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Cromie LOOKS AT AUTHORS AND BOOKS

*'Best Magazine Articles: 1966'
Is Feast for Literary Gourmet*

BY ROBERT CROMIE

IT WILL BE A pleasant thing if "Best Magazine Articles: 1966," edited by Gerald Walker [World, \$5.95] becomes an annual compilation, because it provides some very absorbing reading indeed. Walker, an editor of The New York Times Magazine, has chosen 20 articles from as many periodicals as being the best of the thousands of articles he inspected. They are varied in subject, range from dead serious to light-hearted, and have nothing in common but their excellence.

Among the authors are Dwight Macdonald, with a critique of the Warren report; A. M. Rosenthal, discussing Hiroshima today; Tom Wolfe with a piece on a Puerto Rican disk-jockey; Bernard Fall, on the war in Viet Nam; Art Buchwald, who titles his offering "The Feminine Mistaque"; Elie Wiesel, a survivor of the Nazi horror camps; Eric Sevareid, on the last hours of Adlai Stevenson; and William Barry Furlong, a Chicagoan, with an angry expose of how some doctors use their patients as "guinea pigs."

That's fewer than half, but will give you an idea of the reading in store for you. Of those articles mentioned—in fact of all those in the book—"The Last Return," by Wiesel, is the most moving. It tells of Wiesel's homecoming to "a dusty little town called Sighet," from which he set out for the concentration camp, and it would be a disservice to Wiesel and you to attempt to convey anything more of the mood of this superb bit of writing.

WIESEL, WALKER has even included a sports article. This is by John McPhee and is a profile—to use the New

thing might have gone wrong, in which case he would have to go for the rebound. That shot has the essential characteristics of a wild accident, which is what many people stubbornly think they have witnessed until they see him do it for the third time in a row. . . .

"He went on to say that it is a much simpler shot than it appears to be, and, to illustrate, he tossed the ball over his shoulder into the basket while he was talking and looking me in the eye. I retrieved the ball and handed it back to him. 'When you have played basketball for a while, you don't need



Elie Wiesel

to look at the basket when you are in close like this,' he said, throwing it over his shoulder again and right thru the hoop. 'You develop a sense of where you are.'"

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THERE ARE GOOD things everywhere in the 300-plus page volume, among them, of course, the conclusion to Sevaried's extremely touching tribute to Stevenson:

"So, like a good many other people, I will never forget this man. But I will never fall in love with a politician again. I haven't the right to, in my kind of work, and there is too much pain in it."

And don't, I respectfully suggest, fail to read the piece about Dr. Herbert R. Axelrod, the expert on tropical fish, who also is one of the world's originals. Axelrod, Robert Boyle tells us, visited a psychiatrist when young [he's now 38 or so], complaining that he had "a personality problem." The psychiatrist told him to go away, adding that he was the happiest man he'd ever met simply because he had no inhibitions whatever.

This is a feast fit for a literary gourmet.

Yorker phrase—of Bill Bradley, Princeton's great basketball player. It also contains a description of one of Bradley's pet shots which may intrigue you:

"Nonetheless, he does make something of a spectacle of himself when he moves in rapidly parallel to the baseline, glides through the air with his back to the basket, looks for a teammate he can pass to, and, finding none, tosses the ball into the basket over his shoulder, like a pinch of salt. Only when the ball is actually dropping thru the net does he look around to see what has happened, on the chance that some-