

## Or Not to Swing

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proven absurd. His recent compromises and subterfuges are even more comical. And yet - how difficult it is to drop the vanities! How hard to stand before a mirror nude and say - This - - am I - - and - - that's all there is to it. Hard? - - Impossible!

Perfidy and pretense will go through the ages. What the intelligent few cannot relinquish must continue to sustain ten trillion tomnoddies yet to come. Under the surfeit of their slough a thousand civilizations may well smother. And in its meaningless meander ten billion miserable martyrs will struggle and choke.

Until tomorrow or never when the gadgets check the geometric progression of human sewage.

For we are committed to the gadgets. Whatever is left of us belongs to them, depends upon them. And if they were taken away from us, we would be compelled painfully to reconstruct them. We are committed even though they have yet made little change in most of us and though their authors are held up to ridicule. Men who cannot think toss science aside and demonstrate that no scientist is fit to govern because such and such a one cannot live with his mother-in-law without recourse to the obvious malpractice of letting a hatchet into her head.

No rhetoric can destroy the gadgets. No pin-brain can confute their discoveries. They are our hope. They are also - -

Let us study the lens. To one man it was a corrector of strabismus, a sleuth of bacteria, a ponderer of stars. To another it became a photograph projector and while the lens peered into the unknown world it was simultaneously multiplied a thousandfold to portray the wet dreams of the mugs. Fifty cents a week will rent a seat in a dreamy peep-show.

It did not take long for the self-deputized leaders of the multitude to solve the ratios of application of the lens to possible customers. Paramecium caudatum vs. Patricia Candy. Cilia vs. Legs. A vacuole vs. a mons veneris. Give the public what it wants. At best, make the public want what you have to give and if your gift has a sufficiently low common denominator you will be showered with nickels from every purse in North America.

Then came the parade of the gadgets all calculated to bring profit to the manufacturer.

A radio for your automobile.

Your coffee in a vacuum.

A toothpaste for your breath.

A telephone you can use in one hand.

A polish for your automobile.

A refrigerator with a fancy ice pan.

An automobile with airplane parts.

Synthetic heels for your shoes.

An automobile that will roll over and over.

A paint that will not blister.

An antiseptic that kills countless germs.

A linoleum in cubistic patterns.

A tire that scarcely skids.

A shaving cream that softens your whiskers.

A cigarette that tastes cool.

Shoes that support your arches.

An oil that comes from Pennsylvania.

A coffin that will not rot.

An oil with a tough film.

Trucks that wear.

A floor enamel that smooths itself.

Pipes that will not rust.

Prunes that contain sunshine.

A lipstick that will not make lips seem painted.

A pencil that spawns its own lead.

Maple syrup that is all maple

syrup.

A walled bottle to keep fluids cold or hot.

A white sauce to make your shoes white.

A refrigerator that turns on a small current.

A waterproof varnish.

A detachable boat motor.

An automobile that tells time.

A chocolate with vitamins.

A toothpaste for your gums.

A light to wear when bicycling at night.

An animal shaped balloon for bathing.

An alarm clock that does not tick.

A bath for birds.

The gadgets and their brood. Raise any list however long to the twentieth power and you will nonetheless discover that invention keeps abreast of your arithmetic. Consider that these things are fabricated for a profit. Note that they duplicate each other until rivalry between their manufacturers is over minutive or irrelevancies. The automobile that runs downhill competes with the automobile that runs headlong into a sand-heap. The toothpaste that sweetens the breath and removes stains wars with the paste that checks receding gums and cools the mouth. The refrigerator with loose ice cubes is the rival of the refrigerator with a quiet motor.

In every dominion of the gadgets it might seem that mankind would choose to perfect a strain and produce it for himself as cheaply as mass creation would permit. Standardization of gadgets once terrified him but since variations in each species occur so often there is little danger of monotony. However, Kings and Queens rule no longer, the land is not the all-in-all of living, and engineers vie with each other for money when they should control for economy. The mugs dictate to themselves through the more self-aggrandizing of their numbers.

Each gadget has given rise to a colossal factory (Our Plants), a chain of sales outlets (Our Agencies) and, since there is no sensible government arranged for any of them, a business hierarchy (Our Executives).

Credit was expanded to abet the golden flow implicit in the gadgets. The master minds of credit finally swallowed the plants, agencies, and executives - but that was a later jest.

Let us first consider the Hercules of the machine.

Whether he originates in Iowa or in Queens, whether he invented his gadget or stole it or developed it from another, whether he had never matriculated in a grammar school or graduated from a university makes no generic difference. He laid his hands upon the better mousetrap. That is all; Now if after this triumph of invention or this lucky break he had relegated the better mousetrap to the means of an excellent livelihood, all might have been well. He could have used his days for many pleasant purposes.

But the good life is invisible to the fools or its attainment is difficult, for the mousetrap maker voluntarily hoists himself by his petard, and is caught in his own trap. Leisure and a private life cease to interest him. The decent profit to be obtained from persons troubled by mice is not enough. If all people had mousetraps, he reasons, then I would become very rich. I would be the mousetrap mogul. So, until the problems of springs and wood supply and western sales resistance pop him into the cold limbo of the ground, he spends his every hour upon the porposition.

In his own words - - in the words he speaks to his children - he eats mousetraps, he sleeps mousetraps, drinks and dreams mousetraps. He goes mousetrap goofy. He spends a million

dollars to tell the world about the deprecation of mice. He hires bacteriologists to prove that mice carry disease. He causes to be published photographs of mice ten inches high and upon them he puts labels: Destruction; The Farmer; and underneath them captions: If His Size were Proportionate to His Menace.

A few statesful of persons are terrified into buying mousetraps. Then sales lag. Almost everyone who needs a trap possess a dozen. The mogul's profits dwindle and his tables show that he is selling traps only to replace those that have worn out or have been lost or broken, and to outfit the homes of newly married couples. It is conceivable to a casual observer of this dilemma that he might conclude that the mousetrap market had found its level, that his invention had earned its just reward, that he could at last accept his dividends and interests and cease to annoy himself night and day with the trifle of the trap. But to him the thought smacks and defeats resignation, failure. He burns the midnight oil. He thinks. He grows testy. He abandons his annual two weeks of salmon fishing. J. Morton Glick licked? Never!

Then out of the toils of his piddling mind and the darkness of the night comes - -

Mousetraps in colors!

The mousetrap is always with us. Who wants the dirty, red painted horror that for too long has made the kitchens of the world a revolting spectacle? The modern mousetrap - the mousetrap of the hour - will be exclusively set in the house of the elite. Effective, painless, quick, self-sterilizing, self-deodorizing, and cute!

The mogul has banished the lean years and once again he and his associates and employees can dine and slumber on mousetraps.

Now, our dear Glick may suffer when he is compared to other tycoons. A motor-car maker has chosen a finer object for his thought. But to the gods, the difference between chrome - super - mesh and enumotraps is nil. Piddle for profit. A way - a wasteful way - of making a living. But certainly not a fitting career for a man.

## Sinatra Words Read

Frank Sinatra, a baritone with a talent for making the news columns, recently made the columns of the 'Congressional Record' of the United States.

Following wire-service stories from Lebanon and Iraq that Sinatra's pictures and records have been banned in those Arab League countries because of what the Arabs term his "activities" in Israel while on a world tour during April, May, and June this year (DB, Aug. 2), Sinatra said of the reports:

"If it is true, I am deeply disappointed that statesmen anywhere would condemn anyone for aiding children of whatever faith or origin.

"In Israel my recent tour there was to raise money for an interfaith youth center in Nazareth, a primarily Arab center, where the recipients will be primarily Arab children.

"My world tour, which included Israel, was dedicated to benefiting children of all faiths. I had hoped that adults everywhere had one thing in common - - a love for all children."

In Washington, D. C., Rep. James Roosevelt (D-Calif.) declared he was compelled to "Protest the completely unwarranted action of the league in singling out for abuse and damage a prominent American citizen whose only objective was to help needy children."

Roosevelt then read Sinatra's statement into the Congressional Record.

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## CHET BAKER MAKING MOVIE IN BRITAIN

Currently in London, England, trumpeter Chet Baker has been working in the new Stuart Miller film 'Summer Holiday', which stars Susan Hayward. In the film Baker appears as the leader of a small jazz group in a party sequence.

The score for the film is mostly improvised, though parts

have been composed by Tubby Hayes. The performers are tenorist Hayes, Baker, pianist Stan Tracey, bassist Jeff Clyne, and drummer Don Brown.

Baker, who appeared in London six years ago as a singer, has yet to appear in public as a trumpet player. He said he has no immediate plans to return to the United States.

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