

# Punning: The Candidate at Word and Ploy

Time  
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 pretty amusing. Actually, both men are correct; Muskie has simply succumbed to paronophilia—the inordinate love 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 statehouse." 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 shrugged: "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 aides will doubtless do their best to eliminate some of his worst puns from the national hustings. 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 slings mud generally loses ground." Franklin Roosevelt's foes insisted on calling his bright young advisers "the Drain Trust" and referring to some of his programs as ushering in a new "Age of Chiselry." In the 1800s the critics of British Prime Minister Benjamin Disraeli labeled him England's Jew d'Espirit.

Though puns may be used to political advantage—or disadvantage—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 fecund nature to Shakespeare. Because he had to play to the galleries, his plays were par for the coarse, 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 bleeding Mercutio: "Ask for me tomorrow 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 lagniappe, a trick to reconcile opposites, a method of giving a

long sentence a parole. It was not until 1922 and *Ulysses* that James Joyce made it a literature unto itself. In *Finnegans Wake*, words become quintuple exposures; 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 typical and relatively easy example: "Into *boudoir* Joyce inserts the letter *l* and converts the word to *boudeloire*, thus adding a river association, 'Loire.' Clinging to the word also are the French associations, *bouder*, 'to pout' and *boue*, '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 bottlefield, where columnists tailed their wags and reported puns 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

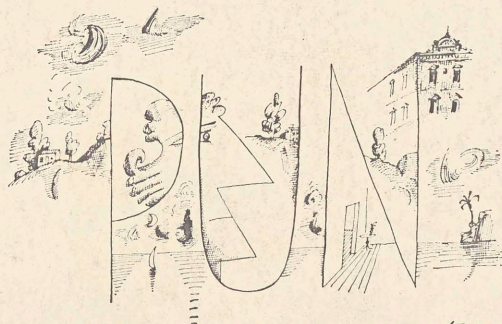
weak purr." Heywood Broun, drinking a bootleg liquor, sighed, "Any port in a storm." "The groans that greet such puns," claims Milton Berle (who once joked that he had cut off his nose to spite his race), "are usually envious. The other person wishes he had said it."

Language, like the world it represents, can never be static. Even today the pun survives fitfully in tabloid headlines: JUDGES WEIGH FAN DANCER'S ACT, FIND IT WANTON. It survives in the humor of S.J. Perelman, the only post-Joycean writer capable of fluent bilingual flippancy: "*lox vobiscum*," "the Saucier'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," he claims. "I even *dream* verbal puns. Like the one in which a female deer was 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 condescension, scorn and contempt, and possesses the lust for survival of an amoeba. There will always be some, like that formidable adamant, 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 juggle phrases all his life. That few do—and fewer still 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 to be part of 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 Muskies!"

■ Stefan Kanfer



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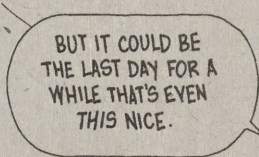
**FRAZZ**

| Jeff Mallett



www.jeffmallett.net

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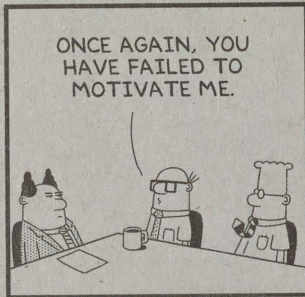


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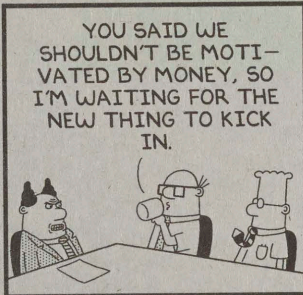
& Don Wimmer



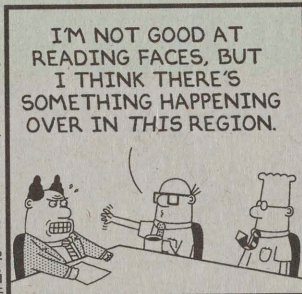
**DILBERT** | *Scott Adams*



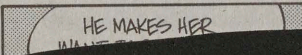
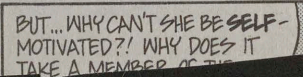
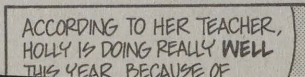
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**STONE SOUP** | *Jan Eliot*





From: "Laird Nelson" <lairdnelson@comcast.net>  
Subject: **RE: Latinismus**  
Date: October 8, 2007 11:19:24 AM PDT  
To: "Nelson, Marshall" <MarshallNelson@DWT.COM>  
Cc: <cddean@earthlink.net>

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: cddean@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: cddean@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:cddean@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



From: caroldean <cddean@earthlink.net>  
Subject: **Latinismus**  
Date: October 6, 2007 10:12:35 AM PDT  
To: Marshall Nelson <MarshallNelson@DWT.COM>

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



From: "Nelson, Marshall" <MarshallNelson@DWT.COM>  
Subject: RE: Today's morning groan  
Date: October 2, 2007 11:11:17 AM PDT  
To: "Laird Nelson" <lairdnelson@comcast.net>  
Cc: <cddean@earthlink.net>, <Chboo96@aol.com>

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. ("I am other than I was")

~Mark.





# Cowboy Poets:

LINKING ART AND AGRICULTURE  
THROUGH RHYME ON THE RANGE

by Jean Arthur

From the dusty trail of his 30,000-acre Rocker-Six Cattle Company, MSU's most illustrious poet, **Wally McRae**, '58 Zool, Chem, creates his cowboy verse, such as "Maggie."

I taught my good dog, Maggie  
To lay down when I commanded  
I also taught her "Set"  
Whenever I demanded.  
I'll teach her next to speak, I said  
She struggled to comply  
And when she learned to speak, she said:  
"You twit. It's 'Sit' and 'Lie.'"

"The creative ideas for poems come mostly while I'm out in my pickup or putting up hay and am terminally bored," says McRae, who ranches near Forsyth. He is internationally known for his poem "Reincarnation." "I come up with ideas. Sometimes I even get key words, and if I remember them then get time and write it down, I let it sit and gestate and eventually write a poem."

A fixture at national cowboy poet gatherings, McRae received the 1989 Governor's Award for the Arts in Montana and the 1990 National Endowment for the Arts National Heritage Award. Now at 69 and with four books of poetry under his sterling belt buckle, McRae tests his pocket-knife-sharpened pencil at the art of essay writing.

"I don't yet have a critical mass of essays," he says, "but I hate editing. That's the humorless part after writing pristine words."

He writes about Montana's cowboy culture, about friends and neighbors, but so far, not about his era at MSU.

"Fortunately the arrest warrants were all resolved in statue of limitations," he jokes. "One thing carried over from attending MSU, was that I was involved in theater. That experience helped me when I began presenting my poetry. I understand a lot about performing. I don't read the poems. They are memorized or closely memorized."

McRae isn't the only Stetson-topped alum to click cowboy boots on the stage. **Rick Kuntz**, '72 AgEd, entertains dudes near Dillon where he ranches with his wife, Gail, on her family's Diamond Bar J ranch. The Custer native and former MSU rodeo team member has performed at the Montana Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Lewistown and other events.

"I usually perform for small groups," Kuntz says. "I have a job entertaining guests at a ranch in Beaverhead Valley every week in the summer. I also perform at the Cowboy Poetry and Rendezvous in Dillon in September."

Kuntz got his start as a bard in 1990 when he wrote his first poem about cowboying.

"I had a good English teacher in high school who got me interested in reading and writing, but I don't remember any poetry other than grade school," he says. "I took English classes at MSU, and I enjoyed writing then. Basically, my skills just evolved from the back of a horse."

In Kuntz's poem "Beacon Hill," he sends a ranch hand out to check on some heifers.

You can bet their water's been froze over,  
So you'll have to chop some ice.  
Be careful climbin' that slick side-hill,  
Where my horse fell once or twice.

Ranch women have not let the lilting humor leave them in the cattle dust. **Anita Brawner**, '68 EIEd, joined the phonetics fracas at the fist annual Ranch Women's Poetry Festival in January in Livingston.

"I read a poem by an anonymous author called 'We're Women,' a humorous poem," says Brawner. "I am co-president of Park County Cattle Women, so I represented them at the festival."

For a list of Montana cowboy and ranch women's poetry events, see [www.visitmt.com](http://www.visitmt.com). 🌻

## Reincarnation

by Wally McRae

"What does Reincarnation mean?"

A cowpoke asked his friend.  
His pal replied, "It happens when  
Yer life has reached its end.  
They comb yer hair, and warsh yer neck,  
And clean yer fingernails,  
And lay you in a padded box  
Away from life's travails."

"The box and you goes in a hole,  
That's been dug into the ground.  
Reincarnation starts in when  
Yore planted 'neath a mound.  
Them clods 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 lonely flower is found.  
And say a hoss should wander by  
And graze upon this flower  
That once wuz you, but now's become  
Yer vegetative bower."

"The posy that the hoss done ate  
Up, with his other feed,  
Makes bone, and fat, and muscle  
Essential to the steed,  
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 ponders, and I wonders at,  
This object that I found.  
I thinks of Reincarnation,  
Of life and death, and such,  
And come away concludin': 'Slim,  
You ain't changed, all that much.'"

© Wallace McRae, reprinted from  
"Cowboy Curmudgeon" (1992)  
with permission from Wallace McRae.

## CAROUSEL IS FEATURED ELEMENT IN NEW GREAT NORTHERN TOWN CENTER

by Brenda McDonald

Where do bobcats, grizzly bears and buffalo frolic with big horn sheep? In Helena, at the Great Northern Town Center.

The center, the brainchild of Montana State University alum **Alan Nicholson**, '62 Math, boasts a \$1 million dollar carousel that features indigenous Montana animals and traditional horses. The carousel

consists of 37 hand-carved animals, one chariot and a spinning tub.

"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 11 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 motel," 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 great high-density, mixed-use development.

"Most town centers are just retail developments," he said. "I wanted to create a new adjunct to the historic downtown with a bank, hotel, shops and housing that would be there for a while."

In 1997 the Great Northern got underway with an \$880,000 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 \$45 million in private funds have been invested in the center, which Nicholson says solidifies 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.

"Theatres are just not built in downtowns anymore," he said. "We worked for six years to lure the theater here"

The hotel took just as much perseverance.

"Big chains don't build hotels," he said. "So we put a partnership together to privately own and operate the hotel."

This brought back memories for Nicholson, who remembers 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 Montana Experience.

"I've been working on the Lewis and Clark project for five years," Nicholson said.

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. 🌻



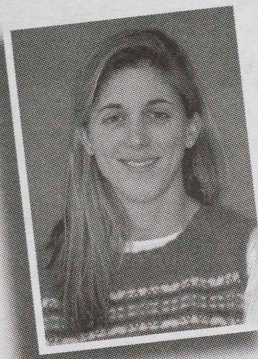
PHOTO COURTESY OF A. NICHOLSON





## MSU GRADUATE COORDINATES INTERNATIONAL ENGINEERING AFFAIR

by Jean Arthur



When **Meredith Short**, '02 Engr, 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 grad 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 to 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 as a career."

The 32-year-old graduated in 1994 with a degree in English from Ohio's Kenyon College, which provided her with "a solid background to do just about anything."

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

"When you go to work each day and don't 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 told my parents that I intended to go back for an engineering degree, it wasn't like, 'Are you nuts?'" Short said. "Instead, it was 'What took you so long?'"

Now, she heads 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 100,000 employees in more than 110 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 from 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 starting out in the film industry

After graduating with a master's degree in cinematography from the prestigious American Film Institute in Los Angeles in 2003, **Warren Kommers**, '01 MTA, sent out a reel of "spec" commercials to the biggest production companies. Several executive producers showed interest in Kommers' work, some of which may yet bring lucrative opportunities, but in the meantime winning an impressive award competition has served Kommers well in his cinematic pursuits.

Kommers collaborated with fellow AFI graduate, director Eva Husson, as director of photography in the filming of "2001," which won Esquire magazine's 2004 west coast short film competition - Celluloid Style.

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

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

"When you come from MSU, 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 Kommers, 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 MSU, sitting in Walter Metz'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.

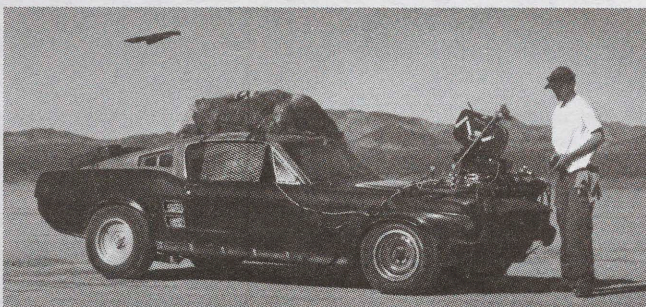
"At AFI I studied cinematography, but I was also a closet director in many cases," he said.

His current focus is on directing commercials and music videos.

Kommers 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.

"That's the beauty of working with a management company," he said. "I have access to feature scripts." 🌻

Warren Kommers puts the final touches on a car mount shot outside Los Angeles.



MONTA ZAUIGER

## Celebrated 'Cat players become coaches and mentors

by Carol Schmidt

A little more than five years ago, **James Clark**, '03 EIED, stopped in Bozeman while taking a Greyhound bus from his home in Milwaukee to seek his basketball fortune at a junior college in Bremerton, Wash.

"From the bus station, (Bozeman) seemed like such a small place to me," recalls Clark, who specifically remembers thinking that the town seemed so little that it couldn't possibly include a college or university where basketball was played.

Half a decade later, Clark knows that not only is there a university in Bozeman, but Montana State University has been a positive and pivotal force in his life. Now an assistant basketball coach with the MSU program, the former Bobcat point guard says he hopes he can give something back to the university that has helped him achieve so much.

Clark and **Alton "Junior" Adams**, '04 Soc, the Bobcat grid great who is now an MSU assistant football coach, have started Focused and Motivated Minorities, or FMM, a mentoring group for MSU African-American athletes. Adams and Clark are the first MSU African-American student athletes and graduates who have been hired as MSU position coaches in their respective sports. They both remember what it felt like to be a young, urban African-American newly arrived in Montana and know first-hand the sorts of social and academic difficulties faced by young black athletes.

"We don't preach; we just provide information," says Adams, who set up the weekly meetings in fall semester attended by anywhere from two to 30 athletes who talked about everything from classes and how to conduct themselves to being homesick. "They're basically kick-it sessions." **Josh Perkins**, '02 Bus Mktg, now a successful businessman in Bozeman, also helps with the groups.

"We talk from experience," Adams said. "And, we're walking examples that you can turn it around."

The two have done more than just turn it around. According to Mike Kramer, MSU head football coach, Adams is a great addition to the 'Cat staff.

"Junior Adams is an amazing story of resiliency and attention to detail," Kramer said, adding that Adams brings to the staff a natural coaching talent that he inherited from his late father, Alton Johnson Adams. Kramer said that even though the elder Adams "wasn't a trained coach, he helped thousands of kids in Fremont, Calif." before he died during Adams' junior year at MSU.

"Junior has a tremendous amount of ambition supported by a foundation of daily hard work," Kramer said.

Kramer adds that both the MSU football and basketball programs have benefited from having Adams and Clark on staff and their work with young athletes from diverse backgrounds.

"That's really been a cool thing for us," Kramer said. "Their life experiences serve as a model for a lot of kids who come to our program from diverse backgrounds. The parents appreciate it, and the kids have an immediate kinship with them. As former players, James and Junior see the program from a double perspective, and they enable the young guy to benefit from the wealth of experiences that they have gone through."

Mick Durham, MSU head men's basketball coach, said that Clark, who helps coach the Bobcat perimeter players, has been an assistant with the 'Cats for about 18 months. "It's nice because he's from our program, and he understands how we do things in our program."

"He's a young guy who can relate to the players in different ways," Durham said, adding that Clark "has a real bright future" in coaching.

Both Adams and Clark say they have profited from learning from personal adversity.

Adams was a rising star at Oregon State before he was derailed by an assault conviction that stemmed from an incident at a summer party. Determined to redeem himself with a second chance at MSU, Adams demonstrated a legendary work ethic, a gregarious personality and celebrated talent. He forever will be remembered for scoring the electrifying winning touchdown at Washington Stadium in Missoula that ended MSU's 16-year grid drought against archrival, the University of Montana.

"James was one of the first people I met on campus," recalls Adams. MSU was a world away from his native Fremont, Calif., and while Adams was gifted with natural athleticism and a vibrant personality, he struggled academically, working hard to complete his degree last spring.

"I let (the athletes) know that not everything will be easy for them, but if they work hard, they can make it, too," Adams said.

Clark said he got into some trouble while he was in high school and as a result took the bus to Seattle to live with an uncle in nearby Bremerton, where he played at Olympic Junior College. Former assistant basketball coach Jerry Olson saw the Chicago native play and recruited him to MSU, where the frenetic point guard was key to MSU's 2002 Big Sky Championship season.

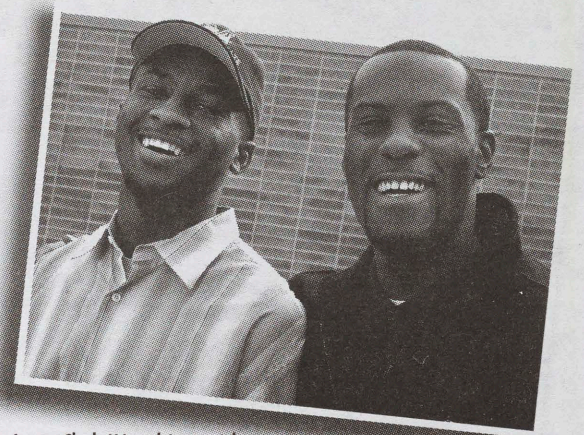
"When I got (to MSU), I felt like a king," Clark recalls. "Everyone was so nice."

Clark said he and Adams know that not all the young athletes will hear what they have to say, but they hope they can be positive models.

"I never thought I would graduate from college, that I would get married (he is married to Dana Ricci Clark), buy a car and now buy a home," Clark said. "There are so many opportunities here that I wouldn't have received at other places."

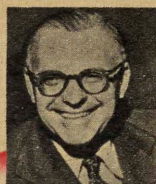
Clark's wife, **Dana Ricci Clark**, will graduate in May with a degree in family science.

"Everyone here is a family," Adams says of the MSU Athletic Department. "What happened for me here is a miracle. The support of the staff and others on campus means a great deal to me, and also to my mother. I love it. My life has changed here, and it's a place that I will always come back to." 🌻



James Clark (L) and Junior Adams





# Idiom's Delight

There's nothing logical about English.

It's simply laffable!

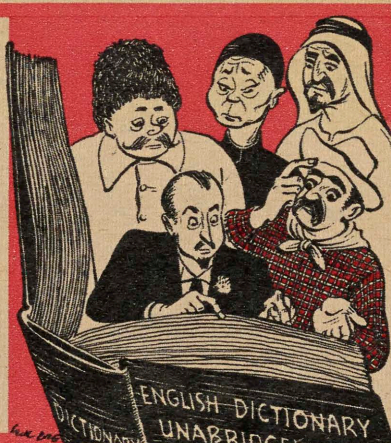
**AMERICANS**, sadly remiss when it comes to mastering foreign languages, find this little or no handicap when they venture abroad. Everybody in the world, it seems, not only has learned to speak, or at least to understand English, but is also intent upon practicing what he has been "tached." Ask a native 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 foreigners to get straight is the words that are spelled the same but pronounced differently, like "cough," "through," "rough," "although." This confusing problem led one frustrated 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 through  
Her nose turned blough,  
And still the squall the faster fough.  
And yet although  
There was no snough,  
The weather was a cruel fough.  
It made her cough  
(Please do not scough);  
She coughed until her hat blough ough.



**A TOKYO DRAMA CRITIC** obviously enjoyed reviewing in English the show at the Nichigeki 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



Anne Baxter

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:

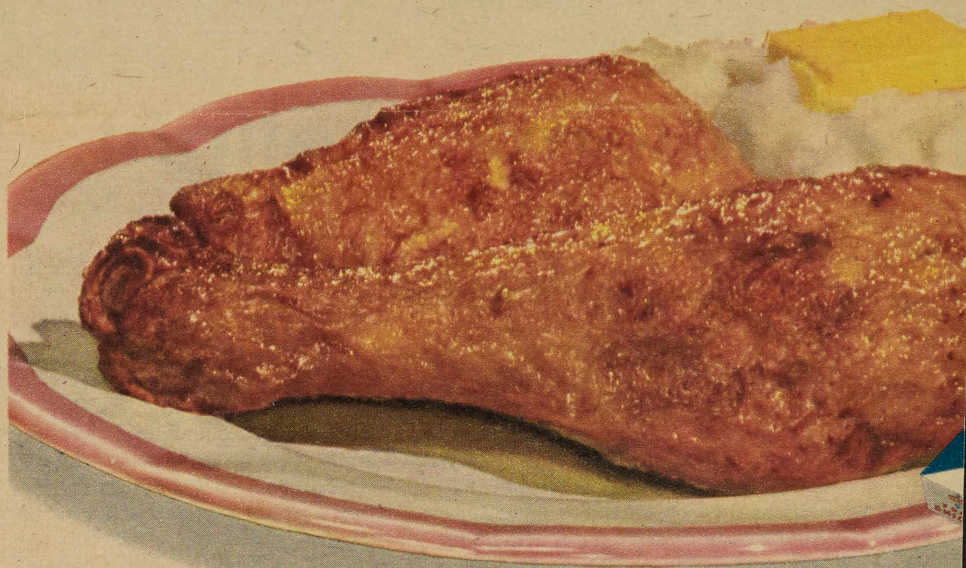
"Cachipay Hotel."  
"First class hotel comfortably staying with all the modern elements for establishment of its class. Ideal climate or its temperature that is only 20 besides for the wonderful flora that enrich. For the passengers that wish to do station for no to ascende to Bogota neither descende 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."

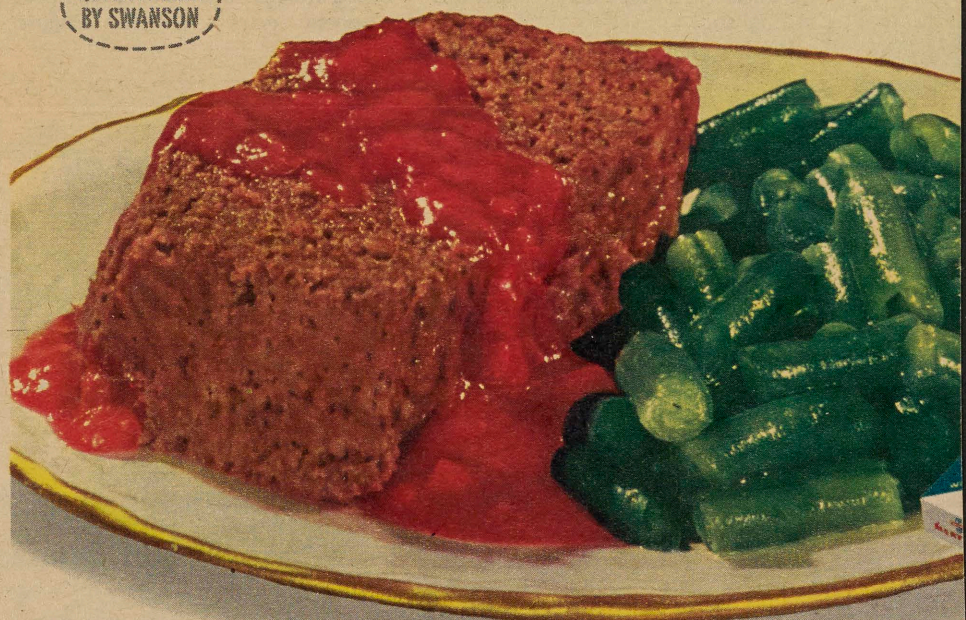


# NEW! Swanson "T

Now, the hearty main part of your meal,



QUICK FROZEN  
BY SWANSON



QUICK FROZEN  
BY SWANSON





## BEYOND LANGUAGE

*Dmitri Borgmann*

Marion County, Kentucky; in Huron County, Ohio; and in Dawson County, Texas. Our source: *Rand, McNally & Co.'s Unrivalled Atlas of the World*, Chicago, 1907. Observe, please, that the county names of these confreres all end with the suffix "-on". Logographic Destiny at work!

All along, you have undoubtedly been thinking about Chicago, the "Garden City", incorporated in 1837. Not us! We have also been contemplating the "Place of the Skunk", a Miami Indian village on the site of Chicago, Illinois at the period of the earliest explorations in that region, 1670-1700. A number of the spellings quoted above have been those of 17th- and 18th-century explorers and travelers, some of them Frenchmen. One French document, dated 1695, makes Chicago a Wea village at that time.

Once again, you need to expand your time consciousness to embrace past as well as present. . . .

## 108 THE INVISIBLE ALPHABET

(Page 88)

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 PEIPING

C as in SEALING

D as in TAOISM

E as in QUAY

F as in PHOEBE

G as in JANITORIAL

H as in NAVAJO

I as in EYE

J as in GESTICULATORY

K as in CHORUS

L as in W-SHAPED

M as in GRANDPA

N as in COMPTROLLER

O as in TABLEAU

P as in HICCOUGH

Q as in CUE

R as in COLONEL

S as in CENTURION

T as in PASSED

U as in EWE

V as in THEREOF

W as in ONENESS

X as in WRECKS

Y as in WISE

Z as in XYLOPHONE

Correctly pronounced, the first letter of PEIPING is sounded like a B, and the first letter of TAOISM 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.

## RESOLUTIONS

## 88 ISAIAH AND THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO

(Page 73)

In 1965, scientists at Johns Hopkins University, using measurements made of earth-circling satellites, does, indeed, have four corners. The high points of each thousand square miles of the Earth's surface. They are the high points they would be if the Earth were exactly spherical, and they are about 253 feet lower than those points would be on a true sphere. The four-cornered or pyramid-like design is the result of the changes in the orbits of globe-girdling satellites.

One of the four high points is north of Ireland, toward the North Pole. A second one is north of New York, northward toward Japan. A third one is south of Africa, toward the way to Antarctica. The fourth one is just west of South America, west of Peru.

Modern science has vindicated both Shakespeare's Deimos, Demeter, and Dione? These are the names of the SATELLITES in the Solar System. Isaiah? See Chapter 66 of the Prophet Isaiah, in the King James Version of the Bible. The Prince of Morocco? It is he who uses the expression "To be or not to be" in Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* (see Act II, Scene 1).

## 94 A FEAMYNG OF FERRET

(Page 79)

Your report to us follows, completely unexpurgated.

"I started my more imaginative search for the word 'ferret' in the *Standard Dictionary of the English Language*, Fifth Edition, and Enlarged, with extended Supplement, edited and published in London by Frederick Warne & Co. Ltd. in 1950, inclusive. This dictionary has a long history,



## 63 A SINGULAR PLURAL

(Page 54)

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-PIRATNESS include PRELATES-PRELATNESS, ABBÉS-ABBESS, ADVOCATES-ADVOCATNESS, CURATES-CURATNESS, 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

(Page 46)

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

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

F is for NEUFCHÂTEL  
G is for GNOME  
H is for MYRRH  
I is for HEIFER  
J is for MARIJUANA



## BEYOND LANGUAGE

K is for KNIGHT

## L is for TALKATHON

M is for  $\overline{\text{M}}$ NEMONIC

N is for AUTUMN

O is for LEOPARD

P is for PSYCHONEUROTIC

Q is for CINQ-CENTS

R is for ATELIER

S is for VISCOUNT

T is for HAUTOBOY

## U is for PLAQUE

V is for FIVEPENCE

W is for WRITHING

X is for BILLET-DOUX

Y is for PRAYERFUL

Z is for RENDEZVOUS

NEUFCHÂTEL is a kind of soft, white cheese; CINQ-CENTS is a card game like bezique; FIVEPENCE is pronounced "fippence". For any other questions, we invite you to consult your friendly, neighborhood dictionary. You will find it most cooperative!

## 92 THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

(Page 78)

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, Ellesmere, 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 timelessness 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 from 1867. He is known to have visited the archipelago bearing his

Why were we wrong to involve the Emperor? Because our information was based on 1964 editions. The 1965 and later editions of the same atlases contain Franz Josef Land, replacing it on the list of territories (Spitsbergen), an island group north of Scandinavia, in 1194. This gives you the opportunity of observing operations at Longyearbyen and Ny Alesund—the

## 45 THE NEW CHEMISTRY

(Page 43)

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

Consider the help we've given you by capitalizing the word **DIFFERENCE** in the problem, and the word **DIFFERENCE** in the principle. You must apply the principle of **DIFFERENCE** to **FORM** a solution. This can only be done by repeating the word **DIFFERENCE**. Let's do just that. You are invited to inspect the resulting diagram:

F O R M  
6 15 18 13  
9 3 5  
I C E

F is letter no. 6, O is letter no. 15, etc. Take the numerical equivalents, and you arrive at a new series: 6, 15, 24, 33, 42, 51, 60, 69, 78, 87, 96, 105, 114, 123, 132, 141, 150, 159, 168, 177, 186, 195, 204, 213, 222, 231, 240, 249, 258, 267, 276, 285, 294, 303, 312, 321, 330, 339, 348, 357, 366, 375, 384, 393, 402, 411, 420, 429, 438, 447, 456, 465, 474, 483, 492, 501, 510, 519, 528, 537, 546, 555, 564, 573, 582, 591, 600, 609, 618, 627, 636, 645, 654, 663, 672, 681, 690, 700, 709, 718, 727, 736, 745, 754, 763, 772, 781, 790, 800, 809, 818, 827, 836, 845, 854, 863, 872, 881, 890, 900, 909, 918, 927, 936, 945, 954, 963, 972, 981, 990, 1000. Replace the members of this series by their alphabetical equivalents: F, O, U, I, N, T, E, R, N, A, T, I, O, N, A, L, A, L, P, H, A, B, E, T, I, C, A, L, S, E, R, I, E, S. Replace the letters I, C, E; place them together and you have ICE.



# 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



From "So Many Dynamos!" by Jon Agee, Farrar, Straus & Giroux

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, 'ju-jitsu' 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 riffled 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.



bullets. Signature  
ude the ban be-  
n-based plastics,

get the disintegrating polymer bullet to market.

Neither bullet should be allowed; the responsible thing to do is for Signature to abandon both projects before innocent lives are lost.

## New York's Waste Lands

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thing that doesn't answer a neighborhood's needs would be a waste of money and time. A community with a lot of youngsters might long for a basketball court; one settled by the elderly might want a quiet place in which to sit or stroll.

Selling a neighborhood on an amenity might not be hard; selling a sponsor on providing one, very hard indeed. The number of prospective sponsors may be limited. A commitment to long-term maintenance is a must.

For 30 years now, New York has been trying to renovate its vacant lots, with only spotty success. 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.

## ects for Children

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children.

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ave succeeded in  
children to about 80  
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but damage from  
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2 million of them  
disabled, 5 million

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 buildups and political payoffs. Such spending is an investment in their future economic and social health.

by the world's supreme judicial or-  
gan that the nuclear weapons poli-

## 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.

As a consumer who has closely monitored Ticketmaster for nearly three years, I have been the victim of nearly every ticket scam uncovered by the Attorney General. I have written to Ticketmaster continually, with no apparent effect.

I have come to believe that Ticketmaster, with its dominant market position, is an anticonsumer organization that seeks only to serve its real customers — the venues and promoters with which it does business and to which it often pays large up-front fees, sometimes millions of dollars.

Furthermore, Ticketmaster's way of doing business is technically and operationally flawed, and these flaws work directly to insure that scalpers are able to divert huge numbers of prime tickets right out of Ticketmaster outlets. Ticketmaster is well aware of these shortcomings, and I have observed no action to correct them.

Sadly, ticket diversion by these outlets is not illegal in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut. Thus there is little hope that consumers can look forward to any relief in the near future.

MARC L. HARRISON  
Morganville, N.J., Dec. 23, 1994

Dec. 22, 1994  
The writer is an officer of the Law-  
yers' Committee on Nuclear Policy.

## Families Deserve Nu

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



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Peter Dunne



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.



Peter Dunne

# 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.

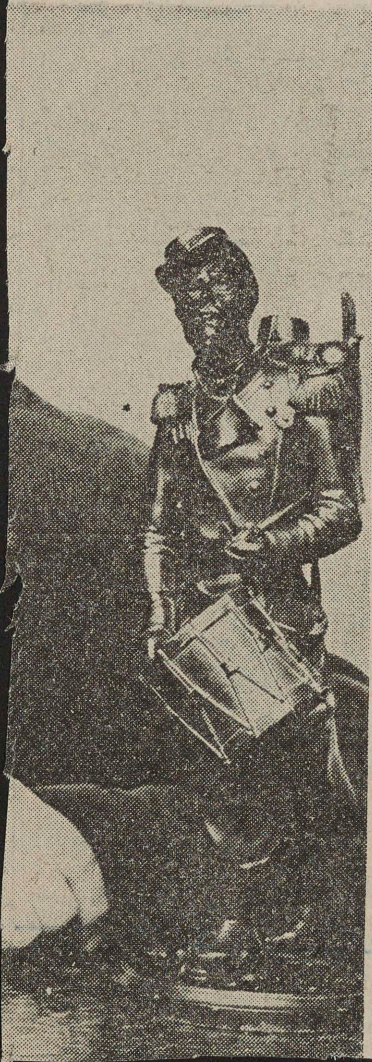
Usually it is even more difficult to make a skin graft "take" than a transplanted heart or kidney, but Dr William Summerlin of the University of Minnesota, has discovered more or less accidentally that skin kept in an artificial culture medium for a few weeks—although discoloured and "terrible"—behaves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

been calling to say that they could do it, too," said Dr Summerlin.

Among those following up on animal experiments is Sir Peter Medawar, of the Medical Research Council's Clinical Research Centre at Harrow, who was awarded Nobel Prize for his work in immunology. He said: "It's too early to comment on our results yet, but if Summerlin's experiments are repeatable it will be very important."

Professor Lindsay Brent, of St Mary's Hospital Medical School, London, has been trying, too. "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 help to stimulate the rejection reaction, may have something to do with it.





# Jack Smith:

## Those tips of the slung

LOS ANGELES — "You have unleashed a darking 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 Barb 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 straps.'"

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.'"

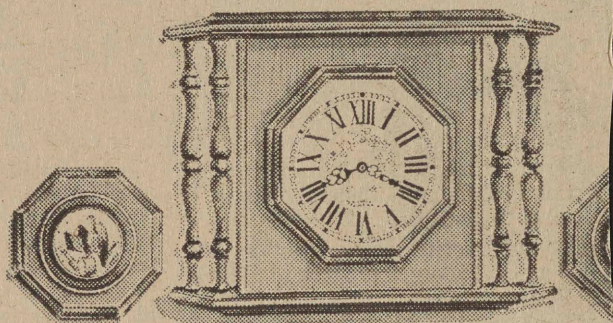
Americans who have not traveled by train or at sea in the company of Englishmen may not know that in England the word rug, which to us is only a floor covering, has the meaning of lap robe — the sort of thing we take to football games to throw across our knees.

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."





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Enhance A Wall With This Amer  
Clock And 2 Glass Encased Plac

**PEOPLE WHO  
REALLY KNOW  
VALUE,  
LOVE IT AT...**







WILLIAM SAFIRE

P.1

Dec 31, 1972

p. 46

Language

# 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 fussbudget 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 reclining 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 a 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, "inoperative" sprang unbidden to his lips?

Who took a perfectly good word like "contemporaries" — a litling 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 pedageezers, 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 pabulum he or she calls an "overview"? How come the "under-view" 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 "viabiles," and the madness of "methodology," it is not hard to see how the jargon-fed graduates of our school systems turn into the jargoners of the Pentagon, cranking this in and phasing that out, exacerbating, quantifying, proliferating as they were taught to do. They were weaned on hegemonized 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 vogueish "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 Goldstine of the Bronx High School of Science, and hardly a

typewriter clicks 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 consense us? We can also hear the vivid phrases that inspire, inflame or infuriate: From the apt appellation 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 bespirits the discourse, and calls for toppers, not stoppers: Teachers of English should not just be pointing to the manipulative use of language, but hailing 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 Mundi is sick of transit."

Tell that to your peer-group, Miss Thistlebottom.



his feet. And in the intermission Rykov said to Bukharin: "Tomsky had will power. He understood back in August and he ended his own life. And you and I, like fools, have gone on living."

Unshaven, thin and wan, already a prisoner in his appearance, Bukharin dragged himself along to the plenum. "Just what were you thinking of?" Dear Koba (Stalin) asked him cordially. "Come on now. No one is going to expel you from the party!"

And Bukharin believed him, and revived. But during the course of the plenum Kaganovich and Molotov, impudent fellows they were indeed, paid no attention to Stalin's opinion! Both called Bukharin a fascist hireling and demanded he be shot. (See what a wealth of information we are being deprived of because we are protecting Molotov's noble old age.)

How many wars Russia has been involved in! And were there many traitors in all those wars? Was it ever observed that treason had become deeply rooted in the hearts of Russian soldiers? And then, under the most just social structure in the world, came the most just war of all — and out of nowhere appeared millions of traitors, from among the most simple, ordinary, lowly elements of the population.

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 Volkhov front (under Meretskov), and received command of the second shock army, at the head of which he be-

was a cruel, egoistic betrayer! 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 Germans. 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-Zonbrlin, 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

People were stuck there for several months at a time. The bedbugs infested the board bunks like locusts. One half a mug of water a day: there wasn't any more; there was no one to haul it. There was one whole section of Koreans and all of them died from dysentery, every last one. From our own section every morning they took out 100 corpses.

"There were 1,500 ill there. And all the orderlies were *blatari*, thieves. They used to pull out gold teeth from the corpses. And not only from corpses."

During years when prisoners' case files did not have on them an indication of their final destination the transit prisons turned into slave markets. The most desired guests at the transit prisons were the buyers.

Conscientious merchants demanded that the merchandise be displayed for them to see alive and bare skinned. And that was just what they used to say — without smiling — merchandise. "Well, what merchandise have you brought?" asked a buyer at the Butyrka station, observing and inspecting the female ap-purtenances of a 17-year-old, Irma Kalina.

Sukhanovka was the most terrible prison the M.G.B. had. They used it to terrify prisoners; and interrogators hissed out its



## 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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### ACCOUNTANCY

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has a vacancy for an Assistant in the Finance Department. The post involves the assessment and administration of subsidies to organizations in the arts field and requires sound financial experience. Salary on a scale rising to £2,325 p.a. non-contributory pension scheme. There are no application forms but applicants should write with full curriculum vitae to The Establishment Officer, 105 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AU to arrive by Monday, 18th December. Interviews proposed for Thursday, 21st December 1972.

### UNIVERSITY APPOINTMENTS

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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.

#### University of Aberdeen

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### SCHOLARSHIPS & FELLOWSHIPS



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."

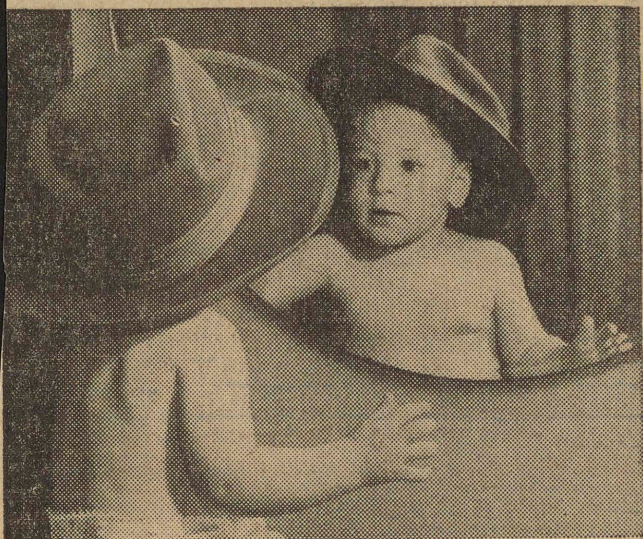
So saying, the author adds a few to our collection: "De Gaulle Drinks Coke." "The Centurion Guards Sleep with a Nite Light." "Canadians Think Graffiti is some kind of Italian food." As for my latest favorite, it's the one in San Francisco: "W. C. Fields is alive and drunk in Oakland."

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."

article

Cumtelle Watson - RI 6/28/67





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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 philolillogical orotundity and frammatlcal linguistation 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 statesmanlike 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 kimaflly 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 gobbeldygook, 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 Ziegfield 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



Harry Stanley

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 framastistical 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.

## Augusta B. Baker

By WOLFGANG SAXON

Augusta Braxton Baker, a superb binding storyteller, editor and former custodian of the children's collection at the New York Public Library, died on Feb. 23 at Baptist Medical Center in Columbia, S.C. A resident since 1980, she formerly lived in St. Albans.

Mrs. Baker was at the New York Public Library for 40 years, until her retirement in 1970 as coordinator of collections and supervisor of its branches. She was also a weekly broadcaster on the Children's Library radio in the 1950s, visiting libraries at Columbia.

After her retirement, she became a writer and editor at the Columbia College

## Mark Hollis, 81

By WOLFGANG SAXON

Dr. Mark Dexter Hollis, a health official who raised the issue about air and water pollution 50 years ago and led efforts to combat malaria as chief of a branch at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, died on Feb. 23 at Lakeland Regional Hospital in Lakeland, Fla. He was 81 and had lived in Lakeland since 1960.

Dr. Hollis, a co-founder of the quasi-military Public Health Service, was active in efforts in World War II to combat malaria and in the communicable diseases division in setting up the Centers for Disease Control and he was the first director of the Center in Atlanta.

Dr. Hollis was in Atlanta for 40 years and was a member of the National Academy of Medicine and was a member of the American Medical Association. His age was 81 when he died. He was a resident of Lakeland, Fla. He was a member of the American Medical Association and was a member of the American Medical Association.



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## 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 103 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.

BRUCE FEIN

McLean, Va., March 3, 1998

The writer was Associate Deputy Attorney General, 1981-82.

### Don't Look to Jefferson

To the Editor:

In "Echoes of 1798" (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 were his supporters 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.

JOHN C. ARMOR

Highlands, N.C., March 3, 1998

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.

C. R. MELTON

Marina del Rey, Calif., March 3, 1998

### 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, as 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

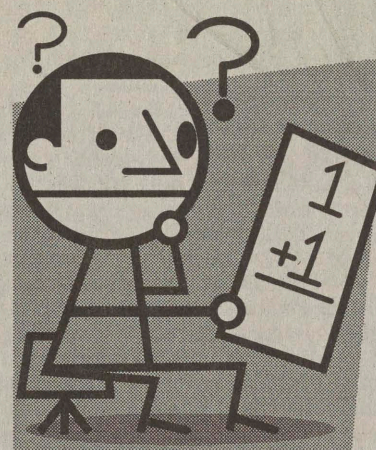
## Politics Aside, Students Still Need Skills

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, financing for studies of global warming and national health care plan — are political 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 (news article, March 2). But for many Americans there is no "later."

Workers with wages in the 1970s have lost about 15 percent of their purchasing power, while the average worker has lost 25 percent in real wages. The workplace are not working. The decline further. R. McNAMARA  
March 2, 1998  
at professor  
of Houston.



J. D. King

mathematics and physics (Op-Ed, March 2). Yet ask almost any math or science teacher, and the answer is almost always the same: look what has been done with the curriculum.

Starting with the New Math in the 1960's through the revamping of algebra, geometry and trigonometry today, mathematics no longer teaches either the problem-solving found in algebra or the logical thinking derived from geometry. By the time students get to physics, they do not possess the problem-solving skills needed to create solutions and solve equations.

MELVYN JAY OREMLAND

New York, March 2, 1998

The writer is a professor of physics at Pace University.



☆ ☆ ☆  
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.

*Brewer, R. 12, 75*  
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Guarding the entrance to the U.S.



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# Up Against the Wall, Graffiti!

Nat. Observer

By Douglas S. Looney  
FROM NEW YORK CITY

**M**OST 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

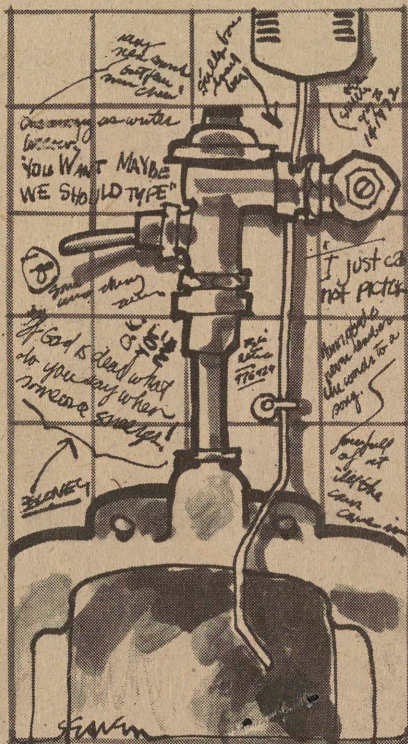
expressions of the common man; both have much to say about sex, booze, various parts of the human anatomy, and a few other subjects. Neither is held in particularly ill repute, although we are dissuaded from writing our witty thoughts ("I just cannot picture you as the end result of millions of years 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 Reiser 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



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**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

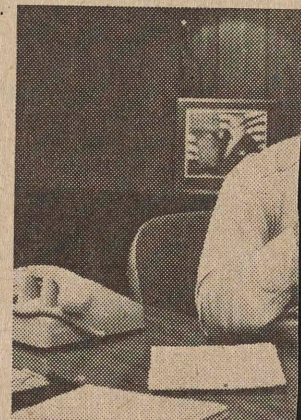
A U.S. appeals court in Chicago ruled that construction of a nuclear-power plant near Gary, Ind., must stop because the site is in a densely populated area. The decision marked the first time a Federal court has blocked construction of a nuclear-power plant [The Observer, Dec. 2, 1972].

—RICHARD EGAN

## Feature's Index

Arts .....	Page 20
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Consuming Interests .....	8

*I called Allied again this time. I figured if they could do such a good job of getting these big pianos up to our third floor apartment they could get it back down again. They were a joy to watch!*



*I was too busy getting much about the move a big help. For instant credit references from companies about our record of it. That's the kind*



*'It often is the  
common man... who  
gives language its  
fun, its body...'*

## Up Against The Wall,

## Graffiti!

*Continued From Page One*

created prior to 1914. Some are centuries old.

There is plenty in both books to offend almost all. In *Graffiti*, moralists will hate entries such as "A vasectomy means never having to say you're sorry." Philadelphia will hate: "Philadelphia is not dull. It just seems so because it is next to exciting Camden, N.J." Religious disciples will hate: "God did not create the world in seven days. He screwed around for six days and then pulled an all-nighter."

Partridge's book is filled with the obscene, the ways a lot of low lifes then and now discuss things. But while those entries are on pages that will be most heavily thumbled, there are thousands more—many of which are very much in use today. Which shows our inclination to fall back on the old and familiar. Or our inability to engage in original thinking.

We're still using pre-1914 beauts such as bury the hatchet, birthday suit, boozier, alive and kicking, bamboozle, bats in the belfry, drink like a fish (as opposed to drink like a beast, which means to drink only when thirsty), put up your dukes.

### Plenty to Like

Do the obscene entries bother Partridge? "Nothing about the language bothers me," he sniffs. Okay, so what's your favorite one? "That's like asking what's your favorite fish in the ocean. I like them all."

Indeed, there are plenty to like. Some of the old ways of saying things are marvelous and should be ushered back into current vocabularies. "Cascade" has come to be associated with waterfalls; as a 1660s verb, it meant to vomit. If you "get the sads," you grow melancholy. If someone tells you to "mash that," you're being told to hold your tongue.

"Put your head in a bag" means to be quiet; "rum fun" is a grand Seventeenth Century phrase meaning a clever swindle; a "rum dubber" is a dextrous picklock. If you "fanny a pitch," you're talking glibly while a crowd gathers (carnival barkers do this); and if you're instructed to "keep your wool on," you're being cautioned against growing angry.

Slang used to be considered more vulgar, more corrupted, more the language of the rabble than it is now. Semanticist S. I. Hayakawa has called slang "the poetry of everyday life." Slang often starts within small groups (who use the lingo to exclude outsiders) and moves into common usage. John Algeo, an English professor at the University of Georgia, says, "It's hard to know today what is slang."

### Graffiti Are Changing

Whatever it is, Algeo considers slang "one of the wellsprings of vocabulary." Proofs of his point are splendid examples such as caboodle (the whole thing), flophouse, fuddy-duddy, gold-brick, whiz, willies, woozy, and slob.

While slang often is the verbiage of the common man, graffiti almost always are. Author Wechsler says, "Graffito is from the gut." Graffiti spring, she says, from the frequent feelings that "we're all pretty disgusted with the world." This anguish brought on enormous graffiti during Vietnam. Other discontent gave rise to: "America has a frog in its throat."

Graffiti are changing, senses Wechsler. She says obscenities are not as rampant (perhaps because they're no longer so condemned in polite circles) and that references to sex are becoming more humorous and creative: "When I'm reincarnated, I hope I'm queer. At least the problems and frustrations will be different." Or: "The thing men don't realize is that sex is of interest to both sexes."

### A Bit of Everything

While much graffiti can be crude, lewd, banal, and nothing but defacement, some can be of value in understanding the use of a wall as a therapist. Wechsler likes the dialog-style graffito, "Jesus Saves." And underneath: "He couldn't do it on my salary."

At times, graffiti can be doggone (that's slang developed in the 1860s, Partridge says, as a "fantastic perversion" of a blasphemous expression) philosophical and thoughtful: "Remember, even if you win the rat race, you're still a rat." Or: "You are fast becoming what you are going to be." Or: "Some people carve careers, others chisel them."

Graffiti's backbone includes sex ("Hugh Hefner is a virgin"), hopelessness ("The mirror is a liar"), wit ("I'd give my right arm to be ambidextrous"), and humor ("Little Jack Horner's problem is more serious than he thinks").

As the walls of the world become more graffitied and the language of the world more slangy, the purists will cluck and lament. But the talk of the street will continue moving into society's drawing rooms, in large measure because of its truth and emotion. As somebody scrawled in a men's room in Germany: "Whoever sleeps with the same one twice already belongs to the Establishment."



## Opinion

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graffiti:

Does the name Pavlov ring a bell?

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



# 'Graffiti' contest attracts write-ins

By George Wilt

There was a day when writing on walls got you a wrap on the knuckles. That, of course, was back before this exercise for the idle became a nationwide pastime called "graffiti" and was popularized with a syndicated comic panel.

Now, if you write the right thing on the wall, it can bring you up to \$500 in Long Beach, California.

For the month of June, the *Long Beach Independent Press-Telegram* held the biggest wall-scrawling event since Nebuchadnezzar's grandson saw the handwriting on the wall. But far from the doom resulting from that scribbling event, the I.P.T. garnered nothing but success.

It all began, according to Tom Niekarz, with the fact that graffiti writing has become accepted as a quasi artform. (Tom says that the New School for Social Research in New York has a course on the subject!)

Graffiti has come up in the world, apparently, with the help 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's big 1970 reader contest. (The I.P.T. has had a contest every year, ranging from "Lucky Licenses" to a locally-oriented one involving guessing the mileage the Queen Mary would 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 great deal of reader interest. Winners were announced each day on page B-1 of the newspaper. Many readers wrote in just to say 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 mail judged by itself and then discarded, thereby allowing contestants to re-enter later against possible less stiff competition.

A 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 Niekarz—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 were sent to Bill Leary in New York for judging of the \$500 grand prize winner.

The line: "Humpty Dumpty is just a shell of his former self" won \$500 for Louis Moskowitz of Long Beach, and his graffiti composition will wind up being published nationally 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 how to think in order to survive," Nelson Haggerson, 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 has been a most enthusiastic supporter of the program ever since.

The new text contains 95 pages and deals with 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 Walt Suft, Republic & Gazette, P. O. Box 1950, 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 1956 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 Maria Moors 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 adult readers per copy, according to the Bureau of Advertising, American Newspaper Publishers Association. The Bureau bases this finding on 1969 readership and circulation 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 were reported for the South West—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 years and older and 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:

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 25-34 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

sion set, bypassing completely the elaborate production and delivery processes now involved in the making of a newspaper? Where then are your carefully drawn jurisdiction sections? And what use your sacredly guarded right to strike?"

Is the newspaper industry to stand still while a competing medium goes forward, able to utilize each new technological improvement? Patrone asked.

### 'Hot line' continues

ITU President John Pilch 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 the 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.

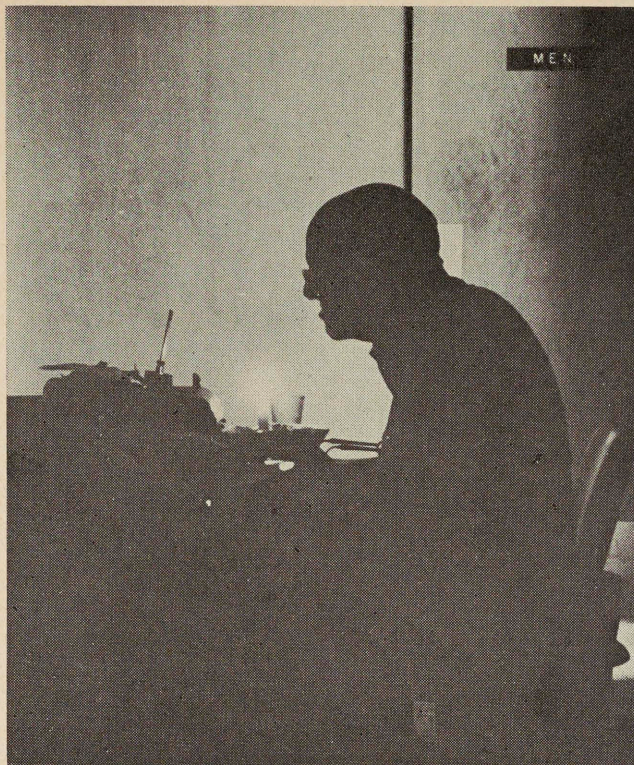
The Erie, Pa. local No. 77, which lost an appeal from a decision of the Executive Council denying ITU benefits to members who refused to work at the *Erie Times and News* while guild members were on strike, was rebuffed again when the delegates voted down a proposal to allow the local union to decide 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 picket lines, 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 205 votes to 134 for San Francisco and 13 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 awaits the delegates.



ENLIGHTENED comments, no doubt, about the ravages of Hurricane Celia are typed by Columnist Ken McCaleb for the Corpus Christi Caller-Times in the dim glow of a candle. Power failed about 5 p.m. on August 3.

## UAW withdraws from Newsday

The United Automobile Workers decided against pursuing its efforts to represent editorial employees of *Newsday* in collective bargaining.

A postponed hearing scheduled Tuesday by the National Labor Relations Board's regional director in Brooklyn, was cancelled on Monday. A UAW spokesman told E&P that union officers had reached the conclusion that organizing newspaper workers was "not within its jurisdiction."

About three weeks ago representatives of UAW had informed the *Newsday* organizing committee, headed by Maureen O'Neill, that they did not wish to represent the newspaper group. At least one member of the committee resigned in protest.

On Wednesday, August 5, a representative of UAW spoke to the editorial employees at *Newsday* after which the organizing committee decided to disband. A statement issued by Miss O'Neill said that, "our efforts to organize have been aborted but this has not lessened our desire to organize ourselves."

In balloting last April 30, the UAW had received 87 of the 168 votes cast, the American

Newspaper Guild 52, and 29 persons favored the formation of an independent union.

After the withdrawal of UAW, it was reported that the American Newspaper Guild started another effort to organize the editorial workers. Two previous efforts over the last 10 years had failed.

### Teams of reporters in tuna tournament

Teams of outdoor writers from the United States and Canada will compete in a tuna match off Prince Edward Island, beginning August 20 with six boats pulling out from North Lake to the bluefin tuna grounds offshore.

Representing the U. S. will be Jim Hardie of the *Miami Herald*; Art Sullivan of the *Boston Record American*; Hal Lyman of the *Saltwater Sports Fisherman*; Bob Duffy of the *Newark Star-Ledger*; Bob Rankin of the *Cincinnati Enquirer*; and George Mueller of the *Washington News*.

The Canadian team will be made up of Tiny Bennett of the *Toronto Telegram*; Ted North of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp.; G. J. Fitzgerald of the *Montreal Gazette*; Ben O'Doherty of the *Canadian Outdoorsman*; Alan Dawson of the *Toronto Globe and Mail*; and Phil O'Reilly of the *Ottawa Journal*.

## \$5,000 paid in death case in San Rafael

The *San Rafael* (Calif.) *Independent-Journal* has paid a \$5000 reward for anonymous information which police credited with helping them solve the murder of an employee of the struck 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 conviction, 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, 45, 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 I-J'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 typographical 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 arrested the men when they stopped their car and found slingshots, chunks of lead, and a list of advertisers.

Those arraigned 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 celebrated its

## 'Gummer Street' new daily strip

A daily comic strip, "Gummer Street," the creation of 25-year-old Phil Krohn, will be premiered by United Feature Syndicate September 14.

The young artist, now with a Chicago ad agency, got the idea for the strip while a student at Philadelphia College of Art. An inveterate walker, his meanderings took him all over town, including slum areas. Since he harbored aspirations to become a political cartoonist, the lower income urban environment seemed possible background for a comic strip.

Korn's family moved to Chicago and he was graduated in 1967 from the Chicago Art Institute, majoring in advertising. After Army service and 14 months in Korea, he returned to Chicago and joined an ad agency, still with his interest in cartooning.

"Gummer Street" has been created with a cast of characters including "Pops" Sharkey, owner of the neighborhood pool hall; Harold Cooney, the policeman; the Green Sloth Gang of Clam, Roach, and Floyd, whose purpose in life is to waste as much time as possible; and Darcy Waters, "a saintly person."

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.

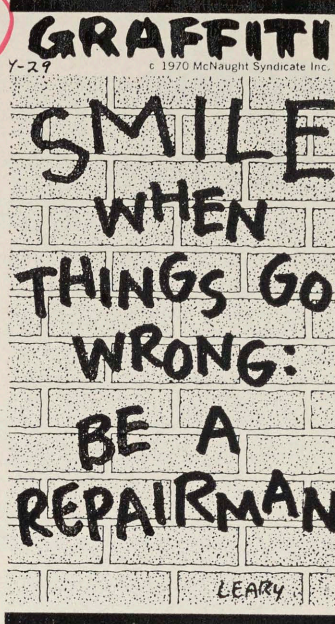
The 37-year old Leary, who has a bachelor's degree with a major in English, has found recognition and financial success with his humor scribbles. He is also an advertising copy writer. His cartoon talents are somewhat limited to the drawing of walls, with a large variety of these in his studio—and the 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.

## UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE

### COLUMNS

MARQUIS CHILDS  
DON MACLEAN  
HENRY J. TAYLOR  
WILLIAM S. WHITE  
VIRGINIA PAYETTE  
NORTON MOCKRIDGE  
MARY McGRATH

### SPECIALTY COLUMNS

BUSINESS TIPS  
Tested Sales Ideas  
BY 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 problem's  
MARIAN CHRISTY  
After a Fashion

### INTERNATIONAL NEWS

LONDON EXPRESS  
News-Feature Service  
LONDON EXPRESS  
News Report

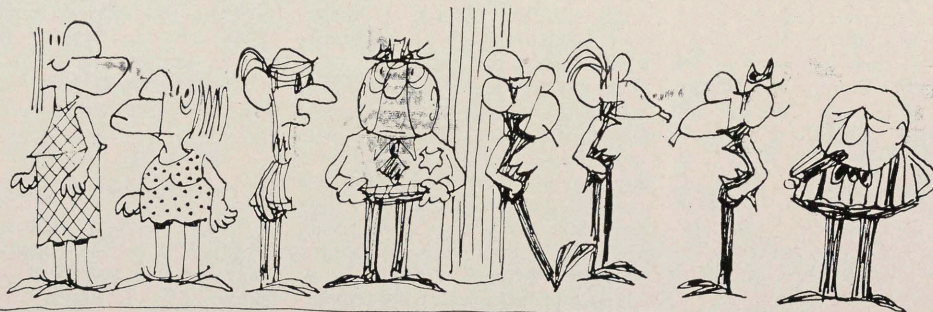
### VARIETY FEATURES

LITTLE PEOPLE'S PUZZLE D/S  
SPOTLITE SERIES  
WHERE IN THE WORLD...?  
CROSSWORDS D/S  
HEALTH CAPSULES D

### COMICS

ABBIE an' SLATS D  
ANOTHER VIEW D  
DAVY 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 BOSLEYS W/S  
THE DROPOUTS 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



Characters you'll meet along Gummer Street



# 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 Chicagoland, 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." The 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 zone sections, each with a four-color cover. A map of the entire Chicagoland area, with each model home located by number, will be published in each zone section on all three Saturdays. 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 under way. 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 about the special advantages which only the Festival offers them, followed by a series of ads calling attention to the upcoming Home Guides. 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.

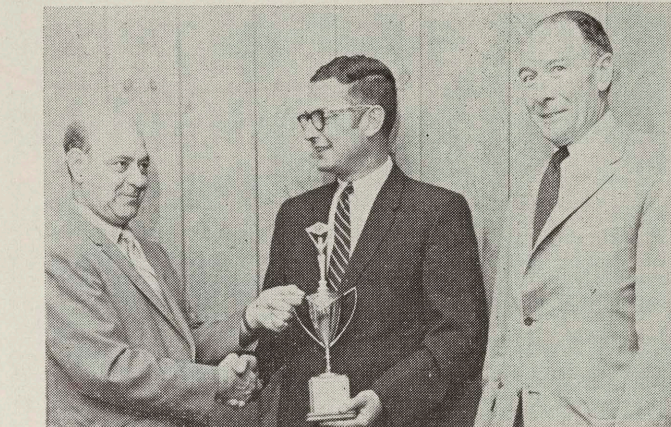
Direct mail pieces will be sent to about 500 Chicago area real estate accounts, plus financial institutions. A descriptive brochure pointing out important details is being sent out in early August.

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.

**CAREERS**—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. Tommy Schulman, 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 reader-



**SWEEPSTAKES AWARD** in the retail advertising contest of the Northwest Daily Press Association is presented by Bruno Lisi, president, to George Weckman, advertising director of the Mankato Free Press. Frank Donahue of Metro Mat Service is on the right.

ship 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 surprinted 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 "noted" and "read."

**LIONS**—Mel Farr, Detroit Lions halfback, poses for the cover of a *Detroit News* brochure announcing a "great advertising opportunity" . . . a special News Football Guide to be distributed with all editions of the *Detroit News* on Friday Sept. 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 editions, 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 Pleaser" Want Ads. A blue-and-black full page advertisement in the same edition, headlined "Litter-ally speak-

ing," 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*, and 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.

**EDITOR & PUBLISHER** for August 22, 1970



# 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-acclaiming 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 ELOISE LOVES ABELARD, it is obvious that some college wit is playing sophisticated variations on the initialed heart carved into the old oak tree or tattooed on a sailor's forearm. There is perhaps a thrust of folk humor-in-ivective in the message once painted on the wall of a public swimming pool in New York City. MARVIN IS A PREVERT 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 cannot. 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 reacclaimed 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 (MADISON 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 colleges 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 these 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 weigh?

- 4) Encores away, my lads?

—USNA.

- 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 non-mural 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)





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☐ Enclosed find \$\_\_\_\_\_

☐ Send C. O. D.

**GUARANTEE:** If not satisfied, return order after 10-day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

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P437. **Wyeth: THE CLOISTER.** Litho in full color. 26" x 20". *Only 7.49*  
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P441. **CHICAGO 7—PEACE.** In b/w. 25" x 38". *Only 1.49*  
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P449. **HERBIE.** Construction man in full color. 24" x 37". *Only 1.98*  
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P470. **OWL:** Yellow, browns, blue, green. P471  
P472. **CAT:** Brown, yellow, cream. P472  
P473. **OPTICAL CUBES.** Dayglo colors on black. 27" sq. *Only 1.49*  
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P476. **PICASSO.** Huge full color photo. 29" x 40". *Only 1.98*

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P483. **BE PREPARED.** Full color reproduction. 29" x 39". *Only 1.00*  
P484. **Monet: SUR UN BANC.** Full color. 30" x 29". *Only 1.49*  
P485. **Picasso: FAR FROM VIETNAM.** Full color. 29" x 42". *Only 1.98*  
P486. **ZAPI.** Silkscreen in dayglo colors. 20" x 32". *Only 1.98*  
P487. **LOVE is all you need.** Silkscreen dayglo. 35" x 23". *Only 1.49*  
P488. **AMERICAN REALITY.** Silkscreen in full color. 35" x 23". *Only 1.98*  
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P497. **HEAD.** Silkscreen in full color. 27" x 40". *Only 3.95*  
P498. **ALL TOGETHER.** Silkscreen in full color. 27" x 40". *Only 3.95*  
P500. **PENSEES.** Silkscreen in black and gold. 27" x 40". *Only 3.95*  
P501. **CAUTION: Keep out of reach of children.** 30" x 45". *Only 3.95*  
P737. **Picasso: DON QUIXOTE.** Canvas. b/w. 20" x 24". *Special 2.98*  
P775. **KISS A TOAD TONIGHT.** In full color. 25" sq. *Special 1.49*  
P788. **SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME.** Silkscreen in black and dayglo red. 23" x 38". *Special 4.95*  
P793. **WANDA EMBRY.** In full, delicious color. 12" x 63". *Only 4.95*  
P794. **YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE JEWISH.** Full color. 30" x 45". *Only 2.98*  
P830. **CAT.** See below P470.  
P835. **Picasso: THE GUITARIST.** Full color. 18" x 26". *Only 2.98*  
P840. **Andrew Wyeth: CHRISTINA'S WORLD.** Collotype in harvest colors on fine art stock. 28" x 40". *Only 7.49*  
P858. **Shahn: You Have Not Converted a Man Because You Have Silenced Him.** Black & brown on white. 30" x 45". *Only 3.95*  
P871. **Gillette: LOVE.** In b/w on coated stock. 17" x 21". *Only 1.98*  
P872. **Gillette: FREE.** In b/w on coated stock. 15" x 21". *Only 1.98*  
P921. **LOVE.** Silkscreen in 7 colors. 42" x 31". *Only 3.98*



God is dead - Nietzsche  
Nietzsche is dead - God

## BEHAVIOR

### Alfresco History

For five years, a lanky sociologist from Fort Worth named William McLean prowled the boulevards, side streets, courtyards, back alleys and *pissoirs* 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 imposing title of *L'Iconographie Populaire de L'Erotisme* (The Erotic Iconography of the People), is the first serious study of the sexual graffiti that for uncounted generations have embroidered France's capital.

McLean's book is an important addition to the literature of graffiti (from the Italian *graffiare*, 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 Arphocras 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. Sociologist McLean has studied one: the inexhaustible human preoccupation with sex, which, when repressed by the contemporary culture, invites the alfresco renditions of sexual 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, com-

monly 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, nonpictorial graffiti form that comments, often pithily, 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:

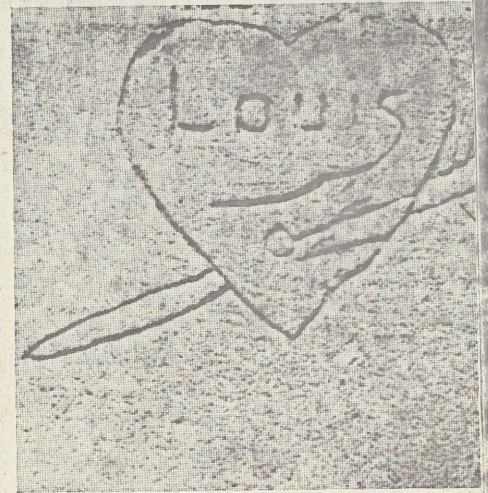
GOD IS NOT DEAD! HE IS ALIVE AND AUTOGRAPHING BIBLES TODAY AT BRENTANO'S (110th Street subway station). And, in somewhat the same vein: GOD IS DEAD—BUT DON'T WORRY, MARY IS PREGNANT AGAIN (96th Street); GOD IS OMNIVEROUS [sic]—CHITLINS, BAGELS, PIZZA, EVEN ENCHILADAS (96th Street).

COITO, ERGO SUM (Greenwich Village).

NORTH DAKOTA IS A HOAX (116th Street).

NIETZSCHE IS PIETZSCHE (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 bittersweet



ARROW & HEART IN PARIS

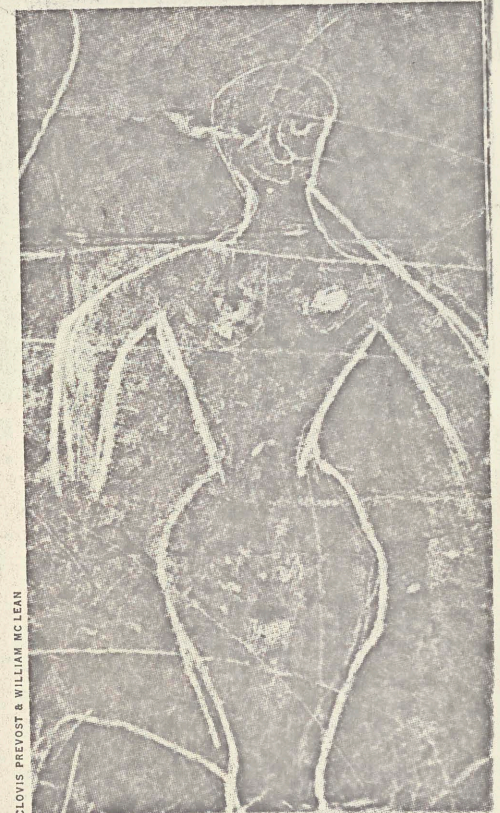
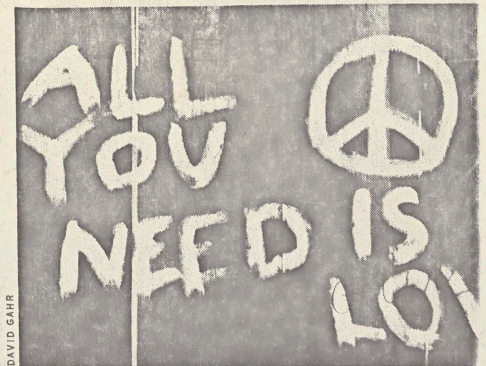


FIGURE ON PARIS WALL



GRAFFITI ON MANHATTAN FENCE  
Immortality against irreversible odds.

on U.W. pick fence: Organize for Anarchy  
Watson column: Achilles had a bad tendency



You've occupied  
the Dean's office.

Don't just sit  
there.

The school is yours.

So tell us—what's your plan?  
From which philosophical matrix  
will you spoon our "rehabilita-  
tion"... Mao, Marx, Marcuse?

Your sincerity was impeccable.  
Purity and zeal strengthened you  
to violate the freedom of others  
in the name of... what? We're  
waiting, in the sudden silence.  
Frightened by old, old memories.  
Of street marches. Of zealots be-  
coming despots. Of moratoriums  
and crematoriums.

Why did the University prefer  
to do things by degrees... degree,  
by degree, by degree?

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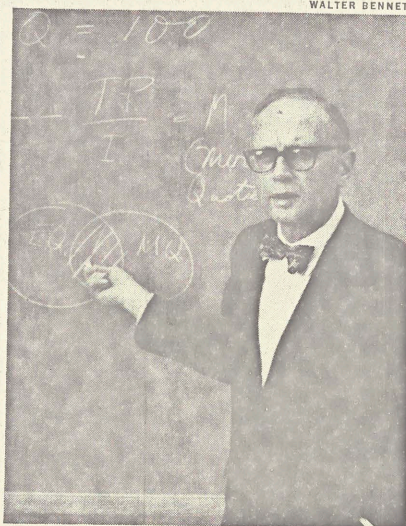
ROSE [or whoever] WAS HERE  
AND NOW IS GONE  
BUT LEFT HER NAME  
TO CARRY ON.

### R<sub>x</sub> for Democracy

Patrick Fiorello Ginsburg is a hy-  
pothetical young man of indeterminate  
age. His E.Q. (Ethnic Quotient), how-  
ever, can be precisely and succinctly stat-  
ed as J64:Med23:G13. Translated, that  
signifies that he is 64% Jewish, 23% Ital-  
ian (the "Med" standing for Mediter-  
ranean ancestry) and 13% Irish (Gaelic).  
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 pansqv*, published

WALTER BENNETT



HISTORIAN BOORSTIN

With tongue obviously in cheek.

by Simon & Schuster. Its author is iden-  
tified only as "Professor X."

**Tutorial Mix.** X's rescue program in-  
volves rejecting all the prevailing val-  
ues and substituting others of his own  
creation. The Ethnic Quotient, for in-  
stance, would replace the Intelligence  
Quotient (IQ)—a measurement that Pro-  
fessor X regards as "merely quanti-  
tative." Applied to public education, a  
student's E.Q. would determine his tu-  
torial mix. In the case of young Gins-  
burg, his teachers would be Jewish, Med-  
iterranean and Irish in just the same  
proportion as his own ethnicity. So  
would his curriculum—and, for that  
matter, his school lunches. For Ginsburg,  
this varied diet would alleviate the rel-  
atively high content of polyunsaturated  
fats found in blintzes, salami and the  
other elements of the J cuisine.

Even more effective in promoting the  
New Democracy would be the Merit  
Quotient (M.Q.), a concept so imagina-  
tive that it can be defined only in X's own  
words: "The persons who (in their ances-  
tors) most suffered or were most disad-

vantaged in the past, must be specially  
privileged and advantaged in the present.  
Contrariwise those who were overprivi-  
leged in the past (in the persons of their  
ancestors) must have their historical bal-  
ance rectified by being made underprivi-  
leged in the present."

An M.Q. of 100 is impossible, since  
"it would be necessary for all a per-  
son's ancestors to have been victims of  
genocide, and presumably even before  
any of them had had the pleasure of pro-  
creating children." A zero M.Q., ac-  
cording to X's calculation, would in-  
dicate that the individual's ancestors had  
realized a perfect balance of pleasure  
and pain. X concedes that setting M.Q.s  
between those extremes will not be easy.

**Curricular Daiquiri.** Elsewhere in the  
book, X resourcefully solves many of  
democracy's thorniest problems. For  
example:

**CRIME.** After enunciating a principle  
—"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 flimsily sup-  
ported, says X, by such misleading des-  
ignations as "lower schools," "high  
schools" and "higher education." X  
would grant academic degrees at any  
level, and he would shake the curric-  
ulum as vigorously as a daiquiri. Hence,  
at the university level, students might  
study basket weaving and finger paint-  
ing; kindergartens and elementary  
schools would offer courses in demog-  
raphy and experimental biology. No stu-  
dents would be failed, a strategy that  
"would relieve them of having to re-  
sort 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 rem-  
edy 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 vio-  
lence may actually be additional doses of  
violence (administered sporadically and  
universally) throughout society?"

**Outraged.** The true identity of Pro-  
fessor X is jealously guarded by the dis-  
tinguished historian Daniel J. Boorstin  
(*The Americans: The National Experi-  
ence*), 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 Pro-  
fessor X's appeal for a grant of \$3,420 to  
finance a feasibility study. Other founda-  
tion officers were outraged at the mod-  
esty 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 deliv-  
ered 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 *Furioso*, "The Pickerel Pond," which he described as a "double pastoral" with "amphisbaenic (backward rhyming) 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 hobbles 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.

## In Brief

June 24, '72

### 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-



*Dmitri Bergmann*

BARREN	Atajo, Bearing, Burden, Caravan, Cavallard, Caviarde, Drove, Heap, Mulada, Train
MURMURATION	Chattering, Flight, Heap, Sounder
NYE	Covey, Eye, Heap, Nide
EXALTATION	Ascension, Bevy, Dame, Exalting, Flight
LEAP	Company
TEAM	Company, Flight, Mob, Sail, Skein, Triangle, Trip
PADDLING	Bed, Bunch, Flush, Heap, Knob, Plump, Raft
GLEAN	Army, Cade, Cast, Catch, Cran, Gorgor, Hand, Haul, Jag, Mease, Netful, Run, School, Shoal, Tack, Warp
CLOUDER	Cluster, Destruction, Do-out, Pack, Wauling
KINDLE	Litter
SLOTH	Company, Family, Pack
DECEIT	Covey
SHREWDNESS	Company, Family group, Harem (females only), Society, Troop
STUD	Manada, Stock, Strude
SKULK	Cloud, Earth, Troop
DRAY	Colony, Drey

In each case, the terms under the heading "Synonym(s)" are applicable to the same animal group to which the term in *Collective Farm* applied. For instance, a flock of turtledoves is known either as a DOLE, or as a PITEOUSNESS, or as a TRUELOVE.

## 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 Nosmnbdsgsrutt in *The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, a Cornish Man* by Robert Paltock; (4) Lilliputian,

in *Mistress Masham's Repose* by Terence Hanbury White; (5) Brobdingnagian, in *Gulliver's Travels* by Jonathan Swift; (6) the language of Vrilya 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 Pewter* 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 SHADCHENS—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.

## 26 A MAGIC CIRCLE

(Page 23)

The letter circle with which we are concerned here belongs to a class of mathematical structures known as "Tactical Configurations of Rank Two". Anyone interested in the mathematical aspects of the problem may consult *Intro-*



## 25 DESPERATION

(Page 22)

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. BLAIA ZIMONDAL — 1884.
3. CABE ABAN — 1887.
4. SPELIN — 1888, George Bauer.
5. MYRANA — 1889, J. Stempf Kempten.
6. BALTA — 1893, Dormoy.
7. OMNEZ — 1912, Sidni Bond.
8. OPTEZ — 1913, Sidni Bond.
9. ARULO — 1925, Max Talmey.
10. MONARIO — 1925, Aldo 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 ESPERANTIDO, 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 ESPERANTIDO occupy in the word DESPERATION. Thus, the E is No. 2, the S is No. 3, and so forth.

ESPERANTIDO was not the only pasigraphy or pasilaly 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 REPOSANTE ("refreshing").

Returning to the three languages with which we started, ESKUARA or EUZKARA is another name for BASQUE; IVRIT 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-

factured languages are: artificial language, auxiliary language, interlanguage, international auxiliary language, pasigraphy, pasilaly, universal language, and world language.

## 114 MATCH GAME

(Page 94)

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. HEBDOMAD—a week: a term of Greek origin.
7. INDICTION—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 aeon of 4,320,000,000 years: a day and a night of Brahma, 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 Olympian festivals, used in Greek antiquity.
13. RAITH—a quarter of a year: a Scottish term.
14. SHAKE—one hundred millionth of a second: one of the current scientific units used in engineering and technology.
15. TERJUBILEE—150 years: a synonym for "sesquicentenary" seen in British newspapers (a "jubilee" is 50 years).