Believe it or not, there are in our modest society some prudes. At least there's one I'm sure of. Several years back this journal printed a letter from an anonymous writer in Washington, D.C. who described the fact that folklorists had fallen on hard times and were now publishing smut under the aegis of scholarship. "The scholarshit of fucklore" he termed this sort of thing (I have subsequently learned who this bird is and am hardly surprised.) Point: this poor unfortunate and his kind will probably not read, certainly not enjoy, this latest effort of Vance Randolph. And a damn pity too, for the book is a genuine contribution to the discipline of folklore and a model for what I hope will be future publications of field-gathered bawdy materials.

As Rayna Green informs us in her lengthy introduction, the 101 tales printed here were actually ready for publication more than 20 years ago when the vast bulk of Randolph's work was appearing. But at that time no publisher would touch acatologica like this with a 10 foot-pole. Thus we are admonished to appreciate this late addition to the Randolph corpus in the context of the earlier works. Ozark storytellers, like storytellers elsewhere in this country, tell some unkempt tales and some tidy ones, and distinguish little between the two except in mixed company. The other thing to remember is that Randolph gathered these stories over several decades beginning as far back as 1919, so not only is this erotica marked by obvious cultural stigmas, but by today's standards it is pretty bland—not startling when you consider that airport newstands carry stroke magazines that allow one to observe a woman's esophagus dead on from the vagina. (I travel a lot.)

Even if *Pissing in the Snow* is not as quaint to the hipsters, I find in its pages a wonderful freshness and unpretentious approach to sex that seems almost (would you believe?) healthy. What struck me most was the delight that could be so easily derived from another's foolishness, another's embarrassment. It all seemed such good-natured fun, absolutely unencumbered by the seriousness of today's kinky sex.

In this book, no real attempt has been made to organize the tales in any particular way, but Rayna Green's introduction helps to deploy the themes she finds running throughout, and she wisely suggests we use no one academic "model" to "read" these tales. Frank Hoffman's notes add immeasurably in giving these simple stories from the Ozarks a universal quality. And the author himself contends that if what is set forth here is not verbatim, it comes pretty close. (Every tale still begins, "One time...".) In this book, as in others Randolph has produced, there are no ethnographic details and little controlling data on the process of the storytelling event. But even if this is the last we are to hear from America's foremost fieldworker—and I hope not, as there are closets of his unpublished erotica left—we can say in fact that he went out with a bang and not a whimper.

And what of our Washington prude? Maybe it's just best to let him languish beside his Victorian highboy, living out his days unaware that there is more tactile obscene folklore on the face of the American land than was ever dreamed of in his limited philosophy.