forty-four. A forty-one is just about the kind of a gun a gal would carry.”

SR/September 23, 1967

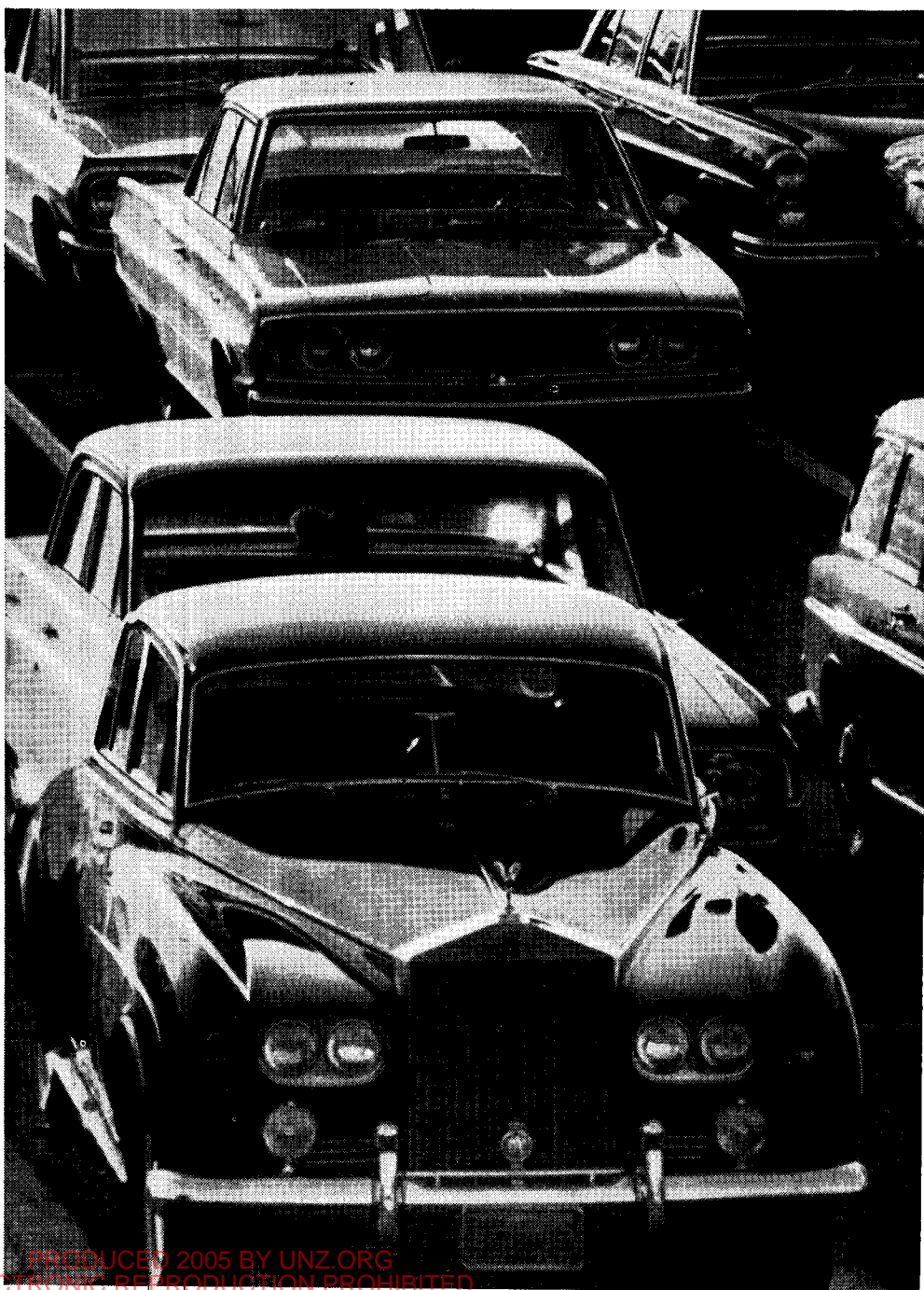


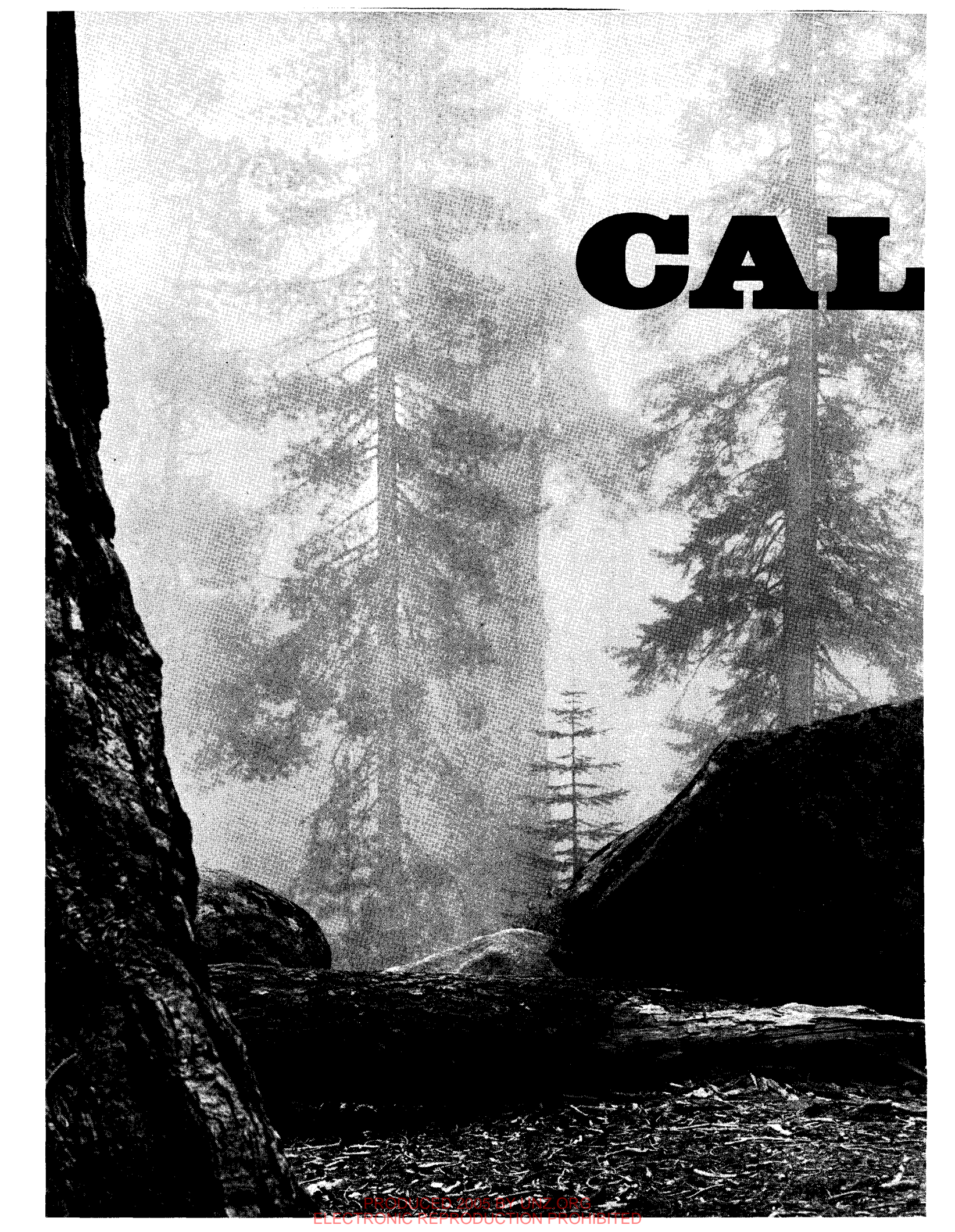
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A black and white photograph of a misty forest. In the foreground, a large, dark, textured tree trunk is on the left, and a fallen log lies horizontally across the lower middle. The background is filled with tall, thin trees shrouded in a thick mist or fog. The overall mood is serene and atmospheric.

CAL