

Chapter 1 : Flying Dreams--Linda's Tribute to My World and Welcome to It

By James Thurber The New Yorker, July 23, P. 14 Tells of a man and woman hunting a pair of cufflinks-topaz so the man tells the traffic policeman when he asks them what they are doing.

My World and Welcome to It Facts and Trivia William Windom, who spent much of his early career playing bad guys or sarcastic characters i. The elder Windom even has a book written about him. The Phil Jensen character was based on writer Robert Benchley. According to the book, it "had the exact same premise and virtually the same characters," and also included animation. Jules Goldstone, who acquired the rights from Thurber, produced the show and was given credit on My World as "Thurber material by arrangement with Jules Goldstone. Produced by Jules Goldstone for Screen Gems. Mel Shavelson, from the stories by James Thurber. Broadcast on June 8, This information can also be found on the Susan Gordon Tribute Pages "John Monroe" is the lead character in a sequence of Thurber tales called "the Mr. An episode about a bat in the house is based on one of these stories. The following is my guide to the episodes that I have on tape. The titles have been provided by Jim Beaty. Jim was kind enough to send me a copy of the series overview and episode guide that was provided in a My World and Welcome to It press kit that he purchased on e-Bay and said that I might use this information on my site. Please see the link below to read this information. Of course John ends up worrying more than Ellen does. Oh, and one other thing: But as a neophyte player Lydia is "wiping the floor" with her dad, so he begs tips from an expert at work. Some of the conversation in this episode comes directly from what happened when Ross first saw the drawing. He only makes things worse when he turns down Lydia when she asks for a puppy. The other family dog is a bloodhound named Irving. He was a regular on the series Camp Runamuck. Lydia is laid up with a bad cold and while Ellen does the shopping, John entertains her with tales to try to prove that people who daydream are far better off than "normal" people. John on modern medicine: They get a lot more out of life than normal people. This, and a hostile encounter at the grocery store, result in an escalation of warfare between Phil, John, Hamilton, and J. I have added some notes about Thurber stories when possible. Here are some other sites you might enjoy.

Chapter 2 : The Distributed Proofreaders Canada eBook of The Thurber Carnival by James Thurber

The Topaz Cufflinks Mystery - Thurber Reading - Countdown with Keith Olbermann Leesa Brown. Part 1 - Thurber Reading - Countdown with Keith Olbermann - Duration:

He has been, if not damned, certainly belittled with faint praise. Calling him a humorist is like calling Mozart a tunesmith, or Fischer-Dieskau a crooner. I come to praise Thurber, not to bury him. Thurber worked in the format that was available to him: Some of his output, skillful as it is, does not exceed the limits of that genre. There are a few standard humor pieces that could have been written by Robert Benchley or Stephen Leacock: There are a few that testify to his empathy with animals: Thurber made the genre his mother tongue, transcending it and raising it to literary heights. The result is a body of masterpieces disguised as a collection of occasional humorous sketches. One must not be fooled by this illusion of triviality. Would you say that O. Henry wrote "only" short stories with surprise endings, or that Marenzio composed "only" madrigals, or that Chopin composed "only" piano pieces? He also published a collection of drawings that looks, at first glance, like a photographic history of the Civil War, but whose title -- and subject matter -- is *The War Between Men and Women*. He wrote many superlative satires in which the narrative voice pretends to be in dead earnest, like that of Jonathan Swift. Some are about fads that he thought silly: In that year, he watched helplessly as Samuel Goldwyn turned his greatest masterpiece -- *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* -- into an idiotic infantile abortion of a movie starring Danny Kaye. I would rather say that the narrative voice is amused -- and bemused -- by the freakishness and absurdity of the world and the people in it. A favorite subject was the ineptitude of his fictional self: In the course of describing the quirks and kinks of other people, Thurber deftly created unforgettable characters. The copiousness of his caricature of humanity is evidence of his genius. Wonderfully weird Thurber characters include: *File and Forget*; *Joyeux Noel* Mr. Durning The pieces that describe sadistic interplay between his characters might be called "black humor. *The Catbird Seat*; *The Cane in the Corridor* The most vitriolic pieces are those in which the adversaries are husband and wife: In both cases, its depiction is no less keen, with greater economy of means and less histrionics. Perhaps the title has a double meaning? His best works are so original, that they seem to have created their own genres. This is certainly true of his cartoons, in which both the drawings and the captions are like nothing else on earth. A few captions, even without the drawings, will suffice to demonstrate this: *Darling, I seem to have this rabbit. Well, if I called the wrong number, why did you answer the phone? What do you want to be inscrutable for, Marcia?* It is both amusing and appalling, both exaggerated and understated, both cruel and compassionate. The protagonist struggles to maintain his self-respect, even if only in his own imagination -- but his struggle is not heroic, but ludicrous. In his secret world he does not suffer and rebel. He only fabricates infantile monotonous fantasies. His humdrum life and his unfeeling wife have deprived him of dignity, even in the privacy of his own mind. Mozart composed complete works in his head, and then wrote them down as if simply copying them out. I thought this ability was unique to Mozart until I discovered that Thurber had the same gift. The fact that he was forced to use it because he was almost blind does not make it less amazing. Rosen, literary director of Thurber House. Thurber began to compose nearly two thousand words of prose My usual method is to spend the mornings turning over the text in my mind. Then in the afternoon, between two and five, I call in a secretary and dictate to her. I can do about two thousand words. There is a stupid kind of literary criticism which supposedly ferrets out the real-life models for characters and plots, probably to minimize the creative ability of the author. In the case of Thurber, the situation is even worse. He has so bamboozled his critics that they are unable to distinguish his fictions from reality. One of his favorite fictions, in both his writings and his drawings, was the overbearing, domineering wife of the henpecked husband. In spite of what critics imagine, that was not a portrait of his own wife. Furthermore, in *The Departure of Emma Inch*, *The Girls in the Closet*, *The Pleasure Cruise* and *How to Survive It*, and many other pieces, he depicted a perfectly normal marital relationship, with mutual respect -- but of course there is no fun in "discovering" that fictional normality is autobiographical. The title of a book published by Walter Fensch in makes it clear, without even turning its pages, how gross was his blunder: *The Man Who was Walter Mitty: The Life and Work of James Thurber.*

Fensch cites as evidence the imagined shapes, seen with what Thurber called his "two-fifths vision," in *The Admiral on the Wheel* -- which is ridiculous. The fictional Thurber, who is amused and bemused by the tricks that his failing eyesight plays on him, has nothing to do with the fictional Walter Mitty, drowning in the absurdity of his life. He did that so well, that the critics believe in the fictional Thurber more than in the real author and caricaturist who was a genius. Thank goodness, not everyone misunderstood him. White, in his obituary in *The New Yorker*, praised "

Chapter 3 : James Thurber: Writings & Drawings | Library of America

James Thurber, A Reader's Guide, Part 10 INTRODUCTION This is the 10th episode of "James Thurber, A Reader's Guide," a rambling consideration of Thurber's works, examining his life and work in some.

It was too hot outside in the sun. This midsummer Saturday had got off to a sulky start, and now, at three in the afternoon, it sat, sticky and restive, in our laps. There were several others besides Sylvia and myself waiting for the train to get in from Pittsfield: In the centre of the room, leaning against a high iron radiator, a small girl stared at each of us in turn, her mouth open, as if she had never seen people before. The place had the familiar, pleasant smell of railroad stations in the country, of something compounded of wood and leather and smoke. In the cramped space behind the ticket window, a telegraph instrument clicked intermittently, and once or twice a phone rang and the stationmaster answered it briefly. I was glad, on such a day, that we were going only as far as Gaylordsville, the third stop down the line, twenty-two minutes away. The stationmaster had told us that our tickets were the first tickets to Gaylordsville he had ever sold. I was idly pondering this small distinction when a train whistle blew in the distance. We all got to our feet, but the stationmaster came out of his cubbyhole and told us it was not our train but the Presently the train thundered in like a hurricane and sighed ponderously to a stop. The stationmaster went out onto the platform and came back after a minute or two. The train got heavily under way again, for Canaan. I was opening a pack of cigarettes when I heard the stationmaster talking on the phone again. This time his words came out clearly. He kept repeating one sentence. He was saying, "Conductor Reagan on has the lady the office was asking about. The stationmaster repeated it and hung up. For some reason, I figured that he did not understand it either. The expressions on the faces of the colored woman, the young lady, and the man with the pipe had not changed. The little staring girl had gone away. Our train was not due for another five minutes, and I sat back and began trying to reconstruct the lady on , the lady Conductor Reagan had, the lady the office was asking about. I moved nearer to Sylvia and whispered, "See if the trains are numbered in your timetable. The young woman, who had been chewing gum, stopped chewing. The man with the pipe seemed oblivious. I lighted a cigarette and sat thinking. Sylvia gave me her temperature-taking look, a cross between anxiety and vexation. Just then our train whistled and we all stood up. I picked up our two bags and Sylvia took the sack of string beans we had picked for the Connells. Women like to place people; every stranger reminds them of somebody. The man with the pipe was sitting three seats in front of us, across the aisle, when we got settled. I indicated him with a nod of my head. Sylvia took a book out of the top of her overnight bag and opened it. I looked around before replying. A sleepy man and woman sat across from us. Two middle-aged women in the seat in front of us were discussing the severe griping pain one of them had experienced as the result of an inflamed diverticulum. A slim, dark-eyed young woman sat in the seat behind us. I have a theory that we would be celebrating the twelfth of May or even the sixteenth of April as Independence Day if Mrs. She was not giving the problem close attention. They would have told him about her when she got on. He probably knows anyway. He looked like a kindly Ickes. Sylvia, who had stiffened, relaxed when I let him go by without a word about the woman on I leaned my head against the back of the seat and closed my eyes. The train was slowing down noisily and a brakeman was yelling "Kent! I reached for the suitcases on the rack. You take the big bag, Mister. As I helped Sylvia down the steps, I said, "We know too much. A big black limousine waited a few steps away. Behind the wheel sat a heavy-set foreigner with cruel lips and small eyes. He scowled when he saw us. We climbed into the back seat. She sat between us, with the gun in her hand. It was a handsome, jewelled derringer. Sylvia took the string beans and her book and we got out. Two huge mastiffs came bounding off the terrace, snarling. Sylvia and I sat side by side on a sofa in a large, handsomely appointed living room. Across from us, in a chair, lounged a tall man with heavily lidded black eyes and long, sensitive fingers. Against the door through which we had entered the room leaned a thin, undersized young man, with his hands in the pockets of his coat and a cigarette hanging from his lower lip. He had a drawn, sallow face and his small, half-closed eyes stared at us incuriously. In a corner of the room, a squat, swarthy man twiddled with the dials of a radio. The woman paced up and down, smoking a cigarette in a long holder. The lounging man did not change expression. The

squat, swarthy man jumped to his feet. The swarthy man sat down. Gail went on talking. Gail sat down in a chair. Egypt was on his feet again. Egypt paled and sat down. I looked at her coldly. Tilden took you in straight sets, six-love, six-love, six-love. Freddy walked over and handed the lounging man an automatic. At this moment, the door Freddy had been leaning against burst open and in rushed the man with the pipe, shouting, "Gail! Sylvia was shaking me by the arm. Alice Connell was waiting for us. On the way to their home in the car, Sylvia began to tell Alice about the woman on I lighted a cigarette. Martin bought the pack of Camels on Monday night in the most crowded cigar store on Broadway. It was theater time and seven or eight men were buying cigarettes. Martin, who put the pack in his overcoat pocket and went out. Martin did not smoke, and never had. No one saw him. It was just a week to the day since Mr. Martin had decided to rub out Mrs. The term "rub out" pleased him because it suggested nothing more than the correction of an error--in this case an error of Mr. Martin had spent each night of the past week working out his plan and examining it. As he walked home now he went over it again. For the hundredth time he resented the element of imprecision, the margin of guesswork that entered into the business. The project as he had worked it out was casual and bold, the risks were considerable. Something might go wrong anywhere along the line. And therein lay the cunning of his scheme. Sitting in his apartment, drinking a glass of milk, Mr. Martin reviewed his case against Mrs. Ulgine Barrows, as he had every night for seven nights. He began at the beginning. Martin had a head for dates. Old Roberts, the personnel chief, had introduced her as the newly appointed special adviser to the president of the firm, Mr. The woman had appalled Mr. He had given her his dry hand, a look of studious concentration, and a faint smile.

Chapter 4 : My World and Welcome To It - Television Obscurities

James Thurber was the unique, unpredictable wild card of American humorists, at once whimsical fantasist and deadpan chronicler of everyday absurdities. The comic persona he invented, a modern citydweller whose zaniest flights of free association are tinged with anxiety, is as hilarious now as when he first appeared in the pages of The New Yorker—and his troubled side is even more striking.

Despite positive reviews, NBC cancelled it due to low ratings. It then won two Emmy Awards. He also wrote a handful of novels, a play or two, some essays, a good number of fables and a satire with E. White called *Is Sex Necessary?* His work has been adapted for film — *The Male Animal* and *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty*, for example — stage, radio and, most extensively, television. According to Humphrey, Goldstone was still trying to find a sponsor for the proposed series. Airing the pilot would allow him to recoup some of the production costs. Georgann Johnson played his wife and Susan Gordon his daughter. Goldstone was unable to find a sponsor and the weekly series never materialized. In August, The New York Times reported that Hayward was working to obtain the television rights to the revue from Thurber for a proposed March broadcast [9]. James Stewart was said to be interested in starring in the broadcast. Ultimately, the broadcast never took place and the revue closed for good in November. Unfortunately, by the early s Thurber was entirely blind and thus unable to see either of these unsold pilots. He died on November 2nd, at the age of But efforts to translate his work to television lived on. It was given the Monday 7: Every episode was in some way influenced, inspired or suggested by Thurber. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant meeting at Appomattox that bore little resemblance to their actual encounter. For example, the February 9th, episode was based on the latter story and utilized the same title. In the January 26th, episode, for example, John had several fantasies about his beautiful new neighbor, played by Lee Meriwether. John also frequently broke the fourth wall and spoke directly to the viewer, lamenting the situations he found himself in. Episodes of the series saw Ellen becoming jealous about the relationship between John and a female coworker, Lydia running away and John tagging along to keep an eye on her, John quitting his job after an argument involving a cartoon, the family falling apart after their cat went missing, John and his friends pitted against their wives in a battle of the sexes, and John trying to defeat Lydia in a game of chess. Producer Danny Arnold had a bit part in the October 6th, episode. The premiere drew a The second episode was down slightly to a The third episode rose to a The fourth episode drew a That left *My World and Welcome To It* somewhere in the middle, neither a smash hit nor an outright failure. Joan Hotchkis and Harold J. The last first-run episode aired on Monday, March 9th, When nominations for the 22nd Annual Emmy Awards were announced in May of , the show had earned two: It won in both categories when the awards were handed out in June There was some viewer protest over the cancellation. The Los Angeles Times reported in March that *My World and Welcome To It* was the cancellation of the season receiving the most letters from angry fans [22]. The repeats aired from These performances continued into the s. Replacing 7 Shows In Fall. This was likely a Creative Arts category and may have had a different title. Bryan Times [Bryan, OH]. August 27, at Among other things they threw up there were the Bill Dana Show and an odd package of one-hour movies, often shown two at a time to cover a two hour movie that was seen in Chicago.

Chapter 5 : NachumSchoffmanThoughts ~ THURBER

James Thurber (), one of the outstanding American humorists and cartoonists of the twentieth century, was born in Columbus, Ohio, and launched his professional writing career as a reporter for the Columbus Dispatch in

Generally, these appear every Friday. The links to the first part and the most recent part are given below. Barney is or was my hired man. He is strong, and amiable, and sweaty and dependable, slowly and heavily competent. But he is also eerie: Thurber reads his Proust: But Thurber wants to show off, and for some reason quotes Robert Frost at him: There was a great slash of lightning and a long bumping of thunder as we reached the edge of the wood. I turned and fled. He was looking for crotched saplings to use as props for the limbs of peach trees growing heavy with fruit. The next day, of course, Barney calls again, summoning Thurber to an even darker errand: In a bizarre rant, he quotes, and mangles, Lewis Carroll, the single and only master of dream English: Do you know that the mome rath never lived that could outgrabe me? What Thurber is showing us is the tip of a frozen marriage. Bidwell starts doing stupid things, like trying to see how long he can hold his breath, causing Mrs. Bidwell does not care for. Bidwell will not stop his breathing exercises, engaging in them at parties, and even, it appears, in his sleep. Eventually, they divorce but Mr. Bidwell does little with his new-found freedom. Instead of feeding lilies to a unicorn in the garden, he has a new hobby:

Chapter 6 : The James Thurber Audio Collection Audiobook | James Thurber | blog.quintoapp.com

The world of James Thurber is splendidly sampled in these thirty stories, sketches, and articles that range from the wildest comedy to the serious business of murder. Animal courtship, maids, Macbeth, baseball, sailing, marriage-all fall within Thurber's scope of wit and humor.

Chapter 7 : The James Thurber Audio Collection (Audiobook) by James Thurber | blog.quintoapp.com

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Chapter 8 : Welcome to ANU CDE

The cast also included Harold J. Stone as Hamilton Greeley, John's boss, and Henry Morgan as Phillip Jensen, one of John's co-workers. My World and Welcome To It was a Sheldon Leonard Production with Sheldon Leonard serving as executive producer and Danny Arnold as producer.

Chapter 9 : James Thurber, A Reader's Guide, Part 10 | Literature R Us

James Thurber is a masterful writer, humorist, and creator of enduring characters: Walter Mitty and the Lemming, included herein, have a permanent place in our culture.