

***CENSORED
BOOKS***

Critical Viewpoints

edited by

**Nicholas J. Karolides
Lee Burrell
John M. Kean**



The Scarecrow Press, Inc.
Metuchen, N.J., & London
1993

ON CENSORSHIP

Arthur Miller

What a strange irony it is that at the very moment when all over Europe and Latin America repressive regimes have been driven out of power and with them their censors from office, that we Americans should be increasingly discovering the uses of censorship over our own writers and artists. The devil, as was once said, has many disguises; defeated in one place he pops up somewhere else.

Evidently there are many Americans who still do not understand why censorship and democracy cannot live happily together. What so many seem to forget is that a censor does not merely take something out, he puts something in, something of his own in a work that does not belong to him. His very purpose is to change a work to his own tastes and preconceptions.

Many forget that when they read a work that has passed through censorship, they are putting themselves in the hands of an anonymous person whose name appears nowhere and cannot be held responsible for what is published.

Perhaps we can appreciate what censorship really means by looking at a strange story that took place in Britain at the end of the 18th Century.

A teenager named William Henry Ireland, illegitimate son of a wealthy London antique dealer, desperate to get into his father's good graces, came home one day claiming to have been given various papers in Shakespeare's hand, as well as a lock of hair of Shakespeare's wife, by a stranger whose carriage had nearly run him down on the street. Following the near-accident, he and this stranger had become friends, according to young William, and as a token of the man's regard for him he had been given these invaluable papers and the lock of hair.

The elder Ireland immediately had the handwriting on the papers

checked by the authorities who pronounced it Shakespeare's, and the ink and paper were without question of the Elizabethan period, nearly two centuries old. All London was agog, and the boy and his father became overnight sensations. Naturally, young Ireland, until now utterly ignored by everyone, got enthusiastic and announced that his new friend had a whole trunkful of Shakespeare's original manuscripts which he promised he might let the boy have one day.

After producing various forged snippets of Shakespeare's love notes, and a few of the Bard's "lost" verses, young Ireland (would-be poet and idolizer of the late Thomas Chatterton, another young forger-poet), proclaimed that his benefactor had decided to give him nothing less than the original manuscript of "King Lear," but only in due time. And sure enough, after some weeks young Ireland showed up with that very manuscript. A gathering was instantly convoked in the Ireland living room where the new discovery was read to a dozen of the most authoritative literary critics, noble patrons of the arts, and cultural leaders of the time.

At the end, James Boswell, the famous biographer of Samuel Johnson, fell to his knees before the manuscript to thank God that at long last the true Shakespeare had been revealed to the world, a Shakespeare who was positive and cheerful rather than brooding and dark and defeatist, a Shakespeare who scorned foul language and never brought up sex or bodily functions, a Shakespeare who was clearly a true Christian gentleman rather than the barbaric, foul-mouthed rotter whose works had always embarrassed decent people with their obscenities and blood-covered view of mankind and the English nation.

Of course what young Ireland had done was to clean up "King Lear" to suit the narrow middle-class tastes of his time. It was a time when revolution was gathering in France, threatening to British stability, if not the idea of monarchy itself. Ireland's major fix was to brighten up the end so that the aged King, rather than raving on the heath, swamped in his madness and abandoned by the world, was reunited with his daughters in a comforting sentimental scene of mutual Christian forgiveness, whereupon they all lived happily ever after. The paper on which this version was written was indeed authentic, the young forger having snipped off sheets of it from the blank ends of Elizabethan wills and deeds

in the files of the London law office where he worked as a clerk. The antique ink he had produced himself after months of lonely experiment.

Only one critic, Edmund Malone, saw through the forgery, but he did not expose the fraud by analyzing ink or paper but rather the awkwardness of the "newly discovered" alterations, the shallow naivete behind their versification. But as important as any technical doubts was his conviction that the spirit behind this "new-found authentic King Lear" was pawky, narrow-minded, fearful of sexuality and the lustiness of the English tongue, and fearful too of the play's awesome image of human judgement's frailty, and the collapse of the very foundations in reason of government itself. The real "King Lear" reduces man to his elemental nature, stripping him of rank and money and his protective morality, in order to present a vision of the essence of humankind with no ameliorating illusions. In place of these challenges the "newly discovered" play was a story of reassurance fit for family entertainment, one that offers comfort by turning a far-ranging tragedy into a story of misunderstandings which are pleasantly cleared up at the end.

In a word, young William Ireland did what censorship always attempts to do—force a work to conform to what some people want life to look like even if it means destroying the truth the work is written to convey.

Had the Ireland forgery been left uncontested, we can be sure that "King Lear" as a play would never have survived the hour. Many critics then and since have thought it a nasty work with an improbably black estimate of humanity, but succeeding generations have come to treasure it precisely for its truthfulness to life's worst as well as its best.

What Ireland did was erase the doubts about life that were in the original play and were so comforting to the upper class of Britain at the time.

Censorship is as old as America. The Puritans forbade the reading of novels—or, indeed, anything but scripture—as one of the condemned "vain pursuits." A reader nowadays would find it impossible to recognize in those novels what could possibly have aroused the Puritan fathers to such fury against them. But closer to our time, there is hardly a master writer who has not felt the censor's lash, from James Joyce to Gustave

Flaubert to D.H. Lawrence to Hemingway and Fitzgerald, to William Faulkner and a long, long list that just about comprises the roster of world literature. Someone somewhere could doubtless find reasons for moral outrage in a MacDonald's menu or a phonebook.

Of course there is no denying that there are people who misuse freedom to appeal to the sinister in us, our brutality, scorn for justice, or concealed violence and lust. By exploiting our suppressed feelings people with no interest in anything but making an illicit buck can prosper, for example, by exploiting human sexual curiosity even if it victimizes children.

But the problem, clearly, is that when we legitimize censorship of what we agree is anti-social art we come very close to legitimizing it for real art. For example, right now some three hundred and fifty lines of *Komeo and Juliet* are customarily removed from American school textbooks because they are about sex. There is a similar emasculation of the two other most commonly taught Shakespeare plays, *Julius Caesar* and *MacBeth*. In other words, lines of very high poetry are forbidden American students who, it is assumed, will think that much less often about sex. Of course this is ridiculous; all this censoring does is deprive them of realizing that there is something sublime and beautiful in sex and that it is not merely dirty. It throws them entirely to the mercies of suggestive videos and rock lyrics and really raw pornography which apparently nothing will stop, and will certainly not be slowed by censoring *Komeo and Juliet*.

The purported aim of censorship is always to preserve public morality but we ought not forget that for those who advocate censorship pornography is by no means necessarily the only kind of immoral communication. If it becomes established policy that blotting out certain sexual images in art is acceptable, then there is nothing in principle to stop the censoring of other "immoral" expression.

I have had some experience with "moral" censorship myself. In 1947, my play *All My Sons* was about to open in the Colonial Theatre, Boston, for its first performances before coming to Broadway. The Catholic Church at that time exercised censorship over the Boston theatres and threatened to issue a condemnation of the play unless a certain line were eliminated from it. I should add that the raunchiest burlesque shows in

America were playing on the Boston "Strip" at the time, but these apparently were not bothersome to the moral authorities. What troubled them terribly was the line, "A man can't be a Jesus in this world!" spoken by Joe Keller, a character who has knowingly shipped defective engine parts to the Air Force resulting in twenty-odd fighter planes crashing and who is now pleading for his son's forgiveness. The name of Jesus was forbidden utterance on the Boston stage, no matter that in this case it was used to indicate Jesus' high moral standard. I refused to change the line, as much because I could not think of a substitute as anything else, but the hypocrisy of the complaint was painful to contemplate, given the level of entertainment of the Boston "strip" a few blocks from my theatre.

In 1962, when my film "The Misfits" was previewed by religious censors, the gravest displeasure was expressed with a scene in which Marilyn Monroe, in a mood of despair and frustration—fully clothed, it should be said—walks out of a house and embraces a tree trunk. In all seriousness this scene was declared to be masturbation, and unless it was cut the picture would be classified as condemned and a large part of the audience barred from seeing it. Once again it was necessary to refuse to oblige a censor, but I would not have had that privilege had I lived in a different kind of country. Experiences like these have helped me to stand against censorship.

Life is not reassuring, if it were we would not need the consolations of religion, for one thing. Literature and art are not required to reassure when in reality there is no reassurance, or to serve up "clean and wholesome" stories in all times and all places. Those who wish such art are welcome to have it, but those who wish art to symbolize how life really is in order to understand it and perhaps themselves, also have a right to their kind of art.

I would propose to censors and their supporters that they write the stories and paint or shoot the pictures they approve of, and let them offer them to the public in open competition with the stories and pictures of those whose works they want to suppress.

Let them write a new *Komeo and Juliet* that is wholesome and unoffending and put it on a stage and invite the public to come and enjoy it as millions have enjoyed Shakespeare's play for three hundred years.

Who knows?—maybe they will win out.

But of course they cannot accept this challenge: censorship is an attack on healthy competition. It comes down to a refusal to enter the arena and instead to wipe out the competitor by sanctions of suppressive writs and the police power.

I write this as one who is often disgusted by certain displays that call themselves art and are really raids on the public's limitless sexual curiosity, purely for the purpose of making money. As an artist I sometimes wonder at my having to compete with this easy and specious way of attracting attention and gaining a public following. And I will not deny my belief that there may ultimately be a debasement of public taste as the result of the incessant waves of sexual exploitation in films and other media.

But bad as this is, it is not as bad as censorship because the censor is given a police power no individual ought to have in a democracy—the power not only to keep bad art from the public, but good art, too; the power not only to protect people from lies but from uncomfortable truths. That way lies not wholesomeness, not community values, but the domination of the many by the few acting in the name of the many. Nobody said it was easy to be a free people, but censorship not only makes it harder, it makes it in the end impossible.

Probably because we in general enjoy freedom to express ourselves we are unaware of not only the power that a censor takes but the hypocrisy that inevitably accompanies it. In the winter of 1965 I interviewed a lady in her Moscow offices, one Madame Elena Furtseva, then head of all culture of the Soviet Union. In theory and often in practice this woman and the committee she headed had the power to shut down any play before or during its run in a theatre, or to cancel a film or suppress a novel or book of poems or whatever. She could also promote certain books if she so pleased. She had been Kruschev's special friend and when he was ousted she cut her wrists but was saved and restored to her job.

Behind her chair was a long table piled high with at least a hundred books lying on their sides. Each volume had a few slips of paper sticking out of its pages which I deduced marked passages of censorable writing which her assistants were submitting to her to decide upon.

She looked quite exhausted and I remarked sympathetically on this.

"Well I have so much I must read, you see," she said, and gestured toward the possibly offending books behind her.

With nothing to lose—my U.S. Passport snug in my pocket, I ventured: "You know, I have never met writers anywhere who are as patriotic as your Russian writers. Whatever their criticisms, they have a deep love of country. Why don't you make an experiment; don't tell anybody but let's say for one month just don't read anything. See what happens. Maybe nothing will happen. Then you won't have to be reading all this stuff every day."

She tried hard for a sophisticated smile but it came out looking hard and painful. And then she said something interesting: "The Soviet worker cannot be asked to pay for the paper and ink to print ideas that go counter to his interests and his moral ideas of right and wrong."

I can't help thinking of that statement when I hear people saying that the American taxpayers ought not be asked to pay for artworks that offend their tastes or their ideas of right and wrong. The fundamental fallacy in such a statement is quite simple and inexorable: how did Madame Furtseva know what the Soviet worker thought was right and wrong, moral or immoral? How could she know when no one but her and her assistants were allowed to read possibly offending works?

Indeed, for nearly three-quarters of a century Soviet writing has been kept remarkably chaste, with very strict rules about depicting sex, while at the same time the Soviet abortion rate was rising to the highest in the world. It was also very strict about barring negative pictures of Soviet conditions in all the media and forbade any genuine attack on the system.

After three-quarters of a century of such censorship the Soviet system appears to have collapsed. Why? Because reality does not go away when a censor draws a line through a sentence or tears a page out of *Romeo and Juliet*.

If there is a way to curtail pornography, if there is any possibility of preventing people from lathering after obscene material, it can only be the result of changing their tastes. If they don't want the stuff it won't be profitable and it will vanish. I doubt that day will ever come, no matter what, but surely cursing the darkness never brought light. Through education raising the intelligence level of the population, sensitizing

people to real rather than cosmetic feeling, enhancing mutual respect between the sexes and between races—these are the paths to decency, not calling in the cops to drive out the bad guys.

There is an analogy here to the narcotics problem. We spend tens of millions on planes to spot smugglers, more millions to wipe out Peruvian coca crops, more millions on narcotics police, but of course the narcotics keep coming in because Americans want dope. Meantime, an addict who wants to get rid of the habit has to wait as long as a couple of years to get placed in a rehabilitation clinic because these are underfunded.

Censoring Shakespeare won't make us good and may possibly make us a little more stupid, a little more ignorant about ourselves, a little further from the angels. The day must come when we will stop being so foolish. Why not now?

BLACKBALLING

John A. Williams

It seems I have spent much of my professional life writing about censorship. Writers, readers, publishers and educators today seem more concerned than in the past about the current threats to intellectual freedom.

I believe that is only because, for the first time perhaps, they have reason to feel that their views are being seriously challenged by local, state and federal governments and by the growing numbers of "Art Vigilantes" who first came out of the woodwork years and years ago over books and had a resurgence during the Mappelthorpe controversy. The possibility that artists may have to sign pledges that they will not produce works without "redeeming social value" to receive needed funding also threatens the future of artistic freedom, however one defines that freedom.

Curiously, the "anti-artists," raising their hue and cry, seem to share a vision with me and it is that all art is political. They, however, are far more capable of doing something about their opinions than I could ever be.

A black American writer, I cannot recall when my views were *not* challenged, indeed, even censored in one manner or another, *most* especially when I discussed how racism and censorship complement each other. I have worked with educators on the college level who themselves, by dismissing or ignoring the works of minority writers, cannot see this as a vigorous kind of censorship. The American literary canon reeks of a censorship that is only compounded when its caretakers will not for a moment consider additions to its lists and go to extraordinary lengths to denigrate those who will.

American publishers themselves have always been "Gate-keepers," refusing African-Americans publication though the black American

said to the great Samuel Johnson: "But what is the use of books?" To which Dr. Johnson replied: "Sir, they are to teach us to enjoy life and help us to endure it."

No one has the right to tell others in which books they will find enjoyment, and in which find help to endure existence in our terrifying and unjust world.

"SHUT NOT YOUR DOORS": AN AUTHOR LOOKS AT CENSORSHIP

Lee Bennett Hopkins

Shut not your doors to me proud libraries,
 For that which was lacking on all your well-fill'd shelves,
 yet needed most I bring,
 Forth from the war emerging, a book I have made,
 The words of my book nothing,
 the drift of it every thing.
 A book separate, not link'd with the rest
 nor felt by the intellect,
 But you ye untold latencies will thrill to every page.

Walt Whitman
Leaves of Grass / 1865

I chose this verse to begin my collection *Voyages: Poems by Walt Whitman* for it is incredible to me that this sentiment was expressed over 125 years ago. Yet, some libraries still are shutting their doors on Walt Whitman. They are also closing out a multitude of writers being censored by non-writers. In the world of children's literature, countless titles are being scrutinized, then banned, in every genre—fiction, non-fiction, even poetry!

I am astonished at what I find in journals and newspapers. Imagine, for example, that a Superintendent of Schools in Panama City, Florida, announces "a three-tier book classification system," banning such acclaimed novels as Robert Cormier's *I Am the Cheese* about a teenager who becomes involved in a spy-like web, and Susan Beth Pfeffer's novel, *About David*, dealing with teenage suicide—one of the major problems children in our country face today. Other headlines have blared: "Alabama

Textbooks Banning Threatens School Librarians", NEA Files Brief in Tennessee Textbook Case"; "Censor's New Aim: Limiting Study of *Idioms* in Schools."

Where are we going? What are we headed for?

Indeed, censorship is a rampant disease that makes it difficult to reach readers. James J. Jacobs states: "...most of us realize if every book which makes someone unhappy were torched, we could operate the city library from the trunk of a Japanese import."

Each and every book is under scrutiny. Shel Silverstein's popular volumes of light verse, *Where the Sidewalk Ends* and *A Light in the Attic* are constantly under attack due to lack of "moralism." One parent fought to have *A Light in the Attic* banned from a North Dakota school library because the eight-line verse, "How Not to Have to Dry the Dishes," encourages children to break dishes so they won't have to dry them. Yet, if one carefully observes Mr. Silverstein's body of work, one will find humane messages contained within his verses, more so than any current writer of verse today. The renowned poet, Myra Cohn Livingston, states: "Silverstein's genius lies, of course, in finding a new way to present moralism, beguiling his child readers with a technique that establishes him as both an errant, mischievous and inventive child as well as an understanding, trusted, and wise adult" (95).

Following another parent-complaint in North Kansas, Missouri, William Cole's anthology, *I'm Mad at You*, was placed on "a restricted shelf for teacher use only" because it contains Eve Merriam's "Mean Song," a verse filled with delightful word play, which originally appeared in her book of poems, *There Is No Rhyme for Silver*. Published in 1962, the verse has since been widely anthologized without protest.

Still another parent from Lancaster, Ohio, asked that two books by poet Jack Prelutsky be removed from library shelves. *Nightmares: Poems to Trouble Your Sleep* and *The Headless Horseman Rides Tonight: More Poems to Trouble Your Sleep*, because she complained that her seven-year old daughter required medical care from stomach problems after hearing one of Mr. Prelutsky's selections read aloud.

Censors hit the minds and hearts of writers whose major audience is children and adolescents. In a speech on censorship held at the International

Reading Association Annual Convention in May 1987, Myra Cohn Livingston reported: "Several years ago I received word from an editor of a major textbook publisher that a limerick of mine scheduled for use in a textbook had to be dropped." The five-line verse, titled "Fourth of July," in Mrs. Livingston's book *Celebrations* deals with lighting fireworks with a match.

The editor told Mrs. Livingston: "We can't have anything about children playing with matches."

"But how do you light fireworks?" Mrs. Livingston queried. She had become familiar with the restrictions about "junk food, about witches, about proper English, Black dialect, brandnames, violence, Negative and Positive images." Should she now add "children playing with matches" to the list of forbidden?

Judy Blume, one of the most popular, yet most banned authors in the country, has talked about her view of censorship:

Several years ago, while writing *Tiger Eyes*, my editor asked me to delete a few lines because, as he said, that passage would surely make the book a target for censors. I deleted the passage and I've regretted the decision ever since. I think my editor does too. I have vowed not to be intimidated again. But what about all the other writers? If I were that young writer today, I might not write for and about children at all. I might find it impossible to write honestly about them in this climate of fear. Because I don't know how to get into the mind and body of a character without allowing his or her sexuality to come through. Sexuality is an important part of life. It's healthy, not sick. (144, 176)

Richard Peck, another well-acclaimed author of young adult books, has been criticized for being "too realistic." On the basis of "community standards" his young adult novel, *Aye You in the House Alone?* has been removed from the shelves of classrooms and libraries in many towns. Mr. Peck relates that he wrote the book "because the typical victim of rape is a teenage girl in our country. That's a very hard truth. Yet, I wanted my readers to know some things about this crime, that our laws are stacked against the victim and in favor of the criminal. I wanted them to know

what it's like to be a victim...I had to deal only in the truth. I couldn't put a happy ending on this story because we don't have any happy endings to this problem in our society" (65).

Censors hit the hearts and minds of educators, too. Misha Arenstein, a veteran teacher in Westchester County, New York, a true advocate of children's books relates:

Over twenty years have elapsed since I entered the teaching profession—one I still adore. The echo of a myriad of changes fills my head. I remember early on as an elementary teacher, formally requesting my Board of Education's approval for the use of Judy Blume's pioneer novel, *Are You There God? It's Me, Margaret*. The President and the Board laughed at my timidity, thinking I was too intimidated by so-called controversial books!

In later years, I recall a parent complaining about my use of M. E. Kerr's, *Dinky Hocker Shoots Smack*. Was I advocating the use of heroin? The criticism vanished as I asked the parent whether she had read the book. The parent judged the entire content of Kerr's work by the title alone.

Today, a seasoned and literate reader of children's literature, past and present, I fear most the reactionary atmosphere surrounding all of us. I indulge in self-censorship—a practice widely prevalent in many schools. Coming across a mild expletive, an off-color word, or a situation involving realistic sexual interest, I often set a book aside. Will my administrators welcome the chance to defend my academic freedom, I silently ponder? Will parents influenced by years of negative comments about teachers and teaching understand my fervent attempt to get children to read? Censorship and its silent effect on us all must present the answers.

Unheard of decades ago, college professors of children's literature devote chapters in textbooks to censorship. Their concerns are voiced in texts that are worth reading, each providing sound guidelines to educators as to what to do when the censors do come.

The distinguished educator, Charlotte S. Huck, includes a discussion of censorship in her volume, *Children's Literature in the Elementary School*,

reiterating what Misha Arenstein feels in these troubled days. "A more subtle and frightening kind of censorship," Dr. Huck states, "is that kind practiced voluntarily by librarians and teachers. If a book has come under negative scrutiny in a nearby town, it is carefully placed under the librarian's desk until the controversy dies down" (36).

Aretha J. S. Reid echoes this phenomenon in her text, *Reaching Adolescents: The Young Adult Book and the School*. She begins the chapter, "Censorship and the Young Adult Book" with: "Censorship sends terror up and down the teacher's and the librarian's and the administrator's spine. No educator has failed to reexamine the materials used in the classroom or library when well-publicized cases of censorship, book-banning, and book-burning have occurred. No creative teacher feels safe from the censor's wrath when he or she reads about teachers who were fired for using particular books in their classrooms" (422).

In Zena Sutherland's, *Children and Books*, Alice Naylor devotes eleven pages (615-625) to the issue of censorship, including excellent listings of "Anti-Intellectual Freedom Organizations" and "Pro-Intellectual Freedom Organizations" and a fine bibliography.

Distinguished editors of children's books such as Jean Karl, feel the effects also. In her article, "Calm Down, Squirrels," Ms. Karl relates: "These days, I look at *tamms* and *hells* and *gods* and *isses* and all the other four letter words that spell realism to many. And in many cases they are realism. They are exactly the way the characters that use them would talk, and so they must talk that way, no matter what the censor might believe. To create books that lie about speech or about any aspect of life is to create distrust in readers, to say that we cannot depend upon books. It is to doom the book as a part of common life.... Every aspect of language, and of incident, in books being edited is considered with an eye to what must be there and what might simply be fodder for the censor" (77).

So many writers have felt the impact of the censor's arbitrary bite in America: Maurice Sendak, Ezra Jack Keats, Norma Klein, Carl Sandburg, Langston Hughes, E. B. White. The list could fill a volume! But one thing is certain. In fifty years or fewer, those people banning books will be long gone. But the books such as Sendak's *In the Night Kitchen*, Keat's *The Snowy Day*, Klein's *Mom, the Wolf Man, and Me*, the poetry of Sandburg and

Hughes, the verses of Merriam and Livingston, and the classic tales spun by White will live on and on and continue to be loved long after the censors' knives are dutifully blunted.

It is time to stop shutting those doors and open new ones—open young minds to the feasts that only books can bring—to life and language that can be found nowhere else except on printed pages.

"We need those books that reflect every aspect of our cultural diversity," Jean Karl states. "And if we can no longer picture teen-age sexual explorations, the trauma of abortion, their terrors of drug addiction after its initial pleasures, the things that are really wrong with our society, and lives that are not lived in a perfect suburb, then we are lying to our children and forcing them into cultural blindness that could eventually shatter the fabric of the nation. For democracy is based on trust and understanding, on acceptance, and when these are missing, the diversities that will continue to exist will fragment, rather than enrich the commonwealth" (77).

We do need these books. We need to light more bulbs in more attics, not turn them off. We need to start opening more library doors. And we need to do it now!

REFERENCES

- Arenstein, Misha. Conversation with author. April, 1987.
- Blume, Judy. *Newsletter of Intellectual Freedom*. (September, 1986): 144, 176.
- Huck, Charlotte S. *Children's Literature in the Elementary School*. 4th ed. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1987.
- Jacobs, James J. "Making Kids Safe for Books." *The People*, (October, 1985).
- Karl, Jean. "Calm Down, Squirrels." *The Advocate*. (Winter, 1982): 77.
- Livingston, Myra Cohn. *Climb Into the Bell Tower: Essays on Poetry*. New York: HarperCollins, 1990.
- Naylor, Alice P. "Censorship." in *Children and Books*. Ed. Zena Sutherland and Mary Hill Arbuthnot. 7th ed. New York: Scott Foresman and Co. 1986.

Peck, Richard. *From Writers to Students: The Pleasures and Pains of Writing*, ed. M. Jerry Weiss. Newark, DE: International Reading Association, 1979.

Reid, Aretha J. S. *Reaching Adolescents: The Young Adult Book and the School*. New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1985.