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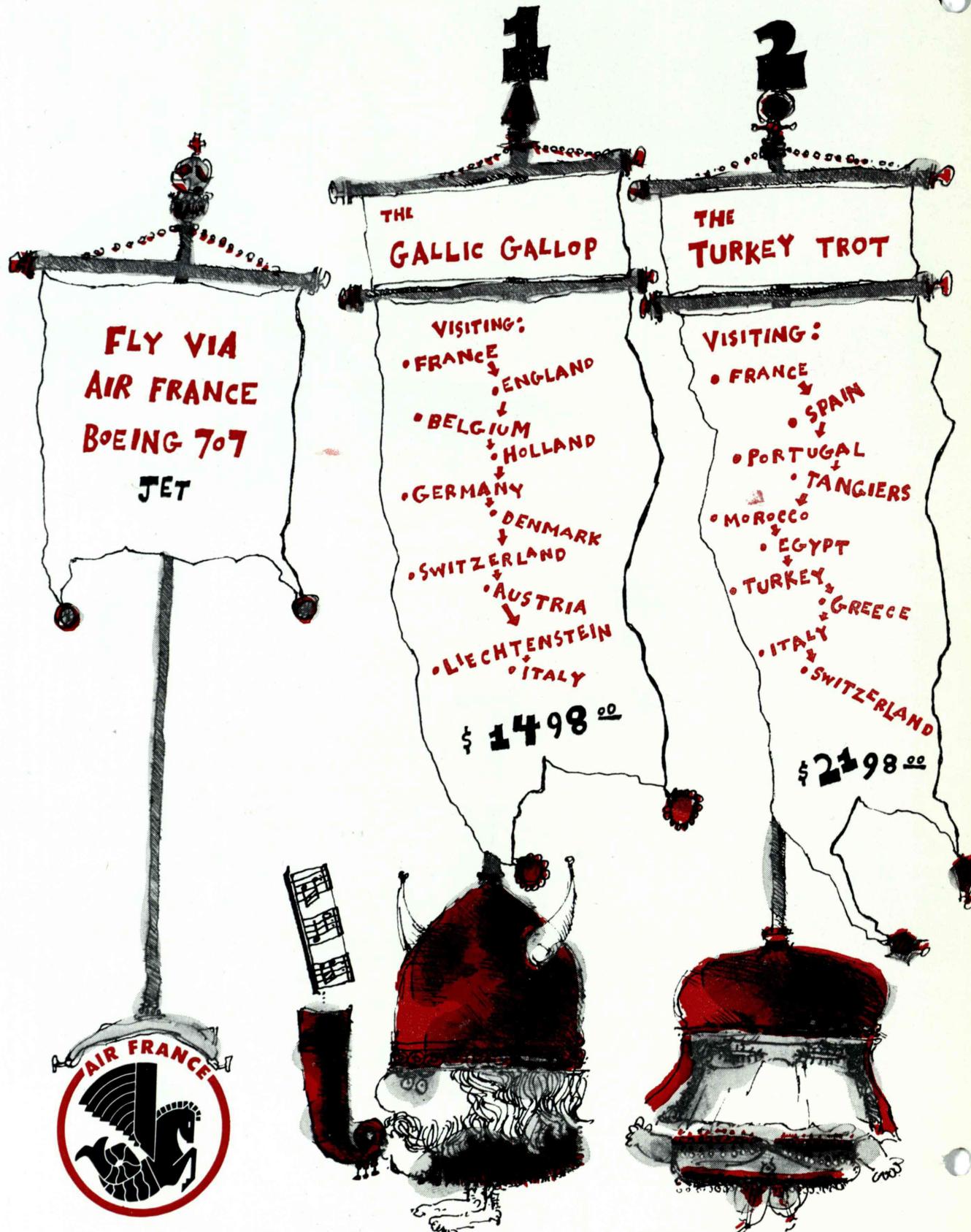
THE NEW YACKER



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of North.)

PLAYS

The Boy Friend—This is an exciting drama starring Loeb and Leonold in a revival of their 1920 hit. (Kresge, 40 Amherst Alley, EL4-7253. Nightly except weekdays and holidays.)

Cathouse of the August Moon—Some Harvard students incorporate and make Radcliffe official. (UN8-7600 ext. 4422.)

Great Lord Burrrington—Another revival of the Civil War with the original cast. (Marie Chalet, 69th St., W. LA3-9451.)

Jay Bee—Pathetic attempt to cross a bird with an insect is described in this tragedy. Jonathan Shan, author-scientist, has slipped in a plea to stop S.P.C.A. intervention in scientific research.

Ma and Pa Kettle Die—Horrifying and unusual drama about the trials and tribulations of a middle-class conservative farmer and his wife. (Ood Oov, 303 Walker Memorial. Nightly.)

No Time for Sargeants—Thomas Richard Harold's drama of a woman's degradation in Scollay Square, starring the great Jean Grennen, is filled with emotion, money, and corruption. (Negie Hall Playhouse, 70 Sheridan St., EL4-7253. Weekends only.)

Only at M.I.T.—Story of bombing in great court, streetcar welding, and other assorted disasters. Features the original cast, living once more through the days of the High Fi War and thermite welding. (UN4-6900. Tuesdays and Saturdays at 5 a.m.)

Orgy and Mess—A solid, moving play of Field Day, 1959. (Payhouse, 23rd St., E. JU6-9600. Matinees in the evenings.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
II	12	13	14	15	16	17

Pagan Place—Revival of Hahvud with new cast. Dull and uninteresting. (Hahvud Squah. Nightly and daily.)

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THE NEW YAAKER
52 EAST 34TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS,
University 4-6900
EDITORIAL OFFICES, Kirkland 7-6339

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four years' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for office pool.

The Sexhaters—Stirring biography of John Dantor, editor of the Tech for nine long years. Adapted for Broadway by Michael Carlo. (Room 10-250, UN4-6900.)

Long Runs—A MINORITY OF ONE: One-man play, written, directed, produced, and acted by Shirley Macleen, about the lonely and trying ordeal of a girl stranded on a desert island. Recommended for fans of Miss Macleen. (Johann Barrimore, 47th St., W. CI 7-0000.)

Sweet Youth—A new play by Tennessee Bill, who always tries his utmost to bring out the best in human nature. Paul Nusense plays the part of the moral teenage son of a minister (Orson Welts). Nusense and his girlfriend (Susy Packer) emulate the saintly life of the minister. Excellent play for prohibitionists, religious zealots, and children. (Black Playhouse, 49th St., W. TE 6-0000.—Nightly, except Sunday (the Sabbath), at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Old Times—Helen Haze portrays a newspaper reporter in this adaptation of a 1920 RSO Productions movie. Delicious pantomimes by Miss Haze. The play is delightful when she is on stage, but she has one scene only. Others in the cast include Charles Bored and Thomas Atired. Directed and produced by Miss Haze. (Helen Haze, 45th St., E. CI 6-0000.)

The Brothers Kary Mats Off—A new comedy rewritten from an old Chekov play by Arthur Mauler, stars Marilyn Montrose in her first Broadway appearance. Improbable story of calendar model's desire to be actress, and the producers who help her. (Mark Hell, 34th St., E. WI 7-8925. Sundays at 8:30.)

THE NEW YAAKER, published weekly by The New Yaaker Magazine, Inc., 52 E. 34th St., New York 63, N.Y.R.H. Seagramm, chairmann of the board; S. B. Boswell, president; E. R. Wilson and R. H. Truex, vice-presidents; P. F. Seagramm, usurer; M.L. Flies, secretary; Anna Russell, propaganda director. Vol. MCM, No. 60, January 10, 1960. Second class postage paid at Curacao and Port au Prince. © 1960, by The New Yaaker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Portugal. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year \$00.01; Canada, Latin America, and Pago Pago, \$00.02. Other Foreign \$100.00.

MUSICALS

Oklahoma--Musical show of ill repute, starring Del Monte Dominguina Manolete. An aging vamp, a blond waterboy, and a vengeful father provide most of the action, which ends in a note of physical mutilation. With Gerald Pagi, Paul New, and Sidney Black. (Martin Blech. EL4-7253.)

To Tech and Back--The story of the rise and fall of a country genius, starring Tom Swift. (60 Walker St., Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45. Saturdays at 6 and 9. Sundays at 7 and 10. Freshmen admitted free Thursday nights.)

Faneuil's Follies--A surprisingly entertaining potpourri, which heralds the comeback of the great and long-missed Gilbert and Sullivan. Rex Harassman stars as John Hancock in this adaptation of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, with Merry Martin as his frivolous wife, and Za Za Gabore as Ben Franklin. Best number is the closing Stein song, "Hats Off, Charlies," sung after the last signature is finished with a flourish. (Juke Box, Pots and Pans Alley. JU 1-2895. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Lady's Chattering Lover--A boringly impeccable revival of Tech's most hateable man, the man from The Tech. (Hate Theatre, Last Ave. UN8-7600, ext. 4422. Freshmen free on Thursday nights.)

Lend an Ear--A musical period piece, by V. Gogh. Stars Polaris and Centaurus with Regulus.

Once Upon a Mattress--Racy, adult fairy tale is worked into a play by Sandy Murray. (Square in the Circle, O'Reilly Sq. Monday through Thursday on the hour.

Three Penny Opera--Tragedy in life of W. A. Hokanson, Bursar. By the former director of student aid, now residing in Pago Pago. (Schubert Theatre, 8 Scollay Square. EL4-7293. Always running nightly.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Sammy's Beer Hall is KE 6-4050 and for Chauncy Hall UN 4-0144. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

RECITALS

Gerald "Lee" Lewis--At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonius. Mr. Lewis, latest of popular entertainers to present an evening's repertoire in Carnegie, stands by the piano while tapping out the beat with his titian purple suede shoes and accompanies himself on the keyboard. During the tacit passages, he snaps his fingers to the rhythm of the string section, while shouting encouraging remarks to Mr. Bernstein. (Monday, Jan. 4, and Friday, Jan. 15, at 8:30.)

ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolis Museum, Seventh Ave. at 34th St.--Sculptures, paintings, crypt decorations, and favors. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 12 to 4.)

Modern Museum, Tenth Ave. at 500th St.--Roundrobin exhibition of Jules "Sick" Fiefer and Charley "Peanut" Schultz. Drawings and prints. Auditorium lecture: Symbols of Argentinian Landed Gentry. (Continuous, 1:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Monroe Square Garden is CA 7-1357.)

Professional Ping-Pong--Westchester County Championship Grudge Match. (Monroe Square Garden. Sunday. Jan. 17, at 2:30.)

Pet Show--Last year's winner a 527-lb. snapping turtle, is re-entered with condition that he be muzzled and that his owners immediately reimburse owners of missing pets traced directly to him. (Armory. Saturday, Jan. 14, at 1.)

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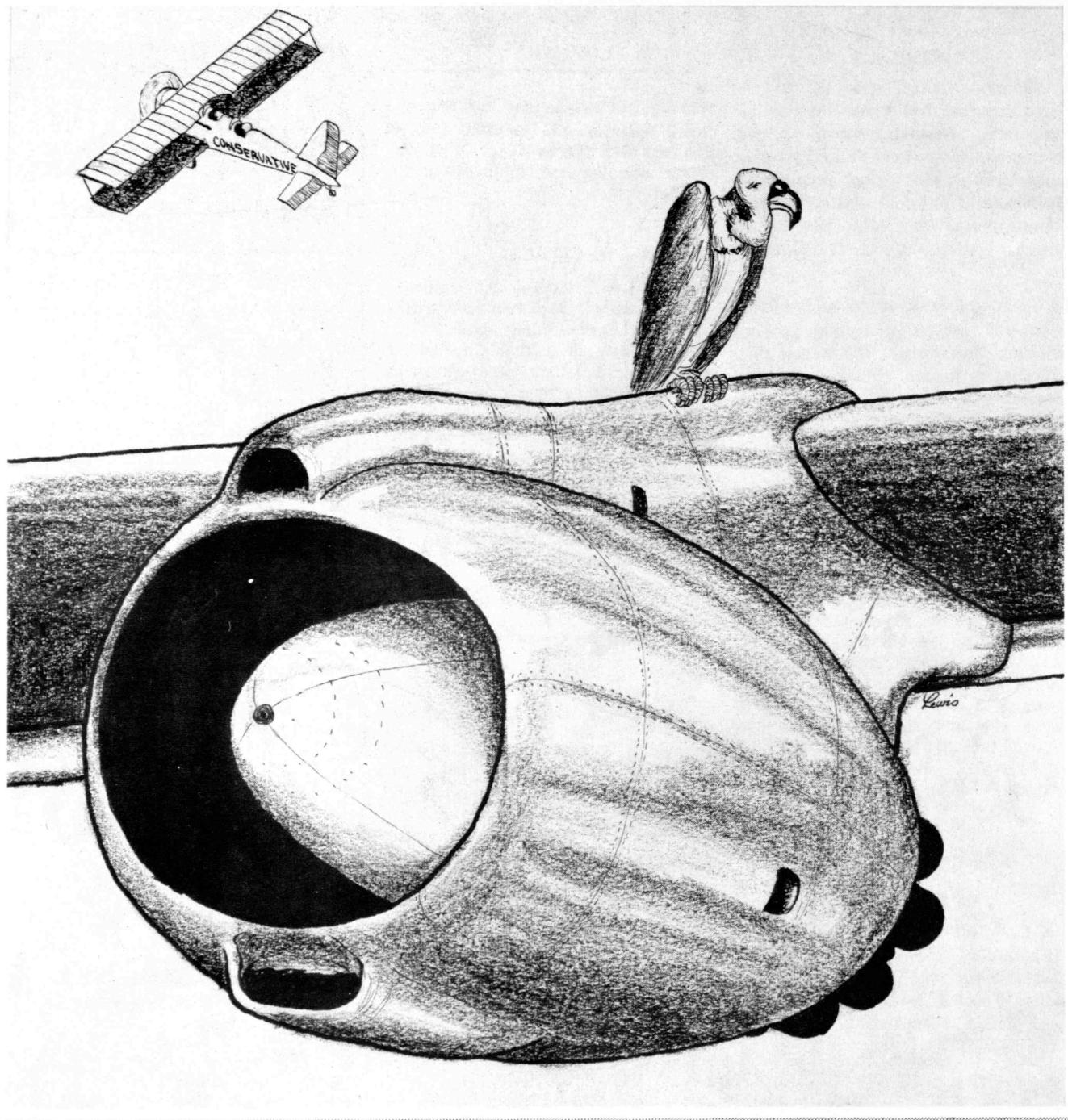


WEAR: MY BLUNDER
WITH YOUR NON-ITCH TWEEDS



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WEAR YOUR MOTHER'S
MOUSTACHE
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BLUE DENIMS.

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are sure they will land safely these days with all sorts of oversized, overloaded high-speed aircraft cluttering up the stratosphere. That is why Conservative Airlines maintains that air travel is still to be treated with respect and caution. Years of careful planning and research have been put into their planes, and still more years have been spent testing and improving them. Every crewman has had ample experience and is an expert at pleasing the passenger. Every flight is equipped with a wireless and three life jackets. The engines are securely attached to the fuselage so that there is not the slightest chance of power separation. Next time you fly, remember: better late than never.

CONSERVATIVE ALWAYS TAKES YOU FOR A RIDE

¶ To Assist Irish Coffee Drinkers Through the Difficult Withdrawal Period ¶

TEN DAY IRISH WHISKEY WONDER DIET

[NUMBER IX]

Doubtless there are many Irish Coffee drinkers who would drink Irish Whiskey in its pristine state but have no idea what it tastes like unadorned. The fragrant coffee, the frothy cream, the sugar cubes all conspire against the emphatic, burnished subtleties of the whiskey therein. ¶ Not that we presume to criticize. We [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have said repeatedly and we say it again that we utter no word against Irish Coffee. Whenever we feel the urge we have only to fix our mind's eye on the great ships standing out to sea for America fit to burst with their golden burden and the cat has our tongue. Our Pride in flavor wrestles with our childlike delight in Profit. But silently. [If you wish to be partisan, write and we'll gladly send you a Pride

or a Profit Badge.] ¶ Well, but we're not here to talk about our inner torment, but about you and your problem. Let's see if we rightly understand: you are now a devotee of Irish Coffee and wish to broaden your narrow life; to enter the shining world of Irish Whiskey itself. But are paralysed by indecision. That's it, isn't it? ¶ Now while we shan't dwell overmuch on what you might call the psychic factor, we would dearly like to offer you one bit of reassurance: any man worth his salt can become an Irish Whiskey fancier if he makes the gradual approach to it. Like the countryman who lifted a calf every day from birth and so eventually was able to put the grown cow into the air! Though we never figured out how he got the grip on her. The diet then:

First day: →	{ Customary breakfast, luncheon, tea and dinner. As required, CUSTOMARY IRISH COFFEE.
Second day: →	SAME except add one teaspoon more Irish Whiskey.
Third day: →	SAME except add one tablespoon more Irish Whiskey.
Fourth day: →	SAME except add one soup ladle more Irish Whiskey.
Fifth day: →	SAME except cut out half the coffee.
Sixth day: →	SAME except cut out the cream.
Seventh day: →	SAME except cut out sugar cubes.
Eighth day: →	SAME except cut out ALL coffee.
Ninth day: →	SAME except cut out breakfast.
Tenth day: →	You are now an Irish Whiskey fancier and can stand up there with the best of them, the light shining golden through your hoisted glass.

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It's another successful launching with Joe Cerdo Tequila. Sample this truly delightful drink. Squeeze a lemon into two quarts of Joe Cerdo Tequila. Add some shavings from the pencil sharpener, but go lightly on the graphite. Cool to absolute zero and then slowly bring mixture up from room temperature (and we mean slowly). Now add a bit of some good Tequila for flavor. See if this drink doesn't fire up your launching pad. You're always sure to go into orbit with Joe Cerdo Tequila — mediocre quality for 175 years.

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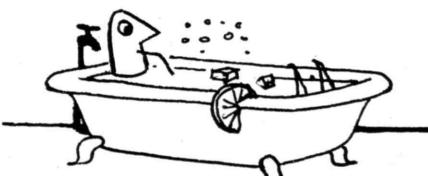


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are not disturbed by the permanent absence of the good old days so much as we are by the paltry emulations we are shackled with now. Not that we are the type of people who go around shouting that "things ain't what they use'ta be!" Not a bit! But we are slightly disturbed as the result of an invitation we received from the Committee to Keep the Village Green, a peripatetic group of well-heeled, high-rent, apartment developers, who, under the guidance of Parks Commissioner Moses, meet occasionally in a local bistro named Lennie's to stroll about Greenwich Village to see how its Bohemian face has been lifted. We did notice that bearded tick flickers roam about dopily, as they did in our heyday. And we noticed that Bryn Mawr girls, now cocooned in black leotards and Egyptian sweaters, still drop into town for a weekend of Bohemian frivolity before returning to their tight-lipped instructresses and to their ivy-lined souls—back to Ivy League, U.S.A. (which, of course, we despise, especially because it is so Continental). Where romantic lofts and gracious tenement dwellings stood, now Washington Square Village, with its manicured lawn and all-around cleanliness and healthiness, and

bright airy monstrosities designed by radicals at N.Y.U., disgust even the casual observer who remembers the good old days. In desperation, to escape the gaudy modernities corrupting the Village, we sought out a speakeasy we frequented in our college days. Ah! The memories of the bathtub



gin and white lightning we and our flapper friends quaffed. The choking cigar smoke, the shoddy entertainment, the knee-length dresses of cross-legged girls, giggling drunkenly while they threw inviting glances our way. Ah! Those were the good old days. Somewhere near W.4th St., we found our favorite speakeasy. But what consternation! Bearded beetniks (or whatever they are called) read poetry, and—oh! we shudder—drank coffee. Coffee! Straight, unalcoholic coffee! What has happened to the modern generation?

WASHINGTON Square was set into turmoil when Alfred Dubernathy was hospitalized for a fractured arm suffered when he

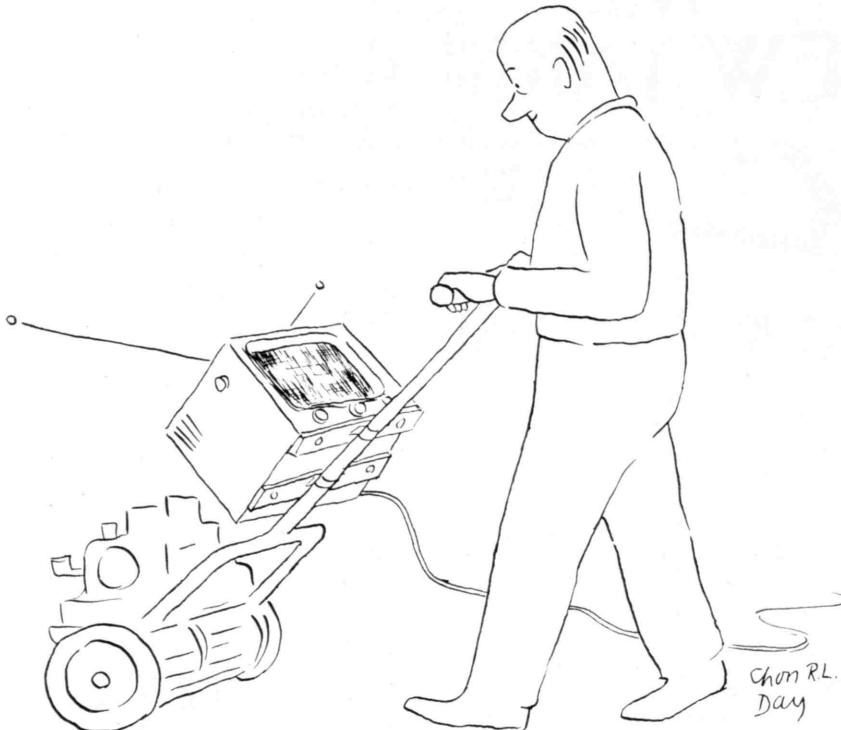
fell from his soap box. Scores of sympathetic visitors flooded the hospital. Interested by this worship of a heretofore unknown, we hustled uptown to see if Dubernathy himself could explain his popularity.

We encountered him in the solarium, reading a business magazine. "My major interest is the plight of the businessman. Too many unions spoil the profits; and too many taxes take the rest.

"*Laissez-faire* is the explanation of my popularity. I don't advocate it. Too many union busters (let's call a spade a spade) want to unleash business interests. According to those, who ought to know, a watch can be harmed by being turned back. Sure, *laissez-faire* is great when you have humanitarians running the corporations. But I'm no Marxist; I personally believe that people, given the opportunity, are ruthless.

"Essentially I'm for the average man. Everything I do and say is to help him. That's why our businesses should be strengthened—and at the expense of unions if necessary. Unions are negative: they don't supply anything to the economy. Only a healthy industry can assure a healthy country.

"High individual taxes hurt business because they don't leave the individual with any incentive. What we need is someone to organize a fight. We should



try to make the government feel ridiculous, guilty even. This year I'm going to save myself a lot of trouble. I've finally found a way to keep my wealth; send the government my income and keep the taxes. Fellow can stay a millionaire that way."

Whacky Sliderules

INVITED by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Public Relations Office we traveled up to Cambridge for a fun-filled week of brainwashing in the ways of scientists. Along with several other editors we were treated to a rather boring treatise by some minor official named Commodore or Admiral or some other such misnomer, on the importance of science to civilization and the importance of M.I.T. to science, a distinction it alone can find joy in. Our hosts swamped us with mimeographed releases

loaded with all sorts of bilge, such as the quantity of electricity consumed by the nuclear reactor, a solution to the problem of dim light bulbs in Cambridge, and a profile of a night watchman who had recently completed twenty-six, on-duty nights of continuous sleeping. Then we were taken on a tour of the school by a slavering, obese student who disparaged nonUkrainians and actors. Three excruciating hours later we were returned to the PR office, where we were told that we could visit with students—go anywhere we wanted, in fact.

After shaking the guy tailing



us, we wandered aimlessly through the corridors, amazed at how happy and wide-awake the students looked, all of them greeting us with a smile as they tripped merrily and gaily on their way.

Close to 1:30 on a frigid Wednesday morning, determined to discover what the night life in M.I.T. was like, we visited the watchman in the main building, the so-called Building 7. He was babbling in excited incoherence over a phone.

"All I know is they want a nurse over the Graduate House right away. I don't know. They told me the cops got him and they want a nurse. Look! I know, you ain't supposed to leave the infirmary. Yeh, yeh, sure. Look! I see students so sick they can hardly stand, dragging themselves by here on the way to your place. Okay, okay. So break the rules. The cops got the maniac over at the Graduate House and they want a nurse. Yeh, goodbye."

When we asked him what had happened, he said, "I can't answer any questions unless they're cleared by the Security and the Public Relations Offices."

Here was something so frightening, so detrimental, perhaps, to national security, that a tightly clamped cover of secrecy had been imposed, but where there is a smell there is a nose, and we started to sniff around. Success was in the form of a withered, grey-haired old man less than five feet tall, who spoke with a soft and quiet voice tempered by years of inurement to bureaucratic secrecy. Speaking hesitantly at first, he warmed and related the whole story.

"This kid, a student, was in an auto accident and bumped his head. They shoved him in the infirmary and figure that he's just shaken up a bit. All the bumps and cuts go away, but the kid still acts peculiar. But those doctors and nurses are smart.

They figure the kid's like the rest of them. They're all a little cuckoo around here. Tonight the nurse goes for some water—gone less than a minute. She returns and finds the kid gone. They track him to an aero lab, but he gets away and runs, in bare feet and underwear, to his room in the Graduate House. The cops catch him there. Guess he wanted to finish working on his PhD.

"Only thing is. If they're going to make a fuss about this nut, they might's well lock up the whole bunch. Guess they would. Only six thousand of these nuts would flood the looney bins and give the school a bad name. (Hey! Don't print any of this. Nobody's supposed to know.) Like this weirdy who comes running over here, two o'clock in the morning, 'cause

he wants to get a can of epoxy resin out of the hobby shop. When I asked him what he needed the stuff for—was it an emergency?—he tells me he just couldn't sleep 'til he knew it was safe."

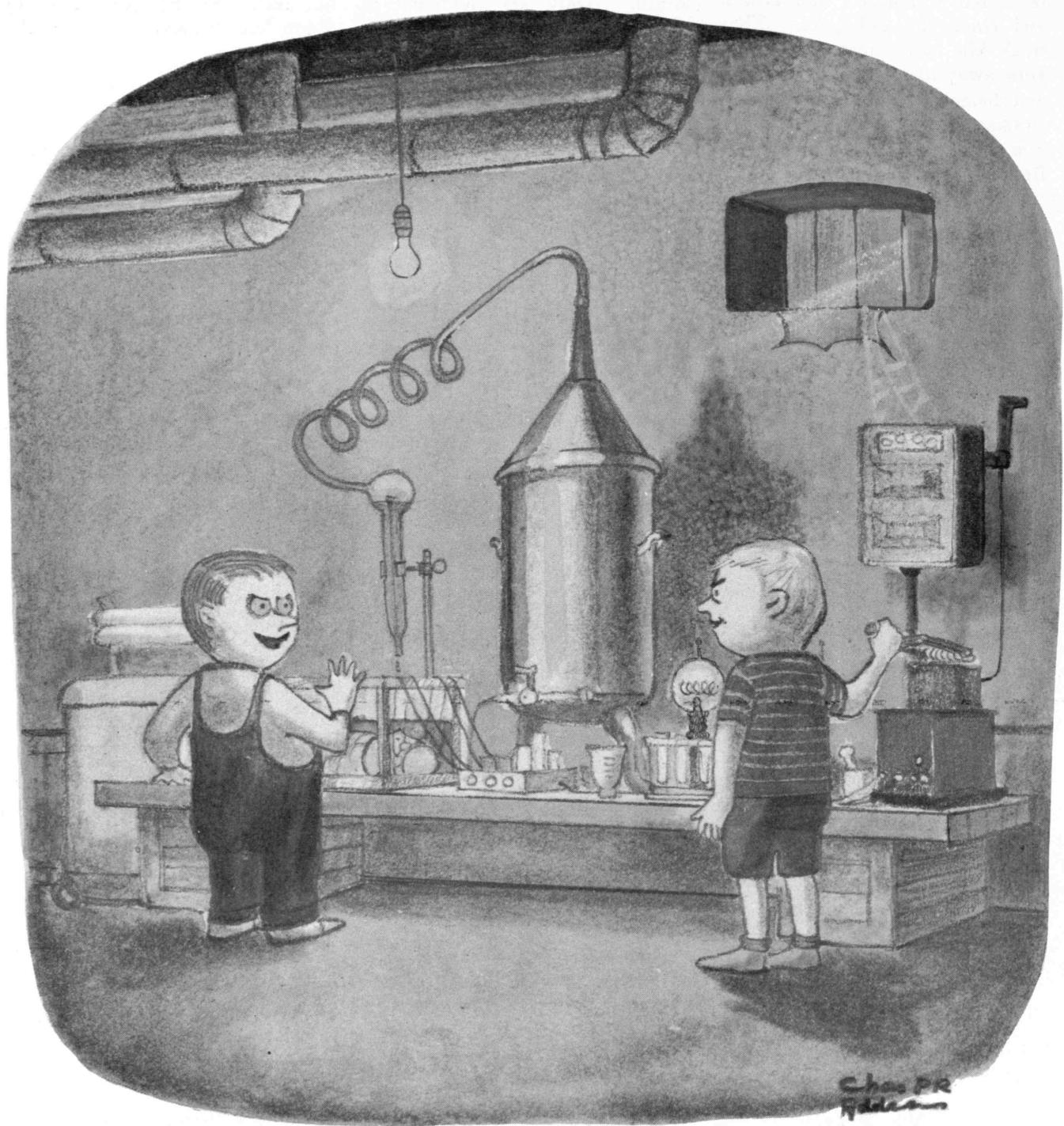
OVERHEARD in Central Park:
"Dr. Livingston, I presume."

ANOTHER PROUD BOTTLE



OF HERTFORDSHIRE FAMILY CUMQUAT WINE

Sole producers of this most excellent wine for over 40 generations, the Hertfordshire family of Quillig-Small-Point, just 23-1/3 K outside London, proudly present this year's ten bottles of Cumquat Wine, traditionally brought out on New Year's Day (which in Quillig-Small-Point falls on January 8.)



"Congratulations! It's a boy."

YE HEAD-LEFFE KNIGHT

YOUNG Theophobius, surnamed the Clod, liveth on his mother's little farm strategically placed on the Weffolk-Nussex county line. (His father, by trade a road agent, found this arrangement convenient.) He followeth in the old man's footsteps, but reluctantly--his burning desire is to be a knight-errant. Alas for ambition, he is only a beardless boy.

Now the reason he is beardless is not because he shaveth with electric razors--in fact, he liveth about 1000 B.C.E. (Before Consolidated Edison)--but because of his youthfulness. In consequence, the closest he hath so far come to realizing his ambition is running errants for the local grocer.

One bright spring morn Mr. Ganlaf reluctantly dismisseth Theo. "I feeleth foolish," he saith, "when I biddeth a twenty-five-year-old man to run down to the postoffice or to deliver a grocery order for a nickel." Theo sitteth down on grocery store porch disconsolately repeatedly reading a few want ads in the latest *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. All of a sudden a fourth-page article catcheth his weary, bleared eye:

LONDON (ASP)--A fleet cross-country messenger boy staggered into the offices of the Anglo-Saxon Press today with news that the Umberine Bishops only a month ago came to a final decision in their historic conference at Wrothbury.

All you cloddish Jutes, Danes, and Celts who do not subscribe to this periodical will no doubt need to be reminded that we refer to the meeting of the Bishops of Umberland, Cumberland, Northumberland, and Foreverumber-

land to decide upon an answer to the burning question, "How many sins are there?"

Answer: One hundred thirty-five.

The bishops have made up a list, but its contents are classified information available only to clerical personnel.

"Gadzooks!" Theo. exclaimeth, thinking that it would be a passingly knightly quest to ride forth seeking a copy of this fabulous list. The idea fireth his enthusiasm, and he runneth home. He saddleth his charger, polisheth his suit of cast-iron-plate armour down to a nub, and sharpeneth his one-hundred percent tool steel sword.

(Horse, armour, and sword are legacies of a chance acquaintance who made the mistake of spending the night at Theophobius' farm.)

Only when he donneth his armor doth he discover that an accessory is missing. Lance, mace, three swords, two battle-axes, and half a dozen daggers are there, but unfortunately there is no helmet.

After due consideration Theo. decideth it is of little consequence, as the cuirass is so much too big that his head protrudeth not above collar level anyhow. He puncheth eyeholes in armor and putteth lid on top of gorget in case it raineth. Mounting up, he cantereth off down King Alfred Turnpike in quest of the list of the one hundred thirty-five sins.

The road ahead is fraught with peril from giants, savages, belligerent knights, dragons, outlaws, ogres, wizards, toll bridges, and speed traps. Our dauntless hero, however, giveth no thought to these things. Not because he is brave, but because he is ignorant.



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After many weary days of travel, Theo. findeth himself on a road skirting a gloomy primeval forest within whose margin he heareth whispering. Thinking to surprise a party of necking teenagers, he dismounteth and crasheth his stealthy way through the underbrush when...imagine his surprise upon finding instead a party of savage Jutes planning a raid!

"Awright, thou varlets!" snarleth the redhaired leader. "Muggsy Beartooth's Danes launched a sneak attack on our prize mill last night. Now, thou knowest we cannot let them burn down Jute mills like that; we must need retaliate. Tonight we shall burn out Harold Hairbrush, the Great Dane himself."

"The dirty dog." muttereth a member of the band.

"There be two errors I wisheth thee to avoid." continueth the leader. "First, our target for tonight be Harold Hairbrush—not to be confused with Harold False-tooth or Harold the Fairhaired Boy of the Saxons or Harold the Unfair of the Roman Umpires or that other Roman, Harold the Tribune of Chicago. Second, thou shouldst not fear the scrawny Danes because of the war chant they singeth, *There Is Nothing Like a Dane*. Okay?"

"Awright. Now if we go through with this battle, we must be able to compose a great saga about it afterwards. Somebody give me a rhyme for Dane."

A new voice proceedeth from the bushes saying, "Bane, cane, crane, fain, lane, mane, pain, rain, vane, wane, brain, plain, strain" Followeth then the owner of the voice, a ragged man carrying a lute which marketh him as a bard, or wandering minstrel. His face is that of a Celt, dark, scarred and sinister.

"I knowest thee," saith the chief Jute. "Thou'rt Runferth the Crooner, known throughout England as the Bard Sinister."

"Thou art right!" replieth the bard. "And forsooth, dost wot that for a Jute thou art somewhat cute?"

"Aargh!" screameth the leader, outraged at this deadly insult.

"I meaneth no offense," quoth Runferth. "I do but rime idly to keep my hand in. If thou art a Jute, where be thy loot?"

A grim light gleameth in the chieftain's eye. "My loot shall be thine, brother bard. That is, thy lute shall be my loot!"

The Jutes are in a quandry. To assault the person of a bard is forbidden by custom. Yet, truly, what their chief proposeth is a goodly jest. While they hesitate, the headman moveth to carry out his dastardly purpose.

But lo! There is a crashing in the bushes, followed by a loud clang. For Theophobius hath stooped to eavesdrop and hath arisen too precipitately for good balance. A short moment more and he hath regained his feet to thunder in his manly soprano, "Unhand that bard, thou villian and rogue!"

The Jute leader standeth as though stricken by thunder for two heartbeats, then fleeth screaming. The members of his band follow, not out of loyalty to their chief but out of panic. Theo. hath routed a whole warparty of Jutes at one swell foop by virtue of appearing headless. The bard, however, runneth not, mainly because of temporary locomotor paralysis. Thinking to reassure him, Theo. flippeth his lid and sticketh out a hand to wave at Runferth, who promptly fainteth.

When the situation is made clear to the grateful bard, he re-

solveth to compose a *Ballad of the Headless Knight*. He taggeth along with Theo. to gather material, musing the while, "If thou seekest a complete list of sins, thou had best ask that famous witch, Suky the Red, for aid. At least that is what my mamma done told me when I was in Niepantz."

"Niepantz?"

"Aye. Niepantz is the West Country village where dwelleth Suky the Red. It lieth twenty leagues from us. In the dark land of the Ruths."

Our hero draweth up his steed. "We had best turn 'round," saith he, "if 'tis in the west, for this road goeth east. Provideth your route sign is correct."

"Nay, nay!" denieth Runferth hastily. "This be a one way street. We shall ride on to its ending and turn north until we come unto the Athelstan Parkway."

So, after many more weary leagues of journeying, Theophobius approacheth Niepantz with his loyal companion. But their journey is not yet destined for completing. At the city limits the young knight doth espy a dragon, and must needs pursue it into the forest. Alas for hot-blooded youth, the brush is thick, his horse is fatigued, and the dragon is a spoilsport. The beast taketh wing and so escapeth into a fen of evil omen, thereby scaring necking teenagers.

Theo. sitteth his horse and debateth—not as to whether he should venture into the fen, but as to which way the road lieth. As he pondereth, a crew of rough, wildlooking men spring up and surround him. Theo. despaireth, believing himself to be in the hands of outlaws. However, it turneth out that the group is merely a posse chasing that self-same dragon, who hath escaped

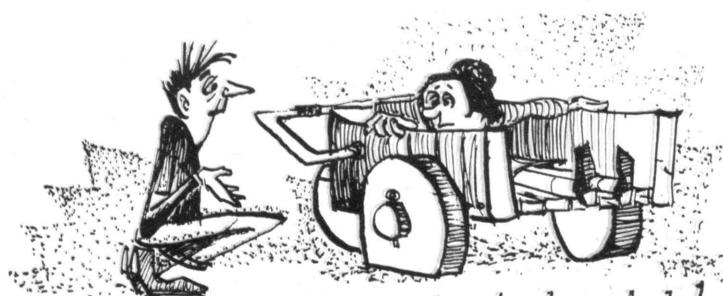


Architecture is a dirty word around here. It was so named by the Assyrian philosopher, Pragla Sigafoos, in 1926, when, in a Frenzy, he almost committed Hara-Kiri. (The Frenzy, as one might imagine, is a three-wheeled affair, something akin to a Surrey, but lacking a fringe on top.) Using this means of transportation, he had intended to drive his mad wife, Hara-Kiri, to the local looney bin, but he was thwarted in the attempt by an itinerant Naval Architect, who, having designs upon Hara, diverted the irate philosopher with a well placed water balloon and carried the wife off to a waiting dinghy on the Charles. The designs were later removed with a well known solvent.

But I digress. There are many types of Architecture: Doric, Ionic, Gothic, Renaissance, and Institute. These all originated in Room 3-440, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a well known school, located at the edge of the great Geological phenomenon, the *Liquid Mud Flats*, Technology, South Carolina. The head of the school of Architecture at that venerable institution, Professor Ronald Massachusetts, once exclaimed in public, "He who would an Architect be, must have the eye of an artist, the mind of an author, the tastes of a Harvard student, and the pencil of the guy next to him."

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BOB HIRSCHFELD



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from the Niepantz Zoological Gardens. Theo. rejoiceth. They arrest him for scaring away the dragon. Theo. despaireth again. He is hopelessly outnumbered by them.

The local committing magistrate is out hunting the dragon, Theo., is unceremoniously hustled into the town gaol. His cellmate, Suky the Red, naturally thinketh him one of "her people" until he demonstrateth his ingenious lid mechanism and poketh out his head to ask her for a list of sins.

"I don't have one in stock right now," admitteth she, "but I can tell you where to get one if you'll help me escape. You know...you scratch my back, I'll scratch yours."

This proposition overjoyeth Theo., for there is a flea he cannot reach which annoyeth him greatly. He is disappointed when Suky carefully explaineth to him the meaning of the phrase is not what it saith!

Suky instructeth him then to close his eyes and run full tilt in any direction. He complieth. He meeteth resistance immediately, but heriocally overcometh it. Suky shouteth at him to stop. Imagine his surprise when he openeth eyes to discover resistance he overcame so successfully was cell wall. Both he and Suky are sprung. So are several joints of Theo.'s armour (and of Theo.).

Red Suky keepeth her part of the bargain. It seemeth that Sir Dome, whom she persisteth in calling "That thug from Camelot," is busily engaged in arresting everyone in the county. It followeth then, if, as Suky saith, she knoweth the local people, that the police station daybook in which Sir Dome keepeth all records of arrests and bookings, must contain a fairly complete

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list of the various sins. Suky flieth off on a stalk of broomcorn while Theo. sneaketh into the police station, a small room off the county gaol.

The gaoler, a light, long-haired man who weareth a sunflower on his lapel, is there, so Theo. abandoneth subterfuge. He asketh gaoler for the book. The gaoler saith scornfully, "This is a reading gaol," and returneth to poem he is writing. The young knight batteth him over the head with a handy iambic heptameter, swipeth the magistrate's daybook, and gallopeth jubilantly away.

"Thou hast been gypped!" quoth Runferth upon examining the Dome's Daybook later. "This listeth only thirty-nine sins, counting thine own act of chasing away public property."

"To horse, then!" crieth Theophobius. "I must continue my quest until I find the other ninety-six!"

"Wait!" protesteth the bard. "First I must needs ask thee something which forms an integral part of my new ballad about thee, to wit: why dost thou seek a list of the one hundred thirty-five sins? Dost mean to devote the remainder of thy life to stamping them out one by one?"

"Certainly not!" returneth Theo.'s hollow voice from within the chest cavity of his armour.

"I just want to see what I'm missing."

-- G. N. GABBARD

Residents of northern New England are advised not to be alarmed when they see giant jet bombers roaring low over their homes for the next few days, the United States Air Force says. The planes--B47's and B52's will be taking part in operation oilburner, a low-level bombing problem.

--*Christian Science Monitor*

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HOSTEL YOUTH

THE sharp command "Ach-tung!" jolted me from my dreams. With a quick glance about the room I saw that most of the other boys were already standing at a weary attention. I got up to stand by the side of my bed.

"Good morning. It is now six o'clock in the morning, and I trust that you all had a good night's sleep. In twenty minutes I shall be back to inspect all the beds. If at that time your mattress is without wrinkles, I shall give you a certificate enabling you to leave the hostel. Good morning."

Oh, how detestable the Germans could be. Back home in Italy, no one cared if your mattress were wrinkled. Whenever you were waked in the Italian Youth Hostels, it was inevitably by the noisy, inconsiderate Germans always rising at ungodly hours. So what if Italy was not as clean as Germany! At least, we were warm human beings who knew how to enjoy life. We were not...."

"Good morning, Peter." My mental tirade against the Germans was interrupted by the greeting of my little brother, Alex, who was busily disrupting his suitcase in search of some soap.

"Hey! Stop messing your suitcase. I'm always fixing it up after you. How did you sleep?"

"All right, I guess."

"Good! We have a long trip ahead of us today, and we'd better leave as soon as possible. Boy, will I be happy to get out of this godforsaken country!"

"Why do we always have to travel in the rain?"

"Is it raining?" I went to look out the window. Though it was not raining, the clouds looked

unnaturally heavy. They made me imagine gigantic, precariously filled reservoirs, ready to inundate the world at the least provocation. I turned to Alex.

"How can we help but travel in the rain? The weather has been like this ever since we entered Germany. Oh, to get back to the land of sunshine."

With little conversation, we washed, packed our suitcases, and checked out of the hostel. We walked around the corner to where our car was parked. After throwing the suitcases in the back, we got in.

Hardly had I started the motor when the windshield was splattered with a few drops of rain. Alex immediately turned on the windshield wiper, smearing water all over the window.

"Why did you turn on the windshield wiper? I've told you before that it makes things worse unless it is really raining."

"I'm sorry. I didn't know."

By now the engine was warmed up and ready to go. However, my brother's answer made me pause. "What do you mean, you didn't know? You know perfectly well that about two weeks ago you did the same thing, and you said you would not do it again."

"I don't remember," he said, "You never told me."

I foresaw a fight. I should have said nothing, and let him have his way. But that would be admitting error, and I knew I was right. It had become a question of honor. "Are you calling me a liar?"

"Who is calling you a liar? I am saying that you never told me."

"Stop repeating that. If, by saying that I am not telling the

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truth, you are not calling me a liar, what do you call it?"

"All right, you *are* a liar. Are you happy?"

"Look, Alex, you know you are wrong. Let's not continue this ridiculous argument. Admit you are wrong, and we will leave right away."

"I will *not* admit I am wrong. You're lying."

I turned off the motor. "Have it your own way. We are not leaving until you tell me I am right. We'll just sit here. I won't say another word till you are ready to admit you can be wrong."

Alex was fuming. His eyes were all wet. "It's always the same. You always win because you're bigger. You big bully! You won't win this time. You are the one who is in a hurry, my dear brother."

"I told you I'm not saying anything."

We both sat silently. I cannot describe my anger. I envisioned myself twisting his arm behind his back until he begged forgiveness. And there he was, sitting coolly, denying everything, while I was burning up. His sudden calmness infuriated me. Somehow, I was able to control myself.

For five minutes we sat there hating each other, determined to prove ourselves right by mutual inflexibility. Finally, I decided to yield to him on one point. "Look," I said. "We're wasting a lot of time. If you would say, 'I've forgotten about it,' I would believe you. But no! You say it never happened. Now admit that there is a possibility that you could be mistaken."

"No, you are not going to bully me into giving up."

"Damn you, Alex. I'm not asking you to admit you're wrong—I am asking you to grant the possibility."

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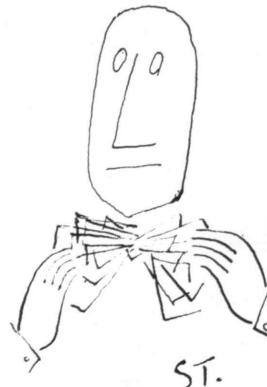
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"I know I am right, bully."

Why was he so sure of himself? There he was, dead wrong, and yet he was certain that he was right. I had never been so angry. My stomach was tightening, and I was starting to get a headache. "All right!" I said. "Get out of the car. When you soften a bit, when you are ready to admit that there is a chance that you could be wrong, when you are less stubborn, you can return. Until then, I'll wait. Get out... out!"

Alex left the car, taking his suitcase and slamming the door behind him with all his force. He walked back in the direction of the youth hostel. After he had rounded the corner and was out of my sight, I realized that he would never come back of his own volition—that I was the one with the weaker position, that eventually I would have to give in. This made me more furious than ever, and it was fortunate that Alex was out of my reach. Nevertheless, I sat there and waited for him to return.

After sitting for a quarter of an hour, I started the motor and started towards the center of the city. I drove the car very recklessly. I knew that the car was innocent, but I wanted to hurt it. Some policemen gave me dirty looks.



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Because the windshield was dry, I realized that it was no longer raining. The clouds were starting to break, and I could see patches of blue sky. I decided to have an ice cream.

After parking the car, I walked into a very fashionable gelateria. The prices were extravagant. I knew that our budget did not allow for such lavish expenditures. All the same, I went ahead and ordered the most expensive ice cream. Gobbling it vengefully, I did not enjoy it in the slightest.

I drove back to the hostel very slowly. The sun was beautiful—it was the first sunshine I had seen in many days. I did not enjoy it.

Just after I had parked the car in front of the hostel, I saw Alex sitting on the steps. My mouth was purposely smeared with ice cream. He did not seem to notice it.

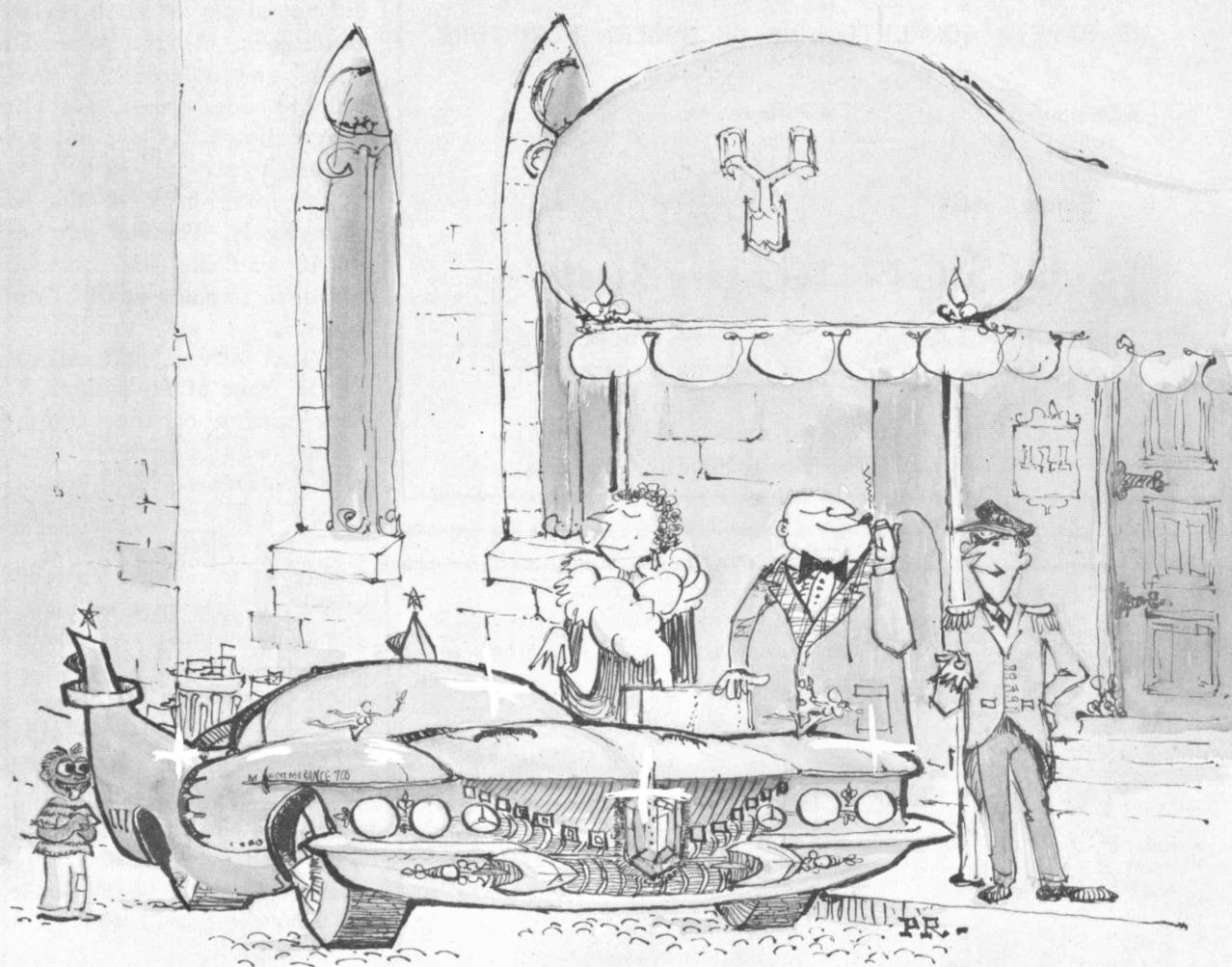
After sitting quietly for a couple of minutes, I called Alex to the car. He gave no indication of having heard me. I shouted a second time in vain. Furiously, I strode from the car, went up to him, grabbed him by the arm, and started dragging him toward the car. Some girls sitting on the steps looked at me disapprovingly but I paid them no notice. Alex screamed, "You won't make me get into the car. I will not admit I am wrong."

I shoved him into the car and went back to get his suitcase. Alex was sitting despondently in the front seat. I threw his belongings in the back.

As I drove off into the sun, I said, "We should be in Bregenz by evening."

—ROBERT JAY

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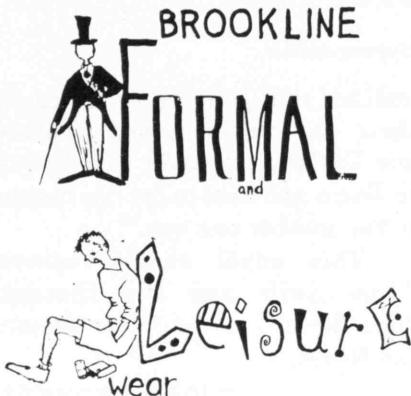
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Beauty and Beasts



USIC soothes the Savage Beast. This and other such homely ditties adorned the office walls of Pierre Malentendre, newly appointed conductor of the Bronx Symphony Orchestra. The Zoo concerts, inaugurated last year, proved to be an overwhelming success; so much so, that Monsieur Malentendre was called from Paris to replace Sir Timothy Grass, killed last year by an alligator. The new conductor believes, despite the superb acoustic environment afforded by the moated Cayman exhibit, that the Orchestra will not play there this year. Instead, he plans to set up his podium in the great glass Aviary. Members of the orchestra have expressed fear of droppings, as the aged conductor has been known to drop accidentally his baton during a performance.

The first concert of the Zoo season will take place next Sunday. To be heard will be *Gli Ucelli*, by Respighi; *Papageno's Song*, from Mozart's *Magic Flute*; and *Carnival of the Animals*, by Saint-Saens. In conclusion, the national anthem will be played, while a bald eagle, which makes its nest in the tuba, performs an aerial battle with the Russian ptsnovsk bird, which lives in the contrabassoon.

THE New York Philharmonic, under the able leadership of Leonard Bernslime, has not been inactive this season. For example: last week they gave an absolutely negligible performance of both Milhaud's *Creation du Monde* and Farbermann's *Evolution*, with the original casts. This caused some unrest in Anti-Dar-

win Societies throughout the city, as both of these works were symphonic works, not operas. Too bad someone did not tell Lenny.

THE famed flabbergastura contralto, Madame Maria Callous, plans to give her Carnegie Hall debut, in a recital of German arias and lieder. Among the works to be belted out by the rotund Madame Callous will be *Die Forelle* (roughly translated, *The One That Got Away Was This Big*); *Tod und Das Madchen*; and the aria, *Ja, Dast Ist ein Schnitslebaum*, from Wagner's comic opera, *Das Arme Volkswagen*. It is expected that the Callous performance will be attended by a sellout crowd, and that Madame will walk out on the performance before it is over, provided the audience does not exit first.

ROUNDING out this week's panoply of musical fare is the New York Pro Musica performance of Purcell's rightly forgotten antiphonal oratorio, *Ye Witche of Salemme Toune*, featuring such recitatives and choruses as *Art Thou Witches or Faery Queens*; *Come Not Gnats, Come Not Bats*; and *Dance and Sing All Trippingly, for We Shall Burne Her Presently*. The chorus of countertenors will be assisted by Libberace at the harpsichord.

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BOOKS

Hypo....Hyperb....Hypervamble

NOBERT WEINER'S "Tom Swift and His Philotronic Hypervanbulator" (Simeone and Schuster) is an exciting new novel concerned with the question of whether a boy 704 can find happiness with a girl whose parents disapprove of the binary system. The novel begins with the boy, Tom Swift, meeting Daffney in the garden. Tom immediately asks Daffney to have dinner with him, but she explains that she cannot, since she has promised to see Frank, who is secretly in love with Carol, who believes that Frank hates Sheila but loves Sybil, when actually Sybil, after the divorce and all, despises Harold because Harold had refused to help Zsa Zsa get out of the country when the F.B.I. learned of Sidney's activities in Madrid before Hermione came to join him with the microfilm that proved that the Duke had known before either Rock or Gerald had that Dr. Xarkov had developed the cosmoretroturbanic ray, which, everyone knew, would have destroyed the entire universe if it had gotten into the *wrong* hands. When Tom hears this he whips out his philotronic hypervanbulator and arrests Daffney in the name of the Queen.

When asked to explain how he knew that Daffney had poisoned Don Cabeza de Burro, Tom said, "It is intuitively obvious to the casual observer that when Daffney revealed that she knew that the Duke had known about cosmoretroturbanic ray, Daffney showed that she was not in Bombay while Chang was. Thus, since Egor never drank Moxie while the moons of the planet ciibov were in eclipse, Brigitte must have seen Debbie enter Liz's room. Consequently, Ralph Cramden

realized that Julie knew too much about the whole mess. Therefore Daffney poisoned Don Cabeza de Burro and tried to lay the blame on the number one son."

This novel should replace "Tom Swift and His Electric Pogo Stick" as the Great American Novel.

-JOHN BENNETT

Sex and the Primitive

FOR years, publishers in the country have been complaining of slow sales due, as they interpret the fact, to the intellectual laziness of our citizens. Some have fought back, and hence done thriving business, by lowering prices, printing more attractively composed books, and, in a few instances, by modifying their distribution systems in order to reach more people than the relatively few longhairs at the corner bookstore (specifically, the recent use of supermarkets as booksellers).

In this day of sales gimmicks we were not too surprised to find that several publishers have issued the same book, which monopoly should assure it of immediate best-seller status. The ramifications of such multiple publishing of a single book are



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obvious and quite a bit frightening. A novice author has a difficult enough time persuading one publisher to accept his book, let alone charming several. Within a few years our creative resources will have dried up until only a few mediocre writers, because mediocrity has mass appeal, can depend upon their craft to support them. A good writer may be willing to starve, but will he be so willing if he knows that no one, excepting of course himself and a few friends, can ever read his endeavors?

No one can deny, however, that "The Five Books of Moses" is a book worthy of intellectual praise. Yet, the oddity of its publication serves as a warning beacon.

Although, inexplicably, there are occasional differences in each house's version, not one appears to be better than another. As one book jacket remarked, "Mr. Moses reveals his genius with every word." It continues with a spicy description of the book's plot and finally the fact that no one has been able to locate the author, the implication being that since Moses is a genius, and since geniuses are rather odd, if he wishes to remain incognito and incommunicado, no one can deny him this idiosyncrasy. So, unless Mr. Moses later writes a critique on the book, or at least an autobiography, no one will ever know the reason for the disparity in the several versions.

Reviewing the book is made difficult by its kaleidoscopic nature, its overabundance of plot. Also, one feels insulting to the author by considering the book only as literature: its effect on theology, philosophy, anthropology, and probably every other ology will be marked.

Since the book starts with the creation of the earth, we should expect a cosmology in tune with contemporary findings. Unfortunately, the author presents

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a naive account of creation, attributing man to the bumbling of a super-sculptor (God); the creation of woman is simply too incredible for the modern reader. Moses' cosmology is definitely anthropomorphous, and consequently of little value to our enlightened society.

There are so many important characters in the book, it is difficult to determine who is the main one. Anthropomorphous though he may be, God is given supernatural powers such that one feels he is intangible yet omnipotent. He pervades everything and everybody. Moses showed very little imagination in developing this character. The comic-strip Superman antedates God, by a good many years. But, Moses has drawn a fascinating, if not credible, character study.

A veritably fanatical devotion to genealogy and to jurisprudence almost ruin the book; its total devastation is saved only by the magnificent psychological insights and thoroughly absorbing and moving human conflicts peppered profusely throughout the book. Other disturbing elements are Moses' utter disdain for physical descriptions and his infantile, primitive, writing style. Sentence after sentence introduced by "and" do become somewhat tedious. Language and grammar are stripped to their barest. More judiciously used this device to heighten drama might have been more effective.

Moses reaches the pinnacle of egotism when he chooses himself as the leader of an enslaved people. Granted there is no proof that the author intended himself as the hero, rather than a character who just happened to have the same name. But, the name Moses is so uncommon that we have no other alternative but to label the author as an extreme, yes, megalomaniac. His remark that God had chosen him to write the book strikes the reader as a

paltry and ludicrous aesthetic theory.

The book is a major work. How much influence it will have on future writers is impossible to determine. Certainly the writing style is worthy of restrained emulation, but no one should ever again write a book with such a rambling narrative. That the reader's attention is held as firmly as it is, is a tribute to the author's style and definitely not to the action. Sensual to the point of vulgarity the author ironically insists upon a Puritanical morality. When two sisters seduce their father (incidentally, this episode was not included in many of the versions), the reader is left, not with moral indignation, but with pity that circumstances should have so frustrated the girls.

Frankly, as a moral preaching the book is a flop. Moses' unimaginative device for improving his reader by showing him how horrible life could be if pursued immorally does no more than to whet the reader's appetite.

All in all, though, the book is entertaining and somewhat edifying. Moses' propensity for over-exaggeration, although maddening, is entertaining. The fairy-tale like quality of the novel should be especially appealing to children.

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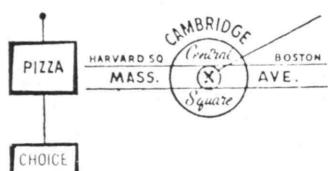
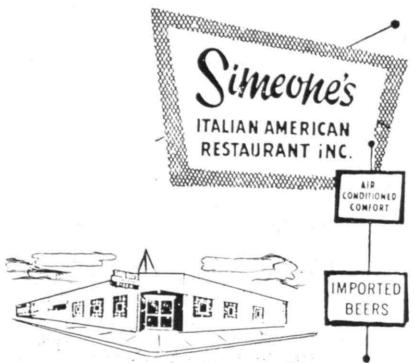
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ALL THE KING'S MEN, by All the King's Women (Dribbleday). In the mythical realm of Hasdrublia, King Stercal's courtiers decide to reassemble the gigantic, sacred dinosaur egg one of them has broken. Although the author charmingly narrates their efforts to paste together the great ovoid and to discover the identity of the saboteur in their midst, the dramatic effect is diminished because she has chosen the weak device of reflecting the action almost wholly in the harem intrigues it engenders. The volume contains a 150-page appendix, in which Dr. D. P. Schusseldorf of Harvard proves conclusively, that the story is an adroit allegory on Louisiana politics.

KING SOLOMON'S MINE, by the Queen of Sheba (Grapnel). This novel of ancient times divides itself between a sensitive, moving account of King Solomon's love for the Queen of Sheba and the Queen's love for Solomon's diamond mines and a description of Quintus Quatermainus' quest for the mines. Quatermainus, a Roman praetor turned white hunter, treks through the wilds of Africa while the Queen pursues her conquest of Solomon. Unfortunately, the two threads eventually converge, eliminating the confusion which has heretofore disguised the fact that most the book has been cribbed from, Haggard and St. Augustine. On the whole, an unsatisfactory piece of literature.

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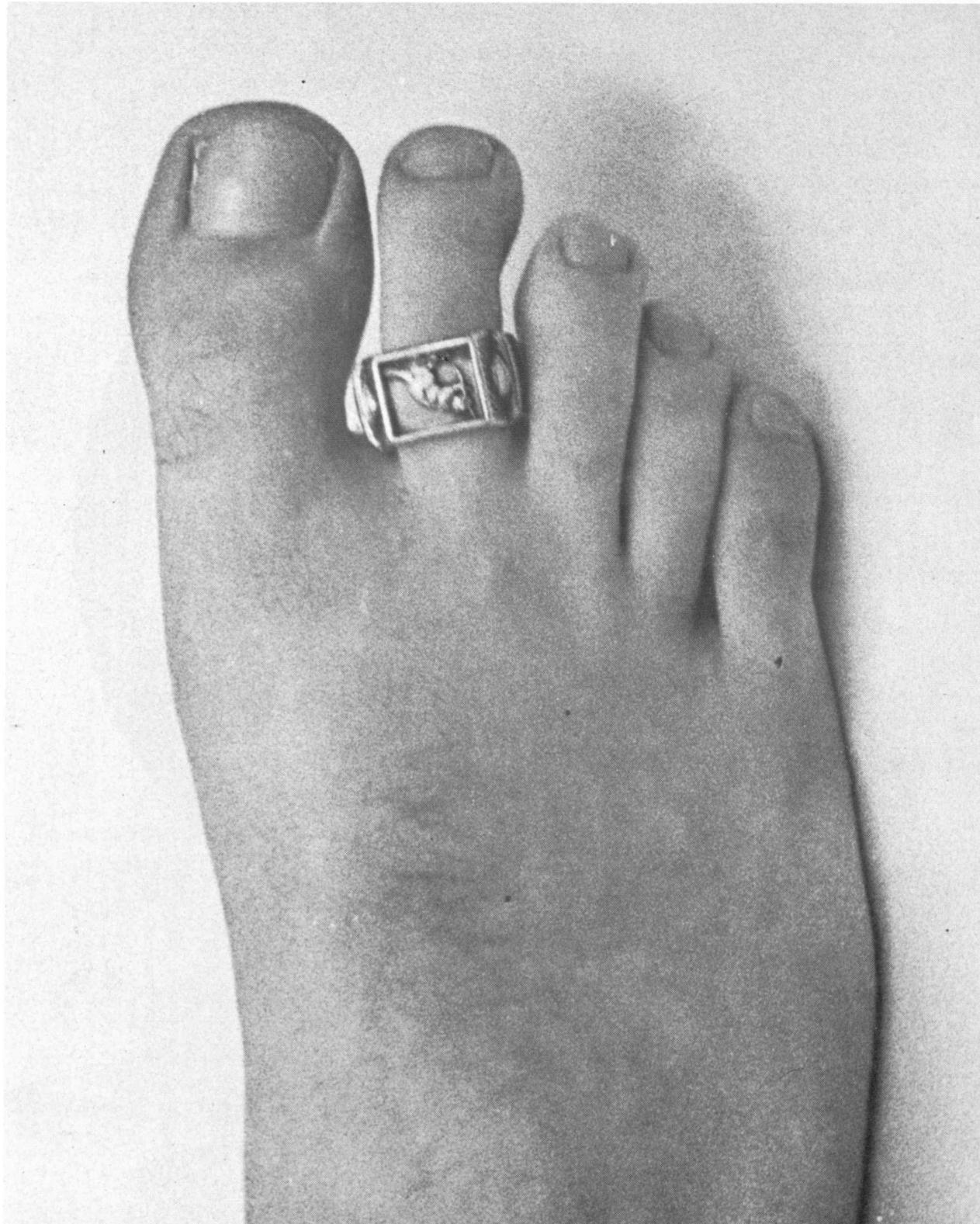
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