Punning: The Candidate at Word and Play

TIME ESSAY
FEB. 28, '72

In his scramble for the Democratic presidential nomination, Senator Edmund Muskie has uttered several statements so shocking to the sensibilities that his own aide has called them "a disease." Candidate Muskie obviously regards them as utterly amusing. Actually, both men are correct: Muskie has simply succumbed to paronomasia—the idiolect of puns. Twice in New Hampshire he has assured audiences that the state cannot be taken for granite, and at the state capital he announced to a stunned reporter: "We just Concord the house..." At defenseless Coe College in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, he counted the house and cracked to his audience: "I can see that things are Coe-equal here."

Overseas, his punshots have gone wilder. While in Cairo before going on to Russia last year, he asked to visit the mosque containing Nasser's burial place. "After all," he said, "we're on our way to Mosque-Cow, aren't we?" At the tomb, when a member of his party removed his shoes according to Islamic custom and revealed a hole in his sock, Muskie shurgged: "We're in a holy place, aren't we?" When he learned that the Russians were being difficult and might not issue visas to his press entourage, he had one ready for that too: "Well, Soviet."

If Muskie is nominated, his aids will doubtless do their best to eliminate some of his worst puns from the national headlines. But once punning gets into the bloodstream, it seems to be as intoxicating as alcohol. Even that master of precooked prose, Richard Nixon, could not resist a pun on the morning after he was elected to the presidency. Referring to a presidential seal that Julie had stitched and framed for him, Nixon described it as "the kindest thing that I had happen, even though it's crewel." That conjures up the frightening vision of a Nixon-Muskie race in which the two candidates pun for the presidency.

Puns are not newcomers to the primitive art of political mayhem. Adlai Stevenson, whose puns were superior to both Muskie's and Nixon's, once characterized Barry Goldwater as "a man who thinks everything will be better in the rear future." He declared on another occasion: "He who slugs mud generally loses ground." Franklin Roosevelt's foes insisted on calling his bright young advisors "the Drain Trust" and referring to some of his programs as ushering in a new "Age of Chiselery." In the 1800s the critics of British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli labeled him England's Jew d'Esprit.

Though puns may be used to political advantage—or disadvantages—punning has traditionally been more the farm of the artist than the playground of the politician. By punning, which probably derives from the Italian puntiglio (fine point), the writer grows ideas as well as wit. Aristophanes punned, with scatological exuberance, and so did Homer and Cicero. What was occasional in the classicists was common nature to Shakespeare. Because he had to play to the galleries, his plays were par for the course, brimming with such verbal pratfalls as "Discharge yourself of our company, Pistol." But Shakespeare could also buff the pun until it shone like art. Says the bleading Mercutio: "Ask for me to-morrow and you shall find me a grave man." "You see how this world goes," Lear says to the blind Gloucester. "I see it feelingly," Gloucester replies.

Even with masters like Shakespeare, the pun is a gambit, a trick to reconcile opposites, a method of giving a long sentence a parol. It was not until 1922 and Ulysses that James Joyce made it a literature unto itself. In Finnegans Wake, words become quintuple exposure; the reader has to search for a glimpse of something recognizable. In A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake, Joseph Campbell and Henry Morton Robinson explicate a relatively easy example: "Into houdoir Joyce inserts the letter I and converts the word to boudoirle, thus adding a river association, "Loire." Clinging to the word also are the French associations, boudoir, "to pouit" and bone, "mud." Not to mention a reference to the poet Baudelaire. After you've grappled with Finnegans Wake, any pun seems accessible.

A simpler, journalistic style of punning was created by the Algonquin Round Table of the '20s and '30s. Dubbed the Vicious Circle, it became Prohibition's battlefield, where columnist taunted their puns and read from the instant they were composed. When a Vassar girl eloped, playwright George S. Kaufman announced that she had "put the heart before the course." Dorothy Parker confessed that in her own poetry she was always "chasing Rimbauds." Alexander Woollcott knew of a "cat hospital where they charged $4 a week purr." Heywood Broun, drinking a bootleg liquor, sighed, "Any port in a storm." "The groans that greet such puns," claims Milton Berle (who once joked that he had cut off his nose to spite his race), "are usually venons. The other person wishes he had said it.

Language, like the world it represents, can never be static. Even today the pun survives typically in tabloid headlines: JUDGES WIEGH FAN DANCER'S ACT, FIND IT WANTON. IT SURIVES IN THE HUMOR OF S.F. PERELMAN, THE ONLY POST-JOYCEAN writer capable of fluent bilingual flippancy: "Lex vocat," "the Saucer's Apprentice," and the neo-Joycean "Anna Trivia Pluralized." The pun makes its happiest regular appearance in the work of Novelist Peter De Vries, who writes stories about compulsive punners. "I can't stop," Whorf said once. "I can't tell a good pun. Like the one in which a female deer is chasing a male deer. I woke up and realized it was a doe trying to make a fast buck.

Like the limerick, the pun may well be a folk-art form that defies condensation, scorn and contempt, and possesses the lust for survival of an amoeba. There will always be some, like that formidable admonant, Vladimir Nabokov, who believe that the pun is mightier than the word, that people who cannot play with words cannot properly work with them. "A man who could call a spade a spade," Oscar Wilde remarked, "should be compelled to use one."

With a little encouragement, a man can bounce and jugggle phrases all his life. That few do—and fewer will do well—may be the fault of formal education, which overstresses the discipline of sequential facts. Tired of such lock steps, the mind takes leaps—sometimes to fresh revelation. The pun is such a jump, but politicians, above all, should look before they leap. If puns are used in this year's political campaigns, it is to be hoped that the efforts will improve. Already Muskie's punning has begun to work up a backlash. His opponents are telling the apocryphal story of the Eskimo chairman of Senator George McGovern's Alaska campaign, who was giving a speech in favor of the Senator recently when a group of Muskie supporters began heckling him, drowning him out with boos and whistles. The Eskimo's comeback: "Hush, you Musklies!"
TRUE, IT'S NOT THE BEST DAY.

BUT IT COULD BE THE LAST DAY FOR A WHILE THAT'S EVEN THIS NICE.

ALL THAT LOGIC AND SO LITTLE SENSE.
DILBERT | Scott Adams

ONCE AGAIN, YOU HAVE FAILED TO MOTIVATE ME.

YOU SAID WE SHOULDN'T BE MOTIVATED BY MONEY, SO I'M WAITING FOR THE NEW THING TO KICK IN.

I'M NOT GOOD AT READING FACES, BUT I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING HAPPENING OVER IN THIS REGION.

STONE SOUP | Jan Eliot

ACCORDING TO HER TEACHER, HOLLY IS DOING REALLY WELL THIS YEAR BECAUSE OF

BUT... WHY CAN'T SHE BE SELF-MOTIVATED? WHY DOES IT TAKE A MEMBER OF THE

HE MAKES HER WANT TO
Credo? That was fact, man.

L

-----Original Message-----
From: Nelson, Marshall [mailto:MarshallNelson@DWT.COM]
Sent: Monday, October 08, 2007 2:13 PM
To: Laird Nelson
Cc: cddebian@earthlink.net
Subject: RE: Latinismus

Or Laird's credo in high school: "Sum ergo mea culpa est"

M

-----Original Message-----
From: Laird Nelson [mailto:lairdnelson@comcast.net]
Sent: Monday, October 08, 2007 10:11 AM
To: Nelson, Marshall
Cc: cddebian@earthlink.net
Subject: RE: Latinismus

And let us not forget the Japanese submarine commander, trapped in his stricken vessel, urging his loyal first mate to escape with the last remaining SCUBA suit:

(...wait for it...)

"Go, Ito; air go soon."

L

-----Original Message-----
From: Nelson, Marshall [mailto:MarshallNelson@DWT.COM]
Sent: Monday, October 08, 2007 11:10 AM
To: Laird Nelson
Subject: FW: Latinismus

Response from Ivan:

-----Original Message-----
From: caroldean [mailto:cddebian@earthlink.net]
Sent: Saturday, October 06, 2007 10:15 AM
To: Nelson, Marshall
Subject: Latinismus

Carol fired off our maximus appreciation of the lingual hitch that puts Descartes before Horace, but surely one of your laptop Latinists will take
this all the way back to the folderol that foals this breed of puns: "Coito, ergo sum."

finis,

Ivan
Carol fired off our maximus appreciation of the lingual hitch that puts Descartes before Horace, but surely one of your laptop Latinists will take this all the way back to the folderol that foals this breed of puns: "Coito, ergo sum."

finis,

Ivan
I think you'll agree that artistic balance mandates "Cogito ergo sum" rather than the English translation, but it is a spectacular groan nevertheless. I'm passing it on to Carol (assuming the old email address still works) since you have taken her name in vain and she is, after all, the Queen of All Puns.

love, DDAD

-----Original Message-----
From: Laird Nelson [mailto:lairdnelson@comcast.net]
Sent: Tuesday, October 02, 2007 10:56 AM
To: Nelson, Marshall
Subject: Today's morning groan

Carol, where are you?

-----Original Message-----
From: Mark Ohlund [mailto:ohlund@woodwrecker.com]
Sent: Tuesday, October 02, 2007 11:57 AM
To: Laird Nelson
Subject: Grown just for you...

[A little too highbrow for most of my email recipients...]

If you prefer "I think therefore I am" to "Non sum qualis eram" you are putting Descartes before Horace.

~Mark.
**Reincarnation**

*By JoAnn McWhorter*

“What does Reincarnation mean?” A cowboy asked his friend.

“His pal replied, “It happens when yer life has reached its end. They comb yer hair, and wash yer neck, and clean yer fingernails, and lay you in a padded box away from life’s turvities.”

“The box and you goes in a hole. That’s been dug into the ground. Reincarnation starts in when Yee planted near a mound. There cibles melt down just like yer box, and you who is inside. And then yore just beginnin’ on yer transformation ride.”

“In a while, the grass’ll grow Upon yer rendered mound. Till some day on yer moldered grave A lovely flower’ll be found. And a bo wills wander by And gaze upon this flower That once was you, but now’s become Yet vegetative bower.”

The porry that the boos done up With his other feed, Makes bone, and fat, and muscle Essential to the world. But some is left that he can’t use And so it passes through, And finally lays upon the ground This thing, that once wuz you.”

“Then say, by chance, I wanders by And sees this upon the ground, And I ponder, and I wonders at, This oblect that I found. I thinks of Reincarnation, Of life and death, and such. And come away concladin’ ‘Slum, You ain’t changed, all that much.”

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**Carrousel is Featured Element in New Great Northern Town Center**

*By Brenda McDonald*

Where do bobcats, grizzly bears and buffalo frolic with big horns deep? In Helena, at the Great Northern Town Center. Alan Nicholson, ‘67 Math, boasts a $10 million dollar carousel that features indigenous Montana animals and traditional homes. The carousel consists of 37 hand-carved animals, one chariot and a spinning wheel. The carousel is dear to me,” said Nicholson. “I thought about hav- ing the bobcat nipping at the heels of the grizzly, but that might have been over the top."

The carousel is one of the featured pieces of the center that sits on about 21 acres near Carroll College and located where the original railroad spur entered the center of Helena. It’s called a main street district, an area that works to create a unique living, working and shopping environment.

Although a math educator by training, Nicholson has entrepreneurship in his blood. “I grew up in Roundup where we had an appliance store and a mort,” said Nicholson.

Nicholson came to Helena with his wife Nancy (Morris), ’72 Soc, as a math and sciences supervisor for the state.

The father of five decided to leave education in the mid-1970s and began his career as a developer. “I always thought that we should be developing the core of our cities,” he said. “I had been developing in downtown Helena for quite some time and had ideas about using the ground where the Great Northern is.”

He thought that spot would make a high-density, mixed-use development. “Most town centers are just retail developments,” he said. “I wanted to create a new adjucice to the historic downtown with a bank hatel, shops and housing that would be there for a while.”

In 1997 the Great Northern got underway with an $80 million loan from the Helena Tax Increment Advisory Board that helped to put in the necessary infrastructure of streets and water and sewer lines. In September 1999, D.A. Davidson & Co. was the first tenant to move in.

“People wondered if we could pull this project off,” he said.

Today, some $47 million in private funds have been invested in the center, which Nicholson says will be a catalyst for the central business district of Helena.

“It’s unique. There is no other multi-use development of this size in the United States in a market as small as Helena’s,” he said.

The newest successes for the center are an eight-plex movie theatre and a Best Western-affiliated hotel.

“Theatre is just not built in downtowns anymore,” he said.

“We worked for six years to lure the theater here.”

“Tell me it just as much perseverance.”

Nicholson doesn’t build hotels,” he said. “So we put a partnership together to privately owning and operate the hotel.”

This brought back memories for Nicholson, who remembered getting up in the middle of the night at his family’s motel to answer the buzzer from someone looking for a room.

“I swore that I’d never get back in the business,” he said.

Projects on the horizon for the center are the Community Works! Exploration and Discovery Museum, and the Lewis and Clark Interpretive center.

“I’ve been working on the Lewis and Clark project for five years,” Nicholson said.

“Projects like that will translate into a center that is complete, Nicholson isn’t sure.

“As to whether he’ll ever be able to say that the Great Northern is complete, Nicholson isn’t sure.

“It’s always a work in progress,” he said.
When Meredith Short, '02 Engg, traded in her tailored suit and heels for coveralls, she had no idea that her career switch would lead to an international assignment and high-profile position with one of the world’s largest energy firms. The College of Engineering graded packed her bags in January for Sunbury, England, and a yearlong assignment with BP to head an international engineering-education program.

Short’s meteoric rise from English major to banker to student engineer with the British-based energy giant resembles the bull market charts that frequented her morning meetings in the banking industry.

“As a kid, I was always taking things apart and reassembling them,” said Short. “I loved playing with Legos—still do. But when I began applying to colleges at 18 years old, I didn’t know much about engineering and never considered it a career.”

The 35-year-old graduate in 1994 with a degree in English from Ohio’s Kenyon College, set in pursuit of her “a solid background to do just about anything.”

Yet, as she climbed the banking industry corporate ladder, she found her curiosity unraveled by daily tasks.

“I couldn’t work on something every day and feel challenged, then something must change,” Short said. “I considered law school or an MBA program.”

Instead, she started all over again, tackling a bachelor’s of science program in mechanical engineering. She chose MSU because her parents had relocated to Bozeman, and she had had the opportunity to visit the campus, explore engineering labs, meet professors and students and hear about students’ research and internships.

“When I went back to what I had wanted to go back for an engineering degree, it wasn’t like, ‘Are you sure?”’ Short said. “Instead, it was ‘What took you so long?’”

Now, she leads BP’s Engineers Week international program, which aims to reach up to five million primary and secondary school children in the U.S. and another several million abroad. As a corporate sponsor and partner with the Engineers Week Foundation, BP coordinates Engineers Week events worldwide.

Short’s official title is Engineers Week Project Manager for BP Group Technology. Short directs the educational program from Sunbury, near London, BP’s headquarters for more than 200,000 employees in more than 100 countries. In 2006, another corporation, Northrop Grumman, will lead Engineers Week, and Short will move on to other engineering duties although in which country or what state, she has yet to discover.

For Short, living in a suitcase means different cell phones for different continents, a multi-time-zone watch and a favorite LEGO or two tucked into the pocket of coveralls and khakis, because since she left the banking industry, “I haven’t had to wear a suit yet.”

**Film grad speaks of his passion for cinematography**

If the phone doesn’t ring and meetings don’t produce jobs, it’s easy to lose confidence starring in the film industry.

After graduating with his master’s degree in cinematography from the prestigious American Film Institute in Los Angeles in 2003, Warren Koomers, ’03 MFA, sent out a red of “spice” commercials to the biggest production companies. Several executive producers showed interest in Koomers’ work, some of which may yet bring lucrative opportunities, but in the meantime winning an impressive award competition is the next best thing well in his cinematic pursuit.

Koomers collaborated with fellow AFI graduate, director Eva Husson, as director of photography in the filming of "Lusts," which won Equire magazine’s 2004 west coast short film competition - CaliFlick Style.

Now he has a manager and agent, and they’re out there on the front lines promoting his work through a dairy chain of connections.

When Koomers came to the AFI program, it was with a lot of confidence.

“When you come from AFI, one nice thing you have is a different perspective,” he said. “There was uniqueness in the work I was doing, fresh perspectives. That made my experience at AFI that much better.”

Growing up in Bozeman, the son of MSU architecture professor Peter Koomers, he spent a lot of time on the ski slopes.

“My first films in high school were ski films,” he said. “But it wasn’t until his sophomore year at AFI, sitting in Walter Murch’s film theory class that he fell in love with film. “I developed the passion I have for it; the light bulb turned on,” he said. “I began to understand the language of cinema.”

Through his interest in photography, he gravitated to cinematography, and at the same time, he discovered that he liked directing.

“At AFI I studied cinematography, but I was also a close director in many cases,” he said.

His current focus is on directing commercials and music videos.

Koomers hopes to sign with a production company and become a part of their roster as a commercial and music video director, but he’s also looking at doing an independent feature.

“The beauty of working with a management company,” he said, “is they have access to feature scripts.”

**Warren Koomers puts the final touches on a car rear seat outside Los Angeles.**
Idiom’s Delight

There’s nothing logical about English.
It’s simply inaffable!

AMERICANS, sadly remiss when it comes to mastering foreign languages, find this little or no handicap when they venture abroad. Everybody in the world, it seems, not only has learned to speak, or at least to understand English, but is also intent upon practicing what he has been “taught.” Ask a native of any country a question in his own tongue, and it’s dollars to doughnuts he’ll answer in English.
It’s one thing, however, for a for-
eigner to learn the rudiments of English in school, and another to master our peculiar and puzzling idioms, spellings and pronunciations.
One of the hardest things for for-
eigners to get straight is the words that are spelled the same but pronounced differently, like “cough,” “through,” “rough,” “although.”
This confusing problem led one frustr-
ated European student to compose a poetic protest for his English instructor:
The wind was rough
And cold and blough:
She kept her hands inside her mough.
It chilled her throught
Her nose turned blough.
And still the squall the faster bough.
And yet although
There was no enough,
The weather was a cruel tough.
It made her cough
(please do not scough);
She coughed until her hat bloughed.

A TOKYO DRAMA CRITIC obviously enjoyed reviewing in English the show at the Nichigeiki Music Hall. “A strip show,” he pointed out, “is not always indecent and not interesting. Here it is a refreshing and enriched show. Outstanding is prize winner of a beauty contest in Shizuoka prefecture, who was forced to make debut by a recommendation of certain producer. She is reportedly very kind especially for gentleman, as she is still single.”

A CHINESE DIGNITARY, recently arrived in New York, found several pieces of his baggage missing when he arrived at his hotel, and dispatched this angry note to the air line he had patronized: “Mr. Baggage Chief: Gentleman Dear Sir: I doggone seldom where suitcases are. You fly me but not her. You no more fit for baggage chief than for cry out loud. That all I hope. What the matter of you?”

Dorothy Jackson stopped over at Bangkok on a comprehensive Far Eastern tour and found this card in her hotel room there: Sir and Madam: For the case that your electric light should fail, we beg to send you the enclosed post card, which please send us at once when you find your light out. The company will then send you another post card. (Signed) Siamese Power Company.”

THE LAST WORD. When Anne Baxter, who opened on Broadway a couple of weeks ago in “The Square Root of Wonderful,” visited the Cachipay Hotel in Colombia, she picked up this precious prospectus: “Cachipay Hotel.
“First class hotel comfortably sitting with all the modern elements for establishment of its class. Ideal clime or its temperature that is only 20 besides for the wonderful flora that enrich. For the passengers that wish to do station for no to ascend to Bogota neither descend to Girardot in the same day is indispensable, specially for the persons that ascend to the wish to elude the molestations of the belvet exchange.”
“The price of one day will all services of rigour in these cases is $4. Remark: The other expenses are separate count.”
NEW! Swanson "T"

Now, the hearty main part of your meal,
THE INVISIBLE ALPHABET

Our excursion beyond the territories of written language, into the provinces of the Unseen, has produced the alphabet shown here:

A as in BOUQUET
B as in PEPPING
C as in SEALING
D as in TAXISM
E as in QUIET
F as in PROPER
G as in JANITORIAL
H as in NAVajo
I as in I
J as in GENTICULATORY
K as in CHORUS
L as in W-SHAPED
M as in GRANDPA
N as in CONTROLLER
O as in TABLEAC
P as in BEGONE
Q as in CEE
R as in COLONEL
S as in CENTURION
T as in PASSED
U as in EYE
V as in THEREOF
W as in UNEXNESS
X as in WRECKS
Y as in WISE
Z as in XYLOPHONE

Correctly pronounced, the first letter of PEPPING is sounded like a B, and the first letter of TAXISM like a D. As for all the other words, if you have any doubts as to their proper pronunciation, just check the dictionary, which is our source.
63 A SINGULAR PLURAL

Word pairs modeled after CARES-CARESS include MORAS-MORASS, MAS-MASS, PAS-PASS, BRAS-BRASS, CROS-CROSS, and MUS-MUSS. As part of your vocabulary-building program, look the unfamiliar words up in a dictionary.

Word pairs modeled after PIRATES-PIRATESS include PRELATES-PRELATESS, ABBÉS-ABBESS, ADVOCATES-ADVOCATESS, CURATES-CURATESS, POPES-POPESS, and UMPIRES-UMPIRESS.

The two-letter word BO, derived from Japanese, is a plural, defined as “Buddhist monks”. Add an S to it, giving you BOS, the genus of quadrupeds that includes domestic cattle. (It is the Latin word for “ox” or “cow”.) Shift ground, construing BOS as slang for “fellows” or “buddies”. Finally, change this plural into a singular by adding a second S, to produce BOSS (a wooden vessel for the mortar used in tiling or masonry that is hung by a hook from the laths or from the rounds of a ladder).

A SINGULAR, as defined in the Funk & Wagnalls unabridged, is a company or pack of boars, obviously a plurality. This is one of the many interesting nouns of multitude we have inherited from the hunting vocabulary of the 14th and 15th centuries. Webster's Third Edition has universalized the definition as a group of members forming a species or class, illustrating this definition with the phrase “a singular of boars”. You will note that our bo is the first half of BOAR; the last half, AR, is found both in SINGULAR and in PLURAL (backwards).

50 THE SILENT HOST

Our own version of the silent alphabet follows, for whatever edification you may glean from it:

A is for AISLE
B is for SULTLE
C is for INDICT
D is for HANDSOME
E is for TWITCHED

F is for NEUFCHATEL
G is for GNOME
H is for MYRRH
I is for HEIFER
J is for MARIJUANA
K is for knight
L is for laughter
M is for mead
N is for autumn
O is for leopards
P is for psychopath
Q is for cinq-cents
R is for atelier
S is for viscount
T is for hautboy
U is for plaque
V is for fivepence
W is for whistling
X is for billet-doux
Y is for prayerful
Z is for rendezvous

Neuchâtel is a kind of soft, white cheese; cinq-cents is a card game like belote; fivepence is pronounced "lippence". For any other questions, we invite you to consult your friendly, neighborhood dictionary. You will find it most cooperative!

92 THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

The easiest way of achieving a timeless existence is to go somewhere where there is no time—no legal time, anyway. There are a number of areas in the world not included in any of the time zones:

1. Antarctica
2. Mongolia
3. Most of Greenland—all except the populated coastal areas.
4. The northernmost part of Canada, consisting of islands. Included are some of the largest islands in the world: Baffin, Ellefson, and Victoria Islands are three of the world’s top ten.
5. Franz Josef Land, or Fridtjof Nansen Land; also known as Zemlya Frantsa Iosifa, a Russian archipelago in the Arctic Ocean, north of Novaya Zemlya.

We earnestly recommend a tour of these areas. In addition to the sense of timeless that will exhilarate you, you will have the opportunity of seeing some of the world’s rarest sights: mysterious Mt. Erebus, that volcano in the Antarctic through which the shades of the dead presumably pass on their way to Hades; secret rites practiced by the shamans in remote districts of Outer Mongolia; the famous ice sheet of Greenland, a stunning vision in sunlight; Canadian Mounties hopping from isle to isle in hot pursuit of a fugitive; and the world’s most northern meteorological station in Franz Josef Land.

RESOLUTIONS

Franz Josef, or Francis Joseph I, 1830–1916, from 1848 to 1916. He was also King of Hungary & known to have visited the archipelago bearing his name.

Why we were wrong to involve the Emperor because our information was based on 1964 editions of atlases. The 1965 and later editions of the same atlases contain Franz Josef Land, replacing it on the list of the Spitsbergen, an island group north of Scandinavia. This gives you the opportunity of observing operations at Longyearbyen and Ny Alesund—the

45 THE NEW CHEMISTRY

Apply heat to ice, and it dissolves. Apply heat, too, dissolves!

Consider the help we’ve given you by capita ice in the problem, and the word difference in must apply the principle of difference to form a proper solution. This can only be done by rep.

Let’s do just that. You are invited to inspect the resting diagram:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>F</th>
<th>O</th>
<th>R</th>
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<td>6</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
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</table>

F is letter no. 6, O is letter no. 15, etc. Take the numerical equivalents, and you arrive at a new solution. Replace the members of this series by their alphabet letters. 1. C. E. place them together and you h
The Fine Art of Words That Echo and Re-Echo

By MICHAEL T. KAUFMAN

"Yo, oy," we said in greeting and lamentation, hoping to impress Jon Agee, the palindromist, whom we were meeting for the first time at lunch. "Nice to meet you," the 34-year-old illustrator replied in a manner that struck us as unexpectedly and disappointingly straightforward. We had, after all, carefully read Mr. Agee's works and had been led by them to wonder whether they and we were coming or going. There was his original book, "Go Hang a Salami! I'm a Lasagna Hog!" and the new one, "So Many Dynamos."

What kind of a mind, we had wondered, could come up with phrases like these titles, which being palindromes, read the same from left to right as from right to left. Is the talent involved in finding such fragments something like the mathematical aptitudes of idiot savants, innate and inexplicable? Or does it stem from a fascination with paradoxical forms like the drawings of M. C. Escher or the fugues of J. S. Bach? And what about the sensibility that shaped the remarkable whimsy of the illustrations with which Mr. Agee gave meaning to nonsense? Where did that come from?

There is, for example, the drawing in which two groups of men in sombreros are shown throwing fruit at each other across a street. An old man steps out of a doorway into the fray and one of the combatants shouts, "No, Sir! Away! A Papaya War is on."

Or, another in which two nuns are at a bar where a bartender pours a drink for one of them. The other, who is holding a golf club, looks ruefully at the nun awaiting her drink and says: "Flo, gin is a sin! I golf."

Is this genius or what? It is certainly megapuckishness.

So why then was Mr. Agee in the flesh being so drably well-mannered? Had his inner child been kidnapped?

Just then a waitress named Helena asked if she could recite the specials. "Eel, urbane hen a brûlée," she read from a card without cracking a smile or otherwise indicating that she had been prompted. "Feeble Tom's Motel Beef," she went on. "Wonton? Not now," she said. Then she added that though the restaurant had seasonal fruits, "No lemons, no melon."

Mr. Agee smiled a self-incriminating smile. He took a copy of "So Many Dynamos," published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, to give to the waitress in appreciation of her performance. He thought a bit before he wrote the dedication. "Able was I ere I saw Helena." This was more like it. This was what we had bargained for.

We asked how palindromes are made.

"Well, it really helps if you have nothing very important to do," said Mr. Agee, who has written and drawn six other books for children. "It's particularly good if you like to get up late and hang around not doing very much. That has always been my preferred methodology. It is also good to have an obsessive personality."

He explained that he knew nothing of palindromes while he was growing up in Nyack, N.Y., or when he studied painting and film at Cooper Union.

"It was four years ago, when a friend showed me two palindromes he had come up with," he said. "I started doodling and keeping notes in my sketch book. First, I would put down symmetrical words like 'kayak,' 'madam' and 'level,' then I'd try to build phrases. I looked for unusual words. 'Vanilla' is good word, 'jujitsu' is another."

"It didn't take me long to become a driven dilettante. I would stay up late doodling and building. You start with a word like 'lasagna' and you work in two directions, east and west. I would ask my friends whether they wanted to hear what I had come up with. Pretty soon some of them would answer, 'No, son,' which, by the way, is a palindrome."

"But I also met other palindrome people. There are people on the Internet who trade and revise palindromes. There are insomniacs who keep themselves from sleeping by building them."

He figures he has constructed about 1,000 palindromes, some short like "sewer ewes" or "star rats," and at least one that takes up an entire page. But equally challenging, he said, are the illustrations.

"For instance, I had one that said, 'Mr. Owl ate my metal worm.' For a long time, I was stumped but then it came to me."

He ruffled the pages of "Go Hang" to show his solution. The drawing showed an owl lying in a hospital bed while a robotic bird excitedly flapped his metallic wing and told a doctor with a clipboard what had caused his friend's illness.

"Wow" was all we could think of to say.
New York’s Waste Lands

The writer is an officer of the Lawyers’ Committee on Nuclear Policy.

Who Will Clean Up The Ticket Scandal?

To the Editor:

G. Oliver Koppell, the New York State Attorney General, has done an admirable job of investigating the scandalous ticket-distribution situation that threatens to destroy the New York entertainment industry (news article, Dec. 22). It’s a shame he won’t have the opportunity to clean up the mess.

The Giuliani initiative sounds like the impossible dream. But like many impossible dreams, it is probably worth the pursuit. The city, after all, retains title to the land parcels. The leases are for at least five years, which gives the sponsors time to recoup their advertising investment. And at least 55 communities may end up with something pleasant to play in, walk in and look upon.

Families Deserve Nutrition

To the Editor:

Your report on people who are burning out caring for sick and aging relatives at home (news article, Dec. 19) addresses a steadily growing problem that is a result of the phenomenon of extreme longevity despite chronic impairments. As a society we are confronting the issues of quality of life in old age as well as quality of dying.

You present poignant vignettes of caregivers struggling to do the right thing, but only one cites the expense of nursing home care in deciding whether or not to maintain a relative at home. While we recognize the stigma that families experience when forced to use a nursing home, it is not well known that many more people would place relatives in nursing homes if the expense ($3,000 to $6,000 a month) were not prohibitive.

For those indigent enough for Medicaid, cost is not a factor. But for the middle-class family, cost can

Projects for Children

at last, from the young, which annually

forced into refugee camps, 12 million left homeless.

Children are still suffering, too, from the consequences of poverty. An extra $34 billion a year, it is estimated, will be required to meet the health, education and other needs of most of the world’s children by the year 2000. That presupposes much more help from developed countries. Even though their foreign aid budgets have declined by 8 percent in the last 18 months, Unicef urges them to double their spending on children’s programs from 10 percent of their aid budgets to 20 percent.

In addition, developing countries need to spend more on human needs and less on military builds and political payoffs. Such spending is an investment in their future economic and social health.
WORDS don’t fail 21-year-old medical student Maureen Dalton. She has been champion of the London Scrabble League for two years. Now she and 25-year-old bank employee Brian Salinger are trying to beat the 24-hour, non-stop Scrabble record set up by a London woman. Other Scrabblers join in from time to time.

Maureen is word-blind, a dyslexic, which means that she sees letters in the wrong order. But she puts the defect to good use. “It can be a positive help in Scrabble,” she says. “I see words all the time as anagrams.” The marathon is in aid of Highgate Young Conservatives. Shop window for the unspoken-word contest is a shop window; actually, a car showroom.
Skin from the dead helps burn victims

By Bryan Silcock

THE GRAFTING of skin taken from dead bodies on to living patients, without the need for radiation or toxic drugs to prevent rejection, could become routine if experiments carried out in the United States prove to be repeatable.

Such grafts would be of great importance in the treatment of serious burns. But in the long term the discovery of a way to avoid the rejection reaction, which normally destroys tissue grafted from one individual to another unless drastic steps are taken to suppress it, may prove to be more significant.

Usually it is even more difficult to make a skin graft "take" than a transplanted heart or kidney, but Dr William Summerlin of the University of Minnesota, has discovered more or less accidentally that skin kept in an artificial culture medium for a few weeks—although discoloured and "terrible"—behaves like normal skin after grafting and does not provoke a rejection reaction.

"We haven't made it work yet but that doesn't mean much as we didn't know the exact conditions in which Summerlin kept his skin," he said. "We've got his published paper now and we're going to try again.

Nobody can explain why keeping skin for a few weeks before grafting should prevent rejection, but Dr Summerlin speculates that the loss of cells called lymphocytes, which he to stimulate the rejection reaction, may have something to do with it.
Those tips of the slung

LOS ANGELES — "You have unleashed a darkning bog," writes Janice Lester of Santa Monica, meaning my recent eulogy of the Rev. William Archibald Spooner (1844-1930), and his gift to posterity — the spoonerism.

"The best spoonerism I ever heard," Miss Lester adds, "was uttered by Roger Johnson in admiration of Carson McCullers' 'The Salad of the Bad Cafe.'"

"My favorite spoonerism," writes Barbara Tiffany of Rancho Palos Verdes, "was uttered by Deems Taylor, American composer, writer of books about music, and commentator on the New York Philharmonic radio programs. He made a slip of the tongue during intermission at the Hollywood Bowl, and then said, 'That reminds me of the time when I was talking at a Jerome Kern memorial concert, and climaxed my speech by saying that I, too, was a Fern Kan.'"

"Oddly enough," writes Raymond G. Mahoney of Tucson, "probably the tops of them all, and the least quoted, was heard by at least 15 million people on a television broadcast of a world's-championship fight at Madison Square Garden some 15 to 20 years ago.

"Our good friend Jimmy Powers was announcing, and there was a considerable delay before the principals climbed into the ring. Mr. Powers decided to give a little local color to fill in the gap, and started reeling off names and remarks about the bigwigs present in the ringside seats.

"After listing a dozen or so, he let go with this one: 'I see the beautiful Mrs. DePuyster Van Courtland looking gorgeous in her stunning white gownless evening strap.'"

That the spoonerism can come from kitchen as well as pulpit and podium is shown by Dora Eudey of Upland.

"Tonight," she writes, "my husband remarked at dinner that my mother had not eaten all of her mashed potatoes. She replied, 'You served me too many.' I said, 'But I only cupped a cookful.'"

Mrs. Eudey explains that she uses Betty Crocker's Potato Buds, which may be cooked by the cupful. Ideally, of course, a spoonerism needs no explanation; but sometimes one is required — especially in those emanating from Spooner himself, English and American being two different tongues.

This is the case in a supposedly authentic specimen recalled by Tony Hays of Woodland Hills.

"You missed," he writes, "his request to a railway porter, 'Please put three rags and a bug on the town drain.'"

Americans who have not traveled by train or at sea in the company of Englishmen may not know that in England the word rug, which to us is only a floor covering, has the meaning of lap robe — the sort of thing we take to football games to throw across our knees.

Hays, by the way, points out that the phrase "down train," which is spoonerized into "town drain," does not mean "train down" to London, as I had guessed.

(Dean Spooner once dismissed a lazy student with the words, "You have tasted two worms and can leave Oxford by the town drain.")"

"I am sure," Hays says, "that this letter is one of the many to correct your definition of the 'down train' as being to London. Trains go up to London, and down from London; at a station the platforms are defined as the up side and the down side."
Enhance A Wall With This American Clock And 2 Glass Encased Plaques

PEOPLE WHO REALLY KNOW VALUE, LOVE IT AT...
Phrasing Meaningless Meaningfuls

WASHINGTON: NY Times

"Miss Thistlebottom's Hobgoblins" was the name of a delightful book about word usage written by Theodore Bernstein of the New York Times two years ago. "Miss Thistlebottom" was a mythical English teacher, and her hobgoblins were fiascobudget rules that — rigidly applied — obfuscate rather than clarify meaning. It was Miss Thistlebottom who insisted that Winston Churchill not end a sentence with a preposition, to which he thundered "This is an impertinence up with which I will not put!"

Recently, a group of Thistlebottoms has been formed by the National Council of Teachers of English into a "committee on public doublespeak," charged with finding and exposing what the teachers call "lying in public places," which could mean reining in libraries but probably refers to the use of euphemisms by public officials.

"We need to point out to kids," says Walker Gibson, president of the teachers' council, "that they are being conned in many ways by powerful, rich forces." (The use of "rich" in that statement tends to foster class hatred; as used by some teachers today, "rich" has an pejorative connotation, like "political.

The Public Doublespeak Committee will "combat semantic distortion," it says. An example of the distortion it will expose: "Protective reaction," a Pentagon term for air strike, which is a dragon that has frequently been slain.

But where does "semantic distortion" begin? In the halls of academe, that's where, as malleable little minds are worked over by pretentious Thistlebottoms, who took a chubby little boy named Ronny Ziegler, bombarded him with computer terminology at a tender age — even to the point of using "program" as a verb — until, years later, "inoperable" sprang unbidden to his lips.

Who took a perfectly good word like "contemporaries" — a lifting word that conveys an honest meaning — and cast it into the ash can, to be picked up by garbage men now called sanitation engineers, semantically distorting it into the harsh and pseudo-scientific "peer group"? The pedagogues, that's who, no the politicians.

Physician, heal thyself. In spoken discourse, who has elevated the verb "to orient" to the acme of academic vogue, and not by accident? The "peer group-oriented" child hardly knows where his head is at, and one Far East expert at the State Department described himself as "orient-oriented.

Have you ever tried to pin a Thistlebottom down to specifics without getting back a fistful of pablum he or she calls an "overview"? How come the "underview" is not part of academic jargon? Bel Kaufman, in "Up the Down Staircase," defined "interpersonal relationships" as a fight between kids, and a request for "ancillary civic agencies for supportive discipline" as a frantic academic euphemism for "call the cops!"

Wading through the meaningless "meaningfuls," the irrelevant "relevants," the cancerous "viables," and the madness of "methodology," it is not hard to see how the jargon-fed graduates of our school systems turn into the jargoneers of the Pentagon, cranking this in and phasing that out, exacerbating, quantifying, proliferating as they were taught to do. They were weaned on hemigenized milk.

The scenario-oriented general, gruffly barking "What are the options?" is the pupil who started to say "choose" one day when his teacher came back with the voxqueal "opt"; that child swore never to be one-opt again.

I'm not really angry at English teachers: I was started on my way with words by Miss Ruth Goldstone of the Bronx High School of Science, and hardly a typewriter click whose pounder does not owe a debt to some Miss Thistlebottom somewhere.

And it is a great idea to combat semantic distortion, so long as one begins at home and never pretends that an "Orwell Award" — named after the essayist who held that political speech was "largely the defense of the indefensible" — is limited to men seeking political power.

For with all the doublespeak spoken by teachers and politicians who would like to consue us? We can also hear the vivid phrases that inspire, inflame or infuriate: From the apt aperation of leak-pluggers as "plumbers," to the cruelly evocative "twisting slowly, slowly in the wind," to the use by John Mitchell of Joseph P. Kennedy's immortal line: "When the going gets tough, the tough get going.

That enlivens and besprits the discourse, and calls for toppers, not stoppers: Teachers of English should not just be pointing to the manipulative use of language, but bailing the birth of colorful phrases.

Examples are everywhere. Sprayed on the side of a New York subway car was a Latin student's social comment: "Gloria Mundis is sick of transit.

Tell that to your peer-group, Miss Thistlebottom.
being likewise suspected spies. And the Latvian riflemen — the most reliable bayonets of the first years of the revolution — were accused of espionage when they were all to a man arrested in 1937.

The only ones who did not expect any mercy and did not expect any amnesty — were the Vlasov men.

Long before our unexpected encounter on prison board bunks I had known of them and had been in a state of perplexity about them.

First there had been leaflets, wet through and dried out many times and lost in the high grass of the frontline strip uncut now for the third year, near Orel.

In the many leaflets there was a photo of General Vlasov and his biography was set forth. Among the corps of newly made generals, many of whom were utterly stupid and inexperienced, Vlasov was one of the most talented. He made his way out of the enormous Kiev encirclement and in December, 1941, near Moscow he commanded the 20th Army, which began the successful Soviet counteroffensive for defense of the capital.

He became deputy commander of the Volkov front (under Meretskov), and received command of the second shock army, at the head of which he became a cruel, egoistic betrayal? But it belonged to Stalin.

After his army had been wiped out Vlasov wandered about the woods and swamps and surrendered as a war prisoner on July 6 in the area of Siverskaya. He was taken to the German staff near Lotzen in East Prussia where several captive generals and a brigade political commissar, G. P. Zilenkov, formerly a successful party official, secretary of one of the Moscow district party committees, were being held.

They had already declared their disagreement with the policy of the Stalinist government. But they had no real leader among them. Vlasov became this figure.

In the general disaster (of 1945) Vlasov gathered up his two and a half divisions below Prague at the end of April. S. S. General Steiner was preparing to destroy the Czech capital, so as not to surrender it intact. Vlasov ordered his divisions to the aid of the Czech rebels.

All of the hurt, bitterness and anger accumulated against the Germans in the breasts of Russians kept in slavery these cruel and vain three years was released in the attack on the Gemanis. They were shoved out of Prague from an unexpected direction.

Did all Czechs subse-

are honored as examples of statesmanlike wisdom. To us, in Russian prison discussions, their systematic shortsightedness and stupidity stood out as astonishingly obvious.

How could they, in their descent from 1941 to 1945, fail to secure any guarantees whatsoever of the independence of eastern Europe. How could they, for the laughable toy of a four-Zonbrin, their own future Achilles’ heel, give away broad regions of Saxony and Thuringia?

And what military or political sense was there in the surrender by them, to death at Stalin’s hands, of several hundreds of thousands of armed Soviet citizens determined not to surrender?

The term “Vlasov man” in our country has the same sense as the word “sewage.” No one dares to utter two or three sentences with the term “Vlasov man” as a subject.

But that is not the way history is written. Right now, a quarter of a century later, when the majority of them have perished in camps, and when those who have survived are living out their lives in the extreme north, I would like, by means of these pages, to issue a reminder that in all of world history this was a totally unheard-of phenomenon: that several hundred thousand young men aged from 20 to 30 took up
A New York design school invites graffiti-writers to join its students in a private ‘wall game’

Portrait of the artist as a young vandal

From Peter Strafford
New York, Dec 13

Are the flamboyant graffiti in New York’s buses and subways a new form of design, or even art? The question has been raised in an experiment at City College, where a group of young graffiti specialists were brought in recently, and provided with a whole empty wall on which to operate.

The result was a higgledy-piggledy mixture of colours, shapes and doodles, all laid on with spray cans and felt-tipped marker pens. In the midst of it were the exotic names that New Yorkers have become used to seeing on their buses and underground trains, names like Super Kool, Flying High, Staying High, and Stitch I.

The experiment began with a course on two-dimensional design run by Professor Axel Horn. Professor Horn encourages his students to go out into the streets of New York and simply look at patterns and designs that the normal city-dweller never has time for in his frantic rush.

One student noticed the different textures of pavements, and another the graffiti. So it was decided to invite a group of graffiti “artists” into the class, to let them loose on the wall, and to question them on why they chose to indulge in what the authorities, in their blindness, regard as mere vandalism.

The aim, Professor Horn insists, was not to encourage the defacing of subways and buses. It was part artistic and part sociological. And it showed that the graffiti were essentially an attempt at self-expression by young people who felt out of sympathy with the society around them, and had no other outlet.

Many of the patterns were handsome, he says. But what really excited the young people, largely Puerto Ricans and blacks, was inventing a fantasy name and getting it to travel across the city. By putting their names on buses and underground trains, they were making themselves known all over the city and in the identity they had chosen.

This was put very clearly by “Super Kool” in his talk with Professor Horn’s class. “I have put my name all over the place,” he said. “There ain’t nowhere I go I can’t see it. I sometimes go on Sunday to the Seventh Avenue 86th Street station and just spend the whole day watching my name go by.”

Apparently the more widely a name is seen, the greater is the prestige that it and its owner carry. So much so that well-known names have sometimes been passed on from one youth to another when the first one went into retirement, and others have even been sold.

The police, of course, do not take such a tolerant view of these young people’s need for self-expression. A new law has been introduced which provides for a $1,000 (£400) fine or a year in jail for anyone caught drawing graffiti. Many of those who showed their skills at City College have in fact been caught in the past, and have been made to clean walls as a punishment.

In response to the new law, many of the artists have decided to give up illegal graffiti and have formed an association called Graffiti Artists United. Professor Horn and members of his class take the view that they can help them by channeling their energies in more acceptable directions.
### Appointments Vacant also on pages 13 and 27

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Applications, stating which post, together with names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Assistant Secretary (Personnel), University of Surrey, Guildford, Surrey, telephone Guildford 71281, ext. 452, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by January 5, 1973.

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IF THERE is anybody alive who doesn’t know about graffiti by now, I commend an explanation in Olympia’s underground paper, Avatar, by correspondent Raymond Ditweiler: “Today, the true practitioner of the art of graffiti (if you will, the grafficianado) must be far more than a mere scrawler of japes, jingoisms and borderline smut; he must be part poet, part social commentator, part historian, part iconoclast and, above all, something of a comedian. He must never stoop to merely scribbling inanities or prating dull profanity.”

So saying, the author adds a few to our collection: “De Gaulle Drinks Coke.” “The Centurion Guards Sleep with a Nite Light.” “Canadians Think Graffiti is some kind of Italian food.” As for my latest favorite, it’s the one in San Francisco: “W. C. Fields is alive and drunk in Oakland.”

STERLING THEATRES is getting swamped with calls from teens who want to know why they can’t get into the underground movies. One reason, of course: The shows don’t begin until after the regular Hollywood offerings—at 1 ayem. Tip to teens: If you really want to see underground movies, go to church—the Univ. Unitarian. Its showing a few days ago was so packed they had to run a repeat performance... Bob Say finally got around to using his Firstbank card. Say, who plays in Max Pillar’s band, went out and charged an ocelot—for $350... Companion signs on a truck near North Bend: “Kosygin Go Home” and “Take RFK With You.”
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James Morris, Heaven's Command, p. 279 -- graffiti of British Empire
palindrome: "Flo, gin is a sin! I golf!"
--see Michael Kaufman "About NY" clip in wordplay etc. file
Harry Stanley Dies at 100; Master of Erudite Nonsense

By ROBERT McG. THOMAS JR.

Harry Stanley, a vaudevillian turned lecturer who was such a subtle master of philological ornamentation and grammatical linguistics that when he got wound up it took a while before it became apparent that nobody had the foggiest idea what he was talking about, died on Feb. 15 at the Actors Fund Home in Englewood, N.J. He was 100 and had been a leading exponent of double talk for the better part of a century.

By the time he hit the lecture circuit full time in 1945, Mr. Stanley had spent a quarter of a century in vaudeville, where double talk formed only an occasional part of his comedy act.

Over the next 38 years he was in demand to provide a measure of surprise humor at otherwise dull meetings.

Unlike Prof. Irwin Corey, the world's foremost undifferentiated expert, whose deranged appearance and speech-starting "However,..." inevitably signal the double talk to come, Professor Stanley, as he was known, worked straight, or at least started that way.

At countless conventions, panel discussions, business or professional gatherings he would appear with his signature pince-nez and conservative dress, looking very much like the expert in whatever relevant arcane field he would be introduced as being distinguished in.

After a bland but more or less intelligible opening in which he would use standard English without quite saying anything concrete, Professor Stanley would begin slipping in vaguely Latin-sounding words so naturally phrased and so convincingly delivered that in the context of his remarks they would strike his audience as plausible, if not immediately recognizable, words.

Once, for example, having been introduced as a Presidential adviser on foreign affairs, he made a series of vague statesmanklike generalities evoking the specter of war, then added: "But I for one feel that all the basic and sadum tortumise, all the professional getesimus and tortum kimagly will precipitously aggregate so that peace shall reign. I want to make that perfectly clear."

Indeed. As he gradually added more and more such gibberish until his speech was almost all gobbledegook, members of the audience would begin to tumble to his game and Mr. Stanley would give it — and his vaudeville background — away: "For those of you who might have missed my introduction, I'm Professor Harry Stanley, Harvard '39, Rutgers nothing."

A native of Warsaw who came to the United States as a 6-year-old in 1903, Mr. Stanley grew up on the Lower East Side and in central Harlem, fertile breeding grounds for generations of entertainers. He got his start when a cantor at his synagogue noticed his nice alto voice and steered him into juvenile productions.

Graduating to the legitimate theater, he played a World War I doughboy in a George Abbott production of "Broken Wing," and later appeared in "La La Lucille," George Gershwin's first full Broadway show, in 1919.

The next year he shifted to vaudeville, teaming up with the first of a succession of beautiful blonde showgirls with whom he performed a series of acts he once likened to Burns & Allen routines, with Mr. Stanley taking the Gracie Allen part.

He enjoyed a measure of success, and when he was 39 he married a 20-year-old Ziegfeld showgirl. He and his wife, Edith, had no children but confounded skeptics by remaining married until her death 52 years later.

Double talk was always a fixture of vaudeville, and Mr. Stanley recalled honing his skills when he, George Burns, Milton Berle and George Jessel would use it to befuddle waiters at the old Wolpin's restaurant on West 47th Street, near the Palace Theater.

While Berle and others moved to television once vaudeville faded in World War II, Mr. Stanley, who thought television would never catch on, didn't even try. "I could have reached the heights that Berle did," he said decades later, acknowledging some regrets, which were aggravated by a seven-decade old grudge against Berle for having stolen one of his showgirl partners.

For all that, Mr. Stanley did well with his double talk, and once he retired to the Actor's Fund home in 1983 at the age of 86 he performed virtually full time.

Until a few years ago he accepted gigs near the home, but his main audiences were the home's staff, residents and visitors.

A great favorite for his high spirits and quick wit, Mr. Stanley, who was cracking jokes until a few days before his death, was always on the lookout for new staff members or residents, who had sharply different reactions to his flamboyant ramblings. The staff members would decide that the poor old soul had lost his mind, while new elderly residents would be convinced they were losing theirs.

Mark Hollis, 84

By WOLFGANG SAXON

Dr. Mark Dexter Hollis, a health official who raised the alarm about air and water pollution 50 years ago and led efforts to fight malaria as chief of the Centers for Disease Prevention, died on March 2 in Lakeland Regional Medical Center in Lakeland, Fla.

Dr. Hollis, a co-founder of the quasi-governmental Public Health Service who was laterloadModeling in efforts in West Africa, died in a hospice.

His aging was not in the sense of direct aging, but in the sense of an interconnective network of interconnective networks, he said. He was a leader in the Center in 1965 in Atlanta, and made significant contributions to the site.

Dr. Hollis was a native of Atlanta and spent a large part of his career directing the Center in Brazil.

Augusta B. Baker, 96

By WOLFGANG SAXON

Augusta Braxton Baker, a former custodian of the children at the New York Public Library, died on Feb. 23 at Baptist Hospital in Columbia, S.C. A resident since 1980, she formerly lived in St. Alban's.

Mrs. Baker was a former custodian of the New York Public Library for 30 years, until her retirement in 1970 as coordinator of custodians and supervisor of its branches. She was a regular at the weekly broadcasts of the Children's Library for the Blind in the last years of her life.
Starr Is Right to Question White House Aide

To the Editor:

Lanny J. Davis (Op-Ed, March 3) echoes President Richard Nixon’s ill-founded attacks on Archibald Cox, the Watergate special prosecutor, in likening Kenneth W. Starr’s subpoenaing of Sidney Blumenthal to political persecutions under the Sedition Act. The First Amendment is undisturbed by criminal prosecutions for knowingly peddling falsehoods that defame a public official, a truism blessed by the United States Supreme Court in Garrison v. Louisiana (1964). Such unsavory behavior also constitutes obstruction of justice under Section 1503 of the Federal criminal code if its objective is to intimidate prosecutors from pursuing criminal leads.

Mr. Blumenthal was called to testify before a grand jury to ascertain whether he or others plotted to intimidate Mr. Starr’s deputies by planting defamatory lies with the media.

It speaks volumes that his own lawyer declined to challenge the First Amendment legitimacy of the investigation. The writer was Associate Deputy Attorney General, 1981-82.

Don’t Look to Jefferson

To the Editor:

In “Echoes of 1789” (Op-Ed, March 3), Lanny J. Davis says the Sedition Act was repealed in 1800. But Thomas Jefferson simply pardoned or commuted the sentences of the mostly Republican editors who wrote his supporter, and had been jailed by the Federalists. Rather than generate a fight, he allowed the law to expire.

There was never a test of that law before the Supreme Court, which would have been disastrous. The Court, as an institution, was weak, and so was the understanding of the First Amendment. For instance, despite the freedom of religion in the amendment, Virginia had an official religion until 1821.

While I agree that Kenneth W. Starr’s subpoenas concerning contacts with the press are foolish and politically inept, Mr. Davis’s claim of a Jeffersonian basis for the counterattack is misplaced. The writer is a civil rights lawyer.

Grand Jury Secrets

To the Editor:

“Echoes of 1789” (Op-Ed, March 3), by Lanny J. Davis, is founded on a false premise: that he knows what the Office of Independent Counsel and the grand jurors know. If he does know what they know, he is obligated to inform the presiding judge how, and by whom, this information was unlawfully communicated to him. If he does not know what they know, his statement — “but there can be no conceivable crime even if false, malicious statements are made about prosecutors, so long as there is no threat of force” — is rubbish, or wishful thinking. The writer is a civil rights lawyer.

Politics Aside, Students Still Need Skills

To the Editor:

Playing down “the dismal performance” of American 12th graders on the Third International Mathematics and Science Study, Howard Gardner (Op-Ed, March 2) protests that such tests “do not show whether a student can think seriously about a scientific issue.” Yet he never says how they might be able to do so without the basic skills. Perhaps that is why what he suggests are important scientific questions — cloning research, for instance — studies of global warming and national health care plan — are moral and political questions.

At least he does not suggest that children “wander” in high school “preserves some energy for when it is better spent,” as Prof. Herschbach of Harvard does observe, March 2). But for many Americans there is no “later.” Workers with wages in the $5 to $6 range have lost about 15 percent of their buying power, while the median income has lost 25 percent in the last 25 years. Jobs turned out understanding mathematics decline further.

Melvyn Jay Oremland

New York, March 2, 1998

The writer is a professor of physics at Pace University.

Having It Both Ways

To the Editor:

The White House and its operatives have accused Kenneth W. Starr, the independent counsel, of leaking testimony, abusing power and violating the law and ethics. Yet, you report, White House aides “acknowledged that they preferred a weakened Mr. Starr to stay at the helm rather than have Mr. Starr resign” (news article, March 2).

If the charges against Mr. Starr are true, he is breaking the law and should be removed, just as President Clinton broke the law if the accusations against him are true. The White House should either stop impeding the investigation or ask Attorney General Janet Reno to fire Mr. Starr. Timothy B. Phares

Greenbelt, Md., March 2, 1998

The Silent Treatment

To the Editor:

You report that because of Kenneth W. Starr’s investigation, the White House claims that President Clinton and his friend Vernon E. Jordan Jr. can “no longer speak freely with one another” (news article, March 3). But absent the rare “gag order or other special circumstances”
In official Washington, even the graffiti are political. Scrawled on a rest-room wall in a Senate office building are these inscriptions: Frank Church of Idaho, The Potato Man with Appeal. And Kennedy 76, Mary Jo K O.

Observer, Apr 21, 1975

Guarding the entrance to the U.S.
Up Against the Wall, Graffiti!

By Douglas S. Looney

Most of us who managed to slip through five or six grades of elementary education recall how we were taught to talk (that is, not too slangy and with no abuse of the King's English) and where we were instructed to write our thoughts (that is, on paper and not on the walls).

But more and more these days, we seem to bubble and squeak (sorry, that's slang for speak) in increasing flapdoodle (oh, that slang means empty talk) while also putting our pens and crayons to the wall with burgeoning flamboyance. The sign says, "Please Don't Write On Walls." One among us writes below, "You Want Maybe We Should Type?"

Look over yonder. Someone has scribbled, "If God is dead, what do you say when somebody sneezes?" And over there: "Hummingbirds never remember the words to songs." Hey, look: "VD is nothing to clap about." These, obviously, are graffiti.

Writing 'Chatterboxes'

Many of us seem to be writing chatterboxes, given to inscribing thoughts in public places even if it is considered bad form, something done by bad eggs. When we go out writing on walls, we are cool as a cucumber so we won't attract the fuzz. It's fun to raise hell. Maybe we write on sidewalks and construction fences because we know our lives are nothing to write home about, but we try to think of ourselves as not half bad. All this in italic type is, of course, slang. Old slang.

Graffiti and slang are generally expressions of the common man; both have much to say about sex, booze, various parts of the human anatomy, and a few other subjects. Neither is held in particularly ill repute, although we are dissuaded from writing our witty thoughts ("I just cannot picture you as the end result of millions of years of evolution") on Grant's Tomb. On the subway? Write on.

The pointy heads can fret over the rape of the language. But it often is the common man, with his untutored thinking, who gives language its fun, its body, its new words, and its direction.

Graffiti's Domain

Which is what makes two new books so engaging. One is the Encyclopedia of Graffiti, by Robert Reisner and Lorraine Wechsler [Macmillan. 401 pages. $15]. Wechsler says of graffiti: "Topics too sensitive, too bigoted, too outrageous for the official version are [their] natural province."

The other is The Macmillan Dictionary of Historical Slang, by Eric Partridge [Macmillan. 1,065 pages. $25]. Partridge, long one of the world's premier wordmen, said in a telephone interview from his London home, "I defy anyone to open that book to any page and not find something that amuses or interests." The book contains nearly 50,000 samples of slang.

Please Turn to Page 15, Column 1
UCLA defeated Kentucky 92-85 to win the NCAA college-basketball championship, at San Diego.

Bobby Fischer was stripped of his world chess title by the International Chess Federation. The chess group awarded the title to Russia's Anatoly Karpov after Fischer refused to play Karpov under rules set by the federation.

**Notables**

**Died:**

Ben Hibbs, 73, editor of the Saturday Evening Post from 1942 to 1962; of leukemia; in Penn Valley, Pa., on March 30.

Mary Ure, 42, British actress; of undetermined causes; in London on April 3.

Tung Pi-wu, 90, one of the founders of China's Communist Party; in Peking on April 2.

**Follow-Up**

A U.S. appeals court in Chicago ruled that construction of a nuclear-power plant near Gary, Ind., must stop because the site is in a densely populated area. The decision marked the first time a Federal court has blocked construction of a nuclear-power plant [The Observer, Dec. 2, 1972].

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It often is the common man...who gives language its fun, its body... Up Against The Wall, Graffiti!
opinion

Dear Sir: (Signed)

—National Review, Editor Will

—St. Paul Press, Jr., in the

—by the Washington Star Syndi-

W TO GHT FOR LIFE

If it is possible, it requires a mediocrity

—Health Center

—only professionals in the science of weight

—other personal assistants. During

—gives you a real food, exercise, and

—more zealately to follow your needs, your

—be recreated to begin a new lifestyle—en

—proceed during your stay and after

—more than crash diets. If you are

—Reservations are invited to 20 partici-

Health Center

Lafayette 3675, (202) 983-3017

—fully licensed registered medical facilities

—House

1600 Pennsylvania Ave.

—Progress

Whoooy, Inc.

—One Shilling

—Edge Annual

—Others

—Seasonal

—One Shilling

—Others

—Seasonal

—One Shilling

—Others

—Seasonal

—One Shilling

—Others

—Seasonal

—One Shilling

—Others

—Seasonal

—One Shilling

—Others

—Seasonal
graffiti:

Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?

Time is nature's way of making sure everything doesn't happen at once.
PROMOTION

‘Graffiti’ contest attracts write-ins

By George Wilt

There was a day when writing on walls got you a wrap on the knuckles. The day that the New School for Social Research in New York has a course on the subject!

Graffiti has come up in the world, appearing on the walls of Bill Leary’s syndicated feature, out of McNaught, presenting low-voltage, shock quality grim humor and twisted aphorisms that make serious commentary and provide social comment.

The subject provided the basis for the Independent, Press-Telegram and Reader contest. (The I-P-T has had a contest every year, ranging from “Lucky Licenses” to a locally-oriented version. Now it’s a contest for the Queen Mary, which will travel on her way from England to her new home in Long Beach.

This year’s contest, “The Great Graffiti Write-In,” offered more than a chance to win prizes. It also functioned as a thirty-day entertainment feature that drew a steady stream of reader interest. Winners were announced each day on page B-1 of the newspaper. Many readers wrote in just to see how much they enjoyed reading them each day when their paper arrived. Others explained that they knew their entries probably weren’t good enough to win a prize, but that it was fun to sit around and think them up any way.

To cap it off, the contest promoted Leary’s “Graffiti,” which just happens to appear daily on the front page of the Long Beach newspaper.

The contest was set up for thirty days. Each day five prizes were awarded: a $25 first, $10 second and three consolation $5 prizes. Each day’s winner was judged by itself and then discarded, thereby allowing contestants to re-enter against possible less stiff competition.

The total of about 15,000 entries were mailed in. From these, about 12,000 were from people who had not entered before. Many—about half, according to Nickarz—were people who mailed in more than one entry at a time, making the total number of individual entries over 30,000.

After the thirty days, all the first prize winners—Bill Leary in New York for judging of the $500 grand prize winner.

The line: “Tumpy Dumpet is still a student,” won $500 for L. M. Moskowitz of Long Beach, and his graffito composition will wind up being published nationwide in all of the papers carrying Leary’s feature.

The Independent-Press-Telegram published entry blanks and rules on a regular basis, pictures of winners, and other news and feature items on the contest to keep things going.

THINKING—A DAILY TEXT FOR THINKING has been published by the Arizona Republic and The Phoenix Gazette as a newspaper in the classroom teachers’ manual, compiled and edited by Dr. Dorothy Piercey of Arizona State University’s college of education, the guide has more than 40 co-authors.

Members of Dr. Piercey’s practice teaching classes were asked to contribute their personal experiences in using the newspaper in the classroom. From several hundred “inquiries” submitted, the most imaginative ones were selected by the author for textbook use.

Believing that “our youth must learn to order to survive,” Nelson Haigerson, chairman of the Secondary Education department at ASU in Tempe, a Phoenix suburb, points out in the book’s preface that students who look forward to the teaching profession have contributed significantly to the project.

Some 400 Arizona teachers used the Republic and the Gazette in their classrooms this past year, with more than 100,000 free copies being delivered. This is the eighth year for the Phoenix Newspapers’ program.

Dr. Piercey attended the ANPA Newspaper in the Classroom Workshop at Iowa University in 1964 as the newspaper’s representative and it has been a most enthusiastic supporter of the program ever since.

The new text contains 95 pages and deals in 15 areas of instruction: art, business, English, foreign languages, health, home economics, industrial arts, journalism, mathematics, music, physical education, reading, science, social studies and speech and drama. “A Daily Text for Thinking” is available to teachers outside of Arizona for $1 per copy. Newspapers may obtain a free copy by writing Wilt Suf, Republic & Gazette, P.O. Box 1500, Phoenix, Arizona 85001.

Abel appointed to Cabot Chair

Elie Abel, dean of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism, has been named Godfrey Lowell Cabot Professor of Journalism at the school.

University President Andrew W. Cordier made the announcement following action by the Columbia trustees. The appointment honors a professor distinguished in international journalism.

Abel succeeds Edward W. Barrett as Cabot Professor.

Barrett, Journalism School dean from 1958 to 1968, was the first occupant of the chair.

Endowed by the Cabot family, the chair honors the memory of Godfrey Lowell Cabot, inventor, industrialist, and philanthropist. He died at the age of 101 in 1962 after a career in engineering, manufacturing, aviation, and other fields.

Dr. Cabot, a member of the Cabot and Lowell families, of Boston, endowed the Elias Moore Cabot Prizes at the Graduate School of Journalism in 1939 as a memorial to his late wife. These are medals awarded annually to selected Western Hemisphere journalists in recognition of activities advancing inter-American understanding, a prime interest of Dr. Cabot.

Abel was appointed dean of the Journalism School February 1, following a career in national and international journalism with the New York Times, the Detroit News and NBC.

2.13 readers per paper, on weekday

Weekday newspapers in the United States average 2.13 readers per copy, according to the Bureau of Advertising, American Newspaper Publishers Association. The Bureau bases this finding on 1969 readership research data.

The 2.13 readers per copy consist of 1.04 men and 1.09 women, 18 years old and over.

Heaviest readership per copy of the daily newspaper is reported for the West Central part of the country—2.29 adults, 1.09 men and 1.20 women.

Fewest readers per copy are for the Southwest—1.81 adults, 0.91 men and 0.90 women.

Core cities of the 50 largest metropolitan areas have continued to maintain levels of newspaper readership comparable to the rest of the country despite the concentration of poverty pockets, ghettos and urban blight occurring in the largest population centers, according to the Bureau.

Overall, 78% of all adults 18 and over 80% of adults in the 50 largest metropolitan areas read a newspaper on the average weekday. Average day readership by adults in the central cities of the 50 largest metropolitan areas comes to 79%.

In core cities all over the country, average day readership is 81%.

These figures are based on a study by W. R. Simmons & Associates Research Inc. The study also found that newspaper readership in the suburbs of the 50 top metropolitan areas is about on a par with the average 81% of adults compared to 82% in all U. S. metropolitan suburbs.

Readership is high among younger adults in the largest metropolitan areas. Among the 25-54 year olds, 80% read one or more daily newspapers in the top 50 metropolitan areas compared to 77% in the total U. S.

When the top 50 metropolitan areas and the whole country are compared on the basis of income and education, readership levels also show little or no variation.

S.F. views in color

Full-color roto features of San Francisco will be offered readers of the Los Angeles Times Sunday magazine West on Sunday, Oct. 25.
ITU and CRT
Continued from page 36

ITU President John Picchi promised to keep open the "hot line" of communication between Patrone and the union's Executive Council to provide "top-level discussion before ominous situations are permitted to develop."

Following the advice of leaders, the convention voted down all proposals that would have authorized the payment of strike benefits to members who observe picket lines of other unions without formal sanction by the Executive Council.

The Erie, Pa., Local No. 77, which lost an appeal from a decision of the Executive Council denying ITU benefits to members who refused to work at the Erie Times and News while guild members were on strike, was rebuffed again when the delegates voted down a proposal to allow the local union to decide the matter of honoring another craft's picket line.

If the majority approved observance of the picket line, the proposition stated, ITU benefits would be paid, provided the local's contract with the employer allows members to honor such pickets either as a group or as individuals.

The committee to which the proposition was referred urged its rejection because the proposed language would be in opposition to sections of ITU law and would allow a local union to mandate ITU strike benefits to themselves.

The delegates approved a Los Angeles proposition, which received the endorsement of the administration, for extending the terms of elective offices to four years, eliminating the biennial elections.

Milwaukee won the 1972 convention, with 23 votes to 134 for San Francisco and 15 for San Jose. No small factor in the decision, it was agreed, was the sample of hospitality served by Milwaukee boosters as an indication of the brewers' welcome that awaited the delegates.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER for August 15, 1970

SALON}$

$5,000 paid in death case in San Rafael

The San Rafael (Calif.) Independent-Journal has paid a $5,000 reward for anonymous information which police credited with helping them solve the murder of an employee of the troubled newspaper.

The payment was based on the plea of two juveniles who admitted they were hired to rob and rough up Allan W. Daly, production systems engineer for the daily which has continued publication despite a printers' strike begun last January.

Police said this guilty plea was tantamount to a confession. Wishard A. Brown, publisher, told E&P. Richard A. Wamsley and Richard Thurber, both 17, were arrested two days after Daly's fatal shooting on the night of July 4. Both were committed for long term treatment and rehabilitation.

Frank J. Thurber, 15, a San Francisco newspaper mailer said by the youths to have hired them, was indicted August 5 by the San Francisco grand jury on charges of murder, conspiracy, burglary and robbery.

Union officials have denied any involvement in the matter.

Hundreds of demonstrators marched in protest in support of the San Rafael printers on the 200th day of the strike. The IJ's edition appeared before participants in a two-mile march reached the plant.

The demonstration was announced in advertising urging union supporters to join Cesar Chavez, grape boycott leader and president of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. Chavez said he acted in appreciation for the milk that printers had supplied the children of his own striking unionists.

Marchers included the president and the secretary-treasurer of the California State AFL-CIO. At the close of a rally in a downtown San Rafael park a few of the demonstrators picketed a Safeway store nearby.

Three men identified as members of the typesetters union were ordered held for trial in Marin County court on charges of conspiring to break windows in the newspaper's building. Sheriff's deputies searched the men when they stopped their car and found sledgehammers, chunks of lead and a list of advertisers.

Those arrested were: James R. Brocato, Dennis J. Crowley and Grand W. Anders.
Sunday Graffiti page
coming in September

McNaught Syndicate editors have been seeing handwriting on the wall for two years now, six days a week. They are going for seven.

All that handwriting adds up to the two-year-old "Graffiti" daily panel by Bill Leary and the new reader involvement Sunday Graffiti page beginning September 6. The Sunday Graffiti will feature the best ideas contributed by readers as selected by Leary, and illustrated by Gene Mora.

The daily panel celebrates its second birthday this summer, with 326 newspapers. Many have used the panel from the beginning as a front page "brightener"; others have established it on the editorial page; for others it's "mobile." By the time of the Sunday debut, McNaught expects about 75 papers will run the Sunday page.

The syndicate suggested the daily panel carry a small box explaining how readers could send their own ideas to Leary in care of the paper and that any chosen for the Sunday page would get national credit. The original drawing, personalized by Leary, will be sent to the editor for presentation with suitable ceremony to the reader. McNaught plans to inform papers in advance of local selections.

The 67-year-old Leary, who has a bachelor's degree with a major in English, has found recognition and financial success with his humor scribblings. He is also an advertising copy writer. His cartoon talents are somewhat limited to the drawing of walls, with a large variety of these in his studio—and the lettering of each day's panel is done over one of these wall patterns.

The second book collection of Leary panels will be issued next February by Fawcett.

Bob Pearsall heads Columbia Features

Joseph M. Boychuk, chairman of the board of Columbia Features, Inc., announced the appointment of Robert B. Pearsall as president and executive editor of the syndicate following the resignation of William H. Thomas.

Pearsall was formerly associate editor of General Features Corp. prior to its consolidation with the Los Angeles Times Syndicate for which he is a contributor.

Hammond writes of the old West

Vern Hammond, an engineer with the California Division of Highways, is writing a weekly column, "California Stagecoach Days," beginning September 1 from Osborne House Feature Syndicate in Menlo Park, Calif.

The column had its beginnings last year as "The Bear Flag" in several Western papers. Its content combined adventure, travel and history of the old days in the West, reflecting the interests of Hammond, who as a free-lance writer specializes in that field.

"I am a packrat," Hammond explained of his research techniques for the column. "Everything I see which appears to relate to California History, I clip, grab, or copy. Only the sacred pages of American Heritage and National Geographic are safe from my scissors."

The writer's family association with California dates to 1846 on the maternal side, with his father's family arriving after the Civil War. Hammond, a Navy veteran and a graduate of the University of Oregon, lives in Marysville, with his family.

Characters you'll meet along Gummer Street

UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE

COLUMNS
MARQUIS CHILDS
DON MACLEAN
HARRY J. TAYLOR
WILLIAM S. WHITE
VIRGINIA PAYETTE
NORTON MOCKRIDGE
MARY MCCARTHY

SPECIALTY COLUMNS
BUSINESS TIPS
Tested Sales Ideas
GEORGE
Humorous Advice
THE ACES
New U.S. Bridge Team
CHARLES J. ELIA
Daily Investor-Mutual Funds
MOLLY MAYFIELD
Personal Problems
MARGARET DANA
Consumer Guide Lines
YOUR JOB
Employment Counseling
STELLA
Daily Horoscope
JEAN ADAMS
Teen-age problems
MARIAN CHRISTY
After a Fashion

INTERNATIONAL NEWS
LONDON EXPRESS
News-Feature Service
LONDON EXPRESS
News Report

VARIETY FEATURES
LITTLE PEOPLE'S PUZZLE D/S
SPOTLITE SERIES WHAT IN THE WORLD D/S?
CROSSWORDS D/S
HEALTH CAPSULES D

COMICS
ABBIE AND SLATS D
ANOTHER VIEW D
DAY JONES D
EB AND FLO D/S
FERD'NAND D/S
GORDO D/S
NANCY D/S
PEANUTS D/S
GUMMER STREET D
CAPTAIN AND THE KIDS S
EMMY LOU D/S
GINGER D
PIXIES D/S
TARZAN D/S
THE BOSLIES W/S
THE DRAGONS D/S
THE GOOD OLD DAYS
- ANTIQUES FAIR W/S
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW D/S
ZODY D

220 EAST 42nd STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
All-out effort for Festival of Homes

By George Wilt

The Chicago Tribune’s Fall Festival of Homes provides an outstanding example of how a newspaper-sponsored event and three special issues generated by the event and its participants gets the benefit of an all-out promotion program.

The Festival of Homes, 24th in a series under sponsorship of the Tribune, with cooperation of the Home and Home Furnishing Council of Chicago, runs for 16 days. The period of Saturday, September 12 through Sunday, September 27 includes three weekends to increase traffic at the peak of the Fall home selling season. Each Saturday of the event the Tribune will feature special issues of the “Home Guide.” These issues will be packed with detailed articles and illustrations about Festival homes, and will include a wide assortment of helpful reports and informative stories of special interest to the new home buyers.

The Fall Festival Home Guide will be circulated in the city and suburban circulation areas of the Saturday Tribune, and will be zoned three ways—North, West and South, with advertising accepted on a zone basis.

Each of the three Home Guides will consist of three sections, each with a four-color cover. A map and the entire Chicagoland area, with each model home located by number, will be published in each zone section on an individual Saturday. Numbered information boxes will be keyed to the map. They will contain a sketch depicting the home as well as the pertinent information of interest to Tribune readers. Reprints of the “Catalog of Homes” will be aggressively promoted.

Promotion for the Festival is already underway. The first news story appeared in the Sunday Tribune on August 2, with releases to major real estate, building and advertising publications.

Four-by-six foot signs in full color, on all-weather hardboard, have been distributed for placement at all of the model homes. A full-page announcement about the upcoming Festival is scheduled to appear in the Sunday Tribune on September 6 telling readers what advantages which only the Festival offers them, followed by a series of ads calling attention to the upcoming Home Guide. These ads will be scheduled to appear each week of the event prior to publication of the specific Festival Home Guide and an editorial article about the Festival and about the Fall Festival Home Guide is scheduled to appear on opening day. Frequent spot announcements will be scheduled to broadcast over leading Chicago radio stations on Festival weekends.

Direct mail pieces will be sent to about 100 Chicago area real estate accounts, plus financial institutions. A descriptive brochure pointing out important details is being sent out in early August.

148 new homes were placed on display by participating builders in the 1970 Spring Festival of Homes, the largest number in the history of the event. While on-the-spot sales are naturally an important object of the Festivals, the basic intention is to generate enthusiasm and desire about new home buying. The Festivals are a joint project of the retail and general advertising departments of the Tribune, with the cooperation of the editorial staff.

** FURNISHINGS **— The Baltimore Sun is promoting a September 27th Home Furnishings & Decorating Issue with a self-mailer using old-fashioned type faces, and printed in blue and black on blue antique cover stock.

** CAREER **—The Boston Record American conducted an essay contest among high school students, with the winners receiving a free trip, with their parents, to Montreal’s Man and His World Exposition. A team of educators selected five winners from among the essays written on future careers of the contestants. Tom Schuman, Career Guidance Editor, conducted the contest. Montreal’s Mayor Jean Drapeau did a five-minute tape about “Man and His World” that was aired on WEZE Radio Boston in conjunction with the contest. The winning essays were published in the Record American.

** READERSHIP **— A readership survey of the St. Petersburg (Fla.) Independent has been completed and published in booklet form. The booklet reproduces more than 50 pages of an issue of the Independent, with readership scores for pages and individual articles, pictures, features and advertisements shown in yellow boxes superimposed over each item. The survey was accomplished by 21 interviewers hired and trained by Suncoast Opinion Surveys. Readership is shown for men, women, ages 14-39, 40-64, and 65 and over. Figures are shown for “read” and “readed.”

** LIONS **— Me Farr, Detroit Lions halfback, poses for the cover of a Detroit News brochure announcing a “great advertising opportunity” and a special News Football Guide distributed with all editions of the Detroit News on Friday, September 18, 1970. The inside spread of the folder gives publication details illustrated by action football photos. Copies are available from Ted Grofer, promotion director of the News.

** LITTERBAGS **—The Wisconsin Rapids (Wisc.) Daily Tribune has distributed a plastic, re-usable litter bag with each copy of its July 17 edition, as a contribution to the anti-pollution effort. Carrier and mail subscribers were advised in a front page box that they could use the bags for weeks in their autos, homes, boats and vacation spots. Advertising director Dick Davis says that a second distribution will be made shortly after Labor Day. Copy on the front of the bag plugs the Tribune’s “People Pleaner” Want Ads. A blue-and-black full page advertisement in the same edition, headlined “Litter-ally speaking,” told of the Tribune’s concern for the environmental destruction caused by contamination, pollution and litter.

** Moyes and Manning co-author textbook **

A third generation newspaperman, Norman B. Moyes, is the senior author of a new journalism textbook published by Ginn and Company. He is Sunday feature editor of the Boston Herald Traveler and associate professor of Journalism at Boston University’s School of Public Communication.

His grandfather, the late James Moyes, was publisher of the Cameron (W. Va.) News, his father, Roland, is a copy editor on the Syracuse Herald-Journal. The textbook, Journalism and the Mass Media, is co-authored with Dr. David Manning White, chairman of the Journalism Division, Boston University. The three major sections of the 522-page text are “The Roles of the Mass Media in a Democratic Society,” “Basic Mass Media Writing Assignments,” and “The School Media.”

Moyes holds the Doctor of Philosophy degree in Mass Communications from the Newhouse Communications Center at Syracuse University. He worked on newspapers in West Virginia and New York and while on the faculty at Syracuse, he was executive secretary of the New York State Society of Newspaper Editors.

** In conservation post **

D. K. Woodman, editor of the Mansfield News-Journal, has been elected president of the board of directors of the Muskingum Watershed Conservancy District in Ohio.
Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Graffiti

Graffiti are always with us, usually as dull repetitions of names or initials, plus dates, and perhaps a self-claiming slogan; or as clumsy pornographic drawings; or as standardized, roughly rhymed scatology. Occasionally, the writing on public walls touches the memorable, and intellectuals hurry to praise it as folk-wit. Yet, I suspect it is not the rude folk-bard but the disguised intellectual who makes these memorable moments. When a Harvard wall is inscribed Else Lovenholm, it is obvious that some college wit is playing sophisticated variations on the initiated heart carved into the old oak tree or tattooed on a sailor’s forearm. There is perhaps a thrust of folk humor-in-inventive in the message once painted on the wall of a public swimming pool in New York City. Marvin is a pigeon it declared, perhaps as a true folk impulse, more likely as the work of a slyboots intellectual aping the folk manner. But there is no hope of hiding the wailing intellectual (between play and tears?) when the wall message reads why are we all so remote from everything?

The most moving, authentic graffiti I ever came on was shown to me by a friend who was remodeling an old house he had just bought. On the side of an attic window frame, which had later been covered by a molding my friend had just removed, was written: Joe, the lonely one and a date. Joe, it turned out, was the adolescent son of the former owner. We tend to think of graffiti as announcements made to the world at large, and as prominently as possible. In the true sense, however, graffiti are wall scratchings of any sort, motivated by inner impulse, and addressed across the anonymity of time to any finder. They are small tombstones of sentiment. God knows what Joe had been feeling that lost afternoon in his attic. Clearly, his message was not for his parents to find. It was left for whatever kindred soul might find it and be moved to understand Joe had been there and had wished for more than there was.

Intellectual or folk, there is something about the humbleness, honesty, playfulness, and anonymity of graffiti that can catch the attention and kindle a response as more formal writing can not. So it is that some people are forever collecting graffiti. At intervals then graffiti become an intellectual fad, only to fade back to their eternal walls as the fad passes, there to be reclaimed in time by a new discoverer.

Today, graffiti are in fashion again. A few years ago some advertising agents sponsored a contest to find the best graffiti and even offered samples (Marvson Avenue is a One Way Street). As far as I know, no one has yet based a TV commercial on graffiti, but it is probably an even money bet that this simple suggestion is enough to start the agency boys on the idea and that a graffiti commercial will show up within a year.

As part of the current fad, collectors’ samplings of graffiti have been published in book form, with hopefully analytical comments on the various genres of graffiti. And, as further evidence, I notice that a number of college have set up “graffiti boards”—large sheets of white cardboard tacked to a wall. Without defacing the wall, all comers are free to scribble their impulses on the graffiti board or to enter their replies to some earlier scribbler’s impulse. What I like about this college union and smoking room graffiti boards is that they readily turn into conversations to which various speakers, identified by their handwriting, keep returning.

A fair example of such graffiti interplay runs:

HELP STAMP OUT RHETORICAL QUESTIONS.
—Bored.

HELP STAMP OUT UNQUESTIONABLE BORES.
—Rhetorician.

Or the play may take off, fumble through all sorts of hits and misses, and yet manage to score unexpected points. Here is one sequence I copied from a graffiti board in a California college’s student union (to keep SR’s compositor from having a nervous breakdown, let each number be taken to identify a particular handwriting):

1) I have lost the equivalence of my ability to live. Please help me find my way.

2) Be like Miss Muffet. Start with your curds and your whey will follow.

3) Solipsist! Can’t you tell a heavy question by the weight?

4) Encores away, my lads?
—USMA.

2) Yr lads are laid
Yr anchors weighed
And yr the fools yr mothers made.
—USMA.

3) All of you look like targets to me.
(USAF)

1) See what I mean? Send out an S.O.S. and every S.O.B. within range jams the airwaves!

What such graffiti seem to have at best is an irreverent irrelevance en route to a mortal thrust, which itself is probably both irreverent and irrelevant, although the reader is never quite sure. We are left thinking we can guess more than has been said, and since we are all intellectual peeping Toms, we are gratified by our sense of secret insight, even when it isn’t wholly justified.

Yet, all styles should be tried. As it happens I do not have a graffiti board at hand, nor any wall I am moved to scribble on. I must try my luck at numinal graffiti. Call them Graffiti for the Inside of a Skull Wall. Once again the marginal letters must identify the writers as their handwriting would do in an actual graffiti-exchange.

Panel One:

1) I’m getting older no better. What’s your rate of attrition?

2) Sorry, I’m feeling too well to be sensitive.

3) Not all dolts are healthy, but to be healthy in an imperialist capitalist society is doltishly insensitive.
—Chairman Mao

4) My father isn’t well. He’s just high in the tax brackets.

3) Mainline it, Dad: it’s less addictive.

Panel Two:

1) I’m lonelier now than I was when I first came to wherever I am.

2) Good. Avoid infection. This is a plague year.

1) I didn’t say alone. I said lonely.

3) If you two will leave me some (Continued on page 63)

SR/MAY 15, 1970
Alfresco History

For five years, a lanky sociologist from Fort Worth named William McLean prowled the boulevards, side streets, courtyards, back alleys and piers of Paris, camera at the ready. Whenever he spotted an erotic representation of the human body or its genitalia, scratched by some anonymous artist in the soft limestone and plaster of which so much of Paris is built, he captured it on film. Sorbonne-trained McLean's collection, suitably surrounded by a scholarly text on the subject of erotic folk-art forms and published under the eye-catching title of L'Icônomophie Populaire de L'Erotisme (The Erotic Iconography of the People), is the first serious study of the sexual graffiti that for uncounted generations have embossed France's capital.

McLean's book is an important addition to the literature of graffiti (from the Italian graffito, to scratch), if only because this highly perishable form of folk expression has seldom been taken seriously. It is at least as venerable as the human ambition to defy convention and authority—and both convention and authority, down the ages, have diligently worked overtime trying to scrub the walls clean. They can never, of course, successfully purge the record of these irreverent footnotes, which proliferate in both written and pictorial forms. When archaeologists unearthed Pompeii beginning in the 18th century, they found scores of graffiti that, after some two millennia, have not lost their topicality. "Here I enjoyed the favors of many girls"; "Here Arphocas pleased himself with Drauca for a denarius"—about a penny.

Such innocuous testimonials to man's urge to leave his mark adorn every accessible edifice, public park and mountainside in the world. In the same spirit in which schoolboys surreptitiously carve their initials on a desk, passers-by like to leave a record of their presence wherever they may go, either writing or carving their names and messages onto the nearest surface. Graffiti are simply man's attempt to proclaim his immortality against irreversible odds; he will die, but his name, crudely hewn in some rock of ages, will nevertheless endure.

Embellished Hearts. Beyond this basic ambition lie other more sophisticated motives. The sociologist McLean has studied one: the inexhaustible human preoccupation with sex, which, when repressed by the contemporary culture, invites the alluring condition of subterranean equipment that subway travelers, for example, scrutinize or self-consciously ignore while waiting for the next train.

The illustrations in McLean's book enforce the point. They indicate an obsession with certain fundamental themes: the phallus, sometimes decorated with wings (an accessory, incidentally, commonly found in ancient Etruscan art); assorted schematic representations of the vulva; and the Valentine heart—a symbol that McLean believes is more erotic than sentimental. Typically, the heart symbol, if it survives long enough on the wall, gets further embellishment; someone adds an arrow, and then later another resourceful artist converts the heart into a rude approximation of the female posterior.

As a sociologist, McLean, 40, is cautious about interpreting the significance of the erotic graffiti he has photographed in Paris. But in his conditional judgment they seem to reflect the stratified ethics of society. In an outlying working-class suburb of Paris, the erotic graffiti tend to be explicit and unabashed. In more affluent and inhibited neighborhoods, he found that erotic graffiti occur in less abundance and tend to be more restrained.

Too Few Recorders. McLean has left to other scholars a study of that other, non-pictorial graffiti form that comments, often pitily, on human affairs. That is a pity, because in its communicative role the editorial graffiti is universal and has much to say to its times. After the Parisian student uprisings of 1968, for instance, the city's walls bloomed with anti-establishment slogans like RUN FAST, THE OLD WORLD IS BEHIND YOU. Of these transitory social comments there are all too few recorders. In the U.S., one of the more dedicated collectors is Allen Walker Read, 63, a professor of English at Columbia University who has been recording graffiti on an international scale for more than 40 years. Some Manhattan samples from Read's collection, which has never been published in full:

- GOD IS NOT DEAD! HE IS ALIVE AND AUTOGRAPHING BIBLES TODAY AT BRENTANO'S (110th Street subway station). And, in somewhat the same vein: GOD IS DEAD—BUT DON'T WORRY, MARY IS PREGNANT AGAIN (96th Street); GOD IS OMNIVERSE (sic) —CHILTONS, RAGELS, PIZZA, EVEN ENSCHILADAS (96th Street).

- FIGURE ON PARIS WALL

- NORTH DAKOTA IS A HOAX (116th Street).

- NIETZSCHE IS PIETSCH (116th Street).

- Read is saddened by authoritarian resistance to the graffiti. "It catches a human being at a time when he's just casually and not deeply engaged," says Read. "This is very important. People are on guard so much of the time."

In this sense Read regards the graffiti as the purest form of human expression. It announces to posterity the existence of an insignificant human whose passage might otherwise go unnoticed, from the legend incised in 1804 on a Tennessee tree trunk—DANL. BOON KILT A BAR—TO the classic and bitter sweet on US vs. fence: ORGANIZE FOR ANARCHY.

- All you need is love!

- FIGURE ON PARIS WALL

- GRAFFITI ON MANHATTAN FENCE

Immortality against irreversible odds.

TIME, APRIL 13, 1970
self-advertisement that can be found all over the world:
ROSE (or whoever) WAS HERE
AND NOW IS GONE
BUT LEFT HER NAME
TO CARRY ON.

R. for Democracy

Patrick Fioriello Ginsburg is a hypothetical young man of indeterminate age. His E.Q. (Ethnic Quotient), however, can be precisely and succinctly stated as Med23-G13. Translated, that signifies that he is 64% Jewish, 23% Italian (the "Med" standing for Mediterranean ancestry) and 13% Irish (Gaillic). Of what use to Ginsburg is his E.Q., which, if the "New Democracy" prevails, will be attached to him at birth and govern his role in society for the rest of his life?
The answer is in a slender book, The Sociology of the Punish, published by Simon & Schuster. Its author is identified only as "Professor X."

CRIME

"The primary cause of crime, the one and only cause of crime, is law," X announces the remedy: undermine law by increasing crime.

ACADEMIC PRESTIGE

This is forcibly supported, says X, by such misleading designations as "lower schools," "high schools" and "higher education." X would grant academic degrees at any level, and he would shake the curriculum as vigorously as a dandruff. Hence, at the university level, students might study basket weaving and finger painting; kindergartens and elementary schools would offer courses in demography and experimental biology. No students would be failed, a strategy that "would relieve them of having to resort to the indignity of intimidating the faculty with guns and knives."

VIOLENCE

To eliminate this problem, X borrows inspiration from homeopathy, in which a disease is treated with a remedy that would produce symptoms of the disease in a healthy person. "May it not be," asks X, "that the true remedy for a society ridden by more and more violence may actually be additional doses of violence (administered sporadically and universally) throughout society?"

OUTRAGED

The true identity of Professor X is jealously guarded by the distinguished historian Daniel J. Boorstin (The Americans: The National Experience), who contributed an introduction to the book and saw it through into print. The manuscript reached his attention, Boorstin says, after it was mailed to a charitable foundation whose millions he helps disburse. Along with it came Professor X's appeal for a grant of $3,420 to finance a feasibility study. Other foundation officers were outraged at the modesty of X's request, observing that it would cost more than that—$4,500—merely to process the application.

Despite their objections, Boorstin found the text "extremely interesting, and even courageous." It is probably a good thing that this judgment was delivered in writing rather than orally, since Boorstin's tongue is so obviously lodged in his cheek.
of human beings. With assumptions such as these, black culture for most people appears (to use Ralph Ellison’s terms) to be nothing more than the sum of its brutalization.

For blacks, it was the fate of The Myth of the Negro Past to come too late for the romantic primitivism of the Harlem Renaissance and too early for the cultural revitalization of the Black is Beautiful 1960s. Many years have passed without the common-sense scholarship which Herskovits called for, and it is thus no wonder that talk of Black English, a black spiritual community, and a New World tradition of African art, manners and politics looks madly out of touch with the American realities of the War on Poverty, OEO, and Early Childhood Intervention.

Meanwhile American blacks continue to have to reinvent their past every generation, at the moment seeking what they can find of African cultures. Like Richard Wright leaving his father standing on the red clay of Mississippi for the greener pastures of the North, they remain ambivalent towards their Southern roots. And while whites shake their heads like bemused Reconstructionists, Arthur Jensen tells us in The New York Times that only the poorer elements of Africa were brought to this country by the slavers. . . .

John F. Szwed

Edmund Wilson (1895-1972)

Edmund Wilson, who died on June 12, at 77, was associate editor and book reviewer on The New Republic from 1926 to 1931. In that time he spoke his mind on most of the subjects known to man. He was a tireless reader, scholar and essayist and also tried his hand at fiction and drama. Less well known are his poems, but the few that were printed, all fairly good-humored light verse with a rationalist bent, may illuminate a part of him not readily found in his prose. He liked, for example, to meddle with extravagant rhymes. Printed below is an excerpt from a long poem printed in 1949, not in The New Republic but in the little magazine Furies, “The Pickerel Pond,” which he described as a “double pastoral” with “amphilasabic (backyard rhyme) endings” that is, rhymes like “tomato” and “automat,” “gay” and “egg.” The scene at the beginning of the poem is a picnic beside the pond with an assortment of Russian emigres, old bolsheviks, children and poodles. He describes the meal and the conversation, then shifts to a few days later when he is alone beside the pond fishing and thinking of himself and his relation to the people at the party:

Was I there? did I share their mild revel?
Did I listen to all their palaver?

He concludes by describing himself struggling with fishes and words:

No pickerel has plunged to my lure,
As the sky squeezes down its last lemon
And the lake gleams a blacker enamel.
In this pond of the pan of my skull,
Where spawned thought should take body, the luck’s
No better . . .
Till, as even the shallows grow dimmer,
As I lose my last live-bait amid
Mosquitoes that needle a mood
Masochistic, benumbed by our doom,
All such mutinous music as muttered
Between the bleak spring and mild autumn
Now but hobbies and stutters, half-dumb:
Hungry pickerel that nuzzle the mud . . .

Next week we will publish a reminiscence by Malcolm Cowley, who worked on The New Republic with Edmund Wilson.

The New Republic

The Walk of the Conscious Ants
by Taylor Morris

(Knopf; $6.95)

If you are tired of listening to tedious accounts of auto trips—complete with route numbers, names of motels and their brand of cleanliness—this daily account of a walk to Canada is a welcome change and one is tempted to say, don’t spare the details! What else happened that day? what else did you see or experience or feel or suddenly understand? how did the townfolks react this time? for this is a group of college students (plus an English teacher, Taylor Morris, his wife and two eldest children—21 all told) from Franklin Pierce College in Rindge, NH, who decided to walk for 40 days instead of staying in the classroom. The course, named only because it had to be, was Philosophy of Walking, EN 423, and was partially funded by the Ford Foundation. The necessary gear accompanied the walkers in a VW bus.

These walkers experienced every painful step and change in the weather from NH to Nova Scotia, a distance of 600 miles, and tried various experiments in heightening awareness to surroundings and people. One day of walking in silence was attempted, another day of fasting; half of one day was spent leading a blindfolded friend by the hand while trying to describe what he saw and helping the other to experience through touch, smell and hearing—then the two switched roles. Meetings were held periodically to discuss reactions, sensations, means of achieving awareness, means of getting along with each other.

Each day is described. There are anecdotes about various individuals’ experiences, a map and description of the route taken (they strived for back roads and small towns and a distance of about 15 miles a day), special points of interest (a lake, covered bridge, antique shop, old-fashioned general store, a tree), meal planning and preparation, and the mapping of the next day’s route and search for a place to stay. The most vivid descriptions in the book are of the people who greet the walkers, sometimes with sullen stares and obscene remarks, and sometimes generously. The generous ones are willing to risk their neigh-
RESOLUTIONS

in *Mistress Masham’s Repose* by Terence Hanbury White; (5) Brodabingnagian, in *Gulliver’s Travels* by Jonathan Swift; (6) the language of Vril-ya in *The Coming Race* by Edward George Bulwer-Lytton; (7) the language of the Amahagger in *She* by Henry Rider Haggard; (8) Upper Palaeolithic, in the *Colonel Pecktor* comic strip by Arthur Horner, in the *Guardian*; (9) the language of Too-wit and his savages in the *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym* by Edgar Allan Poe; (10) the language of the apes in *Tarzan of the Apes* by Edgar Rice Burroughs.

2. You also assumed that the definitions given were in an order differing from that of the words defined. Who said so? Not we. The definitions happen to be arranged in correct order, so that there isn’t any matching up left for you to do—all you needed to do was to verify the correctness of the two orders in relation to each other. “Shadchonim” are (Jewish) matchmakers; with no matching to be made, the title of this problem contradicts the facts.

3. In Poe’s story, uncertainty is expressed as to whether the word “klock-klock” is a generic term for villages, or the name of the specific village to which the savages were taking the principals in the narrative. Hence, the uncertainty sign.

4. “Hiya” and “She” are proper nouns, therefore capitalized.

5. **Shadchonim**, plural of **shadchan**, may also be given as **shadchans**, or **schatchens**, or **shachens**—according to Webster’s Third New International Dictionary of the English Language, 1961.

6. From a very narrow-minded viewpoint—not yours, perish the thought!—we practiced gross deception in this problem. Consequently, someone might be inclined to suggest that our vocabulary quiz be reserved for the feast-days of St. Melito of Sardis, St. Hugh of Grenoble, and St. Gilbert of Caithness, Scotland, all of which coincide with April 1, All Fools’ Day.


11 SHADCHONIM WANTED!

(Page 12)

1. You assumed that our ten words were English words. They are, but not in the way you thought of them. They occur in English-language literature, but are coined words representing imaginary languages invented by the authors. Here is a rundown on the entire list: (1) Malacandran or Martian, a language in *Out of the Silent Planet* by Clive Staples Lewis; (2) Zemblan, in *Pale Fire* by Vladimir Nabokov; (3) the language of Nosmndsgsrutt in *The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man* by Robert Paltock; (4) Lilliputian,
25 DESPERATION

The ten languages that we listed for you were languages falling in the same category as Esperanto, Volapük, and Interlingua: universal languages, world languages, or international auxiliary languages. It is customary to list such languages chronologically. The correctly revised list follows, with dates and authors, to the extent that the latter information is readily accessible:

1. SOLRESOL — 1817, Jean-François Sudre.
2. ISLAND-ZIMONDEL — 1884.
3. CARE ARA — 1887.
4. SPLIN — 1888, George Baker.
5. MYTHA — 1894, J. Stempü Kempten.
6. BALTA — 1893, Dormov.
7. OMNEZ — 1912, Sidni Bond.
8. OPTINZ — 1913, Sidni Bond.
9. ARUO — 1925, Max Talney.
10. MANAROI — 1925, Aido Lavagnini.

Artificial languages or interlanguages such as these are beyond the limits of natural languages. To approach them, you must recede from natural languages.

The word DESPERATION, chosen to title our problem, is actually a rearrangement of the letters in ESPERANTO, the name of yet another auxiliary language: a modification of Esperanto proposed by Prof. R. de Saussure. Precisely how to rearrange the letters in DESPERATION was clearly stated in our “Hints”, the number sequence shown there being the positions that the letters in ESPERANTO occupy in the word DESPERATION. Thus, the E is No. 2, the S is No. 3, and so forth.

ESPHERANTO was not the only pasigraphy or paslaly on which we could have based our title. It would just as easily have been possible to use ESPERANTO, by shuffling its letters to spell either the English word PERSONATE (“masklike”) or the French word REPASANTE (“refreshing”).

Returning to the three languages with which we started, ESZTAR or ESKZARA is another name for BASQUE; IVAN is the Hebrew name for the modernized HEBREW serving as the official and national language of Israel; and MAGHI is another name for BURMESE.

In the process of answering our first 5 questions, we have already answered the sixth question. Eight of the names applicable to our list of manu-

114 MATCH GAME

1. BIMESTER—a period of two months; used primarily in medicine.
2. BISSEXTILE—a technical term for the 366-day leap year in the Julian and Gregorian calendars, used by calendrical theoreticians.
3. CHILIAD—1000 years: a millenium, as referred to in Greek Biblical discussions.
4. EMBOLISMIC YEAR—the period of 13 lunar months, or 384 days, appearing in the Jewish and the Mohammedan calendars.
5. HAAB—the 365-day year in the Mayan calendar.
6. HERDOM—a week: a term of Greek origin.
7. INDICATION—a recurring cycle of 15 years, used in the Greek East and in Western Europe, beginning A.D. 312.
8. KALPA—in Hindu cosmogony, an acon of 4,320,000,000 years: a day and a night of Brahme, equal to 1000 yugas.
9. LIGHT-FOOT—one billionth of a second: a term appearing in recent scientific and technical literature.
10. LUSTRE, or LUSTER—a census period of 5 years, used in Roman antiquity.
11. MANVANTARA—a period of 4,320,000 years in Hindu cosmogony: a “Maha Yuga”.
12. OLYMPIAD—the period of 4 years between successive Olympic festivals, used in Greek antiquity.
13. RAITH—a quarter of a year: a Scottish term.
14. SHAVE—one hundred millionth of a second: one of the current scientific units used in engineering and technology.
15. TERNJUBILEE—150 years: a synonym for “sesquicentenary” seen in British newspapers (a “jubilee” is 50 years).