

platform manner in the novel: a view from the pit

john a. barsness

In "How to Tell a Story," Mark Twain says, "the humorous story is told gravely; the teller does his best to conceal the fact that he even dimly suspects there is anything funny about it." This, says Twain, is the heart of western American humor—a teller whose purpose is seemingly grave, but whose remarks "string incongruities and absurdities together . . . innocently unaware that they are absurdities," obscure whatever point there is, and "drop studied remarks apparently without knowing it." This is in the great tradition of frontier oral humor as practiced by such folk as Artemus Ward, Bill Nye and, of course, Mr. Mark Twain, who won his first fame as a platform lecturer, and who never in his life quite got away from it—indeed, recouped his shattered fortunes in the 1890s not by writing another popular book but by a magnificent worldwide lecture tour. And in his writings there is plenty of evidence to show that the novels, essays and stories are in many ways only extensions of the effective methods he learned on the lecture platform—and that not only the technical but the thematic problems of many of his works can be traced to what his experiences as an oral humorist taught him of how to tell a story.

As a matter of fact, in the early works there often seems scarcely any change from the lecture to the printed page. Twain seems to be quite deliberately taking on the lecturer pose, most frequently using some form of a first-person narrator who, regardless of the *persona* he assumes, is a Mark-Twain talking to an audience with the fixed purpose of making them laugh, and only incidentally, one is sure, to instruct. And the method used is that of the humorous story, gravely told with faint surprise.

The germinal example of this lecturer technique in a written work was, of course, "The Notorious Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," in

which Twain used a framing device as an excuse to bring in his vernacular narrator. The story of the jumping frog is picked up only after a more or less formal and straightforward introduction, in which Twain purportedly meets Simon Wheeler, the actual narrator of the story. The use of a talking character is the obvious one for a writer struggling with the problem of transferring his oral success to paper. And it serves its purpose well. Once the vernacular narrative is launched, all the techniques of the oral story teller show up—the absolute gravity of mien, the preposterous story enmeshed in a wealth of realistic—if comic—details, the seemingly effortless reproduction of vernacular speech, the whole thing being a description of action rather than thought, of doing rather than feeling. The qualities of this prose style are so strong that it echoes and reechoes through the rest of Twain's work, most strongly and consistently, of course, in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. But just as strongly evident even in this first brief sketch are the elements of Twain's lifelong thematic concern with human folly—the seriously taken ridiculous situation, the gullible dupe, the motivating greed. All in all, it is pure Mark Twain—but it is not yet more than the oral tale, removed from its author only by the stagy device of Simon Wheeler. Twain uses this same device again and again in his early works, but most frequently he falls back on direct first-person narrative—Mark Twain himself a sort of Simon Wheeler gravely recounting preposterousness. In *The Innocents Abroad* he is mostly just that—the humorous lecturer who might as well be standing on his platform telling these tales to an audience. The loosely episodic, fragmentary structure of the work is ideally derived from his rambling platform style. It is not yet truly narrative, being full of editorial situations in which Twain comments directly on the situation at hand (as in the farcical “Tomb of Adam” speech)¹; yet it is most frequently a direct account of action, as when he relates the misdeeds of the pilgrims, or regales us with the adventures of the little crew of irreverents with whom he travels. Like “The Jumping Frog,” these anecdotal sketches contain the germs of the eventual novelist—the vernacular style, the focus on action (as yet unsustainable), the essential barbed dissection of human folly. But they are not yet a novel. The lecturer's habit as well as the autobiographical stance are still too strong for Twain.

Roughing It is scarcely an improvement, at least as far as the technique is concerned, though Henry Nash Smith has pointed out² that the *persona*—our narrator-lecturer—is moving closer to being a fictional (that is, created rather than autobiographical) character. But he is still concerned with recounting the most egregious lies in the name of solemn truth. Perhaps not lies, but at least exaggeration. There is, for instance, the tale of Bemis and the buffalo which, while it purports to be an adventure of one of the stagecoach passengers, is, to say the

least, only gravely *told*. Even those adventures which may be true (such as Twain's experience with the bucking-horse) are still told with that air of mock seriousness leavened only by the establishment of the narrator as a clown-tenderfoot (Mark Twain the character instead of Sam Clemens the author) whose seriousness about the whole thing is heightened by the audience's knowledge he is a ninny. Here that other dimension is deepened: the substitution of character—individual, created personality—for the narrator, a necessary change if he is ever to stop being merely a lecturer, a funnyman who is patently phony but by whom one is entertained anyhow. In fiction, this obviously cannot work; characters must be "real" even if they are "real phonies" (as are the King and the Duke in *Huckleberry Finn*, Tom Sawyer in the ending of the same book and Hank Morgan as "The Boss" in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*)—an assumed pose, artificially created by an author, will never fit a protagonist. So long as Mark Twain thought of himself as the narrator, this phoniness remained—never quite enabled simply by the nature of the technique to divorce itself from pose, from the lecturer exaggerating himself to keep the audience from putting on its collective hat and going home.

Interestingly enough, in *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, his first full-length work of "pure" fiction, Twain moves completely away from the oral technique into a well-controlled but deliberately narrator-effacing third person. It is as though, in a book which is not so much episodic as, in the end, melodramatic plot, he does not trust his rambling oral style to sustain itself, and so selects a standard approach to which he can cling through the intricacies of a long and tightly interwoven adventure.³ So *Tom Sawyer*, delightful though it is, wavers back and forth between a formal literary third person, and the active bits of narrative dialect which substantiate the scene. And though in *Life on the Mississippi* Twain quite sensibly went back to the first person, Mark Twain-as-narrator, he was still clinging to his platform style and personality; he had not yet fully learned the trick of creating character-as-narrator, of using the lecturer-technique in the art of fiction.

But it is evident from the first paragraphs of *Huckleberry Finn* that this is going to be an oral tale with a narrator whose style is oral but whose personality clearly indicates that Mark Twain himself is now aware that he must divorce himself from the lecturer role and that he must make his hero no longer a *poseur* but an "actual" person:

You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of *The Adventurers of Tom Sawyer*; but that ain't no matter. That book *was made by* Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, *mainly*. *There was things which was stretched, but mainly he told the truth.* That is nothing. I never seen anybody but lied one time or another, without it was Aunt Polly, or the widow, or maybe Mary (emphases mine).

A delightful and all too frequently overlooked confession, which performs a multitude of important purposes: it gets rid of "Mark Twain the lecturer" once and for all in this book; it admits the humorous style but bars its pose (since there ain't no stretchers here); it introduces the "real" character, honest, serious, but excruciatingly funny because the reader knows he's funny while he doesn't; and it furnishes a foretaste of the damned human race which is a dominant theme of the novel. *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is perhaps, because it is also the pinnacle of his work, the pinnacle of Mark Twain's use of the lecture method, minus the lecturer's pose, to tell a story.

For Huck, not Mark Twain, is the teller of the tale. He, therefore, must perform the function of the humorous lecturer—to tell the story gravely. Huck does so—not because he is concealing the fact that there is anything funny in the story but because he does not know there is anything funny in the story. Huck is a real person; he is not acting. Twain has succeeded in making him the humorous tale-teller and at the same time in keeping him real (in the sense that he is not playing a conscious role) by depriving him of a sense of humor. And the humor of *Huckleberry Finn*—even of those scenes that are downright farce—achieves not only a heightened sharpness but the essence of its serious—sometimes nightmarish—intent from the fact that Huck is in deadly earnest about everything.

Even a random sampling of scenes supports the point. For instance: Chapter 3 is concerned with the adventures of Tom Sawyer's gang, and with Tom's attempt to embroider these adventures with the superficial trappings of artificial romance. Huck doesn't go along with this mummery; he rejects it, not because it *is* mummery, but on the grounds that it is real and must be dealt with in real terms. He has neither the maturity nor the wit to see it as ridiculous. When Tom tells him the "elephants and A-rabs" have been changed to an infant Sunday-school, he says, "all right, then, the thing for us to do was to go for the magicians"—a practical solution, but one made possible only by Huck's serious acceptance of the situation. And eventually, when Huck does make up his mind to the unreality of the mummery, he rejects it again, not on the grounds of foolish (and therefore ridiculous) pretense, but as "one of Tom Sawyer's lies." And a lie is a serious thing. At least this kind of lie is—one which fails to treat the world as a serious, even an inimical, reality. It's all right to use lying as a weapon in the battle against this inimical world—as Huck does throughout the novel—but to use it simply as a lie is not only foolhardy but dangerous. If a thing has the marks of a "Sunday-school" it had better be treated as a Sunday-school—particularly if there is no chance to go for the magicians.

One of the funniest scenes in *Huckleberry Finn* is the scene (Chapter 14) in which Jim and Huck discuss Solomon, kings in general and the French language. But even here, where the material itself is genuinely

funny in its backwoods concept of kingship and manliness, the broad comedy is heightened by the fact that neither Huck nor Jim sees anything funny in it. Huck, in fact, winds up in absolute disgust at Jim's apparent obtuseness, even though to the reader his position seems more absurd than that of the natively commonsensical Jim.

The important point, of course, is that Huck Finn, the hero of America's great comic novel, has no sense of comedy. He is genuinely relieved to discover the "drunk" bareback rider is not in danger of breaking his neck; he reports with appreciation the perfection in the reenactment of the shooting of Boggs—"people that had seen the thing said he done it perfect, said it was just exactly the way it all happened." Not even the patent pretense of the King and the Duke can awaken a nonexistent funnybone. Watching the Duke act, Huck says, "it was beautiful to see him . . . he just knocked the spots out of any acting ever I seen before." In Huck's judgment, it was "perfectly lovely"—and to the reader so is the humor, because he sees what Huck doesn't.

Yet Huck will pull pranks, and he will pretend. But the pranks are those of a clever but humorless boy, and the pretences are either the deadly serious ones imperative to his survival or the stupid ones foisted on him by his acceptance of those notions of "respectability" which are the ideals of the society he is surrounded by.

The major prank he plays, for instance (outside of staging his own murder, on which his survival depends), is that of pretending to Jim that he hasn't been lost from the raft. This is a cruel, heartless thing, and Huck soon recognizes it for what it is. But he doesn't recognize that it isn't funny—he simply realizes that he has wronged Jim, and this is the basis for his apology.

When he pretends, it is to save his own skin, or that of Jim, or for some other utterly serious reason: "He's white . . . it's pap that's there and maybe you'd help me tow the raft ashore where the light is. He's sick—and so is mam and Mary Ann . . . it ain't anything much." So he convinces the men in the skiff that there is small pox aboard and saves Jim. His imagination is not lacking; it is fertile, fresh and charming. But once more, a great part of the charm lies in the seriousness with which it is used. No matter how outrageous the lie, it receives much of its comic impact from the deadly seriousness with which it confounds—inventive as it can be, but on Huck's part humorless.

Then there are the large pretenses of respectability at the Wilks homestead or with Aunt Sally, which also help to save his skin . . . or finally, even, the grand pretense of them all, the deception practised with Tom Sawyer on Jim at the end, critically speaking the most controversial episode in the novel. Huck handles even this situation with seriousness and practicality—"hand me a *case* knife," he says, and takes up his pick—not only because he lacks the sense of humor here, but also because his lack of a sense of humor prevents him from doing what the

reader has wanted him to do all along: to sense the essential absurdity of the situation, laugh it out of existence, get Jim out in the quickest way practicable—by opening the cabin door, slipping the chain off the bed leg and being done with it. But he cannot do this, because he doesn't know what absurdity is. All of life is deadly serious to him, and while his honesty—his own essential reality—permits him to react to society sympathetically and clearsightedly, he cannot distinguish between the ridiculous and the practical, so treats both as if they were real. When he strikes the ridiculous, he rejects it because it is not practical, not because it is ridiculous—as in the case of his prayer for fishhooks. He doesn't seem to be getting the things he wants, so what's the use of prayers? "I couldn't see no advantage about it—except for the other people—so at last I reckoned I wouldn't worry about it no more, but just let it go."

It is this failure to recognize human absurdity—which maturity sees in every bit of dogma—that becomes, eventually, the essential character of Huck Finn. If he could have recognized, for instance, the absurd contradictions in the arguments for slavery—the moral dogma supporting it—his decision to save Jim would have been far less painful to him. But his respect for respectability—his belief even in its absurdities—convinces him that he will go to hell if he transgresses. The reader may say to himself, what could be more absurd than that? But when we couple Huck's "immoral" decision with the low farce of Jim's elaborate rescue we have, I think, a major key to the figure of Huckleberry Finn—for each is a face of the same coin. In both instances, Huck seems to face up to absurdity seriously; in the first example he makes the right choice for reasons which, for all their honesty, fail to recognize the ridiculousness of the conflict; in the second example he does exactly the same thing, except that the reader mistakenly thinks Tom Sawyer's scheme is the more ridiculous of the two situations.

Thus the function of the lecturer-pose is performed through a real character who fails to recognize absurdity either in the real world or in the fantasy world created by Tom Sawyer. These characteristics of Huckleberry Finn are part of the demands of his reality and are accepted, not as a piece of pretend between audience and lecturer, but as necessary reality between audience and character.

Twain returns again and again to this discovery in the later stories—to the situation in which the audience is in on the secret of the absurdity but the narrator—that is, the point-of-view character now wholly divorced from pose—is not: the perfect switch if the lecturer's platform is ever to become more for Sam Clemens than just a convenient podium for Mr. Mark Twain.

In *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, for instance, the entire situation is absurd, the idea of a nineteenth-century Yankee entrepreneur transported to the sixth century being ridiculous on its

face. Yet Hank Morgan, after the first shock of recognition, sees nothing absurd in the situation, accepting it at its face value and promptly beginning to use it to his own advantage and on his own realistic and pragmatic terms. Thus the serious intensity with which he goes about reforming Merry England is, so far as form is concerned, part of the lecturer-technique, except that, as in *Huckleberry Finn*, this reforming zeal is made "real" by being part of the basic character of the protagonist, therefore not phony. Hank Morgan is a person in the story, just as Sam Clemens was a person in nineteenth-century America; and, like Sam Clemens creating Mark Twain, Hank Morgan is perfectly capable of assuming a pose himself, and of deliberately using the ridiculous for a serious purpose, as when he sends out his sandwich-board knights or turns himself into an armored dragon with his tobacco-pipe; but he never thinks of himself as *absurd*, which perhaps (as Sam Clemens thinks of Mark Twain and Huck Finn thinks of Tom Sawyer) is why we don't either. Yet Hank Morgan is like Mark Twain, and like Tom Sawyer, in that he too is capable of using the lecturer-pose just for effect, and of descending to the kind of mongrel humor Huck Finn is never guilty of. But in dealing with Hank Morgan it is possible to argue that these mongrelized "effects" are not the wild extravagances they seem to be but a part of a new tack in incongruity, bound up with an increasingly negative judgment of the damned human race on Twain's part.

For instance: just after Morgan has made the cruel point of indifference to human life by showing Morgan Le Fay slipping a dirk into an innocent page, he gives her "permission"—and with a perfectly straight face—"to hang the whole band" after hearing them play "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." This scene would seem hardly designed to strengthen his avowed humanitarianism, but it foreshadows the coming cruelty of the ending, just as does the incident of the sandwich-board knights (originally a most happy bit of ridiculousness) who, "if they couldn't persuade a person to try a sewing machine on the installment plan, or a melodeon . . . or any of the other thousand things they canvassed for, they removed him and passed on." Taken only as mongrel humor, these actions would necessarily lessen the superficial moral lesson that the Middle Ages were a cruel era; yet it is in these contrasts that Mark Twain, I think, intends his ultimate comment to lie—in the evident absurdity of life itself, which one must treat seriously, conscious all the while that everything that happens is ridiculous. Thus the cruel incongruities of life are demonstrated by the killing of the page, when life is snuffed out as if there were no importance to it at all; and even the Boss himself, though he pays lip service to life as valuable, permits indifferent slaughter. One can hardly miss the absurdity when a band of manacled slaves is warmed back to life by the fire which burns a "witch"; but the ultimate absurdity arises in the final holocaust where, in the name of humanity, the Boss and his boys quietly and efficiently

stack twenty thousand human bodies up against their fence. Once one accepts the notion, however, that there is no escaping the paradoxical juxtaposition of humanity and cruelty even in the most righteous of human beings (foreshadowed even in *Huckleberry Finn* by the cruel jokes of the snake in Jim's bed and Huck's pretending he wasn't lost), *particularly when that human being is not aware of it*, the dominant motif becomes clear: the ultimate depravity of the human race is to treat absurdity seriously.

By the time this theme becomes central to *Huckleberry Finn* and *A Connecticut Yankee*, Sam Clemens had come a long, long way from the air of gravity with which he had told his first humorous tale. The problem had long since become not how to entertain but how to entertain while instructing the damned human race, in spite of all his disavowals, and this is how these two most important novels wind up. Legions of critics tackling the controversial ending of *Huckleberry Finn*, have failed to recognize the most important and crucial point of all: that in spite of Huck's central vow to help Jim escape (that is, to treat him as human instead of property), he returns in the end not only to the absurd subservience to Tom Sawyer with which the novel began but to the same generally indifferent treatment of Jim which his lifelong immersion in Southern society demands of him. His salvation has been transient; it is characteristic only of the isolated environment of the raft; once that isolation is broken, he reverts, and his final actions are ultimately selfish, part of the general human absurdity. Just as Hank Morgan's final battle reveals his essential ironic humanity, Huck's decision to "light out for the territories" leaves Jim, now a free Negro, no longer the beloved friend but a servant-like companion, who does go with him into Indian country (in the fragmentary sequel entitled *Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer Among the Indians* published in *Life*, December 20, 1968), but who is scarcely visible in the story, an afterthought to the romantic expedition. Indeed Huck, who is still the narrator in this tale, makes Jim's position quite clear in his very first reference to his former companion of the raft: "Me and Tom Sawyer and *the nigger Jim* [italics mine], that used to belong to Miss Watson. . ." (34).⁴ Jim here seems permanently relegated to an inferior position in Huck's mind, and while a sop or two is thrown to him in the next page or so ("Jim went too, because there was white men around our little town that was plenty mean enough and ornery enough to steal Jim's papers from him and sell him down the river again" [34]), he very nearly disappears entirely from the fragment thereafter, except for a discussion with Tom about Indians, all too reminiscent of his argument with Huck about kings and Frenchmen in the earlier book. Except for Tom's—not Huck's—avowal to get Jim "out of this scrape" (39) and Brace Johnson's statement that he knows why "the nigger" (41) wasn't killed, it would appear from the rest of the manuscript that Jim no longer exists after

his capture by Indians. The whole concentration of effort is on the rescue of the captive heroine Peggy, into which, I suspect, Twain felt himself so trapped along with his romantic hero that he gave the whole thing up as a bad job. Yet we are still aware here not only of Huck's reversion to type but of a kind of casual acceptance of violent death—the murder of Peggy's family, the elimination of rustlers—which make of this adventure on the plains as it did of the adventure on the raft a kind of absurd illustration of characteristic human indifference, which, in spite of the pain it causes the reader, makes Huckleberry Finn the most human of all the characters descended from Twain's oral style. Only *The Mysterious Stranger*, written in his last, most pessimistic period, presents a bleaker picture of humanity than do Huckleberry Finn and Hank Morgan. Intermediate works show a consistent concern with the basic and final theme. *Pudd'n'head Wilson*, for instance, allows its hero to recognize absurdity in the rest of humanity much as the original Mark Twain, lecturer, had (indeed, the Calendar is more a series of little spot oral damnations than it is anything else); but it is in *The Mysterious Stranger* that Mark Twain finally transmutes the lecturer-technique and makes his wide-eyed, humorless narrator-protagonist deal finally with the inherent and ultimate absurdities of the universe. In it, he seems to say that all human beings stand in the shoes of Huckleberry Finn as they view life, taking seriously a series of absurdities which, if humans were at all the rational beings they claim to be, they could not help but see as imbecilic. It is unfortunate that, unlike the lecturer, humanity does not recognize its poses as pose, as Theodor seems to at the end of *The Mysterious Stranger*. Here, one can argue, is a narrator who, like Huckleberry Finn, is a young boy, humorless and unaware, but who, unlike Huck, becomes aware of and at the end seems to confront the absurdity of human life directly and gratefully. Left at that, one must inevitably decide that Twain has at last arrived at a specific and harrowing answer: it is an absolutely indifferent universe which humanity treats as if it were purposeful and good in spite of incontrovertible evidence to the contrary; Theodor (and humanity) are better off learning the terrible truth and being grateful for the knowledge.

While he is well aware of the inherent foolishness of humanity and of its cruelties, Twain has never before treated his narrator to such a complete realization. Huck Finn never understands that his own straining after hope and goodness is ridiculous; Pudd'n'head Wilson actually brings about a positive modification of a social cruelty in spite of his awareness; Hank Morgan seems to illustrate the conscious cruelty inherent in man, yet even he believes he is performing those cruelties in the name of progress and solution.

Only Theodor seems to come to an understanding of absolute chaos and nothingness, and to welcome it, in spite of his own desire

to see good done (as with Nick and the family of Marget) and his characteristically blind attitude toward other illogical human activities (he never questions the stake for instance, only that an uncommonly pretty girl he has known is being burned at it).

One is faced at this point with a crucial question: who is the "lecturer" in this story? Is it Theodor, who is certainly telling the wildest of tales with absolute gravity? Or is it Satan, ultimately assuming the Lecturer-pose, stringing incongruities together to show the Comic Effect that is humanity's search for a Maker? But if this is so, why doesn't the audience (Theodor) laugh?

It is because, I think, both Theodor and Satan are part of the technique. Theodor represents the side of it that is still the humorless Huck, unaware of the difference between the ridiculous and the real. Satan is the lecturer, the old Mark Twain, posing and spinning tales—tales through which Theodor cannot penetrate because he, like humanity, is absurd in himself—caught up in the ambiguity between reality (an actual absurdity, an actual cruelty) on the one hand and the Angelic falsity of life as a dream on the other. Treating both as true, Theodor falls into Huck Finn's Trap: totally serious response to authority. So he remains to the end unaware and faintly surprised that anyone should think his dilemma comic.

Yet it is in this final use of the technique that Twain makes his point. Satan has assumed the pose of lecturer (for he is not even really Satan) and is therefore as impervious to belief in himself as we are to belief in him. Though this seems a return on Twain's part to the lecturer-technique, Theodor remains Huckleberry Finn—serious and human. Satan is made to remain the Tempter as he has always been, false and malicious; humanity remains Adam, fallen yet not knowing that it is. Twain has come almost to hell, technically and thematically, from the wild young funny-man of "The Jumping Frog." Perhaps he never later matched the artistic heights of telling a story that he reached in *Huckleberry Finn*—but in *The Mysterious Stranger* he did perhaps at last attempt the ultimate absurdity—a world in which nothing is real, yet everything is believed.

Boise State College

footnotes

1. As a matter of fact, this scene is funny only when one imagines it delivered from a platform in the style Twain outlined in "How to Tell a Story." One example paragraph should be sufficient:

The tomb of Adam! How touching it was, here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave my way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did

not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, I did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is. Let us take comfort in the thought that his loss is our eternal gain. (*Innocents Abroad*, Vol. II, the Authorized Edition published by the American Publishing Company, 1903, 337-338).

2. In the introduction to the Harper's Modern Classics edition of *Roughing It* (New York, 1959).

3. The uncertainty with which Twain approached the method of *Tom Sawyer* is strikingly evident in Bernard DeVoto's discussion and printing of "Boy's Manuscript" in *Mark Twain at Work* (most easily available currently in the Houghton Mifflin Sentry edition, 1967, 25-44). Obviously, as both the early fragment of narrative and Twain's own remarks reveal, he could not yet divorce his own adult first-person from the character he was trying to create. The resultant schizoid style of Billy Rogers' journal reveals, I think, the basic problem which impelled Twain into the third person in *Tom Sawyer*.

4. All page numbers here referred to are those of the *Life* version (Vol. 65, No. 25, December 20, 1968), 32-50A).