



Photo by Ewing Krainin

Sitting pretty in the Pink City

This is the way to see Jaipur—from a golden howdah atop a painted elephant.

From New York, you can take a jet to Delhi, an air-conditioned train or chauffeur-driven car to Jaipur, but once in Jaipur, choose a maharajah's palace for your hotel, and an elephant to see the sights. Just as his ancestors have borne Rajput princes, so will "Hathi" take you up the winding hillside road to Fort Amber.

You will literally see the world below through rose-colored glasses. For all Jaipur is sculptured from soft pink sandstone. Visitors affectionately call it the Pink City. Architects call it the most beautiful city in the world. Its people will recount to you romantic tales of chivalry of the proud Rajputs who chose to die in defense of their honor.

When you can bring yourself to leave Jaipur, fly south to Udaipur with its floating palaces, to Mount Abu with its marble temples, south to cosmopolitan Bombay.

**Come to Jaipur. Sooner or later
most world travellers do.**

For brochure on Jaipur see your travel agent or write
Dept. SR
Government of

India

NEW YORK: 19 East 49th Street

SAN FRANCISCO: 685 Market Street

TORONTO: 177 King Street W.

Tourist Office

TRADE Winds

IT LOOKS AS IF sex is here to stay, and at a pretty stiff price, too. The new quarterly *Eros* is yours for the asking, plus \$10 per copy. It's a lavish production, full of classical references and art, and will likely become known as



the *American Heritage* of the bedroom. A promotion piece calls it "the magazine of sexual candor." On the outside of the envelope announcing the voluptuous project is the caption "An Offering to You from the God of Love." It will carry no advertising, not even for love potions.

HOWEVER, from the volume of mail we've received about onomatopoeitic associations, it looks as if etymology could outrank sex any day. It all started with the observation that many words beginning with the consonants *sn* seemed to be related to the nose (sneeze, sniff, snore, etc.). Now, thanks to *TRADE WINDS* readers, we have enough sound-meaning associations to fill a good-sized dictionary (many readers independently noted that thinking up new associations was the perfect cure for insomnia). Among the most popular were the associations with words beginning with *gl* (glare, glitter, glint, glow, etc.), indicating brightness or light. But at the same time, one correspondent wrote that words beginning with the same consonants indicated just the opposite (glum, gloom, glower). For one reader (there are too many to mention individually, but all their letters will be acknowledged), words beginning with *sh* indicate motion (shake, shimmy, shrug, shudder); for another, the same consonants mean repression (shut, shunt, shelve). *Qu* seems to mean subdued to some readers (quash, quiet, quell) and uneasy to one (quake, quail, quaver). But many agreed that the letter *l* takes us right back to sex again: lewd, licentious, lascivious, lecherous, libertine, lustful, libidinous. Even an eighth-grade class, of all things, landed on this association. Several respondents took exception to associating words beginning with *fl* with graceful, light movement (flowing, fluid, flying). They

looked at it in just the opposite way (flop, flank, flat). And one professor notes that he has proof that words such as this have nothing whatever to do with graceful movement.

"For 318 of our first semester students in English composition," he writes, "the initial gambit of *fl* connotes something remote from this meaning. They flunked."

FROM PENGUIN'S NEW "Dictionary of Quotations," you can learn many things. In case you've ever wondered who said all those famous lines that keep coming up in conversation, this is where you can find out. "My country 'tis of thee" was the lyrical statement of the Reverend Samuel F. Smith (1808-95). "A whale ship was my Yale College and my Harvard" was the statement of Herman Melville. But the famous "I must get out of these wet clothes and into a dry martini" was *not* said by Robert Benchley, as is commonly thought, but by Alexander Woollcott.

VANCE PACKARD, who is hard at work on a book about the American executive, writes to observe that recent Book-of-the-Month Club advertisements seem to feature titles that are steeped in morbidity. In a single ad he noticed: "The Edge of Sadness," "The Agony and the Ecstasy," "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," "To Kill a Mockingbird," "The Coming Fury," "A Matter of Life and Death," "The Winter of Our Discontent," "The King Must Die," "The Last of the Just," "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," "Who Killed Society?"

About the only cheerful note in the BOMC titles are: "Ideal Marriage," followed logically, of course, by "Dr. Spock Talks to Mothers."

BUT IF THINGS sometimes seem dismal here, they seem to be a little brighter

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1456)

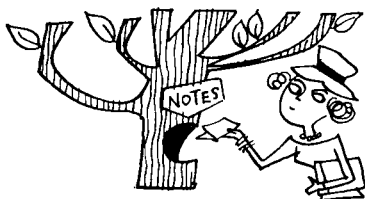
J. GUNTHER:
INSIDE EUROPE TODAY

East Berlin may look poor on the surface, but East Germany as a whole is prosperous, with a solid—and mounting—industrial output. This country is not just a facade or shadow state; it is a real country, and it completely surrounds Berlin.

in Moscow. The magazine *Atlas* has come up with an article called "Moscow Laughs," which points out that the political joke is still flourishing in the USSR, and has a strange kinship to the "sick comedy" on the American scene. When Stalin's body was removed from its mausoleum, a current story has it that Lenin woke up in the coffin beside him and asked where he was going. "I'm leaving," Stalin replied. "I was getting tired of sharing a room and now they've finally assigned me an apartment all to myself."

Atlas also reports on a legendary character by the name of Rabinovitch, who is the subject of thousands of stories. He leaves Moscow for a trip through Europe, sending postcards back from wherever he might be at the time. Successively, he writes: "Greetings from a free Warsaw," "Greetings from a free Prague," "Greetings from a free Budapest," and then he finally reaches Paris, where he writes: "Greetings from a free Rabinovitch."

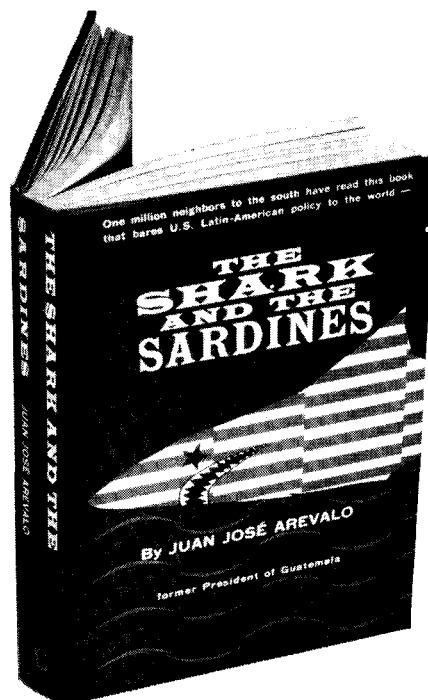
IN GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL, the "Open Book" bookshop, which was designed so that it would stand in the corridor and no one would feel trapped (there are no doors to enter, and it's open on both ends), has now become such a smashing success that another one is being opened on the lower level. Featured will be a "Note Tree," where people who are going to meet each other can leave messages free of charge. It's a workable version of the old gag which went: "If you get there first, put an 'X' on the sidewalk; if I get there first, I'll rub it out."



A NEW YORK TAXI DRIVER is also intent on making his customers happy. Hanging over the back of the front seat is a rack which contains: 1) the daily paper, neatly folded; 2) a note pad and pencil for the busy passenger; 3) an up-to-date calendar; 4) a guide to the latest films and Broadway shows; 5) a classified guide to night clubs; and; 6) the latest information sheets from leading stock market brokers. From the front of the front seat comes an analysis-in-depth of the best possible growth stocks, conservatively chosen, and with full details of their management policies and balance sheets.

There was only one trouble when we rode with this paragon of a driver: We were so fascinated we forgot to leave him a tip.
—JOHN G. FULLER.

WHY HAS THIS BOOK STIRRED UP SUCH A HORNET'S NEST?



THE SHARK AND THE SARDINES is one of the most controversial books of our time. One of the most widely read books in Latin America, it describes a harvest of hate reported to be reaped by the U.S.A. south of our border. It names names—and documents little known scandals. It exposes the connivers and the crooks, the bribers and the bullies.

Said Jack Brady in *The Beacon*: "It is one of the most shattering profiles of the United States ever to appear in print . . . It gives Americans a much-needed opportunity to see ourselves as others see us."

"The book that bares U.S. Latin-American policy to the world was written by Dr. Juan José Arévalo, who is prominent and popular throughout Latin America. He served as President of Guatemala for six years under its new constitution. During that time he promoted advanced social legislation to raise living standards among the working class and the peasants—and to protect the right of the 'have-nots' in court."

Said the *Anniston Star*: "It is one of the most searing books ever written about relations between the United States and its Latin neighbors . . . It tells why so many Latin Americans are disillusioned about the U.S., indignant about our practices and aroused to action. **THE SHARK AND THE SARDINES** is not a happy book for Americans to read, but it offers an opportunity to see ourselves as others see us."

Said *The Militant*: "An angry book . . . the study of the rape of Latin America. . . For this, its first edition in English, Dr. Arévalo has written a brief but powerful preface specifically addressed to the American reader. This is an important book for all Americans to read—and study. . ."

The Houston Post declared: "Arévalo is a master writer and the book is fascinating reading."

Said the *Albany Times-Union*: "The fact is that the history of U. S. relations with Latin America is not an altogether pretty story. Bananas, oil, coffee, copper and tin are for most Latin Americans symbols of Yankee greed and exploitation. And there is some justification for the Latin-American view. . ."

THE SHARK AND THE SARDINES by Dr. Juan José Arévalo is available wherever books are sold. Or you may use the coupon below to order it directly from the publisher.

Dept. SR-9

**Lyle Stuart, Publisher,
225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N. Y.**

Please send me by return mail a copy of **THE SHARK AND THE SARDINES** by Dr. Juan José Arévalo, for which I enclose payment in full of \$4.95.

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THE TWIST: BRAVE NEW WHIRL

By MARSHALL FISHWICK, *professor of American studies at Washington and Lee University.*

HISTORY suggests that there is one clear manifestation of approaching middle age: when you and your closest friends conclude that the younger generation is "going to the dogs." So it is in every culture, every clime. Plato's friends are a case in point. So are Dante's. My favorite story on this theme is much closer to home, however, involving two tight-lipped Vermont farmers sitting around a winter stove. The first one complains that there's been far too much he-ing and she-ing going on in the valley lately. To which his neighbor gives a sparse answer: "'Bout same as usual, Jake. Only other people are doing it now."

The favorite parental target in 1962 is the new dance rage, the Twist. Not even the Russians come in for such violent denunciation in some quarters. Parents forbid it individually, and some towns communally. The dance draws such descriptive epithets as barbaric, erotic, inhuman, and satanic. Listening to a group of local ladies sound off recently, I realized that I had heard a remarkably similar description myself once—when I learned how to jitterbug!

So did my father, he admitted privately—when he did the Charleston.

Actually I do not intend to debate the merits or demerits of the Twist. Whether or not the American girl has sacrificed romance for sex appeal I am not prepared to say; but if anyone thinks sex didn't appeal before the days of the Twist, I'll take my stand and slug. If this be treason, I am prepared to make the most of it.

As a student of American culture, I am willing to argue more: that the Twist is a valid manifestation of the Age of Anxiety; an outward manifestation of the anguish, frustration, and uncertainty of the 1960s; an effort to release some of the tension which, if suppressed and buried, could warp and destroy.

In our dancing, as in our ideology and diplomacy, we show who we are, and what America is in the twentieth century.

The same can be said, of course, for other people in other ages. The smug, rationalistic, Cartesian eighteenth century danced the minuet. The aroused, romantic, Darwinian nineteenth century waltzed. The tempo of the times is mirrored in the tempo of the music. Can this be applied to the twentieth century, and the "wild" outbursts of

our musicians and dancers? I think so. My case would run something like this:

Around the turn of the century—historians will always argue about just when—there was a notable quickening in the American tempo. "Everybody knows that at *some* point in the twentieth century America went through a cultural revolution," writes Henry F. May in "The End of Innocence." "Glance at a family album, or pick up a book or magazine dated 1907. You will find yourself in a completely vanished world."

Descartes was being supplanted by Einstein; the static by the fluid; causality by purpose; harmony by dissonance; product by process. The single-mindedness of Victorian days gave way to ambivalence and a plurality of feeling. Soldiers died in the Spanish-American War quoting the Founding Fathers. The G.I. Joes of World War II went out quoting Ernest Hemingway. Therein lies the tale.

To tell it fully in a short article, or long book, is out of the question. We are too close to the transformation either to recognize or evaluate all that has happened. Sociologists have begun to document the change from the Protestant ethic to the social ethic; from individualism to togetherness. Political



Twist titan Chubby Checker

—UPI



Twister in Paris

—UPI



At the Peppermint Lounge

—Wide World