



Testing for culture

Last week I came across an interesting article in one of the leading magazines. It was a simple quiz that allowed one to judge himself correctly, regarding class, in today's society. The world proclaims its aversion to class consciousness, but class remains the most influential guideline to social standing.

Can travel and education replace heredity and breeding? And can one have class without having culture?

Unlike various scholars, I hold class to be the combined grace of heart and mind, and not the fact that your mother and father were Lord and Lady Bushbottom. I have seen poor people with class and rich people without it.

My wife, and many of my friends, had already taken this quiz. Each and every one of them has scored as middle class. And this showed me that the quiz was a very good one. I can't think of anything more middle class than my wife and friends. They just don't have that certain something that I have. When I drink tea I ALWAYS bend my little finger in just the proper way. I do not slurp my soup or place my feet on the table during meals. No sir, I have that

magic that surely places me high above the mediocrity of being middle class.

So with this understanding, and with complete confidence, I took this quiz that would show me if I were high class, middle class, or lower class.

The results did absolutely nothing for my ego.

The first question dealt with an individual's taste in regard to spare time activity. It gave the reader three choices.

1. Hiking
2. Chasing girls.
3. Watching a polo match.

I picked number two, chasing girls, because I have a certain amount of charm and aggressiveness in this pastime. You don't have to have much class to go hiking and none at all to watch a polo match. But to be good at chasing girls you not only have to have good lungs, but a fair amount of class as well. When I looked at the answers I was horrified to see that you were high class if you picked number three, middle class if you picked number one, and lower class if you picked chasing girls.

Perhaps they had made a mistake. I went on to the second question.

Signify your preference in music:

1. Guy Lombardo
2. Tchaikowsky
3. Roy Clark

I picked Roy Clark. What a wonderful singer. His fine, full voice was classical in every way. No doubt about this one. Roy Clark was class. Well, the idiots who had prepared the quiz said that you were high class if you picked Tchaikowsky, middle class if you picked Guy Lombardo, and a lousy, stinking slob if you picked Roy Clark.

Where the hell was the justice in this stupid quiz? I knew that I was probably the classiest guy in North America but these questions were definitely making me look bad.

What is your favorite color?

1. Chartreuse?
2. Beige
3. Red

I picked red. Man, there isn't anything that has more class than when I wear a red shirt, red suit, and red shoes. The answer to this question was

that you were high class if you liked chartreuse, middle class if you liked beige, and low, low, low class if you liked red.

I wanted to quit but my malignant masochism forced me to tackle question number four. What is your preference in sandwiches?

1. Bacon, lettuce, and tomato.
2. Anchovy paste.
3. Hamburger.

Yum! Yum! Yum! How I do love hamburger. Splattered with mustard and laden with onions. I don't even have to tell you that anchovy paste was high class, bacon, lettuce, and tomato was middle class, and hamburger was lower class.

I glanced briefly at question five. What is your favorite alcoholic beverage?

1. Wine
2. Beer
3. Champagne

These quizzes don't prove a damn thing. I threw the magazine on the floor, and yelled into the kitchen, "HEY BABY. . . OPEN ME ANOTHER CAN OF PABST."