Clausdette Sorel

"IN THE FRONT RANK OF AMERICAN PIANISTS"


Thursday, April 11, 1968 - 8:30 p.m.
HEWITT UNION BALLROOM
Admission: $2.50, $3.50 or Passbook
Tickets Now: Campus Box Office 1-11; 8:30-5:30 P.M. Phone 341-214
Concert-Assembly Committee

It seems the devil still goes around and traps the unwary. The other day, down city, a gentleman of my acquaintance told me the following story. A friend of his had just died and had left a diary with a day to day account of how the deceased had become a very successful executive.

One day, so the diary goes, the deceased as a rather young man sat at a lunch counter, despondently picking away at the food. He had just lost his first job, and his major ambition in life was to be a success, a great success, a man to whom other men would look for leadership. And now he had not been able to hold down his first job. At that moment, a quiet, conservatively dressed gentleman opposite leaned forward, and as if reading the thoughts of the young man, pushed a book under his nose with the title How to Manipulate People for Success. The quiet one leaned forward and said with a friendly voice: "My organization tries to help people like you. Try the manual. There will be no charge if it does not work. If it does, we will collect a small fee on the installation plan." With these words, he got up and was immediately lost in the lunchroom crowd that filled the restaurant.

The young man had a curious feeling as he thumbed through the book. Somewhere the encounter had been spooky, but the book was hard-bound enough. How to Butter Superiors was one chapter heading, How to Slap and Knife Without Causing Bloodstains another. It seemed to be a useful manual, and as far as the payments were concerned, how would the fellow know? He hadn't even asked for the name, or address. The young man took the book home. On the subway he learned the first chapter by heart. Curiously enough, the book depicted itself on his mind without any conscious effort, but the young man ascribed that to his superior intelligence.

The young man found a new job very quickly, and having absorbed the book thoroughly, he was soon promoted to a better position. He began to wonder about the installation plan, but nobody showed up to collect. However, on the morning after his second promotion, he looked in the mirror and noticed that he looked as if he was encased in a glass-envelope. The face seemed to be below the point where his razor cut across the stubble. But he gave it no thought, except to blame a faulty mirror.

The young man married, a beautiful debutante, after his third promotion. On the first honeymoon morning, he looked again in the mirror, this time with a certain premonition, and unmistakeably, there was a glassy outline around him - he seemed to shrink within his glassy reflection. The mirror had shattered. The face seemed to be a useful manual, and the young man, not having noticed, or at least pretending not to notice, the installation plan, but nobody showed up to collect. However, on the morning after his second promotion, he looked in the mirror and noticed that he looked as if he was encased in a glass-envelope. The face seemed to be below the point where his razor cut across the stubble. But he gave it no thought, except to blame a faulty mirror.

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From Under My Beret