

Soon after it came out in 1930 (age 12) I read a book that had a strangely maturing effect on me because of its weird combo of yearning and cynicism: Geo. Bernard Shaw's THE ADVENTURES OF THE BLACK GIRL IN HER SEARCH FOR GOD. As you can see from the ad hereon, in 1974 the weirdo author Brigid Brophy, in her new book, has stood GBS on his head! Probably consciously: that's not important to the archetypal collective. ...The exercise is to close your eyes and, out of your own past, stand something on its head, reverse something. Many of the world-changing discoveries, spiritual and scientific, have been made in this way. (I call this moving from left to right in the brain "chaotizing," the opposite of the "cosmizing" direction. Cp. my dream of putting a wild bird in the cage with my tame bird; and Cecil deMille's son's hilarious book LET'S PUT MOTHER ON THE KITCHEN CEILING.) Open to the Spirit brooding over tohu-v'-bohu, make discoveries! Then let God turn them into directions: "Go!"

Brigid Brophy's

new book

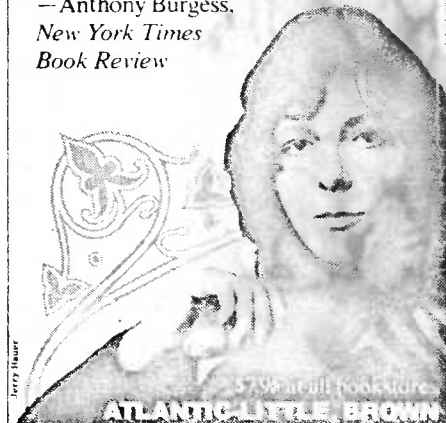
**THE ADVENTURES OF
GOD IN HIS SEARCH
FOR THE BLACK GIRL**

A Novel and Some Fables

"is wise and witty... Brigid Brophy is balanced, erudite, sensible, unsubmitive to shrill sociological shibboleths, above all *unscared*. There are not many New York intellectuals who could contrive a volume as tasty and nutritious as this."

— Anthony Burgess,

New York Times
Book Review



112 ATLANTIC Dec/74

Jerry Hauser

579 11th St. Boston
ATLANTIC LITTLE BROWN