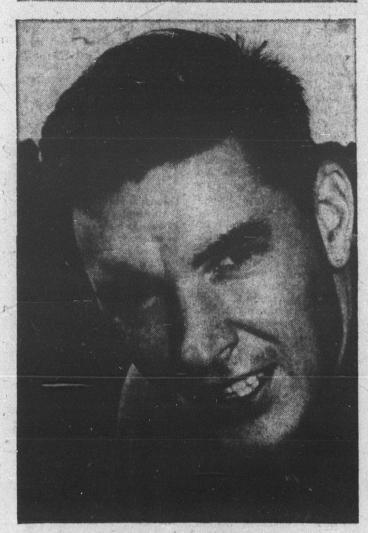
# BOOKS



Lee Grosscup

... Author of 'Fourth and One'

### Thrown For Loss As A Writer, Too

FOURTH AND ONE. By Lee definitions that will appeal to Grosscup. Harper & Row. 310 Pages. \$3.95.

By BOB QUINCY

As a behind-the-scenes look at professional football, "Fourth and One," by Lee Grosscup, is, at its price, slightly cheaper than a grandstand seat in the NFL.

Usually sports books are written by heroes or about them. Lee Grosscup was a potential hero for years, but he didn't make the grade. The book is packed with football names and jargon, but the amazing aspect is that it really amounts to a Grosscup diary of frustration

Lee never admits he was born for the bench. He relates how he spent most of his time there, but one gets the feeling Lee never could agree with the coaches who ignored him. The most damaging part of his argument is the cold statistics of his efforts. Mr. Grosscup, a great college player at Utah, tended to goof in his

post-graduate work. There is locker room talk and some in the audience. For instance, a banana is not a fruit which monkeys carry to lunch. A banana, in pro football, is a quick slant-out pass pattern run mostly by the tight end or the slot back.

Grosscup, the quarterback, seems to be obsessed by the beer drinking of the pros. He mentions beer so often in his bookdiary that one expects the publisher to be Budweiser and Schlitz rather than Harper and Row.

Among the greats of the game that Grosscup cuts slightly are Norm Van Brocklin of the Vikings, whom he describes as a combination between the Frankenstein monster and the atom bomb, and Allie Sherman, head coach of the New York Giants.

I happened to bump into Peahead Walker, the former Wake Forest coach and now a scout with the Giants, and mentioned that Grosscup had some nasty things to say about some of his New York clan. "Hell," Peahead growled, "Grosscup couldn't even make the Mets.

### Grimacing Puritan Returns (So What)

SNOW-WHITE PURITAN. By John Paolotti. Harper & Row. 200 Pages. \$3.95.

Some contemporary fiction excels because it tells a good story. and tells it well. Some, because it is truly literate. A few good novels accomplish a satisfactory blend of both.

That John Paolotti has attempted to do more than spin a simple yarn around his Snow-White Puritan is obvious. There can be no other explanation for the Don Quixote - Sancho Panza relationship of his two cen-

tral characters. The reader is painfully reminded, page after page, that the Puritan is a puritan, sadly lacking in perception of his surroundings, and that the guide he has obtained for his mysterious journey is all that stands between him and the slings and errows. It is not enough that we learn this simply by watching the players go through their paces or, at the very most, by insight gained gradually through eavesdropping on their conversations. "Sancho" must explain it to us, and at every opportunity. He is the narrator, and narrate he does. If his Puritan grimaces, we are treated to a three-page treatise on why he grimaced why he thinks he grimaced, and how he would not have grimaced had be but Sancho's poetic

realistic view of the universe.

So much for symbolism and

His errand is a mystery. Sancho is immediately beset by a series of forebodings: tragedy is imminent; his Puritan's very being is endangered by the innocence of his nature. The pair wanders at random, the Puritan being drawn inextricably to his doom while the guide bounces from one bed to the next, spouting philosophy as he removes his socks. Closer and closer they come. To what? To the Puritan's first realistic encounter with himself and his world? To a situation where he cannot avoid a choice between his perception of the world and his friendship with Sancho, or between his integrity and his life? No, gentle reader, they come

to a wild-eyed comic operetta finale (to participate in which Sancho must extricate himself from still another bed) barely worthy of a B-grade 1930 horror movie, complete with spooky castles, witches and demented, drooling homicidal maniacs. Even a windmill would have been better than that.-BTW

WAUXILIARY MEETING

The general meeting of the Women's Auxilitary of Memorial Hospital will be held Wednesday, Oct. 2, at 10 a.m. in the auditorium of Gravely Sanatorium. Dr. Robert Ross, Head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at the hospital, will be

# THE BOOK EXCHANGE

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### John Knowles: 'I'm Pleased'

## Writer-In-Residence Arrives

By W. H. SCARBOROUGH

John Knowles and the University of North Carolina have been introduced. They appear to like one another very much. Mr. Knowles writes novels. The University of North Carolina sometimes teaches students to write. The two are going to collaborate in the better teaching of more students.

Formally Mr. Knowles is the University's Writer-in-residence; informally both he and the University are curious as to what this means. The University has never had a writer-in-residence before and Mr. Knowles has never resided as a writer in quite this fashion. They are easing into the arrangement with caution, but without suspicion.

Nevertheless, he is very pleased to be here. It is, to him, "a chance to catch my breath." For some years and especially during the past three years he has traveled a great deal-the Orient, the Mediterranean, the Levant, Jordan. More importantly he has published two fine novels which have won him a handsome literary prize and a reputation as one of our more promising young He had just finished a third

book last Tuesday. The experience had not noticeably elated him, but quite obviously he was warmed at the prospect of bundling it off to his publisher. He has already started another novel, without ado, without fanfare, and his starting bears out one of the fond hopes of the students who set fire to the idea of having a writer-in-residence in the first place: that a writer-in-residence will pursue his own craft while teaching and encouraging other, younger writers.

The students have by now also been heartened by Mr. Knowles's heartfelt concurrence in their idea that Chapel Hill needs to be prodded, that its students will benefit from intimate association with someone engaged in the production of serious letters.

"Achievement occurs in ground that's been prepared for it, don't you think?" he began. "That's the value of this sort of thing. A University that wants a tradition of good writing has to do

YATES PAUL, HIS GRAND

FLIGHTS. HIS TOOTINGS.

Bu James Baker Hall World

Publishing Company. 281 Pag-

By JANET WINECOFF

intriguing, suggestive, not entire-

ly self-revealing. It turns out

to be a rigorously accurate de-

scription of contents, and the ex-

act nature of the grand flights

and tootings becomes clear in

Yates Paul is a frail, blond

little boy with huge buck teeth.

no mother, and a well-developed

psyche. He is brilliant in some

ways, sensitive, original, with a

great deal of maturity, a vocabu-

lary unbelievably large for his

years and tastes, and flights of

fantasy appropriately fantastic.

At thirteen he is the best dark-

room technician in Lexington,

Kentucky, and aspires to the

eventual practice of photography

is a commercial photographer,

not especially successful. He is

less of a success as a person,

Yates' father, Lee Allen Paul,

due time.

as an art.

The title, you must admit, is

something such as this. Of course the University has been encouraging young writers all along, but this is another step in the process. Good writing is contagious. It tends to come out in places where it's already taken root."

How would he pursue his role here? "By ear. This is real improvisation. This is going to be a 'happening.' I hope I can supply a certain kind of feeling for the profession of writing that will encourage others."

Mr. Knowles has had experience with the effect a practicing writer can have on a student. While he was attending Yale, Thornton Wilder was living outside New Haven. "I used to take my stories to him, and he used to tell me what was wrong with them, or right with them. What he really did was to clarify me to myself. All writing is passed on from one writer to another. I never heard of a writer who is not derivative, and if you can derive directly, it's just that much more valuable to you."

Certainly the formal structure of the job will permit John Knowles a liberal amount of time to help student writers directly, to make his presence and influence felt upon student nonwriters, and to some extent to teach. He will teach one course in creative writing within the Department of English and conduct a seminar for more advanced students. Simultaneously he will be practicing his own craft in circumstances and surroundings that appeal to him. To a great extent he was speak-

ng of himself when he said, "If there's one thing the writer has to have it's impetus. One will need it more than anything else. You can help the writer focus, but without impetus he will do nothing. Sometimes people discover their impetus in another writer. William Inge for instance says that his impetus came from the plays of Tennessee Williams. They gave him a way of looking at his own experience.'

John Knowles seems to himself always to have been a writer. "I can't do anything else. I never made a nickel any other way." Most of his experiences

often childish, cowardly, weak, a

slave to his repressed desires

which find perverted expression

through the camera's eye. Lee

Allen has spent many evenings

and a large part of the family

budget over a period of years

photographing nudes, and Yates

eventually blunders into the nega-

The darkroom is a symbol on

several levels. It has something

to do with the concealing of sex-

ual impulses, not only in its role

as guardian of Lee Allen's secret.

but as the scene of the extra-

curricular activities of past dark-

room technicians. For Yates.

the darkroom is an escape from

many things-the empty house in

which he lives, the traumas of

adolescence, the necessity of fac-

ing the world at large, and of

recognizing his own limitations.

On a more abstract level, it is

the mystery of life and meaning,

of which Yates is just becoming

aware, and the abyss which

yawns should he ever cease his

'tootings." Which have the fol-

lowing explanation (and it is

with reluctance that I forego the

notation of resemblances to ex-

istentialist symbols and resist the

tive files in the darkroom.



JOHN KNOWLES

have in some form found their way onto paper.

He is a native of West Virginia, but this long ago ceased to show. He extended Exeter, the American Eton, and followed that with four years of Yale University. At 37, he has already traveled more and used his travel to better literary advantage than anyone except a modern foreign correspondent. For a time he was a sort of correspondent and one of the editors of Holiday Magazine.

In 1960, he discovered the novel as a literary expression, cut most of his ties with Holiday, and a year later had completed "A Separate Peace," which won him the first William Faulkner Award for the best first novel during the

As he related it, "One day I had a feeling about some trees I had seen in New Hampshire. That's all I had. A year later I had finished it. That's the way novels ought to be written. They should grow organically out of emotion and not be plotted intellectually."

He is now firmly committed to the novel. It suits his temperament best. "It's just the right thing for me. I couldn't write short stories. Too restrictive." "A Separate Peace" was fol-

"In another vision he was para-

chuting down over the ocean.

There was nothing in sight, noth-

ing but water. All he had with

him was a blowtorch, a yard-

ling pea. He was holding onto

the tower with one hand-he was-

n't harnessed to the parachute, a

three-sided TV tower was - he

was standing on the tower, on

the bottom rung, holding on with

one hand and clutching the gear

with the other. He figured that

since the heavy tower would take

him straight to the bottom of the

ocean the blowtorch was for cut-

ting through the side of a sunken

ship and the ruler was for mak-

ing scientific measurements of

what he found there; but since

that didn't account for the whistle

he was never quite sure what he

was up to. Riding the tower

down he watched with fascina-

tion-first over his shoulder, then

under his arm - as the water

came up steadily closer and clos-

his head back, shut his eyes and

took a deep breath, and then

Every now and then he tilted

and a whistle with

The Best Darkroom Man In Lexington

lowed last year by "Morning in Antibes," which got excellent notices from everyone except Mr. Knowles himself. "It's a second novel (not a

glowing compliment in his lexicon). Halfway through it I fell under the influence of Jack Kerouac ("On the Road"), with his theories about automatic writing, and it was a disaster. I tried the experiment of just letting the story go, but . . . if it had been written as 'Separate Peace' was it would have been a good book.'

He did not venture an opinion on his just-finished book, except to say that it was not a novel. It will be entitled "Double Vision -American Thoughts Abroad.' It will concern, in his words, "my experiences in Greece, Lebanon and Jordan, and what I found out about the United States abroad.

"Double Vision" started improbably, too. Mr. Knowles had gone to Jordan to write a biography of King Hussein, but when he arrived he discovered that Hussein was two-thirds finished with his autobiography.

"I thought, 'what the hell am going to do out here in the So I began writing this When I came back to the U.S. I ran into a friend who was chartering a yachtthis was in Philadelphia-for an expedition to the Greek Islands. I didn't want to go back, but my publisher said 'We need this chanter' so I went. When I got back, there was another expedition being organized to some more Greek islands, and my publisher said again, 'We need that chapter,' not paying for the trips you understand, just recommending. But it worked out. Values in that part of the world are the reverse of what they are here-it throws things into bold relief to live that long in that part of the world.

What Chapel Hill will reveal to Mr. Knowles, of course, remains for both Mr. Knowles and his readers to see. He does not worry about such things, since they become apparent to him when he writes about them. "I never know what I'm writing-

I write to find out what I think. With any sort of luck he could very easily induce Chapel Hill's oft-slumbering attention to good

reckoned, to plunk into the ocean.

But before it was too late he

always decided not to give up

so soon: he exhaled, emphatical-

ly, and scampered up a few

rungs. For a while it looked as

though that situation, just like the

one with the B-24, had its bad

logic — the tower was only so

tall. The whistle, he figured, was

to call for help. So with the air

he took in against going under,

and let out for fear of giving up,

he blew the whistle for all he-

and it-was worth. No miracles

happened-no help appeared in

the void of sky or on the vast

empty ocean. But as he got up

toward the top of the tower, close

to the parachute, he found that

his whistling, his own wind

through the warbling whistle,

held the chute up. If he stayed

with it, if he kept on tooting, he

could at least hold his own; and

who knew, as he grew older and

his lungs got stronger maybe he

could toot the whole rig up and

up-for wherever that would get

In the later stages of the nov-

(Continued on Page 8-B)

temptation to analyze in Freudian looked down again; prepared, he

Among The Rubble By Helmut Thielicke. Harper

In Search Of Faith

& Row. 223 Pages. \$3.95.

GEORGE WALKER BUCKNER

Much of the significance of this book arises from the circumstances of its origin in wartime Germany. The author, a scholarly professor and more recently head of the University of Hamburg, had been dismissed from his University post and forbidden to publish articles or books (a Nazi technique, he says, for saving paper). In 1941 he was ordered not to speak and was interned in a small city. This treatment resulted from his criticisms of Nazi policies. Later, however, friends got him permission to give one evening lecture a week in the cathedral church at Stuttgart.

Anyone who saw Stuttgart in

1945 will recall the almost com-

plete devastation of that city.

Homes, churches, schools and factories had collapsed into rubble or burned into ashes. One wondered how any life could have survived and how - assuming survival - anything approaching normal living could have gone on in the city. Yel, it was in just this seting that Professor Thielicke gave his weekly lectures, some of which are now presented in this book. Until the great church was destroyed by fire, the lectures attracted regularly some three thousand hearers. They were an astonishingly miscellaneous audience - "workers and businessmen, students and professors, soldiers and generals, Nazi functionaries (naturally in civilian clothes!) . . . and sometimes whole classes from the schools."

When the cathedral church was destroyed, the lectures were transferred to one auditorium after another as each of these was in turn obliterated. Newspapers feared to carry large advertisements but did run in small type such notices as Thursday, 8 p.m. T." The people understood and came to lis-

Thielicke decided early in his series that his lectures should counteract in some way the subhuman philosophy on which the Nazis had built their system. Knowing that they had given new pagan interpretations to life, birth, death, history, ethics and eternity, he decided to talk about the basic teachings of the Christian religion. He knew that his younger hearers in particular were ignorant or confused concerning these. And so he spoke on such themes as man in the cosmos - his origin, nature and

destiny. The audacity of much of what Thielicke says is evident only on the background of the time. For example, we recall that Nietzsche was a patron saint of the Nazis, though tew of them had really read him and these were highly selective in their use of his writings. Yet on the first page of his first lecture the author lifts up Nietzsche's contempt for the arrogance of a man who thinks he has a special role in the cosmos - "in 'feeling that he is a human being' in nature and the world." He quickly throws out Nietzsche's idea of man as "a small eccentric species of animal that has its time." He belittles Nietzsche himself as in revolt against the intellect and a "kind of vent that sought to relase the passion and instinct which had never been subdued by pure intellect." His own affirmation is that man is a very special part of a cosmos of divine origin, that despite many limitations

upon him he is a free moral being, and that his destiny is one of dignity in keeping with his nature as a child of God.

Much of the first chapters of this book concerns cosmology. The author insists here that biblical teaching is not concerned with the "how" of creation but with the relationship between man the creature and God the creator. Cosmologies, he says, change with new scientific knowledge. The Christian faith is "independent of any cosmology that happens to be current:" He adds that "the Christian faith itself never dictates what the cosmology should be." The important thing is the faith that man is created in God's image. This faith is independent of whether man came directly from the dust or "stands at the end of a line of prehuman developmental stages.

Thielicke's concept that the cosmological framework of the Bible is expendable gives no comfort to the fundamentalist. At the same time, many non-fundamentalist Christian students will wonder at the facility with which he supports various points of view with quotations from different books of the Bible. In doing this he makes no attempt to distinguish among the books as to their background or what the writers were dealing with. It is almost as if Job, the Psalms, the Gospels and Revelation were all one. To be sure, the author says in a postscript that the lectures are not theological, though theological conviction lies back of them, and that he is not offering "proofs." Yet the net impression of the average reader would indeed be that he often seems to be doing just that.

Most thoughtful readers are likely to agree that the chapters of this book are of uneven merit and interest. Those dealing with miracle and the demonic do not possess the clarity nor carry the conviction found in the chapters on cosmology or those dealing with Fate and Providence, Freedom and Bondage in History, or Free Will and Predestination. Here are some quotes rom these chapters:

'History has too much sense for us to be able to regard it as a gigantic playground of the forces of blind chance. History has too much nonesense for us to be able to deduce from it a providence that purposeful

"The man who separates himself from God is always in bond-

'So faith is never something 'finished,' which one 'has' once and for all and could smugly boast of possessing. No, faith is always traveling a definite way, a particular road."

Much of the value of this book derives from this concept of faith as a journey on a road of whose direction one feels assured, though he knows not its varied turnings or its roughness. Another virtue of the book is that, despite expressed certainties about things which are really matters of opinion, the author does possess the humility of a good scholar. His role here is really that of the witness who tells what he has seen rather than that of the lawyer arguing his case. His testimony is that the "I" of man can say "Thou' to God.

As a former editor of an international religious magazine and a member of the Central Committee of the World Council of Churches, Dr. Buckner has had many contacts with churches in Germany.

# Pooh Remains Untarnished, Carrollians Will Crow

THE POOH PERPLEX. By Frederick C. Crews, with original "Winnie-the-Pooh" illustrations by E. H. Shepard. Dutton. 150 Pages. \$2.95.

THE ANNOTATED ALICE. Introduction and annotations by Martin Gardner, with original "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" illustrations by John Tennicl. Forum Books. 345 Pages. \$2.25.

By J. A. C. DUNN

Everybody knows about Winniethe-Pooh. Winnie is the Bear of Very Little Brain who has been since 1926 the benevolently bumbling star of Christopher Robin's Forest, which is inhabited with stuffed animals. But who is Winnie-the-Pooh? Is

Pooh a vehicle for subliminal author-reader communication? Is he a bourgeois anti-revolutionary? Are the "hums" of Pooh "The more it snows, tiddly-pom, the colder my toes, tiddly-pom . . .") a great analogic body to Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass"? Is Pooh tragically fixated at the narcissistic stage of development? Is he a leading figure in a veiled allegory of the fall and redemption of man? Or is he an ironical commentary on

the vacuity of the middle class? Or is he the central figure in an attempt to halt time at the wisdom of childhood? Perhans Winnie-the-Pooh is merely unfortunate in not being a character in "Sons and Lovers," "Lady Chatterley's Lover," or "Women in Love." Perhaps Pooh needs Freudian analysis.

Who knows? The reader certainly does not after finishing Professor Crews' brilliant raking of modern criticism and academic thought over satirical coals. The form of the book is odd, for a professor of English at the University of California (or any university). But, like the Gatling gun, which was also thought odd at first, twelve satirical critiques are a more than sufficiently effective net for slaying whole schools of thought with hardly a fish missed.

Despite its vastly popular subject matter (37 years after his creation, Pooh is still an incredibly prolific money-maker for Dutton, selling continually like anti-freeze the morning after the first hard frost), "The Pooh Perplex" is a fairly specialized book. You have to be able to tolerate literary criticism, to begin with. This is made easier by the fact that Professor Crews is wildly funny.

Furthermore, you have to be able to tolerate decimation of literary criticism. If you are tender on the subject, "Perplex" will enrage you (it may also puncture you until you leak copiously). Finally, you have to be susceptible to satire, a form some people find either too demanding or unbearably cute. But if you can pass all these

tests, and particularly if you happen to be feeling a bit jaded about academic life in general, Frederick Crews is like a roaring bonfire with roman candles and lots of beer and merry music and pretty girls hopping around. Like Sherman in Georgia, Crews lays absolute waste to critics. Whole villages of attitudes are razed. Valuable critical vocabulary is smashed irreparably. Helpless intellectual pretenses are mowed down in groups of ten or more. It is a kind of literary blood bath; it is St. Patrick of the satirists driving the

snakes out if literatureland. And what about Pooh? Pooh stands intact after the barrage, still his irreplacably endearing, bumbling, benevolent, poignant, warming self, a Bear of Very Little Brain. His survival is miraculous-or is it only justice? Martin Gardner is of much the

same ilk as Frederick Crews, though perhaps without Professor Crews' carnivorous tendencies. Mr. Gardner is a writer the writes a monthly column on recreational mathematics, if you can believe it) and a Carrollian, which is much the same as a die-hard philatelist or a sports car buff who hears the snarl of motors in his sleep. Fortunate-Carrollianism has not blinded Mr. Gardner. He is enamoured of Lewis Carroll, but not to the point of being a white-

This makes his annotations of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" a deeply refreshing experience for anybody who likes odd bits of little-known and almost useless background information. Mr. Gardner is evidently a scholar with a notably sharp mind and an equally sharp evewhat you would expect' of a mathematician. But unlike most mathematicians, Mr. Gardner can write engagingly. Thus he would seem to be a natural for a detailed study of Lewis Carroll, another mathematician who could write.

Mr. Gardner pulls no punches, either. In fact, he gets quite acid at times, a trait which gives

some of his annotations the same deliciously heady feeling of superiority you get from sitting down out of earshot of the world and talking nasty about other But decorous nastiness is not

Mr. Gardner's strong point. His

details are. Mr. Gardner turns up fascinating insights and bits of factual flotsam about the neurotic Charles Lutwidge Dodgson and his writing, one of the most interesting of which is several pages long, on "Jabberwocky," probably the best-known nonsense poem in the language: "'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves did gyre and gimble in the wabe . . Most of the apparently meaningless words in the poem have genuine origins. "Jabberwocky. in case you were unaware, has been translated into French and German: "Il brilgue: les toves lubricilleux/Se gyre en vrillant dans le guave . . ." and "Es brillig war. Die Schlichte Toven/Wirrten und wimmelten in Waben . . . "-a goldmine of cocktail party gimmicks.

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