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*N.O. Mayoral Race Much Funnier
Than Bard's 'Comedy of Errors'*

I HAVE always been fanatic about the derivation of ordinary quotes; especially misquotes, like "Money is the root of all evil." What Timothy really wrote was "The LOVE of money is the root of all evil."

I have also cherished the title of one of Shakespeare's plays, written in 1593 (possibly in honor of the first centennial of the discovery by Columbus of what had by 1593 had become very largely a British colony), to wit, "A Comedy of Errors." The play is a frabjous mishmash about twin brothers who are parted by a shipwreck in infancy and whose mother has named each of them Antipholus at birth. They grow up in widely separated parts of the then known world yet each acquires a slave named Dromio; these also are twins who had been given identical names by their mother.

Where in the name of Momus—who, according to an unverifiable Tinpan Alley version of Greek mythology, laughed himself to death—did the Bard come down with the idea that such a salmagundi of identically named twins was funny? I have read funnier tales in the table of logarithmic cotangents.

EVEN MORE TO the point, I followed our recent mayoral run-off election and if that wasn't a comedy of errors, it will do until the gifted son of Avon's butcher comes among us in another incarnation.

Everything was going along as merry as a marriage belle in Reno, when a panelist asked Jim Fitzmorris something about his opponent's connection with TAC, a company which the Landrieu contingent had been describing as an amusement enterprise, while Fitzmorris claqueurs called it a pinball machine distributing outfit.

As I recall Jim gave a rather routine

reply when Moon demanded to be heard and insisted that he personally had nothing to do with the TAC affair, which was handled by two other members of the firm, and that in all matters affecting TAC which came before the council, he had sedulously abstained from voting . . .

ONE WORD LED to another until it was finally brought out that on one TAC enterprise which did not involve pinball machines, only the purchase of a huge bloc of real estate, Moon was a fellow investor. Bright and early the next morning the Metropolitan Crime Commission criticized Landrieu and in an instant the air was thick with statements and counterstatements from MCC members that they had not even been queried on this subject, at which point, though heaven alone knows what Pandora-bred inspiration, the announcement came that Moon Landrieu had at one time actually threatened to kill the commission's executive director, Aaron Kohn.

That capped the climax! Any number of hitherto staunch Fitzmorris supporters were so revolted by the patent absurdity of this last minute charge about killing that they switched from Fitzmorris to Landrieu, and even though Mr. Kohn and other MCC biggies hastily assured all and sundry the "threat" had never been taken seriously, the damage was done.

Now I ask you: Is this not, a funnier basis for a Comedy of Errors than that business of two sets of twins whose mothers had given their respective contributions to a 1593 population explosion, identical first names?