

*Winds
of change
are howling
at the
well-guarded
portals of
Harvard's
most elite
and secret club,
the Porcellian.*

Brotherhood of the Pig

*Inside,
the chant goes on,
as it has
for generations:
"Song!
Story!
Recitation!
Or strip!"*

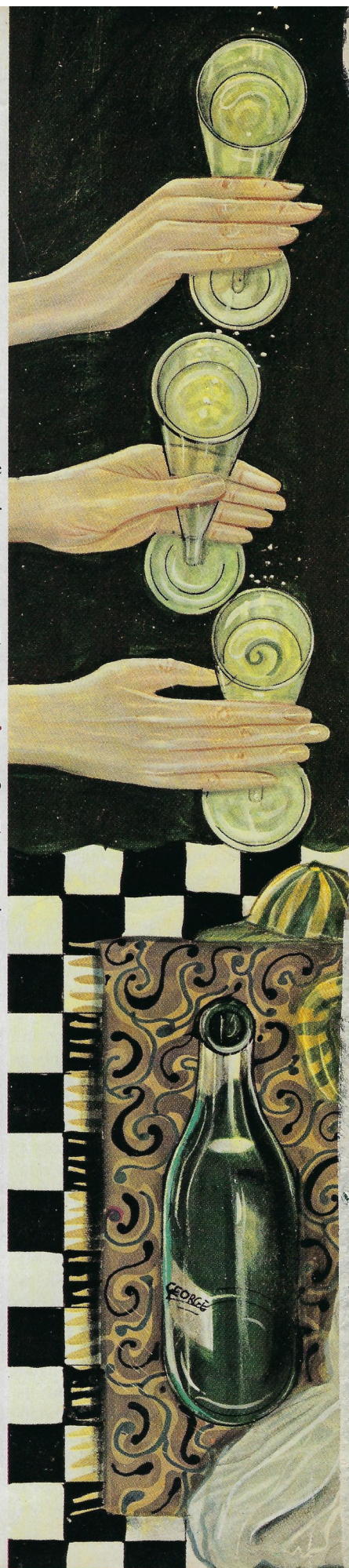


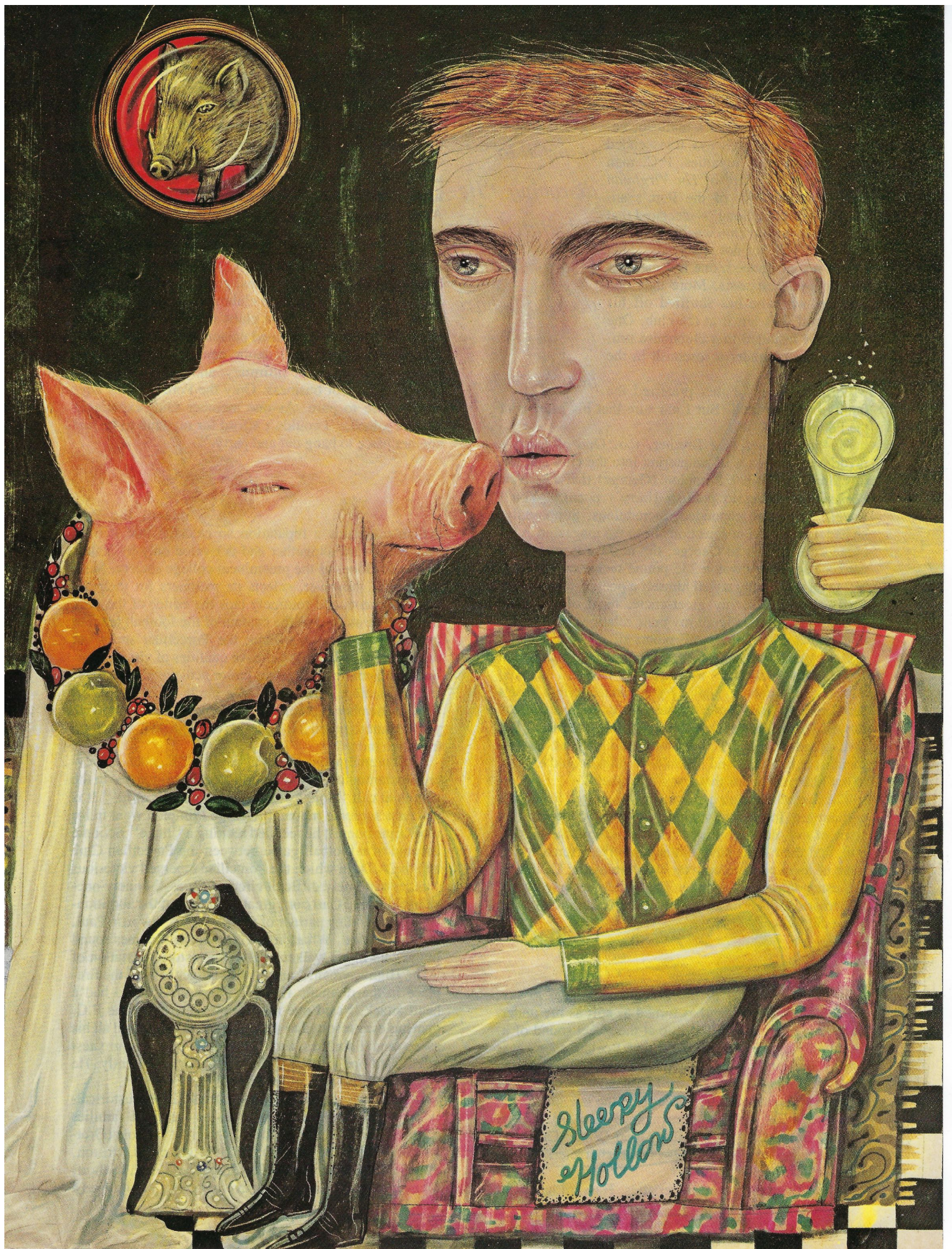
My father was generally oblivious to the animal world, but he did have an unusual affection for pigs. Around our house he had every possible kind except, thank heaven, the live variety. He had porcelain pigs, ceramic pigs, carved pigs, embroidered pigs, painted pigs.... They overran our living-room mantelpiece,

swept over the tabletops, covered his bureau, popped up on his cuff links, watch chain and ties and even appeared on our drinking glasses and saltcellar.

Why all these pigs? Because my father was a Brother Porcellian—a member, that is, of Harvard's august Porcellian Club—and the pig is the club's emblem. Founded in 1791, the P.C. is, as my father often reminded me, the oldest continuously operating social club in America. More important, its members are, as John Marquand's George Apley summarized it in a letter to his son, "the best people." Blue bloods mostly, although that has been changing markedly in recent years, much to the elder clubmen's consternation. It is said that it was Franklin Delano Roosevelt's greatest disappointment in life that he never made the Porcellian and had to make do with the Fly. (Even though FDR made good in the end, the P.C.

BY JOHN SEDGWICK expresses few regrets. "What did Roosevelt





Sleepy
Hollows

expect?" said one member. "He was a weird, disaffected, insouciant mama's boy.")

Like being a priest or a mafioso, being a Brother has always transcended most other earthly loyalties. P.C. man Owen Wister—author of *The Virginian* and, more notably, of the Porc's anthem, "The Club Song"—declared that his bond to the old club was so exalted it could be "felt but not analyzed." One cannot resign. Indeed, one is a member for life *and then some*. More than one Brother, when he has shuffled off his mortal coil, has left it at the club. One old boy is installed in a clubhouse urn, another buried under a rosebush in the garden.

Fortunately, my father preferred the family burial ground. But I am sure that his heart is at the Porc.

My half-brother is a Brother, too. One of Harry's favorite memories is of sauntering into the club and letting drop to Brother Plimpton (George) that *The New Yorker* was going to publish Harry's poem. "You?! You?!" Plimpton responded, incredulous. Supposedly, he had a drawerful of rejections from the magazine in his bureau. To be fair to George, the news was somewhat unexpected; Harry was a 235-pound tackle on the football team and hardly styled himself a poet.

My grandfather, my great-uncle, most of my male cousins and practically all my male relations going back to my great-grandfather. . . Brothers all.

But I am not a Brother. As a Harvard undergraduate in 1973, I was "punched" for the club—that is, I received a handwritten note on stationery decorated with a boar's head inviting me, rather mysteriously, to meet at the Lowell House gate for an "outing" one Saturday. The note included an RSVP, but I never did respond. I was a socialist at the time, and I didn't see how I could explain to my Marxist friends that I was a Brother.

The Porcellian Club has somehow managed to survive without me. In the intervening years, I have learned that some of my old prep-school friends did join the Porcellian, and their lives have not apparently suffered for it. (One of them plans to convert his winnings in California real estate into a *real* estate in England to become a lord, or perhaps a duke or an earl.) And I began to wonder: What did I miss?



h, the Porcellian. I have to say, now that my radicalism has turned as soft as my underbelly, my heart does lift a little at the sweet sound of it. Bertrand Russell once claimed that "cellar door" was one of the most beautiful phrases in the language; he must never have heard the word "Porcellian." It evokes a languorous, aristocratic scene from the late nineteenth century, full of wit and extravagance, as illustrated by Aubrey Beardsley, with text by Oscar Wilde. Or have I succumbed to what's termed pig fever, characterized by a burning desire to be a Porker?

Just as there are other universities, Harvard has other

Only one P.C. man has ever resorted to disrobing. "He calculated all his assets and decided to bare his greatest gift."

final clubs—the A.D., the Fly, the Owl, the Spee among them, and no doubt they have their loyalists, too. But the others seem to be mere frats by comparison, and I say this not just because my family belongs to the Porc. Former Spee president Doug Kenney drew on his years at that club for the inspiration for the ultimate frat movie, *Animal House*, and the others simply don't have the Porcellian's social cachet. No less an authority than Cleveland Amory placed the Porcellian at the pinnacle of Harvard society in *The Proper Bostonians*, with only the A.D. anywhere close. But the A.D. has fallen off badly in recent years—one horrified P.C. man called it Liberty Hall—and the rest of the clubs, good Lord! *Those* clubs let girls in to visit so that the clubmen can make free with them on pool tables; *those* clubs install vats of nitrous oxide for sniffing, stage coed pajama parties, host initiation rituals so high in alcoholic content that they leave their participants in the infirmary; and *those* clubs occasionally go out of business. Only the Porc remains anywhere close to pure. As one member said, explaining why he joined, "I couldn't afford for my club to be just another place to hang out and party."



Indeed, the Porcellian maintains a reputation so celestial that it transcends Harvard altogether and is rivaled only by Yale's Skull and Bones as the preeminent college society. Skull and Bones, however, selects its members for their accomplishments and routinely taps the editor of the *Yale Daily News* as well as the captain of the football team to become members *ex officio*; the Porcellian seeks out candidates with the more elusive qualities of virtue, manliness and charm. It is less a junior achievers' club than, as one member described it, "a circle of friends." As another member explained, "We're looking for someone you'd want to go on a long train ride with." A very long train ride indeed.

The entertainment aspect of being a P.C. man, however, is paramount. Any club get-together culminates in the perennial call "Song! Story! Recitation! Or strip!" It is always a supreme moment. George Plimpton went in for mock epic poems; he recalled reciting a "huge" fictional account of a football game between the Porcellian Club and the A.D. in which the Porcellian emerged victorious "under extremely difficult circumstances." Ninety-one-year-old Lloyd Garrison, great-grandson of the abolitionist and a founding partner of the New York law firm Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, still comes round to the club in his walker to give his historic recitation of "The Highwayman," and he still lunges toward the fireplace in the dramatic finale. "I was afraid he'd had a heart attack," said one recent observer. Only one P.C. man has ever resorted to disrobing. "He calculated all his assets and liabilities and decided to bare his greatest gift," said one Porker. Quite a member, apparently. He is immortalized as Brother Tripod.

In its quest for a few good men, the P.C. has historically been guided by such markers as the right families (Cabots, Lowells, Saltonstalls), the right schools (Grotton, St. Mark's, St. Paul's) and the right cities (Boston, Philadelphia, New York). The Porcellian is not, in short, for everyone. It has taken, on average, only 11 clubmen a

year since its founding, bringing the total race of Porkers, dead and alive, to about 2,000. Despite the heavy reliance on solid Brahmin stock, and the insistence that what William James called the bitch goddess, success, not figure in the selection process, the club's membership has done pretty well. Among the ranks of the dead members are Oliver Wendell Holmes, architect H. H. Richardson, scientist Louis Agassiz, Henry Cabot Lodge and Theodore Roosevelt. TR was so enamored of the club that he bestowed upon it a number of the boars' heads that hang in the club's banquet hall and also a hippopotamus that he somehow had transformed into a Chippendale couch for its large clubroom. Delighted that his daughter Alice chose to marry a Brother, Nicholas Longworth, Roosevelt gaily noted this fact in a letter to Kaiser Wilhelm that detailed the engagement: "Nick and I are both members of the Porc, you know."

And the living members aren't slouches either. The club publishes a membership list each year—under a green cover adorned with a boar's head—and it is surprising to see what names pop up: arms negotiator Paul Nitze; Merrill Lynch's chairman of capital markets, Michael von Clemm; two Hamilton Fishes, *père et fils*; Colorado Senator Timothy Wirth, whose seat was also sought by a fellow clubman, Terence Considine; and computer entrepreneur Edward Stabler.

But the eyes stray to a few other names on the list, such as John II Kwun, Eli Gabriel Attie and Ronald SukBae Lee, and the eyes pop. Yes, the Porc has gone democratic. A black was admitted in 1983, a black from St. Paul's School, to be sure, but a black nonetheless. He was followed by a black from Andover, who astonished the membership by singing the Motown hit "Tracks of My Tears" when the call came for a song during the initiation banquet. Jews, Koreans, Filipinos and Ethiopians are on the list. The Ethiopian is named Selassie, and the joke around campus is that he was let in because the clubmen assumed he was royalty. (He's not—in Ethiopia the surname Selassie is as common as Jones is here.) All this leaves elder clubmen, in the standard P.C. phrase, "shocked and horrified." What renders them speechless is the fact that there are now quite a few Mormons in the club, including two out of the latest crop of eleven. "Whaat?" shrieked Nelson Aldrich, P.C. class of '57 and the author of *Old Money*, when I told him the news. "Oh, my."

Ethiopians are one thing, Mormons another. Mormons, you see, don't drink, and alcohol has always been to the clubmen what gas is to a limo. In his memoirs, the publisher and P.C. man Cass Canfield calculated that his lifetime intake of hard liquor would fill a tank that measures ten feet by thirteen by two—much of the alcohol, one has to suppose, consumed while at the Porcellian. He detailed the club's annual drink-fest competition, in which he was invariably a leading contender: honiarty and gin before breakfast, a quart of champagne at breakfast, then a martini an hour until lunch, whereupon two martinis and another quart of champagne,

The club's drinking has subsided a great deal in recent years, thanks in part to the arrival of large numbers of Mormons.

then martinis on the hour till dinner, then two preprandial martinis, another quart of champagne with dinner and hourly postprandial scotch and sodas till midnight. Whoever was left standing won. The club's alcoholism has subsided a great deal since Canfield's day, but it is still an important ingredient in the merrymaking. How else could the clubmen sing? How else could anyone enjoy their singing? (As the club's Latin motto urges, "*Dum Vivimus Vivamus*"—"While we live, let's live.")

One recent initiate said he sat next to a Mormon at a club dinner and "it was like talking to a 50-year-old minister." "The Mormons do have a sobering influence on the club," a member admitted mournfully, not trying to be funny. But the club's grand marshal took it all in stride, indicating that it was up to the undergraduates to choose the new members, and he trusted their judgment. And Nelson Aldrich ultimately agreed, saying that it was the role of the P.C. as an old-money institution to "confirm and confer" status. Now, it appeared, they were passing status along to Mormons.

And access. Hearing of the number of P.C. men in high places, one might wonder if the P.C. is yet another program on the old-boy network. The answer is yes, probably. My half-brother once had to call Paul Nitze, whom he knew as a name only; he told Nitze's secretary that "Brother Sedgwick, class of '51," was on the line and, as Harry put it, "bingo"—Nitze came right on. And others have made use of the connection while traveling around the world. One young Brother interrupted Ambassador Nicholas Platt's negotiations over the Philippine base treaties to request a dinner with him in Manila.

Yet while Porkers are only too happy to open the door to their brethren, it is up to them to behave once they get inside. In this regard, the case of George Polk is instructive. Brother Polk almost certainly made use of his close association with Brother von Clemm to become Von Clemm's assistant at Merrill Lynch. As one Harvard acquaintance said, "All Polk could talk about was Von Clemm this and Von Clemm that." But once he got in, he made two critical errors. One, on the day after the October market crash he cavalierly told a *Wall Street Journal* reporter that the crash was good for yuppies, since it would clear out a lot of the deadwood blocking their path to success; and, two, while he didn't divulge his name for publication, he did allow himself to be identified as occupying a limousine in Cambridge at the time of the interview. Only one Merrill Lynch employee was in a limo in Cambridge at the time. The quote found its way onto the front page of the next day's *Wall Street Journal*, and Von Clemm was not pleased. He gave Brother Polk a choice: resign or work in the mailroom. Having just signed an expensive two-year lease on his apartment, Polk picked the humiliation of the mailroom. He lasted only a few weeks there before calling it quits.



Even though my father had gone to the Porcellian Club about once a month for his entire adult life, I still didn't know exactly where the place was when I began my investigation. He'd never brought me—or any of his family, except occasionally Brother Harry—along. As far as I knew, when Dad went to the Porcellian, he left the galaxy. (continued on page 364)

Mano a Mano in Monaco

shut kamikaze qualifying lap. "The tougher the conditions, the better I like them," says Magic, who takes perverse pleasure in jarring bumps and slippery manhole covers—the hazards Prost so detests on city-street circuits like Monaco, Detroit and Adelaide.

Around the track, the married Prost works bankers' hours. Bachelor Senna lingers late at night in the pits, pestering mechanics to triple-check each bolt and suspension rod. The monomaniacal Senna and McLaren's new Japanese army of Honda engineers have "turned McLaren into a winning machine," laments Prost ruefully. "There's not much room for fun or joking around anymore." Actually, among the true champions, there never was. To maintain the glacial emotions needed to win Monaco, Jackie Stewart, a three-time Monaco winner, would refuse to laugh or get angry twenty-four hours before the race. For the same reason, British ace Stirling Moss refrained from sex for five nights before each run.

With a scant twenty-two laps to go, Senna leads Prost by nearly a minute and seems all but unbeatable. So Prost, master of the psych-out, decides to go for the Brazilian's Achilles' heel, his victory-at-all-costs gluttony. On lap 57, barreling down Boulevard Albert I past the pits, the Professor astoundingly hammers out the fastest lap time of the race (1:26.714), besting Senna by two seconds. The Professor is tweaking Senna's passion for the win.

Senna muscles the gearshift into first and hurls his McLaren around Rascasse corner, passing the pit boards where Prost's record lap time is posted. He glares. Magic will not let the Professor's burst of speed pass.

On laps 58 and 59 he takes up Prost's challenge, driving even faster and harder than before. He recklessly lays down record-

breaking laps back-to-back. Monaco's collective jaw drops. Inconceivable. This sport is dangerous enough when played by the books. But here, before the eyes of half a billion fans worldwide, the two greatest drivers on earth seem ready to battle to the death.

In the McLaren pits, anxious team manager Ron Dennis radios Senna, "You are under no pressure. Prost has no chance of catching you. Relax." Senna can relax on water skis. He can relax while playing with one of his radio-controlled model airplanes. He cannot relax in a race car. While some drivers, like fellow Brazilian and three-time world champion Nelson Piquet, are laid-back to the point of snoozing in the pit lane, Senna is coiled tight as a clock spring. Force him to ease off and his skin crawls.

Nevertheless, following orders, Senna dials down his boost and throttles back to a lap time three seconds slower than before. But as his speed plummets, so does his concentration. Nearly a minute ahead of the pack and cruising into the Portier waterfront curve, a gimme, Senna kisses the inside rail with his right tire. His brakes lock, and he ricochets into a metal barrier. "I crashed! I crashed!" he radios Dennis.

One mistake in three days (including practice runs) of flawless driving. What went wrong? Magic himself was offering no excuses. "My fault, that's all," he'll say later. He is expressionless, stoic, resigned, as he lifts himself from the crumpled car.

Long before reaching Portier, Prost learns that Senna has blown it. Word of disaster travels the course as fast as the race cars themselves. Passing through Casino curve, Prost glimpses through his greasy visor a fluttering tricolor and French fans screaming themselves hoarse: "*Prost en tête!*"

Senna removes his helmet and earplugs and watches Prost sail through Portier. The

Brazilian scowls and spits. His apartment is just a few minutes' walk from the black skid marks he has left on Avenue Princess Grace. Helmet in hand, Senna walks home, unplugs his telephone and showers. For now his magic is over.

Twelve laps hence, Prost will win his fourth Monaco Grand Prix, the thirtieth victory of his career, and set another world record. He will make his victory lap to a cacophony of yacht horns and pass by Ste. Dévote Church, where twenty-six drivers started the race less than two hours and 161 miles ago. Only eleven will finish. On the royal crimson podium, Prost will remove a sweaty fireproof driving glove and pump Prince Rainier's hand. The Frenchman will grin broadly during a recorded rendition of "La Marseillaise," then christen TV crews within range of his double magnum of Moët & Chandon.

That night, at the Monte Carlo Sporting Club's black-tie gala, the celebration will move into high gear. Elegantly handsome in his double-breasted tuxedo, Prost will dine with the prince and talk fast cars and French politics. After sorbet, the dining-room ceiling will roll back for a view of the fireworks splashing overhead. Prost, the princess and sundry other bon ton will then adjourn to Jimmy's discotheque to roister till dawn.

But right now Prost presses his blistered right foot on the accelerator, shoves his stick shift into third and threads La Piscine for the last time. At the finish line, police are cordoning off the royal box, where the prince and the royal family are rising to their feet. Barreling past the checkered flag, the Professor takes his left hand from the steering wheel, clenches his fist and reaches for the sky. ■

.....
Stewart McBride, who lives in Paris, is writing a book on the Formula One Grand Prix.

Brotherhood of the Pig

(continued from page 307)

Actually, he went to 1324 Massachusetts Avenue in Harvard Square, where the Porcellian Club occupies a large five-story brick building that also houses the preppy clothier J. August. Those who don't already know the club is there would have few reasons to suspect so. It presents little to the world except a black door with a boar's head over it and, on the floor above that, a peculiar mirror that, according to legend, works like a kind of periscope to allow the clubmen to gaze down upon the pedestrians below without being seen. For the same reason, it is a club rule never to turn the lights on inside until dusk, when the shades are pulled. To the street, consequently, the Porcellian's windows are always dark.

In former, more trusting days, the door was kept unlocked, and visitors could freely enter a vestibule called the Bicycle Room,

which, according to one account, contains some ancient bike racks, six cane chairs and a sign saying that "booksellers, peddlers and solicitors" are not allowed in the building. For those who wished to go further, a secret button brought an inquiring voice through a speaker tube. Now, however, the door is locked, and there is no bell.

There is a telephone in the club, though. When I called, I reached the club's deputy marshal, or undergraduate president, Jackson Lewis. He was wonderfully polite. He listened patiently while I told him my intention to find out what I'd missed by passing up that outing in 1973, and then he thanked me "for my time and interest" but said it was against club policy to discuss the club with outsiders. "How about a tour of the premises?" I pressed. "That would be quite impossible," he replied and bid me good-bye.

Actually, I had known that a tour would be

out of the question. I'd just wanted to hear what he'd say. Requirements for admission of nonmembers are steep. One doesn't absolutely *have* to have saved the free world to get in, but it helps. Winston Churchill and Dwight Eisenhower are among the very few who have wangled an invite. But only one each. When Eisenhower inquired about a second visit on a return trip to Cambridge, he was rebuffed.

Even the wives of Porcellian clubmen are not allowed in, for the simple reason that they are not Brothers. They are Sisters. (Literally. If I were a member, my wife would be called Sister Sedgwick.) And Sisters are allowed into the club only on the occasion of their marriage and on their twenty-fifth anniversary. Few women take advantage of it; my mother never did. The Porcellian is no place for women, and not just because of the occasional low humor. (The garden, for in-

Brotherhood of the Pig

stance, is called Mrs. Graham's Hole.) It is simply a man's place. That is the whole point. When I asked one member if he'd brought his wife in, he paused a couple of beats before answering the way you do when encountering a *really* dumb question. "No," he said finally. To do so had never occurred to him.

Women are not only not allowed, they are not even discussed, since too often romantic attachments overlap between Brothers. One young woman slept with half the club. It would never do to start comparing notes. "That would be divisive," one member said.

Still, even without a tour, I can imagine the place. The club's English motto is "The Same Yesterday, Today and Forever," and that tells you pretty much everything you need to know. The current clubhouse went up on the exact site of the original one—torn down for urban renewal—and opened on the hundredth anniversary of the club's founding; it still looks like a men's club of 1891. It has several clubrooms, a bathroom decorated with the requisite Victorian-style bathroom illustrations, a kitchen, a bar (where one significant change occurred when Molson beer was substituted for Heinekin upon the election of Ian Molson, class of '77), a small dining room, a vast banquet hall and, on the fifth floor, a refuge called the Honeybee's Rest, to which one can retire to breathe "the purest air in the world." "Honeybee" is the club word for "black"; it dates from when the club's deputy grand announced that no one should call blacks "niggers" anymore. "So we'll call them honeybees," someone said, and so they have. (It is called the Rest because it used to be the spot where the help went to relax on their breaks.)

The club has its grand marshal ("the Grand") and its deputy grand ("Brother Dep"), but it is run, in every practical sense, by the club steward, who, whether black or Irish, maintains the air of an imperious English butler. "You don't fuck with him," said one member. In style, the Porcellian is Men's Club Antique: dark-paneled, bookish (with leather-bound classics and a complete collection of *Punch* magazine), seedy in the genteel manner and filled with bizarre mementos that you have to be a member to fully appreciate, like the bottle of "squaw pee" and a decayed penis used in a primitive South Seas fertility rite that was sent to the club by an amateur anthropologist P.C. man and promptly dubbed "the club prick." There is a music box given by the Morgan family that is of Morgan proportions: It is the size of a grand piano and plays nothing but Beethoven's Fifth. Or would, if it worked.

As in Pee-wee's playhouse, all the furniture is named—one cozy chair is Sleepy Hollow, another seat is the H. H. Richardson Chair, since it was the architect's favorite, and an uncomfortable couch is the Rockpile. The initiates must memorize these bits of P.C. trivia, and they are grilled about them

by their elders. In this way, the lore is passed down from generation to generation.

There is no TV, no video games, no Ping-Pong table. There is an ancient billiard table, but it is little used. "So what do you do?" I asked one P.C. man. "Nothing!" he replied joyously. In truth, that's not quite right. Porcellians converse, and they drink, and they joke around, and then they drink some more. It is all quite fun, I expect.

In a world of change, the P.C. is permanent, and this gives the club much of its charm. A cousin of mine who lives overseas hadn't been back to the Porc in decades when he found himself in awkward circumstances on a trip to Boston not long ago. He'd had a few too many, the hour was late, and he didn't want to inconvenience his hostess by appearing drunk on her doorstep. Somehow, the address of the Porcellian Club floated into his mind. He had a cabdriver take him there. He groped in his pocket and, by a miracle, discovered he still had his Porcellian Club key on his key chain. And, even more miraculous, the key still fit the lock. He climbed up the stairs and found the place exactly as he had left it many decades before. He slept very contentedly that night.

One clubman described to me the "delicious Proustian effect" of lying on the Rockpile, feeling a pain in his side and knowing that Teddy Roosevelt had felt the exact same discomfort that he did. "In fact, it's more than Proustian," he went on, "since I'm recalling time lost even before I was born."

Inside the hallowed rooms of the old club, time has stopped. The hands on the Tiffany clock—fondly called the Old Bitch—in the large clubroom have been frozen at ten past three for as long as anyone can remember. There is, by tradition, no time at all inside the club. There is only what is called Outside Time, or O.T. for short. To ask the hour at the Porcellian, consequently, one asks, "What's the O.T.?"

And, insofar as possible, the P.C. has kept the O.T. out. Time bears nothing away at the Porcellian, nothing of importance anyway. The club is like some alluvial deposit, where things accrue and never seep away—members, events, furniture, traditions.

Traditions especially. Peculiar P.C. ways linger on long after their origins have faded from memory. They are referred to collectively as the Custom. At the Porcellian, for example, the correct response to good news is to cry out gleefully "Never better!" Fair enough, but to bad news, the reply is to boo "B.A.A.," the acronym of the Boston Athletic Association. "That doesn't make much sense," I observed to the member who confided this fact to me. "Little at the Porcellian Club does," he replied. Champagne, which serves as something like the club currency, since small wagers are usually paid off in bottles of it, is called George. Ginger ale is Crew George. The edge of the carpet by the window is called the Deadline, since mem-

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Brotherhood of the Pig

bers are not supposed to cross it bearing a drink in their hands. Alumni members are called honoraries; undergraduate ones are immediates. And so on.

Members would greatly prefer you didn't know any of this. To them, these phrases are like their pet names for their wives, something they'd rather not see in print. I've agonized a little about passing these tidbits along, but I don't see the harm in it. Most likely, the members have kept back the real secrets. I know, for instance, that on the blessed day of a new member's initiation he is dressed in a green jockey uniform, led blindfolded all about Boston and then returned to 1324 Mass. Ave., to be taken upstairs into the clubhouse for the first time. There he kisses the snout of a roasted boar while his elders recite ancient club texts about the value of friendship. He also takes a variety of sacred oaths in Latin and Greek. One classicist kept pronouncing the words in the correct academic manner; he had to be told—rather curtly—to say them the Porcellian way. But it's all a little vague. When I further pressed one clubman, he replied quite mystically, "I've led you to the cathedral, but I can never take you inside the sacred tabernacle."

The P.C. is a little mysterious, to be sure. But people tend to assume that if the Porcellians are such hotshots, and that if they operate in such secrecy, they *must* be up to no good, as if the P.C. were a version of the

Trilateral Commission. Yet there are other mysteries besides conspiracy, and the common friendship of gentlemen lies at the heart of this one. Here, the big mystery—the mumbo jumbo, the arcane P.C. rituals—is just the P.C.'s way of creating friendship and then exalting it. If, at some later point, prosperity stems from the sacred bond, well, so much the better.

Conviviality, good fellowship, camaraderie, call it what you will, the club is centered on it, and every aspect of the Porc's operation is designed to foster friendship's growth. Election to the club must be unanimous so that members are liked by all. (The punchbook, with all its potentially embarrassing comments, pro and con, is destroyed at the time of the election, and discussion of past elections is forbidden.) The induction ritual—said to be rather frightening—convinces the initiate that he has crossed a great divide into a new realm of being; it's the Porker equivalent of being born again. And once he is safely installed, the traditions, the code language, the mirror angled down to the street, the pigs—all these are designed to foster harmony by demonstrating privileged in-crowd status.

As a number of Porkers observed to me, there is nothing all that amazing about any of this. The Masons, they point out, have their little quirks, too.

Again and again, members insisted to me that the P.C. couldn't be of interest to very many people. But of course, given the Porcellian's concentration of prestige, money and power, it is of great interest to any number of people, of such interest, indeed, that wild rumors have grown, in lieu of facts, that the Porcellian has an eight-figure endowment and that it is one of the largest landlords in Cambridge. (As close as I was able to discover, its endowment probably hits a million, and the club owns only two buildings: its own and the one that houses Regina's, a pizza place around the corner.)

Recently, the club's historical interest in secrecy has been reinforced by paranoia as the members contemplate a suit brought by a Harvard student named Lisa Scholnick, with the assistance of Harvard law professor Alan Dershowitz, against their comrades at the Fly. Scholnick's suit follows a similar action taken by the City of New York against the Century Club and other all-male clubs in the city—an action upheld last summer by the U.S. Supreme Court—which charged that the club illegally discriminated against women. The suit could spell big trouble for the P.C. if Scholnick wins, which is fine by Dershowitz. "I'm just as opposed to the Porcellian as to the Fly," he said. "These clubs are the minor leagues for the big-league clubs of Boston and New York. They are shortcuts to the centers of commerce and power." Some would argue that the P.C. is the center of commerce and power. By refusing women, according to Dershowitz, the clubs pro-

mote and compound the unfairness of society's pro-male bias. (Of course, the P.C., like all elite clubs, also promotes the inherent class bias, but Dershowitz doesn't fuss so much about that.)

The Porcellian clubmen themselves have, publicly at least, reacted to the suit with wry detachment: They have printed up a T-shirt picturing a dinosaur sporting a bow tie, with the caption "SAVE OUR CLUBS." "I don't see that the question of admitting women is going to be the downfall of the P.C.," grand marshal James Righter declared gallantly. Then he added, "But I don't see the answer to it either." Admitting women is the obvious answer, but that would demolish the male fellowship on which the club is founded.

Curiously, Scholnick herself admitted that she would feel a twinge of regret if she brought the Porcellian down. "By being the worst club, it's the best club," she said. By barring women, that is, it doesn't abuse them the way other clubs do by bringing them in only for the men's amusement.

Under attack from without, the Porcellian is also showing some signs of cracking from within. It is not, in the end, all that scary if the occasional black or even Mormon slips in; what's scary is that they are taking the place of solid Porcellian stock. The percentage of "legacies"—those with relatives among the membership—is down from the usual 60 percent to about 15 percent. The legacies are any club's keel: They help keep it on course when the winds blow. And there has recently been some evidence that the New Wave Porcellians—some have taken to calling them Wanna-bes—have started to rise up against the Old Guard. A Hunnewell was blackballed in a recent election, even though his father was the grand marshal at the time, because he was suspected of "putting on airs." And the new P.C. men aren't taking the club in the same spirit as their forebears. At a New York banquet recently, old members were *genuinely* shocked and horrified when the call went out for "Song! Story! Recitation! Or strip!" and none of the immediates present could contribute so much as a dirty limerick.

In 1970, the clubmen actually installed barricades on the club windows, for fear that the clubhouse would be stormed by campus radicals. Even though yuppies have given way to yuppies, the politics of being a Brother in a democratic society have not eased significantly. Harvard University has turned increasingly meritocratic, dramatically altering the Porc's applicant pool and the socio-political environment. In my father's day, the Porcellian Club was only a little more Establishment than the college itself. In 1901, with P.C. funds, the university erected across from the club what's known as the Porcellian Club gate into Harvard Yard to commemorate the club's substantial contribution to a fund drive. Relations with the university are no longer so chummy.

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Brotherhood of the Pig

The P.C. is suffering from the conflict. This year, two immediates handed in letters of resignation, an unusually high number. "My ambivalence was killing me," explained one, senior Tor Krogius. A graduate of the New York City public-school system, Krogius had a number of public-school friends who were strongly anti-club. "Everybody knew I was in it," he says, "and I knew they disapproved." The dilemma nagged at him constantly; he had trouble sleeping. He came to view the Porcellian as his "secret vice." By club custom, however, neither of the two resignations was accepted. For better or for worse, one is a Porker for life.

I know how Krogius feels. Who doesn't? It's America's national schizophrenia—aspiring to the elite, yet identifying with the masses.

Am I sorry not to be a Brother? Of course. I loved hearing the tales of those who did belong—of going out to Wellesley to cruise for coeds in a convoy of limousines, of Gatsbyesque picnics by the sea, of endless games of racquets in the club's courtyard, of simply

having a gang of bosom friends and a place to see them, of being, in short, a Brother.

But I'm not sorry I didn't join. My personal key to moral behavior is: Don't do anything that you can't explain to your friends. My father never had any trouble on this score—all his friends were in the club. But I would have, because mine weren't and aren't. When I told him I had no plans to pursue membership in the P.C., my father, loyal clubman though he was, understood. He knew the times had changed, and he was sorry. He told me that the only future he saw for the Porcellian Club was as a museum.

When I mentioned this to various P.C. men, they all laughed, but I don't think it's such a silly idea. The way things are going, the P.C. will become a memory eventually—so why not a museum? Then the O.T. can move on, and the Old Bitch's hands can stay frozen forever. ■

John Sedgwick is the author of several books, including, most recently, The Peaceable Kingdom: A Year With America's Oldest Zoo. He lives in Newton, Massachusetts.

Where to Buy It

Which stores have which items? Check this list to locate the store nearest you carrying the fashions shown editorially in this issue (pages 273 through 335). Manufacturers have selected some stores listed. For information on additional stores and how to buy items not mentioned here, see page 369. (Some prices may be higher west of the Mississippi.) Merchandise is subject to prior sale.

Page 271. Suit and shirt: Lanvin Homme, at Lanvin Homme Boutique, N.Y.C.

Page 272. Suit: Lubiam, at Cleveland James Ltd., Washington, D.C.; Dimensions, Philadelphia; Kilgore Trout, Cleveland; Mr. Sid, Boston. **Shirt:** John Henry Shirtmakers, at The Broadway, Los Angeles; Hecht's, Arlington, Va.; Rochester Big & Tall, San Francisco. **Tie:** Christian Dior, at B. Altman, N.Y.C.; Lazarus, Cincinnati; Lord & Taylor, N.Y.C.; Saks Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Page 273. Coat: Bill Robinson, at C and E Boutique, Manhasset, N.Y. **Suit:** Bill Robinson, at Bullocks Wilshire, Los Angeles; Marshall Fields, Boston, Chicago, and N.Y.C.; Rags 2 Riches, Cincinnati; Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores. **Shirt and tie:** Bill Robinson, at Bloomingdale's Men's Store, N.Y.C.; Marshall Fields, select stores; Rags 2 Riches, Cincinnati.

Page 274. Suit: Luciano Soprani, at Allure, Philadelphia; Avedon, Los Angeles; Romanoff, Coconut Grove, Fla. **Shirt:** Burberrys Shirts, at Alexander Davis, Boise, Ida.; Kassel Brothers, Middletown, N.Y.; Tom Wade, Hopkinsville, KY. **Tie:** Audrey Buckner Hand Tailored Accessories, at Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Fred Segal, Santa Monica; Printemps, Denver; Ultimo, Chicago.

Page 275. Suit: Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo, at Comme des Garçons, Los Angeles and N.Y.C. **Shirt:** Comme des Garçons Homme Plus by Rei Kawakubo, at Comme des Garçons, N.Y.C. and San Francisco; Ultimo, Chicago.

Page 276. Outfit: Sans Tambours Ni Trompettes, at Bloomingdale's Men's Store, N.Y.C.; Charivari, N.Y.C.; Fred Segal, Los Angeles; Hitching Post and Wooden Nickel, Omaha; Wayne Edwards, Philadelphia.

Page 277. Blazer and trousers: Andrew Marc, at Rags 2 Riches, Cincinnati; Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores.

Page 278. Suit: Andrew Fezza, at Bigsby & Kruthers, Chicago. **Shirt:** Hathaway, at Rochester Big & Tall, San Francisco. **Suit and shirt:** Leon Max, at Charivari, N.Y.C.; Dimitrius, Minneapolis; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Macy's, N.Y.C.

Page 279. Suit: Pal Zileri, at Allure, Philadelphia; Ariston, San Francisco; Bernini, Beverly Hills; Davis for Men, Chicago; L'Uomo Vogue, Southfield, Mich.; Ron Ross, Tarzana, Calif. **Shirt:** Geoffrey Beene, at Bloomingdale's, N.Y.C.; Kaufman's, Pittsburgh; Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio.

Page 280. Outfit: Ronaldus Shamask, at Ariston, San Francisco; Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Ron Ross, Tarzana, Calif.; Stimare, Woodbury, N.Y.; Theodore Man, Los Angeles.

Page 281. Outfit: Gianfranco Ferre, at Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; Beau Brummel, N.Y.C.; Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; Classica Uomo, Toronto; Louis, Boston, Boston; Wayne Edwards, Philadelphia.

Page 282. Vest: Alan Flusser, at the Alan Flusser Shop, N.Y.C. **Shirt:** Brooks Brothers, at Brooks Brothers, select stores. **Bow tie:** Pierre Cardin, at Bloomingdale's Men's Store, N.Y.C.

Page 283. Gloves: Hermes, at Hermes, select stores. **Shoes:** Manolo Blahnik, at Manolo Blahnik, N.Y.C. **Shoe horn:** Hackett, at Hackett, Boston.

Page 284. Cap: Paul Smith, at Paul Smith, N.Y.C. **Slippers:** Alfred Dunhill, at Alfred Dunhill, Atlanta, Beverly Hills, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, San Francisco. **Shirt:** Christian Dior, at B. Altman's, N.Y.C.; Bloomingdale's Men's Store, N.Y.C.; Macy's, San Francisco; Marshall Field's, Chicago.

Page 285. Jacket: Perry Ellis, at Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; The Broadway, Los Angeles; Macy's, N.Y.C.; Neiman-Marcus, select stores. **Trousers:** Perry Ellis, at Printemps, Denver; Stanley Korshack, Dallas. **Sweater:** Ballantyne, at Berk of Burlington Arcade, N.Y.C.; Maus & Hoffman, select stores; Cashmeres of Scotland, N.Y.C. and San Francisco.

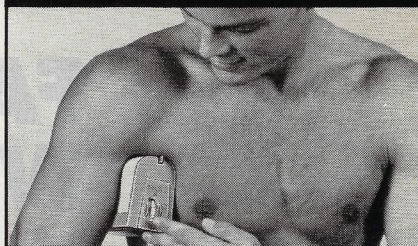
Page 286. Robe: Cecilia Metheny, at Perkin-Shearer, Denver; Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills; Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco.

Page 287. Watch: Emerich Meerson, at Macy's, N.Y.C.; Marshall Fields, Chicago. **Watch:** Eterna, at Borsheims, Omaha; Princess Ermine Jewelry, Beverly Hills; Tourneau, N.Y.C. **Stud and collar boxes, comb and pen knife:** Hackett, at Hackett, Boston.

Page 288. Sport coat: Margaret Howell, at Louis, Boston, Boston and N.Y.C.; The Smith's, N.Y.C.

Page 289. Shirt: Heartland Company, at At Ease, Westwood, Calif.; Beau Brummel, N.Y.C.; Constantine & Knight, N.Y.C.; Dimensions, Philadelphia; Fitzger-

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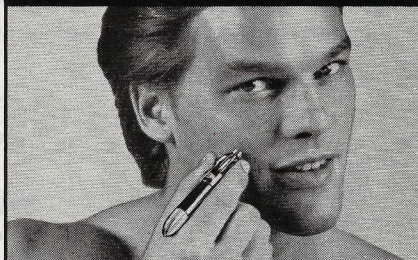


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