

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1967 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW
BUDD SCHULBERG ON
HIS WATTS WORKSHOP
HOLLYWOOD'S FIRST
PSYCHEDELIC SEX EPIC
AN INTERVIEW WITH NEW
YORK'S MAYOR LINDSAY
NAT HENTOFF ON YOUTH
VS. THE ESTABLISHMENT
PLUS KEN W. PURDY
ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER
HARRY BROWN, JEAN SHEPHERD



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PLAYBILL "THERE IS A HARMONY in autumn, and a luster in its sky," rhapsodized arch-romantic Percy Shelley; but Wisconsin coed Bo Bussmann, the football-togged damsel gracing our cover, signifies another season of mayhem on collegiate athletic fields. (The well-rounded Miss Bussmann also helps display our back-to-campus attire shown elsewhere in this issue.) *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, our annual crystal-balling, compiled for the tenth time by staffer Anson Mount, who last year topped all other football forecasters in accuracy by correctly picking 14 of the nation's top 20 elevens (according to the Wyatt Summary of Pre-Season Pigskin Picks, which honored him with an appropriate plaque), provides a perfect prelude to the carnage.

Mayhem of a less ingratiating aspect—that which results from the collision of social classes—underlies two of this month's major articles: *The Watts Workshop*, wherein Budd Schulberg describes the gratifying growth of his creative-writing classes for the disadvantaged citizens of Los Angeles' powder-keg Negro ghetto; and *Youth—the Oppressed Majority*, in which Nat Hentoff describes, and analyzes, the discrimination suffered by America's under-25 generation at the brutish hands of the establishment.

Schulberg entered Watts "when the fires from the 1965 revolution were still burning." Undismayed by initial indifference, he unearthed a coterie of residents eager to express themselves in writing. Budd's article—which will be part of New American Library's *From the Ashes: The Voices of Watts*, a forthcoming anthology of the Wattians' eloquent achievements—was begun in the ghetto and finished at his Mexican retreat. "But the Workshop followed me to Mexico," he informed us. "As soon as I arrived, I was on the phone arranging for a delegation from Watts to give readings at Expo 67." Budd's own work seems to follow him, too; his story *Señor Discretion Himself*, published in our January 1966 issue, is being transformed into a Broadway musical.

When we spoke with Nat Hentoff about his 13th contribution to *PLAYBOY*, the prolific music critic, social commentator, novelist and *PLAYBOY* interviewer observed that "While the average kid today is more apathetic—or more malleable—than his counterpart of the Forties, those of the young who are trying to provide alternatives to our way of living are much more hip than my generation was."

A Small Buffet in Maldita—our lead story about a sensitive Yanqui who encounters some boorish fellow gringos at a native buffet south of the border—is by veteran novelist (*Walk in the Sun*), poet, dramatist and screenwriter Harry Brown, who lists "staying alive in that contagious ward, the world" as his most urgent objective. *Buffet* is his first published short story. Isaac Bashevis Singer's *The Courtship*, an ironic tale set in 19th Century Poland, will form part of the

great Yiddish writer's novel *The Manor*, slated for publication next month by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Singer, who made his *PLAYBOY* debut last January with *The Riddle*, is now at work on a volume of short stories.

The subject of this month's interview is New York's energetic and idealistic young mayor, John V. Lindsay. Assigned to solicit His Honor's opinions was Hunter Lewis, a history student at Harvard and already a published writer on political affairs. Lewis noted that during the eight months it took to complete the interview, Lindsay "appreciably solidified his grasp of the city's problems, as well as its administrative machinery."

Humor is abundantly present in Russ Wallace's *What's in a Name?*, a burlesque of the agonies involved in affixing a grabby cognomen to a new car. Wallace, employed by one of Detroit's mammoth companies, told us, "My principal literary works will be found in the glove compartment of your car, provided you drive the right one of the big three."

Jean Shepherd's in a new bag, as evidenced by *The Secret Mission of the Blue-Assed Buzzard*; though he hasn't given up the lively literary re-creation of his Indiana boyhood, Jean's taking time out to mine the rich lode of his antiheroic Army career. *Mission* will be the initial chapter of a new book evocatively entitled *T. S., Mac*.

One of the most unusual—yet vastly entertaining—short stories we have ever published is *Testimony in the Proceedings Concerning Edward Darwin Caparell*, by Ken W. Purdy, our indefatigable Contributing Editor (it's his 49th contribution). Robert Kaufman's *Please Don't Talk to Me—I'm in Training* will be part of a novel (of the same title) set for imminent release by Bantam Books. Kaufman, a screenwriter who authored *Divorce American Style*, began the story 14 years ago as a script for *Playhouse 90*, "which folded the day I submitted it."

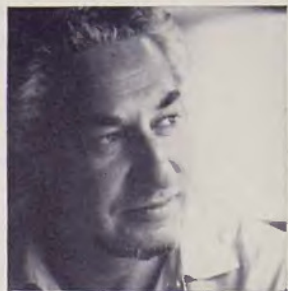
Our eye-opening—and pupil-dilating—pictorials this month include a sampling of sensuous scenes from *The Trip*, Hollywood's first plunge into the maelstrom of LSD and erotica, with Peter Fonda and Susan Strasberg; a visual visit with comely Berkeley coed Mara Sykes, an outspoken exponent of the Sexual Freedom League; and a picturesque survey of our smashing September Playmate, actress Angela Dorian.

In addition to Anson Mount's pigskin prognostications and *PLAYBOY's Back to Campus* fashion preview, our aids to the good life include supplementary seminars on the turtleneck and the latest in turned-on shaving gear, plus a detailed guide, by Thomas Mario, to the ways in which salad and soufflé can be mixed and matched to perfection. In all, and we feel sure Shelley would agree: a harmonious and lustrous package for brightening up not only autumn but any season of the year.

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RELIGION PANEL

I read your June *Panel on Religion and the New Morality* with great interest and intellectual stimulation. It represents one of the finest statements I have seen on the subject of sex and religion and is certainly a significant contribution to contemporary discussion. This article—and the related material published in *PLAYBOY* in recent months—makes your magazine a very effective pastoral tool. Your *Panel* shows that churchmen can speak to the times in today's language, without all the old theological hang-ups. Keep up the good work.

William A. DeWolfe, Minister
First Unitarian Church
San Antonio, Texas

I think your June *Panel* is the best serious feature that has ever appeared in *PLAYBOY*, and my experience with your magazine extends over several years. It is important for readers to recognize that "entertainment for men" can include worthwhile discussion—as well as food and drink and the other aspects of the good life that your magazine promotes. You wouldn't make your point half as well if you devoted too great a part of each issue to articles as penetrating as your religion *Panel*. While it's important that *PLAYBOY* recognizes the merit of this sort of discussion, it's equally important for the clergy to see such discussion in the context of other human concerns, which certainly include the lighter vein, at which you excel.

Father Paul R. Durbin, O. P.
Saint Stephen's College
Dominican House of Philosophy
Dover, Massachusetts

Your *Playboy Panel* was simply superb. I'm rather tired of the terms "liberal" and "conservative" used to describe a position taken on these issues, but I must say that your illustrious array of brains for this discussion—the likes of Adams, Cox, Lynn, Marty, Moody, Moore, Pike, Rogers and Rubenstein—was certainly a fine sampling of the bright and honest theologians trying to liberate us from yesterday's frozen concepts of morality. Each of your panelists was sincerely concerned with the implications of the so-called new morality. I

was pleased to find most of them addressing themselves less to morality as casuistry than to morality as human responsibility.

You can expect adverse comment, especially at the scandal of religious leaders' contributing to what traditionalists will regard as the breakdown of morals among the young. I guess too many of us clerics are afraid our bishop, our pastor or even our "clean" peers will accuse us of unclerical behavior if we dare tell them we're keeping company with *PLAYBOY*. This is a shame, because I personally think that even if your philosophy and your food for hard thought are interspersed with Playmates and saucy humor, your format happens to be the finest current contribution to the sexual revolution. Align me not with the liberals, but certainly with those who sing your praises for the solid good you do by airing various views in print and by sounding off intelligently in an arena that is mostly full of baloney.

The Rev. Edward Quevedo
El Paso, Texas

Never have I been so enthusiastic over a single *PLAYBOY* feature as with your June *Panel*. The views, ideas and arguments were so stimulating that they seemed the first honest and forthright approach to the all-important problems of sexuality and religion. Being a woman, I suppose I'm among a minority in agreeing with the clergymen's views. However, I'm proud to say I do agree, and the sooner the members of my gender feel as I do, the sooner our society will be a healthy one.

Gretchen Melton
Indianapolis, Indiana

I want to express my appreciation to *PLAYBOY* for its continuing recognition of contemporary religious affairs. Would it be possible for you to furnish quantity reprints of your June *Playboy Panel*? The Board of Education of the Methodist Church in Southern California and Arizona is very much involved in a program of sex education, a program that we think has real integrity. We involve young people and parents in a course of study taught by certified instructors

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Robert M. McCallister, Ph.D.
 Conference Director of
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 The Methodist Church
 Board of Education
 Los Angeles, California

We are so appreciative of your *Panel's* editorial contribution to this important issue that we would like 25 copies for professional use. Could you supply these?

Maxine Thornton, Associate Secretary
 Executive Council of the Episcopal
 Church

New York, New York

Reprints are on the way—to both of you and to the scores of theologians who requested them.

In the past, I have often been rather negative toward those clergymen who delight in writing to *PLAYBOY* to support Hefner's philosophical pronouncements. But now I am forced to join their company in order to commend you for your excellent symposium on *Religion and the New Morality*. I hope it will be reprinted for still wider distribution. Even Bishop Pike sounded both restrained and responsible—truly a tribute to the seriousness of your *Panel*.

The Rev. Charles H. Whittier
 Peirce Memorial Church
 (Unitarian-Universalist)
 Dover, New Hampshire

Thanks for your *Panel on Religion and the New Morality*. I found it to be a serious and valuable discussion.

The Rev. Joseph M. Elliott
 Vicar, Saint Paul's Church
 Bronx, New York

Not being well acquainted with religious men and the workings of their minds, I enjoyed seeing how such men discuss modern morality. As I read, I encountered excellent observations and conclusions about the moral problems of modern life—many of which suggested that your panelists had good psychological and sociological backgrounds. But between these statements of fact were interwoven weird trains of unscientific logic that were somehow supposed to connect scientific fact with religious dogma. That the religious tenets of these several men did not agree, and hence each was forced to use his own different mumbo-jumbo logic, made their rationalizations all the more fraudulent.

Modern man is capable of studying his social world scientifically. He can make rational decisions about what behavior is moral, and he should be willing to stand responsible to other men for his decisions, if they are well made. If your religious men are willing to about-face

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from the traditional teaching of their churches in order to accept a rational morality, even in part, then they, too, should be willing to stand responsible without refuge in their gods or their dogma.

John Baldwin
Miami, Florida

Your June *Panel* has confirmed the suspicions of today's youth: Organized religion still will not accept the fact that most premarital sexual relations are carried out with little or no commitment, guilt, love or involvement. By convincing themselves that the sex act must be accompanied by some sort of emotional involvement, your theological panelists seem to have closed their minds to the central fact that most kids indulge in sex only because it's pleasurable and exciting.

Before the pill, abstention was largely due to fear of pregnancy, not fear of emotional involvement or guilt. Panelist Allen Moore's statement that "people, unlike animals, are not capable of a purely sexual relationship" is absurd. Such men will have to face reality before they can become effective instruments in influencing our society.

D. E. Seger
Seattle, Washington

I find it interesting that the Holy Bible—which your nine theologians so studiously ignored—predicted even the advent of this *Playboy Panel*. The source is 2 *Timothy*, verses 3 and 4: "For there will come a time when the people will not endure sound teaching, but, having itching ears, will heap upon themselves teachers according to their own lusts. They will turn away their hearing from the truth and turn rather to fables."

W. A. Smith
Little Rock, Arkansas

Your nine assembled clerics avoided discussing all the seven deadly sins—with the possible exception of lechery.

J. W. Biggar
Kansas City, Missouri

Perhaps I am too naïve, believing that theologians are people who are skilled and versed in God's Word and dedicated to applying God's Word to all situations in life. It seems that they left God and His Word at home when they sat on your panel. I feel sorry for you, *PLAYBOY*: You have been *took!* You thought you had theologians on your panel, but ended up with "egologians," if I may coin a word. And I feel very sorry for your readers, too, who may mistake your panelists for theologians. Your readers might breathe a little freer and deeper in their sexual and moral aberrations now that nine wise men have declared that sin and guilt can be eliminated through situation ethics. But what will happen to these poor people? With the sense of sin

and guilt gone, they will feel no need for God's grace and forgiveness, and hence no need for a Savior's love, which alone can give them strength.

The Rev. A. W. Schelp, Retired
Woodburn, Oregon

I found your *Panel* disgusting and repulsive. Regarding your panelists' opinions, I can only say that it is my firm conviction that God has nothing to do with these men and will do nothing through them. May God have mercy upon you.

Milton C. Gardner, Jr., Pastor
First Baptist Church
Vidalia, Georgia

As an ex-Catholic, I am continually amazed that Catholicism persists as an intellectual factor in human society. Perhaps the most facetious statement made by Father Herbert Rogers, the Catholic representative on your panel, was when he said that apart from a few basic moral and attitudinal differences, all the panelists shared the central emphasis of the discussion. As I see it, the only thing Father Rogers had in common with the rest of the clergymen was that they were breathing the same air. For, while most of the panelists (notably, Pike and Moody) insisted on the all-important elements of human freedom and individual responsibility, Father Rogers found it necessary to maintain that laws—quite arbitrary, abstract and inoperable—superceded this most precious aspect of our humanness. And where most of the panelists exhibited a common disdain for absolutes and objective "truths," Father Rogers was all too often compelled to comment that it's just never permitted.

I persist in hoping that someday the Catholic Church will take its nose out from under the world's bedsheets and stop trying to have the last word on when, how and why people should make love. At this point, the Church might be able to approach the task that I understand it was created for—to cure human ills, not to perpetuate them.

Carol McCarthy
Glen Ellyn, Illinois

STERLING SILVERSTEIN

Hooray for Shel Silverstein! My sanity is restored. I thought I was the only person who had searched in vain for "Swinging London," which, as far as I'm concerned, is swinging by the neck. I've enjoyed Shel every time he has appeared in *PLAYBOY*—but June's *Silverstein in London* takes the pastry.

J. C. Collins
Key West, Florida

24-CARAT GOLD

I've always enjoyed Herbert Gold's work. His *Peacock Dreams*, in your June issue, was both high Camp and high

The "is-it or isn't-it" shirt

Is this a sport shirt or a dress shirt? h.i.s says both.



What makes this sport shirt a dress shirt? A tie. What makes this dress shirt a sport shirt? No tie. Press-Free Post-Grad shirts in a wide assortment of colors and patterns. Traditional button-down collar and famous h.i.s tapered fit. Long and short sleeve models, \$4 to \$6. Prices slightly higher in the West. For the names of nearby retailers, write to h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, N.Y. 10016. Also available in Canada.

h.i.s.

Even if I cost just pennies
more than beer, I look,
taste and sparkle
like champagne.



You and your
"bubblier-than-thou"
attitude.

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... LIKE NOTHING ELSE YOU EVER TASTED (EXCEPT CHAMPAGNE)

FREE—Two exciting new recipe booklets. Write today to Metropolis Brewery of N.J., Inc., Trenton ©, Dept. P-3

entertainment. Gold was my philosophy teacher at Cleveland College in 1950. One of the questions he tried to get us to answer was, "If I had a brother, would he like green cheese?" I never did come up with the answer, but Gold remains one of the people I'll always remember.

Frank Ford
Dallas, Texas

Peacock Dreams is fine fiction—uproariously funny and geared to this era. Congratulations to PLAYBOY and to Gold.

Pryer Ward
Ames, Iowa

VIOLENCE

Max Lerner's June article, *Climate of Violence*, is a fine piece, but I rather regret that Lerner limited himself to the American scene and did not connect our own troubles with those that plague the entire world. It is almost a truism that in our world of modern communications, events in one country affect those in others. The climate of violence certainly has specific American aspects, particularly in the realm of civil rights, but there are many other aspects that are not just American but universal. Someday I would like to see Lerner follow up his article with another one in which he connects happenings in our own country with those in Europe, Asia and Latin America. Having set the scene in the United States, such a follow-up would round out the picture and give us some very important and essential insights into a malady that affects the entire human race.

K. L. London, Director
Institute for Sino-Soviet Studies
The George Washington University
Washington, D. C.

After reading Max Lerner's article *Climate of Violence*, I wish to comment that history is strewn with the bones of nations that tolerated lawlessness and judicial leniency.

Harry J. Anslinger
Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania

Mr. Anslinger was Assistant U.S. Commissioner of Prohibition during 1929 and 1930 and U.S. Commissioner of Narcotics between 1930 and 1962. He is now the U.S. representative to the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs. Many observers have attributed our currently harsh marijuana laws almost solely to Anslinger; it was largely through the lobbying of Anslinger and the Narcotics Bureau that the weed was made illegal—in the Federal Marijuana Act of 1937.

The article *Climate of Violence*, by my friend and colleague Max Lerner, raised a series of quite interesting general questions with respect to the historical and cultural factors that might be correlated with violence in our country. Your readers may be interested to learn that we are presently studying some of

"The four-year jacket"

Start school in this wide-wale corduroy and when you graduate you can wear it anywhere.



FRESHMAN. He's off to a fresh start in his traditionally tailored, natural shoulder jacket.



SOPHOMORE. Life takes on a new flavor. With his rugged, yet soft-looking jacket he's ready for new adventures.



JUNIOR. There's more brewing in his world now. And the smart leather buttons on his jacket still stand up.



SENIOR. He's developed a taste for finer things. But our wide-wale corduroy jacket is still his cup of tea.

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In bronze, whiskey, loden, willow, cornhusk and fawn. \$25. Slightly higher in the West. For names of nearby retailers write h.i.s., 16 East 34th St., N.Y. 10016. Available in Canada.

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The complete one! Delivers equipped with over \$300 in no-cost extras including: Radio. Electric clock. Large tach. Center console. Heater & defrosters. Tonneau cover. Lighter. Etc. Etc.



drive a
DATSUN
then decide!

Model SPL-311

*plus license, tax, D&H, local freight, if any. Dealers, Parts & Service Coast to Coast

the issues raised in Lerner's article here at the Lemberg Center for the Study of Violence. Our research focuses on racial violence in urban centers. One feature shaping the design of our research is a comparison of a number of cities that have had riots with cities that have not. In this way, we hope to learn how to avoid further racial eruptions.

Dr. John P. Spiegel, Director
Lemberg Center for the
Study of Violence
Brandeis University
Waltham, Massachusetts

The *Climate of Violence* was much more reasonable than the usual emotional hue and cry I have read in other leading magazines. However, there are several things Lerner said to which I must object. First, he mentioned the D.C.M. (Director of Civilian Marksmanship) program handled by the National Rifle Association in the same breath that he mentioned the undesirable sale of larger guns and imported destructive devices, such as hand grenades, bazookas, mortars, etc. "Thus," he stated, "there is a recklessness in the present sale and free distribution of firearms . . ." The D.C.M. program shouldn't be termed reckless. There has *never* been a crime or an accident involving a D.C.M.-issued rifle. We'd hate to see this worthwhile program stopped because of the furor over wide distribution of firearms. Still, thanks for dealing with yet another important issue.

John F. Benninger, President
Zia Rifle and Pistol Club
Albuquerque, New Mexico

INNER CITY AND OUTER SPACE

When I finished Frank Robinson's *The Wreck of the Ship John B.* in your June issue, I realized that I had been able to relate nearly every turn of the story to some incident that has occurred since I came to Cleveland to fight in "the war on poverty." There has always been some degree of apathy among those who must live close together—whether in spaceships or in slums. Apathy on the part of those within our big-city ghettos has bred distrust, dislike and even hate—making Max Lerner's *Climate of Violence* a fearfully real article. The problems discussed in these two brilliant pieces are among those I face every day. In my estimation, the first brings the second as a natural consequence. It is reassuring that others see the same picture I see—and have the skill to verbalize it for PLAYBOY.

James Nichols
VISTA
Cleveland, Ohio

The Wreck of the Ship John B. is a fine story. Realism in science fiction sounds like a contradiction in terms, but this truly is realistic science fiction. Like

"Grandma Sweaters"

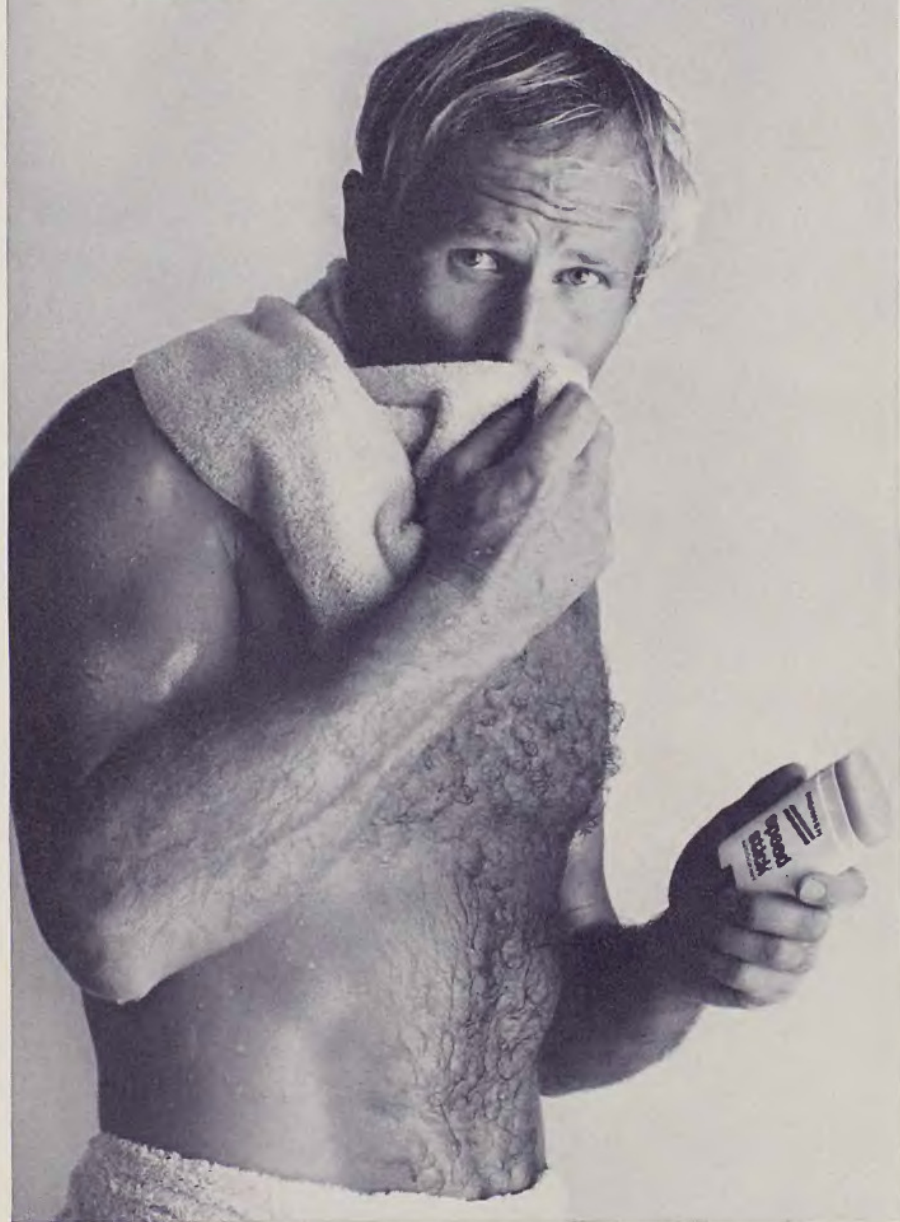
If you know what's good for you don't go out without one of these h.i.s bulky knits.



Grandma knew what it took to keep her boys warm and happy. We know enough not to argue with her. The results are four h.i.s sweaters made grandma's way... thick, good-looking, well-knit and comfortable. Left to right: cable pullover, \$17.95; shetland blazer stripe, \$15. Matching 6-ft. scarf, \$5; washable lambswool pullover, \$9; washable fisherman's knit, \$13.95. Prices slightly higher in the West. For nearby retailers, write h.i.s, 16 East 34 Street, N.Y. 10016. Available in Canada.

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This deodorant doesn't just protect you... it actually builds up a resistance to odor.



Even after a hot shower, Mennen Speed Stick deodorant doesn't stop protecting you.

Speed Stick's special bacteria-fighting ingredient builds up a protection that lasts even through a hot soapy shower.

That's why men who use Mennen Speed Stick stay with it for good. Try it. You'll be happier with it than any deodorant you've ever used.

Mennen Speed Stick. *The deodorant that actually builds a resistance to odor.*



most realism, it becomes tedious and grimy in spots; but when Robinson turns his spaceship into a traveling slum, he gives us deeper insights into the painful problem of the modern city and of modern man in his world.

Jack Williamson
Portales, New Mexico

I enjoyed Robinson's story—he created a very convincing ship environment. You really felt you were there. He dropped one big scientific brick, though. How the devil could you see a laser beam in space?

Arthur C. Clarke
Colombo, Ceylon

Would you believe reflected off cosmic dust?

BUSINESS IS GOOD

It was with great interest that I read *Business Is Business*, J. Paul Getty's article in the June issue of PLAYBOY. Once again, Getty has tackled an important subject and managed to reduce it to its provocative and informative essence. I certainly could not agree more with Getty's thesis. And if "business is business," today's Renaissance man is basically entrepreneurial. He has imagination, drive and vision. He can make the transition, without flinching, from a Texas oil rig to the intricacies of a "talking typewriter," to the business end of a Klystron tube, to the fine points of a consolidated statement of earnings.

In short, Getty knows whereof he speaks. I hope that his fine article will receive wide readership—particularly among our younger citizens, who sometimes tend to think of business in terms of stodgy organization men.

Charles B. Thornton
Chairman of the Board
Litton Industries, Inc.
Beverly Hills, California

I have just finished reading J. Paul Getty's *Business Is Business*. It contains some of the most interesting and exciting ideas for young businessmen that I have ever read. As a college business major, I had been debating for the past year whether to specialize in a certain business area or to diversify when I enter graduate school next year. After reading Getty's article, I have the answer. I do not wish to be just a cog in a business machine, but a man with the ability to move into any type of industry. Getty has convinced me that diversification—not specialization—is the best course for future entrepreneurs.

Alan Clarke
Bronx, New York

SPARKLING WORDS

Hoke Norris' *It's Not Far, but I Don't Know the Way* (PLAYBOY, June) is a classic. I am constantly searching, as Flaubert used to, for the right word—for a

"Portable Heaters"

With one of these jackets you're ready to go in any kind of weather.



Wait until Nanook discovers how great these new h.i.s jackets are. He'll trade in his parka for one and become the talk of the tundra. Left to right: Snowdrift in nylon twill. Reverses to nylon quilt. Hidden hood, \$19.95; Woodsman in wide rib corduroy, \$16.95; Cortina in quilted nylon. Hidden hood. Stand-up collar, \$25.00; Cougar in wool plaids, \$29.95. Prices slightly higher in the West. For nearby retailers, write h.i.s, 16 East 34th Street, New York 10016. Also available in Canada.

h.i.s.



HENRY MANCINI



530. The glorious soundtrack with Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke.



862. Title smash, Mexican Shuffle, Forgive Me, Don't Moan, more.



834 - '71 Be Your Man, Message Of Our Love, Standing Still, etc.



744. Lonely Corner, Only The Young, Since I Don't Have You, more.



793. Try To Find Another Man, My Tears Will Go Away, Night Owl, etc.



527. 'Fin' Gettin' Better, Quality, Am I Loving You?, Blue Bay, Moon, others.



145. American Patrol, Tuxedo Junction, Pennsylvania 6-5000, more.

Now RCA Victor Record Club... offers you top-star albums of the



VAN CLIBURN



JULIE ANDREWS



822. Julie Andrews and the original movie soundtrack. Do-Re-Mi, etc.



823. Gentle Latin rhythms in Girl From Ipanema, Guantanamo, others.



818. Hit title tune, Born Free, Summer Wind, Tijuana, Copy Cat, 5 others.



PERRY COMO



885. Smash-hit I'm A Believer, She, Mary Mary, Hold On Girl, 8 others.



804. Pearly Shell, Adventures In Paradise, Blue Hawaii, Aloha Oe, others.



863. Eddy's great ones include Boogie Woogie, Cattle Call, Anytime.



AL HIRT



313. Vintage Heifetz, Fritz Reiner conducts. Silvery sound.



918. 11 groovy hits: My Best Friend, Somebody To Love Me, White Rabbit.



649. Uplight, Kiss Away, Summer Wind, big title hit, 8 others.



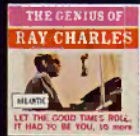
848. Title hit, Sittin' Here Lovin' You, Misty, Waxes For Baby, more.



888. The Shadow Of Your Smile, Yesterday, I Will Wait, 9 others.



586. Password, Old Records, O. J. The O. J., This White Circle, etc.



843. Powerful performances of It Had To Be You, Deed I Do, more.



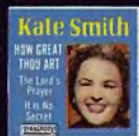
327. Tates From The Vienna Woods, Die Fledermaus Overture, others.



SONNY & CHER



917. Broadway's best: If I Loved You, Maria, Getting To Know You, more.



764. Inspirational songs, Were You There?, title song, and others.



123. Arias from L'Elisir D'Amore, Bohème, Giocanda, etc. (Reg. LP only)



845. Champagne music with a Latin tempo'd tang: Born Free, others.



BERT KAEMPFERT



903. The talented duo sings You Baby, Pdnub, Living For You, more.



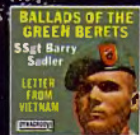
907. Groovy pops, rhythm & blues: Mustang Sally, New Orleans, others.



536. Peter Gunn, Baby Elephant Walk, Charade, Mr. Lucky, Lujon, etc.



644. Mary Martin and Robert Preston star in the Broadway hit show.



781. Album sensation! Inspiring Vietnam ballads. Badge Of Courage, etc.



674. Bring It On Home To Me, Having A Party, Only Sixteen, Sad Mood, etc.



886. Sound Of Music, Yesterday, Ebb Tide, More, title song, more.



314. Enchanting music of the sea and its colorful ports: March Boston Sym.



846. The sound of today: I Fell For You, No Love To Give, others.



876. Try To Remember, Quiet Room, Our Time For Loving, Raindrops, etc.



901. "Mr. Excitement" sings title hit, Who Am I, Just Be Sincere, more.



922. Top hits of "right now!" Lara's Theme, Yesterday, and 10 more.



842. Chet goes international in I Love Paris, Al-Di-La, other hits.



930. Movie themes in "Total Sound!" Born Free, Alfie, 10 more big ones.



921. Exciting new folk-rock group sings and swings—Burned, Leave.



920. Hit title song, Girl Talk, Sunny, Yesterday, 6 more hits.



836. Neil's new hit Oh No No, Cherry Cherry, Do It, Solitary Man, others.



124. Prisoner of Love, Till The End Of Time, Temptation, Wanted, etc.

where the great stars are... other top record clubs too!

Any 4 RECORD ALBUMS for only 99¢

STEREO or Regular Hi-Fi

Worth up to \$23.92 at regular Club prices. You merely agree to buy as few as four more records within a year at regular Club prices.

Records marked (E) are electronically reprocessed for stereo.



356. Sparkling display of keyboard mastery. Polonaise In A-Fat, etc.



829. Smash-hit Dedicated To The One I Love, My Girl, Free Advice, more.



548. Sugar Lips, Bourbon Street Parade, Stranger In Paradise, etc.

The Trademarks used in this Advertisement are the property of various Trademark owners.



560. 12 all-time hits by Mario Lanza. Because You're Mine, etc.



4. Soundtrack score. Ball Ha', Happy Talk, Some Enchanted Evening, etc.



773. Sensational pair sings Unchained Melody, 500 Miles, etc.



584. Stars And Stripes, Pomp And Circumstance, Marche Slave, more.



482. Beautiful performance by Van Cliburn. Fritz Reiner conducts.



550. Raunchy, Last Date, Swingin' Shepherd Blues, Shangri-La, Tequila, etc.



792. I Don't Hurt Anymore, A Fool Such As I, Miller's Cave, etc.



866. Misty, Love Me With All Of Your Heart, Cara Mia, Mona Lisa, others.



488. Enchanting music with a folk slant. Title selection, and others.



715. Played by Sviatoslav Richter so as to make every note seem new.



899. Rhapsody In Blue, Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1, España Rapsodie, etc.



820. No Salt On Her Tail, Dancing In The Street, 10 superb others.

Yes! TOP STARS! TOP HITS! TOP LABELS! Any 4 Albums for 99¢

Now you can choose from this greatest array of hit records in Club history! Not only outstanding albums by RCA Victor's own great stars—but top-star albums of other top labels... other top record clubs too! Yes, as a member of the RCA Victor Record Club, you have a really tremendous choice of albums from all major clubs... including those which charge you \$5 to join! Enjoy sensational hits straight from the best-seller charts! Right now, you can take any FOUR—ALL FOR ONLY 99¢! What's more, you can start right away to share all the valuable membership benefits offered by the RCA Victor Record Club!

few as four more records within a year at regular Club prices: usually \$4.98 or \$5.98, with a small shipping-service charge added to each order. You need NOT accept a record every month. Choose the Club selection, any one of more than 250 alternates—or no record at all that month! Take your pick of RCA Victor, Decca, Coral, London, Atlantic, Atco, Deutsche Grammophon and many other world-famed labels! Choose records in any area of music: Popular, Classical, Country & Western, Broadway-Hollywood-TV, and Today's Sound for teens and action people of all ages!

You Choose Every THIRD Record FREE!
As an active member, you continually get FREE RECORDS—one free for every two you buy after fulfilling trial membership. Plus a FREE SUBSCRIPTION to the Music Guide, the Club's fascinating monthly magazine for members only! Plus special sales and bargains throughout the year!

You Need NOT Buy A Record Every Month!
With trial membership, you merely agree to buy as

SEND NO MONEY! 10-Day FREE Trial!
You'll be billed 99¢ and a small shipping-service charge—but only after you receive your records, after you start enjoying them. Absolutely no risk! If not delighted, return the records within 10 days, and forget the matter. You'll pay us nothing, you'll owe us nothing! YOU decide! Pick your FOUR records now, write their numbers on the postpaid card, detach it and mail without money TODAY!

TMK(s) © RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



553. "Most completely satisfying Beethoven" (High Fidelity).



821. Pianist, chorus caress Embraceable You, Where Or When, 10 more.



460. His biggest all-time hits. Put Your Head On My Shoulder, etc.



603. My Gal Sal, Alabama Bound, You Made Me Love You, etc.



814. Chart-perched title hit, These Boots Were Made For Walking, more.



889. What Now My Love, Be My Love, The Shadow Of Your Smile, Yesterday.



718. A brilliant interpretation by Leopold Stokowski. Vibrant sound!



828. In-person recording. Only Love, Rose, The Mermaid, etc.

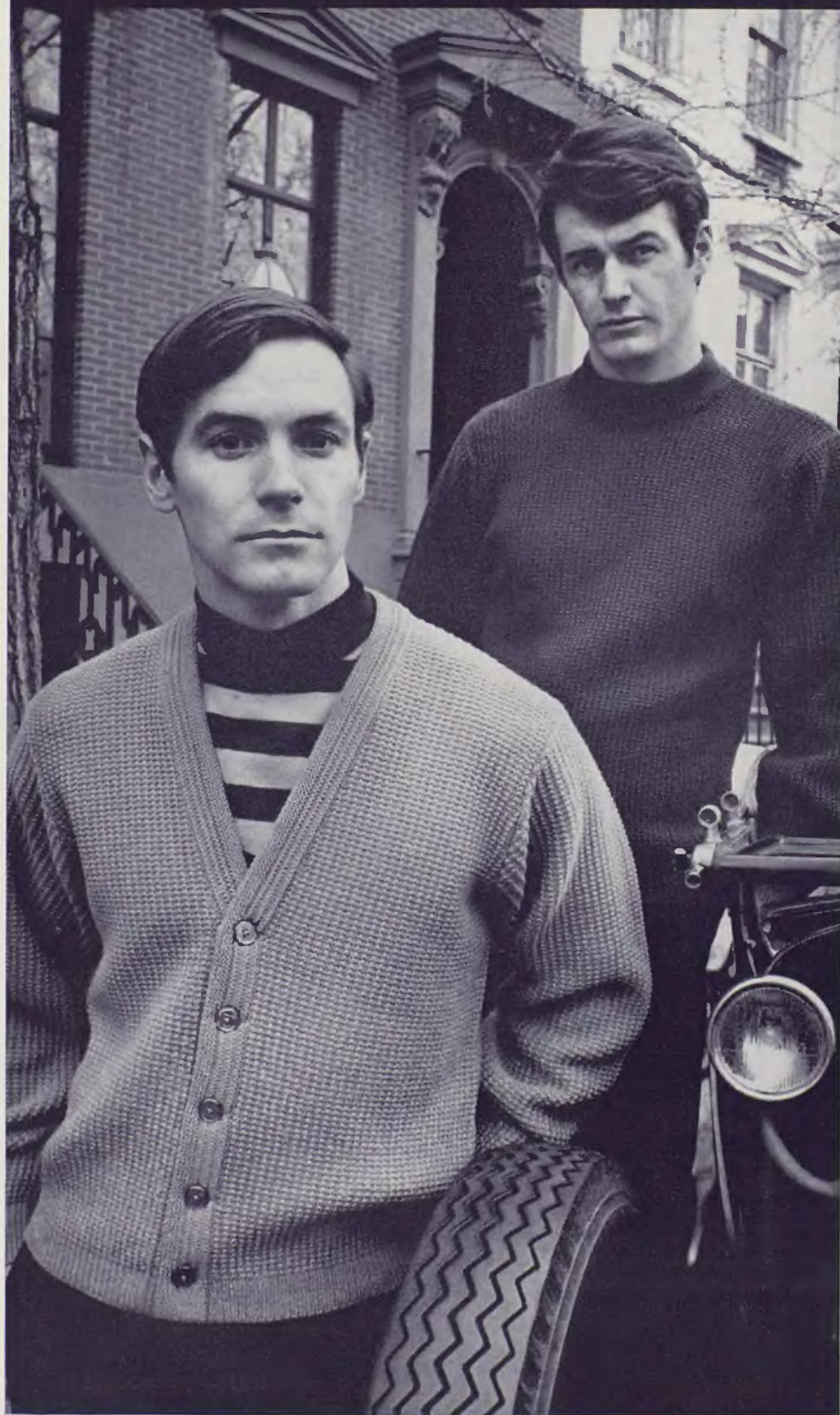


RCA VICTOR Record Club

...top stars...top hits
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SWEATERS



CHUKKER

100% Wool Popcorn Stitch. At All Fine Stores.

story that has a fresh approach and leaves a lingering essence long after the reading is over. This story did it. For ingenuity of plot and for an ending that shakes up that plot; for dramatic immediacy, singleness of purpose and heightened perception, Norris' verbal jewelry deserves the highest praise.

Annette Victorin
Berwyn, Illinois

PIN TALE

Faustian tales are a dime a dozen; but James Cross' *Pin Money* (PLAYBOY, June), both in its Madison Avenue setting and in its O. Henry conclusion, had something extra going for it. I enjoyed it very much.

Harold Moore
Boston, Massachusetts

BEDTIME READING

You might be interested in this photo—showing Ian Carmichael and Lynn Redgrave engrossed in the May issue of



PLAYBOY—which I snapped on the set of their upcoming film, *A Smashing Time*. The magazine was on the bed as a prop, but between takes it apparently proved irresistible.

Joel Elkins
London, England

PAL JOEY

In or out of the sand, Joey Gibson, your June Playmate, is simply delightful. Stephan Kenton
Manhattan, Kansas

Joey can play in my sandbox any time.
Lex Kavanaugh
North Hollywood, California

I would like to take this opportunity to compliment your excellent choice of June centerfold. The quality of the material used was unparalleled; it had perfect body and texture and the color combination was exquisite. The sand pails and shovels my firm manufactures have never before achieved such international recognition. Congratulations!

Leo Frick, President
Vera Toys, Inc.
New York, New York





ROBERT MORSE, STAR OF "HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING."

ANY MUG CAN SUCCEED WITH THE SMIRNOFF MULE

You've got a lot going for you with a cool and lively Mule. The drink that starts by chasing thirst. And goes the distance at any party. Only crystal clear Smirnoff, filtered through 14,000 pounds of activated charcoal, teams so perfectly with refreshing 7-Up®. So *always fuel your Mule with Smirnoff.*

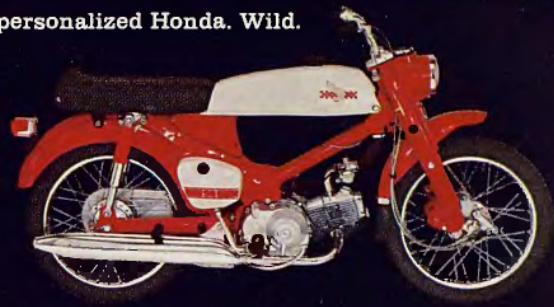
Smirnoff Mule Recipe:
Jigger of Smirnoff over ice.
Add juice of ¼ lime. Fill Mule
mug or glass with 7-Up to
taste. Delicious.

Set of 6 Mule mugs—\$3.00.
Send check or money order,
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Smirnoff leaves you breathless
VODKA

The Honda Custom Group. You take your pick of customized Hondas at your dealer's. Like the Rally here. These models feature a special type of tank, pipe, handlebars, seat. Ride off on your personalized Honda. Wild.



Honda shapes the world of wheels You wonder how they do it. 20 models so cool and calculating. Any one of 'em would make an ideal companion. Low upkeep. Faithful service. Spectacular performance. That famous Honda four-stroke engine won five out of five '66 Grand Prix Championships, 50cc to 500cc. A world's record. That's Honda's bag. You've got to respect it. See your Honda dealer for a safety demonstration ride.

HONDA

You meet the nicest people on a Honda.

See the "Invisible Circle" color film at your local Honda dealer's. While you're there, pick up a color brochure and safety pamphlet, or write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. Q5, Box 50, Gardena, California 90247. © 1967, AHM.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Though the recollection of immortal moments in film history—such as the scene in *To Have and Have Not* where Bacall tells Bogart, “If you want anything, just whistle”—has long been a favorite parlor game for movie buffs, the great treasure-trove of dramatic moments in Hollywood’s lesser-known productions has, for some reason, been virtually untapped. A list of deathless—and lifeless—lines that have escaped critical notice, we feel, might well include such poignant pronouncements on *l’amour* as Johnny Sheffield’s down-to-earth description of the eternal triangle in *The Lost Volcano* (1950): “Bomba like David—Nona like David—Bomba like Nona”; Patricia Livingston’s poetic evocation to Audie Murphy, of Cupid’s bull’s-eye shot in *The Guns of Fort Petticoat* (1957): “When I saw you come riding in, it was like a dam busting inside me”; Robert Clarke’s pulse-pounding discovery that his lady employer in *Secret File—Hollywood* (1962) is all woman: “I knew there was more than ice behind those glasses—if I could ever catch you with them off”; and John Eldridge’s rueful reflection, addressed to Bette Davis in *Dangerous* (1935): “I’m a bookkeeper now, Joyce, in the company that I used to own. The worst of it is that I can’t hate you.” A classic revelation of the creative moment is Gene Raymond’s composition of an instant hit in *Flying Down to Rio* (1933): “She’s like an orchid—and there’s the moonlight—*Orchids in the Moonlight!*” The irrationality of human prejudice is crystallized in Stuart Randall’s mordant exclamation to Robert Clarke in *Captive Women* (1952): “The only good mutate is a dead one!” Man’s helplessness—syntactically as well as emotionally—before the unknown is eloquently exemplified by the police commissioner’s ominous announcement in *Konga* (1961): “There’s a huge monster that’s constantly growing to outlandish proportions loose in the streets!” An admirable example of imperturbability, on the other hand, is provided by a delivery boy matter-of-factly

checking an order with a nurse in *Attack of the 50 Ft. Woman* (1958): “Meat hooks—fifty feet of chain—an elephant syringe.” Appropriate at this point, we feel, would be Tony Curtis’ insightful observation in *Son of Ali Baba* (1952), spoken in pure Bronxese: “I sense an evil hand has wrought this chain of circumstances”; and William Harrigan’s Jovian indictment of Claude Rains’ transparent transgressions in *Invisible Man* (1933): “He meddled in things men should leave alone”—a line we wish we’d heard before we compiled this list.

Bureau of Incidental Intelligence, Yellow Peril Division: With North Vietnam’s neighbor to the north becoming a bit obstreperous and our own Red China spy network still admittedly sketchy, we offer the CIA the following description—penned by author Lin Yutang in his 1935 book *My Country and My People*—of what life is like behind the Bamboo Curtain for Mao and his hitherto inscrutable countrymen. According to Lin Yutang, they “eat crabs, drink tea, taste spring water, sing operatic airs, fly kites, play shuttlecock, match grass-blades, make paper boxes, solve complicated wire puzzles, play mah-jongg, gamble and pawn clothing, stew ginseng, watch cockfights, romp with their children, water flowers, plant vegetables, graft fruits, play chess, take baths, hold conversations, keep cage birds, take afternoon naps, have three meals in one, guess fingers, play at palmistry, gossip about fox spirits, go to operas, beat drums and gongs, play the flute, practice calligraphy, munch duck gizzards, salt carrots, fondle walnuts, fly eagles, feed carrier pigeons, quarrel with their tailors, go on pilgrimages, visit temples, climb mountains, watch boat races, hold bullfights, take aphrodisiacs, smoke opium, gather at street corners, shout at airplanes, fulminate against the Japanese, wonder at the white people, criticize their politicians, read Buddhist classics, practice deep breathing, hold Buddhist séances, consult fortunetellers, catch

crickets, eat melon seeds, gamble for moon cakes, hold lantern competitions, burn rare incense, eat noodles, solve literary riddles, train pot-flowers, send one another birthday presents, kowtow to one another, produce children, and sleep.” An updated edition of the list might add such charming customs as engaging in poster-designing competitions, organizing revisionist scavenger hunts and, in moments of leisure, playing the international domino game with the United States.

Just the facts, please: *The Indianapolis News* headlined a story about the National Aeronautics and Space Administration budget, “SOME VAST EXPENDITURES ON HALF-VAST PROJECTS.”


The record number for Victor’s stereo LP of *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, fittingly enough, is LSD-2006.

GOD IS ALIVE AND WELL, asserts the outdoor bulletin of a Presbyterian church in Chicago. Below this good news is the information, VISITING HOURS: TWICE ON SUNDAY.

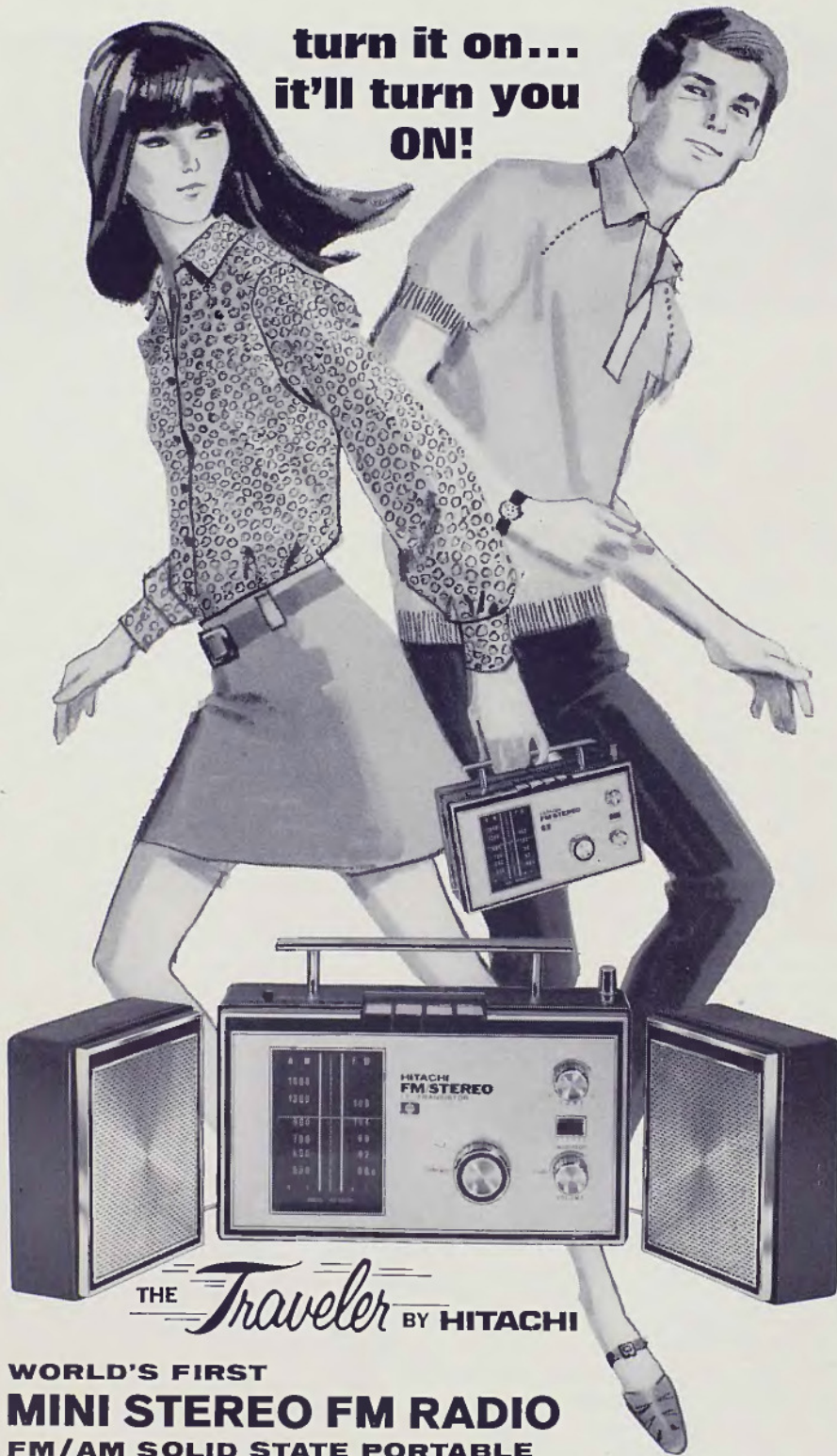
When Stanley J. Pubick, of Springfield, Massachusetts, died recently, he left a large estate that included a half dozen prize Belgian hares and recordings of six songs he had composed. “Mr. Pubick’s will,” said *The Springfield Union* straight-facedly, “stipulated that the cash and house would be left to his wife, Stacia A. Pubick, while the Pubick hares would be left to be divided equally among other Pubick heirs. The Pubick airs were left to the city library.”

The alcoholics-rehabilitation center in Paterson, New Jersey, is located on the corner of Straight and Narrow Streets.

After a prominent oral surgeon in Lancashire, England, was convicted for

not only a new radio...  ...but a new kind of radio

turn it on...
it'll turn you
ON!



THE *Traveler* BY HITACHI

**WORLD'S FIRST
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raping female patients while they were anesthetized, a wag at a Manchester newspaper subtly headlined the story, "DENTIST FILLS WRONG CAVITY."

Sporting note: The house rules at a newly opened golf course in Kenya, as outlined in *The Washington Post*, stipulate that if a ball lands on or by a crocodile, the player has the option of moving it a club's length away—or removing the crocodile.

Attention, prospective honeymooners: A classified ad in *The Boston Globe* announced, "Wanted—ten or fifteen students to study the marital arts, judo, karate and aikido."

Unintentional Black Humor Department: In the grim process of photographing death certificates for permanent storage, a sharp-eyed file clerk in a Nebraska medical agency ran across one, reports the state medical journal, astutely inscribed thusly by the officiating physician: "Had never been fatally ill before."

An Arizona informant tells us that the secretary of the Planned Parenthood organization in Phoenix has resigned to become director of customer relations for a diaper service.

One untapped new field for aspiring executives was brought to our attention by the following personal notice from the *London Times*: "No mere yes man, no advisor, nagger or nursemaid, but a friend, confidant and conciliator. A nodder. Is there any successful man or enterprise without this essential service? Londoner with 23½ years of extensive research into the finer points of nodding is available. Speaks French but has raised the quality of his nodding above language barriers."

An apt ad in a Manila newspaper described the location of an apartment for rent as "only a stone's throw from the American Embassy."

There's a new and persuasive inducement to abstain from cigarettes offered by this slogan, which—according to the *Baltimore Sun*—the Maryland Tuberculosis Association is using on its posters: "STOP SMOKING AND LOVE LONGER."

A New York restaurant that advertises that it specializes in smorgasbord and Chinese and Italian food is named Ginza.

Our nominee for Martyr of the Month is a California dredge operator who saved a woman from sinking into the Richardson Bay mud flats as she attempted

THE FOG'S AND'S OR HER RADSLIFFE WITH ZIP OUT LINER ABOUT \$14 DO EACH. SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. LONDON FOG © BALTIMORE, MD.



THE FOG

THE MY-WHAT-BIG-SHOULDERS-YOU-HAVE-GRANDMA AFFAIR. Once upon a campus, a mean old gangster disguised himself as a house mother in order to kidnap a wealthy coed. After

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300 thou—she attracted the attention of The Fog, who happened to be on campus ferreting out a Communist cell in the Biology Department. Moral: Sometimes a little red riding can catch a hood.

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
See the Winners
go Goodyear in

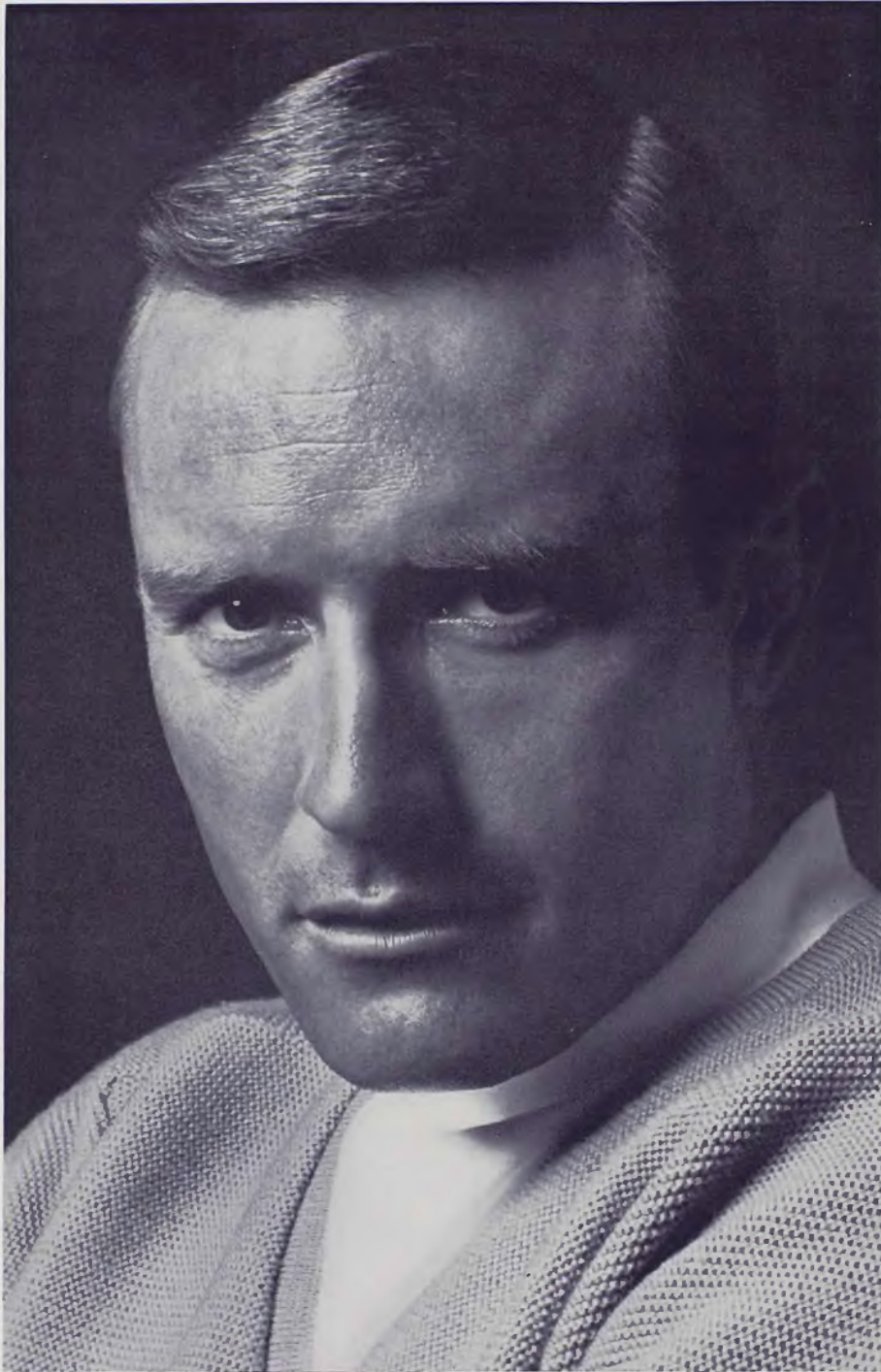

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If you know Piersall, you'll cool it. He swings his fists as well as he does a bat. How come he gets his hair styled? Simple. It makes him look better—longer—than a plain cut. Jimmy's stylist shampoos his hair, shapes it wet, then styles it with a clear gel called Dep for Men. A shot of Dep for Men Hair Spray holds the line. Jimmy uses both of them every morning, and looks neat all day. If you'd like to look neat, get your hair styled instead of just cut. And don't forget the Dep for Men.

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to reach his rig. As Jesper C. Strandgaard pulled Mrs. Robert Allen free, relates the Grand Rapids, Michigan, *Press*, she handed him a court order that she and her neighbors had obtained to prevent the bay from being filled.

The complexity of Latin-American politics has reached a point where it surpasseth all understanding, as witnessed by an article in *The Denver Post* that described an attempt by the Guatemalan government "to end an outbreak of terror by left-wing rightist extremists."

Sign of the times spotted on a small sidewalk stall in Greenwich Village: GUESS YOUR SEX—25 CENTS.

BOOKS

Edmund Wilson is one of the last aristocratic radicals. His radicalism is based on a dedication to stable values, a firm sense of personal character and the old-fashioned virtues of intellectual curiosity and discipline, clarity and conviction. His literary criticism, far from exhibiting the glib formulas of the popularizers or the esoteric trivialities of the academics, reflects both sound scholarship and humane insight. Yet his journal of his early years is somewhat stuffy and stiff-necked—as if those high starched collars had kept him from losing his head. To adopt the prevailing tone of *A Prelude* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), Wilson was rather a solemn youth. His entries consist largely of sepia family portraits, callow bons mots, pretentious exercises in landscape writing, soberly earnest reflections on literature, and the tedious pomp and banal circumstance of school life. Fortunately, he admits, "my notations were scrappy, and I have had to fill them in with something in the nature of reminiscences," and these passages are by far the best part of the volume. But Wilson has a lucid, steady, armchair mind suited to criticism rather than to creativity—a point well illustrated by the companion volume, which reprints *Galahad* (a story about the sexual timidity of a boy in a puritanical prep school, unfortunately much funnier than Wilson intends) and *I Thought of Daisy* (a novel of Greenwich Village in the Twenties, rigidly "literary" and as dated as an antimacassar). Yet the book also reveals how Wilson, in post-World War One America, the social aristocracy gone, moved so easily into the aristocracy of the intellect, keeping pace with life by discarding his insularities and prejudices, yet linking, as the best critics do, the radical insights of the new to the enduring values of the old.

Almost 300 pages of hell, some 88 descending to said state and about two and a half coming back up—that's what

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John William Corrington gives us in his second book, *The Upper Hand* (Putnam). If you like the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch, you should like this novel, which is only incidentally about an ex-priest, Christopher Nieman. The lone child of a swinging mother (she so loves her son that she takes him to bed with her) and a zealous but ineffectual Catholic father (he dies in Spain fighting for Franco), Christopher is forever betwixt and between. Things don't begin to move until he meets Mary Ann Dourney out of east Texas and Billy Bob Stoker. He rolls loaded dice with Stoker to see who rolls in the hay with Mary Ann; Christopher wins and he is henceforth ex-virgin as well as ex-priest. The whole bunch descends to a hell named New Orleans and meets a flock of old people: a religious Negro who hates God; a whore-master whose real vocation is making arty pornographic films; a fat ex-Nazi abortionist who should be played by Sidney Greenstreet if he's around down there; and a lovely little old lady out of Boston who peddles heroin and has most expressive speech. The language is richly allusive, at once elegant and vulgar. Everyone gets to know everyone else; and before Christopher starts his anabasis, there are two violent, comic (black variety), melodramatic blow-ups. There isn't a decent middle-class agnostic in the book, so reader identification may be a problem; but if it's a trip through Fun City, Southern style, you want, this is it. As the whoremaster says, "Some things are the same whether the New is York or Orleans."

Martin Mayer has written about ad-men and stockbrokers and found them to be rather decent and excessively maligned chaps, overall. Now he looks at *The Lawyers* (Harper & Row), but it's a trial to figure out what he thinks about these fellows. Here we find lawyers and law specialties, law schools and law courts, criminal law, personal-injury law, commercial law and administrative law, law libraries, law publishers, judges and the Supreme Court itself arrayed before the casual reader. There is a good deal of information packed into this long book, but most laymen are apt to become cross-eyed skipping from one hastily visited area to another. The reader must assume a further burden, laid on by the ukaslike quality of many of Mayer's statements. For example: "Discussions of criminal procedure in America normally start with a sonorous statement to the effect that all men are presumed innocent until proven guilty. Unfortunately, once this premise is accepted it is almost impossible to say anything either intelligent or relevant about the problem." Fortunately for those whose fates depend more on what's really going on than on such fiat-headed edicts, thoughtful men are saying many intelligent



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and relevant things about the presumption-of-innocence doctrine; legal concepts are shifting and shuddering every day as a consequence. For a chaser, some of Mayer's personal opinions, which often masquerade as facts, are strange, indeed. He is not high on the idea of "people who are clearly guilty" insisting on their right to trial. Arguing in effect that defendants should work for the police, he seems to object to the notion that lawyers should tell the accused to clam up. It's lucky for people accused of crimes that Mayer became a writer instead of a judge—they don't have to read him, but they might have had to appear before him.

Caecum is a cavity open at one end—called also a blind gut. The word has appeared before in Samuel Beckett's writings, and it appears again in his *Stories and Texts for Nothing* (Grove Press). The vermiform appendix is a caecum, or part of a caecum, and one can be sure that the author had the analog well in mind. Vestigial to begin with and perpetually subject to infection, it makes a hell of a home, metaphorically speaking. It's not a place anyone would choose to live, but it's precisely the lack of choice in our existence that Beckett has emphasized in all his works and emphasizes again in these three stories and literary partitas. Here we are, he says; and if suppuration abounds, well, I didn't cause it, did I? Or did I? Man as a foreign organism or victim of foreign organisms is an open question. Another everlasting question is how to get comfortable. By looking the condition full in its unlovely face and learning to love it? By moving? The titles of the three stories summarize the problem: *The Expelled*, *The Calmative* and *The End*. In each, something that passes for human is looking for a place to be: the cab of a horse-drawn vehicle, after the rats have been dispossessed; a cathedral's nightmare gallery where one clings to the wall like a fly, with the void below; a dry-docked boat that a dream takes out to sea. Of course, things aren't the way Beckett sees them—they're much better and much worse—but no matter how strange his creations, they have the unsettling, compelling quality of seeming familiar. If Beckettland is not where we live, it's where dreams and fears take us—and the extraordinary achievement of this artist is in stocking his caecal vision with the winged, scaled, crawling and upright creatures of a problematic universe.

In *The Farther Shores of Politics* (Simon & Schuster), George Thayer guides us bravely through the American Baedeker of fanatics, from George Lincoln Rockwell's low-browed, high-booted Nazis to Gus Hall's wild-eyed, tame-tempered Communists. It's a story with the fringe on top. Like all freak shows, the effect is

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


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absorbing but tiring, sort of like spending a hard day's Walpurgis Night at your neighborhood *disgrotisque*. Aesthetically speaking, it's probably true that when you've seen one political nut, you've seen them all. Thayer, it would appear, has seen them all, and close up. Close enough, anyway, to observe that one Revilo P. Oliver (it reads the same backward), an antifluoride fetishist, possesses "bad teeth"—a thrust almost as satisfying in its poetic justice as would be an announcement that Dr. Joyce Brothers is a nymphomaniac. Sometimes Thayer got too close for comfort. In an interview with a Ku Klux Klan leader, the Klanner told him sweetly, "If'n you don't write somethin' nice about us, one of these dark nights you're gonna get a knock on your door and you'll know who it is." There are hundreds of crackpot groups, both left and right, on the American scene today, and Thayer has done us a service by classifying and explaining them. As he points out, "None of us . . . can afford to dismiss these groups as an aberration unworthy of our attention." Some are dangerous; some are merely pathetic; a few entertain notions that deserve a hearing. Unfortunately, Thayer never says which groups he thinks make a certain amount of sense and which do not. He lumps them all in one bag. It may be true, for example, that both Norman Thomas and Gerald L. K. Smith reside on "the farther shores of politics"; but to anybody who has encountered these two gentlemen, the contrast is more impressive than are any similarities.

The relationship between journalism and literature is much like that between German and Yiddish; they are almost the same language yet mutually incompatible. Journalism pursues the moment, literature stalks the eternal; journalism focuses on the event, literature draws its bead on character. *The World of Jimmy Breslin* (Viking), a collection of that reporter's columns and dispatches, is an attempt to bridge the gap; if it does not quite succeed, it does offer some neat straddling. Breslin's reportage on the war in Vietnam, for example, is in the best deadpan Hemingway tradition: "The water ran out at noon. Fire was too heavy for helicopters to land with supplies. The Marines of I Company went through the sand with the sun glaring at them and the shots trying to kill them and they were licking their lips and trying to forget about water while they fought." Best of all, however, are Breslin's Runyonesque watch-charm pieces on New York and his favorite characters: Fat Thomas, the bookmaker; Marvin the Torch, a professional arsonist whom you read about in *PLAYBOY*; Jerry the Booster, the world's champion shoplifter; and Fat Moisch, the notorious bum-check writer. Also included are witty annotations by former *Trib* editors James G. Bellows and

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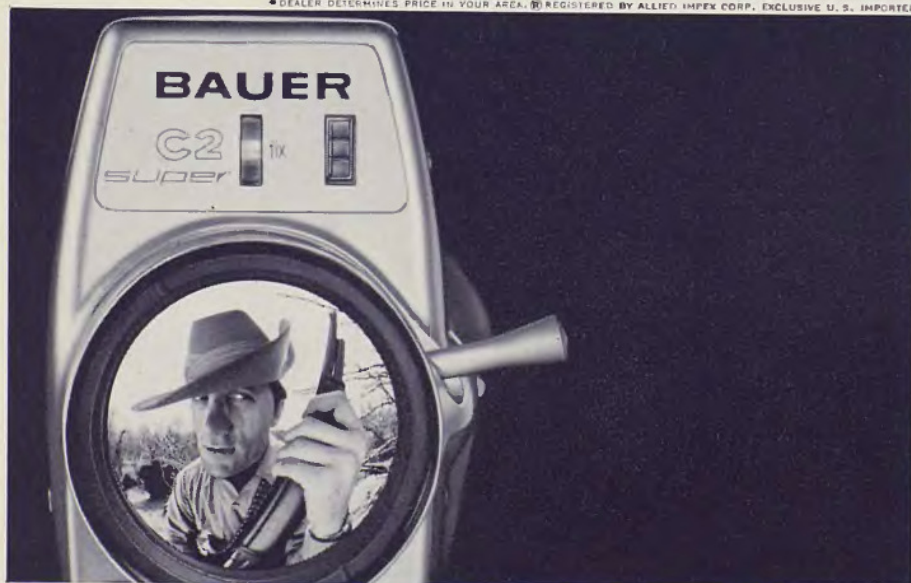
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Richard C. Wald, chronicling the making of a columnist, and many samples of Breslin's wild interoffice memos. When Jimmy discovered that the traditionally Republican *Trib* was not going to back Goldwater in 1964, he sent the following telegram to Jock Whitney, his publisher: "FROM THE START, I HAD SUCH CONFIDENCE IN YOU THAT I DIDN'T EVEN ARRANGE FOR THE LOAN OF A GUN TO PUT IN MY MOUTH IN CASE THE PAPER BACKED GOLDWATER. YOU DID EXACTLY WHAT HAD TO BE DONE TODAY. I MEAN, IF WE LET THESE PEOPLE WITH THEIR I. Q. OF 95 GET CLOSE TO BEING PRESIDENT, WHY, ALL OF MY FRIENDS WILL DESERT ME AND GO INTO POLITICS . . ."

Though Lewis Mumford devotes most of his new book to paleolithic and neolithic man, working his way gradually up to the third millennium in Egypt and leaping into the Middle Ages only at the very end, *The Myth of the Machine* (Harcourt, Brace & World) is a book of extraordinary relevance to contemporary Western society. For by examining the development of human culture, particularly in its interaction with technology, Mumford calls into question contemporary definitions of both the nature of man and the quality of his society. Modern man, in self-congratulatory smugness over his technological progress, employs his own standards in assessing the past, counterpoising "civilization" against "savagery" and equating the use of tools, mechanical inventions and control of his environment with the increasing enrichment of human life. But Mumford's study demonstrates that it is man's nature to shape himself rather than his environment, that technology played only a minor role in his emergence from the cave and that civilization itself, with its overemphasis on mechanical power and organization, too frequently diminishes the organic realities (work and play, ritual and communication, food and sex) that give meaning to human life. Though the book is flawed by Mumford's patronizing view of modern society (the very sin he accuses us of adopting toward our forebears), his arguments are often unsettling. He points out that ants invented the fundamental institutions of civilization millions of years ago; and that man's contribution has been "the element of irrational fantasy," uniting the cultural institution of war to the machine-centered society. Modern man's "obsessive" worship of technology, he argues, far from producing a mechanized Eden, will more likely create a kind of *devil ex machina*—for the greatest testimony to man's technological prowess is the destruction of himself and the devastation of his environment. In this, his 23rd book, Mumford once again displays the patient questioning, the speculative wisdom that makes him a kind of Socrates of our age. He advocates both humility and a man-centered

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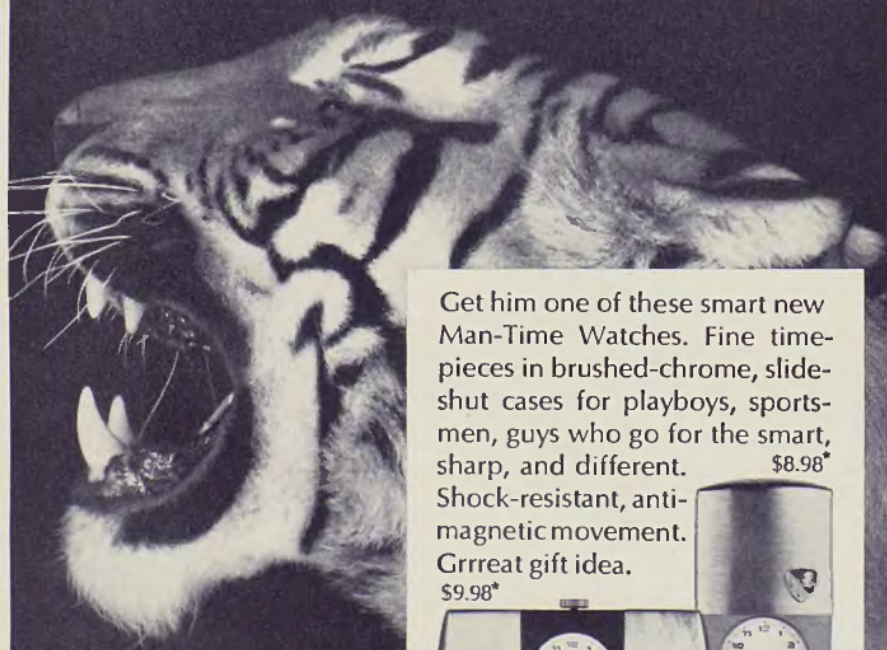
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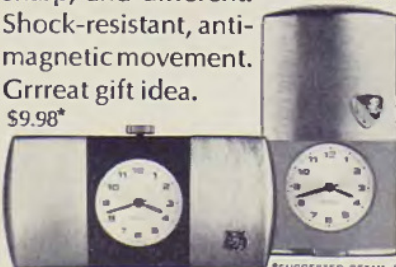
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cosmos—but in his vision, this is not a paradox, for man is merely the measure of all things, not their conqueror.

"Astonish me," Diaghilev ordered Jean Cocteau in 1912; and for half a century, Cocteau's wizardry astonished everybody—plays, poems, drawings, novels, films, ballets—wooing all the muses at once. Not only his art but his life as well—as the most famous opium eater since De Quincey, the escort of Barrette, "the Texas trapezist in drag"—a life regarded as both scandal and myth. Yet just as scandal fades (Cocteau was finally admitted to the French Academy), so does astonishment; only a small proportion of Cocteau's enormous output will survive a second, calm appraisal. *The Difficulty of Being* (Coward-McCann), written in 1946, is an autobiography with almost no remembrance of things past. Despite his announced resolve to tell all, despite his most eventful life, Cocteau firmly resists the temptations of nostalgia. Instead, in the tradition of Montaigne, in a style at once effervescent and hard as diamonds, he writes a series of essays on such subjects as conversation, friendship, dreams, pain, frivolity and beauty. His brief remembrances of Proust, Apollinaire and Nijinsky are aphoristic flashes that illuminate only the writer; as Gide once said of the ballet *Parade*, Cocteau "knows that the sets and costumes are by Picasso, that the music is by Satie, but he wonders if Picasso and Satie are not by him." At his best—as the poet of the moon, the psychologist of unicorns—Cocteau reveals the "inimitable, wild, nocturnal, ultracomplex hubbub of a heart." But the fate of this particular Renaissance man in the 20th Century was to be as shallow in achievement as he was broad in range. Asked what he would take if his house were burning down, Cocteau answered: "I'd take the fire." But when the fire is gone, little but ashes remain.

Death Kit (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), the new novel by Susan Sontag, high priestess of the pop cult, demonstrates the virtues and the flaws of her talent. The story is as imaginative as a hallucination (which it is) and the brainwork is all there; but when it comes to finding the words and tone commensurate with the nuances she is seeking to evoke, she flounders in a turgid sea of banality. The plot, enveloped in murky waves of style, is simple enough: Dalton Harron, 33, is a promotion writer for a microscope company. He is "not really alive, but had a life," and decides to take that life by swallowing half a bottle of sleeping pills. While his stomach is being pumped out, he decides unconsciously that just as he wants to die, so, too, does he "want to be born." And this book is a recounting of the visions he experiences during that limbo between life and death: He is

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BURRIS

assigned to go on a business trip that turns out to be the most symbolic of journeys. For when the train stalls in a tunnel, he gets off and kills a surly workman laboring to remove a wall-like obstruction built across the tracks. Back on board the train, he makes love to a blind girl in the lavatory ("the touch of violence, being merely the necessary prelude that makes the other, the touch of love, possible"). When he reaches his destination, he is obsessed equally by guilt over the murder and by love for the blind girl. He quits his job and devotes himself to the love affair, but those soft pleasures are not enough to subdue the hard facts of fear and guilt. He persuades the girl to return to the railway tunnel with him; and there he comes across the same workman, whom he again brutally slays. Then he wanders through the obstruction down the tracks into a never-never land of crypts and catacombs, "looking for his death," having "perceived the inventory of the world." Interesting, certainly, but the total effect is more like a provocative outline for a novel than the novel itself.

DINING-DRINKING

When San Franciscans go out of town for dinner, they usually take the Golden Gate Bridge to one of the Sausalito restaurants where it is possible to dine while gazing back across the water at the city. *Le Vivoir* (156 Bulkley Avenue) is a French restaurant in a 100-year-old house that hangs on the downside of a Sausalito hill and looks not at San Francisco but at a yacht-studded harbor. Yet *Le Vivoir* (the living room) is a spot everyone can imagine he discovered for himself. The chef speaks no English, refuses to leave the kitchen and is a woman. She is Marie-Louise. Her husband, Robert, is the maître de; her daughter, an attractive young brunette, Marie-France, is the hostess and general talker of English to non-Gallic parties. A son and a grandmother are also involved. Robert is from Le Perreux on the outskirts of Paris. Because they are not yet American citizens, they cannot get a liquor license. For that martini or Scotch before dinner, it is simple enough to try the bar at the Alta Mira Hotel and then cross over to the downside of the street for dinner at *Le Vivoir*. The house has an extraordinary wine list. It favors the Bordeaux wines; but, more important, it is possible to order the fine California wines, such as the Beaulieu Cabernet Sauvignon Private Reserve 1961, that are rarely seen on local retailers' shelves. Duck with an olive sauce (Canard de l'Esterel), at \$15 for two, is the pride of the house. This same duck can be served with a cherry sauce, for those who prefer baser canards. The menu is filled with the expected French dishes—

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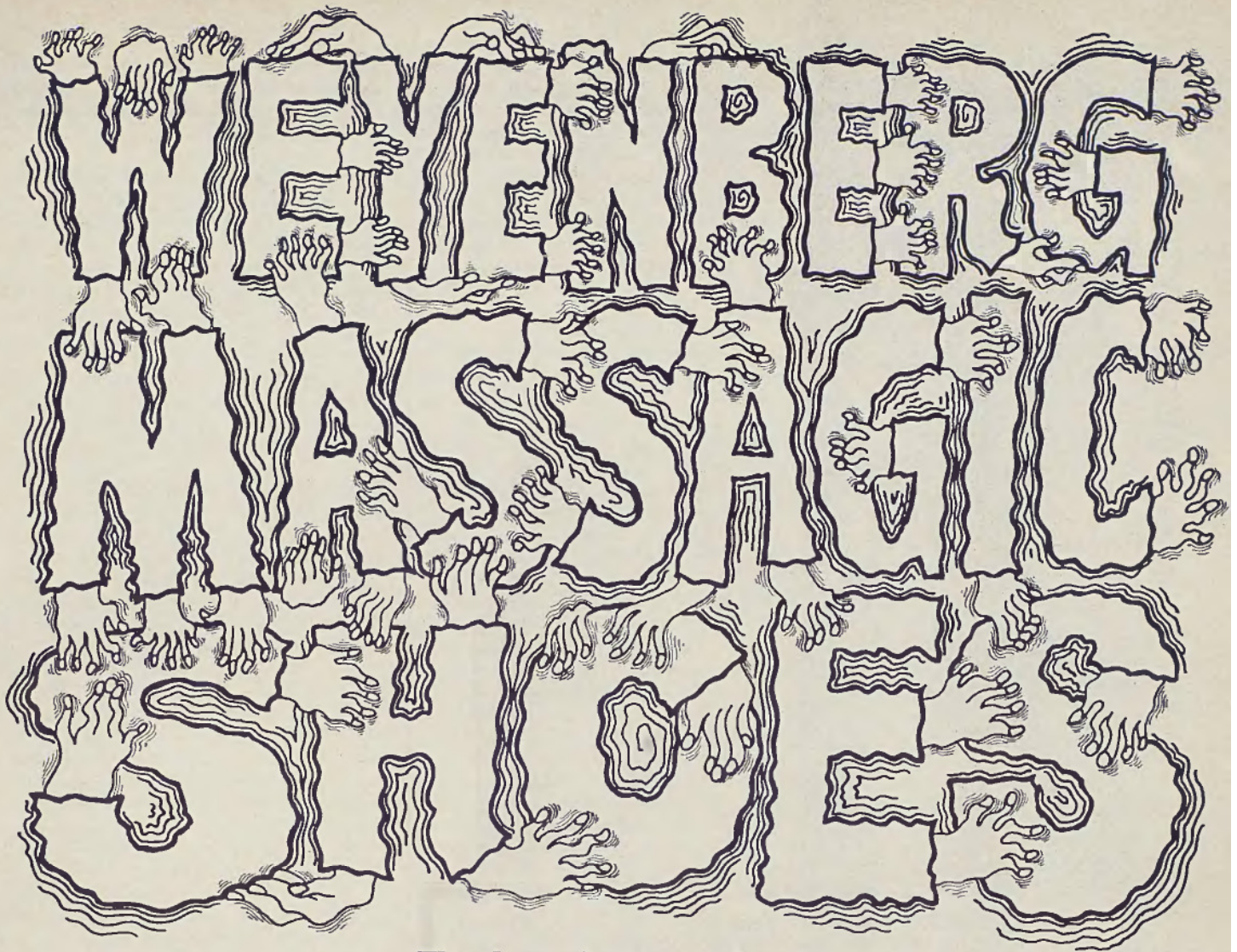
Coquille St. Jacques, Escargots de Bourgogne, Les Pigeons de Berville and Coq au Vin—all handled extremely well. The Medaillon Bergerac, slices of fine beef served in a rare sauce, is a splendid dish. The atmosphere lifts Le Vivoir beyond that of just another fine French restaurant. Le Vivoir is literally the living room of an old house; the library and entrance hall have become the lounge, where one may have an aperitif or champagne cocktail; the extensive porch areas have been enlarged for veranda dining on summer nights. The remaining floors of the old house have been turned into a typical French country inn by the owners. There are 14 immaculate rooms whose bed pillows are rolled French style; a provincial desk lists the credit cards accepted; and a sign, representing solid Gallic business practice, bears the words NO PERSONAL CHECKS CASHED. Dinner reservations are necessary for those who want a table near the window. A dinner for two, including wine, will run about \$25 including tip. Open every day except Monday, from 6 P.M. Remember—when the distinguished-looking maitre de gives you the Continental greeting, he doesn't understand a word you're saying. If you're stuck with English, ask for Marie-France before you get into the fine demands of the evening's repast.

RECORDINGS

Still serving up bountiful batches of soul is the nonpareil Lou Rawls. This go-round, it's *Too Much!* (Capitol), which finds Lou doing some talking (monologues have now become a familiar part of the Rawls repertoire) but mostly singing. Among the high points are a pair of tunes by John Loder milk—*You're Takin' My Bag* and *Then You Can Tell Me Good-bye*—and the lovely old *I Wanna Little Girl*.

On *Forest Flower / Charles Lloyd at Monterey* (Atlantic), the phenomenal tenor sax man—flutist and his quartet reiterate the reasons for their being one of the most highly touted jazz groups of the past year. With Keith Jarrett on piano, Cecil McBee on bass and Jack DeJohnette on drums, Lloyd concocts an alchemy of sound, as ideas flow forth with breath-taking profusion. There are four jazz originals and the standard *East of the Sun*, all of which are splendidly delineated.

While coming nowhere near their earlier *Revolver* album as a radical departure in popular music, the Beatles' new *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (Capitol) is an exciting LP and an advance over what they have achieved thus far. *Within You Without You* is a further extension of George Harrison's experiments with Eastern music; *A Little Help*



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from *My Friends* is in gentle, joyful praise of getting high; the title item proves a rousing parody of rural community entertainment; *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* is a further development of the techniques introduced in *Eleanor Rigby*; and *A Day in the Life* chillingly evokes modern life. The Beatles have outdone themselves again and, happily, they show no sign of stopping.

The children of the Beatles have been at work at home and abroad. *The Hollies' Greatest Hits* (Imperial) features the Beatle-influenced quintet on a number of favorites such as *Bus Stop*, *On a Carousel* and *Pay You Back with Interest*. Somewhat closer to the Beatles is *Here Comes My Baby* (Epic), in which the Tremeloes enthusiastically render the hit title song and nine others, including a swinging version of *Loving You (Is Sweeter than Ever)*. Enthusiasm in itself accounts for the success of *I Think We're Alone Now* (Roulette) by Tommy James and The Shondells. James' group sings in an out-of-date, late-Fifties style that was a heavy influence on the early Beatles. The quintet makes the anachronism work by really enjoying what they're doing as they belt out the title tune, *Mirage* and other goodies. At the opposite end of the Beatles bag are The Buckinghamhs, who, on *Time & Charges* (Columbia), engage in a compendium of deliberate experiments in pop sound. There are no highlights in an album that is joy from beginning to end. The Beatles' current rivals for teen popularity, The Monkees, have come up with *Headquarters* (Colgems), the quartet's first album on its own, in which it moves away from Beatle imitating to a more individual folk-rock style. Standouts are *For Pete's Sake*, *Mr. Webster* and *You Just May Be the One*. Finally, also in the folk-rock bag is *Electric Music for the Mind and Body* (Vanguard), by Country Joe and the Fish. Leader Joe McDonald has an insinuating voice that wraps itself around a fine collection of originals featuring the quintet's hit *Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine*, *Grace*, *Sad and Lonely Times* and a hippie protest song, *Superbird*.

Anything Goes! / The Dave Brubeck Quartet Plays Cole Porter (Columbia) brings yet another composer into the Brubeck fold. From the title ditty on through *Night and Day* and *Just One of Those Things*, to the windup, *All Through the Night*, Messrs. Brubeck, Desmond, et al., echo the class inherent in almost all of the melodies in the Porter portfolio.

Miriam Makeba in Concert! (Reprise), recorded at Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, dazzlingly displays the now-multifaceted African singer. Accompanied only by guitarist-accordionist Severio de Oleverio, bassist Alex Layne and drummer Leo Fleming, Miss Makeba

ranges from Africa (*Banayi*) to Brazil (*Reza*) to America (*When I've Passed On*), giving each country's offerings more than their due.

One of the most versatile and inventive musicians around, Yusef Lateef is beautifully showcased on *The Golden Flute* (Impulse!). Heard on flute, tenor sax and oboe, Yusef soars through oldies such as *Rosetta*, *A Ghost of a Chance* and *Exactly Like You* and jazz originals with unclipped élan. Adding considerably to the spirit of the occasion are pianist Hugh Lawson, bassist Herman Wright and drummer Roy Brooks, Jr. With each new LP, Lateef grows better and his audience grows larger.

The Staple Singers are—for us, at least—the greatest Gospel group going; and this is more than affirmed in *Pray On* (Epic), wherein the Staples family, led by father Roebuck, sings it the way it is. There isn't a false, commercial note anywhere in the session. And you don't have to dig the message to dig the music.

Once again, Bobby Hackett has to struggle valiantly to overcome saccharine arrangements; but he makes the best of a bad proposition on *That Midnight Touch* (Project 3). From an engineering standpoint, the recording is flawless; Hackett's cornet, always clarion, is shimmering as Bobby glides effortlessly and elegantly through such evergreens as *Laura*, *September Song*, *The Touch of Your Lips* and *Nancy*; but oh, those backgrounds.

The Rabbit is obviously indestructible. Witness Johnny Hodges' *Blue Notes* (Verve). With a sizable group of top-flight jazzmen behind him, Hodges paints wondrous indigo pictures with his alto. Some of his best efforts are contained on *Rent City* and *Sneakin' Up on You*, where the Hodges sax is paired with the harmonica of Buddy Lucas. It's a new context for Johnny, but one that suits him very well.

The new soul sound comes out of Memphis and the new king of soul is Otis Redding. In a first-rate series of LPs over the past couple of years, the introverted young bluesman has built a list of recordings that ranks with the works of Ray Charles, B. B. King and Lou Rawls. In *Complete and Unbelievable / The Otis Redding Dictionary of Soul* (Volt), he takes command of 12 superb vehicles, from his own *She Put the Hurt on Me* and *Hang for You* to the Beatles' *Day Tripper*. With his Memphis soulmate Carla Thomas, Redding has released *King & Queen* (Stax). The duo work beautifully together on such numbers as the intense *When Something Is Wrong with My Baby*, the rollicking *Let Me Be Good to You* and the powerful *Louey Dovey*. *Carla*



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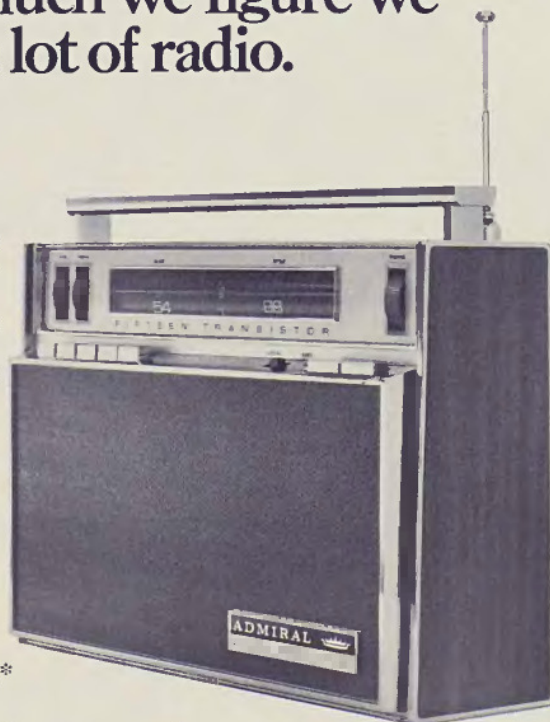
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Thomas (Stax) finds a maturing talent delivering with assurance a number of outstanding compositions, notably Willie Dixon's raunchy *Red Rooster* and a tough medley of Jimmy Reed's *Baby What You Want Me to Do* and Ed Townsend's *For Your Love*.

A reissue of considerable merit is *The Art of Dennis Brain* (Scraphim). The great English horn player, whose life was cut tragically short ten years ago by an auto accident, performs works by Beethoven, Mozart, Dittersdorf, Haydn, Schumann and Dukas. Brain's brilliant tone and masterful technique, captured here in recordings made between 1944 and 1953, have not yet been duplicated. Another fine reissue is *Ravel: The Complete Piano Music* (Odyssey), played by Robert Casadesus. The three-record set is an outstanding example of a performer being just right for a composer. Casadesus was a close friend of Ravel's and perfectly attuned to the lyricism of his fellow Frenchman's compositions, as this album gives indisputable evidence thereof.

Steve and Eydie Together on Broadway (Columbia) is a co-starring bill destined for a long run. Lawrence and Gorné hand-in-glove it in consummate rapport through some of the better ballads to have hit the boards—*Sunrise, Sunset, Cabaret, I Believe in You* among them—with nary a miss for this Mr. and Mrs.

Not one to let any musical grass grow under his feet, guitarist Gabor Szabo has turned to the sitar on his latest LP, *Jazz Raga* (Impulse!). Gabor still plays the guitar on all the tracks, but overdubs with the sitar. He even contributes a little Indian-style vocalese on *Walking on Nails*. Half the tunes find Szabo backed by drums and bass, the other half by drums, bass and Fender guitar. Gabor's no Shankar, but he's managed to adapt the sitar very nicely to the Western idiom.

Grace Markay (Capitol) marks the vinyl debut of a fine new singer. Miss Markay's voice is rich and full-bodied yet tempered with sensitivity, as witness her handling of *A Man and a Woman, Born Free* and *Summer Wind* (a ballad that can easily turn sour in the wrong hands). It is an LP full of Grace.

It's a record reviewer's cliché to say that if you buy only one blues album this year, make it this one; but in the case of *The James Cotton Blues Band* (Verve/Folkways), we really mean it. Vocalist Cotton, who paid his dues for years playing harp with the Muddy Waters band, rolls through a collection of blues standards (*Sweet Sixteen, Don't Start Me Talkin'*), current Memphis-style blues (*Knock On Wood*), his own compositions (*Blues in My Sleep, Jelly, Jelly*) and songs that he has managed to make his own (*Feelin' Good*,



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Turn on Your Lovelight). Fronting his own exciting quintet throughout, he is also supported on several cuts by reeds and brass. In this new format, perhaps at last Cotton will get the attention he has deserved for so many years.

Emil Richards has succeeded in transforming the marimba from a Xavier Cugat type of instrument into an admirable vehicle for jazz. On *New Time Element* (Uni), Richards explores an absorbing amalgam of unusual time signatures—11/8, 15/8, 7/8—applying them to melodies usually heard in more familiar rhythms. *Georgy Girl*, *Sunny*, *Call Me* and the *Theme from "The Sand Pebbles"* are among those that have been structurally rearranged. Richards fronts a rhythm group supplemented by an orchestra, and the results are fascinating.

Nancy Wilson, as engaging as ever, has vocal matters very much in hand on *Just for Now* (Capitol). The arrangements are almost all by Billy May (there is a pair by Oliver Nelson, one by Sid Feller) and the tunes are almost uniformly top-drawer. *Born Free*, *That's Life*, *Alfie*, *If He Walked into My Life* and the swinging *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, late of the Cannonball Adderley group, are given the winning Wilson touch.

Our Commonwealth cousins continue to come up with adventuresome LPs. In *Happy Jack* (Decca), The Who prove themselves fitting successors to the Yardbirds as the number-one experimental hard-rock band in England. Loved by the teeny beats for their stage affectation of instrument smashing, they run through ten smashing originals on this recording, including the title lilt, *Whiskey Man* and the driving *Run Run Run*. The Easybeats' PR man refers to the quintet somewhat unfairly as "the Beatles of Australia." In *Friday on My Mind* (United Artists), the Aussies reveal that they have been more profoundly influenced by the Yardbirds and the Rolling Stones and by such early Liverpoolian groups as The Searchers. All the tunes are standouts, including *You Me*, *We Love*, *Who'll Be the One* and *See Line Woman*.

Johnny Rivers began as a bad rock-'n'-roller, but through hard work and excellent selection of material, has developed into one of the finest interpreters of blues-oriented music recording today. On *Rewind* (Imperial), he runs through hits such as *Baby I Need Your Lovin'* and *The Tracks of My Tears*, as well as songs by Paul Simon, Tim Hardin and seven songs by Jim Webb, including the Weill-ish *Rosecrans Boulevard*.

Superlative trumpeter Freddie Hubbard, whose horn has not received nearly the praise due it, supplies further

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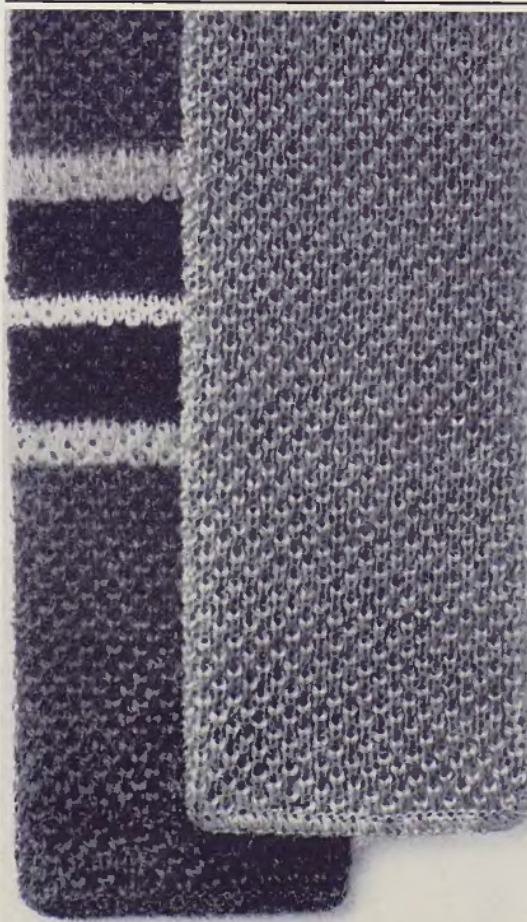
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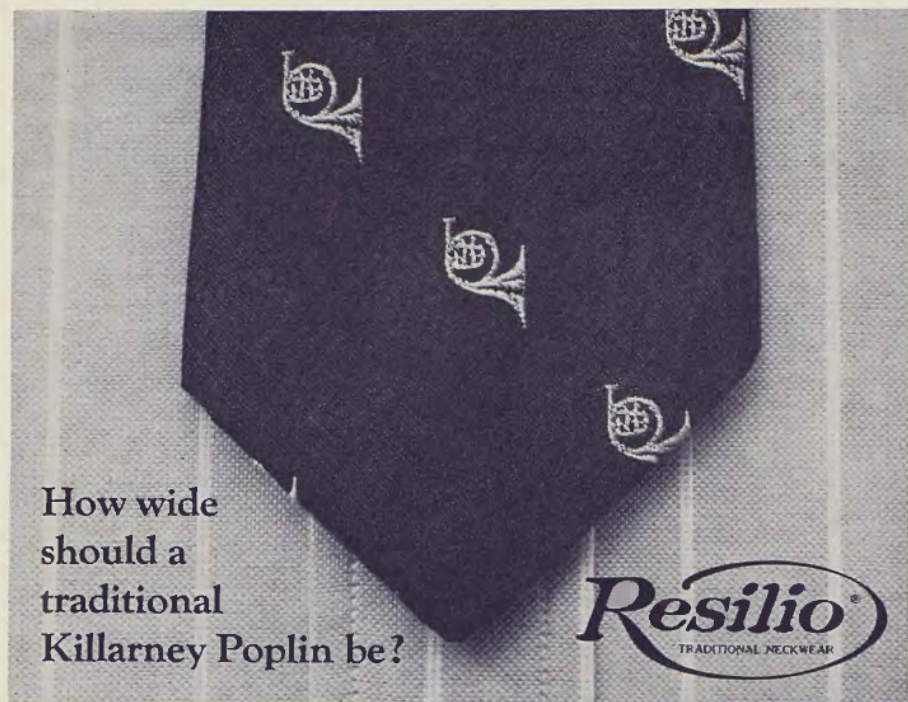
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credentials on *Backlash* (Atlantic). Hubbard's group (a sextet on side one, a quintet on the flip side) is suffused with soul. Cohorts James Spaulding (alto and flute), pianist Albert Dailey and stalwart rhythm aid Hubbard in getting his message across.

Intimate Excitement (Liberty) indicates that songstress Vikki Carr has arrived. The beat is bossa nova and Miss Carr comes across like a *carioca*. Marty Paich's exemplary charts set the stage for delightful renditions of *Mas Que Nada*, *Carnival*, *Laia Ladaia* and other Brazil-based beauties.

Obviously intending to leave no musical genre unscathed by their instrumental and vocal genius, Jonathan and Darlene Edwards, who have already destroyed a host of Continental ballads and sing-along ditties, address themselves to *Songs for Sheiks and Flappers* (Dot). Seismographs will flutter as composers twirl in their graves after Jonathan (Paul Weston) and Darlene (Jo Stafford) decimate the likes of *Moonlight on the Ganges*, *Varsity Drag* and *Carioca*, the last setting some sort of Olympic record for klinkers per bar.

MOVIES

As you've probably heard, Sean Connery is bored with playing James Bond. It is clear from the detachment of his performance in *You Only Live Twice*. Nor is Connery alone in his languor. Albert R. Broccoli and Harry Saltzman, those perfectly—if incredibly—named dishers-up of the Bond exploits, are beginning to run out of inventive ways to do what they do. Their present effort is somewhat lacking in the wit and verbal crunch of its predecessors and relies on larger, nuclear explosions. The bombs bursting in air burst very well, indeed, but interest flags when most of the action is in the careening of blasted bodies. As PLAYBOY readers know, the topography this time is Japan's, and it is handsome, as are a couple of the Nipponese ladies with whom Bond tangles—Akiko Wakabayashi, who succumbs prettily to poison dripped down a string, and Mie Hama, the only bra-wearing lady pearl diver in Japan, who survives. (You saw a preview of them both in the June PLAYBOY.) There are crisp scenes—a vividly photographed *sumo* wrestling match, a tour of supposed police training grounds, where the lads work out at judo, karate and *kendo* with impressive enthusiasm, and a splendid encounter between the newest supergadget—a minicopter called Little Nell—and *The Forces of Evil*. There is merit, too, in the eerie opening scene be-

fore the titles. But too much of the action focuses on aluminum tubes, underground laboratories and spacecraft—and all of them go bang-bang-bang at once in a scene far too reminiscent of *Dr. No*. The capable Donald Pleasence throws away a bit part as Blofeld by doing him in plastic scar and mad-scientist cackle. Even the serene source of Bond's international misdeeds has lost his cool. M is now disclosed many fathoms deep in Hong Kong harbor, dangling about in the bowels of a submarine marked M-1. Cute but bad form and hardly worthy of Her Majesty's Secret Service.

If it had previously escaped your notice that John Wayne and Robert Mitchum are middle-aged and paunchy, they will confirm it for you personally in a conventional oater called *El Dorado*. These days, it takes the widest plug on the Paramount lot to accommodate Duke's bulk, but he has kept his figure somewhat better than Mitchum has. As a drunken sheriff befriended by old buddy Wayne, Bob hangs out frankly over his belt buckle, rubbing his girth as if to call attention to it. Despite this candor, *El Dorado* perpetuates the fiction that both fat old guys are irresistibly attractive to women, though, true to the traditions of the Western form, they are infinitely more involved with each other than with boardinghouse landladies and female saloonkeepers. As a sop to the younger audience, Wayne has acquired a Robin to his Batman, a healthy and humorous youth named James Caan, who handles most of the rough physical stuff and is a dutiful sycophant to the Living Legend. But the best work in the film is done by a hirsute Arthur Hunnicutt, who is so funny that he must have studied a lot of old Gabby Hayes movies.

It is unclear why Frank Sinatra's latest movie is titled *The Naked Runner*. He runs plenty, but always with his clothes on. And it is a mystery why he or anybody else should have become involved in this unsuspenseful suspense drama. How, for example, did screenwriter Stanley Mann imagine that he could build excitement in his audience by tipping his hand to the deplorable manipulations of the plot from the earliest scenes? Is director Sidney J. Furie too busy having the camera peek through armpits and from under car fenders to realize that villains don't have to have deep-purple underlips for us yokels to get the point? Why should a Russian secret agent look like a samovar in a boyar's beard? Why should an East German operative be blond with pimples? The only successful menace in this stereotyped bagful is the English actor Peter Vaughan, who underplays a British secret agent masterfully. He's a dull, precise civil servant, and when he opens his mouth, a shark grins. Sinatra is his

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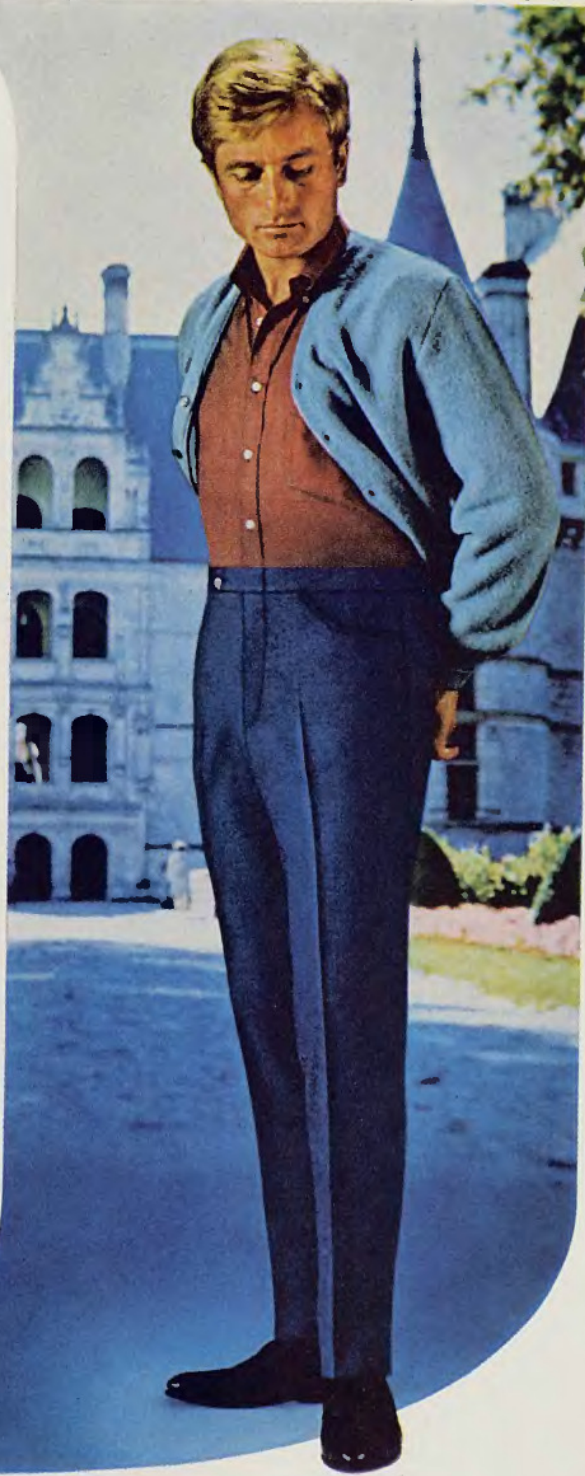
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victim—a former OSS killer turned furniture designer, en route to the Leipzig trade fair with his young son. An English defector is making his way to asylum in the U. S. S. R.; Vaughan's scheme is to have him killed by Sinatra. But how to induce the reformed Sinatra to kill again? According to this film, the British Secret Service works with complete freedom in Leipzig. They have fancy facilities with which to simulate East German police and agents; they run their own prisons and airports and fly people in and out as easily as from Manchester to London. The East Germans will no doubt be interested to hear about all this. We weren't.

Who are *Those Fantastic Flying Fools*? Well, nobody, really; but probably the producer couldn't resist the title because of its similarity to a recent money-making comedy about flying machines. *This* movie isn't about flying at all; it's about rocketry, sort of, and a Jules Verne-inspired moon shot attempted from Victorian England. But old-fashioned meller-drammer is pretty comic as it stands; making fun of it tends to hammer out the sharp parts. Here we have Burl Ives slandering the past of P. T. Barnum, launched with General Tom Thumb (a genuine midget named Jimmy Clitheroe) on a fast *paquebot* to England in flight from a pack of irate creditors. In London, Ives meets up with Gert Frobe, successfully disguised as Professor Von Bulow, a German explosives genius, who, with his discovery of a fantastically powerful substance called Bulovite, argues that he can blast a rocket to the moon. Troy Donahue, inexplicably Irish, and his French girlfriend, Daliah Lavi (*French?*), hasten from the Continent in a gas balloon to participate in the project. Bad guys Terry-Thomas and Lionel Jeffries conspire and connive to bring this great work of science to nought, while Klaus Kinski, as an agent of the czar, spies from behind rocks. But the only honest laughs come during the obligatory chase scene near the end, as Daliah flees prettily on a high-wheeled bicycle, hotly pursued by Terry-Thomas and Lionel Jeffries aboard a gas-powered horseless carriage, which they refuel by tapping roadside gas lamps. Hermione Gingold makes a brief appearance as the directress of a home for wayward girls. It's a shame more isn't seen of her; *she* might have got this rocket off the ground.

A gang of cyclists, that lawless breed, overruns yet another California town in *The Born Losers*, a trim little shocker with a message revved through every scene of rape, terror and brutality. Public apathy and police ineptitude are deplored in painstaking detail, while the audience enjoys the dilemma of several teenaged assault victims heavily outnumbered at

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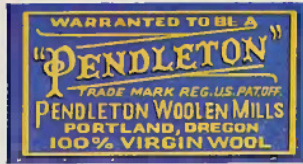
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an orgy. Whether the girls will dare testify against their attackers is the plot's main concern, but some of its secondary concerns seem more vital. Casual faggotry in the cycling set hasn't been pointed up so plainly since *Scopio Rising* emerged via the underground. As a half-breed who turns out to be the only real man in the community with guts enough to challenge the predators, Tom Laughlin is winningly cool. And as a coed destined to be repeatedly raped, beaten and kidnapped, Elizabeth James—a pulchritudinous pixy infused with the spunk of Huckleberry Finn—manages to convince us that these things just might happen to a girl who tools around on a motorbike wearing a white bikini and matching boots. Also on hand is Jane Russell, the *Outlaw* girl of decades past, doing a splashy bit as an anxious mother and hefty small-town hustler who laughs herself sick over the benefits of police protection. Gregory Sandor's photography offers some sharp-sighted footage of vile bodies hurtling through the sunny coastal headlands. The dialog, generally spoken in the flat declarative style of the semi-documentary, is written without nuance. "I have no choice but to let the animals of the world take over," groans the despairing D. A. "Where did we go wrong, Harvey?" Seldom dull, the film has pace, personality and other unmistakable signs of talent struggling against the limitations of a low-budget quickie.

Audiences will detect, in *A King's Story*, the charm and humanity of an overphotographed, overreported couple. Wally and Edward are people, after all—even when seated somewhat stiffly in their library or garden, even when responding to carefully rehearsed questions or commenting with feigned spontaneity on the events that so changed and, some say, distorted their lives. Jack Le Vien, who produced this documentary from the Duke's book of the same title, allows the story to tell itself—in newsreel films, in home movies, in the subject's own words and in deft inserts of specially shot material. The only jarring element is the attempt to fuse newsreel moments from the past with contemporary enactments of the same ceremonies, so that the Duke seems to be always in black and white reviewing troops dressed in Technicolor. The movie documents—in narration by Orson Welles, in photographs, in rare film footage and in letters read by such as Dame Flora Robson (from Queen Mary) and David Warner (from the young prince)—the sweep of the Duke's acquaintances over a long lifetime. He was a terrified familiar of Queen Victoria, his great-grandmother; a loving grandson to bluff Edward VII; an intimidated but self-willed son of George V. Nothing in his story is more moving than the regal solitude of his life (Cabi-

net ministers reproached him for his shaking hands too liberally with his subjects) before the twice-married Mrs. Simpson came along. Kings who renounce their thrones have made good storytelling since kings were first invented; curiously, the stories never seem to wear out. And it's nice to know that this one still has so much life in it.

As leader of a modern crime syndicate preoccupied with its public image, Robert Ryan withers a confederate with, "Where do you buy your clothes—Murder, Incorporated?" Ryan's hoods are only as good as their threads, and the foppish finger of fashion soon singles out Sid Caesar, who, as hero of *The Busy Body*, looks slim, trim and a decade younger than the last time he came our way in a TV special. Caesar plays a Mod mobster with the same nervous intensity that has put sizzle into many otherwise indifferent comedy sketches; but he is all dressed up with no place to go. *Body* is typical of the bastardized nonmovies issuing nowadays from filmdom's morge-anatic marriage to the tube. Bill Dana plays his José Jiménez role as a gang fatality who has to be disinterred because they've buried him by mistake in a suit lined with \$1,000,000. Georgie Jessel does his toastmaster *shtick* as a funeral orator, while Dom DeLuise, Godfrey Cambridge, Jan Murray, Ben Blue, et al., are written in for laugh insurance. The policy never pays off, for producer-director William Castle, moving from grade-C thrillers into what his publicists call "the all-out fun field," interprets fun as a slew of stand-up comics mangling gags for one another in a macabre sit-com designed to bury Caesar.

California really needs no parodies of itself: The facts are incredible enough. But every now and then, Hollywood has a clumsy go at it, and *Don't Make Waves* succeeds better than most. It's the last whimper from a funny novel of some years ago entitled *Muscle Beach*, written by Ira Wallach, who has had a hand in this inflated exploitation of his original work. Nothing is as funny as it was when he conceived the idea; but there are some laughs in the course of a plot that doesn't make much sense, even with the grosser exaggerations strained out. There is something splendidly apocalyptic about a California cliff house, full of motel furniture, sliding slowly and inexorably into the sea. And when the people tumbling around inside the slipping symbol of specious affluence are Tony Curtis and Claudia Cardinale, it is an especially satisfying sight. One bleeds a bit for Curtis, though, cast for the first time as an aging Romeo, slumped in the shoulders and soft in the gut and terribly aware of it. This time, he works his Cary Grant manner on fetching Sharon Tate, a long-limbed beauty who plays Malibu, queen

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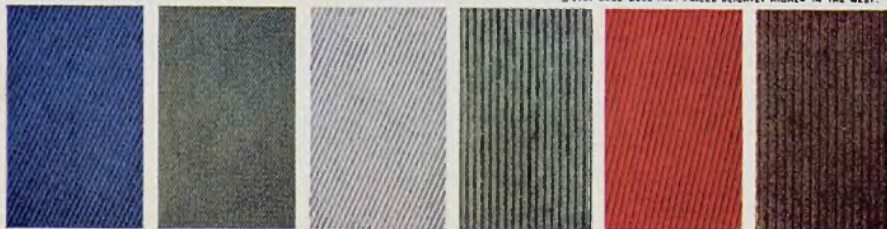
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of the Muscle Beach molls. There is a fine scene during which she sits in Curtis' sack from dawn to dawn watching TV, as fascinated by the test pattern as she is by *The Late Show*, while Curtis gets very little sleep for all the wrong reasons. There is an even better one when the camera peers at Miss Tate in slow motion while she demonstrates her ability on the trampoline. This girl has a great future in slow motion.

Chicago during the era of Al Capone has a curiously baroque flavor in *The St. Valentine's Day Massacre*. Producer-director Roger Corman's lush restaging of the famous gang slaying in a Clark Street garage on February 14, 1929, is set in a back-lot Windy City that only a choreographer could love. Snow accumulates in nice symmetrical patterns on stoop and pane, and hooligans with coat collars turned up transport their tommy guns around town in vintage motorcars, all in perfect showroom condition. The squabble between Capone (Jason Robards) and his intended target Bugsy Moran (Ralph Meeker) over bootleg privileges on the North Side is narrated in *March-of-Timely* fashion, the principals being carefully identified as to date of birth, national origin (Wop, Spic, Kraut), marital status, idiosyncrasies and time of death. Corman's reputation rests on last year's two-wheeler about cyclists (*The Wild Angels*) and a series of richly produced horror films (*The Masque of the Red Death*) starring Vincent Price. But here, with his stilted striving for a personal style, combined with a *Who's Who* passion for vital statistics, he altogether misses the Roaring Twenties' vitality once sprayed across the screen by Cagney, Raft, Muni and Bogart. As one of the seven samurai ambushed on Clark Street, George Segal shows a little of the original moxie; but everything else in this period piece registers as gutless guignol.

Impeccable acting, an intelligent script and sensitive direction ought to result in a film well worth any moviegoer's time; but somehow *The Whisperers* doesn't make it. Writer-director Bryan Forbes (*King Rat*, *Séance on a Wet Afternoon*), setting out to re-examine the much-examined texture of life in one of England's gray Midland cities, asks us to share the misery of a very old woman who is on the dole. Since Dame Edith Evans plays the lady, there is grace and dignity and even delicate humor in her plight, particularly when she potters around with her tea things listening to a radio commentator bemoan the problems of aged folk living alone and unwanted. "Poor old souls," she clucks sympathetically. Her own blessings include an errant son and a long-vanished husband (Eric Portman), who comes home to her very briefly after she has been cruelly



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robbed and suffered a siege of pneumonia and a mental collapse. Like one of the ever-present alley cats she converses with, she starts out in wretched circumstances, is hauled up, knocked about and thrown back again. Why? There is no hint in the film of protest against a social system: the folk at the government assistance office couldn't be nicer if they tried. Forbes' inspiration for *The Whisperers* appears to stem from his belief that a lonely old age is hell and that Dame Edith's eloquent persimmon face should be seen in movies more often. He is right on both counts. But, ye gods—don't take your auld mum to see it.

Young Americans is the sort of movie that makes you want to run home and brush your teeth right away, or maybe even have them capped. It's about a cross-country bus tour made a couple of summers ago by a singing group of 36 California teenagers, and they are all so superfresh and talented and eager and gleaming as to constitute a living reproach to anybody over 25. But it's fun to watch them, despite the fact that they perform in costumes of red, white and blue. Their tour is not so much covered as re-enacted; but the kids behave, when permitted, with such genuine spontaneity that the labored bits of "acting" can be forgiven. And a couple of the girls are clearly destined for much better things in their personal careers. The film was written and directed by Alex Grasshoff as a sort of planned documentary, in which written and improvised dialog compete for verisimilitude. We can be certain of natural action only during rehearsals with the organizer and director of the group, a pixy-faced song-and-dance man named Milton C. Anderson. Unhappily, their repertoire is mediocre, tending to the *This Is My Country* genre of jingoism; but it's the sort of stuff that any group called *The Young Americans* has to sing, we suppose; and they lard it with sprightlier numbers, nimbly arranged, and with individual performances in singing and dancing that are sometimes outstanding. One sequence, a performance before convicts in the Illinois State Prison, is particularly successful. The kids, evidently touched by prison chill, are out there really selling their stuff. Now and then the film is hideously marred by the sentimental plot imposed on the natural action and by a surfeit of flag waving designed to please audiences who want to believe that America is a 100-percent-pure Technicolor movie. But the camerawork is clever, the noise is good and the kids, with their talent and charm, make up for practically everything.

If war is madness, then men are mad and the best thing to do is to lock up the ostensibly sane and open the asylums. Or so goes the thesis on which so many

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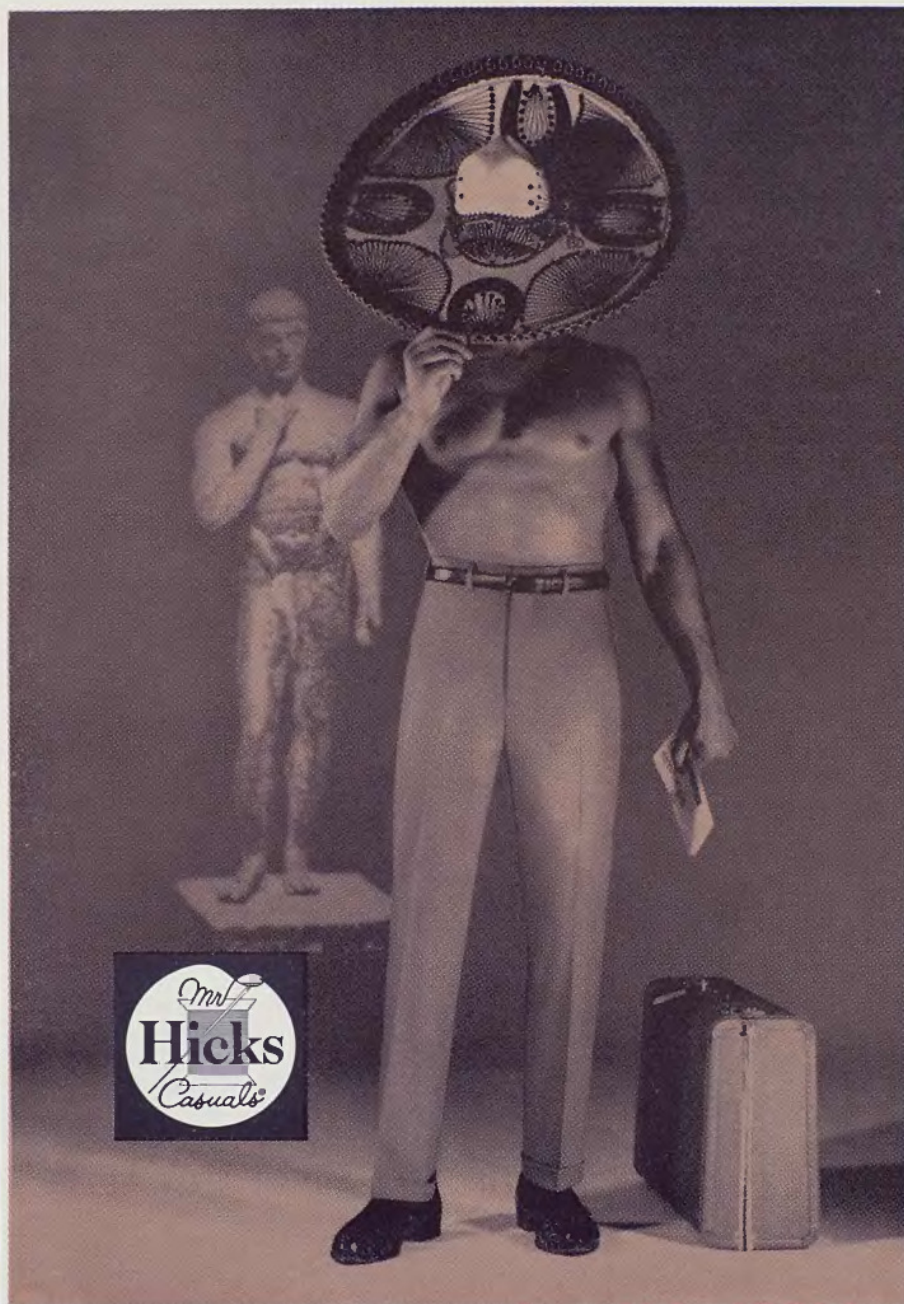
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morality plays founder. Upon that whimsical shoal, *King of Hearts* now cracks and sinks. Philippe de Broca, for all his excellence as a director of Jean-Paul Belmondo through world-encircling color comedies, has no more luck than his well-intentioned predecessors at making an antiwar movie from what is essentially an antiwar tract. Daniel Boulanger's script finds Alan Bates in France during World War One, as keeper of carrier pigeons for a Scots regiment. Mistaken by his C.O. for a munitions expert, he is dispatched to an abandoned town to defuse a German time bomb. While hiding in the local asylum, he inadvertently releases all the nuts, who rush to assume the roles of the evacuated townspeople. In the midst of a war of which they are blissfully unaware, they do a charming simulation of *Life as Usual*. Mad barber, mad bishop, mad bawdyhouse madam—all conspire to crown Bates their King of Hearts and mate him with the best virgin in their bordello. Bates finally accepts their crown, their virgin and, at the end, their madness as well. It is possible that all this whimsy might have worked if Boulanger had drawn a sharper line between men at war and men in the funny farm. But he could not resist an urge to make his soldiers as ludicrous as his lunatics.

George Plimpton, dilettante athlete, author and editor of *Paris Review*, is also co-producer of *Vali*, a vivid biographical collage celebrating a friend of his named Vali Myers, a self-styled witch who lives with her bearded mate and a menagerie of wild things somewhere in the hills above Positano, Italy. We learn that she is a painter of considerable flair, who sometimes uses her own face as a canvas for *art nouveau* fantasies. The face itself flaunts kohl-blacked eyes and buckteeth framed by a mop of burnt-sienna hair that looks as though it might one day be woven into a shamanist prayer shawl. Vali's mind is given to alliterative incantations and childlike conceits, and her body is magnificently designed for lovemaking, belly dancing and bare-breasted rituals beside an open hearth. In short, she is just what you might expect of an Australian-born occultist who got on the road to ragged individualism after a suicidal interlude amid the Left Bank's low life. Film makers Sheldon and Diane Rochlin spent three months in Positano assembling a stream-of-consciousness day with Vali from stills, tapes and color photography that casts a spell even when the subject's spoken remarks float clear out of this world.

In *The Bobo*, Peter Sellers offers meager sustenance to that dwindling horde of fans who are wont to think of him as the funniest man in films. Sellers used to seem heir apparent to the rather special throne of British comedy once occupied



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by Alec Guinness. Now an international star spreading a medium-sized, specialized talent into anything and everything, he appears headed toward a lesser comic realm. Sellers' *Bobo*, played with a Catalan accent that he isn't too good at, is a singing matador (or matatroubadour, or troubamatador, as he puts it), in Barcelona to seek fame and fortune. On promise of a booking at the town's biggest theater, he bets a game impresario that within three days he will manage to spend a night with a courtesan named Olympia, whose taste runs to mink and Maseratis. Sellers' real-life wife, Britt Ekland, portrays Olympia with an honest emphasis on cuddly pink flesh. If her co-star seems, at moments, to take his great-lover pose just a shade too seriously, that may be an occupational hazard in families that play together. Though Olympia is ultimately bedded, she avenges herself by submerging Sellers in a bathtub full of dye that leaves him blue from head to toe. Not to mention his audience.

Investigating a murder in the steamy little sinkhole of Sparta, Mississippi, chief of police Rod Steiger naturally tries to pin it on an innocent, unfamiliar black boy picked up at the depot. Some boy. The suspect (Sidney Poitier) turns out to be the Philadelphia Police Department's chief homicide detective. His "white man's clothes" are trimly tailored, his salary is \$162.39 a week, and it soon becomes clear that his cool expertise is going to make his red-necked colleague look a model of Spartan inefficiency. *In the Heat of the Night* has a message to deliver; but from tight opening sequence to cryptic climax, the heat is on, and the film's good intentions never for a moment lessen its impact as a thriller. Beginning with the novel by John Ball, scenarist Stirling Silliphant and director Norman Jewison use the question of whodunit to pry the house fronts off a community where Southern comfort means a swarm of flies droning over a sticky bottle of soda pop, and Southern hospitality is dispensed by drunken bullies cruising the back roads in search of a little racist target practice. Among the yeastier moments of this potent drama is one in which the Negro cop, slapped in the face by an elderly plantation owner (Larry Gates) he secretly hopes to find guilty, slaps back so swiftly that the astonished old aristocrat simply bursts into tears. In a performance equal to his best, Steiger is at first malevolent, finally ludicrous and vulnerable as an unthinking bigot made tolerant by necessity. Poitier matches Steiger with a smoothly shaded portrait of a black man too angry to be Whitey's willing helper, too proud to miss the opportunity of proving his own superiority. It's a tough, wry sociological cliff-hanger.



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This authentic English GT costs only \$2 a month more than an average American car.*

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MGB/GT: ANOTHER ACTION CAR FROM THE SIGN OF THE OCTAGON.

THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Recently, I saw the excellent film version of James Joyce's classic novel *Ulysses* and was puzzled by a phrase uttered by Molly during her soliloquy toward the end. Looking through her husband's wallet, she commented that she might find a "French letter." The implication was that this letter would be evidence of infidelity on Bloom's part, yet there was no other reference during the film to any possible cross-Channel correspondence. Can you enlighten me?—M. W., New York, New York.

A "French letter" is not a billet-doux but a late-19th Century slang expression for condom. The phrase undoubtedly combines England's Victorian distaste for sex with her traditional distaste for France (compare "the French disease," for syphilis, and "Frenching," for oral-genital intercourse). However, la belle France, not to be pitied, plays the same linguistic game with savoir-faire. The French have called the condom une capote anglaise—roughly translated as "an English hood."

Having received my college degree last June, I am about to enter the "gray-suit, white-shirt and black-socks" atmosphere of the business world. The trouble is, I hate the thought of dressing that way every day. I'm convinced that a corduroy jacket, a pin-striped shirt and an appropriate tie can be just as neat as a dark suit. Can I get away with such an outfit, or do I have to switch to drearysville?—R. A., Brooklyn, New York.

Employers rightfully expect execs—both junior and senior—to show up suitably attired for a day at the office, not the race track. This doesn't mean you are limited to the gray-suit stereotype you describe—which is old hat in most companies—but it's good to bear in mind that few organizations will appreciate such flashy accessories as red socks or Mod ties. A lot depends, of course, on the type of business you enter. An old-line banking or investment house would obviously require more conservative dress (which would not exclude such stylish staples as a two-button twill or a double-breasted glen plaid), while many ad agencies would not object to the casual combination you mention. For a complete look at post-graduate garb, check out "Building a Business Wardrobe," in the November 1966 issue of PLAYBOY.

A sweet, handsome man and I are engaged to be married. We have agreed on almost everything, until now. Now he tells me we *must* have a round bed after we marry. I disagree emphatically. Con-

trary to PLAYBOY's opinion, I feel that a bed is for more than sex. A bed should be functional; and a round bed is hardly comfortable for sleeping, which is what I plan to do in it. An ordinary bed has been satisfactory for our relationship until now; why can't it continue to be after our wedding? In case I do have to give in to this idiotic idea, where would we purchase one of these round beds?—Miss B. S., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Contrary to your opinion of PLAYBOY, we, too, feel that a bed is for more than sex. As it happens, round beds are usually oversized and therefore afford more room and comfort for sex or somnolence than the conventional variety. We admire the spirit of sweet reason implicit in your last question, but hope that you make future marital compromises with better grace. You can start by pleasantly surprising your intended with information obtained from the Dresher Manufacturing Company, 1300 South Kostner, Chicago, Illinois. They carry a large selection of unusual beds and accessories and will undoubtedly be able to advise you about retail outlets in your area.

While reading about Lawrence of Arabia, I keep running across references to his "Brough" motorcycle. I've asked some old-time cyclist friends about the machine, but get only contradictory information. Can you tell me when it was produced, in what numbers, and why production was discontinued?—J. M., Bellevue, Colorado.

T. E. Lawrence drove Brough Superiors, a cycle long considered the Rolls-Royce of two-wheelers. The machines were produced in limited quantity (about 400 all told) between 1921 and 1939, and everything from their J. A. Prestwich engines to their special heavy-weight gearboxes was of the best possible quality. The company went out of business just before the Second World War, reportedly because of a reluctance to keep up with design changes. There are no Brough Superiors left in this country, but several are still used in competition drag racing in England. Lawrence bought six of the beauties from Brough, a personal friend, and was killed on one in 1935.

My wife and I have been married about five months. Prior to the wedding, we were both rather naïve about sexual matters and therefore limited our activities to mild necking and petting sessions. Now, of course, all this is changed and the two of us derive tremendous satisfaction from making love (we're sorry we didn't start sooner). One small problem:

after shave, after shower, after anything...



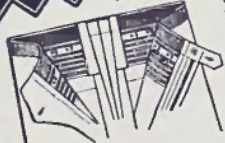
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Before engaging in intercourse, the two of us like to act out simple fantasies such as pretending we're naked for the first time, exploring each other's bodies and then reacting with mock surprise to what we discover. Is this type of activity considered unhealthy?—D. M., Houston, Texas.

No. Often during early marriage, couples will act out sexual curiosities that they dwelled upon during childhood and adolescence. In his recently published book "The Feminine Mind and Body," J. Dudley Chapman (president of the American College of Osteopathic Obstetricians and Gynecologists) points out that this type of precoital activity involves "the desire to view, explore, touch, exhibit and overpower. These, again, should not be looked upon as 'perverted' but as part of the adjustment to one another. Such activities are transitory. They are normal manifestations of the fun of sex."

I am a 20-year-old college sophomore who is very interested in joining the CIA. How does one apply for their training school?—T. L., Miami, Florida.

Write to the Central Intelligence Agency, Washington, D. C. 20505. While waiting for a reply, drop your National Student Association membership card on the quadrangle walk and see who picks it up.

When is the proper time to tip the wine steward—when he serves the bottle or after the meal?—B. T., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

The wine steward will probably stop at your table near the end of the meal to inquire how you enjoyed the evening's food and drink. That is the appropriate time to reward him for his service. If he doesn't show, give the gratuity to the headwaiter and ask him to pass it on to the steward.

The leather-covered pipe I smoke has gotten a bit dirty. Is it OK to clean the leather with saddle soap, or will this do some harm?—T. M., Somerset, Massachusetts.

It's perfectly safe to touch up your leather-covered pipe with saddle soap but don't, of course, get any inside the bowl. Once cleaned, be sure to let the pipe dry for several days before smoking; otherwise, heat from the tobacco may cause the still-moist leather to shrink and the seams to split.

I have fallen in love with a Catholic girl who wants to become a nun. The only excuses I can offer for my insanity are that she looks like a Playmate of the Month and has a wonderfully warm personality. She says she is not interested in

brawny breed... Dexter style



Dexter puts bold, determined style on the line with genuine moccasins and brogues in distinctive tweed grains that hold their own with anything along the shore with the brisk look of Irish sweaters and tweeds . . . out in the country with jacket and slacks . . . in town with the relaxed suit. Get hold of Dexter's brawny new breed of total-look footwear at your favorite shoe, department or men's wear store.

Styles shown: left: 25-540 Copper Canyon;
right: Genuine handsewn vamp beet roll 72-233 Olive Green



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Built for action . . . built for style. Cross country corduroy with lush pile lining of 100% DuPont **ORLON**® acrylic. In Weather Bronze, Loden, Deer-skin. Sizes 36-46. About \$33. William Barry, 390 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Corduroy jacket with pile liner of 100% **ORLON** acrylic is available at **Hens & Kelly**, Buffalo; **Halle Bros.**, The Kirtland Shop, Cleveland; **Bamberger's**, Student Shop, Newark; **John Wanamaker**, Senior High Shop, Philadelphia.

sex and regards me only as a friend. Please tell me how I can persuade her that marriage and children with a virile, handsome male (me) is the proper life for a healthy woman and that the cloistered celibacy she seeks is neurotic and unwholesome.—E. C., Dayton, Ohio.

Sorry. It sounds to us as if this girl has made up her mind, and your best course is to respect her decision. Settle for a down-to-earth girl whose ambitions run toward the home and not toward the heavens.

My girlfriend and I have found that we share an interest in elaborate cooking, and the two of us have whipped up quite a few fine meals. However, when we buy such cheeses as camembert or brie, my girl invariably partakes of the stuff straight from the refrigerator, rind and all. I maintain that the rind on these cheeses is not meant to be eaten and should be tossed out. She says no. Who's right?—W. A. H., Vancouver, British Columbia.

Your girl. The rind on both brie and camembert is perfectly edible. However, tell your cheese-hungry chick to slow down; camembert and brie taste best when enjoyed at room temperature—not ingested straight from the fridge.

I have been told, by a friend who should know, that when a girl becomes sexually aroused, her toes curl downward. Is this a fact or just a figment of his imagination?—R. L., Berea, Ohio.

It's a fact. Either your friend is a keen observer or he's been reading "Human Sexual Response." Masters and Johnson have observed that muscular contractions, both voluntary and involuntary, occur throughout the body as sexual arousal grows more intense. Fingers and toes that are not being used for gripping will clench, often involuntarily. Ask your friend if he ever watched his own toes while sexually aroused: Masters and Johnson observed this phenomenon in both sexes.

What is the cost of a Lifetime Subscription to PLAYBOY? Is such a subscription accompanied by fringe benefits?—W. C., San Francisco, California.

A Lifetime Subscription to PLAYBOY costs \$150 and can be bequeathed to one descendant. Since you reside in a U.S. city that boasts a Playboy Club (the others are New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Baltimore, Boston, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Miami, New Orleans and Phoenix), a Playmate or a Bunny will pay you a visit to present you with a wall plaque and a laminated lifetime-membership card. Subscribers who do not live in cities with Playboy Clubs may also

*Break out the
frosty bottle, boys,
and keep your
tonics dry!*



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expect to receive the card and the plaque—and a phone call from a Bunny or, if they prefer, from a Playmate.

About three months ago, my buddy and I moved into a very good apartment that includes such accouterments as hi-fi, walnut bar, wall-to-wall carpeting and a fireplace. By pooling our salaries, we even acquired (secondhand) a beautiful racing-green Jaguar XK-E. The "honeymoon," however, was soon over. My buddy, at the age of 23, has only recently sampled the full delights of sex, and he has gone overboard in a way I don't care for. Last night, I got home from a really tough day at the office to find a slightly inebriated young miss, decked out in bra and panties, in our living room, with my buddy nowhere in sight. Upon my arrival, she took off even these scanty garments and—well, hell—I stripped for action, too.

Later, she explained that my friend had praised my amatory abilities (which are all right, but how would *he* know?); and this morning, when I talked to him, he admitted encouraging her and then leaving her there to meet me.

OK, but then he insisted on a detailed description of the night's activities. How many times had we done it? Did the young lady satisfy me? Naturally, I flared up. I told him what I thought of his juvenile actions. He told me I could leave if his sexual proclivities bothered me. I would, too, if it weren't for the apartment and the car. I want to make a go of it, but how do I cope with my friend's antics?—J. B., Baltimore, Maryland.

From now on, greet his morning-after questions with a terse "No comment." A sufficient number of firm rebuffs from you should reduce his interest in second-hand sex. If not, bring up the heavy artillery and use shock therapy: Explain to him that psychoanalysts regard this kind of behavior as a mask for repressed homosexuality—that, in providing girls for you and asking for details later, he is vicariously having sex with you. This should cool him, unless he has been consciously building up to an overt homosexual overture all along. In that case, if you're amenable, you need no advice from us. If not, move out; Jaguars and well-accountered pads are not that hard to find.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



If you're about to buy a watch, why not make sure it's a

- 1 stop watch
- 2 time out stop watch
- 3 doctor's watch
- 4 yachting timer
- 5 tachometer
- 6 aviator's watch
- 7 time zone watch
- 8 skin diver's watch
- 9 regular watch

Why not make sure it's the **Chronomaster by Croton, \$100.** Write for free fact book: Dept. P-9, Croton Watch Co., Croton-On-Hudson, N.Y.



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And you get more time in the best of Europe for less money! Stay in fine hotels, always with a private bath. Includes breakfasts, some sightseeing, transfers, round trip air fare. Two weeks in Portugal starts at \$322, and that's just the beginning... we have plenty of ideas. Including travel that can take you anywhere on the Continent. Escorted or on your own. East Africa or around the world if you like. Check the REACT card on Page 61, call Mr. Information (your travel agent) or TWA.

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It's the number they count on for unvarying quality in any kind of drink. And it never lets them down. They pour it, mix it, chill it, shake it, stir it, and it's always the same. Quality.

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And that's why they're called The Sure Ones. They never have to worry about their whiskey.

Seagram's 7 Crown—The Sure One



PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

AS NEW SKI SPAS continue to sprout throughout the French Alps, France this fall and winter promises to become the Continent's most cosmopolitan ski center. The Hôtel Du Mont-d'Arbois, located close by the slopes at Megève, exemplifies the affluent new wave of France's opulent Alpine accommodations. Offering guests outdoor swimming in a heated pool, the Mont-d'Arbois enhances its appeal with such appurtenances as a fully equipped gymnasium, skating rinks, a sauna room, a fine restaurant overlooking the ski runs and a cluster of chic *boutiques* representing the expensive entrepreneurs of Paris' famed Faubourg-St. Honoré. In addition to the droves of French demoiselles always in attendance, Megève also plays host to a swinging set of young Swiss and Italians, whose countries are less than a 45-minute drive away.

A number of the other hotels and ski chalets, most notably La Résidence and L'Hermitage, will prove to be lively stopovers at which to base your operations. Once ensconced, select your day's ski trek from among Megève's three main runs—Mont d'Arbois, Jaillet and Roche-brune—all served by automated lifts.

More venturesome ski savants will want to take a shot at the challenging slopes of Val d'Isère, among the most difficult in the world. *Après-ski* is far better than it used to be at Val d'Isère, where three *discothèques*—the Tequila, Perdrix Blanche and Grande Ourse—attract grisettes by the score.

Perhaps the most vivid variety of ski runs anywhere—and certainly in France—lies adjacent to the five-village complex of Courchevel. In late afternoon, head for L'Equipe, Courchevel's action center, where, over a few aperitifs, you'll be able to discover a companionable and fetching *fille*. Parisian bird in hand, adjourn for dinner across the street at Lou Lou, after which you can explore its downstairs *discothèque*, La Grange.

If you plan to follow the sun south this fall, set your course for the sand-duned solitude of Key Biscayne, a small isle where coconut fronds jut 70 feet into the air, just a 15-minute drive from downtown Miami. Key Biscayne's two and one half miles of uncluttered beach is one of America's most scenic strands.


Skindiving comes into its own in the Bahamas, a short air-taxi trip away; the kaleidoscopically colored tropical fish that cavort in the Bahamas' waters are dazzling to the eye. Grand Bahama Island is beginning to get a big play from sports-car racing fanciers; and if you should linger until December 10, you'll be able to see the Grand Bahama

Grand Prix, to be staged on the island's highways between Freeport and Lucaya. If you're meek when it comes to motor sports, try your hand at motor scooting. Several firms in Nassau and on Grand Bahama Island rent motor scooters at an average of \$10 a day—\$50 by the week. Price includes gas and maintenance. Paradise Island, connected to Nassau by bridge, will add another lavish lodging this year: the Paradise Island Hotel, scheduled to open in late fall, when the plush gambling casino adjacent to the hotel will be near completion.

Flying southeast from Nassau, you'll find a "bare-boat" fleet—sail-it-yourself charters—operating out of the eastern tip of St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands. Most popular of these vessels is a group of 30-foot Capri sloops complete with outboard-powered skiffs, stereo tape decks, etc., that rent for \$475 a week.

For skindivers with exotic tastes, a trip west to Ceylon and Guam offers an array of unrivaled expeditions. In the shallow waters of Trincomalee in Ceylon, you can explore the ruins of an underwater Hindu temple. Ancient wrecks of galleons can be glimpsed beneath Guam's waters—and in Umatac Bay, a Japanese Zero, shot down during World War Two, lies immersed 50 feet below.

If you stop off in Southern California on the way home, drive south on Interstate 5 from San Diego to visit the anything-but-sleepy border town of Tijuana. Aside from its celebrated sexual shenanigans both on stage and off, you'll find a plenitude of other activities perfect for the itinerant male—though you'd be wise to confine your after-dark excursions to the downtown sector rather than to unlit side streets. For dinner, we recommend either Reno's or Guillermo's; both serve sumptuous Mexican meals. And for a potent post-prandial potable, head for the Adobe Club (ask for the house specialty—a regal rum punch); afterward, take in the floorshow at the Chantecler night club. Later on, drop by New Mike's, a go-go spot that specializes in nonstop *disco* dancing. Gambling buffs should plan to visit the Caliente race track, which features weekend thoroughbred horse racing during the day and goes to the dogs at night. Parimutuel betting is also offered at the high-speed *jai alai* games played Thursday through Sunday nights at the Fronton Palacio. As a final fillip, tune in to the sound of one of the city's many *mariachi* street bands—the inspiration for Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 

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Style 157



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In antelope, continental brown, whiskey, camel.

Suggested retail . . . about \$85.00



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Jantzen's New NFL Sweaters...in Orlon and Lycra

Super Sunday seemed to cry out for a super sweater; here are the super superb NFL turtle pull-overs of stretch doubleknit! Fabric is 98 percent Orlon[®] acrylic, the remaining 2 percent is Lycra[®] spandex, machine-washable and machine-dryable. Timmy Brown (with mike) and Bobby Hull have on the expandable turtle pullover, about \$18. Dave Marr and Don Meredith are wearing the half turtle pullover, about \$17. Five splendid color combinations, available at red-blooded American stores.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

SEXUAL SAFETY

Your readers may be interested in this "Safety-First Guarantee," which recently was placed in student mailboxes at Swarthmore College:

This certifies that I, the undersigned female about to enjoy sexual intercourse with _____, am under the influence neither of any drug or narcotic nor of any threat, promise or means of force. I am neither asleep nor drunk and am entering into this relation because I want to.

I do not expect to marry the above-mentioned male nor do I want to marry him; I do not know whether or not he is already married and do not care.

I agree never to appear as a witness against him because of our sexual relations and never to prosecute him under the Mann Act.

Signed before jumping into bed, this _____ day of _____, 19 _____, by _____.

Although this document contains more tongue-in-cheek humor than legal validity, it is indicative of an attitude toward premarital sex that is currently popular on U.S. campuses. College students, considering themselves to be mature and responsible young adults, resent the *in loco parentis* restrictions placed on their social behavior by school administrators. One student, in a letter to the editor of the Swarthmore College paper, said: "I see no reason for our being forbidden to do at college that which, in many cases, our parents are perfectly willing to let us do at home."

Steve Marion
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, Pennsylvania

SEMINARIANS AND SEXUALITY

The June *Playboy Panel on Religion and the New Morality* was an exceptional contribution to current theological discussion as well as to the dialog between *PLAYBOY* and the church. We at Claremont are especially proud that you included one of our favorite professors, Dr. Allen J. Moore.

If you would like to know the direction in which seminary students are headed, this anecdote should indicate their thinking on the ethics of sexual conduct:

Not long ago, a group of first-year

Claremont students and their wives were sitting around a living room drinking coffee and talking. After a couple of hours of conversation, it became clear that every couple in the room had engaged in premarital intercourse. We discussed not only our opinions about sexual practices but also our experiences in clearly uninhibited and affirmative fashion.

Everyone who was in the room is studying for the ministry, and most of us are directing and counseling high school and college groups in Southern California churches.

James P. Conn
The School of Theology
at Claremont
Claremont, California

ANTISEXUALITY AND THE FEMALE

As a wife, mother and graduate student in sociology, I was interested in the June *Playboy Panel* discussion of the Sexual Revolution. The participants were all male, and clergymen to boot, though relatively pleasant and reasonable. Such one-sided representation of the sexes is all too typical of our society and, especially, of contemporary society's bulwark, the church.

Western civilization is basically anti-sexual. This is because women have been denied their proper role in the formulation of systematized ethics and laws. At the formation of the great religions, women were not present. At the initiation and passage of antisexual legislation, women were not represented. Woman traditionally has been vilified by religion as a temptress, and the force that attracts man to her has been degraded.

Many women, especially if they are "religious," have been brainwashed into believing that these antisexual attitudes and laws are to their advantage, for their protection. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Antisexual ideologies are, at heart, anti-female. They are part and parcel of the whole sick male complex that creates wars, environmental pollution, exhaustion of natural resources—everything that works against the welfare of the female and her young. No one appreciates men more than I do, but only healthy men who can relate lovingly to women and to children—not the sickniks whose psychosexual disturbances threaten to make life on this planet impossible.

For their own and for their children's

Introductory offer:



Try this completely unique experience and we will send you.

sakes, women should back PLAYBOY's efforts to humanize the sexual attitudes of our society.

Janet Atherton
Mexico City, Mexico

See "Dear Playboy" for additional comment about the June "Playboy Panel."

EDUCATION VS. GUILT

A Miss M. M. wrote to *The Playboy Advisor* in June to ask whether, in view of her severe guilt feelings, she was right in imposing a moratorium on sex for herself and her boyfriend. Many of us suffer similarly as a result of improper sex education. I am 32 and was brought up to believe that there was something wrong with my feelings of attraction to men. I cannot recall seeing my parents kiss or hold hands. I never got an answer to my questions about sex and reproduction.

By the time I was in my teens, I had come to realize that my parents, with their antisexual attitudes, could be wrong. I began to read about sex, learned as much as I could about it and developed the opinion that it was harmless. By the time I was 20, I had decided that sex outside of marriage was a wholesome part of a complete life—in fact, was desirable, because it would prevent people from being driven into unwise marriages by the pressure of unsatisfied sexual desire.

I fell in love with a married man and had an affair with him. He offered to divorce his wife and to marry me, but I refused. I didn't want to break up his family and didn't want to marry the first man I fell in love with. When it was over, I'd had a sexual relationship, was still single and was still the same person. I was neither guilt-ridden nor more inclined toward promiscuity than before I lost my virginity.

I am now married. My husband and I slept together long before we seriously considered marriage. We waited until we were sure it wasn't just sex that was pushing us into marriage. Sometimes the guilt feelings of my childhood return, and I read PLAYBOY to remind myself that I've made tremendous progress and that I'm not the only person with problems. People always bear the scars of their upbringing, but they can't let that stop them from living.

(Name withheld by request)
Alexandria, Virginia

PUBLIC NUDITY

Here in Miami Beach, an attempt to revise judicial thinking on "indecent exposure" was made by a lawyer who used PLAYBOY as part of his evidence. A woman and her male companion were arrested for a predawn nude swim at the beach. The lady's attorneys argued that nudity is not shocking "under our changing mores" and pointed out that public acceptance of PLAYBOY proves this.

The judge didn't buy it, probably be-

cause the lawyers' arguments centered on justifying the exposure of the upper portion of the woman's anatomy, while the arresting officer testified that she was also nude from the waist down. In addition, the judge objected because some teenagers got a peek at the couple as the sun came up. So "decency" won again, and each defendant was fined \$50.

I doubt that prior to today's liberalized moral climate a lawyer would have tried to challenge the common definition of "indecent exposure." PLAYBOY has helped change this country's mores.

Edwin Flanders
Miami Beach, Florida

NEW ZEALAND ZEALOTS

The film version of *Ulysses* is to be released here in New Zealand in a few weeks and, believe it or not, zealots of moral reform have come up with a remarkable device for protecting us from this terribly dangerous work of art. There will be alternate days for male and female viewings.

Imagine—homosexuals can see this motion picture together, but a legally married husband and wife cannot!

Terry Finch
Dunedin, New Zealand

"NCOMP-ETENCE"

The National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures (NCOMP) is merely another name for that medieval crusade, the Legion of Decency. The bureaucratic blandness of the new name, adopted in 1965, is part of an effort by Catholic censors to give themselves an up-to-date image, an effort that included awarding good marks to such pictures as *Darling*, *Juliet of the Spirits* and *The L-Shaped Room* (not because they were good movies, but because their underlying moral message was acceptable to the Church, which insists on judging movies as propaganda).

Recently the NCOMP demonstrated that the name may have changed but the obsessions are the same. The Office demanded surgery for a three-and-a-third-second slice of the 20th Century-Fox picture *Caprice* because the rear end of Irene Tsu is briefly exposed. Fox surrendered, but complained that the NCOMP had classified *Ulysses* "morally unobjectionable for adults, with reservations," even though it showed the naked backsides of actors T. P. McKenna and Joe Lynch. The Reverend Patrick J. Sullivan, the NCOMP's director, replied that, since the Irish bottoms were male, they would not "present a problem to a normal individual," but a female posterior is "pruriently" stimulating.

The female body is sexually stimulating and must be hidden, Father Sullivan thinks, while the male body is ineffectual in this respect and may be exposed. In maintaining this asinine, antiquated and slightly sick distinction,

the NCOMP, purportedly an up-to-date arm of the Church, shows itself firmly seated in the "derrière-garde."

Charles Reagan
Boston, Massachusetts

INVISIBLE FILTH

The naked invisible man on *The Avengers*, about which the anonymous woman complained (*The Playboy Forum*, June), was not the first such filthy phantom in popular entertainment. In *The Invisible Man*, Claude Rains was represented sometimes by an empty suit of clothes and sometimes by footsteps and other sound effects—that is, he had also taken off his clothes. The same was true of Vincent Price in *The Invisible Man Returns*. Both of these movies came out years ago and society has somehow managed to survive the demoralizing effect of these lewd invisible male bodies.

Robert Wicker
Los Angeles, California

SON OF INVISIBLE FILTH

Not long ago, I sat down in front of my TV set and innocently turned on *The Avengers*. Imagine my shock when, in a show called "The See-Through Man," I saw an invisible man *without any clothes on!* Certainly something had to be done to prevent such trash from dirtying the morals of our children. So I called the television network:

"Complaint department. May I help you?"

"You sure can, young lady. I'm the man from CLOD."

"From 'CLOD'?"

"Crusade to Liquidate Obscene Dirt. I'm calling to complain about the naked invisible man."

"Are you speaking of our show 'The See-Through Man,' sir?"

"None other. And we see through you, too. And what we see is pure smut!"

"Pure smut?"

"Pure! A naked invisible man can't fool us! How dare you corrupt our children with smut? We've spent hours washing out their eyes with soap."

"But, sir, no one can see the invisible man."

"What difference does that make? He's still naked, whether you see him or not. It's a Communist plot! An invisible Communist plot! Putting a naked invisible Communist on television. You've been infiltrated by godless, smutty communism, in all its naked depravity."

"I'll have to refer you to my superior, sir. If you'll just—"

"But we CLODs have what it takes to see through that see-through man! Imagination! We have plenty of that, young lady. We can see this see-through man's nakedness, even if it is invisible. Next you'll have a see-through woman. We'll see through her, too. Imagination, that's all it will take—to see her lascivious naked voluptuousness, her

depraved curves, made for lust and passion . . . her suggestive undulations and . . . and throbbing movements . . . and animal passions . . . and frustrations . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir, but—"

"Then you'll have couples. Naked invisible men and women. Flaunting their nude bodies together. *Together*. It doesn't take much imagination to see what will happen then! Lusts and passions exposed for everyone to see . . . and animal desires . . . and frustrations . . ."

"But, sir—"

"Next you'll have a white man and a black girl, or a black man and a white girl, or white men and black girls, or black men and white girls, or black men and white men and white girls and black girls! All naked! Together! Doing every conceivable depraved thing. All debauched. Smutty. Doing everything. Everything!"

"Sir!"

"And then you'll bring in animals . . . dogs . . . donkeys . . . sheep . . . ducks . . . owls . . . all invisible . . . frustrated . . ."

"Sir, I'm sorry, but we have been instructed to hang up on obscene telephone calls." Click.

John Keefauver
Carmel, California

ACADEMIC FREEDOM

Richard Casello is a California teacher of English who has just been barred from his classroom at Mira Loma High School in Sacramento—after seven years of excellent service in his school district.

He was suspended for holding discussions "pertaining to [students'] attitudes toward smoking tobacco, the consumption of alcoholic beverages, the use of marijuana, the use of LSD, premarital sexual relations, prostitution, abortion, the role of women and parental relationships." Casello was holding seminar-type discussions with senior students, hoping to overcome the intense problems of communication in our society. It was a reasonable basis for holding such discussions—unless, of course, words and concepts are, of themselves, terrifying.

The irony of the situation is that the district in which Mr. Casello labored so long and so well is having an enormous "problem" with juvenile drug use and that this problem (from my observations as a substitute teacher in the same district) stems from the indifference of teachers, administrators and parents to their children's emotions.

William B. Mueller
Sacramento, California

BAN, BABY, BAN

Chalk up another small victory for ignorance. Sheriff William E. Davis of Pensacola, Florida, wanted *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* by Alexander Solzhenitsyn removed from the county school libraries because it con-

tains Anglo-Saxon swearwords. He said, "I think it's wrong to read such words in the public school system." Other citizens insisted that Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, which was on required reading lists, should be taken out of the school libraries because it was not suitable for students.

Instead of ruling that the complainants be sent back to school for needed remedial education, the county Board of Public Instruction ruled that henceforth a censored edition of the Russian novel would be used in place of the book the author actually wrote and that *Brave New World* would be taken off the required reading lists, although it would remain in the libraries.

I've been reading about similar cases around the country, and I note that these two books, along with George Orwell's *1984*, seem to come under an unusual amount of fire from the cranks who wage war on books. The ostensible reason for the attacks is the language or the sexual activities portrayed. I wonder if the real reason isn't that these three books, describing life under totalitarian regimes, hit the book banners where it hurts the most.

John Hearty
Pensacola, Florida

PURITANS IN PARADISE

Honolulu now has its own Citizens for Decent Literature, who are trying to take over our "Paradise of the Pacific" and clamp a lid on free expression. They are printing huge ads in the *Honolulu Star-Bulletin*, warning of the horrible menace of "pornography" and soliciting contributions to help finance their crusade against liberty.

We Hawaiians are a freedom-loving people, living in this beautiful spot among friendly and peaceful persons of many ethnic groups. We didn't ask the CDL to come in and tell us what to do, what to say and what to read. What can we do to stamp out this unwelcome intrusion?

Lopaka Hanohano
Honolulu, Hawaii

Organize. A National Council for Freedom to Read was formed this year by representatives of the Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey and New York freedom-to-read groups. In addition to welcoming participation by anticensorship organizations in other states, the National Council offers suggestions on how to form local anticensorship groups in those states that do not already have them. Inquiries should be addressed to Joseph W. Faulkner, 642 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

For readers in states that already have freedom-to-read groups, membership information can be obtained at the following addresses:

Illinois: Write to Joseph Faulkner at the above address.

Maryland: Brent Peabody, Maryland Freedom to Read Committee, Silver Spring, Maryland 20901.

New Jersey: Mrs. Rita D'Joseph, New Jersey Committee for the Right to Read, P.O. Box 250, Caldwell, New Jersey 07006.

New York: Martin Swenson, Audience Unlimited, P.O. Box 3844, Rochester, New York 14610.

SUPREME COURT IN WONDERLAND

I quote from a recent *Washington Post* story:

The Post Office Department will ask Congress for a law prohibiting unsolicited advertising that offers to sell salacious material . . .

The legislation will be based on Supreme Court rulings in the Ralph Ginzburg case, in which a New York publisher was convicted on the basis of advertisements on behalf of his controversial publications.

Unless English words no longer mean what they used to mean, this clearly indicates that Ralph Ginzburg was convicted under a law that did not exist at that time but may exist in the future. It all reminds me of the Queen of Hearts:

"Let the jury consider their verdict," the King said, for about the 20th time that day.

"No, No!" said the Queen. "Sentence first—verdict afterward."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Alice loudly. "The idea of having the sentence first!"

"Hold your tongue!" said the Queen, turning purple.

"I won't!" said Alice.

"Off with her head!" the Queen shouted at the top of her voice.

David Jensen
New York, New York

THE DEFENSE RESTS

The following clipping from the Norfolk, Virginia, *Ledger-Star* should provide a grim laugh for those who have run afoul of postal inspectors:

Ah, the legal mind!

They're telling the story here of the Norfolk lawyer who undertook to defend a prisoner charged with sending an obscene publication through the mails.

The lawyer telephoned the Justice Department and asked if he could see a copy of the offending document.

The Department promised him one.

A couple of days later, it arrived—through the mails.

Richard Hartman
Virginia Beach, Virginia



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POSTAL PRIVACY

My wife and I belong to a "correspondence club" of the sort most often harassed by the postal inspectors; therefore, I followed *The Playboy Forum* with great interest last year when you were running the series of letters on postal invasions of privacy. As a result, I learned a great deal about my constitutional rights.

Last month, two postal inspectors called on me and began asking about the club to which I belong. I announced that if they violated my civil liberties in any way, I would write to *PLAYBOY*, to Post Office General Counsel Timothy May, to U. S. Senator Edward Long and to my own state congressmen. I then asked for the inspectors' identification cards and took down their names and numbers.

They quickly lost interest in me and left, and I have not heard from them since. If I hadn't read your exposé, these inspectors might well have intimidated me, as happened to some of the persons who wrote to you early last year about this harassment.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

POSTAL BLACKMAIL

In the February *Playboy Forum*, there was a moving account of how one man's career was ruined by a Texas postal inspector. Postal inspectors in this state seem to be fond of such activity. Last year, a client of mine was accused of mailing a nude photograph of himself to a woman in another state. My client was contacted by a postal inspector, who advised him and me that, if my client would agree to accept a fine on a plea of guilty to a state charge of possessing obscene photographs, he would not be prosecuted in the Federal courts. I advised the postal inspector that I was disturbed by his approach, since he undoubtedly knew that United States Attorneys were under instructions not to prosecute cases involving consensual mailings of a noncommercial nature. Further, coercing a plea of guilty in a state court in order to suppress a Federal criminal charge seemed inappropriate for a Government official. I advised him to confer with the state's attorney as well as the United States Attorney to determine whether he was not himself engaged in criminal behavior.

In a contested action, the state of Texas would have been unable to prove my client guilty of possessing obscene photographs. However, he did not care to see his reputation destroyed by the publicity involved in a contested proceeding. He, therefore, decided to accept the offer of the postal inspector that he be "run through the D. A.'s office and the court" on a complaint and plea of guilty and that he pay a \$1000 fine. Undoubtedly, this choice was anticipated by the postal inspector.

It would seem that the Post Office Department should have other and more significant problems to deal with. The activities of the postal inspector in this instance were, in my opinion, despicable. It would be interesting to determine from your readers just how prevalent this practice may be throughout the country—a practice I consider nothing short of "legal blackmail."

I would be willing to disclose all necessary names and facts, if contacted by authorized Justice Department personnel.

Emmett Colvin, Jr.
Attorney at Law
Dallas, Texas

BUGLESS INVESTIGATION

I appeared before Senator Edward Long's Subcommittee on Administrative Practice and Procedure, at a hearing for the Senator's proposed Right to Privacy Act, which is designed to restrict electronic eavesdropping by Federal investigative agencies. I am chief investigator for the Social Security Administration and was asked to testify because, even though we do not employ eavesdropping devices, we are very successful in our investigations. *PLAYBOY* readers may be interested in the summation of my testimony:

I do not speak for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare nor for the Social Security Administration, but testify as a Federal criminal investigator with 22 years of experience. I have felt for some time that immoderate use of electronic listening devices and other investigative gimmicks is precipitated by inadequate training in conventional investigative techniques.

I am convinced that the use of eavesdropping devices has grown out of all proportion to the increase in the type of crimes that, allegedly, cannot be solved without their use. Many major crimes of this century were solved before such devices were developed. Too many investigators have resorted to their wholesale use as a short cut or as a method of compensating for deficiencies in training.

Investigators who have ready access to electronic listening devices become addicted to them and depend on them, even in cases that might be more readily solved by other methods. As the caliber of investigative personnel improves, I hope that the gathering of admissible evidence to support criminal prosecutions will be accomplished legally and with integrity and that the gathering of intelligence for use in administrative and other civic affairs will be accomplished more and more through the use of personal ingenuity and less and less

through the use of mechanical gadgets.

Under my supervision, the Social Security Administration's investigations team has handled hundreds of cases. We have never used electronic listening devices or any other mechanical gadgets. Yet our investigations have not been hampered in any way due to this fact.

John Neely
Chief, Investigations Branch
Social Security Administration
Washington, D. C.

Now that the Supreme Court has declared unconstitutional the New York law permitting court-approved electronic eavesdropping by police (June 1967)—thereby severely restricting this procedure—it appears that other investigative groups will have to adhere to the high standards you have set for your agency.

A QUEER SORT OF ARREST

PLAYBOY is to be congratulated for printing several letters about the persecution of homosexuals in this country. As a homosexual myself, what amazes me about the activities of vice-squad cops is their remarkable ability to become erotically aroused while entrapping one of us.

I have been arrested twice in the Los Angeles area. In both instances, the officers were able to become tumescent. In the second case, the officer began the conversation in a public rest room while standing at a urinal, walked over to me exposed and erect; and when I cautiously refused to make physical contact with him, he offered to meet me outside for an alleged drive to my home. As you might have expected (but I didn't), the trip turned out to be to the nearest station house.

What sort of men are these who make these arrests? Need I remind your sophisticated readers of Freud's discovery that those who enjoy persecuting homosexuals are persons fighting their own subconscious impulses in that direction?

(Name withheld by request)
Pasadena, California

DETECTING DEVIATES

I was amused by the homosexual soldier who was convinced that nobody could recognize him as a deviate (*The Playboy Forum*, June). This strange self-delusion—"I don't act queer; nobody can spot me"—is shared by 99 percent of all homosexuals in America. This is the first of their three outstanding characteristics. Their inordinate vanity (which is equaled only by that of the average midget) is the second. The third is that, contrary to their neurotic fantasies, every one of them is as effeminate
(continued on page 184)

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHN V. LINDSAY

a candid conversation with the crusading mayor of new york city

During his campaign for mayor of New York in the spring of 1965, John Vliet Lindsay often told audiences how he had boarded a New York-bound train in Washington and found himself in a car full of grim, unsmiling men with arms folded across their chests. "Who are they?" he asked the conductor. "They're patients going to an insane asylum," came the answer. "And where are you going?" "To New York to run for mayor," said the candidate. "Then," replied the conductor, "you stay right here." In the opinion of most political observers at the time, the conductor had a point. As far as they were concerned, the idealistic, Yale-educated young Congressman seemed to be courting almost certain defeat in pursuing a job that had won a richly deserved reputation as a graveyard for rising political hopefuls. As a Republican, he also had to face the fact that New York had not elected a member of his party since Fiorello La Guardia in the Thirties.

And by 1965, the problems of this "ungovernable" metropolis had so proliferated that they seemed insoluble. The urbane and elegant city of Cole Porter and Scott Fitzgerald had become, for many, a national symbol of urban drift and decay. Increasingly, it was a place for the very rich and the very poor. Its crime rate was spiraling upward; its air and water had been polluted by decades of industrial wastes. The blight of the slums had spread over all the boroughs and filled the pockets of profiteering

landlords and corrupt bureaucrats. And the city was also deeply in debt; interest payments alone amounted to \$1,400,000 daily.

Contrary to expectations, Lindsay decided to meet the decline of New York head on. An activist and a pragmatist with an almost sensual joy in tackling and solving problems, he attacked the entrenched Democratic machine with fiery sincerity. In synagogues and tenements, between blintzes and knishes, he promised to make "our city great again, the Empire City of the world." At first, the hacks of the regular Democratic organization—and their affably colorless candidate, Abe Beame—refused to take Lindsay seriously. He seemed to them a ludicrous anomaly: a Park Avenue Episcopalian, an Ivy Leaguer in a city accustomed to the ways of homespun Irish, Italian and Jewish politicians. Lindsay's shining idealism, his movie-star looks and his almost naïve reformist zeal marked him as an amateur, according to the tough codebook of Tammany politics. Undaunted, Lindsay patched together an unlikely alliance of supporters from every ethnic group and political persuasion, and launched a horde of youthful volunteer workers into the streets. The candidate joined them—displaying an athletic vigor that was sorely tested by six months of strenuous campaigning. In the early hours of Election Day, he was still searching for votes—walking the deserted streets, visiting a Harlem theater and answering questions

from a Negro radio audience.

It all paid off with a stunning upset, and a triumph for moderate Republicanism—within months of the Johnson landslide—as Lindsay outpolled Beame decisively in a balloting pattern that crisscrossed party lines, religious blocs and ethnic allegiances all over the city. In the wake of what G.O.P. National Chairman Ray Bliss called "the victory of the decade," commentators were already sizing up Lindsay as a Presidential prospect in 1968 or 1972. As one New York politician said: "Wait till Lindsay and Kennedy hit. It has to happen."

Lindsay's past provides few clues to the compelling passion for politics that has carried him so far. His father, George Lindsay, was the son of a Scotch-Irish brickmaker, and a self-made man who rose to become vice-president of a Wall Street investment banking house. His mother, Eleanor Vliet Lindsay, was a promising young actress who abandoned her career to raise a family. John and his twin brother, David, were born on November 24, 1921, in a modest West Side Manhattan apartment—but the Lindsays' style of living soon improved; by 1962, at his death, George Lindsay was worth over \$700,000. John went to Manhattan's exclusive Buckley School, then to St. Paul's—where he played football and was elected president of his class—and finally entered Yale as World War Two was approaching.

Impatient to move on, he was graduated



"There are those who say that the problem of our cities must wait until the war in Vietnam is resolved. But these problems won't wait, and by any reasonable set of values, they shouldn't have to wait."



"I try to call the various city departments at unexpected moments. The first time I phoned the police department for news late at night, they thought I was a drunk. They've since learned to know better."



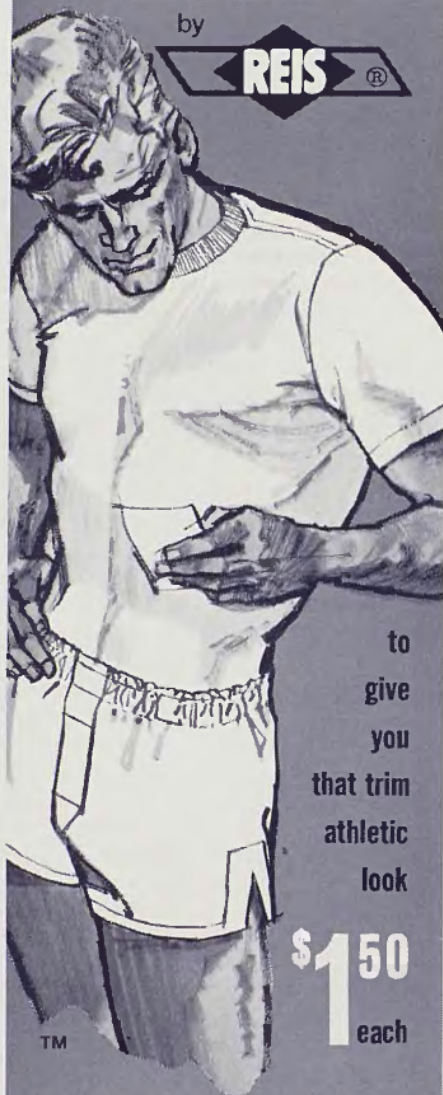
"It wasn't a wise decision to expel Adam Clayton Powell. The committee's disciplinary proposals exceeded anything handed down before—even in the case of Senator McCarthy. I think it was a blunder."

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in 1943 with a degree in history after only 31 months, and immediately plunged into the War; three years later, he emerged with a naval lieutenant's stripes and five battle stars. In his first civilian job, he worked as a bank clerk—until he nearly set his desk afire trying to hide a cigarette from an approaching senior partner. Lindsay next enrolled in the Yale Law School, where his interest in politics first began to develop. After three years, a Manhattan firm hired him at a princely \$3600 a year—but the bright young comer was soon named a full partner. A brilliant trial lawyer, Lindsay was commended for his skill by Justice Frankfurter after arguing a case before the Supreme Court.

In 1958, after a short stint in the Attorney General's office, Lindsay decided to enter the political arena in earnest—a decision thoughtfully described in his forthcoming book, "Journey into Politics." Already president of New York's influential Young Republicans Club, he entered the party's Congressional primary for New York's affluent "Silk Stocking" district—the 17th—and won, despite the opposition of local G.O.P. leaders; he then edged his Democratic opponent by 7800 votes. In Congress, Lindsay soon won a reputation for stubborn independence and fierce concern for civil liberties. When Charles Halleck, G.O.P. minority leader at the time, asked Lindsay why he so steadfastly opposed legislation designed to combat pornography and communism, the young Congressman replied that those were the major industries in his district, and if they went, "the 17th would be a depressed area." Such outspoken liberalism soon alienated Lindsay from the G.O.P. leadership—but not from the voters, who returned him to Washington with 59.8 percent of the ballots in 1960, 68.7 percent in 1962 and 71.5 percent in 1964.

Since becoming New York's mayor, Lindsay has been constantly embattled. A transit strike only hours after his inauguration was followed by a fare hike. Faced with an empty exchequer, he was forced to impose a new city income tax. Today, thanks in part to still more strikes, the streets are still dirty, the ghetto is still scabrous and the inevitable letdown from the high hopes built up by a fresh face has taken its toll on the mayor's popularity. Predictably, Lindsay has also drawn criticism for his aggressive impetuosity and his disdain for traditional political practices. As one aide recalls, "We were foolish enough to think that if we ran fast enough, we could get everything done in six weeks." A prominent clergyman sighed: "He tends to divide rather than unite." And a disillusioned journalist added: "Lindsay's an intellectual lightweight."

Still, for all the brickbats, there is a growing belief in New York that Lindsay just may manage to make the Empire

City more livable. He terms his administration a "wild show" and puts into practice his doctrine of "visible government" by prowling the streets day and night, appearing at the scene of fires and crimes as well as at banquets and theater openings; by presiding over street-corner discussions in the slums as well as at benefit balls and art galleries. Above all, he has been able to communicate to the electorate an infectious joie de vivre—whether capering on a Manhattan bridge with a film crew to encourage movie production in the city or playing touch football in Central Park.

In the midst of the taxing task of running New York City, Lindsay agreed to grant PLAYBOY an exclusive interview. The many conversations that followed—with interviewer Hunter Lewis—were squeezed into a succession of arduous workdays that began at seven each morning and ended around midnight at City Hall. "On each occasion," Lewis reports, "Lindsay was elegantly attired in blue suit, silk handkerchief, long-point button-down shirt and black wing-tip loafers. He began each meeting by stretching his long six-foot, four-inch frame and running a hand through his tousled hair; he then fixed his brilliant blue eyes on mine and invited me to fire the first question. Speaking in cool, clipped accents, he rarely changed expression in the course of our conversations. Only occasionally, when discussing his love of the theater or the pleasure of living in New York, did he abandon his rigid self-control. The mayor has learned from long experience in politics to regard the press as a friendly adversary. And he is a polished and practiced performer—whether quietly emphasizing a point, deftly turning aside a probing question or sincerely expounding on the desperate problems of the cities in the Sixties."

PLAYBOY: How do you account for your election as mayor in a city where there are over three times as many registered Democrats as Republicans?

LINDSAY: I wish you hadn't sprung that one on me this early in the morning. I'd simply say the people decided that they'd take a chance on a change. They wanted a change from top to bottom, so they voted for me.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the charge that you ran for mayor only because New York G.O.P. luminaries such as Senator Jacob Javits and Governor Rockefeller had blocked any other avenues of advancement open to you?

LINDSAY: I wouldn't call that a charge; it was a speculation on the part of a lot of people. The fact of the matter is that there are no blockades in this business if you're determined enough and patient for the changes of time and history. I ran for mayor because I just felt the job had to be done. In good conscience, I couldn't refuse the support that appeared to be growing for it. I'd been

talking about the city and the needs of the city for a long time, both as a member of the Congress and as a member of the community, and my wife, Mary, and I decided that I couldn't be in public life and turn my back on it. I never would have been happy if I had.

PLAYBOY: Still, with your Congressional experience and interest in national affairs, wouldn't you have preferred to serve as Senator or governor, if the opportunity had presented itself?

LINDSAY: No. I don't care how many other political avenues might have opened. I'm sure this statement will be challenged by many; but even if other political avenues had been open at the time, I believe I still would have run for mayor. It was strictly a matter of personal conscience.

PLAYBOY: During the campaign, many people wondered at President Johnson's faint and grudging endorsement of your Democratic opponent, Abe Beame. What's your reaction to the report that L. B. J. favored your election over Beame on the grounds that you would better counterbalance Robert Kennedy's power in New York?

LINDSAY: I don't really think you can analyze the quiet recesses of any person's mind. A very wise friend of mine once told me that in the business of politics watching, it's better to judge on the basis of performance than motivation.

PLAYBOY: Before we talk about your performance, let's discuss your image. Many people have noted abundant similarities between yourself and the late President Kennedy: the athletic vigor, the good looks, the winning smile, the common background—Navy, fashionable Eastern private schools—even the use of a "Let's get things moving" political theme. Do you see yourself as a Kennedyesque figure?

LINDSAY: No, definitely not.

PLAYBOY: Are you annoyed by the comparison of yourself with Kennedy?

LINDSAY: Not in the slightest.

PLAYBOY: Did he influence your political style?

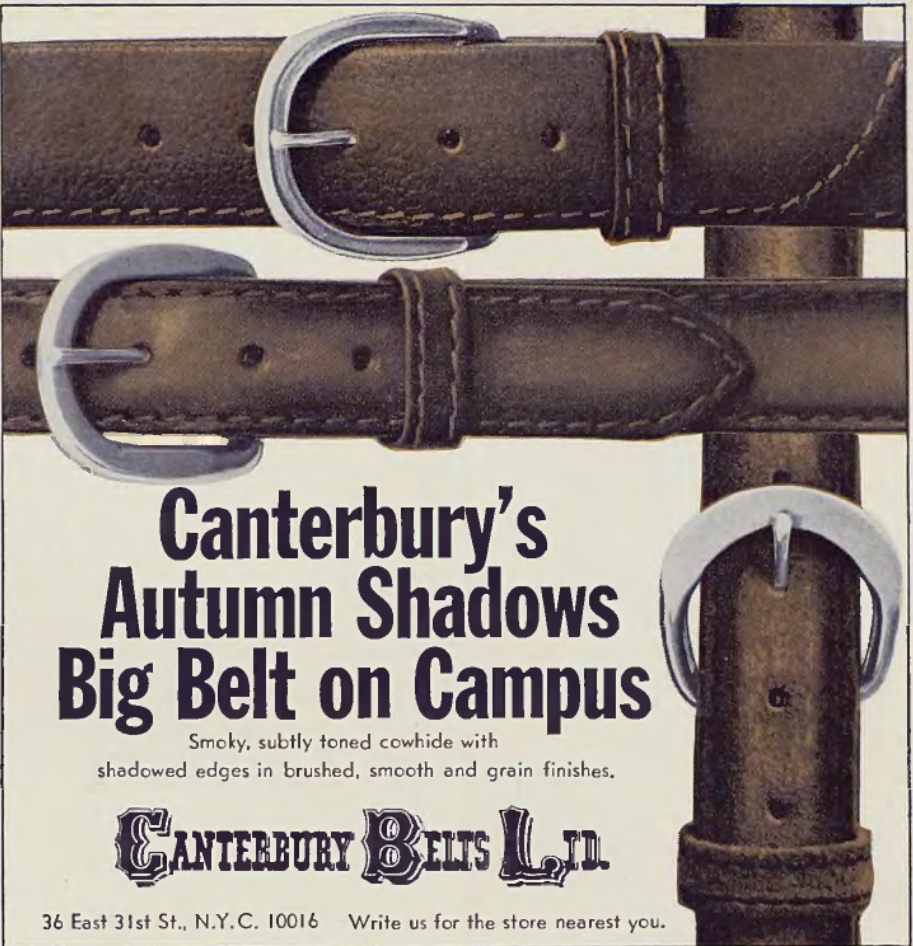
LINDSAY: I was certainly an admirer of the late President, but I have consistently approached politics in much the same manner that I approached my previous work as a trial lawyer. I think I have my own individual style.

PLAYBOY: Commentators have noted that, like Kennedy, you have the kind of "star quality" that might have been the basis for a career in the theater. Unlike the late President, you seem to have pursued that possibility by appearing Off-Broadway in *John Brown's Body* and in a television spot on *The Farmer's Daughter*. Did you ever seriously consider an acting career?

LINDSAY: Not really.

PLAYBOY: How did you first become interested in acting?

LINDSAY: It's a personal devotion of



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mine. I'm sure some of it was inherited. My mother was on the stage, briefly. When she graduated from college in 1911, she was quite an advanced person for her time. She went on the road in bit parts until she met my father, got married and immediately started having children—five of them. That put an end to acting. But she never lost her love for it, and I can remember that during my school days she never had a broader grin on her face than when one of my brothers or I had a part in a school play. I'm sure some of that was passed along to me.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide against acting as a career?

LINDSAY: I like acting; I'm a buff. But I also understand the terrible hazards and hardships of the theater. It's one of the toughest professions in the world, without any doubt at all. I don't think I would have been successful in it. I just don't have that much talent.

PLAYBOY: Some of the critics disagree. *The New York Times* particularly praised a reading you did of Copeland's *Lincoln Portrait* at Philharmonic Hall. In view of recent elections in California, do you feel that a show-business background is becoming a valuable asset in politics?

LINDSAY: Not at all.

PLAYBOY: Then what do you make of the Ronald Reagan-George Murphy phenomenon? In terms of projecting an attractive public personality, hasn't their success as politicians been due in large part to their movie fame and acting experience?

LINDSAY: It's hard to tell. They do seem to win elections. Of course, any person in public life is required to speak. The whole art of politics is communication, and to the extent that Reagan and Murphy had training in delivery and platform speaking, I'm sure it was helpful to them.

PLAYBOY: With so many outside interests, and with some inherited income from your father, you might have been expected to shun the infighting of politics. What led you to run for office? Did your family encourage you in this direction?

LINDSAY: No, they didn't. I simply felt an urge, a desire to do more than lead my life in a private circle. That was the basic reason. I went down to Washington as executive assistant to the then-Attorney General of the U. S. [Herbert Brownell]. After I had dealt with matters that affected the country and had argued cases before the Supreme Court that affected the future of government, I was infected.

PLAYBOY: Some of your friends have said that your interest in politics expresses an activist's desire to be where the decisions are made. One of them, quoted in *Life*, remarked: "He has a great appetite for command. He wants to be governor. He wants to be President." Is the quote correct?

LINDSAY: I think that's a very flattering statement. I don't know exactly who said it, but that's a very generous statement.

PLAYBOY: In Congress, you were known as a loner, and some observers feel that this reputation hampered your effectiveness as a legislator. How do you account for your poor relations with the G. O. P. leadership in the House?

LINDSAY: At times I was a loner, but I don't think it seriously hampered my effectiveness. And my personal relationship with the G. O. P. leadership was fine; we understood each other.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you once tell a *Newsweek* writer that "the Republican leadership in the Congress and I were at constant odds."

LINDSAY: Well, we certainly disagreed very often, and I'm sure that once in a while this prejudiced their feelings toward me. But I don't think I was one of those who was so far out that his effectiveness was impaired. I just tried to be constructive—particularly in matters in which I had a special interest. And occasionally I influenced the thinking of the leadership and affected the behavior of the minority side.

PLAYBOY: Throughout your career, you have conveyed the image of a young man struggling against older politicians, whether in the House or in city government. Perhaps as a result, young people tend to sympathize and identify with you—as was demonstrated by the large number of youthful volunteers you attracted in your campaign for mayor. How do you feel about youth today? Do you agree with those who believe that young people have become too radical and militant both socially and politically?

LINDSAY: No, I think young people are doing fine. They're moving about; they're being heard from; they're involving themselves. I'm delighted when college and high school students in New York involve themselves in community problems. Young people are a swinging lot. They ought to be encouraged, because they're what this town needs; they're what this country needs. Let's face it, the average age of the population is getting younger each year. As a nation, we're becoming more youthful—and that's all to the good.

PLAYBOY: Does your approval of militant youth extend to such student activists as Mario Savio of the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley and the young radicals of the Students for a Democratic Society?

LINDSAY: I hope the thrust of what they do isn't just negative, isn't just down with this, down with that. Protest should be combined with constructive action. And it usually is.

PLAYBOY: What success have you had attracting talented young personnel to help you in running New York City?

LINDSAY: Enough to make our young people the butt of quite a few jokes. When I first took office, the press teased

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us about "the boy scouts at City Hall," because of our youth. The team I've picked is a young group—and that's good; this is a young city. There's a lot of changing to be done, a lot of growing, and we need young people to hasten the process. The young aren't as jaded and pessimistic as their elders; they believe we can make this a better city. And they're smart enough to do it, I think.

PLAYBOY: Let's discuss your job as mayor. Before the 1965 election, you were inexperienced in municipal politics. Has this turned out to be an advantage or a disadvantage?

LINDSAY: Both. I've had to put considerable time into becoming thoroughly familiar with the depths and intricacies of the system as it is. You can't change the system unless you know exactly what you're dealing with. In this respect, my inexperience was a disadvantage. The advantage lies in the fact that I have had no preconceptions about change. Sometimes I'm sure I've waded in where only fools go and angels fear, but that's an advantage, because things have to be shaken up constantly, questions asked, even at the risk of stumbling in the process. It needs doing in a bureaucracy of this kind.

PLAYBOY: During the campaign, you continually dismissed the old canard that New York is ungovernable. Do you still feel that way?

LINDSAY: Yes, I do.

PLAYBOY: Yet, since your inauguration, New York has been beset by one crisis after another, from the transit strike to the budget controversy. Seemingly, even your hard work and enthusiasm have failed to bring dramatic change thus far. Why?

LINDSAY: Actually, there have been some dramatic changes. The first thing we did was to save the city from bankruptcy. The employees of the city were not going to be paid. The previous administration had left the city broke, with a galloping deficit. But in the first months, we restored the cash position of the city, bolstered its reserves, reorganized its taxes. We got rid of the gross receipt tax, which everyone had been urging for years. And we imposed a regional tax upon the area around New York; a lot of people would have thought that impossible in an election year, after only six months in office. It took the Kennedy Administration two years to *draft*, much less win, legislative approval for a nationwide tax reorganization that wasn't as complicated as the one we worked out for the city. We're in the midst of a reorganization and reshaping of the whole city government. We're getting performance out of the police department and other service departments that is prompt and superior. In addition, for the first time, there is strong support in neighborhoods around the city for better municipal government; whereas before,

there was apathy, resentment, fatalism and a kind of gloom. That's all changed. People are beginning to use the parks again. We've had neighborhood drives to clean up the city. We've improved the climate for business. A new Public Development Corporation has been created, with special powers to attract new industry, new talent, new sciences to New York. We also have reorganized the financial affairs of the city. We've inaugurated innovative budgeting operations and we've established a wholly new administration on finance. We've also established a new administration on human resources that is designed to consolidate the Welfare Department, Youth Board, Department of Labor and all ancillary institutions. And we're establishing a general services administration to incorporate the housekeeping work of the city: purchase, sales and sanitation. In short, we're reorganizing approximately 50 agencies and bureaus and regrouping them into about ten central administrations.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you concerned that this centralization may further remove the municipal bureaucracy from the people it serves?

LINDSAY: Not at all. At the same time, we're decentralizing the major service agencies that deal with the problems of health, poverty and slum clearance. These agencies have an immediate impact on individual neighborhoods, so we want them to operate out of neighborhood centers.

PLAYBOY: Has the reorganization raised or lowered municipal expenses?

LINDSAY: Over the past year, the city has saved more than \$100,000,000 by eliminating dozens of boards, committees and agencies that either served no demonstrably useful purpose or could be absorbed by other governmental units. At the same time, we've saved money and improved services by bringing modern research techniques to bear on the sometimes rigid and musty routines of government. So I think you could say that there *have* been some dramatic changes during this new administration.

PLAYBOY: It's an old saying that the mayor has all the responsibility but none of the power in New York. Do you have enough authority to carry out all these programs you've initiated?

LINDSAY: I'd like to have more. As a matter of political science, I'm not sure how *much* more I should have; but without more executive power, I can't move things along as quickly as I would like. Some of these areas that have been separated from the mayor's office have to be re-examined.

PLAYBOY: Would you name some of them?

LINDSAY: For example, the Board of Education and the empire that is underneath it. This whole monolithic apparatus of municipal education has to be

made more responsive to community needs and wants by decentralizing reforms. Surely, the mayor ought to be able to help guide that along. Under the present system, however, the mayor can't do much. He can dent the problems, but not much more.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there some intrinsic value in maintaining the freedom of the educational system from political influence? James E. Allen, the State Education Commissioner, has said, "It is essential that educational planning be assigned to the Board of Education, not to the mayor, if we are to avoid the danger of decisions being made on a political rather than on an educational basis."

LINDSAY: I don't agree. New York's school system serves a social as well as an educational function. The schools contain more than 87,000 students who don't speak English and more than 25,000 pupils who are mentally retarded, physically handicapped or emotionally disturbed. We have other big-city problems, such as truancy and delinquency, that are better cured in the classroom than in a jail cell. In any case, politics and education are already intertwined in New York. In building a public educational system so strong that it can attract the very best students, while at the same time it assists the needy, the city's flexibility is severely compromised by state restraints—such as the general constitutional limitation on the power of the localities to set real-estate taxes and to borrow for educational purposes.

PLAYBOY: How do you propose to increase the mayor's authority in these areas?

LINDSAY: That depends. For the moment, we're trying to reorganize the city government with what executive power we have. But in due course, some aspects of this reorganization will require legislation.

PLAYBOY: Throughout most of the country—despite all of the progress you've mentioned—New York City continues to have a reputation for being a nice place to visit but a terrible place to live for all but the very rich. How do you answer the common complaints that New York is dirty, overcrowded, expensive, polluted, crime-ridden and often incapacitated by strikes?

LINDSAY: You have to live in New York to understand its strength, its assets, its wonderful power. Then try to move away and see how unhappy you are; you'll come back to New York in the end. Sure, New York is a difficult town in which to live, but that's compensated for by what it gives you. In this town, there is everything necessary to satisfy any person's highest dreams and ambitions—whether in business, finance, the arts or science. There are creativity, variety, wide associations, even anonymity available to those who seek it. Of course, one has to make an effort in New York to live a completely full and happy life—but

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that's all to the good. It's healthy to have some tension in the air. I have watched institutions and groups of people who were once productive leave the city for other parts to avoid the tension and strain and busy pace—and I've seen them deteriorate and become unproductive. **PLAYBOY:** But what about the specific complaints we mentioned? New York's soaring crime rate, for instance. Haven't the strained relations between the Lindsay administration and the police department—caused by your unsuccessful opposition to a well-financed police campaign against the creation of a civilian review board—made the problem of adequate law enforcement even more difficult?

LINDSAY: Actually, we're getting *better* performance from the police. We have developed fast-moving tactical units that have proved extremely helpful in crime prevention. We're working on an improved police communications system. And we're modernizing the police academy.

PLAYBOY: Recently, both New York's police and firemen threatened to resort to picket lines in order to realize their wage demands. And your administration came into being in the middle of a mass transit strike that immobilized the entire city. Have you been able to find any alternative to the chronic pattern of crippling public strikes and labor threats?

LINDSAY: As most corporations do, we have our share of labor troubles. In an effort to eliminate the cliff-hanger settlement of contract disputes in the past, we have proposed—and the City Council now is considering—the creation of an Office of Collective Bargaining. Its purpose is to lay out procedures whereby contracts can be negotiated to a conclusion well before the eleventh-hour-crisis atmosphere that has pervaded talks in the past. The new office will not mean the end of strikes; but I'm convinced that if it's endorsed by the City Council, it will make many strikes unnecessary.

PLAYBOY: You were confronted with another problem of crisis dimensions last year, when an unprecedented blanket of polluted air settled over the city for three days. The Federal Government has shown consistent interest in pollution control ever since the original Air Pollution Control Act of 1955; but many city governments—particularly, New York's—seem to have lagged behind. Why?

LINDSAY: I don't think we have. My administration has tackled this critical problem on many fronts. First, the City Council has passed, and I have signed, a local law placing the strictest controls ever imposed by an American city on private incinerators. The 17,000 incinerators now operating in New York, most of them in apartment houses, spew some 10,000 tons of soot into the air each year. Under the new regulation, no incinerators will be allowed in buildings

constructed here after May of 1968. Building owners will be required to compress their garbage and trash in compacting devices, so that these may be hauled to city incinerators or land-fill disposal sites. At the same time, we banned open-pit burning of trash or other wastes within the city limits.

PLAYBOY: The power facilities of Consolidated Edison are responsible for almost half of the dangerous sulphur dioxide pumped into New York City's atmosphere. Have you been able to impose any legal restrictions to cut down this pollution?

LINDSAY: Last May, Con Ed agreed to present a plan for constructing generating units outside the city that would enable the dismantling of older generating facilities here. The company is also installing electrostatic precipitators on the stacks of its Ravenswood generating plant, at a cost of about \$30,000,000; these devices will eliminate most of the smoke and soot. Finally, the company has pledged, in the next ten years, to reduce by more than half its burning of coal and oil. In addition, we've suggested to Con Ed that it immediately reduce its monthly sulphur-dioxide emissions from 23,000 to 16,000 tons during the winter months. This can be done by eliminating certain particularly poisonous fuel oils.

PLAYBOY: What are you doing about city incinerators?

LINDSAY: We're moving toward a major reduction of the fly ash produced by our municipally operated incinerators with a pilot project under which we will test electrostatic precipitators for minimizing smoke and soot. The project is being financed with a \$218,000 grant from the Federal Public Health Service, the first such award to any city for a demonstration project of this nature.

PLAYBOY: How do you expect to enforce compliance with these antipollution measures?

LINDSAY: It won't be easy. But we're expanding our air-quality surveillance system by establishing 37 monitoring stations throughout the city. We also intend next year, the city's financial condition permitting, to increase our field-inspection staff from 27 to 94.

PLAYBOY: These are all stopgap measures. Are there any fundamental solutions in sight?

LINDSAY: We haven't forgotten the need for long-range research. We're completing negotiations with Columbia University's School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine for the establishment of an Institute of Air Pollution Control Research. The Institute will supervise studies of the medical and biological effects of air pollution. Cooper Union has agreed to set up an environmental engineering center to bring the physical sciences to bear on the air-pollution problem. And New York

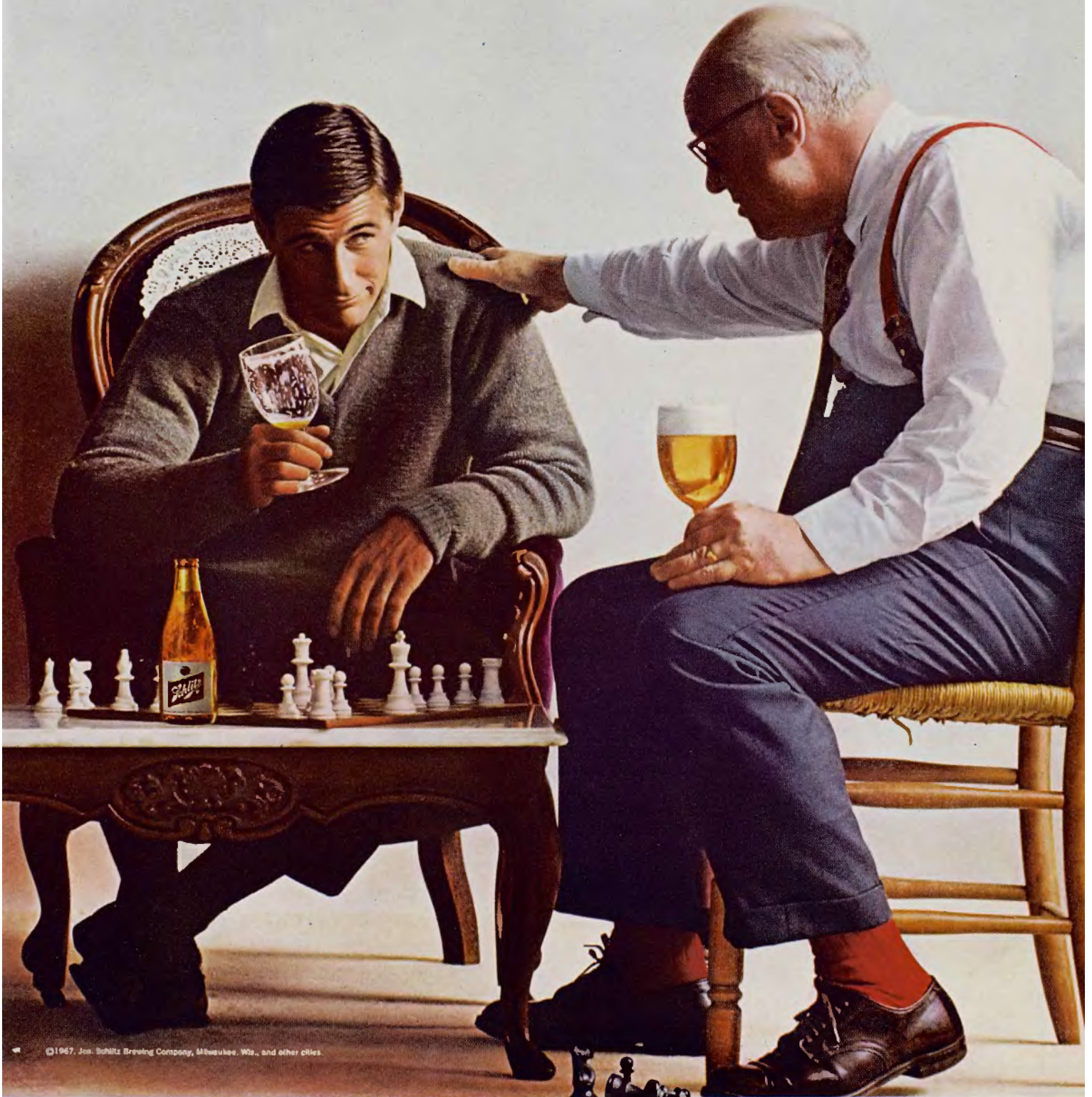
University is undertaking programs calculated to establish modern standards and criteria for air-pollution control activities. We're also seeking closer regional cooperation in attacking the common menace of polluted air. To this end, I plan to recommend an area-wide conference on air pollution. I shall suggest that the Governors Hughes of New Jersey, Dempsey of Connecticut and Rockefeller of New York be invited to participate, along with interested chief executives of local jurisdictions throughout the metropolitan region. Together, we may be able to work out a concerted campaign against all of the elements—not just a few components—of the area's atmospheric problems. New York City incinerators, Connecticut automobiles and New Jersey industry are interrelated contributors to air pollution; they must be dealt with together in working out solutions.

PLAYBOY: Let's turn to another urban problem. In your inaugural speech, you said: "Let those who compile riches from the misery of slums hear this message as their eviction notice: There will be no compromise with the profiteers of poverty." What has your administration accomplished in the area of slum clearance?

LINDSAY: When I took office, I set up a task force that included some of the top housing and planning experts in the country. Those experts have called for the most sweeping reorganization of a municipal housing structure ever attempted. It takes the present assemblage of housing agencies and departments—now loosely connected and often overlapping—and consolidates them into a strong, central Housing and Development Administration. This means that the separate staffs of architects, engineers and other specialists are being brought together. The four agencies conducting slum rehabilitation programs are being merged, and so are the tenant-relocation efforts of the Housing and Redevelopment Board and the Department of Relocation. We have also decided to concentrate all our urban-renewal resources in the ghetto communities. This is a marked departure from the past. Up to this time, there has been scattershot urban renewal, most of it in the white communities of New York, and less than 20 percent of it focused in Harlem, South Bronx, Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brownsville and the eastern New York districts of Brooklyn. We are changing this completely for the immediate future. In addition, we have a comprehensive legislative package for housing that may enable us to achieve a doubling of our production of low-income housing.

PLAYBOY: Will even a doubling be sufficient? One hundred and thirty-five thousand New York families are on the waiting list for public housing. What about the years of delay before an urban-

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renewal project can get started, and the tangle of regulations delaying enforcement of the housing code?

LINDSAY: These are all terrible problems. But my legislative package represents a real start toward their solution.

PLAYBOY: What does the package provide?

LINDSAY: Firstly, it recommends the early acquisition of land in renewal areas. Up to now, land for urban renewal could be acquired only after a formal and detailed plan had been prepared for the site and approved by the Federal Government. This involved four years of needless, heartless delay. We want to allow the city to acquire land under limited circumstances while planning continues. Secondly, we propose to give private industry a chance to try its hand at the construction of public housing. Not long ago, a private builder in Washington turned over to the city's housing authority the key to a new 343-unit public housing project. It was estimated that the private builder did the job in one fourth the time and at \$3000 per apartment less than could have been done under public authority. We have also included a dozen legislative proposals aimed at aiding the tenants of shoddy dwellings. These deal with the serving of dispossess notices, the protection of tenants against retaliation by landlords for tenants' having asserted their legal rights, the deposit of rent money in court for the purpose of repair and the rights of the tenant to use rent money to provide utilities that the landlord has failed to provide.

PLAYBOY: All this legislation is pending. In the meantime, what can be done for slum clearance?

LINDSAY: Much can be and has been done. Take the problem of abandoned buildings. Every year, about 750 buildings are abandoned, most of them in slum areas. These eyesores, firetraps and gang hide-outs tend to depress further already blemished neighborhoods. The Wagner administration was demolishing abandoned buildings at the rate of only 250 per year, and each demolition required about 15 months. My administration has established goals of 1000 demolitions during 1967 and 1500 for 1968. If the present rate of demolition continues, these goals will be met.

PLAYBOY: Have you been able to utilize Federal programs such as the Model Cities Act?

LINDSAY: New York City has a large stake in the Model Cities program. I recommended \$25,000,000 in my budget as a local contribution to the Federal effort. This makes New York the first city in the nation to commit its own funds to the national Administration's program for urban renewal.

PLAYBOY: New York's most urgent target area for urban renewal is Harlem. How else do you plan to upgrade this blighted area?

LINDSAY: In addition to applying all the newest techniques of urban renewal, we've tried to produce an effective program for *human* renewal. So far, the missing ingredient has been resources. We need money; we need people—to clean up the area, to reform the laws governing tenements, to finance new construction.

PLAYBOY: Some social commentators have suggested that the only solution for Harlem is to raze the whole place and start again. How do you feel about it?

LINDSAY: You can't and shouldn't just raze Harlem and build a new one. There are great value and power and many assets in Harlem; to appreciate that, you'd have to know the Harlem community, its many neighborhoods, its variety and its special qualities. It would be a great mistake to come in with a steam shovel and remove all that. Urban renewal has to be accomplished sensitively and selectively. These great assets shouldn't be plowed under. In the meantime, there are many things that can be done.

PLAYBOY: Would you name some?

LINDSAY: Well, recently I was in Harlem at the opening of a new store with Negro equity ownership. We were all overjoyed to see this example of a trend that is developing all over the community: the trend toward neighborhood—that is to say, Negro—rather than nonresident ownership. I sense a growing pride in Harlem. The community is beginning to see what's being done and can be done on its own. And the prospects are exciting. Of course, Harlem needs a great deal of outside aid as well. It needs the resources and tools with which to build.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any solution to the related problems of unemployment and poor schooling in Harlem?

LINDSAY: That's the job of our new Human Resources Administration. We see a direct relationship between good schools and full employment. Our philosophy is that these areas should not be served by institutions that are totally autonomous and independent. That's what I meant a while ago when I said that there must be more responsiveness to the over-all problems of the community on the part of the Board of Education and the apparatus under its direction. In the future, I believe the Human Resources Administration, which includes the Office of Education, will respond to the needs of the total man—whether education, jobs or something else. You might, incidentally, be interested in our "earn while learning" program, which enables young people from low-income families to learn a skill while simultaneously earning a salary, thus permitting them to make a financial contribution to their families.

PLAYBOY: You have been both praised and criticized for your frequent appearances on the scene of trouble in Harlem and elsewhere in the city. Some of your

critics have called these appearances window dressing and a waste of time. How do you feel about them?

LINDSAY: I feel that the mayor of a great city must know the city and its people and that the people should have a sense of his presence at all times. He must be a leader, and this means exposing himself to the residents of the city and learning firsthand what their problems are.

PLAYBOY: Last summer, on one occasion, an angry Negro mob greeted your arrival in their midst by raising you up on their shoulders and cheering. Has this kind of spontaneous response to your efforts been unusual?

LINDSAY: I don't know if it's unusual or not, but I do know that I should be there. It's my job to be where the action is, and that's what I try to do.

PLAYBOY: Your cleanup campaign in Harlem has received a fair amount of publicity. The image of the mayor of New York trudging through littered streets with a broom in hand has alternately pleased and amused many people. What do you think is actually accomplished by such a show? *The New York Times* reported that one Negro teenager watched you toiling and objected: "What's the Sanitation Department for?" Don't you ask yourself the same question?

LINDSAY: No. It's going to take a long time to get this city as clean as I want it to be, and I intend to do as much as I can by personal example. I'll pick up the litter in the streets and try to get other people to do the same. I'll focus on the problem until we get it licked. Our Sanitation Department has to do a better job than it's doing. My unannounced walks let me know what's being done. I find that when I move around the city by prior notice, the areas I visit have been cleaned up. Maybe if I made a daily practice of walking through every block in every neighborhood, this city would finally be cleaned up. But failing that, unannounced visits serve a definite purpose. I don't tell the commissioners I'm coming—just a few key staff people and the police department. After I've been through an area, I request reports from the Sanitation Department—the number of weekly pickups and the schedule for sanitation trucks. After my walk, I can see that the reports are baloney; the streets are dirty. All that is going to change.

PLAYBOY: Vice-President Humphrey caused quite a public stir last summer when he said that he would personally feel justified in rioting if he lived in a slum. Do you agree with him?

LINDSAY: I can understand why a slum dweller would feel that way, but rioting is certainly not the answer. Rioting will occur, however, unless and until a slum community knows that the government and the establishment of the town are aware of their problems and are at least trying to do something about them. If



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the inhabitants of the slums don't sense concern, then they'll take steps to make "the power structure" aware of their dissatisfaction. But rioting accomplishes nothing; it's disruptive and destructive, frightens industry and jobs away, frightens middle-class people away. It's not the answer. But one can understand why it occurs.

PLAYBOY: Has the concept of Black Power affected race relations in New York?

LINDSAY: I hope it won't, but it could. Black Power is a term that largely is understood by the community as reverse racism. For this reason, it's unfortunate. It's a term we ought to drop. What is needed is neither Black Power nor white power but citizen power.

PLAYBOY: As an avowed liberal in race relations, how do you feel about the alienation of black militants from white supporters such as yourself?

LINDSAY: Well, this is a trend that could have been anticipated. If one studies history, this alienation of white moderates should come as no surprise. This sort of thing is always a part of peaceful revolutionary change in a free country. It isn't even necessarily an unhealthy sign. It usually means that there is an acute consciousness of social problems—and that something is being done about these problems.

PLAYBOY: One of New York's most militant—and controversial—champions of the Negro cause is Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell. As a former Congressman, how do you feel about his censure by the House of Representatives?

LINDSAY: It was not a wise decision to expel Powell. The deliberations of the Celler select committee were fair and just, and its disciplinary proposals exceeded anything handed down before—even in the case of Senator McCarthy. The Congress should not have reacted as rashly as it did. I think it was a blunder.

PLAYBOY: As an ex-lawyer, do you believe the House had the right to take the action it did?

LINDSAY: I couldn't really say. That's a matter for the Supreme Court to decide.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Powell has effectively represented the people of Harlem?

LINDSAY: Well, the district certainly wants him. He's been elected and re-elected by large majorities. Of course, Powell's style is not my style, and I don't approve of all he's done. But if Powell has breached the rules and standards of the Congress, he should be disciplined, not expelled.

PLAYBOY: Another of New York's most serious problems—particularly in Harlem—is overpopulation. Do you expect that New York City will eventually reach a saturation point in numbers of residents?

LINDSAY: No. It's not a well-known fact, but the population of the city is no longer growing. More importantly, we have finally achieved a stable racial mix. Our

rate of racial change was very rapid for a while, but no longer. In the meantime, you'll notice that suburban communities are changing very rapidly, indeed—in terms of both population growth and racial composition. So are smaller towns. So, if one is seeking stability, one should look to the big cities these days. New York, in particular, is relatively free from the violent transformation of a great many towns, smaller cities and suburbs.

PLAYBOY: Recent experiments with mice and monkeys have shown that animals develop serious neuroses when too many are forced to live in a limited area. Do you think this effect may account in part for the high crime rate and racial tension in overcrowded big-city ghettos?

LINDSAY: You're referring to the "This is my turf, and we want all strangers to stay off of my turf" mentality. This has always been a problem. The "turf" mentality is a sociological phenomenon that exists everywhere; but it may be worse in cities—though I'm not sure how much of this is due to overcrowding. Sometimes, as a matter of fact, the crowding together of peoples in cities—provided they have decent places to live, of course—can have a civilizing influence on them; over a long period of time, this has resulted in gradual assimilation and elimination of the turf psychology. Sometimes big cities are not so dangerous in this respect as less crowded areas—particularly suburban communities and small towns that are changing rapidly. There the changes contribute more to the turf problem and create more tension than would overcrowding in a big city.

PLAYBOY: If New York is emerging from a period of rapid racial and demographic change, will this contribute to better management of welfare and other public-service programs?

LINDSAY: Over the long run, yes. In the meantime, we've worked out innovative short-term plans that should contribute to better welfare service. One program, for example, is designed to meet the mounting expense of providing welfare assistance to 400,000 mothers and children by finding employment for the mothers. We believe many of them can qualify as nurse's aides, welfare casework trainees or supervisors of day-care centers. This system, I think, will go far toward instilling the independence and self-respect that have been missing from welfare programs in the past. I might note, also, that the city has obtained permission from the State Board of Social Welfare to allow Welfare Department caseworkers to advise mothers that information on family planning is available to them. Until last December's ruling, caseworkers were forbidden to volunteer any information on the subject. The result was that many mothers receiving welfare assistance had no knowledge that births could be controlled.

PLAYBOY: In many ghetto areas, drug addiction is almost as serious a problem as unemployment. What has your administration done about it?

LINDSAY: We've made major strides here, too. We've opened up a radical new program of neighborhood antinarcotics warfare. I have attracted to New York an extremely imaginative and capable doctor named Ramirez, who achieved miracles in San Juan, Puerto Rico, in combating drug addiction. And he's genuinely caught fire in the neighborhoods. Under his leadership, we're beginning to establish what amounts to storefront antinarcotics treatment centers, and we've coupled this approach with experimental methods such as the Methodon Treatment for hard-core, deeply troubled addicts. [The Methodon Treatment is a program of chemotherapy involving the administration of a narcoticlike but relatively harmless drug calculated to phase an addict gradually out of the heroin habit.] In the meantime, we're using Federal and state money to extend the Ramirez program throughout the entire city. Part of the program's effectiveness lies in the staffing of the neighborhood anti-addiction centers with ex-addicts. For the first time in the history of the city, we've hired ex-addicts in key jobs. I think this is going to make a difference. We're going to have results.

PLAYBOY: As you stated earlier, the city faced bankruptcy last year—a situation that you saved by economies, increased state aid and passage of new commuter and resident taxes. Yet a new budget crisis is expected this year. How did this happen?

LINDSAY: It was inevitable. The 1966 program provided only half the taxing authority the city requested. The receipts from the city income and earnings taxes for this fiscal year will bring in less than \$160,000,000—not even enough to finance next year's operation of the Fire Department. The entire program will not, in a year's time, produce as much as the \$256,000,000 borrowed by the previous administration in 1965 to finance routine operating expenses. It is this administration's inherited obligation to repay that loan at the rate of \$50,000,000 a year, plus an average of \$6,000,000 in annual interest. The city's budgetary prognosis is made even gloomier by legally mandated rising costs that we cannot escape. The principal increases are pledged to schools, debt service, welfare, wage increases and broadened fringe benefits imposed by law or by ordinary collective-bargaining agreements. Less than one fifth of the prospective gap can be ascribed to outlays that are in any sense optional. So the projected crisis for 1967 comes as no surprise to me.

PLAYBOY: How can you avoid a succession of worsening economic crises each year as long as expenses continue to rise?

LINDSAY: By further belt tightening,

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toughness, economies, reorganizations and reforms, by lopping off a function here and there. At the same time, we will have to work for greater contributions from the state and the Federal governments. The cities deserve more money and they have to get it.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that President Johnson's call in this year's State of the Union address for new partnerships between the Federal Government and the cities of America will have much meaning in terms of concrete assistance?

LINDSAY: I hope so. It won't be clear until the specifics of the President's budget are before the Congress. I agree with the President's emphasis on the important beginnings that have been made in recent years in dealing with the problems of our cities. I hope we will now move beyond these beginnings to programs as big as our problems, and not just token efforts or reshufflings of what has been started. Certainly the President's call for reorganization of local government is welcome, coming as it does at a time when my own administration has already developed a broader reorganization than has ever been attempted in any American city.

PLAYBOY: During the mayoral campaign, you bitterly criticized Mayor Wagner for losing \$15,000,000 in Federal funds for the city by filing the necessary papers too late. A few months later, under your own administration, the Federal Government announced that New York would be denied \$10,000,000 in poverty funds because the proper machinery was not set up in time. What happened?

LINDSAY: Any problems we had in the poverty area last year in New York City government were the result of a chaotic machinery that we inherited. The confusion, the overlapping and duplication that were present in the three antipoverty bodies that existed when we came into power were beyond mortal comprehension. We had to deal with the problem of setting that house in order while at the same time developing and executing programs to help the city's poor. Under these circumstances, it's a miracle that anything was accomplished at all, and I think we can point with pride to the excellence of our antipoverty programs during the summer of 1966. We had a cool summer in New York, all predictions to the contrary, and the poverty program was a key factor.

PLAYBOY: The belief is widespread that at least part of New York's financial troubles stems from general economic decline. The decision of companies such as Pepsi Cola to move from Manhattan to the suburbs reinforces this impression. What can be done to revitalize the city's economy?

LINDSAY: Actually, business in New York is in vibrantly good health. Virtually all sectors of the city's business life have

registered gains during this year, with employment increasing and unemployment decreasing. The city has been making steady gains in finance, which includes insurance and real estate, for the past decade. And this year, through numerous programs—such as low-interest, long-term loans, zoning relief and general promotion of manufacturing advantages in the city—we managed to stem the tide of job losses in manufacturing. It seems to me unfair for the prophets of gloom to lump 15 years of decline with present conditions. It's time they recognized that the downtrend in industrial employment in New York City has been halted.

PLAYBOY: Apart from the crises we've discussed, what would you consider the greatest long-term problem for New York over the next decade?

LINDSAY: The long-range problem of New York City—and most major U. S. cities—is to attract the resources, public and private, that are necessary for the preservation and improvement of the core city. We need the resources to tackle the problems of sanitation and traffic; we need urbanists and professionals who can organize the city government, give it a sense of style and excitement and energize the citizens it serves. We have to establish governments that are progressive, in tune with the people's wishes, staffed with the right people and structured in an effective way.

PLAYBOY: Toward that end, *The New York Times Magazine* reports, you spend much of your working day roaming the streets of New York in your limousine—moving from one area to another while you keep several telephones buzzing. Do you really govern New York from your limousine?

LINDSAY: Not really, but I do try to move about—to keep in touch with the city. I use the limousine if there's work that can be done there. But I also get around on foot—or even by helicopter. And I like taxis, because the drivers tell me what's on their minds. I also occasionally take the subway, so that I can find some complaints for the transit authority.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep in touch with the everyday operations of the departments under your control? Isn't there a tendency for the mayor's office to become isolated from the self-sustaining bureaucratic machinery, which always remains the same, whatever the change in administration?

LINDSAY: I manage to keep in touch. The first time I phoned the police department for news late at night, they thought I was a drunk. They've since learned to know better. I try to call all the various departments at unexpected moments. And if I get a sullen answer, I let the official know how I feel.

PLAYBOY: Not long ago, the Associated Press and *Time* magazine reported on another mayoral idiosyncrasy: the Lind-

say technique for opening parks. Supposedly, you conscripted Bess Myerson to row you across Central Park pond, splashed photographers in a nearby boat, claimed a jutting rock for the city of New York and returned ashore to enjoy quite a few glasses of wine. Do you think it's seemly for an elected official to carry on so playfully in public?

LINDSAY: Why not? The people of this city like to enjoy themselves. They enjoy action and they like to see smiles, not just doom and gloom. I enjoy being the mayor of this city. It's a town full of joy and it offers potential for happiness. I have a good time and I don't mind people watching me have a good time.

PLAYBOY: During your campaign for mayor—the year after Goldwater's Presidential candidacy—you hardly seemed proud of your Republicanism. One G. O. P. leader was quoted in *Life* after your election as saying: "He got up every morning and slapped his own party in the teeth. And now he's the hottest Republican around." Do you feel that this statement is unfair?

LINDSAY: Of course it's unfair. I ran for mayor as a fusion candidate. I made absolutely clear my belief that the city must be run by a nonpartisan mayor. But I'm a Republican and I'm proud of it. And I will never do anything to hurt my party; I'll always do what I think is best for it.

PLAYBOY: But you must admit that it's somewhat difficult to distinguish your political ideology from that of a host of liberal Democrats. In fact, some of your Liberal Party and Reform Democratic supporters openly wondered why someone of your persuasion would want to run as a Republican.

LINDSAY: I'm a Republican, and not a Democrat, for quite basic reasons. I believe in individual liberties, in governmental checks and balances and in the importance of the private sector of the economy. And I think these beliefs are best expressed by the party of Teddy Roosevelt and Vandenberg and Stimson and Taft and Eisenhower. In addition, as a New Yorker, I find that the Democrats in the big cities are often captives of special-interest groups and bloc politics.

PLAYBOY: Governor Romney of Michigan has said that the 1966 elections have placed the Republican Party in a position to defeat President Johnson and the Democrats in 1968. Do you agree with the judgment? Has the G. O. P. finally weathered the crisis of the last three years?

LINDSAY: The party has certainly bounced back from the 1964 elections. Anyone who reads the newspapers today can see that the Republicans are in an extremely good political position. As to whether this means that a Republican candidate will defeat Johnson in 1968, it's impossible to say at the moment; there are too many factors that will influence that

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election. But the upward sweep of the Republicans is clearly established.

PLAYBOY: What is your personal appraisal of the two leading contenders for the G. O. P. nomination in 1968—George Romney and Richard Nixon—and what do you think their chances will be against Johnson?

LINDSAY: I think they're both good men, but I don't feel it would be proper for me to make any assessment of any of the many possible contenders for the Presidency. Nor would it be sensible at this point to evaluate any man's chances against Johnson.

PLAYBOY: Some time ago, Barry Goldwater met with the representatives of four major conservative splinter groups to form a new conservative "superlobby" within the Republican Party. Do you think the conservatives can maintain their new unity? And if they can permanently overcome their divisions, do you think they might desert the G. O. P. to form a third national party?

LINDSAY: I think there is a great deal of energy and zeal among the conservative members of the Republican Party, and I suppose this zeal will unite them for some time to come. But I doubt seriously the development of any third national party.

PLAYBOY: What are your own plans for 1968? Evans and Novak, the Washington columnists, mentioned that you plan to seek the G. O. P. Vice-Presidential nomination.

LINDSAY: In 1968, I plan to be right where I am now—mayor of New York City. I am pledged to serve the full four-year term to which I was elected in 1965, and I stand by that pledge.

PLAYBOY: As a rule, mayors of great cities have difficulty projecting themselves as candidates for higher office. Within recent memory, Collins of Boston, Cavanagh of Detroit, Dilworth of Philadelphia and even your predecessor, Robert Wagner, have all failed in their bids for Senator or governor of their respective states. Do you think the mayor's job in New York may be a dead end?

LINDSAY: It's not true that being mayor of New York is a dead end. Some mayors of New York have gone far. Some have *had* to go far. One went to Mexico. Another went to Europe. I think the mayor of a great city ought to forget about running for other offices. He ought to exhaust himself politically in his job of the moment. As for myself, I have no inclination or wish to run for any other office.

PLAYBOY: According to a number of political prognosticators, the 1972 Democratic convention is shaping up as a Humphrey-Kennedy battle. What, in your opinion, will happen? If Robert Kennedy is nominated, could any Republican defeat him—including yourself?

LINDSAY: I really don't think of myself as being in a position even to project what I'll be doing in 1972, much less the

Democratic Party. That's such a long way off that it would be idle to speculate about it.

PLAYBOY: How would you rate Kennedy as a Senator from New York?

LINDSAY: I have real respect for the junior Senator. I think he and Senator Javits have worked hard and well for the state.

PLAYBOY: In view of his past record, how sincere do you feel is Kennedy's liberalism?

LINDSAY: It's certainly not for me to talk about his sincerity or any other man's sincerity. I take what he states publicly to be his true beliefs.

PLAYBOY: In 1962, as Attorney General, Kennedy made a good-will tour around the world, and you wrote to Secretary of State Rusk questioning the wisdom of "freewheeling foreign missions on the part of highly placed amateurs." What was your reaction to his most recent overseas trip, from which he was said to have returned with an unofficial peace feeler from Hanoi, delivered to him through the French?

LINDSAY: I have only one thing to say about that. When Vice-President Humphrey returned from his *official* visit to Europe, I sent him a message. It read: "Better eggs in Rome than peace feelers in Paris."

PLAYBOY: Is there a possibility that you might oppose Senator Kennedy for the governorship in 1970?

LINDSAY: It would be just as useless to speculate about 1970 as about 1972. I have a more immediate job—being mayor of New York.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about another Kennedy, then. What is your estimate of the stature and accomplishments of the late President?

LINDSAY: President Kennedy brought a lift to the country, particularly to the young people, that was very important. I would say that his greatest accomplishment, without any question, was the people he attracted into government—young talent. That's an essential thing in this country.

PLAYBOY: How would you compare the Kennedy and Johnson Presidencies?

LINDSAY: As persons, they're entirely different and their approaches are correspondingly different. One can't really compare the two. President Kennedy brought us movement, style and light—and even the beginnings of change in the Federal system. But President Kennedy was frightfully deadlocked in the Congress of which I was a member. Though I wouldn't want to attempt to guess the reasons, I would doubt that it was Kennedy's fault. President Johnson, of course, produced results in the Congress his first year in office. But it must be borne in mind that he was picking up measures that had been begun by President Kennedy. Many of those measures represented change, and since legislative bodies very often resist change, consid-

erable time is sometimes necessary for passage. I saw it as a member of Congress, and that was my particular bird's-eye—or worm's-eye—view.

PLAYBOY: How would you compare the Johnson and Kennedy foreign policies?

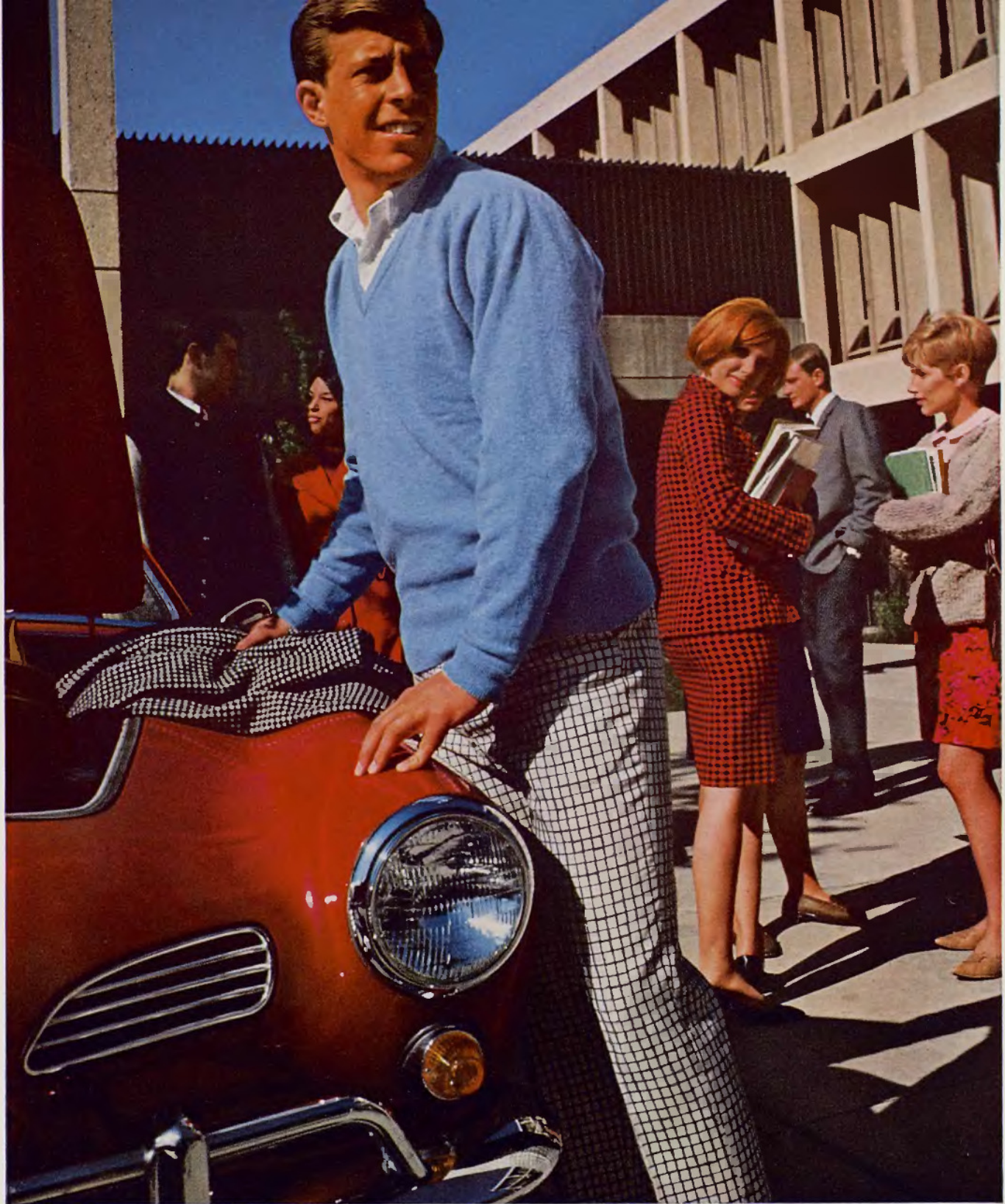
LINDSAY: President Johnson has wanted to concentrate on the domestic scene. There is good reason for this, because domestic policy needs a lot of attention. But in foreign policy, there's much that can and should be done. One gets the impression that the President is not entirely at home in foreign policy and that the governments of other countries, including allied countries, sense this. In particular, I have been concerned about the massive frustrations that have progressively been building up in the Western community. President Kennedy had a grand design for the unification of the European-Atlantic community. It didn't work; he wasn't able to bring it about. President Johnson subsequently inherited a deterioration in relations. Whether, ultimately, by statesmanship, he can reverse this deteriorating situation in the Atlantic community remains to be seen. It will require far greater attention than he's been able to give it thus far.

PLAYBOY: The principal reason for Johnson's inattention to European affairs, of course, is the war in Vietnam. How do you feel about his decision to escalate the conflict?

LINDSAY: I think the nature of our involvement in Vietnam is unwise, and I don't think that escalation is the answer. Bombing solves nothing. The more escalation, the less chance there is for negotiation. We've got to work things out in Vietnam on a diplomatic level.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about our stated China policy of "containment without isolation"?

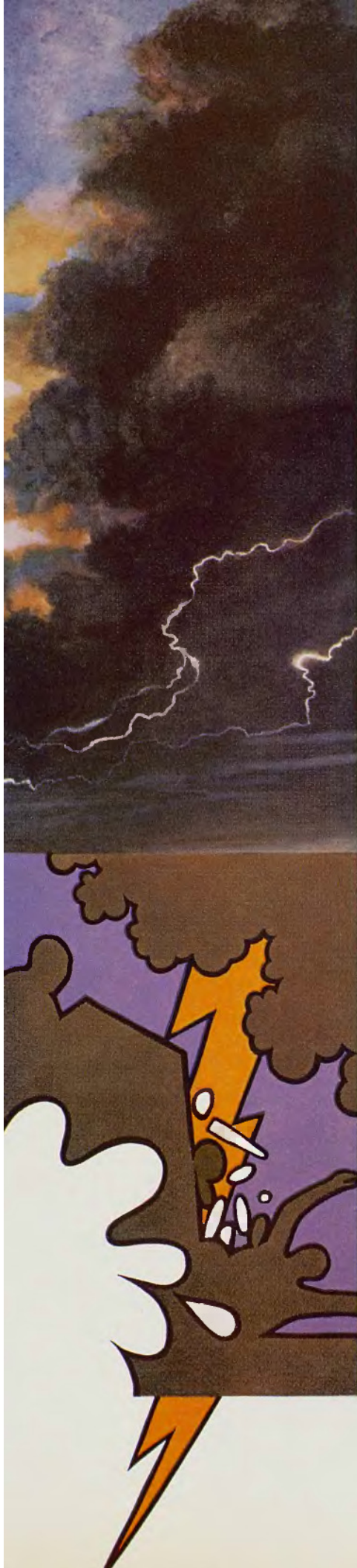
LINDSAY: I think it needs rethinking—but I'm not prepared to go beyond that at this point. Right now, I've got to concentrate on the vital task of providing New York City with the kind of leadership it deserves. Rebuilding the cities of America is the major task of my generation. All the great metropolitan areas, not just New York, have to turn the corner from the mire of decline and decay. There are those who say that the problem of our cities must wait until the war in Vietnam is resolved or a man is placed on the moon. But I say that these problems won't wait, and by any reasonable set of values, they shouldn't *have* to wait. In the meantime, New York is a test case; we mean to be in the vanguard of a national movement toward a new urban age and a better life. I sincerely believe that the real opportunities for better living in America today lie in the cities. As mayor, I want to do everything I can to grasp these opportunities here in New York.



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A SMALL BUFFET IN MALDITA

in that hypersophisticated expatriate gathering—halfway between elegant brawl and compulsive partygoers' revel—he found just one person worth caring about: the sad-eyed, loose-limbed girl who clearly did not belong

fiction By HARRY BROWN

THEY GOT ME to Marian Delmore's party, in the end—but only under duress and over my own dead body.

In the beginning I thought I'd beaten the rap. It was our first morning in the *finca*, or country house, that we'd rented in what turned out to be a gringo-riddled Mexican town. Polly, along with our son, Jock, and the cook, had driven off to market to buy staples. I was alone, sitting under an old pepper tree in the patio, at one of those round, hide-topped tables whose design hasn't changed since before stout Cortez hit the beach, and trying to put down some ideas about the novel I wanted to do. There was an open notebook on the table, but my mind was shut and locked. I felt ill at ease and uncomfortable, and I was damned if I knew why.

A big black bird beat through the air over my head and set up shop in another old pepper tree at the far corner of the patio. It may have looked like a crow's idiot cousin, but it had a distressingly well-stocked sound department. I listened to squawks, trills, ripples, whoops, a rattle like distant snare drums, and the

cut-short gurgle of somebody making the deep six the hard way. Then it broke off, in the middle of what I took to be the French alphabet as recited in the elementary schools of Dahomey, and flew toward the Rio Maldorado, swearing.

A girl came in through the open mesquite gates.

She might have been a lanky, awkward boy. A pair of gray-flannel trousers was held up to a certain extent by a scuffed belt, over which a frayed pink Brooks Brothers shirt drooped like untrimmed pie crust. Her auburn hair was cropped much too short, her face was a problem in solid geometry, and she stood, God help her, more than six feet tall. The lace of one dirty white tennis shoe was untied, flopping along on the tiles as she shuffled up to the table and lurched to a halt.

"I know you," she said. Her voice resembled someone walking on gravel toward a badly played French horn.

"All right," I said. "You know me."

"But you don't know me. I'm Lalage Delmore."

My mouth, which often leads a life of

its own, let its corners turn up a little. "Lalage," I said pointlessly. I nodded. The nod had no point, either.

"La-la-gay," she repeated, expelling the last syllable as though it had a bad taste. "It's a fool name, I know. I hate it. Go on and laugh."

"Why should I?"

"You started to."

I closed the notebook and brushed a few pepper leaves from the table. "I never start to laugh, Lalage," I said. "I either laugh or I don't. And as far as your name's concerned, I've heard it before and I like it."

I guess that nobody had ever said such a thing to her about her name, because she stared at me in surprise and disbelief before she got around to asking: "Did you know a girl named Lalage?"

"In a way, yes."

"Where is she now?"

"Long gone, I'm afraid."

Instead of pursuing the matter as a normally curious female might have done, Lalage went off at a tangent. "You don't look as old as I thought you would."

The remark shouldn't have cut, but it did. "That's nice," I said, bleeding a bit. "In spite of your disappointment."

"What?"

"How old did you think I was?"

"My mother says you're over fifty."

I should never have gone to Hollywood: The price of fame, like that of almost everything else, is slightly higher west of the Rockies. "In that case, the back of my hand to your mother," I said.

Lalage frowned at the table. "It doesn't matter," she mumbled.

"It does to me," I told her. "Not to mention my wife. Or my son. He takes age very seriously, my son does. How old are you, incidentally?"

"That doesn't matter, either." She went over to one of the rosebushes along the wall and lightly batted a bud around. "Twenty-two," she said. Her back was toward me and I could barely hear her. "A horrible age," was her afterthought, spoken to the rosebud.

"Want to swap ages?"

"If I—" She treated the bud to a last left hook and spun about clumsily. "My father's dead. Is yours?"

"No, he lives in Boston. Amounts to the same thing, though."

"Is he nice?"

"My father? He's a dirty old man."

"Oh, he isn't!" I'd shocked her.

"Well, maybe not, Lalage, when you come right down to it. But he would be, understand, if I didn't send him soap."

She smiled, for the first time. I drank the smile in quickly, but not so fast that I couldn't taste a jigger of bitters in it. "I know," she said. "You're teasing me."

"That's the way we men in our fifties are, always teasing girls in their thirties."

She sighed and folded into the chair across from me like a dropped pawnshop

accordion. "How old are you, Mr. Cullogen, honest?" she wanted to know, leaning forward with her weight on her thin forearms. "Or shouldn't I ask?"

"On the contrary, Lalage, I've been hoping for weeks that somebody'd ask me. I'm forty-five. And on August nineteenth, I'll be forty-six."

"You don't have birthday parties, do you? Not anymore, anyway. They're for small children. You know, *very* small children."

"That's where you're wrong, Lalage," I said. "Believe me, I'm a man who has fantastic birthday parties, a man who hasn't been told he's not a very small child anymore."

"Oh, I *do* believe you!" she exclaimed, and waited eagerly for me to go on. I guess it was then that I realized how desperate she was to be talked to, even if what she heard was nonsense or bombast or merely a ten-cent tinsel lie.

"One birthday a year," I said. "And sometimes two. And with the strangest guests, in the strangest places."

She laughed. "Oh, you're *teasing* again!"

"It doesn't mean a thing. Nothing I say before noon ever means a thing. Didn't your mother tell you *that* about me, too? Why should it?"

"I don't know."

"Neither do I. Any more than I know why you came calling."

My tone was casual, but the pitchour caught her ten feet off base. She swallowed and said: "Why, I came—I thought I—it's about the party my mother's giving you. She said to—"

"What party?" It was my turn to dive back to second, safe by a whisker.

Lalage flushed and sagged away from the table, letting her big hands drop into her lap. "Wants to give you, I should've said." She blinked at her hands. "Yes, that's it, she wants to give you a party, my mother does, and she sent me over here to tell you. *Ask* you, I mean."

"That's very kind of your mother," I said. "We've never met, though."

Lalage's reply could have been the memorized opening of a set speech: "Naturally, everybody in Maldita—from the foreign colony, that is—won't be invited. Only the ones who are most interesting and who have something to offer, the ones you'd be most apt to like. It would be a pleasant, small buffet dinner outdoors, weather permitting, with not more than ten or twelve other people, none of—"

"None of whom I know." I spoke more sharply than I'd intended.

Her shoulders twitched. "I'm sorry," she said. "I could've told her. People don't."

Her voice was so low that I thought I'd missed the end of a sentence. "Don't what?"

"Invite somebody they haven't even met. To their houses, I mean." Lalage

stopped whatever the latest thing was that she was doing with her fingers and lifted her eyes to mine. They had become wet somehow. "It's not what they expect, don't you *see*? It's not what they expect at all."

"Listen, Lalage," I said, "I came down to Mexico to work. Not to eat. Not for love. Not even to glide. I dare say I'll meet your mother, and everyone else who's around, but I don't want to commit myself to the people who live in Maldita when I haven't even had time to commit myself to the place where they live. So please thank your mother for us, tell her that I appreciate her invitation, and ask her if she won't give us a rain check. That make sense?"

Lalage stood up as though I weren't there and went over and paid attention to the roses again. Her left hand banged away at the same old rosebud. It was beginning to look shopworn.

After a while she cocked her head, and her body stiffened as if she were being summoned by a whistle pitched too high for my ears. Then she made for the gates, ambling loose-jointedly like some giant marionette manipulated, perhaps, by an apprentice god.

Halfway down the patio, she stopped and turned. Under her eyes the flesh had become damp all the way to the jawline, and at least one friendly neighborhood teardrop had left its mark on the old pink Brooks shirt, above where her insignificant breast must have been. "Whatever you're thinking," she said in a flat voice, "I'm glad you can't come."

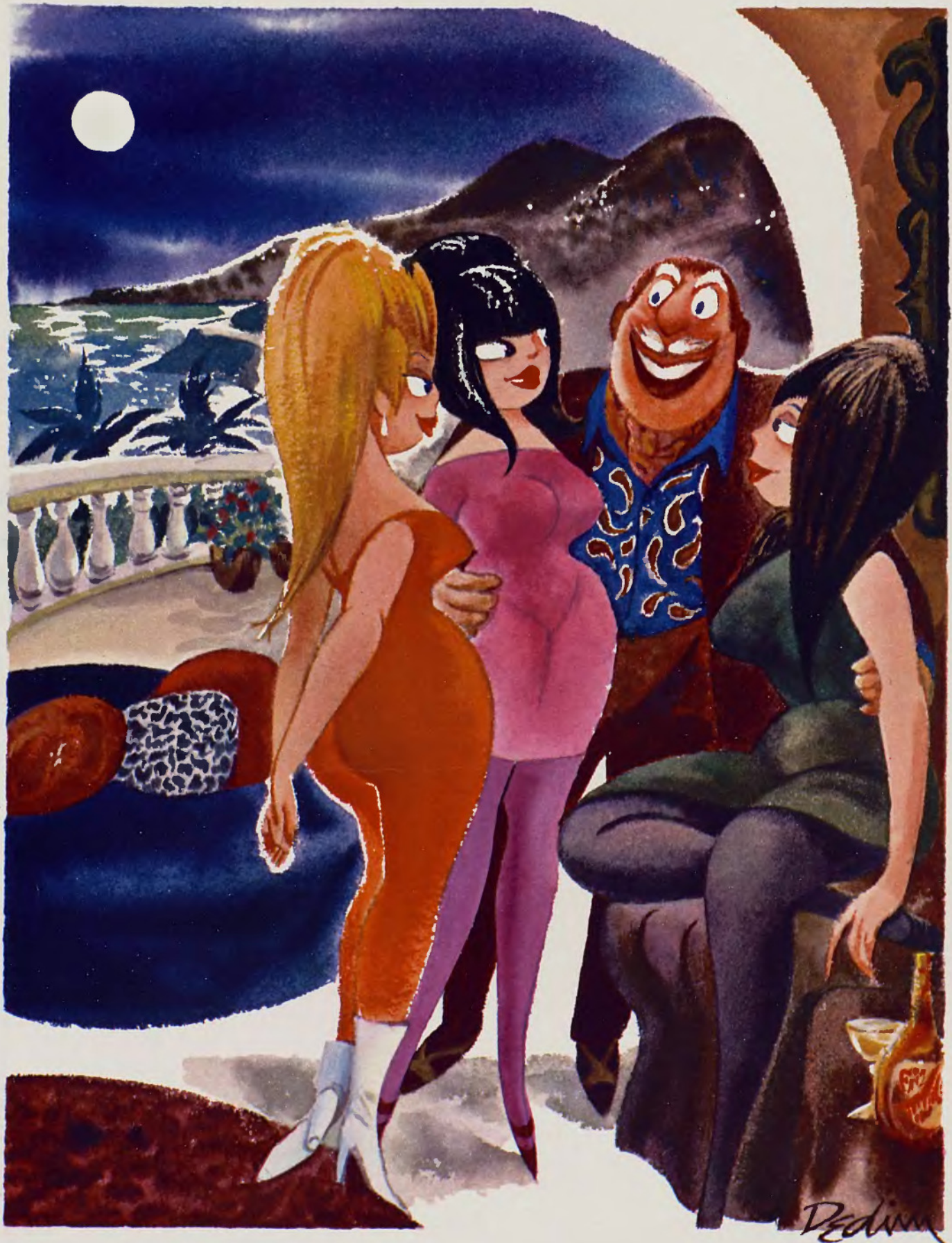
Something began to bother me as soon as she was gone, something that only after several minutes of concentration resolved into a mental picture of an enormous pair of eyes. I couldn't connect them with a person at first, and then it hit me that they belonged to Lalage Delmore. To discover them burning out of Lalage Delmore's spare-shanked, puppet-loose body struck me as being a sick joke, of dubious decency, on the part of Almighty God. I therefore tore my mind away from the vision of Lalage Delmore. It was not an easy thing to do.

It was a lot easier than escaping the Delmore party, however, as I learned the next day around noon.

I'd spent the morning wandering about Maldita, mostly on the other side of the Rio Maldorado, where an old dirt road went by a baker's dozen elaborate gringo-built country houses. Their style, although indigenous to Maldita, seemed to be made up of elements of Spanish Colonial, Ludwig II Bavarian, Romanesque and, let's face it, Visigothic.

Be that as it may, when I got back to our *finca*, the mesquite gates were open and a Mercedes 300 was parked there in gleaming-black arrogance. At one of the patio tables, Polly was sipping rum with a good-looking, raven-haired woman

(continued on page 110)



"What the hell, I'll make you all stars overnight!"

THE TRIP

peter fonda and susan strasberg star in hollywood's first psychedelic sex freak-out

LSD had to happen in Hollywood sooner or later—and it has turned out to be right now. Audiences are getting their first look at a film version of an ultimate acidhead experience. *The Trip*, currently on view across America, is a series of cinematic psychedelicias mirroring the ecstasies and aberrations of an LSD joy ride.

Peter Fonda, who last year became an underground idol with his ambulatory antics in *The Wild Angels*, goes even further beneath society's surface in this film. As Paul Groves, Fonda portrays a turned-off director of TV commercials in the process of being divorced by his wife. As a means of coming to grips with his life, Groves turns on to LSD, and his fantasies comprise almost the full itinerary of *The Trip*.

Susan Strasberg, as Fonda's film mate,



takes giant strides toward becoming a cinema siren with her most sensual screen showing to date. (Susan's curvaceous charms graced *PLAYBOY* portfolios in December 1963 and December 1965.)

Also featured in the film is Salli Sachse, as a blonde hippie goddess. Salli, 22, beautified a half-dozen *AI* bikini-beach epics before her current role, and more than measures up (36-22-35) as the sexual focal point of Fonda's film freak-out.

That this picture will arouse controversy is implicit in its subject matter—the twin taboos of sex and psychedelics. Whether or not the movie will be judged as high art or big box office seems immaterial. The real impact and import of *The Trip* is that, for the first time, Hollywood has tuned into the vibrations—good and bad—humming hallucinogenically throughout the nation.



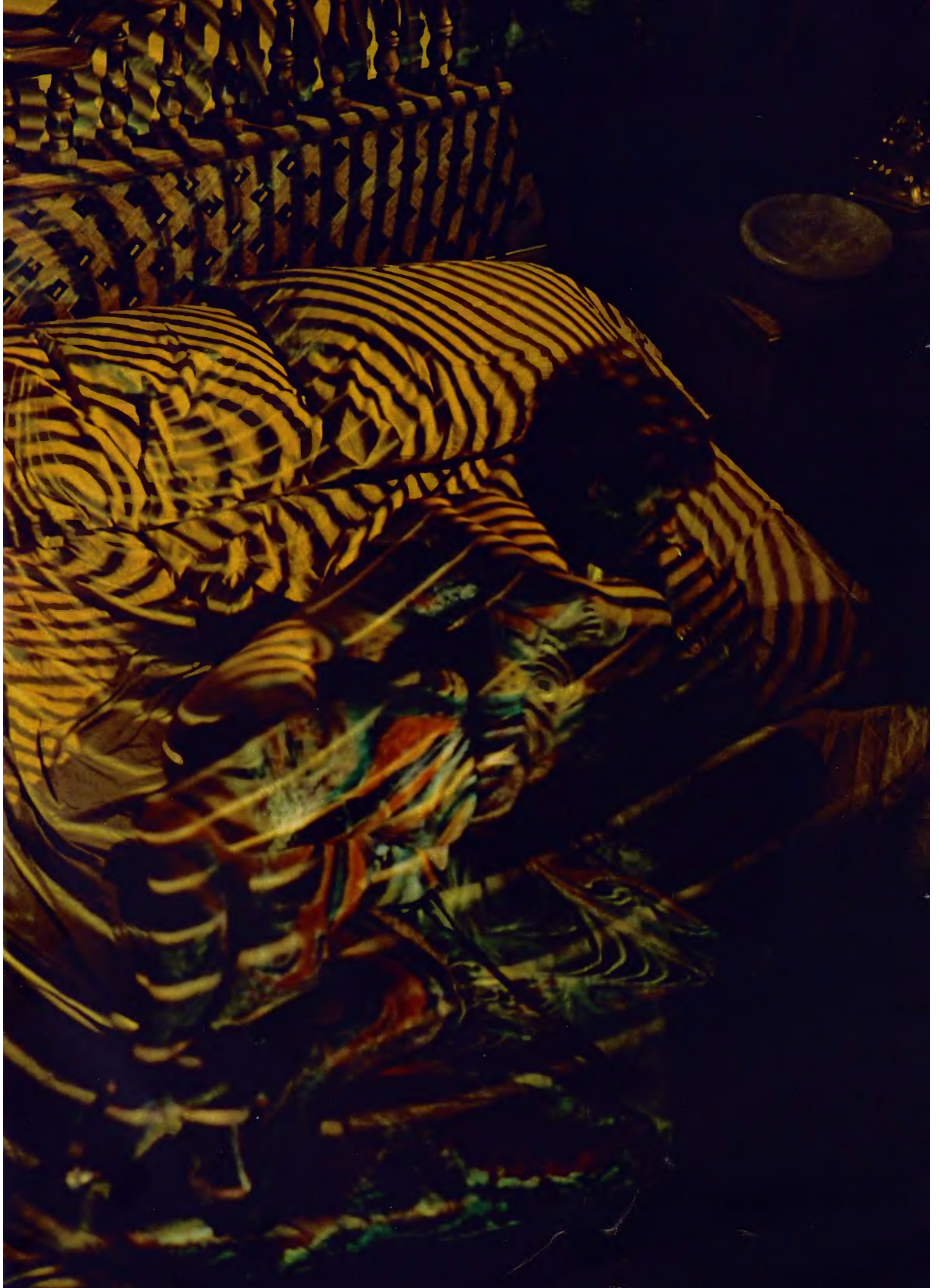
In *The Trip*, Peter Fonda plays a director of TV commercials who tries LSD as a psychic panacea for all his personal problems. Chief among these is wife Sally (Susan Strasberg), intent on divorcing him. After Fonda takes an LSD capsule, he sees Miss Strasberg in weirdly evocative settings. Opposite page: Above, she appears as an atavistic love priestess; below, flowers projected onto her nude body produce a sensually pastoral effect. After seeing Strasberg's face split into more than a dozen images (above), Fonda fantasizes a moving après-sex scene.





Up tight at the start of *The Trip*, Fanda embarks upon hallucinogenic journey and is soon out of sight. Above, he envisions an afternoon's Elysian idyl—a euphoric outing *au naturel* with two comely companions. During his LSD odyssey, Fanda focuses in on Salli Sachse (below), the blonde subject of his day-tripping dreams. Just as he begins to come down, Fanda finds her, and the two repair to a Santa Monica hotel at the film's end.





A SMALL BUFFET (continued from page 104)

whose race-horse legs were crossed under a little something Pucci had whipped up. I thought she was about 35, but as I went toward the table, I saw that I'd flattered her by 15 or 20 years. The face had been lifted until it was so taut you could play handball on it, the hair had been dyed by a master and the fine body kept trim by gymnasium tortures and ruthless dieting.

"Sam," Polly said before I'd made it to the table, "this is Mrs. Delmore. She was—"

"Marian Delmore," the woman broke in, smiling up at me. "And I'm so glad you put in an appearance before I had to leave. I've been wanting to meet you for years, ever since I read *The Flowers of the Forest*, and when Jack Weatherby wrote that you'd taken his house—I can't tell you how pleased I was. Especially since I was in New York last April and saw the off-Broadway revival of your play."

"I caught it, too," I said.

"Oh, I *did* love it, that play," Marian Delmore said. "Didn't you think it was a beautiful production, considering how tiny the theater was, and all?"

"Unusual, anyway," I said.

"Oh? You wouldn't give it higher marks than that?"

It had been a prancing fiasco. *The Shooting Gallery* called for seven male and five female parts, but there hadn't been a single heterosexual in the off-Broadway cast that, during an interminable evening, dragged the corpse of the play, feet first, back and forth across a quivering Lilliputian stage. The drill-sergeant dykes made violoncello declamations above the footlights; the upstaged fruits fluted happily as they tried to flutter up the walls of the set.

"I thought your daughter was charming," I told Mrs. Delmore.

There were a hundred ways of answering her question about *The Shooting Gallery*, but she never expected that one. When she recovered, she said hurriedly: "Oh, no, no, *no!* She was very rude to you, Mr. Culloden. I made her tell. And she was very foolish, besides. Utterly foolish. You should have slapped her."

"Sorry," I said. "I liked Lalage."

"Then you made a mistake, my dear man." The Delmore smile had gone. "The girl's impossible, and in every possible way. I've just about made up my mind that she and I would both be better off if I sent her to—"

"Marian's invited us all to a buffet tonight," Polly interrupted. "And I've said yes," she went on sweetly—so sweetly, in fact, that I forgot to throw a table at her. "Isn't that nice, Sam?" She was spooning out the words like vanilla junket.

• • •

The Delmore-party sequence might as well open with a close shot of me, stand-

ing alone and pretty well stoned by a wooden column at the end of one of several Delmore loggias, gloomily watching the ice cube melt in my second rum on a rock and brooding about the wolf-on-the-fold block that had descended, Assyrianlike, on my writing.

A comedy is merely a tragedy that has come out to take the sun for a while, after which all the characters will have to go back in the house. Such, at least, had been my theory; and such was the basic attitude I'd taken in the work I'd come to Mexico to do—a novel about Hollywood. Originally, it had seemed to be a project that would be pleasant to develop and simple to carry out. For years I had been challenged by, and had responded to, this commercial-diamond society of clever Jukes and cute Kallikaks, and most of its flawed facets had glittered around me at one stage of the game or another. I had planned the novel in the conviction that all I had to do was assemble what I'd seen and heard, invent some characters who'd do and say the remembered things, wrap characters and incidents in a sturdy Manila-paper plot, and then hold the package up to a mirror of mercurial readers. Now I knew better.

A stamped herd of second thoughts had driven my shorn flock of first thoughts out of the grazing ground and into the next county. Lately I'd begun to see Hollywood not as a society but rather as a private reflection of the kind of society it would have liked Society to be. Therefore, any novel written about the place would only be holding one distorted fun-house mirror up to another, with a crazy series of images shrinking within themselves to ultimate invisibility. And in my head the novel was well on the way to invisibility, too, growing smaller as my frustration swelled—a diminishing will-o'-the-wisp that capered in a mad marsh-gas dance, always inches beyond my clutching fingers. *Frustration*: That was the key word.

But I'd had enough of such thoughts. I reckoned it was time to find Polly, since the Saint Bernards had obviously lost her in all the snow. And I also needed another drink.

It was a sleeper jump across the Delmore patio to where the liquor hung out. I use the word "patio" because I can't come up with a more precise one. It certainly covered an acre; it may have covered two. Anyway, more trees than a man in his right mind would count were lost in it. Beneath the trees a confusion of tile paths meandered through wall-to-wall lawn as smooth as a putting green.

The main house sprawled along better than half of one side of the patio. French doors opened onto a terrace the size of a

basketball court, where garden furniture was strewn helter-skelter like a crowd leaving after the game. Running parallel to this terrace was a swimming pool in which the Niña, the Pinta and the Santa María could have been anchored.

Several light-years away, on the side of the patio opposite the main house, was a pair of ill-matched buildings; and although there shouldn't have been another loggia between them, that's where another loggia was. The newest of these constructions was a shambles of glass-brick modern design, and the less said about it, the better. The other, however, was an old tower, charming and full of interest. A beautifully graduated exterior staircase rose to a circular room at the top. The proportions were good and the stones had obviously been in place for centuries.

No hard knot of guests was on the terrace; in fact, the only living thing there was the liquor table. As I paid my devours to the genteel by plopping an ice cube into my glass before dumping in the rum, I tried to locate Polly and couldn't. I saw Jock, though, 75 inches of him, sitting under the grandfather of all jacarandas with a family named Young, about as far from me as second base is from home plate. The Youngs, who'd arrived in Maldita a week before us, were also holding to American punctuality and had reached the Delmore house simultaneously with the Cullodens.

Bruce Young was a full professor of United States history at one of those large, economy-size Midwestern state universities; his particular field was the 1840-1870 period, which covered the Causes, Waging and Aftermath of the Last War Between Gentlemen. I liked the cut of his jib, if only because he was handsome in an ugly way, or vice versa, and was about my own age, give or take a year. His wife—oh, Helen Young was attractive, in the same way that a suit of Gothic armor is attractive. She impressed me as being compact, useful and steel-hard; a description, incidentally, that fits the U.S. Army helmet. I didn't doubt that she had more to do with getting that full professorship, with tenure, than Professor Young himself.

Their daughter, Nancy, was willowy rather than compact, and in her the steel had become blancmange. She was Jock's age, or a year younger, and she was the only reason that he was sitting where he was. I couldn't blame him. Nan Young was the prettiest little lily-light to have come tripping down his pike in a good many months. Her beauty, of course, probably made her more than he could handle—at his age, and in his dubious state of grace and confidence. Whenever Jock, wrapped in his mute, 17-year-old longings, his neither-child-nor-man pains,

(continued on page 248)

article

BY BUDD SCHULBERG

its founder and mentor tells how creativity and hope have risen from the ashes of the beleaguered black ghetto



THE WATTS WORKSHOP



IT WAS BLACK FRIDAY, the 13th of August, 1965. Like millions of other dazed or complacent Angelenos, I was watching an unscheduled "spectacular," the damnedest television show ever put on the tube. Not long before, I had written an introduction for a new edition of *The Day of the Locust*, in which Nathanael West projects a Hollywood art director whose masterwork is an apocalyptic canvas entitled *The Burning of Los Angeles*. West's painter saw his vapid, vicious city consuming itself in angry flames. Here, on television, in prime time—in fact, around the clock for eight days that shook not only Los Angeles but the entire country—was Nathanael West's nightmare vision as if it had leaped from the canvas and was coming *live* from Watts.

Fires broke out not only in Watts but in most of southeast and central Los Angeles. Television cameras hanging from helicopters brought the action into our living rooms. Flames from the supermarkets were licking the sky. Crowds were looting pawnshops, drugstores, liquor stores, radio-TV stores, clothing

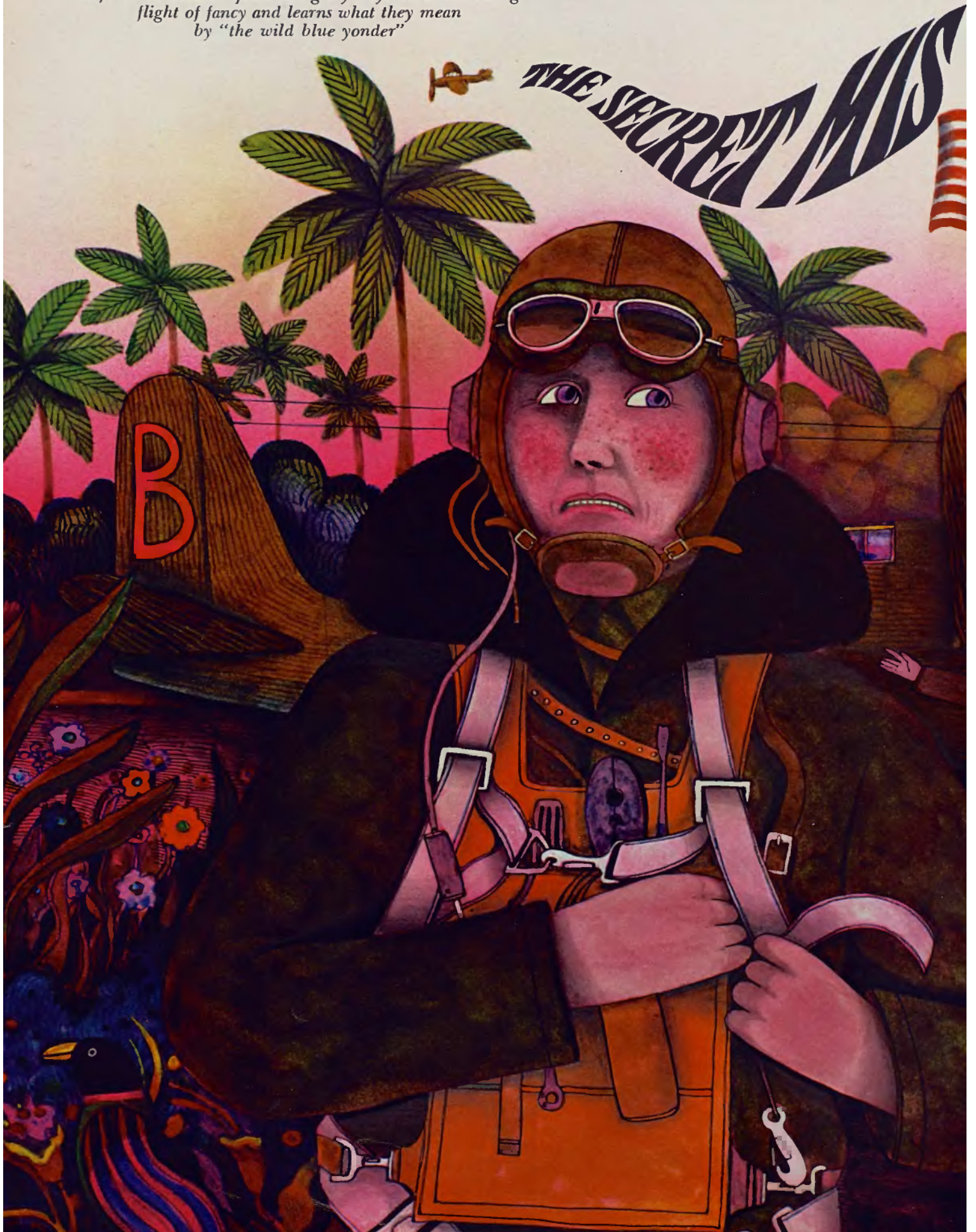


stores and all the other establishments that had been quietly looting the community on the installment plan over the years.

An effervescent Negro disc jockey, Magnificent Montague, had popularized the phrase "Burn, baby, burn!" for a platter that sizzled on his turntable. Now his innocent zest became a battle cry—not burn with musical fire but with real, live, crackling, dangerous, revolutionary fire. To the frightened Caucasians living in their white ghettos far to the north and west of the barricades, "Burn, baby, burn!" was an ominous and threatening invocation. But to the black people who finally had taken possession of their own streets, "Burn, baby, burn!"—expressed in the symbol of three fingers raised jubilantly into the humid summer air—was charged with revolutionary zeal. It was the "Don't tread on me" and "Damn the torpedoes—full speed ahead" of the rebellion of Watts.

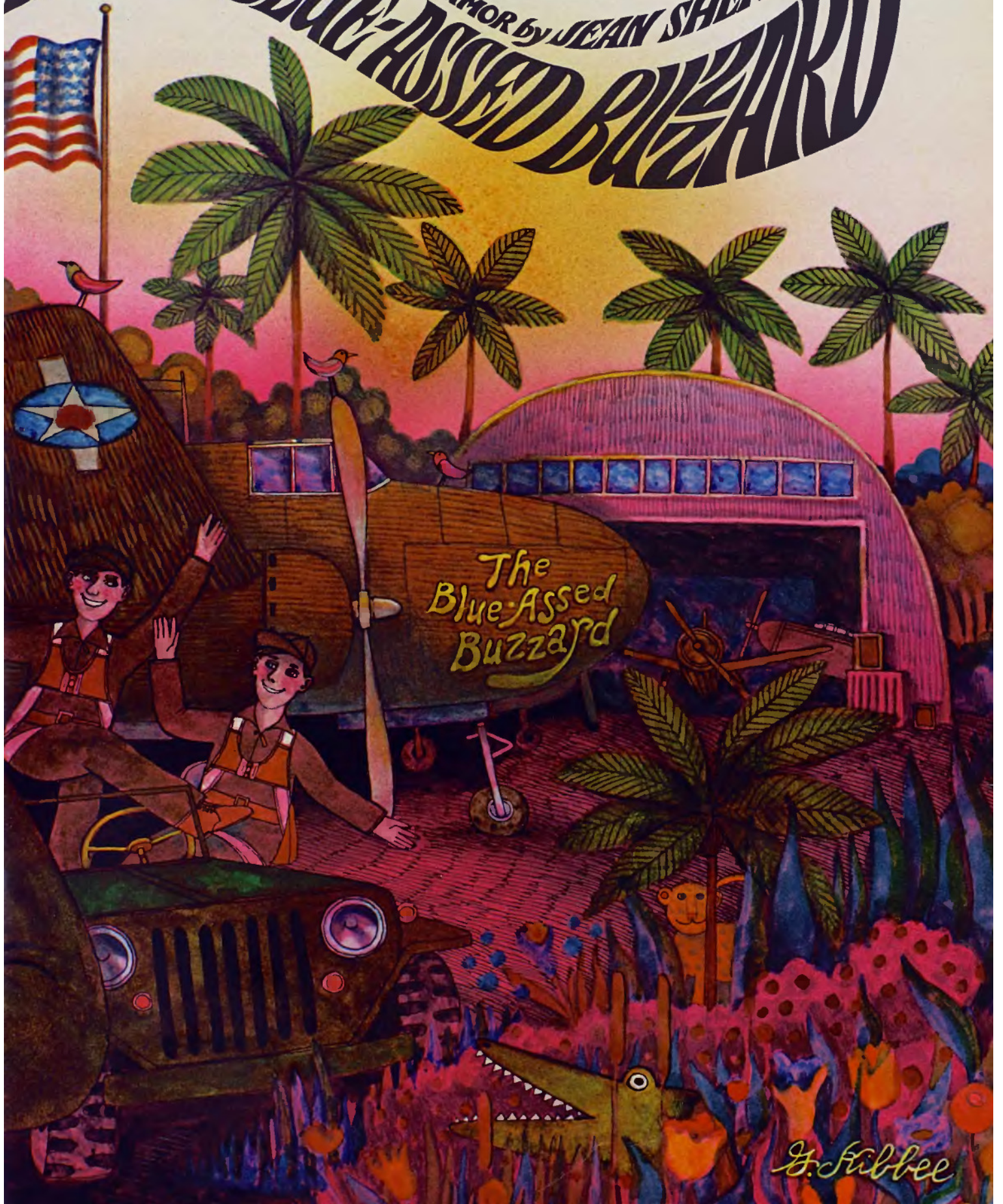
We at home were watching no less than the on-the-scene front-line television coverage of civil war. For make no mistake about it: This was no riot. A riot it may have been in its first, spontaneous hours; but as the hated Los Angeles Police Department now tried to contain what they had triggered, it transformed itself into a full-scale revolt that had been years in the making in the festering black ghettos of Los Angeles, a rebellion the affluent city of the white man was unaware of because he was looking *north* and *west* while hundreds of thousands were sweating out poverty, hunger, unemployment, the lack of education and recreation, and hurting with the humiliation of it all, to the *south* and *east*. (continued on page 162)

*wherein the hapless
castaway of company k—everglades
defense command—joins the glory boys on a harrowing
flight of fancy and learns what they mean
by "the wild blue yonder"*



STORY OF THE BLUE-ASSED BUZZARD

HUMOR BY JEAN SHEPHERD



THE BRONZED, weather-beaten face smiled at me from the ad, teeth white and even; ice-blue eyes magnetic—those of a particularly alert, responsible eagle—surrounded by thin care lines from long hours of staring into the yawning sky. He wore a jaunty dark-blue cap slashed by broad golden wings, and looked directly at me, or rather through me, from the cockpit window of a sleek silver jet. The caption read:

Captain Bill Winslow. His hobby is mosaics. He also gardens a little in his spare time. He has logged over 10,000,000 hours in the air and has flown the equivalent of 217,392 times around the equator. He welcomes you aboard his sturdy, multiengine airliner. He will get you there. On time.

The ad, as they say on Madison Avenue, sang. Captain Winslow was obviously a father, someone you could trust all the way. You could put your whole life, your portfolio, even your résumé—everything—with perfect confidence into his strong brown hands. Yet I was conscious of a vague, uneasy stirring of something long dormant, something that did not jibe with the idyllic, confident image of flying that the full-page spread conveyed.

It was not until several nights later, however, as I sprawled before my flickering TV set, that I began to know why. Pipe long since extinguished, a warm can of beer clutched in my claw, my *Late Late Show* headache throbbing dully around the bridge of my nose, I was about to rouse myself from six hours of television torpor—having survived a Donald O'Connor dance-athon after braving a howling typhoon with Jon Hall and Dorothy Lamour—and reach for the OFF switch when the roar of aircraft engines filled the room, followed by the clipped tones of Chester Morris, his gruff voice barely discernible in the scream of the slip stream through the struts of his biplane:

"This is X-2. I'm putting her into a flat spin now. Over and out."

Silk scarf cracking in the wind, Chester's helmeted figure hunched over the controls. The scene shifted. We were on the ground. A trio of anxious viewers—an elderly man, a burly yet friendly mechanic and a lovely girl—peered into the murky sky. The mechanic, my old friend Alan Hale, said:

"I wouldn't send my worst enemy up in that crate."

I would guess offhand that to find someone who has not heard that line a minimum of ten times, you would have to do some extremely diligent hunting in the more remote areas of Greenland. But when I heard it this time, tremors of hair-prickling memory coursed up my bent spine. *I was sent up in that crate!* Somewhere, off in the farthest reaches of the firmament, ghostly voices sang:

*"Off we go, into the wild blue yonder
Flying high, into the sun . . ."*

The awful scene slowly came back clear and bright. A cold sweat beaded my brow. I clung to my chair with the fervor of a two-week drunk hanging to the earth for fear that he'll fall off.

As with most disasters, it came on the wings of hope and beauty. It was a bright, clear, balmy Florida day, just like the day they always show in travel films about the sunny Everglades. I was a corporal in the Signal

Corps. My heart was pure, my eyes were bright, my tail was bushy, my suntans starched and pressed razor sharp. I had not yet reached my 18th birthday and already I was a corporal. I little realized, of course, that I was at the pinnacle of my Army career, that I was destined to lose my two stripes several times over and that I would see a day when making Pfc. seemed an impossible goal.

But on this bright, clear morning, with the sun beaming overhead, a few gulls wheeling in the middle distance, life was full. My specialty was airborne radar. Now, airborne radar does not exactly mean what it sounds like. An airborne-radar specialist does not jump out of aircraft hollering "Geronimo!" Not deliberately, that is. For months I had been schooled in the intricacies of installing, testing and maintaining radar in various types of operational warplanes. Such was my zeal in the classroom and in the lab that my superiors immediately recognized a child of destiny. Naturally, they saw to it that I was hurried forward to meet it.

But the Army, like fate, often moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. After long months of airborne training, I was inexplicably assigned to Company K, a company whose sole reason for being lay in the operation, maintenance, coddling, cursing at and patching together of a radar set that already, in the dawn of the radar age, was so old and arthritic as to be a collector's item. We were part of the Signal Air Warning System, stashed away in a remote corner of Florida's vast swamplands. Day and night, our drooping dipole antennas scanned the skies for marauders—and gathered bird dung by the pound. What the hell we would have done had an attack actually come, I have no idea. Our phone to the outside world worked on the average of one day out of ten, and our two-way command radio had long since rotted away with jungle crud. The one time we *did* spot an enemy sub surfaced offshore the results were mainly a lot of yelling in the company area. Three hours after we managed to relay the alert to the outside world, a tiny Piper Cub appeared over the horizon, took one look at the sub, lurched violently, climbed frantically into the clouds and disappeared forever. The U-boat lay peacefully offshore with its crew doing their laundry and taking a swim, while our commanding officer smiled thinly and sucked at a warm Coke. And that night, after the sub had submerged, heading down the coast and torpedoing oilers as she went, Company K went back to its eternal pinochle game and waited for the next alert.

The throb of our radar's diesel generator, meanwhile, permeated every corner of our lives—the meals we ate, our conversations, our sleep. The only companions we could count on were the immense, blackish, moiling cloud of mosquitoes that stretched from horizon to horizon and came to visit every night as the sun went down.

Through it all, somehow, my dreams of patriotic glory remained undimmed; someday, I knew that I would be summoned from this Godforsaken backwater to the field of honor. I could hear the citation now: "And for acts of signal valor above and beyond the call of duty . . ." Little did I know how soon that call would come—or how far above and beyond it I was destined to soar. On the fateful morning in question, I was in the midst of my regular morning detail—a search-and-destroy mission for body lice—when Captain Crawford, our C.O., a gaunt, *(continued on page 224)*

PLAYBOYS



PIGSKIN PREVIEW



Top: Quarterback Bill Miller hands off to runner John Acuff as Miami tramples Iowa 44-0. Above left: Miami end Ted Hendricks leaps to block a punt.

pre-season prognostications for the top college teams and players across the nation

sports **By ANSON MOUNT** IN THE DOG DAYS of late August, thousands of brawny young men wend their way back to campuses to begin three weeks of head knocking before the first kickoff. At the same time, millions of football fans begin combing sports pages for some hint of what the coming season's tribal warfare will bring. Will the good guys beat the bad guys again (or at last)? Will ignominious defeats at the hands of the arrogant enemy be avenged? The suspense grows until the first referee's whistle blows and the battle is joined. Then, every Saturday for three months, millions of rabid fans savor the sweet taste of victory or endure the humiliation of defeat at no physical risk to themselves and with immeasurable therapeutic value. At least, so goes the theory of some tower-bound *(text continued on page 118)*

PLAYBOY'S 1967 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA OFFENSIVE TEAM



OFFENSIVE TEAM. Bottom row: Warren McVea, halfback (Houston); Gary Beban, quarterback (UCLA); John Wright, end (Illinois). Middle row: Jim Seymour, end (Notre Dame); Edgar Chandler, guard (Georgia); Harry Olszewski, guard (Clemson); Larry Csonka, fullback (Syracuse); Larry Smith, halfback (Florida). Top row: Wayne Mass, tackle (Clemson); Ron Yary, tackle (Southern California); Bob Johnson, center (Tennessee).

THE ALL-AMERICA SQUAD

(Any one of whom has a good chance of making someone's All-America team)

ENDS: Jim Cox (Miami, Florida), Freddie Hyatt (Auburn), Richard Trapp (Florida), Dennis Homan (Alabama), Butch Sursavage (Clemson), Bill Dow (Navy), Al Brenner (Michigan St.), Jim Beirne (Purdue), Bob Stein (Minnesota), Ken Hebert (Houston), Glenn Meltzer (Wichita), John Garlington (LSU)

TACKLES: Jim Urbanek (Mississippi), Bill Stanfill (Georgia), Ernest Ruple (Arkansas), Rolf Krueger (Texas A&M), Joe Greene (North Texas St.), Paul Maczuzak (Bucknell), Art Thoms (Syracuse), Steve Thompson (Washington), Greg Pipes (Baylor), Willie Crittendon (Tulsa)

GUARDS: Dan Sartin (Mississippi), Toni Conti (Michigan St.), Bruce Guntra (Northwestern), Glen Grieco (Holy Cross), Wayne Meyland (Nebraska), Maurice Moorman (Texas A&M), Curley Culp (Arizona St.), Bruce Stephens (Alabama)

CENTERS: Forrest Blue (Auburn), Mike Murphy (Duke), Bill Nemeth (Arizona), Jon Kolb (Oklahoma St.)

LINEBACKERS: John Pergine (Notre Dame), Joe Rushing (Memphis St.), Mike Reid (Penn St.), Chip Healy (Vanderbilt), Mike Sweatman (Kansas),

Fred Carr (Texas Western), Adrian Young (Southern California), Don Manning (UCLA), Bob Schmalzriedt (VMI)

BACKS: Dewey Warren (Tennessee), Lenny Snow and Bill Eastman (Georgia Tech), Terry Hanratty and Tom Schoen (Notre Dame), Garrett Ford (West Virginia), Bill Bradley and Chris Gilbert (Texas), Don Fitzgerald (Kent St.), Bob Apisa and Jess Phillips (Michigan St.), Art McMahon (North Carolina St.), Jim Smith (Oregon), Buddy Gore (Clemson), Jerry Levias (SMU), Bobby Duhon (Tulane), Danny Holman (San Jose St.), Jay Calabrese (Duke), Frank Quayle (Virginia), Oscar Reed (Colorado St.), Harry Cheatwood (Oklahoma St.), Wilmer Cooks and Dick Anderson (Colorado), Cornelius Davis (Kansas St.), Dickey Lyons (Kentucky), Ron Sellers (Florida St.), Jim Kiick (Wyoming), O. J. Simpson (Southern California), Ron Gardin (Arizona)

SOPHOMORE LINEMAN OF THE YEAR: Tackle Mike McCoy (Notre Dame)

SOPHOMORE BACK OF THE YEAR: Quarterback David Teal (Miami, Florida)

TOP TWENTY TEAMS

1. Miami (Florida).....9-1
2. Notre Dame.....9-1
3. Tennessee.....9-1
4. Colorado.....9-1
5. Illinois.....8-2
6. Michigan State.....8-2
7. Alabama.....8-2
8. Texas.....8-2
9. Southern California.....8-2
10. Mississippi.....8-2

Possible Breakthroughs: Virginia Tech (8-2); Wisconsin (7-3); Houston (7-3); Rice (7-3); North Carolina State (7-3);

PLAYBOY'S 1967 PREVIEW ALL-AMERICA DEFENSIVE TEAM



DEFENSIVE TEAM. Bottom row: Wayne Owen, linebacker (Alabama); Frank Loria, safety (Virginia Tech); Mike Hall, linebacker (Alabama). Middle row: Leroy Keyes (Purdue), Bobby Johns (Alabama), defensive backs; D. D. Lewis, linebacker (Mississippi St.); Granville Liggins, guard (Oklahoma); Ted Hendricks, end (Miami, Fla.). Top row: Kevin Hardy, end (Notre Dame); Dennis Byrd (N. Carolina St.), Bill Staley (Utah St.), tackles.

- 11. Clemson 8-2
- 12. Penn State 8-2
- 13. UCLA 7-3
- 14. Georgia 7-3
- 15. Syracuse 7-3
- 16. Texas A&M 7-3
- 17. Washington 7-3
- 18. Purdue 7-3
- 19. Wyoming 9-1
- 20. Army 8-2

Tulane (7-3); Oklahoma (7-3); Florida State (7-3); Nebraska (6-4); Memphis State (6-3).



Charlie Tate, Coach of the Year (Miami, Fla.)

psychologists who have recently decided that football contributes greatly to the mass mental health of the American population. This fascinating thesis runs thusly: While modern man's intellect has enabled him to build a highly technical and civilized society, his body and emotions are best fitted for cave dwelling. Modern man smiles sweetly at his neighbor while he burns inside with restrained hostility and tension. Grandfather Pilt-down went out and clubbed a sabertooth to death every now and then or he went charging off to ravage a neighboring tribe, thereby satisfying his combative instinct. Purged of his natural hostility, he could live between battles in sweet tranquility.

Alas, civilization (according to this theory) has made its inroads. Open warfare has become too risky, physical combat with one's neighbors is considered uncouth, and landing an order is an infinitely more efficient way to stock a larder than pursuing venison on the hoof. So modern man sits in his air-conditioned office, boiling with unexpressed hostility.

Enter football. Millions of desk-bound fans participate vicariously in a battle that has all the vital criteria. It is hand-to-hand combat with a respectable number of participants getting hurt and with even a little bloodletting. It is a fight between *us* and *them* (ribbon clerks who never saw the inside of a university can identify with a local team as thoroughly as can the most dedicated alumnus); colorful and almost religious tribal rites precede each battle; the winners bask in the glory of triumph and the losers wait until next year.

Each summer, as we study the feverish preparations for these tribal conflicts, we are bemused by some of the colorfully and appropriately (or inappropriately) yclept combatants. We regret that we cannot report that Georgia punter Spike Jones and UCLA defensive back Wayne King are consummate musicians, nor that fullback Hunter Husband is pursued by scores of University of Alabama coeds. Wyoming tailback Jim Kiick is not a punter, nor is Virginia Tech end Ken Barefoot. UCLA halfback Paul Derflinger is not a passer, either; but with much aesthetic satisfaction, we can report that Clemson tackle Wayne Mass weighs 275 pounds, that Texas sophomore lineman Deryl Comer indeed has a promising future, that Penn State defensive lineman Steve Smear is a vicious tackler and that Bucknell rookies Dave Vassar and Bill Radcliffe are (you guessed it) tailbacks.

And now let's take a look at the various teams around the country.

• • •

Syracuse has been the big muscle in Eastern football for so long that it's hard to believe it will ever be different. But if

THE EAST

INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	8-2	Colgate	8-2
Army	8-2	Boston U.	7-2
Syracuse	7-3	Holy Cross	7-3
Navy	6-4	Buffalo	6-4
Boston College	6-4	Villanova	5-5
Pittsburgh	2-8	Rutgers	4-5

IVY LEAGUE

Yale	7-2	Princeton	5-4
Harvard	6-3	Columbia	3-6
Cornell	6-3	Pennsylvania	2-7
Dartmouth	5-4	Brown	2-7

MIDDLE ATLANTIC CONFERENCE

Delaware	7-2	Lafayette	4-5
Gettysburg	6-3	Hofstra	4-6
Bucknell	6-4	Lehigh	2-7
Temple	5-4		

TOP PLAYERS: Reid, Campbell, Buzin, Kwalick (Penn St.); Young, Lindell, Neswiacheny (Army); Csonka, Panczyszyn, Allen, Thoms (Syracuse); Cartwright, Murray, Dow, Taylor (Navy); McCarthy, Fallon, Johnson (Boston C.); Ferris, Keller, Longo (Pitt); Burton, Tripp (Colgate); Farley, Dexter, Pryor (Boston U.); Boal, Andreiko, Moore (Villanova); Grieco, Kaminski (Holy Cross); Murtha, Jones, Hurd (Buffalo); Dulin (Rutgers); Dowling, Hill, Schmidt (Yale); Gatto, Zimmerman, Chiofaro (Harvard); Heeps, Zak (Cornell); Luxford, Davis (Dartmouth); Bracken, Hitchner (Princeton); Creeden (Penn); Wright (Delaware); Maczuzak, Havrilak (Bucknell); Callahan (Temple); Craw, Albus (Lafayette); Williams, Thorpe (Hofstra); Laubach (Lehigh).

the big Orange is ever to be deposed, this should be the year; and the *coup d'état* should be executed by either Penn State or Army. The Nittany Lions, reaping the rewards of a rebuilding program, will mix a host of seasoned vets with a bumper crop of rookies, the most valuable of whom probably will be sharpshooting field-goal kicker Don Abbey. The Army team will be almost a carbon copy of the gritty young outfit that astonished the country last year by coming from nowhere to win eight games and Coach-of-the-Year honors for Tom Cahill. In fact, the Cadets should be even more potent on offense. With precocious passer Steve Lindell teaming with split end Terry Young, Army should field its most exciting team since the hallowed days of the "lonely end."

But let's not count out Syracuse yet. Although last year's great offensive line has departed, along with Floyd Little (who may never be replaced), returning is PLAYBOY All-America fullback Larry Csonka, who charges into the line like an enraged buffalo and whose fierce blocking will help halfback Oley Allen (the new number 44) take up some of the slack caused by Little's departure. Also, coach Schwartzwalder has at last come up with a nifty quarterback in sophomore Rick Panczyszyn, who should give the Orange an effective passing weapon for the first time in years.

Eastern football is on the upswing. Nearly every major independent will be beefier this year; but since they play one another, there may not be too much difference in the results. Navy, Buffalo, Boston College, Boston University and Holy Cross all should field vastly improved teams, but the most dramatic improvement should be at Pittsburgh. Last year, new coach Dave Hart inherited a pathetic crew that was small, slow and maladroit. The '66 season was a traumatic experience for all hands. But the Panthers have a windfall in this year's crop of sophs, who are many, large, fast and talented. (New tailback Denny Ferris will be a game breaker.) Result: Many of last year's first-stringers will be third-team spear carriers. The bleak part of the Pitt picture is that the schedule is the toughest in the land. Victories will still be scarce.

Navy hasn't had a winning season since 1963, and the Middies are sick of losing. A spate of new speedsters will hypo the attack; passer John Cartwright and flanker Terry Murray are a potent aerial combo; and the Navy defense will always be adept under coach Bill Elias.

A year ago, Boston College had great expectations for an all-winning season, but the Eagles turned out to be aerially inept and fell flat. This year, the passing will be much improved, both lines will be deep and experienced, and last year's hopes could be realized at last.

Either Boston University or Holy Cross could be the surprise of the East. Both are loaded with experience and good rookies. Colgate will be as strong as ever, except that the Red Raiders will break with tradition and show more expertise on offense than defense, thanks to the passing and running of quarterback Ron Burton. Rutgers will be more experienced than a year ago, but depth will be a serious problem, due to an unusually lackluster crop of sophs.

The Villanova squad is deeper and more talented this year and should be able to carry over its momentum from last season, when it won its final five games. The schedule is much tougher in '67, however, so a better than break-even season is doubtful, unless new coach Jack Gregory introduces something unexpected.

Anyone who tries to preguess the Ivy League race is courting intellectual disaster; but since predicting the unpredictable is our big *stitch*, we'll try. We suspect, on the strength of last year's results, most Ivy fans expect Harvard to take it all this fall, with Dartmouth and Princeton finishing close behind. But we doubt it. Although speedster Vic Gatto returns and the defense will again be rugged, Harvard lost half its starters and, more important, the Crimson won't



"My place or yours? Or right here?"

be able to bushwhack unsuspecting opponents, as they did in '66. Dartmouth and Princeton suffered serious inroads from graduation. Both teams have some supersophs on tap, so either could regain potency by season's end. At Dartmouth, new quarterback Bill Koenig will be particularly outstanding.

With the foregoing in mind, it looks from here as though Yale will have the best shot at the '67 Ivy crown. Shrewd coach Carm Cozza hits the jackpot with 35 returning lettermen, and brilliant quarterback Brian Dowling should be healthy at last, thus doubling the Yalies' offensive potential.

Cornell must rebuild an offense depleted by graduation; but if the rookies come through, the Big Red will have much to say about who winds up on top. Columbia, Brown and Pennsylvania will all be somewhat stronger this year, but all still have a long way to go. Brown lacks size and speed, Columbia suffers from lack of depth and Penn is hamstrung by a porous defense.

Coach Tubby Raymond has managed to generate so much enthusiasm in his Delaware Hens that they should again dominate the Middle Atlantic Conference, although both Temple and Gettysburg will still offer strong challenges. Bucknell will be much improved, but Lafayette will suffer from lack of a skilled quarterback. Worth mentioning is the fact that Hofstra has a prize soph runner named Jim Thorpe.

THE MIDWEST

BIG TEN

Illinois	8-2	Ohio State	5-4
Michigan State	8-2	Michigan	4-6
Purdue	7-3	Indiana	4-6
Wisconsin	7-3	Iowa	3-7
Minnesota	5-5	Northwestern	2-8

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Western Mich.	7-2	Toledo	6-4
Kent State	7-3	Miami	5-5
Bowling Green	6-4	Marshall	3-7
Ohio U.	6-4		

INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	9-1	Xavier	3-7
Dayton	7-3		

TOP PLAYERS: Wright, Pleviak, Huston, Johnson, Naponic (Illinois); Raye, Apisa, Przybycki, Phillips, Conti, Brenner (Michigan St.); Keyes, Beirne, Kyle, Williams (Purdue); Domes, Voigt, Little, Reddick (Wisconsin); Stein, Bryant, Carter (Minnesota); Hubbard, Anders (Ohio St.); Vidmer, Phillips, Morgan (Michigan); Crusan, Krivoshia (Indiana); Podolak, Huff, Williams (Iowa); Kurzawski, Gunstra (Northwestern); Woodside, Mitchell (Western Mich.); Fitzgerald, Landis (Kent St.); Jones, Green (Bowling Green); Carmon, Houmard (Ohio U.); Beutler, Schneider (Toledo); Moore, Shaw (Miami); Wilkinson, Hummel (Marshall); Hardy, Seymour, Pergine, Schoen, Hanratty, O'Brien, Bleier (Notre Dame); Taylor, Kramarczyk (Dayton); Dineen, Bley (Xavier).

The top two teams in the country last year (if we can believe the wire-service polls) were Notre Dame and Michigan State; and both teams, indeed, had everything it takes to be great. But this year there is a vital difference between the two squads: Although both lost a half-dozen players of All-America caliber, Notre Dame's replacements should be almost as good as the losses, while Michigan State isn't nearly so fortunate. Although the Irish lost runners Nick Eddy and Larry Conjar, veterans Ron Dushney, Bob Gladieux and Rocky Bleier, plus newcomers Jeff Zimmerman and Ed Ziegler, should comprise an adequate stable of horses. Notre Dame's most serious losses were in the middle of the defensive line; but four talented and monstrous rookies—Mike McCoy, Bob Jockisch, Jay Ziznewski and Duane Poskon—will team with PLAYBOY All-American Kevin Hardy (who has been moved from tackle to defensive end) and veteran Eric Norri to give the Irish a front defensive line that will average over 265 pounds. New linebacker Bob Olson will take up much of the slack left by departed Jim Lynch, and soph tackles Charles Kennedy and Terry Brennan (no relation) will add heft to the offensive line. But the bright spot in the Irish autumnal landscape is the aerial attack, which we predict will be the most explosive in the history of college football. Coach Ara Parseghian himself, who always has an uncommon and refreshing lack of deviousness about his team's prospects, tells us frankly that his air attack will play havoc with opposing defenses. Terry Hanratty and Coley O'Brien, who will alternate at quarterback, are both All-America caliber, and the Irish have so many outstanding receivers that the passers may go buggy deciding to whom to throw. The biggest threat to Irish fortunes is the schedule. Last year's team faced only three squads that were even vaguely in their class; but this season, no fewer than six opponents are brimming with power and will give the Irish a bloody scrap. The Miami game at the end of the season should be the Game of the Year.

Michigan State will also field a devastating offense, but the Spartans will be more earth-bound than the Irish. Quarterback Jimmy Raye is a brilliant executor of the pass-run option; and if fullback Bob Apisa's knee surgery is successful and if snazzy new halfback LaMarr Thomas comes through as expected, the Spartans will be as nearly unstoppable as last year. The defense, however, is another story. Soph tackle Tody Smith may help fill some of the vacuum left by the departure of his brother Bubba (not to mention George Webster, Charley Thornhill and two other defensive first-stringers); but stopping the other team may be the big problem in East Lansing this year.

Another important factor affects Spartan prospects: Last year Purdue was the only Big Ten team whose power even approached that of Michigan State. But this year, Illinois is *really* loaded, Wisconsin and Minnesota are tremendously improved and Purdue looks just as strong, despite the loss of Bob Griese.

Before the first kickoff, Illinois looks like the class of the Big Ten. Contrary to popular belief, the now-infamous slush-fund scandal hasn't hurt the Illini at all. On the contrary; it has left them with a strong emotional impetus. New coach Jim Valek is a shrewdie and he inherits a squad that is deep, experienced, talented, big and burning with a desire for vindication. The Illini have enough good runners to populate three Big Ten backfields. In fact, last year's first-string fullback, Carson Brooks, is being shifted to defensive guard. The sophomore crop is the best in memory and many of last year's returning starters may lose their jobs to rookies. If Valek can find a good outside speedster who can turn the corner (soph Dave Jackson may be the man), the Illini will have no apparent weaknesses and should be virtually unbeatable.

Purdue fans who expect Bob Griese's departure to trigger a team collapse can stop holding their collective breath. The entire defensive unit is back intact; four of the top five runners and three of the four top receivers return; and new quarterbacks Mike Engelbrecht and Mike Phipps are first-class. PLAYBOY All-American halfback Leroy Keyes can do everything, including pass, and he will again play both ways. If last year's undefeated freshman team can furnish enough talent to shore up the pass defense (a fatal flaw that cost the Boilermakers the '66 game with Notre Dame), very few teams will cross the Purdue goal line.

Look out for Wisconsin. After three years of brooding and building, the Badgers are about to break out. New coach John Coatta inherits a hungry and talented squad that was much better than last season's three wins would seem to indicate. Rookies Mel Reddick at end and Stu Voigt at halfback are two of the most exciting players to grace the Madison milieu in 20 years. The Badger receivers should be spectacular and Chuck Burt will again be the top thrower, with two good replacements waiting in the wings. The most serious graduation inroads were in the interior lines, but the replacements are grade A. With all this in mind, we nominate Wisconsin as our out-on-a-limb surprise team of the year.

Minnesota is bulging with muscle. Lack of success last season was attributable to an impotent offense; but the quarterbacking will be greatly improved and new runners Jeff Nygren and Jim Carter will add much muzzle velocity to

(continued on page 240)

testimony in the proceedings concerning edward darwin caparell *fiction* By KEN W. PURDY

they called him mad, but was there not a certain logic and a form of justice in his methodical creation of a personal secret weapon?

LUCAS STIVER: I always thought Ed was a real stable fellow, steady, even-going, you know; but I think now I was just a victim of the common delusion that the stolid, quiet type of character never goes off the track. I've learned a lot listening to Dr. Pike's testimony here and, looking back, I can see things that should have meant more to me at the time they happened. Like one real cold morning last winter, we came out of Grand Central together. It was a brutal day, about 15 degrees below, and blowing hard, lots of snow. When we got to the building it was ten o'clock and there was nobody else in the elevator. Ed hit the 36 button and it lit up and then he hit the DOOR CLOSE button. Nothing happened, of course, *(continued on page 160)*

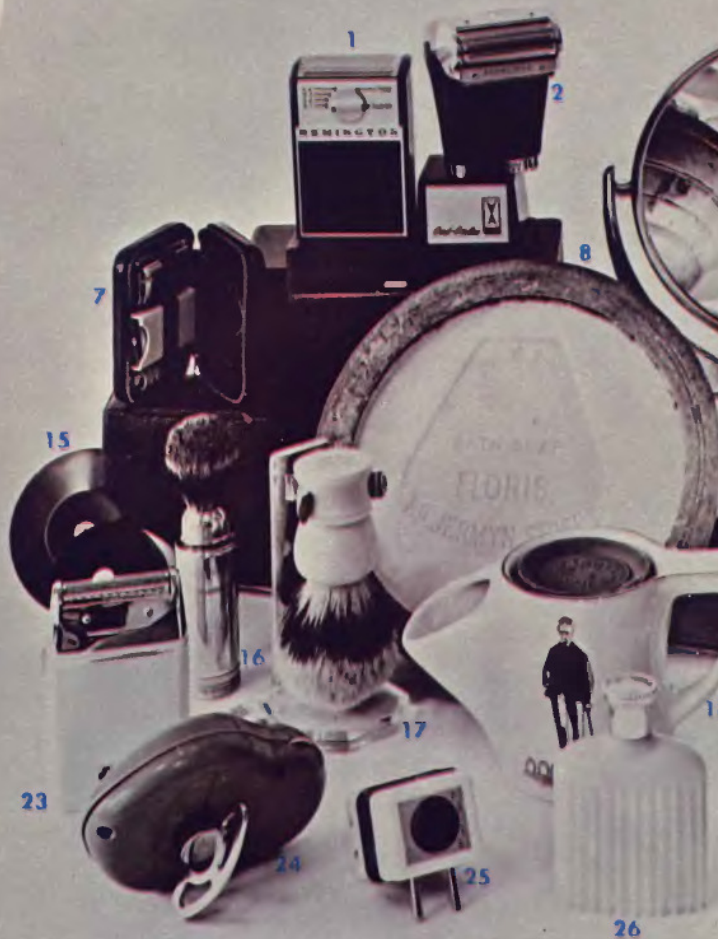


BEST FACE

a plenitude of easy-does-it



Appurtenances for keeping the beard at bay: 1. Selektronic 500 cord/cordless shaver with recharger and case, by Remington, about \$40. 2. Rechargeable cordless shaver, by Ronson, \$44.95. 3. Acme shaving mirror with light, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$27.50. 4. Braggi pre-shave beard softener, 3 ozs., by Revlon, \$2.50. 5. Braggi skin-conditioning cream, 3 ozs., by Revlon, \$5. 6. Revenescence after-shave astringent, 2 ozs., by Charles of the Ritz, \$6.50. 7. Leather travel kit includes razor and blades, from Hoffritz, \$7.95. 8. Floris shaving soap bowl, 2½ lbs., from Caswell-Massey, \$17.50. 9. Blac Hyalin antiseptic, from Caswell-Massey, \$1. 10. Chickman shave stick, from Hoffritz, \$1. 11. Chrome hot-lather dispenser, by Shane Engineering, \$24.95. 12. Brut after-shave balm, 4¼ ozs., by Fabergé, \$5. 13. Aerosol shave lather, 11 ozs., by Wilkinson Sward, \$1.19. 14. Pre-electric lotion, 4 ozs., \$3.75, and special shave formula, 6 ozs., \$3.50, bath by Aramis. 15. Braggi cake talc with case and applicator,



FORWARD



paraphernalia for big shavers

1½ ozs., by Revlon, \$4.50. 16. Badger shave brush for travel, from Hoffritz, \$8.50. 17. Badger shave brush, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$25, on Lucite brush stand, from Caswell-Massey, \$2.75. 18. Royall Lyme shave soap in mug, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$10.50. 19. Personna stainless-steel razor, by American Safety Razor, about \$1. 20. Henckels straight razor, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$11.95. 21. Fougère Royal shave stick, from Caswell-Massey, \$3. 22. Henckels razor strop, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$11.50. 23. Payer-Lux Gigant electric shaver, from Write Shops, Inc., \$19.95. 24. Hand-wound Riviera shaver, from Haverhill's, \$16.95. 25. Current converter, from Hoffritz, \$8.50. 26. Signorrici Cremollient cream lotion, 2 ozs., by Nina Ricci, \$3.50. 27. Amazing, a blade lubricant, by Hazel Bishop, 98¢. 28. Euxesis latherless shave cream, 3 ozs., from Caswell-Massey, \$1.25. 29. Gold-plated vibrating safety razor slices whiskers, by Stahly, \$35. 30. Portable Mini-Shaver, by Roller Mini-Shaver, \$6.95.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXAS URBA



"Your men will be down as soon as they cool off."

PLEASE DON'T TALK TO ME—I'M IN TRAINING

all he had to do was begin at the bottom, work hard, learn the business and rise to the top—but how was he to know that the bottom was covered with ladies' bags?

fiction By ROBERT KAUFMAN A graying, rather pudgy, casually dressed (expensive black-cashmere sports jacket and light-gray slacks) executive in his late 40s sat behind the large period desk. His name was Mr. Gelber. His hands were folded. He was smiling.

"Bill De Costa was telling me," he began, "that he had a nice chat with you after lunch, Perry. Now, let's see—ah—so you'd like to work for Zander's?"

"Yes, sir, I certainly would, gee, like to," I bubbled enthusiastically.

"Why?"

"Well, sir, when I saw the ad in the morning *Times*, I said to myself, 'I can't believe it—I just can't believe it. An opportunity like this. I'd better get there right away. Why, there'll easily be a line twice around the block.'"

"Not quite," he grinned, stretching, and biting off the end of a long brown cigar.

"Sir," I went on, "if you could give me a chance to show you and the company what I could do—how much I'd appreciate that opportunity, how hard I'd work to prove myself as an executive merchandising trainee. I realize that in the beginning it'll be tough sledding," I said, pouring it on.

"How do you know this, Perry?" he asked.

"Well, sir, in the half hour I had between seeing Mr. De Costa and you, three to three-thirty, well, sir, and I hope you won't think badly of me—but I sort of surveyed the operation here. First, I watched the employees. Then I studied as much of your complicated *modus operandi* as I could and, sir, to tell you the truth, I liked what I saw. I really did!" From three to three-thirty I had had a quick egg-salad sandwich at the Malt House.

Mr. Gelber fingered the long brown cigar.

"You're quite an enthusiastic young man, Perry."

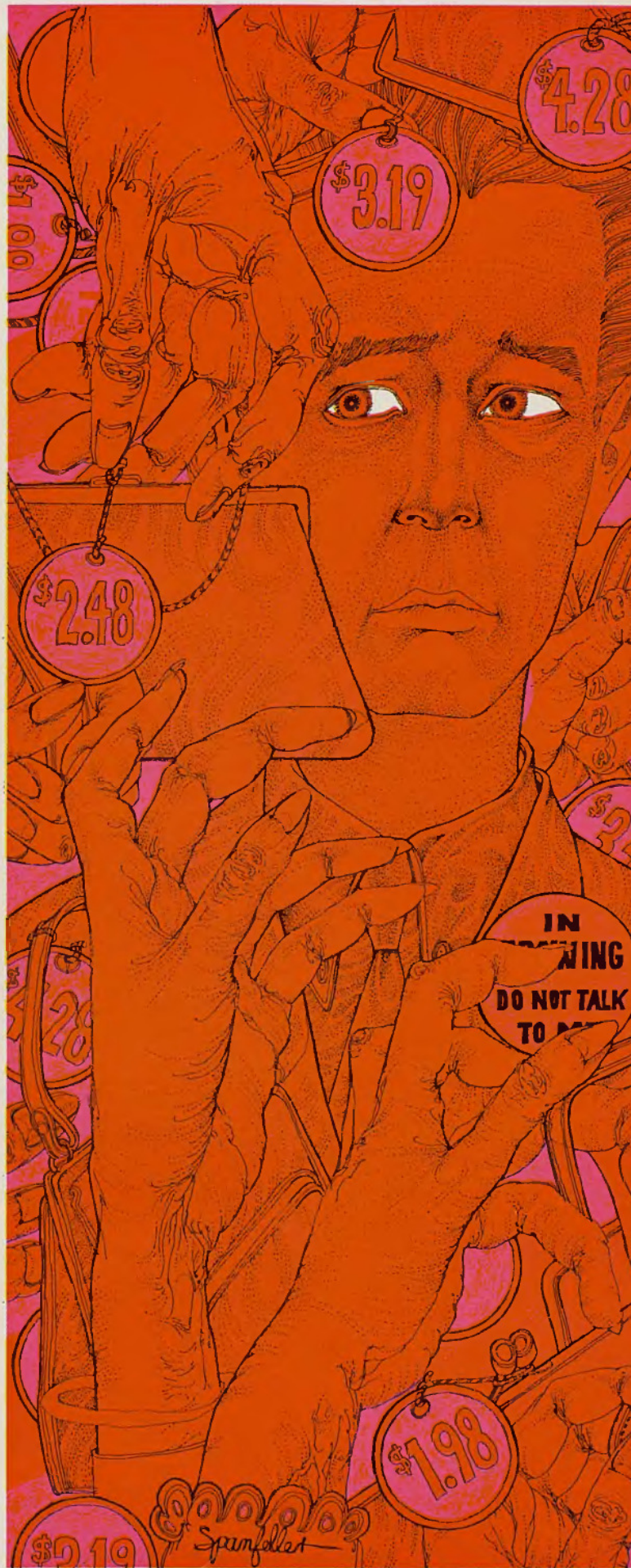
"Sir, I want to be," I began, summing up, a little out of control but completely determined. "I want to be an executive merchandising trainee here at Zander's. It's something I've wanted my whole adult life." And you know how long that's been.

"Perry," he said, blowing smoke in my eyes, "I'd like you to come back at four-thirty and talk with Mr. Zander. His office is penthouse B. All right?" For a moment my face dropped. Another interview? Jesus Christ! But there was no stopping now.

"Sir," I told him, standing up and holding out my hand, "you don't know how much I appreciate your interest in my career. Thank you."

"It's been a pleasure meeting you, Perry," Mr. Gelber replied, shaking my hand. "It's unfortunate there's not more men—more young men, I mean, like you around today."

"Thank you, sir," I said. Remind *(continued on page 214)*



September Playmate Angela Dorian is a well-structured beauty with a unique talent for projecting her personality in any medium, whether she's acting, dancing, singing, sketching or simply gracing a divan with her presence. Opposite page: With the expertise in cosmetics only a professional actress could have, Angela readies herself for a characteristically busy day. After a preparatory phone call, she confers with her agents, Arthur Kennard and Merrit Blake, about the advantages and disadvantages of a part in a proposed movie.



SCREEN S GEM

*multitalented tv actress angela dorian—now
a budding screen star—likes to sing,
dance, sketch and drive racing cars*

WHEN NEWTON MINOW, former FCC chairman, made the trenchant observation that TV was a wasteland, it's a cinch he wasn't thinking of Angela Dorian, our September Playmate. Though she agrees with Minow about the general banality of TV (she doesn't own a set), Angela's an established television actress, a veteran of 26 shows—including *Bonanza*, *The Man from U. N. C. L. E.*, *Perry Mason*, *Run for Your Life*, *Big Valley*, *Hogan's Heroes*—who doesn't even have to read for parts. Currently, though, Angela's in the process of making her transition to the larger screen: This past summer, she made her cinema debut as a co-star in *Chuka*, a rough-and-tumble Western featuring Rod Taylor and Ernest Borgnine. "In TV," the former UCLA coed avers, "you have to get things perfect in a hurry; but when you're making a film, you have more time—and you get more attention. Acting for TV is great preparation for the movies." The articulate Miss Dorian







At the *Los Angeles Times*' annual races at Riverside, car buff Angela surveys the scene, then assists some car pushers before stationing herself at the rail—to the other bystanders' delight. Below: In the pit, a preoccupied Miss Darian stands with back to famed driver Graham Hill, the mustachioed gent in the helmet.



is a well-rounded (36-21-35) artist—a jazz and ballet dancer, a songwriter, singer and guitar player in the folk-rock bag (at presstime, negotiations for a recording contract were under way) and an occasional graphic artist, specializing in ink sketches. Miss September's songwriting, she told us, evolved from a prior interest in language, specifically that of poetry: "I just began setting my verses to music." She did her own singing—a Spanish folk song—on one *Big Valley* segment; early in her career, on her agents' advice, she declined to dub for Natalie Wood as Maria in *West Side Story*: "I auditioned for the part myself, but they didn't think I was box office—and I didn't want to get hung up in a stand-by role." The nonsinging part of Lolita in the same-name motion picture was also considered—and bypassed—by Angela, who didn't feel ready to capitalize on herself as a nymphet. When Angela finds time to fill up a sketch pad, she calls on old Sol for inspiration: "I'm crazy about the sun. It's so impossibly ancient, warm and beautiful. I keep the wall over my fireplace covered with images and replicas of the sun. There's one that I carved out of wood and another that I made of papier-mâché. It's a big joke among my friends." Sun



MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



With a friend, Angela examines the exotic wares displayed along Olvera Street, the heart of L.A.'s colorful "Little Mexico." Next evening, she displays her terpsichorean savvy at the Cheetah in Venice.



worship isn't the only mystical preoccupation of this 22-year-old Thespian, who's steeped in star lore and who believes in reincarnation: "In one of my former lives, I must have been a cat, because when I purse my lips, I can pass for one. I also purr like a cat." A more prosaic side of Angela's many-splendored life is her career as a landlady. She owns and rents out a duplex in Burbank, whose tenants are blissfully unaware of her star status; but although she delights in such round-the-house chores as gardening ("Too many people today are afraid to bend over and touch the earth"), Angela plans to sell the property: "It gives me too many headaches." When she's not fussing over her building or pursuing one of her myriad muses, Angela digs burning up the road in her newly acquired Porsche or her second car, a Sprite ("I like to get behind the wheel and just travel—to Monterey, Carmel or San Francisco"); she's had the experience, thanks to a friend who races at Santa Barbara, of winging around the track herself a few times. Her affection for life on wheels, however, doesn't embrace the antisocial aspects of motorcycling. Angela,



whose idea of success includes being able to choose her own movie parts, recently refused a role in a motorcycle epic because she felt the character was too "hard." "Important as my career is to me," she explained, "I'm a woman first. I like to think of myself as being open to the world, brimming with love and music. Some aspiring actresses think only of their careers, and they're just setting themselves up for eventual disappointments." Angela, herself, matured under the spell of show business: Her mother, a native of Rome, is a former Broadway actress who's still active as a club singer in the Sunset Boulevard environs; her father, who was born in Sicily, is an L.A. restaurateur. Angela admits a desire to live and make films in Italy: "I'm fluent in Italian, so the language wouldn't be any problem. I also feel that European movies are generally better than Hollywood's offerings." We wish Angela the best in such enterprises, as well as in her search for the ideal male. "I don't really believe there is such a person, but I'm looking for him anyway," she declares—an affirmation that we're sure will give heart to our readers.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The woman was enthusiastic over psychoanalysis and confided to a friend that she had undergone therapy. "You never knew this," she said, "but for years I was under the delusion that I was a fox terrier."

"And now you're completely cured?" asked the friend.

"That's right," said the woman proudly. "Just feel my nose."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *two* as company, *three* as a crowd and *four* as a wife-swapping party.



A fashion expert we know tells us that mini-skirts are really quite functional, because they enable girls to run faster—and when they wear them, they have to.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hymen* as a greeting to male companions.

Then there's the fast-rising executive who, on entering his newly decorated office, had his secretary on the carpet because she forgot to order a couch.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chestnut* as a man who is crazy about well-developed females.

A young college student appeared at his draft board one morning wrapped in the Stars and Stripes. As he entered, he proclaimed at the top of his lungs, "No matter what happens, don't hold up my induction! Let me start now and you can complete my papers later! I don't need a physical! I don't need a uniform, basic training, guns or anything! Just lemme at the enemy! I'll kill them with my bare hands! If they shoot me, I'll get up and keep on going! I'll rip their barbed wire . . . I'll—"

The draft-board examiner looked at him and said, "You're crazy."

To which the student replied, "Write that down! Write that down!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bad trip* as acid indigestion.

The boor tapped on the sleeping parakeet's cage and said, "Hey, birdie, can you talk?"

"Sure," said the bird, "can you fly?"

After 20 years of marriage, a couple decided upon an amicable divorce. To celebrate the granting of the decree, they dined out together. After the third glass of champagne, the husband confessed: "There's one thing I've always wanted to ask you, but I never had the nerve. Now that we're splitting up, your answer can't possibly hurt me, so please be honest. Why is it that five of our six children have black hair, but little Tommy is a blond? Whose child is Tommy, anyway?"

"I can't tell you," said the wife after a long pause. "It would hurt you too much."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous," the husband insisted. "I don't care who the father is. I'm just curious."

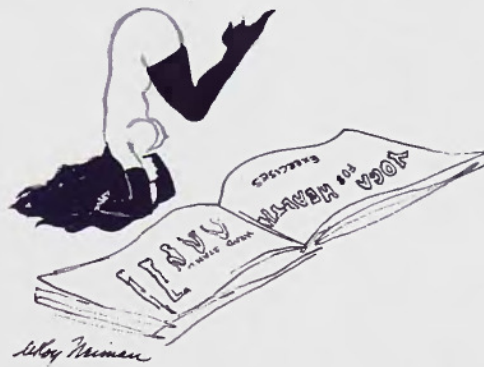
Finally, the wife acquiesced: "Well, if you really want to know, Tommy is *your* child."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bar stool* as what Daniel Boone stepped in.

No!" cried the girl centipede crossing her legs, "A thousand times, no!"

A knowledgeable friend of ours informs us that when a girl tells her boyfriend she's a perfect 38, she should expect him to grasp what she's talking about.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *man hater* as a girl who makes love with her eyes closed—because she can't stand to see a guy having a good time.



The harried stockbroker was suffering from insomnia, never got to sleep before dawn, then slept right through the alarm and so never made it to the office on time. Upon being reprimanded by his boss, he decided to consult a doctor. The doctor gave him some sleeping pills, and that night he fell asleep immediately and experienced a pleasant rest. In the morning, he awoke before the alarm rang, jumped out of bed with new verve and vigor. When he arrived at his office promptly, he told his boss: "Those pills I got from my doctor really work. I had no trouble at all waking up this morning."

"That's nice," the boss replied. "But, where were you yesterday?"

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A. Ripson



youth—the oppressed majority

denigrated, disenfranchised and put upon by police, parents and a consciousness-constricting educational system, the under-25 generation is sealed off from society

article by nat hentoff TO MOST ADULTS who read about it, the analogy must have seemed preposterous. Here was John Lindsay, the mayor of New York, actually telling a group of Princeton undergraduates last November that they were like black youngsters in a ghetto. "The distance between these groups—educationally, economically, socially—has certain psychological bridges," he said. "The frustration of the sophomore alienated from his university by its size and impersonality is not very much different from the resentment of the ghetto youth who is alienated from his city because its opportunities and rewards are foreclosed to him. Both suffer the malady of powerlessness—powerlessness in the face of huge, authoritarian institutions that routinely cause fundamental dislocations in the lives of the people they affect each day."

The young powerless? According to Al Capp, J. Edgar Hoover, editorial writers for *The New York Times* and practically any parent, the trouble with the young—the

poor dutifully excepted—is that they have too much power. They are self-indulgent, willful and more disrespectful of their elders than any previous generation of adolescents. Accordingly, they must be curbed and prepared for "responsibility," for unfortunately, they will inherit the earth. The more the young rebel, the more firmly they must be suppressed; for is it not the obligation of their elders to make certain that the young grow up into replicas of themselves? If the young do not, what meaning has there been in the lives of their parents? "We must die," say the old, not really believing it, "but at least the values we lived by will remain."

And it is there that the dissident among the young make their attack: the values of those responsible for society as it is. In December 1966, Ray Mungo, then editor of the student-run *Boston University News*, wrote, under the head "BLACK CHRISTMAS": "We are nothing if not an educational institution, and yet our graduates tend to fall, unquestioningly, into the same narrow sphere of

exclusive self-interest in which most men move. And even this self-interest does not pervade the self; we know ourselves as little as we know others. . . . So we do not examine our own sexuality, we won't study the history of China and we're unspeakably cold to murder by the thousands in Vietnam. We have ceased functioning as human beings capable of some sympathies beyond our own offices . . . our Beauty is an idealized Beauty rather than the one we'd joyously climb on and inseminate."

That's one skirmish in the generational war. Others of the young do not attack at all but try to remain private. "It goes beyond your class or the color of your skin," a wiry Indian girl from Maine declares. "It's the color of your mind they want to control. They want you preprocessed before you can have what they call autonomy. But they won't get *me*." Lines are continually being drawn by the young to preserve what they can of their youth—ways of dress, of wearing hair, of music, of speech. But most learn that in terms of making the most basic decisions about their lives, they are indeed without power. "Adolescents," writes sociologist Edgar Z. Friedenberg, "are among the last social groups in the world to be given the full 19th Century Colonial treatment."

One way to measure this society's attitude toward the young is their status in the courts. In many states, juveniles accused of breaking the law are deprived of such essential elements of due process as the right to appeal, access to records, the right to trial by jury and even the right to make bail. The rationale is that the proceedings are not "criminal" in nature, since they take place in a civil court and besides are intended to "protect" the young. However, juvenile courts do have the power to confine the adolescent or administer other punishment. And as many as one fourth of the young who are confined are placed in adult jails.

Some progress toward applying constitutional guarantees to juveniles was made last May in a landmark decision by the Supreme Court, which ruled that the young must at least be given notification of the right to counsel, who, if necessary, will be appointed by the court; the right to confront and cross-examine witnesses, including complainants; warning of the privilege against self-incrimination and the right to remain silent; and timely notice of the charges against them. The case before the Court involved a 15-year-old accused of making obscene phone calls. The juvenile-court judge, without informing the adolescent of his constitutional rights and without giving him a chance to confront his accuser, sent him away for six years to a state training school. The sentence was upheld by Arizona's highest court, then was reversed by the U. S. Supreme Court.

Although Justice Abe Fortas, speaking for the majority, noted that "it would, indeed, be surprising if the privilege against self-incrimination were available to hardened criminals but not to children," the courtroom reforms introduced by the Justice still omit a number of other basic constitutional guarantees—from the right to bail to the right of appeal. Furthermore, as Fred P. Graham noted in *The New York Times*, "Experience has demonstrated . . . that merely informing a child's parents that counsel will be provided upon request . . . will not bring many lawyers into juvenile courts. In the District of Columbia, where free counsel has been offered, between 85 and 90 percent of the parents have waived their children's rights to legal assistance. By comparison, when adults are defendants in felony cases, approximately the same percentage—85 to 90 percent—accept assigned counsel for themselves."

Nor does the new Supreme Court decision affect how adolescents are treated by police—before they come to



"The police harass the 'oddball' and the 'disrespectful.'"



"We know ourselves as little as we know others . . ."

court. Juveniles are still not protected, for example, from self-incrimination in police interrogation. And in other respects as well, their position as colonials in the way they are treated by the police in most communities will undoubtedly remain the same for the foreseeable future. Since police attitudes are consonant with how most adults feel about the young, cops regularly roust not only teenagers in black ghettos but also white middle-class youngsters who dress, talk and otherwise disport themselves in a manner considered "oddball," "rebellious" or "disrespectful."

For more than a year, Los Angeles police have not only established a ten-P.M. curfew for those under 18 on Hollywood's Sunset Strip but they frequently arrest any adolescent who "appears" rowdy or who "jaywalks." On November 28, 1966, *The New York Times* reported: "Baton-swinging armed officers marched shoulder to shoulder down Sunset Boulevard, the main artery, shoving the protesters into side streets or clubbing them to the pavement. Those arrested were often prodded with night sticks or repeatedly shoved to the ground before being loaded into police buses." Had this been instead a picket line of Negroes protesting job discrimination, these police abuses would have provoked lead editorials in the press and statements of concern by civic officials.

In Chicago, during the first six months of 1965, Peter Meyerson writes in *The Young Americans*, "a total of 10,660 teenagers were arrested for violations of a curfew that, one youth lamented, would be 'martial law' if applied to adults." In Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square, interracial groups of the young with long hair, sandals and occasional beards—though otherwise innocent of breaches of the peace—are not allowed to gather in groups of more than six, are told where they can and cannot sit and have been swept up indiscriminately in "narcotics" raids. And in Jackson Square, in New Orleans' French Quarter, a group of youngsters was sitting and singing on a Sunday last November. Suddenly, 17 of them were hustled into a police wagon. The charges: "littering and creating a scene."

A characteristic illustration of cavalier police action against the young was described in April 1966 by *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Ralph Gleason. He had taken his children to hear the Paul Butterfield Blues Band at a dance on the University of California campus in Berkeley. Sometime after 11 P.M., Gleason discovered that two of his children and three teenage girls who were their guests had been confined to a first-floor office by campus police. The cops claimed that under the contract with the committee putting on the dance, every-

body under 16 who was not "in the custody" of his parents had to be out of the building by 11.

Gleason angrily produced the dance's promoter and the contract, which had no such provision. At that point, Gleason recalls, "a policeman magnanimously said, 'You may go, enjoy yourself.' Then he added to me, 'Keep the children from running around the corridors. It's dangerous and they may be bumped into by an adult and hurt.' 'You are the only adult that endangers them,' I told him. 'You put them in a locked room.'" That same night, an 18-year-old, just as he was taking his jacket from the checkroom, had it snatched from him by a cop, who went through his pockets. "Just wanted to see," the representative of the law said, "if you had anything." "And we wonder," Gleason notes, "why youth is losing its respect for authority."

With minimal rights on the streets, the young have even fewer rights in the schools, where they spend most of their time. In fact, the length of confinement of the young in a classroom has been steadily increasing. Around 1900, only about six percent of American youth finished high school. Today, 70 percent of the nearly 18,000,000 between 13 and 17 are graduated. Until the Second World War, only a minority went on to college. Now, nearly half of each high school graduating class moves into a college population of 6,000,000.

It is in the schools that adult compression of the young is most insistent, most pervasive and—in terms of the final product—most terrifying. In his book *How Children Fail*, which is about upper-middle-class, not slum, schools, John Holt documents his contention that, except for a handful, almost all children who are processed through American schools "fail to develop more than a tiny part of the tremendous capacity for learning, understanding and creating with which they were born and of which they made full use during the first two or three years of their lives."

To begin with, they are often treated as if spontaneity were subversive to the processes of education. Too many classrooms and too many halls in the schools are deadly quiet. Trust, moreover, is not for the young. It is not uncommon for adult spies to be placed in the bathrooms of high schools. There are classrooms with two-way P.A. systems, so that functionaries can listen in to what's going on.

Principals, running their schools like authoritarian dukedoms, issue edicts of stunning and usually irreversible absurdity. The principal of University High School in Los Angeles, for instance, ordered an 18-year-old from Uruguay, who has always worn his hair long, to cut it forthwith. When he refused, the principal had him arrested. In jail, the irrepressible criminal began to sing. This failure to be penitent, this resiliency before

adult power, compelled the police to choke him, punch him and handcuff him.

Other punitive measures are increasingly taken against those who choose to wear their hair long—a form of rejection of "proper" (that is, mass) behavior that particularly enrages adults. In Oyster Bay, Long Island, some months ago, five high school students were quarantined on a separate floor—called "the zoo" by their fellow inmates—and denied water as long as they refused haircuts.

In reaction to this and to similar stern pronouncements by principals who equate conformity with responsibility, Marya Mannes observed in *The New York Times* that so oversized an emotional reaction by adults "may be more a sign of our own rigidity than of [the students'] folly; one more example of a society grown set in its ways; resistant to change, hostile to difference." To which *The New Yorker* added: "It may be that smooth chins, cheeks and skulls represent to us something preciously modern—smoothness as an ideal, man as interchangeable, frictionless—and that all this bristling and flowing going on around us threatens to gum up the machine. Well, is the machine really that fragile? And was it designed to be eternal? We were furry primates before we were robots."

There is pathos as well as obtuseness in the nearly hysterical antipathy of many adults, in and out of schools, to long hair on young men. They are disturbed by the nerve, the sheer nerve, of those who defy smoothness as an ideal. Their own smoothness of morals, of sexual response, of attenuated life goals are also called into question by this luxuriance of hair and the other sensual "excesses" it connotes. One such long-haired, bearded youngster, drummer Bobby Moses of the Free Spirits, a rock group, was ambling along a street on New York's Lower East Side when a middle-aged stranger, in a suit and tie, stopped, stared and, his face contorted, rasped: "In two months you're going to be in Vietnam and you're going to be killed." Moses looked at him coolly and said, "Listen, mister, the only reason you're complaining is because you're old and you're going to die before I do."

In other ways besides preordained hair styles, the young in school are prepared for "responsibility" by being allowed hardly any. High school and many college newspapers are rigorously—often bizarrely—censored. Controversial speakers are not invited. Student protests are squashed. At Cass Technical High School in Detroit, a 17-year-old semifinalist in the National Merit Scholarship competition had been forced to cut his hair on pain of permanent suspension from school. Later, when he and three other students wore black arm bands to protest the school's observance

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BACK TO CAMPUS



our annual autumnal survey of classic revivals and new directions for the academic year

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN
ONCE AGAIN, collegians from coast to coast are confronted with a pleasantly weighty decision: what clothes should be purchased and what ones should be parted with prior to convening at the campus of their choice. For even though most schools spawn a spate of stylish fads and foibles that are as locally acceptable as they are unpredictable, fashion-conscious students still give national and regional clothing norms the nod when filling the sartorial holes in their wardrobe collections.

To help both fledgling frosh and sophisticated (text continued on page 144)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA: Berkeley's Chemical Biodynamics Lab is background for five guys (and two able-bodied assistants) adept at sartorial science. Circling from left to right: John Rice gets a helping hand from Penny Almquist while wearing a bold-plaid wool, nylon and mohair double-breasted Mackinaw jacket, by Fox-Knapp, \$45, over a fisherman's-knit warsted crew-neck pullover, by Alps, \$20, and Fortrel and cotton slacks, by Master, \$7. Bearded student Al Ortiz likes a wool twill crew-neck pullover, by Himalaya, \$25, worn with Fortrel and cotton cavalry twill slacks, by Carwood, \$7. Comely distractionist Delanie Secoe fails to phase either Mark Silliphant or Larry Jones; Mark has donned a wool flannel double-breasted shaped suit, by McGregor, \$75, over his Shetland turtleneck, by Catalina-Martin, \$14; Larry prefers a wool twill coordinated suit that includes a wide-track stripe jacket and minichecked slacks, by Cricketeer, \$70, plus cotton broadcloth shirt, by Excella, \$10, and a wide silk tie, by Prince Igor, \$5. Seated up front: George Eckard digs a lambskin shearling flying jacket, by McGregor, \$75, and a Shetland and Kodel mock turtleneck, by Brentwood, \$1B. 139



PHOTOGRAPHY BY J. BARRY O'ROURKE

DUKE UNIVERSITY: Students in the Georgian-inspired Mary Baldwin Auditorium, left, sartorially upstage less fashion-conscious campusmates. From left to right: Jerry Severson has chosen a Dacron and cotton poplin jacket with wool plaid lining, \$33, matching wool plaid slacks, \$18, and a Shetland crew-neck pullover, \$16, all by McGregor. Don Grasso relaxes in a worsted glen-plaid shaped suit with vest, by PBM, \$90, worn over a cotton oxford buttondown shirt, by Manhattan, \$5, and a woven wool tie, by Taylor, \$3. Pete Schafer is strong for a wool twill double-breasted coat with acrylic pile lining, by Fox-Knapp, \$30. Richard Saunders has on a plaid patterned Acrilan crew-neck pullover, by Brentwood, \$15, coupled with cotton and acetate herringbone tweed jeans, by Contact, \$10. Steve Gross keeps casual in a wool tweed windowpane-overplaid sports jacket with matching vest that coordinates with worsted-weave slacks, all by College Hall, \$90, worn over a cotton denim buttondown shirt, by Sero, \$8.50, and a woven wool tie, by Taylor, \$3. W. T. Smith favors a worsted flannel suit, by College Hall, \$85, a cotton broadcloth shirt with contrasting collar, by Excello, \$10, and a silk tie, by Prince Igor, \$7.50.



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE: The Sanborn House library is home for five knowledgeable Ivy Leaguers who've earned top-drawer grades by wisely rounding out their campus wardrobes. On the balcony, left to right: Tony Amriati sports a cabled-wool high-crew-neck pullover, by Alps, \$30, and Orlon, cotton and acetate twill jeans, by Contact, \$10. Sportive student David Cross, has selected a reverse-check and overplaid Scottish lamb's-wool shaped suit, by Fashion Park, \$135, that complements his cotton chambray shirt, by Wren, \$8.50, and silk twill tie, by Hut, \$4. Downstairs, left to right: Bill Swift has donned a polyester and Viscose twill double-breasted suit, by Clinton Swan, \$70, a striped cotton chambray shirt, by Hathaway, \$10, and a wide cotton tie, by Taylor, \$3.50. Roger Grimes goes for a cashmere and Scottish wool two-button shaped sports jacket, by Clubman, \$65, Orlon and wool twill cord slacks, by Esquire, \$20, a striped cotton broadcloth shirt, by Excello, \$12, and a wide cotton tie, by Taylor, \$3.50. Tom Stuver is casually *au courant* in a cotton duck hooded coat with acrylic pile lining, \$20, worn over matching cotton duck ski jeans, \$9, both by Carhartt, and an Orlon bulky-knit mock turtleneck, by Forum, \$16.





UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN: A well-appointed crew of Midwestern students congregates inside the campus boathouse. From left to right: Frank Neumann has donned an antelope-suede double-breasted outercoat, by Cortefiel, \$150, over Fortrel and cotton jeans, by Contact, \$9, and Acrilan and Spandex turtleneck, by Forum, \$13. Accompanied by friend Deborah Kearns, Jack Goggin has on wool tweed sports jacket, overplaid wool slacks and matching vest, all by Cricketeer, \$75, worn with polyester and cotton oxford shirt, by Gant, \$9, and silk tie, by Resilio, \$5. Peter Behnke stands tall in pile-lined corduroy jacket, by Sir Jac, \$17, worn over corduroy jeans, by Levi's, \$6, and fisherman's-knit crew-neck pullover, by Robert Bruce, \$16. Framed between Diane Davidson and blonde Bo Bussmann, Bob McMillan cools it while wearing Norwegian wool and Kodel crew-neck pullover, by Alps, \$20, and Dacron and wool slacks, by Jaymar-Ruby, \$18. Dale Geiger prefers worsted twill sports jacket, \$100, plaid worsted slacks, \$40, both by Fashion Park, cotton oxford shirt, by Sero, \$7.50, and cotton turtleneck, by Robert Reis, \$3.



UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON: The University Center's enclosed patio showcases collegians sporting the latest Southwest styles. Clockwise from smiling Ray Tatum, who likes a Scottish wool suit with windowpane overplaid, by Fashion Park, \$135, worn with a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Excello, \$12, and a silk tie, \$7.50, and matching pocket square, \$4, both by John Weitz. Carlos Guerra goes for a checked wool sports jacket with matching wool vest, \$65 the pair, wool hopsack slacks, \$24, all by Worsted-Tex, a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Aetna, \$6, and a wool tie, by Hut, \$5. Taking steps with Marilyn Harris and Ellie Coughtry, Bob Livermore wears a wool V-neck pullover, by Forum, \$17, and wool and Orlon slacks, by YMM, \$20. Bob Britt has set his sights on a cotton duck outercoat, by Carhartt, \$18, a wool and mohair turtleneck, by Himalaya, \$25, and wool slacks, by Austin-Hill, \$24. Wilbert Taylor digs a wool plaid outercoat, by Robert Lewis, \$45, a Shetland turtleneck, by Himalaya, \$15, and acrylic and wool slacks, by YMM, \$18. Seated: Gene Milbourn likes a wool melton c.p.o. shirt, by H.I.S., \$20, and Fortrel and corduroy jeans, by Master, \$7.

seniors select the right apparel for the coming academic year, here once again is our annual back-to-campus check list of standout garb for undergrads (and grad students, too). This year, as in the past, we've divided it into two sections; first comes a brief all-campus guide listing the basic wardrobe requirements plus information on fabrics, patterns, styles, etc. While checking it over, keep in mind that even though two tweed sports jackets are a respectable minimum at colder-climate campuses, those of you studying in sunny Southern California may wish to stock up on coat styles that are slightly lighter in weight. The second portion of our syllabus narrows the fashion field considerably. It presents a regional rundown of five geographic areas—the Northeast, South, Midwest, Southwest and West Coast—while concentrating on specific items of apparel appropriate for these particular sections of the country.

Here, for your sartorial edification, is our basic wardrobe check list:

Suits (3): One dark solid wool with vest, one hopsack and one medium-weight glen plaid.

Sports jackets (5): Two tweed sports jackets in a bold pattern and rough texture and one lightweight model in a bold plaid; one single-breasted blazer in burgundy, black or olive and one navy-blue double-breasted model.

Slacks (9): Choose fabrics according to climate: dark and light solids in wool, plaids and small checks, permanent-press denim jeans and poplins and bold windowpanes and cavalry twills.

Dress shirts (12): Six buttondown oxfords in solids, wide-track stripes and tattersall checks and six medium-spread and/or tabs for on-the-town occasions.

Sport shirts (6): Include a solid hopsack plus stripes, prints, knits (in both polo and mock turtleneck styles), wool twills and cotton buttondowns.

Sweaters (6): Include lamb's wools, Shetland crews, fisherman's knits, at least one bulky turtleneck, a cardigan and a cashmere V-neck.

Outerwear (5): One canvas duck or suede stadium coat, one Western shearling-lined jacket in corduroy, one bold-plaid c. p. o. shirt, one semi-chesterfield or polo overcoat and one trench or classic-style raincoat.

Shoes (6): One pair of plain-toe bluchers, two pairs of wing tips (both black and brown), one pair of loafers, one pair of buckle slip-ons, plus miscellaneous tennis shoes and boots, as the climate or activities demand.

Ties (12): Three inches is the minimum width. Choose from foulards, challis, reps and neat patterns.

Walk shorts (4): Include madras, linens, hot-color corduroys and chopped-off denims.

Formalwear (1): Make it a black, natural-shoulder dinner jacket with semi-peaked lapels or satin shawl collar.

Socks (10): At least five white crews plus five black over-the-calf stretch styles.

Belts (6-8): Several wide leather models with large brass buckle, a reversible cloth-leather, a black alligator and miscellaneous fabrics.

Gloves (2): An unlined black or brown pair for dress and a rugged sheepskin or cowhide for play.

Now that you know where you stand in relation to the over-all collegiate clothing average, strengthen the weak spots in your wardrobe with selections appropriate to the area in which you'll be studying.

THE NORTHEAST: Once prime exponents of conservative campus wear, Ivy Leaguers have pulled a reverse fashion play and now affect a more casual—but not sloppy—approach to classroom clothing.

Suits: For evenings on the town, you'll want a dark vested model in wool to wear with a medium-spread-collar shirt and a wide tie. Suit styles in a variety of stripes and plaids are also making East Coast fashion headlines. Keep in mind that the shaped silhouette has become a fashionable exception to the natural-shoulder Ivy League look; the latest shaped styles feature flap and ticket pockets and deep side vents. Cavalry twill is rapidly becoming a favorite fabric for about-town wear as well as for weekends in the country.

Sports jackets: The classic double-breasted blazer with side vents is an all-campus must. Select one in navy blue and, as your wardrobe demands, pick up a single-breasted model in burgundy or olive. You'll also want several bold-plaid sports jackets in Shetlands and tweeds for T. G. I. F. beer busts or early-fall football Saturdays before the snow flies.

Slacks: Low-rise twill jeans with Western pockets, Orlon and wool cords, and denims and poplins are all popular. A well-chosen selection of tattersall and windowpane-patterned slacks will also multiply the versatility of your crew, V-neck and turtleneck sweater collection.

Shirts: Oxford buttondowns in white and blue, as well as wide-track stripes, plaids and checks, have the Eastern shirt scene well buttoned up. However, the well-dressed Playboy Man On Campus will wish to include a few tab and medium-spread collar styles and at least one tan or nutmeg-colored cotton chambray dress shirt that features a longer-pointed collar and French cuffs.

Sweaters: Turtlenecks, crews and mock turtlenecks in bulky-textured fisherman's knits and slub-weave giant-cable wool tweeds add stylish dimension to a Northeasterner's sweater collection. Other top-drawer choices include a lamb's-wool V-neck, a Shetland crew-neck and a lightweight wool cardigan.

Outerwear: You'll need to pay extra attention to this portion of your wardrobe; the coming East Coast weather

will be wet, windy and—above all—wintry. You'll want at least one raincoat with zip-in lining for nippy late-fall days, as well as an inexpensive cotton duck hooded coat, a heavy wool c. p. o. shirt, a ski parka, several pile-lined hip-length coats and a dark-colored overcoat for dress wear.

THE SOUTH: Gentlemen from Dixie take pride in the fact that, traditionally, they're from the best-dressed collegiate area in the country. So if fall finds you headed South or Southeast, figure on adding a few more dollars to your clothing budget. Generally speaking, classroom dress is casual and carefully chosen; sports coats or sweaters and slacks earn the top sartorial grades. Fraternity tip: At many Southern schools, Greek rush week takes on a conservative tone—both hosts and guests usually do their picking and choosing attired in suits.

Suits: For the aforementioned fraternity rush, you'll want a dark dress suit that will do double duty when planning an evening off campus, a glen-plaid model with matching vest and one or two lightweight worsteds in two- and three-button styles. As an elegant change of pace, budget permitting, pick up a double-breasted worsted flannel shaped suit to be worn with a solid-color or contrasting-collared shirt and a three- to three-and-one-half-inch-wide tie.

Sports jackets: When it comes to clothing the student body, Southern matriculants happily go to blazers. You'll want at least two—a double-breasted navy-blue one and a single-breasted style in burgundy or dark green. Weigh sports-jacket selections against the campus climate. A herringbone tweed or Shetland in a powerful plaid is just the right weight for schools near the Mason-Dixon line. Deeper South, you can stick with a medium-weight two-button shaped sports jacket with deep side vents in dark solid shades, pin stripes, bold plaids or a hopsack weave, and a lightweight model in sprightly summer patterns.

Slacks: Slim-fitting styles that come with a built-in bonus—a permanent press—are the fashionable favorites. Include several wash-and-wear pairs in solid colors, a few lightweight patterned models and a generous helping of low-rise jeans that come with wide belts.

Shirts: Cotton polo pullovers and mock turtleneck cotton knits are usually worn as the casual complement to a pair of low-rise jeans. However, shop around before you buy; Southern stores abound with a multitude of multihued offerings in both short and long sleeves. Oxford buttondowns are still the predominant style in dress shirts, but tab and medium-spread collar models have gained sartorial ground. Expand your stock of white and blue buttondowns with a few wide-track stripes and tattersall checks.

Sweaters: When Southern gentlemen
(continued on page 180)

fiction By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

THE COURTSHIP

*he would not
have dared
look at the countess
in other days,
but things
were different now*



AFTER the unsuccessful rebellion of 1863, many Polish noblemen were hanged; others—Count Wladislaw Jampolski among them—were banished to Siberia. The czar's soldiers led the count in chains through the streets of Jampol, the town that bore his name.

Though it was dangerous to have anything to do with an insurrectionist, the priest appeared to administer a farewell blessing, wearing his vestments and holding a crucifix. Peasants removed their caps; women wept.

There was great excitement when the count passed the cluster of huts on the outskirts of the town, where the Jews had only recently formed a community of their own, known locally as The Sands. Since Jampol was still under the jurisdiction of the Church, Jews were not permitted to live in the city itself and had to pay a toll for the privilege of entering it.

The residents of The Sands were astonished by the bearing of the aristocratic prisoner. The count, with his wind-blown white hair and mustache, his jaunty stride, flushed face and unbuttoned fur coat, with his hat at a rakish angle, seemed as unconcerned as though he were going off to a party.

Some weeks later, the town crier, after summoning the people of Jampol with his drum, read out an edict that had come from St. Petersburg. The imperial decree announced the total confiscation of Count Jampolski's estate except for the land already divided among his former serfs. Countess Maria Jampolska was given six months to vacate the ancestral manor. Eventually it became known

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*the delectable duet
of hot soufflé and cold salad
strikes just the right note
of gustatory harmony
as summer swings into fall*

TWO MUCH!

food By **THOMAS MARIO** IN EVERY GOURMET'S ALMANAC, September is an interim month. Charcoal fires have done their summer stint and the long season of pheasant, mallard duck and mountainous rib roasts is still in the planning stage. At this special interval, nothing will hold a roomful of people as spellbound as the aroma of a huge soufflé baking in the oven. And a hearty salad as a supplement will make the culinary coup well-nigh perfect.

Soufflés are as French as the Champs-Élysées; Gallic gourmets, wiser than Americans, know better than to earmark their soufflés for ladies' literary luncheons. For the soufflé, in its lofty estate, is as satisfying to the inward man as the most sumptuous chafing dish.

A soufflé, which starts with an opulent sauce and egg yolks, is, in its infinite varieties, fortified with anything from broccoli to ham to seafood. It's folded into whipped egg whites and baked. When you've mastered one, you have the clue to all of them. The glory of the soufflé emanates from two main sources. The primary one is its melting deliciousness—an inside so soft and inviting that you can't stop eating it until you've scraped every inch of the crusty brown shell from the bottom and sides of the dish. The second is its suspense. You can feel certain when



you're waiting for a baked onion soup to arrive that the cheese topping will amply fill the top of the casserole, just as, later on, you can be even more profoundly sure that the oversize shell steak will ride proudly on its charred wooden plank. But the huge golden crown of a soufflé *may* fall, although the odds against it are fantastically high. And this dire possibility—remote though it is—is likely to send guests into joyous raptures every time a tour de force is brought to the table intact. As a matter of actual record, soufflés contract slightly after standing on the dining table (a normal phenomenon that doesn't harm them at all), but they seldom do fall.

By tradition, most soufflés are baked and served in round, fluted dishes with concave bottoms. You should invest in a set of three (from one- to two-quart sizes) before you head for the oven. The latest types are equipped with wicker baskets into which the dishes nest comfortably without any threat to tabletops. And if you've never made soufflés before and want to become a virtuoso, you should have several dress rehearsals before inviting an audience.

Of all myths about soufflés, the most prevalent—that the opening of an oven door for a quick look will cause your haughty creation to topple—is the first bit of nonsense to clear out of the beginner's path. You can open the oven door, wide enough to look in, a half dozen times, if you want to. From a practical standpoint, it's unnecessary. Toward the end of the baking period, you should make a routine check, just as you'd check a roast. But unlike roasts, a soufflé should always be well done. Almost all collapses are due to *underbaking* rather than *overbaking*. French chefs in hotels are notorious for deliberately courting disaster on this point. They like their creations to be so soft in the center that they're gooey—almost like a thick sauce—rather than delicately spongy. Now, a soufflé with a runny inside is like a building with collapsible girders in the center. This is the reason French chefs and others, who paradoxically combine patience and impatience, will sometimes bake two or three soufflés when one is ordered. If the first one falls before the waiter reaches the table, a second one will be ready and primed for the race ten minutes later. All of this anxiety is completely unnecessary if you steadfastly remember to keep the soufflé in the oven until it's not only done but has reached a mite beyond doneness. The dish is literally done when it's firm to the touch, if it doesn't indulge in a jellylike wobble when moved. As the soufflé approaches perfection, the top will show a brown bloom. A deep-brown bloom is best. If the top is cracked (chefs induce a "cap" on the soufflé by running a narrow spatula around the rim of the soufflé before baking it), there should be no moist spot whatever showing in the

cracked area. If you're ready to serve and your guests haven't quite finished their second round of martinis, rest easy. Reduce the oven temperature from the usual 350° to 250°; let the soufflé remain in the oven for 5, 10 or 15 minutes longer. There will be no catastrophe. Of course, after a decent interval, your guests should be seated. We seldom go for the advice of the English gourmet Dr. William Kitchiner, but there are special occasions when his words, "better never than late," do make sense.

Since eggs are so vital in a soufflé's success, heed this sober advice: When separating yolks from whites, don't go into a careless catch-as-catch-can routine. Look each yolk firmly in the eye; keep every trace of yolk out of the whites, or the whites won't rise as they should, into substantial clouds. The bowl of the mixing machine in which you whip the whites should be clean and free of any droplet of grease. Both underbeating and overbeating of egg whites are cardinal sins. Beat whites until they form soft, glossy peaks; they should not look dry or crumbly. Whites are best whipped if removed from the refrigerator about an hour before beating.

One final culinary tall tale should now be dispelled. A soufflé doesn't rise to five times its height when baked. It will, at the most, double in volume after baking. Usually it rises about half its original height in the soufflé dish. To make it look impressively tall, simply fill the dish almost to the top; or tie a collar of folded greased paper or greased aluminum foil around the dish, and then fill the dish to the very top or above it. After baking, remove the collar and the soufflé will stand like a fantastic top hat.

Like champagne and ships, salads and soufflés just naturally go together. Such salads should be more than leafy green tracery served as inconsequential side dishes with table-d'hôte dinners. For instance, the *caponatina*, outlined in a recipe that follows, is the Sicilian eggplant salad dressed lavishly with olive oil, celery and tomato sauce. If you've ever encountered this premeal salad in Italian restaurants, you'll also probably remember the thin slices of prosciutto, mortadella sausage and perhaps provolone cheese offered at the same time. But instead of serving as *antipasto* (i.e., before the meal), the same salad and its accompaniments now become, along with a parmesan-cheese soufflé, the meal itself, *buon gusto*. Inventive menu makers can take almost any salad and give substance to the shadow by whatever hearty supplements their imagination dreams up at the moment.

There's an aphorism that says, "You can't eat glory." Well, you *can* eat it. And to prove our thesis, we submit the following recipes à la PLAYBOY. Each recipe serves six.

HAM SOUFFLÉ, CHICKEN LIVERS MADEIRA

8 ozs. sliced canned or cooked ham
 1/3 cup butter
 1/3 cup instantized flour
 1 1/2 cups milk
 9 eggs, whites and yolks separated
 2 tablespoons finely chopped fresh chives
 1/4 teaspoon ground fennel seed
 1 1/2 ozs. bourbon
 Salt, pepper

Preheat oven at 350°. Put ham through meat grinder, using fine blade. Put butter, flour and milk in saucepan. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Remove from flame. Beat egg yolks well and add to sauce. Heat over low flame 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from flame. Add ham, chives, fennel and bourbon and stir well. Add salt and pepper to taste. Beat egg whites until stiff but still glossy, not dry. Add one quarter of the beaten egg whites to ham mixture. Stir well. Slowly add ham mixture to balance of egg whites, folding in very carefully and lightly, using a down, over, up stroke with spoon or spatula to keep mixture as light as possible. Turn into 2-quart soufflé dish, greased on bottom only. Fit dish with greased aluminum-foil collar extending 2 ins. above rim of dish. Place dish in a shallow pan with 1 in. boiling water. Bake 60 to 70 minutes or until well browned.

Chicken livers madeira are prepared separately and served along with soufflé.

3/4 lb. chicken livers
 1 tablespoon salad oil
 2 tablespoons butter
 1/2 lb. sliced fresh mushrooms
 1 medium-size onion, minced very fine
 1 large clove garlic, minced very fine
 1 1/2 cups canned brown sauce
 3 tablespoons madeira or sherry
 1 tablespoon cognac
 Salt, pepper

Divide chicken-liver pairs into single pieces; cut large pieces in half. Heat oil and butter in large skillet. When butter has melted, sauté chicken livers until slightly brown. Remove livers from pan. Add mushrooms, onion and garlic. Sauté, stirring frequently, about 5 minutes. If there is a pool of liquid in pan, continue sautéing until liquid has evaporated. Add brown sauce, madeira and cognac and bring to a boil. Return chicken livers to pan and simmer 5 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste.

WATERCRESS, ENDIVE AND FRESH PEAR SALAD

6 medium-size ripe fresh pears
 1 large bunch watercress
 3/4 lb. Belgian endive
 4 ozs. roquefort cheese
 1/2 cup olive oil
 3 tablespoons red-wine vinegar
 1/2 teaspoon Dijon mustard
 1/2 teaspoon grated onion
 Salt, pepper

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

for want of a grabby moniker, a newly minted car may molder on the showroom floor, so let's open the think tanks, run up some trial balloons and try to shake a peach of a label from the tree satire By RUSS WALLACE

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: I guess Old Man Bell's stomach has told him that The Thing will sell, and he has decided it is a sports car. I got the first flash on his decision from one of the upstairs gophers in the john this morning and this was later confirmed in the coffeeroom. When I was promoted last year, I got the news the same way, so this is probably official. The Thing weighs about 6000 pounds, but don't let that break you up. There must be other sports cars that weigh that much. I also got the word from his secretary that he is preparing a memo to give us all the confidential scoop, and this is going to describe the car as "long . . . lithe . . . youthful . . . road-hugging . . ." etc. At 6000 pounds, it should hug the road, I'd say.

I guess you know what is coming next. Right about now, he is sharpening his thumb to a fine point, and as soon as he announces to us that he is going to build The Thing, he is going to shove that thumb in our eye about to the second knuckle until we come up with a name for it. So hit it. Get the boys and girls started on that name. Now.

Clyde

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: Clyde Bagwell

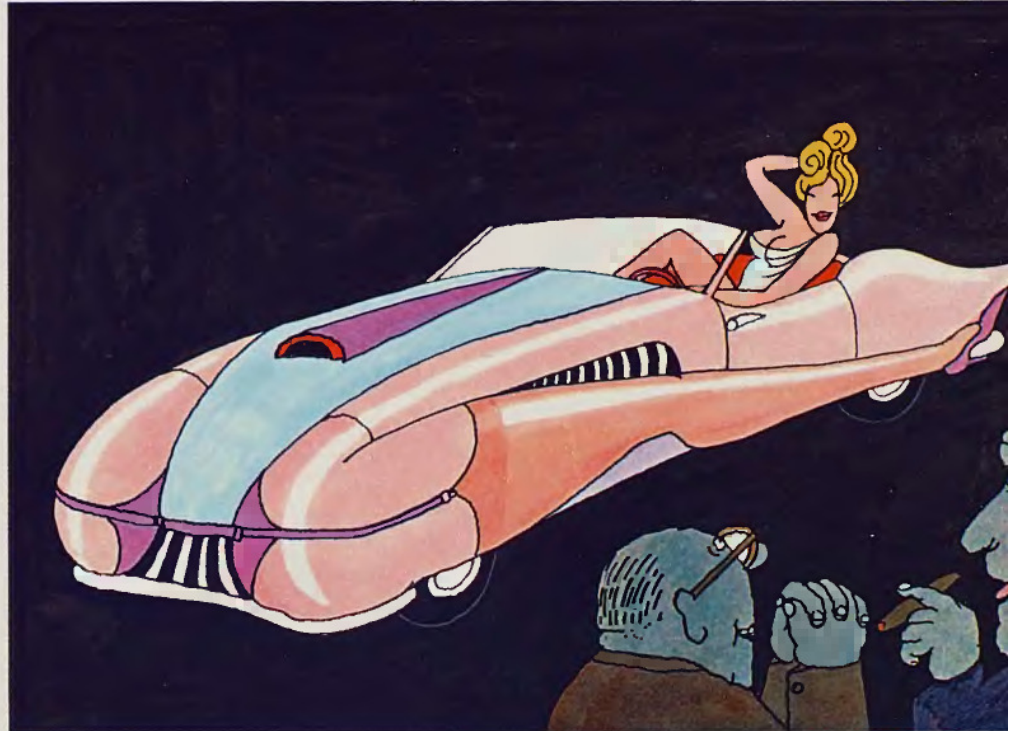
Clyde: Calling it a sports car catches me flat-footed. With no disrespect to the corporation, of course, I thought The Thing's chassis looked more like a railroad gondola. I think I've got a bad case of mangled emotions right now, because all I can think of is Watkins Glen, and that seems kind of unwieldy for a sports-car name. If we follow the lead of the other automobile companies on car names, we better get somebody out researching the zoo and the aquarium. I guess I need some direction here.

Ed

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: In case you don't know, this car name has got to be what I cleverly call Exhibition J. Manly. What I mean is, D. D. Bell sees through his gonads darkly. Lots of sword-and-buckler. Sort of Horatius-at-the-Bridge image. It has got to



TOMI UNGERER

be hairy-arms-manly or he won't buy it. I've been with him a year now, and along with this thing he has about being able to feel good styling in his stomach, he's got a lot of other what you might call foibles. I pray to God every day that I know them all, because at any time I might trample on something he thinks is precious and commit corporation harakiri.

So here are some of the names he won't buy. Stay away from Greek-warrior names, or anything Greek, for that matter. He hates all Greeks and guys who wear white socks. Also, stay away from explorer names. He thinks it was just a fluke that Cadillac made it, because LaSalle, Marquette, Hudson and De Soto didn't. He is death on anything French, because he thinks it has effeminate overtones in this country, and he thinks the guys at Buick flipped their gourd when they got into it. Lastly, for God's sake, don't say Viking. He has a real thing about Viking anything. Two companies built Viking cars and both became orphans. GM built the last one, and the Old Man's got a picture of it on the wall. That may be why he left GM. I don't know and I sure as hell won't ask him, either.

One last thing. Clear any names that seem the least bit flakey with that creep named Schultz in Legal. He works for McGroggin and does all the possible dirty-story or bar-joke research. Somebody says this guy Schultz is the father of all dirty stories and the only reason McGroggin hired him is that it takes one to know one. It grabs me sometimes to think that in this civilization we get salary grade eight for being experts on evilthink.

Well, I leave you there. I guess I narrowed your field a little, but keep trying. We still haven't got the official memo.

Clyde

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: Clyde Bagwell

Clyde: How about Indians?

Ed

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: GM has sewed up most of the Indians, I think, except Potawatomi, and who in hell could use that for a car name? Haven't (continued on page 208)

the sexual freedom league at berkeley finds a delightful and freethinking advocate in coed mara sykes

BLONDE, green-eyed Mara Sykes is from all outward appearances, a typical California coed. But typical she is not. Mara's unique combination of physical and philosophical attributes was brought to the attention of PLAYBOY's West Coast photographer by a Sexual Freedom Leaguer who had met Miss Sykes at a Berkeley-chapter party and was duly impressed. We interviewed Mara between her art and sociology courses at



Berkeley and her cosmetics-counter duties at a local drugstore and discovered she was one of the most refreshingly open girls we had ever considered featuring—as her quotes here and elsewhere will attest. Says Mara candidly: “People should not be ashamed of their own bodies and fearful of their own natural desires, but should accept them and try to understand them. Most of my pleasures are sense oriented.”

“I joined the League because I felt that what it was trying to do was worth while. The philosophy behind the League, which is mine also, is that any individual is entitled to engage in sexual activity in whatever manner he pleases as long as he does not force his attentions upon an unwilling person.”





"There is nothing inherent in the nature of sex or nudity that one should consider shameful or dirty."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI





"I don't think that sex is an all-important issue. The greatest problem is that of creating a greater love among all people."







"A nude beach is a lovely place. There is always good company, and when you don't have anything on, sun, water and wind seem closer and somehow healthier."

"Double or nothing."



Vargas

OF ALL THE GRANDEES at the court of King Alfonso of Aragon, Don Federico was, certainly, the most proud and honorable. His name was an ancient one, and he never forgot the fact that most of his forebears had died in battle for king or Christendom. Don Federico had two great sorrows in life—the death of his wife in childbirth and the thoroughly disappointing son she had given him.

On the surface, there was nothing wrong with Jaime, a pleasant enough lad of 14, who seemed to have at least two wits to rub together. But, having been brought up by servants, the boy seemed to have acquired the interests of servants—his great delight was eavesdropping at doors, hiding behind tapestries or lying concealed behind strategic hedges. In this way, he developed a vast and detailed knowledge of the clandestine sports carried on by certain ladies and gentlemen of the court. What was worse, he enjoyed describing all this—adding a few comic remarks of his own—to his father's menials.

When Don Federico discovered this, he sent for his son in a thunderous rage, forbade him on pain of death ever to speak again and packed him off to a family estate near Huesca. Now, whatever his faults, Jaime respected his father, who had never been known to utter a false word or idle threat in all his life. Jaime vowed to keep absolute silence and he kept his vow. It was rumored that Don Federico's son had suffered a severe illness that had deprived him of his speech and hearing (an affliction that some ladies attributed to the hand of God). After one year, Don Federico learned that his command had been kept, and he brought the boy back to court.

It so fell that the queen, observing the boy one day, was attracted by his looks. Learning that he was deaf and dumb, she suddenly had the idea that he could be useful to her in certain delicate matters, and so she requested Don Federico to permit Jaime to enter her personal service. The old nobleman could do nothing but agree, though with some misgivings. Again, he warned his son about the dramatic things that would happen if he spoke so much as a word—and Jaime nodded meekly in reply.

Queen Elisenda, as Jaime soon found out, was a lady of contrasts. In court, she looked like a stiff royal portrait—handsome, cold and disdainful. But in her own private apartments, with the stays and heavy brocades laid aside, there was an entirely different woman—rosy, voluptuous and cheerfully wanton. Jaime trembled with emotion as he held the

towel waiting for her to step out of the bath; his head swam as he carried her a tray of wine and biscuits while she lay naked on her bed. He was even more astounded to discover, very shortly, that the other half of the bed was likely to be occupied by the form of some gentleman or another who was definitely not the king.

Each day, almost every day, Jaime witnessed the most amazing and delicious scenes in the royal apartments, for Queen Elisenda was a lady of varied tastes, wide acquaintance among the noblemen of Spain and other countries and a remarkable enthusiasm for testing their manhood. Jaime nearly burst with all the gossip he contained; at night he returned to his room with his tongue swollen from biting back the words.

Now, it happened that a great banquet was to be held at which all the court would be present. King Alfonso had, on occasion, noticed the queen's new page and had become curious about his affliction. During the dinner, while Jaime was serving the queen, King Alfonso suddenly turned to Don Federico and put a question.

"Your poor son," said the king, "tell me if he was born without speech and hearing or was this misfortune the result of some accident?"

Don Federico had never lied in his life—and he was not ready to begin by deceiving his king. "Sire," he said, "the boy is quite capable of speech. It is only that I once commanded him, on pain of losing his life, to give up his habits of slander and to speak no more."

This story intrigued the king and he felt sorry for such a harsh penalty. "I am sure," he said, "that the child has suffered enough and has learned his lesson. He seems a brisk, well-mannered, honest lad, and I urge you to remove the ban."

Don Federico was much troubled and he hesitated a long time, thinking that only evil could come of it. But at last the king's leniency prevailed. Don Federico ordered his son to speak.

After all the long silence and this sudden piece of good fortune, Jaime was dazed. A huge bee swarm of words buzzed and tumbled about in his head. For a moment he was still dumb. Then, giving way to something he could not control, his mouth seemed to open of its own accord.

Jaime looked at the king and said, "Sire, I must tell you that your wife is the most wanton and shameless whore in the whole of Christendom."

—Retold by Charles Powell

dumb jaime, and how he spoke



testimony in the proceedings (continued from page 121)

because the car was programed for so many seconds' wait on the ground floor, and Ed looked up at the ceiling and said, "All right, you son of a bitch, let go of it!" And he stuck his middle finger up, you know. At the time, I didn't think anything about it, but I can see now, it was a little extreme in the circumstances. EDWARD CAPARELL: At the time, I didn't know Mr. Stiver was my enemy, or I might have been more careful about what I said and did.

LUCAS STIVER: I'm not your enemy, Ed.

EDWARD CAPARELL: In any case, that remark and that gesture, together, were just a *reprise* of a gag I remember from years ago, at Hootney, Mars and Bean, where we had a notoriously tight office manager, a real penny squeezer, fellow named Bragg; and one day in the can somebody was pulling at the towel machine, which was set up for a long interval, and he said, "Goddamn it, Bragg, let go of the towel, I know you're in there!" That was all *that* was.

JUSTICE MEANY: Thank you, Mr. Caparell. You may go on, Mr. Stiver.

LUCAS STIVER: Well, we were standing there, waiting for the elevator to take off, and the Muzak was playing. I didn't notice until Ed called to my attention that the music was a steel band, and they were all singing some calypso song, and Ed said he wished the damned elevator would start up, because he was still cold from walking all the way from Grand Central, and the Muzak was trying to convince him he was in Jamaica. I remember he laughed a little and he said, "I feel environmentally confused."

ESTHER MEAGAN: I remember that same morning, because of the snowstorm. When I heard Mr. Caparell come in, I went and got him a jug of coffee, as I did every morning, and then I remembered that the cigarette box on his desk was empty, so I grabbed a pack of cigarettes somebody had left on my desk; I figured I didn't have time to run down to the machine. When Mr. Caparell saw the package, he said, "What are *those*?" And I said, "Brand-new account, haven't you heard? Treats. They have less nicotine than anything." And Mr. Caparell said, "I don't know about the other folks, but I drink whiskey for the alcohol in it and I smoke cigarettes because I get a message from the nicotine in them and the rich, nourishing tars, so you just drag your ass downstairs and get me a deck of king-size Burtons." He had never spoken to me in such a manner before. I thought it was very strange of him. I was upset.

JUSTICE MEANY: Still, wouldn't you agree that Mr. Caparell may only have been angry? Many men react strongly if they are asked to change the habit of years, and I gather that Mr. Caparell had smoked Burtons for some time.

ESTHER MEAGAN: Yes, but he kept on about it for so long. He kept making up slogans, like, "Let me treat you to a Treat," and then making noises as if he were, well, vomiting. And after he had finished his coffee, he was standing by the window in his office, it's a big window, the whole wall is window, and he called me in and pointed to the Chrysler Building, which we could just see, through the snow, and he said, "What would you like to bet that by three this afternoon there'll be nothing but that skinny spike on top sticking out of the snow?"

EDWARD CAPARELL: A whimsy, nothing more or less. Although at the time, I considered it entirely possible and, as a matter of fact, I still do. Not only possible but attractive. To any rational mind, the idea of New York City under 1250 feet of fresh snow is irresistibly appealing.

J. F. T. DORTMUND: I don't believe I had any contact with Ed Caparell on the day Miss Meagan and Mr. Stiver have told us about, but I did talk to him not long afterward, probably three or four days later. I can date it by Miss Meagan's remark on the Treat account. As head of the research department of the agency, Ed would naturally be one of the first I'd call in. We talked about it in general terms at first and then I told him that the Treat people had a kind of secret weapon up their sleeves, a technological breakthrough in the manufacturing process that would enable them to undersell any competing brand by as much as a dime a pack, if they wanted to. And of course I told Ed that we were going to have to come up with a reason, a justification for this, because if you cut the price of a product 25 percent, people are going to think there must be something wrong with it. He said why didn't we work it out that the Treat research people had cut costs by eliminating the major expense, the tobacco itself. He said we could say that the cigarette was made of healthful herbs, impregnated with synthetic tobacco essence, noncarcinogenic and all that. He said that the slogan could be, "Give your tired old lungs a Treat." I tried to see the humor in all this, but I remember thinking that it certainly bordered on the irresponsible, coming from a man of Ed's experience. Later on I remember thinking that perhaps that was the root of the trouble: too many years on the firing line. We're in a rough game, we all know that. Anyway, we went on to other things. I told him a new account executive was joining the agency, he was the one who was bringing the business, and I told him the name, Angelo Salzman. Ed gave a perceptible sign of recognition and, well, surprise, and I asked him if he knew Salzman. He said no, he didn't, but it was an odd name and he had known an

Angelo Salzman in grade school. He said it couldn't be the same one.

JUSTICE MEANY: Did he explain his thinking?

J. F. T. DORTMUND: Yes, he did, but unless it's absolutely necessary, I'd rather not go into it . . .

JUSTICE MEANY: We are concerned here with a man's liberty, Mr. Dortmund, and we require the fullest elucidation of every scrap of information we can find.

J. F. T. DORTMUND: Well, Ed said it couldn't be the same Angelo Salzman, because the Salzman he knew had been clearly destined to be a concentration-camp guard or an ax murderer. He said Salzman was the biggest louse he'd ever known and certainly somebody must have shot him by now.

JUSTICE MEANY: Were you present when Mr. Caparell and Mr. Salzman met?

J. F. T. DORTMUND: Yes, I introduced them.

JUSTICE MEANY: What were their respective attitudes?

J. F. T. DORTMUND: Ed looked stunned. He went white and then red and at first I thought he wouldn't be able to say anything. Salzman looked surprised, too, but then he seemed to think it was funny, and he laughed and sort of ran at Ed and grabbed his hand and called him Old Jug-Ears. He actually picked him up like a baby and swung him around. He kept saying, "You remember me, don't you. Ed? You remember old Slingshot Salzman from St. Ignatius, don't you? By God, you ought to remember me!"

JUSTICE MEANY: I think we should hear now from Mr. Salzman. Mr. Salzman, it will not be necessary for you to testify from the witness stand. You may speak from your wheelchair.

ANGELO SALZMAN: Thank you, your Honor. Well, I met Ed Caparell in the autumn of 1940, when we were both in the eighth grade at St. Ignatius school in Bloomstown, Pennsylvania. We had a normal relationship for that school and that time, I would say, although I would admit that I probably was happier in the eighth grade than Ed was. St. Ignatius was in a kind of across-the-tracks district, and it was known as a tough school. If you couldn't take care of yourself, you could count on a certain amount of trouble. Despite what has happened, I want to be fair, and I have to say that Ed Caparell probably got picked on more than most kids. It is true to say, as he has said, that I picked on him some, but the important thing to remember is that there was nothing personal about it. Partly it was just my nature; I was an overenergized, extroverted kid. Partly, well, in that school, in St. Ignatius, everybody picked on somebody, that's the kind of place it was. And Ed Caparell, he was sort of a natural victim. Now, about the slingshot and my

(continued on page 236)



"What brings you to this neck o' the woods?"

WATTS WORKSHOP (continued from page 111)

Abruptly, the "dramatic" pabulum spoon-fed to us happy vidiots by our patronizing sponsors was flung from our trays. Into our living rooms raged an element that is usually forbidden on television—*life*, and its dark, red underbelly, *death*. Not spurious, TV-gun-smoke death but the undignified red hole in the flesh and the unrehearsed crumple of the wasted corpse—the real thing. A ragged army of thousands was surging through the burning streets spewing its hatred of white cops and "white devils" in general. The angry black braves found excitement and release in the fires lighting up the skies over the city they considered their enemy.

A guest in my house for this impromptu television show was a New York columnist who had come to write funnies on Lotusland, the hippies of Sunset Strip and topless waitresses serving luncheon pizzas to pie-eyed patrons of the arts. Los Angeles is a "pigeon" at point-blank range for visiting humorists. But this time our guest had a serious question: "What the hell is going on down there?"

I didn't know. The more I watched, the more I realized that I had no idea what was going on down there. Or if I knew the *what*, I could make only an educated guess at the *why*. But I knew it only in my head. And it wasn't something one could read up on in books. I had read my share, from the autobiography of Frederick Douglass to Dr. Clark's *Dark Ghetto*, the angry essays of Baldwin and the abrasive *Autobiography of Malcolm X*.

What was I to do? As an American writer still oriented toward social fiction, I felt an itch, an irresistible urge to know. I held to the old-fashioned notion that an author has a special obligation to his society, an obligation to understand it and to serve as its conscience. Melville and Whitman had known this. So had Twain and Howells, Norris and London, Sandburg and MacLeish, Sinclair and Dos Passos, Wright and Steinbeck. The responsible American writer makes it his duty to report on his corner of the nation. Los Angeles is my corner. I was raised there. I had gone to Watts in my youth to hear T-Bone Walker and other local jazzmen in the honky-tonks of what was then a small rural chunk of the South tossed into the outskirts of the crazy-quilt sprawl that was and is Los Angeles. In the Sixties, Watts was no longer 6000 but 30,000; the black ghetto of south Los Angeles had leaped to 320,000 in an exploding county population of 6,000,000, but was still the bottom-dog tenth.

I was there in Los Angeles. I was self-appointed to go to Watts while the fires

were still smoldering. So out of lush, plush, white, bright Beverly Hills, my New York-columnist friend and I drove south to the Santa Monica Freeway and east to the Harbor Freeway, and turned off on Century Boulevard, which runs from the 21st Century silhouette of the International Airport on the west to the dilapidated railroad station of Watts on the east. The first cliché reaction of the traveler to Watts is: Why, what's all the complaining about? This looks a hundred percent better than Harlem or the Negro slums of any Eastern city. Look at the nice wide, tree-lined streets and the attractive little individual houses with their neatly trimmed flower beds and their well-kept lawns. Yes, there are such houses, block after block, and the first impression might be of a comfortable lower-middle-class city in the Midwest. We found sunshine in Watts, and a deceptive suburbia, with small palm trees. But when we took a harder look, we could see that the palm trees were growing like the people, as if they really did not have their hearts in it. Then, moving on beyond Success Street, we also found 103rd Street, the mainstream of Watts that had won notoriety a few days before as Charcoal Alley Number One. I had not seen such devastation since, as a member of an OSS team in World War Two, I had driven into German cities to collect incriminatory documents. Burned-out supermarkets were smoldering. Pawnshops and liquor stores were piles of rubble and shattered glass. There hung over the heart streets of Watts that terrible silence that descends on battlegrounds the day after a truce has been declared.

Just off embattled, embittered 103rd Street stood a pale-green two-story stucco building. It stood alone now, because everything around it had been burned to the ground. This was the Westminster Neighborhood Association, a social-service agency founded by the Presbyterian Church. There were a few shabby offices and some bare classrooms and a recreation room that looked more like a forlorn pool hall. Troubled young men were being encouraged to come in off the hot streets, where there was nothing to do but grumble about the Man and how he finally had thrown more firepower at the brothers than they could handle. Westminster was offering classes for illiterates, teenage and adult. There was a dancing class, lacking instruments or a record player, and some basic English and Negro history. In an unadorned assembly hall, kids banged on an old out-of-tune piano and formed spontaneous singing groups and put on haphazard variety shows. There was some psychiatric help and some efforts to assist severely depressed families in the nearby housing project, and that was about it,

a far cry from the great settlement houses teeming with self-improvement in the old East Side Jewish ghetto of New York.

An energetic, plain-talking young socialworker from Harlem and CCNY guided this first tour of Miseryland, the dark side of the shimmering Los Angeles moon. In the poolroom, I tried to shake hands with young men whose eyes would roam the floor and the walls when mine tried to meet theirs and who would not put out their hands in the somewhat meaningless gesture of greeting our white civilization cultivates.

"Most of these brothers have just gotten out of jail," our spirited escort from CCNY explained. "Some of them were leaders in the revolt. Others were just standing on corners watching when they were handcuffed and dragged in. Even before the revolt, it was a miracle if a young man on the streets without a job could avoid building up a record. Once they've got a record, it's practically impossible to get a job. Not that there are jobs to get—in rich, beautiful L.A., we've got an unemployment problem worse than the country had in the Depression thirty years ago."

One of the teenagers, very shabby and very black, missed his shot at the lumpy pool table and growled at me, "I was on a motherfuckin' chain gang in the South. Every goddamn day, the Man takes me out and beats my ass. Finally I get away and hitchhike to L.A. New scene. Another chance. Two days later, I'm busted here. Not doin' nothin', jus' huntin' me a place to sleep. The Man picks me up and whops on me jus' like back home. Sheeit, man, I had it with Whitey." He glared at me as if I were all the white Kluxers whose gauntlet he had been running all of his 17 years, and turned back to his game of pool.

"I didn't mean to get you insulted," said our bustling guide from Westminster. "But if you come down here, you might as well see it like it is. I don't have to tell you these kids are hostile. They feel so trapped and frustrated they're almost going out of their minds. We don't want to turn off their hostility and turn them into Uncle Toms. But we want to guide them so they can turn those energies into constructive works. It's discouraging. Every day there are a hundred human crises. I figure if we help one in a hundred, we're doing something."

I sat down on a box behind a group of young teenagers who were staring dully at daytime television on a set that looked like a throwback to the middle Fifties. I squirmed when the commercials came on. Like most upper-middlebrows, I am conditioned against commercials. The cigarette sells and the instant relief from body odors that introduce you to a whole new world of romance and acceptance—it's all too much and we laugh at it, put reverse American on it

(continued on page 164)

TURTLENECKS TAKE OVER

casting off the tie that binds for casual elegance on the town

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN First-rank restaurants and night spots, including the Playboy Clubs, have now opened their doors to gentlemen who have tastefully coupled a suit or sports coat with a turtleneck. Tableside and tieless in a posh dining room, these two chaps keep both beauty and bubbly close at hand while wearing (left to right): a wool twill two-button shaped suit, by J. Schoeneman, \$100, over a wool mock turtleneck, by Catalina Martin, \$19; and a corduroy double-breasted suit, with flap pockets and deep side vents, by Stanley Blacker, \$70, topped off with a cable wool turtleneck, by Robert Bruce, \$18.



WATTS WORKSHOP (continued from page 162)

and, with smug superiority, accept it as part of the game. It's Camp to comment on how much more you enjoy the way-out commercials than the so-called entertainment sandwiched in between. You can have your easy chuckle at the expense of Marlboro and Right Guard and Mr. Clean. But I said *squirm*. My first afternoon in Watts, I knew I had never watched TV that way before. It was eerie to watch these men-children watching the promised land held up to them through the magic of the television tube. So near and yet so far. Look but don't touch. Catch a glimpse of the water, but don't you dare take off those ragged clothes! They were dropouts and they were jobless and some of them slept in doorways and in the backs of cars, prey to police harassment and the vices that seem to offer momentary escape. And what was the commercial offering them? An opportunity to get in on the ground floor of a new real-estate developer's dream—Holiday Hills (or something like that), each individual split-level home facing the golf course—and, of course, each with its own swimming pool, "no longer a millionaire's prerogative, but within reach of even the budget-minded homemaker."

I watched those black kids watching this white real-estate nirvana. I felt their anger, expressed in soft epithets and compressed humor. "Sheeit, man!" "I think I'll buy me two of 'em, one f' my white maid." They broke themselves up. They were laughing, but it wasn't good-natured, easy laughter. It was their own, stylish way of reacting to a challenge, a brutal challenge of a society that was selling swimming pools and golf courses and, at the same time, warning them to keep off the grass.

I remember feeling, as I watched them watch that absurd American dream of a commercial, that if they walked out of that crummy pool hall and went down the block to the one supermarket still standing there (and still offering substandard meats and vegetables at prices higher than Beverly Hills)—if you had been with me in that scaly "recreation" room and felt the vibrations from those kids who had dropped out or had been dropped out of our society—the burning of a supermarket would have seemed, if not forgivable, more understandable.

From the pool hall, we walked over to the Jordan Downs Housing Project. The units are adequate for young married couples who can afford \$85 per month. But God or Allah help you if you have four, five or six children, or frequently eight, nine or ten. Walking back to the beat-up Westminster building, the crude beginning of what may one day become a thriving settlement house, I heard myself asking the inevitable question of the concerned white visitor: "Is there

anything I can do? Is there anything one person—not an organization, but just a single person—can do?"

"Don't send Johnny Roseboro or this year's star quarterback. Just because our kids are mostly high school dropouts doesn't mean they're dumb. I can show you dropouts with I.Q.s of 140. These kids are so frustrated they're going out of their minds—some of them literally. They need motivation, stimulation—you said you were a writer—maybe you could start a writer's class."

How did I begin? These days, I receive letters from ghetto neighborhood groups in Cincinnati and San Francisco and Philadelphia asking that question, as if there were some special magic we bottled to launch our Watts Writers Workshop. I simply posted a notice on the Westminster bulletin board—"CREATIVE WRITING CLASS—ALL INTERESTED SIGN BELOW." Simple as that. It would be pleasant to add that a dozen aspiring young writers signed immediately and we were off and writing. But it didn't happen that way. The truth was, nobody signed up. Nobody came. Week after week, I sat there like an idiot shepherd without a flock, shuffling my notes and idly reading the community papers, the *Sentinel* and the throwaways scattered around the small cluttered room that actually was a kind of pantry for the Westminster kitchen. Sometimes I wandered down Beach Street to 103rd. People glared at me. I felt unwanted. I could catch the tone of angry muttering. "Dig the gray beast! What the fuck you think he's up to?" Sometimes I'd be confronted directly. "The white man's heaven is the black man's hell!" a lean, ragged youngster who looked and sounded like a teenage Malcolm would challenge me as I passed.

What to do? Give up? Admit that a white man, no matter how altruistic he believes his motives to be, has no place in a black ghetto? I decided to tough it out—at least to try it not for three weeks but for three months—or longer—if necessary. But I thought I would try new tactics. Nobody knew me on Beach Street. Nobody could figure out what I was up to. It was still only a month or so after the curfew had been lifted and the National Guard withdrawn: 103rd Street was still suffering from a sense of psychological siege. Whitey was fuzz. Whitey was power structure. Whitey was "Travelin' Sam Yorty," the mayor, and his police chief, Parker, against whom the people of Watts seemed to feel a hatred similar to the feeling of the Jews for Hitler and Himmler. White was the color of the enemy that held you in and blocked you off and put you down and held you there at the business end of the billy club and the bayonet point.

I thought I would try, as a calling card, the film *On the Waterfront* that I

had written and made with director Elia Kazan. Since the street kids who were my prospective students had no money to go to the movies, I suggested to some staff members at Westminster that I might talk to the manager of a local theater—get him to run the picture for us at some hour that would not compete with commercial showings. My suggestion trailed off. I could see the Westminster workers looking at one another and shaking their heads. Across the narrow street was a temporary office of the McCone Commission that was spending some \$300,000 on a report on the whys and wherefores of the riot. But I found myself a committee of one getting a first-hand lesson in the realities of Watts, a lesson without end.

"Don't you know there's no such thing as a movie theater in Watts?" one Westminster staff member said.

"You've got to go all the way up to midtown, ten or twelve miles, about two dollars round trip," said the other.

So I borrowed a sound projector and a 16mm print of *Waterfront* and we ran the picture in the makeshift Westminster assembly hall. It was mid-September 1965. It was like a midsummer night, suffocatingly hot. There was no air conditioning, not even fans. Our audience consisted of 30 restless teenagers, some of them from Westminster's Youth Training and Employment Program, some of them hard-core trouble kids, troubled and troublemaking, some of them on glue and dropping red devils, thrill-seeking some escape from what the halfhearted McCone Report later called "the dull, devastating spiral of failure."

All of a sudden, there was a commotion across the street. A crowd was forming in front of the prosperous two-story building across from our center. "This place is in a worse depression than the country as a whole was in the early Thirties," said an angry staff worker. "But that shop over there does the best business in town." He was referring to the mortuary.

I looked around and realized that I had lost my audience. I followed them to the street and learned the nature of the competition. A six-month-old baby had died. The mother's grief was intensified by the bitter knowledge that the prompt arrival of an ambulance and a hospital closer than the County General Hospital a dozen miles away might have saved her child.

So, outside the mortuary on Beach Street, while my movie was running in an empty room, I was learning another important lesson about Watts. Nearly all the things that we take for granted uptown as part of the comforts of city living are brutally missing in Watts. In an area of large families and inadequate housing, prone to accidents and the illnesses of undernourishment, there are

“You Scotch
drinkers sound like
a broken record.

Johnnie Walker Red
Johnnie Walker Red
Johnnie Walker Red.”



Johnnie Walker Red, so smooth it's the world's largest-selling Scotch.

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fewer doctors and substandard medical care. The laying out of that infant during the "premiere" of *On the Waterfront* in Watts still burns in my mind as image and symbol of the true meaning of medical deprivation.

You may read in the bloodless language of the McCone Report that "the Commission believes that immediate and favorable consideration should be given to a new, comprehensively equipped hospital in the area." What the authors of the McCone Report have achieved is masterful in a negative way. They have succeeded in describing an urgently critical situation in the comfortable language of bureaucratic polysyllables.

In Watts, I have heard it said over and over again. "You know what the real trouble is—nobody cares. You white people uptown don't give a damn about us. Hell, even our own middle-class Negroes who move out to Compton or west of the Freeway don't care about us. That's why we don't have a hospital and we don't have a moviehouse and we don't have hot meals and libraries in our schools and we don't have a bus system that'll take us to the jobs and we don't have—well, you name it and we don't have it."

One tries to assure the protester that

actually there are thousands in the comfortable and cozy white neighborhoods who care. But one of the tragedies is that there has been no communication between Watts and the more prosperous communities. In the beginning was the word, and despite Field Marshal McLuhan, I refuse to lose faith in the word. In those early months in Watts, I continued to hope that we would find some communication through the words put together meaningfully to express frustrations, feelings, thoughts, ideas.

At last my first recruit arrived. I shall always be grateful to him. His spirit, his determination to rise from the ashes inspired all of us. Charles Johnson. Nineteen years old but looking a dozen years older. Round-faced, pudgy, but, you felt, not a man you'd like to mess with. A veteran of the county jail during the revolt. A veteran of a lot of things. I had met him on that first visit to the pool hall. He had told me how the police had busted him while he was standing on a corner watching the fires. "I don't have to tell you what they did to me—I can show you the marks," he had said quietly.

At that first visit to my nonexistent class, Charles Johnson talked with me for almost three hours. Just the two of us. Starting very slowly. Feeling each

other out. Groping. Searching. After the first hour, it got easier. I think both of us were a little surprised that we could talk to each other as honestly as we did. He asked me what my purpose was in setting up this class. "Nothing up my sleeve," I said. "It's just that I'm sick of people talking about the problem—the Negro problem, as the whites call it, the white problem, as *Ebony* calls it—and not doing something personal about it. I'm not the antipoverty program. I'm not the N Double-A CP. I'm just me, a writer, here to see if I can find other writers."

"Now I'll tell you the truth," Charles said. "Some of the brothers didn't like the sight of you. In fact, some of them wanted to stomp you. But I told 'em, 'Lemme see what the cat is up to first.'"

Thus, Charles Johnson became the charter member of the Watts Writers Workshop. "I got things to write about," he said, "only I don't know if they're stories."

He told me a few. I said, "Stories aren't fancy things like the *Arabian Nights*. They're the things you've been doing, what you did in the uprising last month, what you're thinking about now—that's what writing is."

Our first textbook was *Manchild in the Promised Land*, by Claude Brown. Charles Johnson and I read some of it out loud together. By the time he was nine years old, Claude Brown was a manchild, a respected thief and full-fledged member of The 40 Thieves. At 13, when the white kids of suburbanland were playing Little League baseball and going on cookouts with their dads, Claude was lying on the dirty floor of a fish-and-chips house in Harlem with a bullet in his gut.

I read these paragraphs from *Manchild* out loud to Charles:

I went around the corner to Butch's house. After I convinced him that I was alone, he opened the door. He said that Kid and Danny were in the kitchen. I saw Kid sitting on the floor with his hand stuck way down in a gallon jar of pickled pigs' ears. Danny was cooking some bacon at the stove, and Butch was busy hiding stuff. It looked as though these guys had stolen a whole grocery store. While I joined the feast, they took turns telling me about the riot. Danny and Kid hadn't gone home the night before; they were out following the crowds and looting.

My only regret was that I had missed the excitement. I said, "Why don't we have another riot tonight? Then Butch and me can get in it."

Danny said there were too many cops around to have a riot now. Butch said that they had eaten up



"I'm sure he's the one, Sarge. He's a sociopathic personality with clearly indicated schizoid and depressive tendencies."

all the bread and that he was going to steal some more. I asked if I could come along with him, and he said that I could if I promised to do nothing but watch. I promised, but we both knew that I was lying.

Kid and Danny and Butch were ten years old, four years older than Claude. To the outside world, they were little hoodlums; in fact, already sophisticated criminals. To Claude Brown's inside world, they were valiant soldiers on the battle streets of Harlem, fighting for survival.

Charles Johnson's first reaction to *Manchild* was, "Wow! That's a real tough book. I didn't know you could put words like that in a book. Sounds just like we talk on 103rd Street. Everything he puts in that book, that's just like what's going on here in Watts. I could tell a hundred stories just like it."

Sometimes Charles would bring a friend with him, a gangly, homeless teenager who is considered retarded. Call him Luke. I had been warned that Luke could become violent and that unaccountably he had attacked a Westminster staff worker. Sometimes Luke would wander into the empty little classroom and sit down beside me and, with his dark, sad, sensitive face only a few inches from mine, would stare at me while Charles and I were discussing a possible story. It was unnerving, but somehow Luke and I got used to each other. He did not write, although Charles said he had interesting ideas, but he sketched surprisingly well.

And this derelict, whom some considered a village idiot, was strangely dependable. As the Westminster youth training program absorbed hundreds of jobless teenagers, our original cubbyhole was pre-empted and we would often be shunted to some other makeshift classroom. A sign would have to be posted telling prospective members where to find us. Luke would take off on his long, cranelike legs and the notice was posted impeccably and punctually. Luke was not writing, but he seemed proud of the writing class. He seemed pleased to have these little jobs to do. In order to understand Watts and the creative element so alive in Watts, it may be necessary to understand Luke. When the police pulled him out of the back of a parked car that was his bedroom of expediency and locked him in the hated 77th Street Precinct on the usual charge of suspected armed robbery, a crowd of many hundreds marched on the jailhouse. They were trying to tell the police something about Luke. They were trying to say that Luke needs more than an overcharge of robbery and a hard time in jail. The police did not get the message. They spoke to the protesters with shotgun butts. That is the present state of communications between the people



"Perhaps you should have a heart-to-heart talk with him. He's been receiving quite a few books from Grove Press."

of Watts and the defenders of law and order and the *status quo*.

The writing class was growing. There was a mysterious 18-year-old who had dropped out of Jordan High School in his junior year and had left the home of his stepmother and ten half-brothers and sisters, living thereafter from hand to mouth. He looked like a shy, unathletic, unkempt, underdeveloped Cassius (What's-My-Name?) Ali. He handed me a poem, on a small scrap of paper, in longhand. By Leumas Sirrah. It was titled *Infinite*. I paused after the first line: "Never know a begin of me." My immediate reaction was, "Begin? You can't use *begin* as a noun." But something whispered to me, "Wait a minute, before you begin to destroy this shabby, withdrawn, suspicious man-child with improvements, say the line again." *Never know a begin of me*. It may be one of those original lines that go on beating in your head long after the impeccably Victorian lines have died like cut flowers. Every week after that, Leumas Sirrah handed me three or four new poems, *Godandman*, *You and I*, *Me I'm Black*, *One Two Three*—he would hand them to me and say: "Criticism." But they were the kind of poems I would have to take home and sleep on and ponder. With Leumas came another teenage high school dropout, Ernest Archie Mayhand, Jr., who shared with Leumas the chancy,

marginal life of the child in search of his manhood, his identity in the dark ghetto. He listened and indulged in long, philosophical discussions with the mysterious Leumas Sirrah regarding the latter's abstract, metaphysical poetry questing for God, unity and identity.

Our young poet's corner on Beach Street was joined by older prose writers who found their way to us by word of mouth: Roly-poly, half-defeated Harry Dolan, in his middle 30s, in the process of being retrained as a glass blower to support his four children, arrived with a battered briefcase full of unfinished manuscripts. He had been everything from city-hall janitor and a porter at Filene's in Boston to a weekly Negro-newspaper reporter. Time was running out for Harry Dolan. But he still wanted to prove to himself and hopefully to the outside world that he should be a writer and not a glass blower or a janitor. Since this was a workshop, my job wasn't to teach Harry Dolan how to write or even what to write—the real stuff of ghetto life beat strongly in all the scraps and false starts and incomplete rewrites he had to show. The job was simply for Harry Dolan to organize himself, his material, his talent. He seemed to have everything but self-confidence. Pick the piece you like best, concentrate on it, don't stop until you know it is the best you can do with it, get a clean, finished

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copy and move on to the next. That was about all the teaching I had to offer Harry Dolan, and from this gentle nudge flowed essays such as *Will There Be Another Riot in Watts?*, short stories such as *I Remember Poppa*, plays like *Losers Weepers*.

There was also Birdell Chew, a lady in her 50s; like so many Watts residents, a migrant from the rural South, a philosophical veteran of the hard life, active in the struggle of the community to pull itself up from the depths of despair and neglect and apathy and a tragic sense of alienation from the white overlords. She took it as personal affront that the mayor was more concerned with dropping the nuclear bomb on the Vietnamese than with coming to grips with the fearful pressures of a decomposed inner city, where male unemployment was one third, where two thirds of the teenagers were doomed never to finish high school, where the old winos went muttering through the vacant lots still strewn with rubble from the revolt of 1965.

Like Harry Dolan, Birdell Chew had been wanting to write all her life. My first reaction to the first chapter of her novel in progress—years in progress—was similar to my impulsive response to Leumas Sirrah's first line of *Infinite*: "Looks hopeless—can't spell or punctuate—trips over her own syntax—semi-literate." But I took it home and made only the most necessary, simple, grammatical adjustments. Our secretary—by then we needed a special secretary for the Workshop writing alone—typed a

clean copy. When I read the first chapter of Birdell's book again, it was like looking through a window that had been cleaned after gathering dust and crust for years. Suddenly everything was clear and beautiful in its simplicity. Her two little swamp children caked with mud and ignorance, who make a profound discovery at the far end of their glades, say something about the meaning and impact of education in a fresh and original way. I had read nothing like it before. When Birdell read that first chapter aloud to our growing Workshop group, you could dust off that old show-biz saw: There wasn't a dry eye in the house. Birdell Chew took literally our Workshop maxim: "Write only what you know." A lady had dropped off a fetching, shy six-year-old child at Birdell's modest house in Watts, asking Birdell and her daughter to baby-sit for the day. The mother never returned. Birdell loved this "adopted" daughter and decided to write a story about her. In her first version, it was a three-page sketch of a story. Class by class, the story evolved until it became the full-length *Lady Linder*. At one Workshop session, we read all four versions, from its brief, tentative beginning to its final copy, to study how a story grows.

Other would-be and should-be writers came, people who had been working at it all their lives and were yet to be published, such as James Thomas Jackson, from Temple, Texas, who had drifted into Watts from Houston, by odd coincidence, on the first night of the uprising.

His greeting from Los Angeles was to be stopped by police without his having the faintest idea of what was going on. Since then, James Jackson had been trying to hold himself together by sweeping out the hoary Eagle Café on South Western Avenue. His class conferences were sprinkled with references to Melville and Hawthorne; and once when he mentioned Fitzgerald, he added: "I'm talking of Scott now, not Edward, though I dig a lot of Edward FitzGerald, too." Mr. Jackson has written a dozen chapters of a novel about a Negro Army unit in World War Two—*Shade of Darkness*. I had only to read a few chapters to know we had another genuine writer in our group.

And then there was Sonora McKeller, born and raised in Watts, known all over the area as "Aunt Fanny," a militant community-action worker recognized for her cleanly written and strongly delivered speeches to antipoverty groups. Sonora is also a human melting pot or a one-woman League of Nations, part Afro-American, part German, part Apache Indian, part Mexican. She has been everything from a chorus girl to a south Los Angeles Joan of Arc.

Then there was 20-year-old Johnie Scott, who drank wine and dropped red devils with the most abandoned of the desperate black children of 103rd Street, but who survived, miraculously, to become one of the few of his generation in Watts to graduate from Jordan High School and to find his own eloquent voice as a kind of poet laureate of ghetto Watts.

And Jimmy Sherman, high school dropout, who had also gone through a period of personal rebellion, turning to wine, marijuana, gang fighting, but who was now a reformed GI teaching boxing at a Teen Post, who filled out his application for the Workshop with the significant phrase, "I had made up verses since I was a little boy, but taking part in the revolt of Watts and thinking about what it had meant to me for days afterward that made me realize that what I really wanted to be was a writer, not just for myself but for all of us who want justice in America."

By the spring of 1966, we had outgrown the small offices and classrooms we had been using at Westminster. Westminster itself was bursting at the seams as its various antipoverty, self-development programs multiplied. So we moved up to 103rd Street, on good old Charcoal Alley Number One, into the Watts Happening Coffee House, an abandoned furniture store that the young people of the area had transformed—industriously and ingeniously—into an art center. There were homemade paintings on the walls, a few of them fascinating, a lot of them promising, some of them god-awful. There is a stage where poetry readings and self-



"What would you say about the evils of LSD if I told you that I tripled my sales record for fiscal 1966-1967 after taking a trip?"

propelled plays such as Jimmy Sherman's *Ballad from Watts* and musical entertainments are performed weekly. There are Happenings and political discussions that lean toward extreme black nationalism, and a record player that swings everything from the Supremes and Lou Rawls to grand opera. If the Westminster Neighborhood Association had been the first beacon of hope I had been able to find in Watts, the Watts Happening Coffee House was an oasis of self-improvement and self-expression.

The Watts Writers Workshop was adding new members at every meeting. Young poets Alvin Saxon, Jr. ("Ojenke"), and tall, willowy, vague and deep Emmerly Evans. A 40-year-old from Indiana, Mississippi, Harley Mims. Our first Mexican contributor, warm, enthusiastic Guadalupe de Saavedra. Young black militant and talented Vallejo Ryan Kennedy. A 20-year-old product of 103rd Street who stammers badly but whose words pour out on paper with a "deep blue feeling," Edna Gipson. Young matrons in their early 30s who tend toward the *Ebony*-reading middle class but who seemed to find new life in brushing shoulders with the troubled or angry kids of the Watts ghetto—Jeanne Taylor and Blossom Powe.

By summer 1966, the Watts Writers Workshop was becoming a kind of group celebrity. *Los Angeles* magazine published the poetry of Johnnie Scott, Jimmy Sherman and Leumas Sirrah and they found themselves attracting national attention. Irving Stone called to express his enthusiasm and suggested I come to a dinner of a local authors' circle to read more of the works of Scott, Sherman and Sirrah and to describe the activities of the Workshop. Edward P. Morgan broadcast several of the poems by Leumas on his radio program and a special advisor to Sargent Shriver called from Washington to say that Mr. Shriver had been tremendously impressed. Vice-President Humphrey seemed to dig Leumas also, and could we come to Washington and perhaps discuss cultural possibilities in the antipoverty field? *Time* magazine reprinted the poems from *Los Angeles* magazine with an article in the "Education" section on new approaches to school dropouts in the ghetto. Finally, NBC-TV devoted an hour of prime time to *The Angry Voices of Watts*—Johnnie Scott, Harry Dolan, Leumas Sirrah, James Thomas Jackson, Birdell Chew and Sonora McKeller reading their poems, essays and stories under the imaginative direction of my brother, Stuart Schulberg, whose camera roamed the streets of Watts, from the soaring Simon Rodia towers to the grubby back streets, as the writers of Watts became their own narrators.

A moving poem such as Johnnie Scott's

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CELANESE FORTREL[®]
A CONTEMPORARY FASHION FIBER

Watts, 1966, could be brought to life realistically on brooding, blistering 103rd Street. But the abstract, metaphysical poetry of Leumas Sirrah was a puzzling challenge. "How would you illustrate your poem *Infinite*? Stuart asked Leumas. Leumas, high school dropout, on probation, police-harassed, penniless, living the desperately marginal life of the man-child in the unpromised land of Watts, went off to meditate. In a few moments he returned. His answer was a question: "Are you able to photograph a teardrop?"

Stuart promised to try. For weeks, he and his integrated camera crew, guided by our Workshop writers, roamed the main streets and the back alleys of Watts photographing and recording what had been considered dangerously unphotographable—the angers and the fears and the frustrations and the teardrops of the inner ghetto. The program was presented on the first anniversary of the holocaust and the national reaction exceeded the most sanguine expectations. The reviews from coast to coast sounded as if they had been written by Stuart Schulberg or Harry Dolan or Johnie Scott. NBC monitors reported that there were more phone calls and letters for this program than for any since the Huntley-Brinkley telecast of the Goldwater Election Night debacle.

I do not mean to suggest that everything was hunky-dory. There was many a hard day's night in the Coffee House. The Man was still a target for abuse and I was the only one available. Young angries would walk up to our large circle and heckle, "Absurd! A white man trying to teach black men! What can a white cat tell the brothers about art? We've got soul, man. You ain't got no soul. You got white shit in your heart!" Other angries would bang the piano or the bongos to drown out the poets or would turn up the hi-fi until it sounded as loud as the sirens of the police cars forever screaming up and down 103rd Street, the shrill and ever-present voice of the enemy.

One day we tried a writing exercise: to choose the one word that would sum up the aspirations of Watts, with a 500-word explanation. Harry Dolan said, "A chance." Birdell Chew said, "Justice." Ernest Mayhand said, "Respect." Leumas Sirrah said, "Identity." Jimmy Sherman said, "Dignity, or pride."

Some young painters and musicians on the periphery of our group burst in with fierce impatience:

"Why fool around with a lot of fancy words for what we want? We all know what we want—freedom. It's the one word. The one true thing. We're tired of all the maybes. We're tired of talking about hopes. Without freedom, we aren't alive. We're walking dead men. We

can't wait for your President's Great Society . . ."

They were interrupted by a young man who had taught himself to play moving jazz on the clarinet and flute: "What's the use of writing what we want? We've been trying to say what we want for years, but who listens to us? We're not people. If you really thought we were human beings, you wouldn't allow us to live like this. Just look up and down this street. The rubble hasn't even been cleared away. It's full of rats. All of us have been raised with rats. Uptown, you're sleeping two in a king-sized bed and we're sleeping four in a single bed. A game of checkers or setting up little Teen Posts won't solve this. If we were some foreign country like the Congo, you'd be worried that we might go Communist and you'd send us millions of dollars to keep us on your side; but here at home, you just take us for granted. You think you've got us on the end of your string like a yo-yo. Well, we're not going to hang on that string anymore. . . . I tell you, we're ready to take our stand here and to die for our freedom in the streets of Watts."

Do these words frighten and shake you? I heard them week after week. I saw a young artist hang on the wall an effective charcoal sketch dedicated "To my brother, a Marine—put to death by the white man's war in Vietnam." I must confess that many evenings I walked out into the oppressive darkness of 103rd Street shaken and frightened by the depth and intensity of the cumulative anger.


A full year had passed since the terrible cost and the resultant creativity of the fires of 1965. Despite the faint claims of the Honorable John McCone, in our debate in the *Los Angeles Times*, there have been few objective changes in Watts. A year later, there was still no hospital, still no movie theater, still no recreation center, still no transportation, still no jobs, still no day-care nursery and still no genuine concern from the city authorities. And yet there were some unmistakable signs that Watts was not stagnating. It was undergoing some profound psychological change. A local psychiatrist, Dr. Frederick J. Hacker, put it this way:

What the McCone Commission fails to understand is that from the standpoint of the lower-class Negroes living in Watts, the riots . . . were not riots at all but a revolution. They thought of themselves as freedom fighters liberating themselves with blood and fire. It could be argued that the Negro community was much better after the riots than before. Because the riots served as a safety valve against the feeling of apathy that was the strongest characteristic of life in Watts.

Camus, in his profound essay on man in revolt, might have been writing about Watts 1965 when he said, "Resentment has been defined as an auto-intoxication—the evil secretion, in a sealed vessel, of prolonged impotence. Rebellion, on the contrary, breaks the seal and allows the whole being to come into play. It liberates stagnant waters and turns them into a raging torrent." And later, "The spirit of rebellion can exist only in a society where a theoretical equality concedes great factual inequalities."

Albert Camus, amen. On a television symposium discussing the implications of Watts, I had said that the black militancy, the feeling that it was too late for integration, that the Blood had had it with the Man, was tragic but understandable, especially in a vast conglomerate city-suburb such as Los Angeles, where it was galling for the black man on the bottom to salute the flag of one city distinctly divisible, with liberty and justice for the affluent white and the complacent middle class. Having shucked apathy for militancy, and subservience for a new pride in Negritude, would the postrevolt Afro-Americans of south Los Angeles express their new attitude and personality through more fires and snipers and Molotov cocktails or through creative acts of self-development and self-fulfillment?

The answer came in late summer 1966, when a new spirit of unity and a fascinating ambivalence toward the white man produced the Watts Summer Festival. The angry young blacks who found their poetic voices in the works of our Workshop writers or through their paintings and indigenous jazz were ready to take to the streets. There was talk that they would celebrate the Six Days That Shook Los Angeles a year before by moving out into restricted neighborhoods and burning Whitey out. Gun stores reported a run on weapons in white communities and black. Souder (or more creative) heads prevailed. But they were not the city-hall Uncle Toms nor the middle-class Negroes who had "made it" and moved away from Watts and south-central Los Angeles, never to look back or lend a hand to their ghetto-locked brothers. There was a new breed of militant Negro leadership personified by young men of proved ability, such as Stan Sanders, the first Rhodes scholar from Watts (who now serves on the advisory board of our Writers Workshop), who was able to go to Oxford and later to Yale Law School without taking the familiar road to passive, self-serving middle-class values. Stan and a team of young progressive nationalists decided to turn a potential violent outbreak into a peaceful demonstration of community alliance and productivity. I referred to *ambivalence* because the Watts Summer Festival was a double-edged celebration: If it resisted the temptation to invade the



*Good old Van Heusen,
making yellow a man's word.*

*And making a shirt that practically
leaves a girl speechless.
Because those stripes really snarl.
That collar's downright
arrogant. And that lean taper
knows its own mind.*

*Add all that to the color of candlelight
and zowie... that shirt's high voltage.
But if you want me to believe that
shirt was permanently pressed the day
it was made... and never needs
pressing again, you have to prove it.
And I'm waiting.*

*Eastman Reg.T.M. 50% Kodel polyester/50% cotton

Kodel* and cotton
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John Dempsey

"Hello, there. Can I help you?"

white man's terrain, it was also a joyous celebration of a victory, a victory for lawlessness and disorder in search of identity and freedom. Camus had written the textbook, both on the revolt and on its celebration. Watts was not waging peace to please the white man, as Langston Hughes' telling essay on the Harlem riot of 1964 describes white Manhattan's warning, "Now Harlem, be nice! Harlem, behave yourself! Lie down, Harlem!"

Watts—August 1966—was neither snarling nor trying to play "good dog" and sit up and do tricks for the happy and relieved white man. It was celebrating a new-found sense of power. There was dancing in the streets, dancing such as Los Angeles has not seen since its true Mexican fiesta days. And instead of fires along Charcoal Alley Number One, there were great tents displaying jazz groups, exhibitions of sculpture and paintings. There were street entertainers and street plays that revived the flavor of *commedia dell'arte*. In the Coffee House, Jimmy Sherman presented his *Ballad from Watts*. Studio Watts performed its own interpretation of Genet's *The Blacks*. And our Writers Workshop, now grown to some 20 members, gave a nightly program of readings—a historic literary moment for Watts—the first time its writers were being heard on a stage, reading from their own works.

For three days, this unique arts festival went on; and lo—the miracle, in all that time, even with the bars of 103rd Street going full blast (and that's a *blast*, baby!), there was not a single incident. With white tourists all over Watts, not a single ugly or dangerous moment. Here at last was law and order. But who's law?

In a rare moment of forbearance, the despised and heavy-handed Los Angeles Police Department had agreed to withdraw completely from "the curfew area," the city-hall euphemism for the ghetto. Instead, the policing was left to the Watts Summer Festival Committee, which drew on the young black nationalists to maintain that magic balance called "law and order." I saw youthful Leroi Lam, foolishly accorded a full page in *Life* in a story on black extremists, cruising 103rd Street on a motor scooter, courteously directing civilian traffic. White visitors poured in from their comfortable pockets in the enormous pool table of Los Angeles and were greeted not only with hospitality but with unusual efficiency. The young men responsible had created an unprecedented community organization, the Community Alert Patrol. Before and after the Festival, they used cars resembling the feared black-and-white police cars, got hold of cameras and walkie-talkie equipment, and when arrests were being made—always a tense moment when white men are handcuffing and some-

times also cuffing black men in the ghetto—the CAP was on hand to photograph and record any use of excessive force. Their presence produced an unusual atmosphere of calm.

Since there is no border guard who stands on the boundary between life and art, the ingenious self-protection and supervision of the Watts Summer Festival may be as creative as the contents of the Festival itself. When our Workshop readings were presented in the Watts Happening Coffee House, it was suggested that we find an over-all title. Johnie Scott and some other articulate members were critical of *The Angry Voices of Watts*, because they felt the title was narrow and self-limiting. "Of course we're angry, but we're not *only* angry," Johnie said. And others chimed in: "It sounds like we're only shouting and screaming. 'Get Whitey!' It seems to us we're also trying to be thoughtful or to remember our childhoods or to be self-critical." "Or maybe even just funny once in a while," Harley Mims added. So it was put to a vote, with various suggestions, and after heated discussions (I can hear Harry Dolan saying, "What other kind do we have in the Watts Writers Workshop?"), there was a landslide victory for *From the Ashes*. The writers of Watts were expressing the hope not only of their 20-odd voices but of the entire community. From the ashes, out of the rubble, out of apathy, despair, neglect, hopelessness, physical and human ruin might rise a black phoenix. "Our job is nothing less than to rebuild this ghetto from the ground up and from the inside out," Sonora McKeller said. "To regenerate the ghetto as the Jews did when they were in the minority bag on the East Side of New York."

It was in this spirit that Sonora and other writers in the Workshop read proudly from their works at the significant Watts Festival of 1966.

But it was merely an uneasy truce. Once more, the mailed fist of the feared and fearful L.A.P.D. came down on Watts. Watts was marked as the hard pit of the bitter ghetto fruit and there was constant harassment. Young men were picked up for loitering, for being on the streets after midnight, for having no definite address, and on suspicion for all sorts of horrendous crimes. Our Writers Workshop was no special flower standing taller than the weeds of Watts. When the troopers struck, our young poets felt the blows along with the others. The Watts Happening Coffee House was a particular target. To the unemployed, dropout, angry, talented young people of 103rd Street, the Coffee House had special meaning, because it wasn't a Teen Post, a government handout, but *theirs*, their very own—from the paintings covering the walls to the furniture they had made with their own hands. It was not strictly legal, but three or four of our

young writers were sleeping on the sofas of the Coffee House, because they were homeless. Several of them had been living on the streets since they were 15 or 16. Young men emerging from the Coffee House were intercepted by nervous officers of the law and forced humiliateingly to spread-eagle against the wall while they were searched for arms and dope. Young men, including some of our teenage poets, at times wearing yellow Malcolm X sweat shirts, would see the hated police cars and run. The white helmets would assume that flight was a confession of guilt. "I don't think they were arresting us as individuals," said Leumas Sirrah, our homeless poet-philosopher, who reminded some readers of Blake and others of a primitive Rimbaud, "I think they were arresting our sweaters."

On the day the 18-year-old Leumas Sirrah was to receive our poetry award at a presentation in the Westminster assembly hall, he was in jail "on suspicion of armed robbery." Some of his friends from the Workshop were with him when he was busted. They knew he had never carried a gun. We wanted Leumas out of jail to receive his award. And so this unlikely conversation occurred. Talking to a lieutenant in charge of this great armed-robbery case at the 77th Street Precinct, I said, "I don't know whether or not you realize it, Lieutenant, but you have one of our best young writers in there. I'm very impressed with his poetry." To which the lieutenant responded, "And I'm very impressed with his ability to get arrested." (Leumas, at that time, had one previous arrest for trespassing, in search of a place to sleep, when he was 16.) "Is that his ability or your ability?" I asked the lieutenant.

And there you have it. The classic confrontation. The 77th Street Precinct, with which our Workshop seems to be involved in a continuing dialog, looks on Leumas Sirrah as its natural enemy, as a suspected criminal, as a potential menace to society. We look on Leumas as a natural poet, as a potential artist who has survived miraculously the fetid streets of Watts, as a poet of promise, as a young man who may contribute to the enrichment of American life.

We turned to our old friend "Golden Boy" Art Aragon (the greatest boxing attraction in California ring history), who was now a bail bondsman with a card that carried the old Golden Boy touch: "I'll get you out if it takes ten years." The Golden Boy had Leumas out in time to stand up and accept his prize at our first Watts Writers' Awards. Leumas was photographed and interviewed. He shied away from publicity. There were television news cameras that he tried to avoid. "The more the police see me, the more they'll arrest me," he said. I thought he

was exaggerating. But the next day, Leumas was arrested again for "armed robbery." It happened that this alleged crime took place exactly at the time Leumas was receiving his parchment at the Westminster assembly. Again I argued with the 77th Street Precinct. I also discussed it with Leumas' probation officer. "This isn't law enforcement, it's clearly harassment," I said. This time, there were hundreds of witnesses to testify as to where Leumas was on the morning of the crime. Even the television cameras. Father Morris Samuel, a swinging white Episcopal priest on the staff of the almost-100-percent Negro Westminster Neighborhood Association, went over to the 77th Street Precinct himself, and once again, without Leumas ever being brought before a judge, the charges were dropped.

But the arrest record was growing. The 77th Street Precinct's ability to arrest Leumas Sirrah was increasingly impressive. Soon its sheet would be so long

that young Leumas would be virtually unemployable or unable to complete his education, despite his ragged dreams of going on to college. Leumas was at our home resting up and catching his breath (and, as usual, writing poetry) for a few days when Edward P. Morgan dropped in. The distinguished news commentator later described Leumas as "a slight, soft-voiced but outspoken dropout." Morgan asked him to what he owed his development as a poet. "Partly to life," Leumas said. "To whoever it is that I am. Partly to Mr. Schulberg and the Writers Workshop. I was one of the first members." He paused, and then added, absolutely deadpan (and I am never quite sure when Leumas is putting us on and when he is putting us off), "I also ought to thank the police department. The police have presented me with an opportunity to put my thoughts in writing."

Captain Tom King of the 77th (who later did an outstanding job of trying to

prevent Harry Dolan's nationally acclaimed teleplay *Losers Weepers* from being produced in its natural locale in Watts), may not realize what a center for the arts he is conducting in his celebrated jail. There is no question but that not only Leumas Sirrah and Harry Dolan but the entire Watts Writers Workshop owe Captain King and his unsmiling lieutenants and sergeants a debt of gratitude for their unusual contribution to the arts of Watts. Any moment now, they may apply, as we have, for a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Humanities.

In a real if inadvertent sense, Captain King may also be credited as one of the founders of the Frederick Douglass Writers House that has risen from the ashes at 98th and Beach Streets, a few blocks down from Westminster, in the heart of Watts. For it was after the second, or perhaps the third arrest of Leumas, after a protracted stay in the county jail for some other of our Workshop poets, during a period in which I often found myself roused in the small hours for the latest emergency, that I came to a full awareness of what I had begun. It had been naïve or shortsighted or callow to think that I could go to Watts for three hours of a single afternoon once a week. Johnie Scott had discovered in the course of his creative collapse at Harvard that you can take the boy out of the ghetto, but you can't take the ghetto out of the boy. Seemingly remote in Beverly Hills, I was suffering a related experience. The midnight emergency phone calls. The writer with whom I remonstrated that I could not read a novel in scratchy longhand and who pounded the table in anger and said, "Goddamn it, I had a typewriter, saved up for three months to buy a secondhand portable. But I had to pawn it, goddamn it, to get five dollars to keep from starving." And the unemployed and homeless 18-year-old (not Leumas this time) who started swaying away from his chair in class until he was about to slump to the floor. Was he sick? I asked him. No, he said, it was simply that he had not eaten for two days.

Then it hit me. A creative writing class in Watts was fine, as far as it went, but it didn't go very far if the writers were homeless and hungry and couldn't afford typewriters or even the most basic writing supplies. Most of these young writers would fall apart, break up on the rocks of poverty and prejudice, because they had no address, no base, no center, no anchor. That discovery was the genesis of Douglass House, named in honor of Frederick Douglass, the runaway slave who became one of the most powerful speakers in the cause of abolition, who founded and edited the influential news-



paper *The North Star* and who wrote *My Bondage and My Freedom*. Frederick Douglass had fought his way up from slavery, from the cruel beatings and heavy chains of a professional slave breaker, to discover the power of the word. A slave of illiteracy, of the cold-blooded system of illiteracy, he had become his own master and a master of the language of his land. It was Frederick Douglass who wrote:

If there is no struggle, there is no progress.

Those who profess to favor freedom, and yet depreciate agitation, are men who want crops without plowing up the ground. They want rain without thunder and lightning. They want the ocean without the awful roar of its waters.

The beginnings of Douglass House could not have been more unprepossessing. We drove up and down the streets of Watts looking for vacant houses until we found a nine-room house, literally in ruins, but with possibilities. All the windows were shattered. Glass and unspeakable debris littered every room. It could be rented for \$95 per month. I thought I could swing that personally while I worked on some primitive plan to renovate and support the house. The writers themselves cleared away the litter, although we were somewhat shorthanded, because three of our youngest members were off on a month's sabbatical (again, creatively productive) in the county jail. How to raise the money to rebuild the house, furnish it, equip it with typewriters, a reference library and the other tools of our trade, pay the salaries of a resident manager, a secretary and an editorial assistant? For it was both gratifying and alarming to find ourselves becoming a kind of spontaneous institution, with frequent requests for literary contributions, for appearances on TV and radio programs and at creative and educational seminars and conferences, for press interviews with individual writers. The BBC wanted to film readings to be telecast in England. *West* magazine commissioned a piece by James Thomas Jackson on the founding of Douglass House. Irving Stone had expressed his astonishment at the quality of the poetry of Scott, Sherman and Sirrah. Would he contribute \$25 per month or \$300 per year to support Douglass House? Yes, he would, and so would associates in his informal writers' circle—Irving Wallace. Professor Stanley Wolpert, of the history department at UCLA, Professor Allan Nevins, historians Mort Lewis and Justin Turner. We began to reach out to friends across the country and the world and, almost magically, it seemed, checks began to pour into our Douglass House account, from James Baldwin in Istanbul,



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from Irwin Shaw in Klosters, Switzerland, from the Richard Burtons in Rome, from Steve Allen and Ira Gershwin in Hollywood, Herbert Gold in San Francisco, Senator Robert F. Kennedy and Art Buchwald in Washington, Richard Rodgers, Ann Petry, Dore Schary, Paddy Chayefsky and Frank Loesser in New York, Harry Golden in North Carolina, Hodding Carter in Mississippi, Elia Kazan in Connecticut, John Steinbeck in Sag Harbor.

Steinbeck's check was accompanied by an interesting letter:

I saw the product of your project on Channel 13. I was astonished at the quality of the material. Some of it was superb. For one thing, I was impressed with the growth of your people. I am so tired of one-note writing, sad homosexuality is not enough as a working tool for a writer. Your people have learned early that one is not aware enough to scream with pain if one has not had glimpses of ecstasy. And both belong in our craft—else there would be neither.

Then John Steinbeck, ever a practical man, an old-fashioned American who

can fix things and make things with his hands, added a paragraph that was characteristically pragmatic. Writing individual appeals to 50 or 60 writer friends must be an enormous personal effort, he empathized. He was a member of the Council for the National Foundation for the Arts. He would recommend to Roger Stevens (who had sent in his own personal check for \$300), head of the National Endowment for the Arts, that the Watts Writers Workshop receive a grant from the Foundation. It seemed to Steinbeck that the literary workshop we had going in Watts was exactly the kind of project the National Foundation would want to endorse.

By irony, or signs in the heavens, or crazy luck, which may all amount to the same thing, the day that we were to deliver our written appeal and budget to the Foundation was the same day a delegation from our Workshop was invited to testify before the Ribicoff subcommittee holding hearings on urban dislocation, disorientation, decomposition and everything else that is eating away at the core of the megalopolis: that monster of parental planlessness and city planlessness that Lewis Mumford long ago prophesied would haunt the 21st Century if we did

not bestir ourselves to find bold creative solutions in the 20th. Harry Dolan looked at Senator Ribicoff and said: "I will not let you off so easily as the Germans claimed after the slaughter of the Jews, 'We did not know.'" Huntley-Brinkley played back part of Johnie Scott's testimony on the evening of his appearance and *The New York Times* judged it worthy of two columns of newsprint and a follow-up editorial by James Reston.

Written statements by veteran ghetto antipoverty fighters Sonora McKeller and Birdell Chew were also entered in the *Congressional Record* and we expressed our regret that all the members of the Frederick Douglass Writers House could not be present, for each one would have had something pertinent, something all-embracing and at the same time individual to contribute. My own testimony came to this conclusion:

"If instead of the creative talents we have begun to tap in Watts—and Watts is everywhere, from south Los Angeles and San Francisco to Hough in Cleveland, the south sides of Chicago and Philadelphia, and Harlem—if, instead of the creative talent to be discovered underground, another kind of treasure was going to waste; if oil was not being brought to the surface but instead was being allowed to seep through the ground and be wasted, then I can hear the business community, the practical business-minded, *\$olid-citizen\$* of America crying, 'Wait! What a waste! We must save it! Channel it! Money is being lost.'

"Well, this is another kind of oil, another natural resource, a human resource seeping down through the earth, through the underground, the subculture. And surely it calls for an equal amount of efficiency, an equal amount of fervor if we are not to continue to squander a part of our wealth, our spiritual wealth, our young manhood, and particularly the black young manhood that not only Scott and Dolan but a score of our writers could testify is going to tragic waste in all the ghettos of America.

"When I first put up that notice, 'CREATIVE WRITING CLASS,' in Watts, I had no idea what I might discover. But I do now. I have no illusions that our Workshop has cornered all the writing talent in Watts. New writers wander into Douglass House with their stories and poems in hand almost every day. Not to mention the musical talent, the painting and sculpture such as Noah Purifoy's imaginative junk put together and re-created literally from the rubble of the revolt. Or the natural acting talent that may be symbolized by Sonora McKeller, an amateur who more than held her own with tremendous effect in the midst of powerful professional Negro actors in Mr. Dolan's *Losers Weepers*. Deep into

my second year with the Douglass House writers of Watts, I am convinced that there are Leumas Sirrahs and Harry Dolans and Johnie Scotts and James T. Jacksons and Harley Minscs and Alvin Saxons all over America, wasting away as janitors or menials or unemployed. I am reminded of Gray's *Elegy*—often the poem comes back to haunt me—and it may yet come to haunt us all if we do not heed its lesson: Thomas Gray walking through an obscure graveyard and wondering what would have happened if these people unknown in their potters' graves had not been neglected and overlooked, what might have happened if they had been given their full share, their full chance:

*Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire
might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
"And a few verses later:
Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."*

The writers of Douglass House—and the Douglass Houses waiting to be founded all over America—may or may not be Miltons. But for too long they have been mute and inglorious. My experience convinces me that the young, angry social worker who first greeted me in Watts was telling me the stone truth. There in the poolroom lurks the nuclear physicist, lost to drug addiction through criminal neglect and want of motivation. There on the street corner drifts the young poet who flunked English in the tenth grade. And, finally, who is flunking—he or we? The society, the school is flunking. The substandard ghetto school, the race-ridden society is the biggest dropout of them all. Think about it, but don't think about it too long. The time is too short and the cost too great. Think of finding these young men of mysterious depths, of talents neglected, before the poet or the lute player goes to his pauper's inglorious grave. He may be only one among a thousand, or 10,000. But he may find, like Ralph Ellison, Claude Brown—perhaps now Harry Dolan or Johnie Scott—that he speaks for 100,000 or for 20,000,000. His single candle may light a thousand thousand candles. And the light and warmth of these candles may help redeem and regenerate the

core of the ghetto, that decomposed inner city, waiting either for a phoenix to rise from the ashes or for bigger and more terrible fires.

The ambivalence and ferocious complexity that I have found in my two years in Watts are expressed profoundly in the wide range of attitudes and feelings within our Workshop, now grown to 30 members, with 35 recent applicants. There is a young element with deep distrust of the white man and with strong leanings toward black nationalism and separatism. There are older members, no less militant but oriented toward American justice in the form of integration. Some are swayed in both directions. There may even be a few of what old and loving but also firm and fierce Birdell Chew calls "crawling, creeping Uncle Toms." Somehow they have learned to coexist in the Writers Workshop, containing their differences and even their opposite poles.

I have been asked if I am not afraid of the angry young men of Watts who are said to contemplate guerrilla warfare. I am more afraid of the greed and selfishness and the blind intransigence and the appalling ignorance of social dynamics that build concentration-camp walls around enclaves like Watts.



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BACK TO CAMPUS

(continued from page 144)

convene over Dixie's favorite cup—the mint julep—their favorite garb is a pair of casual slacks, a buttondown shirt and a V-neck sweater in lamb's wool or cashmere. Crews, turtlenecks and mock turtles (the latter two in darker tones) are often coupled with a sports jacket and slacks.

Walk shorts: You'd be wise to check out the school of your choice before investing in walk shorts. Some administrations prohibit them on campus. Styles to consider include new hot-colored corduroys and chopped-off denims.

Outerwear: Old man winter often takes parts of the South by storm. If you're in an area where cold snaps are common, have on hand a hip-length corduroy coat and, for dressier occasions, a camel-colored topcoat. You'll also find that a plaid or check zip-lined raincoat and a British-type trench coat go to stylish lengths to protect you from the elements. For less inclement winter weather, a Dacron and cotton poplin shell jacket should serve you comfortably.

Shoes: Add a couple of pairs of loafers to your shoe collection. If you're near the ocean, you'll find that an extra pair of canvas-top deck shoes will come in handy in case a fraternity brother (or a female campusmate) from a seaside city invites you for a sail on the family yacht.

Formalwear: Southern schools go for lavish cotillions, carnival balls and formal house parties. If you plan to include this type of festivity on your social calendar, you'd be wise to purchase a dinner jacket in black, white or madras, depending on individual campus norms.

THE MIDWEST: An active interest in intercollegiate sports strongly affects Midwestern students' clothing choices; the rugged all-American look is preferred to Mod garb. Legendary Midwest winters sometimes arrive sooner than expected, so wise students make sure they won't end up out in the cold by making their selections early.

Suits: Have on hand at least one dark suit with vest and one conservatively patterned model in a lighter shade. The three-button Ivy look is still most popular, but double-breasted shaped-suit styles are gradually gaining acceptance.

Sports jackets: Here in the heartland of America, the ubiquitous navy-blue blazer is all-important. But you'll also want several bold-plaid sports jackets to wear with coordinating slacks.

Slacks: Small-patterned slacks in a variety of weights have earned all-campus acceptance, as have solid-color corduroys, poplins and low-rise denims. Important: Don't forget to pack at least one pair of brown or dark-gray heavy tweeds.

Shirts: Conservative Midwesterners still prefer oxford buttondowns to all other shirt styles. As soon as Indian summer

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ends, heavy wool Pendleton shirts appear and continue to be worn throughout the winter.

Sweaters: Wool V-necks are a fashionable must, along with bulky-style cable-patterned crew-neck pullovers. Surprisingly enough, turtlenecks have not as yet been widely accepted by Midwesterners.

Outerwear: Plaid bench warmers, ski parkas and pile- and fleece-lined hip-length coats are all favored. For more formalized outings, you'll want a polo or chesterfield overcoat and a single-breasted raincoat with zip-in lining.

Shoes: Arm yourself for the inevitable blizzard blitz with a couple of pairs of lined mid-calf-length boots in rough hide. Sneakers are the favored footwear during fall and late spring.

THE SOUTHWEST: Students in this section of the country have painted a fashion picture all their own by tastefully combining conservative Ivy-inspired styles with the latest in way-out Western wearables.

Suits: A dark vested model is preferred for Saturday-night socializing or, if you're studying at Baylor, the Baptist bastion, Sunday-morning go-to-church-meeting sessions. Other Southwest-favored styles to select include plaids, pin stripes and, for warmer weather, a light-tan suit that preferably should be worn with a wide, bold-patterned tie.

Sports jackets: A navy-blue double-breasted blazer is this year's casual favorite. In addition, round up a thick-corduroy sports jacket or two and a light-weight model in a bold solid shade.

Slacks: Make your selection from permanent-press wash-and-wear styles available in checks, plaids, stripes and dark worsteds. Wheat jeans, white poplins and seersuckers are usually worn to class.

Shirts: Southwesterners often sport buttondowns in such off-trail shades as pink, raspberry and peach in addition to donning more conservative offerings in blue and white. Turtleneck and polo-neck knit sport shirts also have a wide following.

Sweaters: Down here, sweaters have found a home on the range. All styles, from the classic cardigan to crew-neck bulky knits, are being worn. Include at least one worsted wool high-V-neck pullover, a Shetland turtleneck and a cashmere crew.

Walk shorts: You'll want plenty of denims and corduroys, as well as a random sampling of madras and poplin styles.

Outerwear: Although Southwesterners usually don't have to face lengthy frigid freezes, an occasional "Northern" storm does blow South, necessitating a need for cold-weather garb. Be prepared for the sudden change by having on hand a cotton duck double-breasted outercoat with wool-blanket lining, several light-weight golf jackets to wear over heavy

sweaters, a herringbone or houndstooth topcoat and a reversible raincoat.

THE WEST COAST: In spite of the publicity given to kookie California clothes, the majority of West Coast collegians prefer to make the scene in styles that more closely resemble Ivy League than avant-garde.

Suits: Let the thermometer be your guide when it comes to selecting fabric weights. Generally speaking, you'll want a natural-shoulder dark three-button model with vest, a double-breasted gray wool flannel and a single-breasted chalk stripe.

Sports jackets: Classic tweeds and Shetlands, a navy-blue blazer (either single- or double-breasted), wide-track stripes and bold plaids are all being worn from Reed to San Diego State. Unless an evening out is superdressy, most West Coast collegians prefer to don sports jacket and slacks rather than a suit.

Slacks: Take along several hopsacks and cavalry twills, plus denims, poplins, corduroys and worsteds. For a colorful change, pick up several pairs of bold-patterned slacks—they're great for pool- and deckside lounging.

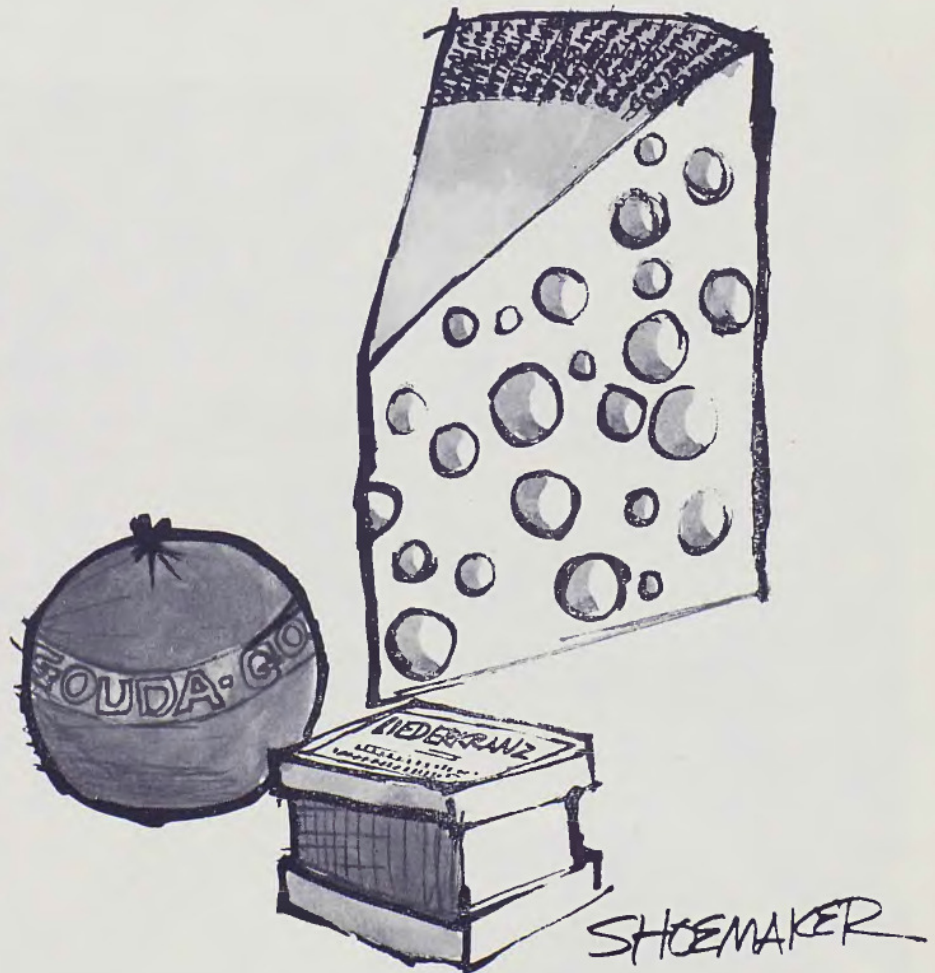
Shirts: Pink buttondown shirts are

being worn on some campuses. For daytime doings, you'll want plenty of solid-color knit pullovers with open necks, as well as turtle and mock turtle ones.

Sweaters: The West Coast, like the Southwest, is strong on sweaters. Pay particular attention to bulky fisherman's knits in natural colors, wool crew-neck pullovers and Shetland turtlenecks.

Outerwear: Farther North, you'll need a double-breasted Mackinaw jacket, a dark-tone topcoat, several raincoats with zip-in linings and a belted hip-length suede coat. Students in warmer sections can shed the heavy duds and concentrate on acquiring several golf jackets, a hip-length corduroy coat and a nylon sailing parka with hood.

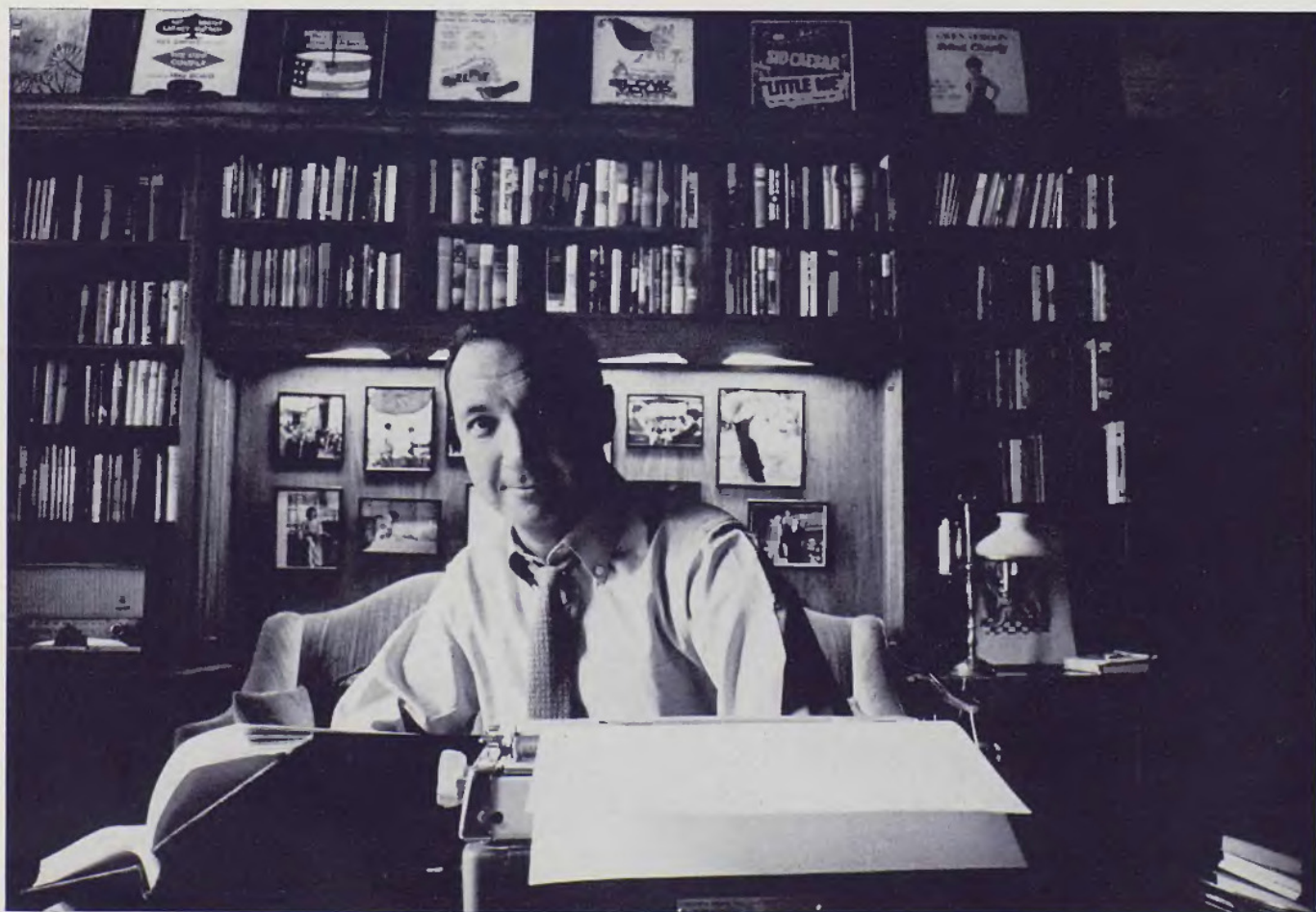
All across the continent, collegiate clothing styles are shifting. The traditional Ivy League look is still favored by the majority of students, but European-inspired fashions, such as the shaped suit, are also being worn. For a look at what best-dressed men on campus are wearing at five geographically diverse schools—Dartmouth, Duke, Wisconsin, Houston and the University of California at Berkeley—we commend to your attention the photo section of this feature.

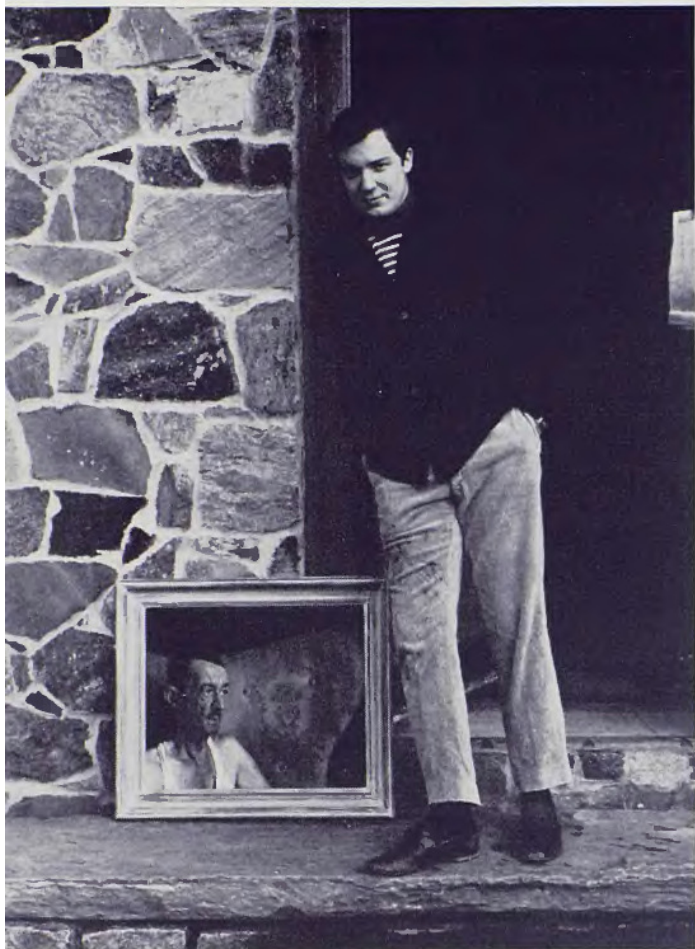


"I can't stand his holier-than-thou attitude."

NEIL SIMON *funny-bone specialist*

THOUGH HIS CHILDHOOD wish to be a doctor never materialized, Neil Simon has cured innumerable cases of ennui and melancholy—all with laughter. The 40-year-old Bronx native—son of a garment salesman whose main desire for his sons was security—is securely ensconced as America's funniest playwright (*Come Blow Your Horn*, *Little Me*, *Barefoot in the Park*, *The Odd Couple*, *Sweet Charity*, *The Star-Spangled Girl*). Simon comedies aren't faddishly apocalyptic—they're gentle and familiar. A modest man who claims to be funny only at the typewriter ("I couldn't tell a joke if you put a gun to my head"), Simon works daily in a neat office on East 57th Street, where he laughs at his lines and rewards himself with cookies. He began writing in high school, continued in the Air Force and, after a year in Warner Bros.' mail room, got his start—with older brother Danny—as a gag-writer for Robert Q. Lewis. During a lucrative but tedious decade, "Doc" turned out material for Jerry Lester, Phil Silvers, Sid Caesar, Red Buttons, and revues at Tamiment, the Pennsylvania resort where he met his wife, Joan—but in the early-morning hours, he was busy moonlighting a play about the Simon brothers' efforts to escape their all-too-loving family. The result, *Come Blow Your Horn*, opened on Broadway in 1961. Today, Simon earns \$20,000 a week in royalties (his life, he insists, remains "very ordinary"); he's been the first playwright since 1920 to author four simultaneous Broadway hits; the film of *Barefoot in the Park* has been released; and *The Odd Couple*—purchased by Paramount before the play was written, on the strength of Simon's taped synopsis—is now being shot. Currently working on *Plaza Suite*, a new play in which a middle-aged couple use their onetime honeymoon site to plot their divorce, Simon feels driven to make his creations "more and more human," not to strive for "great social importance." But when plays make people feel it's OK to be human and fallible—as his infallibly do—there's no question about their having social importance.

ON
THE
SCENE



JAMIE WYETH *the rising son*

SINCE THE SPLASH made by the initial exhibit of his paintings last winter at New York's Knoedler Gallery, the 20-year-old son of renowned artist Andrew Wyeth has been patiently plying his art and "waiting for things to calm down." Says Jamie, a practitioner of poetic realism in the tradition of his father and of his grandfather, illustrator N. C. Wyeth, "I was pictured by the press as a white knight charging into the New York art world, and people came to the show with reviews in hand." Jamie's incisively assured style is the product of years of labor; since leaving school after the sixth grade to be privately tutored, he's worked steadily under the critical eye of his father to develop his craft at the family home in the tiny Pennsylvania hamlet of Chadds Ford, where he has his own studio. One of his weekends each month is currently pre-empted by the Air National Guard, for which he wields a paintbrush—illustrating the Guard's magazine; he is also involved in discussing sales prospects for his recently finished painting of John F. Kennedy: "Since the fuss about my uncle Peter Hurd's Presidential portrait, the press can't wait to see mine." Jamie's subjects usually must endure a month and a half of daylong posing, which is why the artist prefers to paint people he knows, and does few commissions: "A portrait has to be in tune with what the model is thinking. You have to remove yourself; the object is the important thing, and each person dictates a different style. My ideal would be to have an exhibit of portraits painted so that visitors to the gallery would think they were all the work of different artists." Jamie, though his idols are his father and the late Edward Hopper, values the work of some pop artists ("It shows a turn back to the representational, since there's more use of the object"), optimistically believes American painting is enjoying a renaissance of popular interest: "It's been evident for about three years—the major museums are all so crowded." And Jamie—who paints daily, whether he's "inspired" or not—is doing his best to keep them that way.



BUDDY RICH *a different drummer*

TALKING TO THE ETERNAL DRUMMERBOY Bernard "Buddy" Rich—a man who has survived three heart attacks—limp and wet as a noodle in a night-club dressing room between sets, one wonders how he can charge into the fray night after night; but charge he does. Bandleader Rich is the explosive catalyst for an aggregation that is one of the most dynamic and exciting in the biz today ("Why? Because we're playing the 'now' sound. The music of 20 years ago is dead."). Buddy, at 50, spots most of the members of his youthful organization a good quarter century, but bows to no one in energy, outlook and appearance. He has been called a "freak" by an awed member of the drum fraternity, because he practices not at all; yet the consensus is that he still boasts the fastest hands in the business. Nongladhand ("If you like my playing, never mind me") Rich's adventures in the skin trade began when his vaudevillian parents toted their 18-month-old *Wunderkind* and his drums on stage as part of their act. Five years later, Buddy—billed as "Traps, the Drum Wonder"—was doing a high-priced single on the prestigious Keith circuit. And when Rich was barely old enough to drink the booze at New York's Hickory House, he was playing there with Joe Marsala's band. From Marsala, he moved on to Bunny Berigan, Artie Shaw, the first of his four stints with Tommy Dorsey, and Harry James. It was while with the latter in Las Vegas that Buddy cut the silver cord of being the top-salaried sideman in musicdom and took his current, astonishingly successful flier as a big-band leader. Since the band's debut a little over a year ago, Rich and Company—working a book that ranges from rock to *West Side Story*—have been S.R.O. in club dates all over this country and in Europe; they've been part of the summer replacement for the Jackie Gleason show and have done concert dates with Frank Sinatra. Not one to hide his talent under a bushel, the tell-it-like-it-is Rich, in pinpointing his current success, says, "I am the greatest!" All we can add is, "Hear! Hear!"

PLAYBOY FORUM (continued from page 81)

as a soprano and can be spotted 20 feet away by any sophisticated student of psychology.

(Name withheld by request)
Trenton, New Jersey

Bird watching is actually a sport requiring much less training than queen spotting. Contrary to your self-delusion, the majority of homosexuals do not have any visible stigmata by which they can be recognized. Skilled Kinsey investigators, trained in the social sciences, could identify only 15 percent of the homosexuals in their male study group before interviewing them.

HOMOSEXUALITY AND HYPOCRISY

In the July *Playboy Forum*, you expressed hope that the Supreme Court would not uphold the Immigration Service's attempt to deport a Canadian for his homosexual activities. Apropos the Immigration officials' claim that homosexuals are "psychopathic personalities," you quoted Judge Leonard Moore of the U.S. Court of Appeals as saying that "so broad a definition might well comprise more than a few members of

legislative bodies." This was an acute observation, but the Supreme Court majority ignored it, ruling that homosexuals are, indeed, "psychopathic" and, as such, can be deported.

Justice William O. Douglas, in his dissent from the Court's six-to-three ruling, repeated Judge Moore's point, stating: "It is common knowledge that in this century homosexuals have risen high in our own public service—both in the Congress and in the Executive branch—and have served with distinction."

As if to prove that these two distinguished jurists were not talking nonsense, Federal authorities recently announced—after breaking up an extortion ring that blackmailed homosexuals—that one of the victims of this racket had been a Congressman and had paid the gang \$40,000. This suggests the following: Suppose that Congress does not consist of superior and unearthly beings but of persons similar to the population at large. According to Kinsey, the number of Americans who are exclusively homosexual is nearly four out of 100. If this figure should hold true of the august beings in Washington, then approximate-

ly 20 of our 500-odd legislators would fall into this group. That, indeed, would justify Judge Moore's estimate that "more than a few" Congressmen might qualify for the Immigration Service's broad definition of psychopathy.

In this light, it is a dismaying example of hypocrisy that no Congressman has arisen to denounce the injustice in this deportation case and to propose legislation that would end this medieval governmental supervision of people's private sex lives.

Joseph Murray
Honolulu, Hawaii

INTERMARRIAGE BAN STRUCK DOWN

Sixteen states had laws against miscegenation. Now, with the Supreme Court ruling (in favor of the appropriately named Mr. and Mrs. Loving) that the state of Virginia's statute outlawing the marriage of whites and nonwhites cannot stand in the light of the 14th Amendment, all those laws are struck from the books. In doing away with these disgraceful antimiscegenation laws, the Supreme Court has brought America one step farther away from barbarism, one step closer to civilization.

The Court's decision is worth quoting: "Marriage is one of the 'basic civil rights of man,' fundamental to our very existence and survival. To deny this fundamental freedom on so unsupportable a basis as the racial classifications embodied in these statutes, classifications so directly subversive of the principle of equality at the heart of the 14th Amendment, is surely to deprive all the state's citizens of liberty without due process of law. The 14th Amendment requires that the freedom of choice to marry not be restricted by invidious racial discriminations."

This decision affirms a principle of American democracy: As long as the actions of individuals do not infringe on the liberty of others, the state has no right to interfere. When this principle is fully applied to sex and marriage, to communications, to food and drink and to all other aspects of private life, this will truly be the free country the founding fathers intended.

Richard Butler
San Francisco, California

BLESS THE WORKING GIRL

Since I have become engaged, I have given some thought to the question of what might be best if, at some future time, through pregnancy, separation or illness, I might not be able to satisfy my husband.

I think, in that case, if my husband should feel the need of a woman, I would rather he seek a professional prostitute than a "nice girl." I feel that with sex, as with any other human action, you have to pay some kind of a price, and I would rather the price be in money than



"You appeared in my dreams last night—
but only as a walk-on—no lines."

in other demands or involvements.

A girl becomes sexually involved with a man either because he pays her or because her emotions attract her to him. In the latter case, if he, in turn, gets emotionally attached to her, his marriage is in trouble. If he doesn't care about her and just leads her on, he is betraying her and will feel guilty later.

For this reason, I defend the "working girl." Think of all the men she has returned to wives and families at no price higher than mere dollars.

Betty Gabriel
Miami Beach, Florida

PROSTITUTION IN NEW YORK

The streetwalkers of New York City got a small break this past spring when Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary changed the procedures under which prostitutes are tried. For the past 30 years, it has been customary in Women's Court for the arresting officer to act as prosecutor, cross-examining defendants and attacking their testimony.

Commissioner Leary ordered this practice stopped, saying, "Where the arresting officer and the prosecutor are in a sense but one, the theory of checks and balances fails in a very significant area." But, with the policemen bowing out and nobody from the district attorney's office stepping in, all women who have pleaded not guilty in recent trials have gotten off, since the judge also felt it improper to challenge their testimony.

This state of affairs is no doubt too good to last, but it is to be hoped that it indicates a first step toward a humane treatment of prostitutes that takes into account their long-neglected civil liberties.

Hank Brummer
New York, New York

PROSTITUTION IN NEVADA

In your *Philosophy* installment on prostitution, you wrote that "in America, prostitution is a crime in every state and the prostitute is a criminal." Since when did Nevada cease being a state? Prostitution is legal in 15 of the 17 counties in Nevada. The counties in which it is not legal are Washoe and Clark. I would appreciate it if you would correct the statement in your next issue.

Sgt. W. Cleveland
APO San Francisco, California

Sorry, Sergeant, the oldest profession is not legal in Nevada. You have apparently been taken in by a widespread myth, stemming primarily from three sources.

One of these is the fact that the Nevada penal code does not list any penalty for the prostitute under "Pandering, Prostitution and Disorderly Houses"—where one would logically look for it, and where punishments are listed for panders, procurers, landlords and managers of brothels, persons providing transportation for prostitutes, husbands who knowingly



"So it was a little stomach upset, eh?"

allow their wives to practice prostitution and virtually anyone else who might derive income from a prostitute. However, the prostitute is penalized by another section of the law. Under "Vagancy," it is specified that "every idle or dissolute person . . . who engages in vice" and "every lewd and dissolute female person known as a streetwalker, or common prostitute" who behaves in an "immodest manner" in a public place (that is, solicits business) "is a vagrant." The penalty is \$300 and/or three months in prison.

The second source for the myth was an attempt in 1949 by the state legislature to enact a local option law, placing the control of prostitution in the hands of county authorities. The bill was indeed passed, but the governor vetoed it, and it never became law.

The third source for the myth also dates back to 1949, when the Nevada Supreme Court ruled that city and county authorities "may abate" (i.e., demolish) brothels. There was apparently some confusion at the time as to whether the language of this decision gave local authorities the option to abate or not to abate. The Nevada attorney general ex-

plained to us that his office clarified the issue in 1951, when it drafted an opinion interpreting the decision to mean that county commissioners must abate houses of prostitution on complaint of a single citizen. In the two counties you mention, complaints have been made and have been taken to court, and it is a matter of appellate record that brothels are enjoined in Washoe and Clark. However, even though court injunctions may be lacking in the other 15 counties, houses of prostitution, according to the attorney general, are nonetheless not legal in any of these counties. (Observe the paradox in this complexity of statutes: The abatement of brothels forces the girls onto the streets and the vagrancy law promptly forces them off.)

Please note, finally, that we do not say that prostitution isn't practiced in Nevada—merely that it is not practiced legally. This is, of course, true in every state of the union.

THE MASHED-POTATO MENACE

Much has been written by psychologists and chemists about the harmless effects of mashed potatoes; now listen to

this: In Tampa, Florida, about 40 years ago, lived an Italian vegetable peddler with a wife and several children: one son was a school dropout named Victor. Victor ate mashed potatoes at least once or twice every week.

One night, after indulging in mashed potatoes at a local restaurant, Victor went home, took a hatchet and methodically butchered his father, mother and three sisters. He was found in a psychotic state staring into space, unaware of the horrible crime he had committed under the influence of the "killer vegetable," mashed potatoes.

Similar cases have occurred involving users of marijuana. Need I point out that this also proves the danger of that supposedly "harmless" herb?

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

MARIJUANA MYTHS

Antimarijuana legislation in this country was initiated despite medical evidence of the harmlessness of this herb. The Report of the Indian Hemp Drug Commission (1894) and the November 1933 issue of the *Military Surgeon*, journal of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, both concluded that marijuana was not physically, mentally or morally deleterious. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics ignored these facts and circulated unscientific propaganda such as the following: "The Narcotics Section recognized the great danger of marijuana due to its definite impairment of the mentality and the fact that its continuous use leads direct to the insane asylum." Terrified by such myths, Congress enacted the antimarijuana law of 1937.

All arguments presented by the Federal Bureau of Narcotics (including the assertion that marijuana is a step toward addictive narcotics such as heroin, morphine and other opium derivatives) have been refuted on innumerable occasions—in medical journals, by the White House Conference on Narcotics and Drug Abuse (1962) and by New York City's Mayor's Committee on Marijuana. The findings of a number of reports are summarized in *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics* by Goodman and Gillman:

There are no lasting ill effects from the acute use of marijuana, and fatalities have not been known to occur. . . . Careful and complete medical and neuropsychiatric examinations of habitués reveal no pathological conditions or disorders of cerebral functions attributable to the drug. . . . Although habituation occurs, psychic dependence is not as prominent or compelling as in the case of morphine, alcohol or perhaps even tobacco habituation.

Antidrug laws remain in effect, as do many antisex laws—yet active antisex

prosecution is rare except with regard to homosexuality, where underhanded police tactics lead to many arrests. The same type of tactics netted law-enforcement agencies almost 22,000 marijuana arrests between 1963 and 1965 in California alone. Not only will 22,000 people find difficulty in obtaining new jobs but the state wasted incredible amounts of taxpayers' money for undercover agents to skulk about college communities and seek out people indulging in something less harmful physically than alcohol or tobacco.

H. George Pace, III
University of California
Santa Barbara, California

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

I recently took part in an informal debate on capital punishment. The opposition presented the following arguments in favor of the death penalty:

It costs taxpayers too much to support a criminal in a penal institution for life.

Even if the death penalty does not deter the man who commits murder in a fit of irrational rage, it does tend to discourage the hired underworld killer who has time to consider calmly the consequences of his act.

If the state were to abolish the death penalty, public passions would be incited whenever a particularly loathsome crime had been committed and there would be an increase in lynchings.

I answered these points as logically as I could, but can't help wondering if there are any sociological facts that would destroy these arguments?

Sharon Mangum
Long Beach, California

Plenty. Sociologist Thorsten Sellin has demolished the economic argument by pointing out that "it obviously rests on the assumption that murderers in prison cannot be self-supporting as a group and that they must always remain a financial burden on the public unless they are executed. However . . . in a well-organized penal system, murderers as a group can undoubtedly earn their keep." Criminologist Hans W. Mattick has calculated that, even "assuming no cost-offsetting activity on the part of the prisoner," the cost of maintaining all murderers as life-term prisoners would be less than the cost of continuing our present system of capital punishment. He points out:

Almost every phase of the capital case is more complex, more time consuming and more costly. We need only advert to such things as the selection of a death-penalty jury; the length of capital trials; the costs of both prosecution and defense, both of which, more frequently than not, are borne by the state; the printing costs incident to motions and multiple appeals; the

special detention and handling costs of guarding and transporting capital offenders; and the costs of rehearsing and ultimately carrying out an execution. The printing costs alone, of briefs for both prosecution and defense in the appeal process, frequently run into tens of thousands of dollars. Capital punishment is by no means cheaper than life imprisonment, and the jurisdiction that maintains it pays for it dearly in both money and human costs.

The cost of the average noncapital murder case including life-term imprisonment, concludes Mattick, is around \$45,000, while the cost of the average capital case is in excess of \$60,000.

As for the second point made by your opposition, statistics lend no credence to the notion that the "hired underworld killer" is deterred by the specter of capital punishment. For instance, Illinois has a proportionately higher homicide rate than nearby Michigan, a largely similar state that has abolished capital punishment; and a large part of Illinois' record is made up of 1005 killings (since 1919) that are officially attributed to gangland professionals who were obviously not intimidated by the death penalty.

As for your opponent's last argument, Mattick has collected lynching figures going back to 1882 that show that states with capital punishment have a vastly higher lynching rate than states without it. In direct contradiction of your opponent's point, it appears that when the authorities show regard for human life, the citizens follow the example; when the government shows contempt, the citizens do likewise.

In short, there are no rational grounds on which to defend capital punishment. It is a practice created in a more superstitious and less humane age than the present, and it is gradually fading away. We are happy to report. Thirteen of our states have abolished the death penalty, and more than half of the countries belonging to the United Nations do not have it. Your grandchildren will undoubtedly be astonished when you tell them that California had a state executioner within your lifetime.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.





youth—the oppressed majority (continued from page 138)

of "Military Day," all four were "temporarily excluded." Said the young man: "I got my hair cut, but now they're regulating ideas and I can't get my ideas cut. I'm keeping *them*."

In many other schools, antiwar demonstrators have been stripped of their arm bands; and at a high school in Great Neck, New York, when the student government voted to forgo one lunch in sympathy with the famine-threatened people of India, its plan was vetoed by the administration.

In classes throughout the country, teachers ritualistically underline the importance of political commitment for citizens in a democracy. But the young are trained for this role in situations devoid of political activity. When a senior in a large suburban high school in New Jersey asked that the school's World Affairs Club be permitted to cosponsor a lecture with an outside political organization, the director of student activities peremptorily informed him that no student political advocacy of any kind was permitted in the school.

The same student, Daniel Gladstone, wrote a review of a history textbook for the school newspaper. In it, Gladstone reported in a *Saturday Review* article, "High School Students Have No Voice," "I established criteria for textbooks and showed how the book failed to meet them. Because the sponsor of the newspaper was not in school the day the articles were sent to the printer, he did not see the review until it was published. Then he, the vice-principal and the chairman of the history department all told me that I had acted 'out of line' in writing the review and that I had no right to criticize an action of a faculty member or group."

No high school is more respected for the academic achievements of its student body than is the Bronx High School of Science. Yet a few years ago, its students were instructed that during a civil-defense drill simulating an atomic attack, they must kneel and hold a book over their heads. "An interesting medievalism for a school of science," commented social critic Paul Goodman, father of one of several young empiricists who disobeyed the command. They were suspended, of course, and the parents of the disobedient youngsters were informed that "behavior of this type can do immeasurable harm to [the students'] future possibilities for recommendations and college entrance." Paul Goodman pointed out to the New York City Board of Education with as much self-control as he could muster that "this attitude of the organized system is not calculated to make creative scientists." But it can help produce scientists trained to function in teams and easily able to involve themselves in all manner of assignments

—biological warfare, for instance—on orders from the organized system.

If the young are prohibited from learning how to govern themselves and from following their best instincts, including common sense, in high school, they do not receive appreciably more growing room in most colleges. There they continue to be prepared for the basic feeling of powerlessness of American life—the powerlessness of the individual, young or adult, to affect what Mayor Lindsay terms the "huge, authoritarian institutions that routinely cause fundamental dislocations in the lives of the people they affect each day." S. E. Luria, professor of biology at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, points out that "a most distressing aspect of university life is the mock parliamentarianism of formal campus democracy. Students engage in meaningless campaigns and elections for student governments that are concerned mainly with trivia such as curfew hours. . . . The empty, formal democracy of the campus is not only a frustrating experience; it becomes also a training ground for the acceptance of patterns of pseudodemocratic government, in which political machines determine the choices presented to the voters, and a willful executive can frustrate the spirit of the Constitution by turning a legislative assembly into a rubber-stamp body."

Here, again, there is pathos in the repression of the young by adults. Those who are without power in the "real world"—without power in relation to the corporations that employ them, to the governments that make war and raise taxes in their name, to the social forces that make their cities unsafe and their air polluted—resent assumptions by the young that they can run *their* lives, that they can somehow avoid fundamental impotence. Father knows best, damn it. There is no hope. Settle down and hold onto a comfortable niche in the system. The son who defies authority shows up the weakness of his father and must be taught a lesson, the lesson being that passivity is wisdom, that survival is all.

The young, meanwhile, are prepared for "real life" not only by their subject status and by the meaningless regulations keeping them in place in the educational zoo. Also, *what* they are taught, as well as how they are taught, prepares them to fit smoothly into the system. One of the most basic of all needs—especially during adolescence—is to shape an identity, to find out what in the world is most relevant to you. But the American educational system operates all too often directly counter to that goal. The schools consider their function to be the adaptation of their pupils to the requirements of society as it is now and as they think it must develop. And increasingly, this is

a society of specialization. Certain basic skills must be instilled to lay a foundation for the specialized skills to come. Recently, during the course of a series of lectures he delivered on the BBC, John Kenneth Galbraith asked: "Can we be altogether happy about education that is so motivated? There is the danger that it will be excessively vocational. We shall have a race of men who are strong on telemetry and space communications but who cannot read anything but a blueprint or write anything but a computer program."

But the schools, with few exceptions, have no time to worry about that question. Nor do they allow their pupils time to worry about who they are. Too much information has to be funneled into them so that they can go on to the "better" colleges and then to the "better" specialized jobs. The independent youngster with strong interests in particular areas that are not currently regarded as having a high degree of social usefulness gets in the way—particularly if he has questions for which answers are not to be found in the textbooks or the teachers at hand. He takes too much time and must either be cut to fit or leave school. He also gets in the way if his learning style is not geared to speedy achievement on predetermined tracks. One very bright 14-year-old in New York scored miserably on a reading achievement test. Astonished, his mother asked him what had happened. "Well," he said, "the idea was to read and comprehend as fast as you could. I didn't feel like reading fast. I got interested in some of the paragraphs and wanted to think about their implications." Later, the mother was told by the boy's teacher, "He certainly has capacity, but he is not a group person. You must help us make him into a group person."

A Quaker girl in New York who has shuttled between private and public schools to find a place for herself exclaims in exasperation: "They're all geared to examination statistics. Like, they have set curriculums. The records at each stage of your 'advancement' through school must show that you have taken so many units in math, in science, in languages. Without the right assortment of credits, you're going to have trouble getting into college. And so we're not allowed to learn what *we* want to learn. What I want, for example, is just a basic background in science and a great deal more time to write and to study how different writers have handled all sorts of problems. I can't do it. There's no room in the schools for individual needs. And they give you so much work to do at home, you have no time to explore what interests *you* outside of school. We're all locked in, locked into the same set of building blocks from elementary school on."

The concept of education as a way to

*“I don’t know
who he is,
but he just
ordered J&B”*



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individual growth, as a way to retain and build on the spontaneity of real interests and organic motivations, is alien to the schools. The "achievers" learn that success in school means playing back to the teachers what the teachers want to hear. In this circular game of manipulation, the free play of intelligence and individual initiative becomes dangerous, for it can lead to bad grades. A youngster who continually questions the worth of what he is being taught and the values of the society for which he is being shaped becomes a "problem." As John Holt says, "Teachers and schools tend to mistake good behavior for good character."

Recently, through the International Teacher Development Program, over 600 teachers from a number of countries visited classrooms throughout the United States. Most were saddened by what they saw. "You will find," observed a teacher from Chile, "that the examination questions that determine success or failure in American schools are chiefly those for which answers can be memorized. Hence, they test training, not thinking. The trained person depends upon others for his instruction. The great goal of the school should be to produce the independent learner." And an appalled teacher from Japan observed: "Students raised their hands and asked questions industriously. But somehow they seemed to be driven from lesson to lesson, having only minutes between periods. Why this hurriedness?"

A 17-year-old girl in Boston echoes the question: "Just why is everything being made to go faster and faster? You have to have the new math bit by the time

you're five. That's funny. And this great shift to stuffing people with education early, so that by the time you get to college you see this world as a big, vast textbook!"

The pressures begin in grade school. A teacher in the Abington Township School in Pennsylvania, where the parent body consists mainly of the striving upper middle class, tells of an eight-year-old who received an M (for medium) on an assignment. The boy came to her, held out his paper, his hands trembling, and asked, "Does this mean I won't get into medical school?"

The teacher spoke to the boy's parents. "You have a charming, bright child. Don't push him." The parents, however, are convinced that education is nothing if it does not push. "Our two older children," the mother said, "are high achievers, and we're moving into a better neighborhood with a better school. Therefore, he must be prepared. Besides, we do have to think about college."

An extreme example? Perhaps. But there is no denying the intensity of the pressures that have been spiraling in the country's classrooms. Get with it or you'll be sidetracked. And so the young are continually tested, grouped, evaluated—not according to their individual bents and strengths but through standardized measurements. Look, say the parents and guidance counselors: In 1965 alone, more than 100,000 *qualified* students couldn't find any openings in any but the most arcane colleges. You have to be better and better and *better!* Remember, say the parents and guidance counselors, the difference between being 18th or 88th

in your class can affect your whole *life!*

But what if you have different criteria for a successful life from the kind to which all that accumulation of credits will lead? An American mother writes to A. S. Neill, headmaster of the Summerhill School in England, that her 11-year-old daughter won't do her homework and is failing in school. "Shall I push her to study," the woman asks, "or shall I let her fail?" "Woman, you *cannot* push her," Neill begins in his new book, *Freedom—Not License!* "She already knows the consequences and has made her choice. Your child is alive and shows a healthy criticism of the system by refusing to take part in it. How can you as an individual remedy a situation in which your daughter is the victim of a barbarous system? What good did homework ever do anyone? Home study—forced on a child—is *dead* study. Such forced study wrenches the child away from her play hours. Homework is resented because it has no true place in your daughter's sense of living. It occurs to me: Maybe your daughter is not much of a scholar. Maybe her natural interests do not gravitate toward study. Must you force your values and ambitions on her? Far better for her to be a happy human being without a college degree than an unhappy, neurotic girl fighting her inner drives and armed with a college diploma."

The advice is far too subversive of prevalent values for all but a few parents to accept. And, more tragically, most of the young have already been so deadened by the educational system that they see failure as the only alternative to "making it" in the established middle-class way. A high school senior in Lexington, Massachusetts, is stiff with fear the night before she is to take the crucial college boards: "Everything is on the line tomorrow. You determine your next four years. And perhaps your whole future. And all this is determined in a lot of impersonal questions. This supposedly is the sum total of 12 years of being a person, of being involved in activities with teachers and with other people. You're judged by one test." In Texas, a 17-year-old tells a reporter surveying the young for *Newsweek*: "I flunked the college-entrance exams and I don't have any money, so I've had it."

As if one can learn only in school. As if there are no meaningful experiences for the young except in school. As if all vocations but those requiring academic training have by fiat been made of lesser value. As if one could not go back to a school when one *wanted* to. Having been trained not to think but to respond in predetermined ways, too many of the young are unable to recognize alternatives to breaking out of the lock step that is American education. And so, youth, which should be a time of wide-ranging curiosity, joy in discovery and a reaching



"Sissy!"

out to experience, becomes a time of fear. "Even in the kindest and gentlest of schools," John Holt writes, "children are afraid, many of them a great deal of the time, some of them almost all the time . . . afraid of failing, afraid of being kept back, afraid of being called stupid, afraid of feeling themselves stupid." If you think Holt exaggerates, consider how many adults return in their nightmares to fantasies of failure in school.

And with fear comes cheating as an additional preparation for the "real world." A Columbia University study of 99 colleges found that half the students in the sample had cheated. Estimates of high school cheating run considerably higher. Why? "Cheating increases," notes Gladys Gardner Jenkins of the University of Iowa, "in proportion to the emphasis put upon a goal beyond the reach of many children who compete *not* because of a personal desire and motivation but because of a situation from which there is no escape."

That feeling of there being no escape, the height of the walls around the ghetto of American youth, was made painfully vivid in a letter in November 1964 to *The New York Times Magazine* by a bright student in a New York high school with an extraordinary record of "success" in placing high percentages of its graduates in prestigious colleges. A cry of despair, it reveals how mercilessly—though impersonally—youth can be crushed. With classes from 8:15 to 3 and study hall or activities until 5:30, this girl worked on homework after dinner every night until midnight or 12:30. She had, of course, been told that the purpose of this regimen is "preparation." And she mourns:

I'm wasting these years of preparation. I'm not learning what I want to learn. . . . I don't care about the feudal system. I want to know about life. I want to think and read. When? . . .

My life is a whirlpool. I'm caught up in it, but I'm not conscious of it. I'm what *you* call living, but somehow I can't find life. Days go by in an instant. I feel nothing accomplished in that instant. So maybe I got an A on that composition I worked on for three hours, but when I get it back I find it means nothing. It's a letter *you* use to keep me going.

Every day I come in well prepared. Yet I dread every class; my stomach tightens and I sit tense. I drink coffee morning, noon and night. At night, after my homework, I lie in bed and wonder if I've really done it all. Is there something I've forgotten?

. . . I wonder what I'm doing here. I feel phony. . . . You wonder about juvenile delinquents. If I ever

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become one, I'll tell you why it will be. I feel cramped. I feel like I'm locked in a coffin and can't move or breathe. There's no air or light. All I see is blackness and I've got to burst. Sometimes I feel maybe something will come along. Something has to or I'm not worth anything. My life is worth nothing. It's enclosed in a few buildings. . . . It goes no further. I've got to bust.

And in their coffins, they are transported to college. There the testing and the evaluating is even more onerous and incessant, for there aren't enough places in the "better" graduate schools and everyone now knows that a mere B.A. or B.S. is not enough for the "best" careers. Last year, the Yale graduate department of English had 529 applications but places for only 45 students. In economics, there were more than ten applicants for every opening. In the course of a year, as many as 30 people with Woodrow Wilson fellowships are turned down. The same compression exists in practically all of the more renowned graduate schools.

The undergraduate, therefore, pressing to be as close as he can to the top of his class, still has no time for what interests *him*. As Nevitt Sanford and Dr. Joseph Katz of Stanford's Institute for the Study of Human Problems point out: "The indications are that increased work demands, competitiveness and a resultant pervasive guilt when one is not occupied with studying have also considerably diminished the opportunities for forming friendships with other students, at least the kind of deep and meaningful friendships that require time and freedom from psychological encumbrance in order to grow."

Later, in the graduate schools, says John Perry Miller, dean of Yale University's graduate school, "the pressure is already worse than in the undergraduate colleges."

Accordingly, some college students do, indeed, burst. Wrote a coed in the Wisconsin *Daily Cardinal*: "My parents hounded me about grades to the point where I spent more time worrying than studying. The idea of failure was the worst thing in the world that could happen. There was no chance to begin over; if you failed the first time, that was it. By the time exams came, I was a nervous wreck. I went home before exams for the weekend. Then it happened, the worst it had ever been. Then came 75 sleeping pills, 125 aspirins and a razor blade."

And for some the burst is final. In an exhaustive study, *Moderator*, a magazine aimed at leading college students, disclosed in October 1966 that the national suicide rate among students is 50 percent higher than for Americans in general. It estimated that during the

year, 90,000 students would threaten suicide, 9000 would make an attempt and 1000 would succeed. That last figure was called conservative by Dr. Edward Schneidman, codirector of the Los Angeles Suicide Prevention Center.

But the vast majority of students do move on—and out into the adult world. The majority, having wasted their chance to find out who they are in adolescence, are now sufficiently numbered to function as docile members of the society. Paul Goodman has described this educational "treatment" succinctly: "The scholastically bright are not following their aspirations but are being pressured and bribed; the majority—those who are not especially bright but have other kinds of vitality—are being subdued. . . . Few look toward vocations that will peculiarly fulfill them. Few really believe that they will have a say in their jobs or in how their city is run, any more than they have had in how they grow up."

There are those who resist the treatment. Not all high school dropouts, for example, have necessarily made the wrong choice—for *themselves*. Dr. Joseph L. French of Pennsylvania State University has studied a sample of the 7.8 percent of all school dropouts in Pennsylvania with I.Q.s of 110 or better. The results, as reported in the *Roosevelt Torch* of Roosevelt University in Chicago, indicated that "compared with those who remain in school, the intellectual dropouts were by nature less inhibited and more happy-go-lucky. They were also more independent, unconventional and rebellious. Their homes had been more permissive and less protected." The vocational interests of the dropouts, French found, tended toward "mechanical activities—machine operation and design, or home repair of machinery and electronic gadgets." In view of those interests, only 22 percent of the male dropouts "anticipated a professional career as opposed to a trade, while the figure for [those who stayed in school] stood at 60 percent." Interestingly, however, 90 percent of the dropouts said they were interested in eventually furthering their education. They had refused to be conned into believing that moving out of the lock step meant that education had to be at an end for them. Therefore, those who do return to school are likely to go back when they *want* to and to study what really interests them.

And the number of college dropouts is increasing. The consensus of many of the contributors to the new book *The College Dropout and the Utilization of Talent* is that it is not at all essential and often not advisable that a student spend four consecutive years in college. Today's student life, the book points out, is characterized by "increased unrest and subsequent mobility among academically sound undergraduate students. Some

go to Europe for a year of study and/or travel, others into the Peace Corps and still others to an entirely different type of college to gain varied experience." And more and more of these college dropouts report that this break in the pattern has been of great value in allowing them to discover themselves. Some also discover that there is no *personal* need for them to return to college. But to drop out positively, not in self-judgment as a failure, requires students who have not been entirely subdued by the system, and they are not by any means in the majority.

New recruits to the intensely private life are coming from those of the young who were once involved in civil rights activity and in other hopes for changing society. The rise of the Black Power ethos in groups such as SNCC and CORE makes a growing number of white former activists feel there is no longer any place for them in the front lines of the Movement. Others are convinced that, in any case, nothing can really be changed. An 18-year-old from New York says: "If I'm sitting here and know that what my Government is doing may bring the bombs down on me, what can I do except get high or get in bed with somebody? When the British were coming, I could have gotten out my gun and helped fight. The UN? It's obsolete. It can't enforce anything. Some of my friends say, 'Protest!' Hell, those same guys have marched on Washington for peace two or three times. They were with thousands of people. What did they accomplish? Johnson just kept on escalating. So my friends say I'm afraid to protest, that I'm playing it safe. That's not it at all. I don't do anything because anything I'd do would be futile."

And so the increase in the use of consciousness-expanding drugs among the young continues. Dr. James Fox of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration's Bureau of Drug Abuse Control estimates that by now about one in every hundred college students has used LSD at one time or another. Marijuana is easily obtained at most major universities. At the University of California at Berkeley, more than half the student body has tried marijuana at least once, and perhaps a third has gone back for more. Nor are high school and junior high school students unfamiliar with hallucinogens. The incidence of their use among those that young is growing.

Parents and other adults are disturbed, appalled and grimly censorious of the young who have gotten off the world. They agitate and vote for restrictive laws and demand investigations of the schools, ignoring their own role in convincing these young to "turn on, tune in and drop out." Harvard psychiatrist Norman Zinberg says of the young drugtakers: "They don't trust life as it is. They look for something more beautiful, more real." More beautiful and real



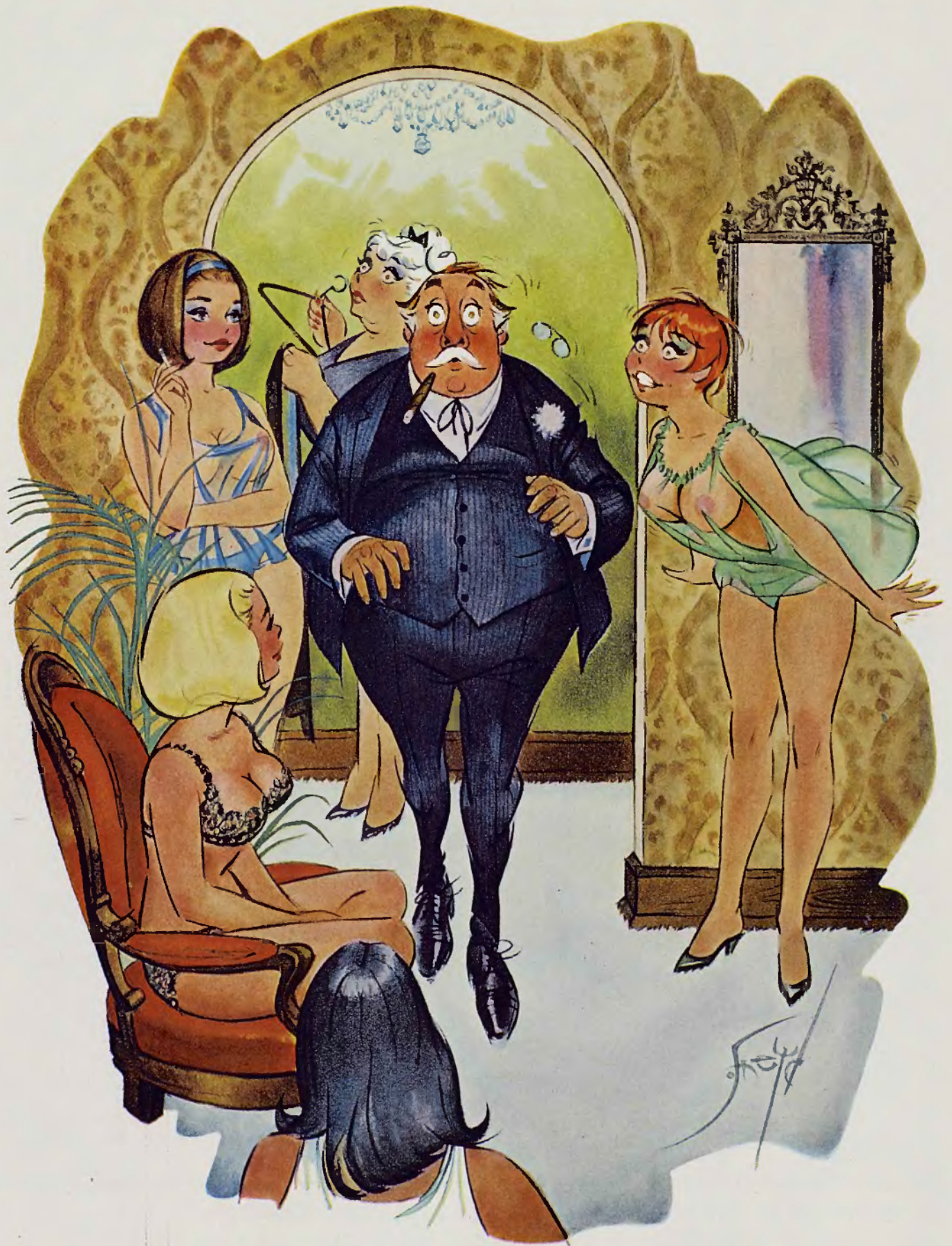
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than the lives of the adults they know. Than the lives of those in their 40s, let's say, whom New York reporter Jimmy Breslin has called "the young old men. . . . Every day, they are losing the world of the young girls and they try to hold onto it with their eyes and their one-line jokes and every day they are losing. Every day that they go home and eat and fall asleep in front of the television and then get up in the morning and go to work on jobs they don't like. Every day that they spend going to a golf course as if it were a church, and polishing a car, and then going to a house party and talking about the same things that they talked of last week. . . . And the women, their bodies coming apart from having too many children, talking with the first old-lady stories of operations coming into the conversation."

These are the fading adults who illustrate Eric Hoffer's threnody: "In this country we are warned not to waste our time, but we are brought up to waste our lives." And these are the adults who look at the young with envy and barely suppressed sighs of self-pity at the waste of their own years. But they cannot fundamentally concede that waste and therefore must condemn "deviant" behavior and try to "straighten out" those of their children who won't take the prescribed routes to death on the installment plan. They send them to psychiatrists, they cut off their allowances, but they cannot talk to them—for what have they to say?

It is the increasingly free-and-easy sexuality among some of the young that especially torments adults. For American adults have been brought up on the Puritan ethic. Pleasure is suspect. Pleasure has to be earned. Pleasure has to be postponed. And so pleasure—in its most intense, releasing forms—is often postponed until death. Imagine the stab of loss at breakfast tables and on commuter trains the morning last December on which the wire services carried—and newspapers prominently displayed—the view of a 19-year-old University of Minnesota coed that "Sexual intercourse is a form of communication between two people, which, because of available contraceptive pills, should be no more regulated than any other form of communication, such as conversing, dancing and holding hands." What is the world coming to? But they'll learn, they'll learn. They'll get married and they'll learn. And probably many of the now sexually liberated young will slide into habit in sex as in all else. But it may be that today's adolescents' one permanent legacy to their own young is the shattering of unnatural and anachronistic barriers to sex, at least before marriage. For the premium on virginity is becoming obsolete; and on many campuses, living together is simply part of the scene.

• • •
There is persistent ferment among a

minority of the young to change the ways in which they are being educated—from within the system and by setting up parallel institutions out of the system's control. With regard to the latter, students, sometimes with faculty help, have set up their own "free universities" and "experimental colleges" on at least a dozen campuses from Cornell to San Francisco State College. There the students themselves decide the courses to be given, which are then taught by student specialists or by professors drawn to the heady prospect of a totally *voluntary* learning situation. A year ago, the Student Congress of Boston University inaugurated a series of nongraded courses—the Experimental Seminar Program—"to counter the impersonal atmosphere of the larger lecture classes at Boston University." There are seminars in "Eros and Civilization," "Jazz," "War on Poverty: War or Sellout," "The New Morality: Sexual Freedom" and "Black Power."

The faculty members who participate in these parallel schools are those rare adults who understand that education should not be a passive process, that people should not *be* educated but ought to educate themselves, with the teacher as a catalyst. John Clayton, for example, an assistant professor of humanities at Boston University, who delivered lectures on Saul Bellow in the Experimental Seminar Program, writes in the *Boston University News*: "Ideas are not abstractions but experiences; they must be carried alive into the heart; they should be richly loaded with values; they should lead to action—either social or personal. I remember a couple of years ago teaching Thoreau's *Walden*. I quoted the passage criticizing university education, laughing at the irony that even this idea students had to write in their notebooks. I said, if you believe what Thoreau says, what are you doing here? So one student—John Kaplan—got up and walked out! Joy! Like the Baal-Shem-Tov, he was in the truth, not just in possession of the truth.

"The teacher's main job," Clayton continues, "is to draw the student into living communication and thought. The job is to shatter the existing knowledge structures in the student so he can form new structures that will let new data in. The job is to open him up. It's to let him relate new ideas to his old values. The job is to blow his mind. Freshmen need to study alienation in America or to study problems of identity in Boston. If sociological tools are needed, if economic concepts are needed, introduce them. But don't make a student go through years of digested, analytical, disciplinary structure before he finds out why. We need courses that involve the student's life at home, in the dormitory, at work. We live in Boston."

It may be that the existence of such experiments as Boston University's ex-

perimental courses may draw more such men as Clayton into teaching. And some of the professors of the future may come from the young in this academic underground. Already, pressures from the young have begun to elasticize, to a small extent, the courses and the way they're conducted in some schools. *Moderator* reports as illustrations: "A psychology course at the University of Michigan gives course credit for one third of the time students spend working in a community tutorial program, mental hospital or social-service project. . . . Next year at Western Michigan University, students will be able to receive academic credit for work overseas in the Peace Corps."

And while there are still only a very few colleges—Sarah Lawrence, Goddard, Bennington—that have liberated their students and teachers from grades, a growing number of colleges and universities are permitting students to take courses in which the only grade they will be given is "pass" or "fail." Thereby, time and spirit will not be wasted on regurgitation under the name of examinations and on worry as to whether taking a course outside your field may lower your averages. Deep down in the system, at the beginning of the compression process—the elementary school—there are beginnings of nongraded classes and of discovering what the *child* wants to know. But from elementary school to college, these are only beginnings. The system is too deeply rooted in its rigidity and in the undeviating length of its tracks to be radically changed soon.

But at the colleges and universities, some of the young still try to have a voice in how they are educated. Student pressure at Stanford caused the resignation of an unpopular dean of women and the inclusion of students on faculty committees concerned with curriculum and admissions. At City College in New York, sit-ins and other tactics are being used to force the administration to give students a share in policy making. At the University of Michigan, students have won national support, including that of the American Civil Liberties Union, in their persistent campaign to get the university to stop cooperating with state and Congressional investigations of allegedly "subversive" organizations. In the process, the students—as had happened at the University of California during the height of the Free Speech Movement—awakened some of the faculty. They were soon joined in their protest by 700 faculty members. Also at that university, a student referendum last November disclosed overwhelming opposition to the administration's compiling of class standards to be used by the Selective Service System in deciding draft deferments. The National Student

Association has called for similar referendums at its 331 member schools; and at its annual meeting last August, the NSA also proposed abolishing the peacetime draft. Asserting that "no government should be allowed the power to compel its citizens to kill," the delegates asked that even in wartime, those drafted should be given choices of alternative service in hospitals, conservation or other nonviolent activities. That same meeting called for the repeal of laws banning the sale of marijuana.

A remarkable example of the questioning of "official" adult values that can be set in turbulent motion by a candid, committed and unafraid group of students is the rebellion at Boston University led by Ray Mungo, his staff and such colleagues as Julian Houston, president of the Student Congress. A relentless campaign by the *Boston University News* to abolish the R. O. T. C. on campus, for instance, has helped spur similar movements at Ohio Wesleyan, Cornell, Duke, Harvard and other schools. Its raising of the issue also provoked a controversy as to whether the R. O. T. C. has the right to continue to receive academic standing and official curricular recognition. The *News* has also called for noncooperation with the draft, for the end of grades and for sexual freedom. ("Because the matter is entirely personal, we believe the student should be free to practice his own approach to sexual discovery and wonder without the prurient shadow that the administration throws over him, in the form of unyielding parietal rules. But, far more important, we

believe the university has rejected its responsibility to provide information and advice regarding birth control to students who often do themselves tragic harm for lack of sound, available consultation.")

Mungo and his associates have created a ferment of ideas and self-questioning in what used to be a placid, conformist school with a largely moribund faculty. Mungo has, of course, been attacked by the adult community—in Boston's newspapers, from pulpits in the city's largest churches, by former United States Senator Leverett Saltonstall and by the university's Board of Trustees. But he thrives on his attempt to make BU a place where "real persons" can learn and teach, because he is experiencing that rare joy of, as the Quakers say, speaking truth to power. And he is trying to spread that joy by advocating a national union for students—"a union providing an autonomous power group on and off campus, capable of collective power and, ideally, force." The concept of a union, he continues, "is particularly applicable because students are at last demanding their rights here and elsewhere; because they have learned that Federal aid to education is meager compared with war budgets; because they pay immense sums for their education, and thus they remain physically tied to parents (when they deserve, as most European nations have long ago recognized, to be educated at national expense); and because their training in submission to university authorities is specifically intended to prepare them for lives of submission—to employers, to governments, to fear."

There are other signs, it is claimed, that the values of the young may be changing. Michael Harrington writes: "In 1964, *The Wall Street Journal* reported that 14 percent of Harvard's senior class entered business, as contrasted with 39 percent in 1960. In 1966, the Harris Poll surveyed college seniors for *Newsweek* and found that this trend was deepening. Only 12 percent of the sample were looking forward to business careers." Where do they go? Into research, the professions, academic life. Education, for instance, is now a 60-billion-dollar business in the United States. Is there sufficient reason, however, to believe that a rejection of business as a vocation also involves a rejection of present societal values? Will those in research refuse to work on projects of destruction? Will those in the professions be any less addicted to self-interest, any more critical of political and economic power blocs, than their elders are?

And will those who go into education be significantly different from the present educational establishment? Will their effect on the young to come be significantly different from that described by Carl Davidson, vice-president of Students for a Democratic Society? "We have named the system in this country," he wrote in *SDS' New Left Notes*, "corporate liberalism, and if we bother to look, its penetration into the campus community is awesome. Its elite is trained in our colleges of business administration. Its defenders are trained in our law schools. Its apologists can be found in the political-science departments. The colleges of social sciences produce its manipulators. For propagandists, it relies on the schools of journalism. It insures its own future growth in the colleges of education. If some of us don't quite fit in, we are brainwashed in the divisions of counseling."

There are as yet insufficient grounds for optimism in the fact that more and more graduates are turning away from business as a career. The system, as Davidson points out, is extremely efficient in manufacturing its defenders in other vocations as well. Similarly, the optimism of some interpreters of demographic charts is questionable. They note that currently half the population of the United States is under 25, and the proportion below 25 is steadily rising. By 1968, the average age of the American voter will be 27. Historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., predicts that by the end of the Sixties, alongside the fact that those in their 20s will constitute the biggest voting bloc in America, there will be 7,000,000 students in college. We will be a country of the young; and with that young, there will be a special-interest group, says Schlesinger, which "will formulate its demands and fight for them." But if most of those young, in and out of college, are already young-old



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men, how far-reaching will their demands be? Placing American youth in a ghetto has, in the majority of cases, worked as intended. When they are ready to be released into the world, the values of the majority of them will be of the world as it is now.

And yet the dissenters persist. Some, such as Ray Mungo, persist in working and organizing for change. Others travel into their own minds. Both the outer-directed and the inner-directed dissenters believe they can hold out. Such as a 17-year-old girl from Boston who insists: "I could never join the mainstream of society now. If you've been made aware, then you can't suddenly bury yourself. So society is just going to have to accept us. Either that or this darned society is just going to collapse. You can't have a society full of unaware people."

She ignores the much more likely third choice—that society will neither collapse nor become en masse that much more "aware." However, even as efficiently dehumanizing a society as ours will be unable to force all in the vivid minority of today's young to adjust to what most adults call reality. If the best of the young do not prevail—and the odds are heavily against them—many will remain a conspicuous community of refusal to accept shallow or counterfeit lives. What will society do with them? It will try to ignore them while they, in turn, keep trying to discover and fulfill their potentiality in enclaves in the larger cities and in university towns.

A New Yorker in his early 20s who dropped out of college to work with CORE and then to engage in community organizing in Syracuse is now at the London School of Economics. On his Christmas card last year, he wrote a line from Henry Miller: "I believe because not to believe is to become as lead, to be prone and rigid, forever inert, and to waste away." He intends to come back to engage in further action for social change. He will probably be able to save himself from becoming as lead, as will Ray Mungo. They have avoided being pressed flat in the ghetto of American youth. But not many do. Not yet enough, anyway, to do much more than keep themselves alive and growing. This is a country of waste—from natural resources to armaments. But especially it is a country that wastes its young.

If that wastage is to be significantly reduced, it can be done only by the young themselves. Accordingly, today's young are sharply divided, as never before, between those who have already been processed and those who are resisting their ghetto status and corollary powerlessness. The latter recognize that they are in a fight for their lives—figuratively and, in view of the lessons of Vietnam, quite often literally.



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THE COURTSHIP

(continued from page 145)

that Czar Alexander had deeded the count's possessions to a duke who was one of his generals.

The Jews shrugged their shoulders: Such was the way of the gentile, where might was right. Calman Jacoby, a Jew of some standing who dealt in wheat and traded with the manor, obtained from the village officials the name of the new lord of the Jampolski manor. Paying a clerk 18 groschen, he dictated a letter to the duke in St. Petersburg, stating that whereas he, Calman Jacoby, was a trustworthy, God-fearing man and a warden of his community, he ventured respectfully to beg his Excellency to grant him a lease on the manor and all that went with it. Calman concluded with the offer of a generous annual rental.

There was no word from St. Petersburg for some time. Then one day the duke arrived unannounced in Jampol and, settling down at the manor, sent a Cossack to bring Jacoby to him. The Cossack, riding bareback on a small horse, wore a cylindrical cap, a single carrying, and carried a leather thong instead of a whip. He led the way at a slow trot, while Calman walked behind. The Sands' inhabitants were close to

panic. They feared that false accusations had been leveled against the community and expected retribution, disaster and bloodshed. Calman's wife, Zelda, accompanied by the children, escorted Calman part of the way, wailing as if he had already died. It was rumored a gallows had been erected in the manor courtyard; Calman was to pay for having traded with the rebels.

When Calman entered the manor hall and saw the new master, he prostrated himself to kiss his gleaming boots and plead for mercy. The duke was young, with curly hair and luxuriant side whiskers, and he was wearing civilian clothes. He ordered Calman to his feet. Calman, who could speak some Russian, answered the duke's innumerable questions and the next day returned home with the lease to the manor. Soon afterward, the duke departed, leaving Calman Jacoby in charge of the Jampolski estate.

Calman Jacoby's first move was a judicious one. He informed the Countess Maria that she was free to remain at the manor for the rest of her life. Furthermore, he would provide her with horses for her coach and milch cows for her household. He also promised to keep her

supplied with wheat, barley, potatoes, groats and other staples. Calman then came to terms with the bailiff and stewards, though they were known to be drunkards and thieves. Nevertheless, the Jampol peasants resented this Jew, an infidel, who lorded it over Polish soil in the name of an alien oppressor. But at least he did not put on airs. Poland had fought and lost once again. Her finest sons were now being driven into the dismal icy tundras, where the survivors of the 1831 revolt still languished. What did it matter who ruled in the meantime?

• • •

During the years that followed, despite the neighboring squires' advice to the contrary, Countess Maria Jampolska continued to petition Czar Alexander to pardon her husband. Her plea was that the count had been carried away by his headstrong nature and that he now regretted what he had done. She, his wife, was ill and humbly begged his Majesty to accede to the Christian charity in his noble heart and bestow forgiveness on his erring subject. The petition was supported by the governor of Lublin province, to whom the countess had obtained a letter of introduction. Daily, Maria Jampolska knelt and wept in her private chapel before the image of the Holy Virgin.

In her passionate eagerness, she did something that astounded the Jews of Jampol. She drove to the house of their rabbi, Reb Menachem Mendel, and implored him to pray to God for the liberation of her husband, Wladislaw, the son of Wladislaw. A neighbor interpreted, since the rabbi understood no Polish. The countess then donated 18 rubles for candles for the synagogue and a small sum to be distributed among the poor.

"All things rest with the Lord," the rabbi told her. But he agreed to offer up a prayer.

And it seemed as though he had actually worked a miracle. A communiqué arrived from St. Petersburg announcing that his Majesty had graciously consented to issue an amnesty to the banished Count Wladislaw Jampolski, and that the governor of Archangel province had been instructed to free the count and facilitate his journey home. Afterward, it was discovered that the count, too, had addressed a penitential letter to the czar, and that the Archangel governor had interceded in his behalf.

When the news arrived by mail, the countess fainted. Her daughter, Felicia, revived her with eau de cologne and brandy, while the nurse, Barbara, a relic with milk-white hair and a red, pock-marked face, unlaced the countess' corset. After the countess had dozed off, Felicia decided to write a letter to her brother Josef, who had fled to London after the uprising, and to her sister Helena, who was staying with an aunt at



"It's easy. First we have to determine if he's a soldier or a guerrilla or a civilian. Then we have to determine if he's on their side or our side. Then, just to play it safe, if he's on our side, we have to determine how he feels about Americans."

Zamość. Her younger brother, Lucian, was either still in hiding somewhere in Poland or had perished. A Russian tribunal had condemned him to death *in absentia*, and nothing had been heard of him since.

Her father's exile to Siberia, Josef's escape and flight, the death sentence against Lucian had given a tragic significance to Felicia's life. She dressed in mourning, grieved over Lucian, her father and the lost fatherland. For years now, she had nursed her ailing mother and assumed complete charge of the manor house. Though their land had been confiscated, there still remained in the countess' jewel box strings of pearls, heavy gold chains, diamond-studded combs, golden hairpins. Among the vestiges of their former opulence were delicate pieces of porcelain, silverware, a gold dinner service, a harness encrusted with precious stones. The wardrobes were still packed with furs, silk and satin gowns, petticoats, jackets, capes. Books bound in velvet and silk lined the library shelves. Felicia, not entirely resigned to her fate, felt that, at 33, romance was still a possibility for her. Her luck would surely turn. A "gallant knight mounted on a white horse" might still appear, a touch of gray at his temples, gravity in his gaze, a mature smile beneath his mustache; and at a glance he would perceive her noble heart, the modesty of her soul, her untapped love. A son of the old aristocracy, he would adore poetry and prefer a cottage, a stream, the rustling of the forest, the wisdom of silence. And there would still be time to present him with a son, whom she would name Lucian Juljusz after her vanished brother and her favorite poet, Juljusz Slowacki, who wrote that wonderful song, *I Am Sad, O God!*

The return of the count would upset the realities as well as the dreams . . .

Felicia wrote a few lines, then rose and studied herself in the mirror. Her hair, which she wore in a bun, had once been a honey blonde, but now it had darkened. Her face was white and narrow and there were bluish shadows under her hazel eyes. She wore black—a high-necked blouse and trailing velvet skirt, onyx earrings, and on her left hand an onyx ring that bore the inscription of the fateful year: 1863.

She went back to her writing. She had childish caprices, sometimes unendurable even to herself. Certain letters of the alphabet appeared sympathetic to her, others odious. Even among the fowl in the poultry yard, she had her loves and hates. It was her tragedy to be incapable of indifference.

Barbara, the old nurse, knocked at the door.

"My dear, your mother's asking for you."

"I'll come right away."

Felicia found her mother with her

head propped up on two pillows in the four-poster bed. Two gray strands escaped from her nightcap; her flushed cheeks were crisscrossed with tiny purple veins. Her small nose and thin lips were bloodless above a pasty double chin. Only an extremely perceptive person could have discerned in her the traces of former beauty. The countess' eyes flickered open as her daughter approached the bed.

"I haven't a thing to wear for your father's arrival, Felicia. You'll have to see Nissen, the tailor."

Felicia was astonished.

"Why, how can you say that, Momma? Your wardrobes are bulging with clothes."

"What clothes? Rags!"

"Father won't be here for weeks yet."

"I don't want to look frightful when he returns. See how gray I am!"

Felicia made no comment. Who would have thought that her mother, old and ill, would still cling to feminine vanity?

"What do you want me to tell Nissen?"

"Bring him here. I shall order new things for you, too. We won't look like paupers when your father arrives."

Felicia's eyes filled with tears.

"I'll do as you say, Mother, dear."

. . .

In the month of March, the quiet of Jampol was upset by the news of the count's return from Siberia. He had arrived driving a low sleigh, wearing a peasant's sheepskin coat, felt boots and a broad-brimmed fur hat. He had grown perceptibly stouter. His face was flushed, his eyes glowed with mirth and his walrus mustache sparkled with icicles. In the sleigh sat a woman in a squirrel coat, with a man's black fur cap on her head and rugs wrapped around her shoulders and knees. Halting before Calman's tavern, the count helped his companion down. He removed his fur coat, draping it over the horse, and entered the tavern boisterously, as though already drunk.

Getz, the manservant, happened to be behind the bar when the new arrival called out: "Hey, Jew, how about some vodka?"

The woman, meanwhile, had taken off her fur coat and hat. She seemed to be in her 30s, a brunette with black eyes, dazzling teeth and a beauty spot on her left cheek. She walked mincingly on high-heeled boots. The townspeople, who had gathered to welcome the count, stared as the woman rolled a cigarette of thin paper and tobacco, lit it and began to exhale smoke through her nostrils. She lifted her drink, clinked glasses with the count, and the two exchanged remarks in Russian.

"Idiots! What are you staring at?" the count finally shouted at the spectators. "Do you think this is a circus?"

The count stood up, whispered something to Getz, escorted the woman to

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Itche Braine's inn and proceeded on his way to the manor. The count's family were not expecting him for several days. His wife was asleep; Felicia was reading poetry in the library; Helena, who had just returned from Zamość, was at the pianoforte in the drawing room. The gate stood open. As the sleigh pulled into the yard, the count's two hounds, Wilk and Piorun, rushed toward it, yelping frantically. Wojciech, the family coachman, whose duties now included those of butler and valet, came out. Mumbling and damp-eyed, he advanced, cap in hand, toward his master. The old nurse appeared, giggled nervously, clapped her hands and then broke into loud wails, like a peasant mourning the dead. Helena stopped her music and rushed out in her negligee. Her father, measuring her at a glance, remarked that she had become a beauty. The two embraced. Felicia joined them, and her father kissed her cheeks. She paled: The squire had come home drunk.

"Well, where's your mother?" the count demanded impatiently.

"Mother's in bed ill."

"What's wrong with her? I'll go and see her."

Still in his hat and coat, tracking carpets with mud, he strode toward the countess' room. Aroused by the commotion, she was sitting up in bed, flustered, clutching the silver handle of a mirror. The count halted at the door, momentarily confused. Was that his wife or her mother? In the excitement, he had forgotten for a second that his mother-in-law was dead.

"Maria!" he shouted.

"It is really you," the countess cried. "Now I can die in peace!"

"Why die? You're not that old!"

Drawing near, he kissed her hair, brow and cheeks. She grew limp and her face flushed. During the ten minutes the count spent with his wife, Wojciech unharnessed the horse; Magda, the cook, caught a goose and unearthed a clay-covered bottle from the wine cellar, a relic of the old days. The count emerged from his wife's room, having removed his overclothes and changed his felt boots for high leather ones. Opening doors, he came upon Felicia.

"Why are you wearing black? No one has died."

"I'll change soon."

"What's that you're reading—more sentimental nonsense?"

"Please, Father, don't speak like that. The author is a distinguished poet, a prophet."

"A prophet, eh? You'd better find yourself a man and get married. Hook the first fool that comes along."

The tears instantly welled up in Felicia's eyes. Her father had, indeed, grown coarser in exile. Even his boots had a vulgar squeak. He wore a rough black

shirt and a brass watch chain spread across his vest. He resembled one of the Russian secret police who had ransacked the manor in their search for Lucian.

"God in heaven, please forgive him," she mumbled.

"Don't you ever crave a man?" The count propped one foot on the upholstered seat of a chair. "What do you have in your veins: blood or sour milk?"

"Father, dear, please don't start teasing right away. We were praying to God for you all the time."

"It wasn't God but the czar who granted me an amnesty."

"Please, Father, have pity. Don't spoil the joy of your homecoming."

"An honest-to-goodness old maid, that's what you are. There's no God, and Jesus was nothing but a lousy Jew. The Apostles made religion a business. Haven't you ever heard of Darwin? Answer me!"

"Father, let me be."

"Don't run away. Man is descended from the ape. For your information, one of our forebears was nothing but an orangutan." The count laughed uproariously. "Our ancestors perched in trees and caught fleas. That's the undiluted truth. There's more progress in frozen Siberia than in all of your Poland. Vanity. Stupidity. Bah!"

. . .

The countess' health continued to decline, and after some lingering months, she died at last. She never learned that Lucian returned to marry Miriam Lieba, Calman's daughter, and of his escape to France. With this new sorrow, Felicia's first thought was to enter a convent, and she even began correspondence with the mother superior of a cloister. In the end, nothing came of it. Felicia wasn't really prepared to take the veil. She had not entirely given up hope of marrying and having children. In addition, she realized that in a nunnery she would be constantly surrounded by other women. If her life was to be lived in isolation, she wanted to have her thoughts as her sole companions, and in the manor she had both a chapel and a library that were completely her own. Furthermore, it would be a sin to desert her father, and though he most certainly did not conduct himself like a Christian, she knew it was not the place of his daughter to pass judgment on him.

So both she and the count stayed where they were. His conduct continued to be the talk of the neighborhood. He openly consorted with his Siberian mistress, Yevdotya. At length, Yevdotya deserted her house in The Sands and left town. Barbara, the old nurse, died. The cook, Magda, found a more lucrative job at another manor, and only the coachman, Wojciech, stayed on. He was of no value. As soon as he'd saved up a few groschen, he spent them on drink. Cataracts formed on both his eyes and he

became half blind. Felicia would have willingly kept house for her father, but the count managed to find himself a servant, Antosia, a soldier's wife. Felicia did not want to allow Antosia, who had a bad reputation, into the house, but the count insisted that he needed her and that if Felicia didn't like it, she was old enough to pack up and leave. Once again he insulted his daughter, calling her an old maid who had sour milk in her veins instead of blood. Felicia, as always, suffered in silence.

Both the neighboring gentry and the Jews of Jampol and Skaryszew insisted that the reason the count stayed locked up in his house all day was that he was ashamed to meet Calman. An attic room whose windows faced to the rear became the count's sanctum; he almost never opened the shutters. He spent his time drinking and reading, and for months on end was seen by no one. Even Felicia saw him only rarely. The only one for whom he would unlock the door was Antosia. Although the countess' jewelry had been divided among her children, other assets were still controlled by the count. He sold a valuable harness for next to nothing. Whenever he needed money, he sent Antosia off to Jampol to pawn various articles. He poured himself whiskey by the glass, but didn't get drunk. Fully clothed, in bed, he browsed through old books or worked out various gambits on a chessboard.

He made no secret of the fact that he was cohabiting with Antosia, and Felicia heard the maid on her way to him each night. In his old age, her father had turned into an animal. He did not go to church on Sundays, observed no Christian holidays, seldom changed his clothes, slept in his jacket and boots. Antosia, rather than the barber, trimmed his beard. His mustache became ragged. His language grew as coarse as a dog-catcher's. He never went near a religious book, but read the works of Voltaire, Diderot, Byron, Heine and George Sand, as well as a huge history of Freemasonry and books about the French Revolution and the Italian Mafia.

Gradually Felicia realized that the longer she lived with this uncouth man, the more she would deteriorate physically and spiritually. She no longer slept at night. Though she ate, she kept growing thinner. The mother she grieved for had been exchanged by her father for a slovenly, almost idiotic peasant. He blasphemed against God, ranted against the Pope. The news that Helena had married a cousin in Zamość left her father indifferent, and when she gave birth to a son, the grandfather did not even congratulate her.

One Sunday in April, as Felicia left church (Wojciech was waiting outside in the *britska*), someone overtook her, bowed to her and introduced himself. He was a man of about 40, small, thin,



"You're going to think I'm awful, but could you folks find another spot?"

with a sallow face, sharp eyes and a pointed mustache. He wore a scanty summer coat and a derby. A colored scarf covered his throat. For some reason, Felicia assumed he was a foreigner. He removed his hat, revealing curly, chestnut hair already graying at the temples. His tone was familiar, as if he knew her. He said that his name was Dr. Marian Zawacki and that he had come from Paris. Lucian had asked him to convey regards to his sister. Zawacki also mentioned that Lucian was in need of financial help, that he was in danger of being deported as a public charge. Felicia, unaccustomed to standing in the street with a strange man, was afraid people would laugh at her. After some hesitation, she invited Zawacki to join her in the britska and accompany her to the manor. It was the first time the Countess Felicia had ever been seen in the company of a man. Everyone looked and snickered, even the Jews.

• • •

Although the old count did not generally come downstairs for dinner, he informed his daughter through Antosia that this time he would dine with their guest. Felicia was apprehensive, for her father had forgotten his manners completely. Not only was he liable to come to the table in a housecoat and slippers, but he might appear simply for the purpose of insulting Zawacki. Felicia therefore warned the doctor beforehand that her father was not entirely well. "I know, I know," Zawacki replied. "Lucian takes after him. Your mother was the normal member of the family."

Felicia had never heard a total stranger speak this way before. But who knew what the world was coming to? Zawacki had admitted without embarrassment that his father was a Warsaw cobbler and that his maternal grandfather had been a blacksmith in Pultusk. While finishing medical school in Paris, Marian had supported himself as a tourist guide and for a short time had managed a soup kitchen for Polish refugees. It was at the soup kitchen that he had met Lucian. Felicia shuddered at every word he spoke. He related how the people of Paris had eaten mice at the time of the Prussian siege of 1870 and how he himself had caught a cat and skinned and roasted it.

It made Felicia feel sick and she said, "I would rather die than eat anything so disgusting."

"What's disgusting about it? We're all made of the same stuff."

"You don't believe that man's soul is divine?"

"Absolutely not," Zawacki replied.

The count, though generally impatient with people, took to Zawacki immediately. Felicia, who had helped prepare the Sunday dinner, had covered the table with an elegant cloth and the finest china and silverware. But the conversa-

tion during the meal revolted her. The men began with a discussion of shoemaking and tanning, the count wanting to know how leather was tanned, why oak bark was needed, which hides were used for soft leather and which for hard. When they had finished with the manufacture of shoes, the count's curiosity turned to autopsy. Zawacki described the methods used in opening abdomens and skulls. Anatomy, he explained, had always been his specialty. Moreover, he had a steady hand and wasn't in the least sentimental. When Zawacki described in detail how, after having first removed the fetus from her womb, he had cut open a pregnant woman who had drowned herself in the Seine, Felicia turned white and had to be excused. Zawacki didn't bother to apologize. "After a while, you get used to such things," he said. "Why, I sometimes had to boil human heads on my own stove."

He brought regards from Lucian—if Lucian's bitter message could be considered a greeting. Lucian, he said, was a drunken idler and a psychopath to boot. His wife and the child were starving. Lucian's latest plan was either to enlist in the Foreign Legion or to go off to America. When dinner was finished, the count brought out his chessboard and lost three games in a row to the doctor. As they played, the men rocked back and forth in their chairs, smoking pipes and cursing. Every third word they uttered was *psiakrew*—dog's blood. Felicia could scarcely endure being in the presence of this coarse little man in whom all the defects of her father were duplicated. She wanted to get rid of him as soon as possible, but the count had other ideas and invited Zawacki to stay on for a day or two.

After the count had gone to bed, Felicia walked out into the night; suddenly she found herself confronted by Zawacki. The doctor was carrying a crooked cane.

"Oh, it's you." Without further ado, he joined her as if they were the oldest of friends. He had gone to school in Kraków, he told her, but had found himself at odds with the other students. Unlike them, he had been opposed to the 1863 uprisings, which he had regarded as nothing less than lunacy. He had known even then that General Mieroslawski was the worst of charlatans and Prince Lubomirski nothing but a pickpocket. As for Mickiewicz' son, what could one say of him other than that a great man had sired a midget? According to Zawacki, not even Prince Czartoryski was worth much, the truth being that the whole bloody business had been nothing but a filthy adventure led by a group of sentimental idiots, irresponsible parasites and barbaric women. Felicia was appalled. The count himself was not so disrespectful. Finally Zawacki left the subject of politics and began to discuss his own affairs. His medical career had started

late because he had had to move from university to university. Then, too, Napoleon III's insane war with Prussia and the crazy antics of the Paris Commune had intervened. Thank God, he was at last a certified physician. As he spoke, he constantly shifted from Polish to French and back to Polish again.

"What's going to happen to you, living here among these ruins?" he asked. "A person could easily lose his mind in such an atmosphere."

Felicia defended herself, although she scarcely knew why. "I can't leave my father."

"Let's face it, your father's senile and slightly degenerate besides."

Although it was not her nature to be rude, Felicia found it difficult to control her temper. "You're speaking about my father."

"What's a father? I hadn't seen my father in years; I went home on a visit, kissed him and then I didn't have three words to say to him."

"Is there anyone who doesn't bore you?"

"Frankly, no. Some people are absolutely mad about dogs, but I hate the animals. A dog is nothing but a flatterer, a sycophant. I prefer canaries or parrots. Monkeys are interesting, too."

"All animals are interesting."

"Well, at any rate, they don't talk nonsense, and they die more gracefully than men. People cling to life as if it were all marzipan and rose water."

"What an odd comparison."

"How is it that you've never married?" Zawacki asked suddenly.

The blood rushed to Felicia's face. "No one wants me."

"I'd want you."

Felicia paled. "I'm afraid you're making fun of me."

"Not at all. It's true you're not young, but neither are you old. Besides, you're a good-looking woman. Lucian showed me the photograph you sent him. He also told me about your eccentricities."

"What eccentricities?"

"Oh, your piety and all that. I can't stand women who are too clever—the cunning ones, I mean. Now, don't be offended. It's just my way of speaking."

"I see."

"I want to open an office and I need a wife."

Felicia lowered her head. She realized that the man was in earnest. She had received her first proposal.

• • •

Although Count Wladislaw Jampolski constantly stressed the bankruptcy of the Polish nobility, proclaiming their inferiority to the merchant class and even to the Jewish storekeepers, he was unwilling to have the wedding of his daughter Felicia to Dr. Marian Zawacki take place at the castle. The count stated it plainly: It was no concern of his that Felicia was marrying the son of a shoemaker—he



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even regarded it as an honor—but it was impossible for him to meet the shoemaker and his family at the manor or to dine or spend time with them. To Felicia he said: "I'll give you my blessing; go with him where you wish. But I'm not in the mood for any shoemaker parties!"

There was nothing for Felicia to do but weep. Her tears soaked the earth at her mother's grave. She had already knelt for a long time in the chapel before the picture of the Holy Mother, prayed, crossed herself, murmured her supplications. Felicia had no illusions about her coming marriage: Zawacki was a despot, kneaded from the same dough as her father; he would insult her and deride her in the true manner of a plebeian, and he would bring her and his boorish family together. Yet though she would suffer in this milieu, it was preferable to remaining alone with a half-demented father on a manor that belonged to a Jew. If she must submit to a tyrant, why not one of her own age? Who could tell? He might even be good to her, perhaps she could still have children. Her father maintained that sour milk ran in her veins, but it was far from the truth. More than once, at night, Felicia had felt that the blood within her was his.

Lying in bed until dawn, Felicia took stock of herself. She could not become a nun, even if she forced herself to enter a convent. She would be in danger of

breaking her vows, and instead of pleasing God she would anger Him. But she could not remain at home. Clearly, heaven had destined her to marry. If she was meant to suffer, this marriage would be her cross. During sleepless nights, Felicia vowed to be faithful to Marian Zawacki, to love him like a wife and sister, to try to soften his bitterness and to show him and his relatives an example of Christian devotion. Why run away from temptation?

But it was not entirely convenient to marry without a mother, a sister or a brother. Felicia certainly must have a trousseau, but she had no idea what she needed or how to prepare it. Her father's refusal to attend the wedding was an insult both to Felicia and to Marian's family. Marian wanted to get it all over with quickly; his impatience and contempt for ceremony were similar to her father's. Nevertheless, Felicia could not allow her wedding to turn into a farce. Meditating long and uncertainly, she decided to ask help from others. She wrote a long letter to her sister Helena, asked advice of the Jampol priest and his housekeeper, made inquiries of her aunt Eugenia and her cousin Stephanie. Felicia could not go to her husband like a pauper without a wardrobe.

The anxiety, nocturnal weeping spells and lack of sleep undermined her health. She lost her appetite. Instead of gaining

weight, she grew thinner, was perpetually constipated. Her periods became irregular. Every few minutes she washed her hands. At night she was tormented by feelings of doubt, turned in her bed, tossed, sighed: Would she be able to satisfy a man? Would Marian be disappointed with her the very first night? Would his relatives conspire against her, ridicule her, would she have to return in shame to her father? There were moments when Felicia wanted to scream and tear her hair. But her belief in God, in His providence and His absolute goodness kept her from acting desperately.

Felicia discovered that when one seeks help, there are always those who will respond. Old noblewomen, former friends of the countess, began to show up at the manor, bringing daughters and daughters-in-law. These friends from the past recommended tailors, seamstresses. Nissen, the Jampol tailor, again came to the manor, took Felicia's measurements, fitted her, wished her luck. At every opportunity he mentioned the goodness and generosity of the late countess. Felicia's decision to marry Dr. Zawacki had in some mysterious way brought her closer to people, even to those who had never known her before.

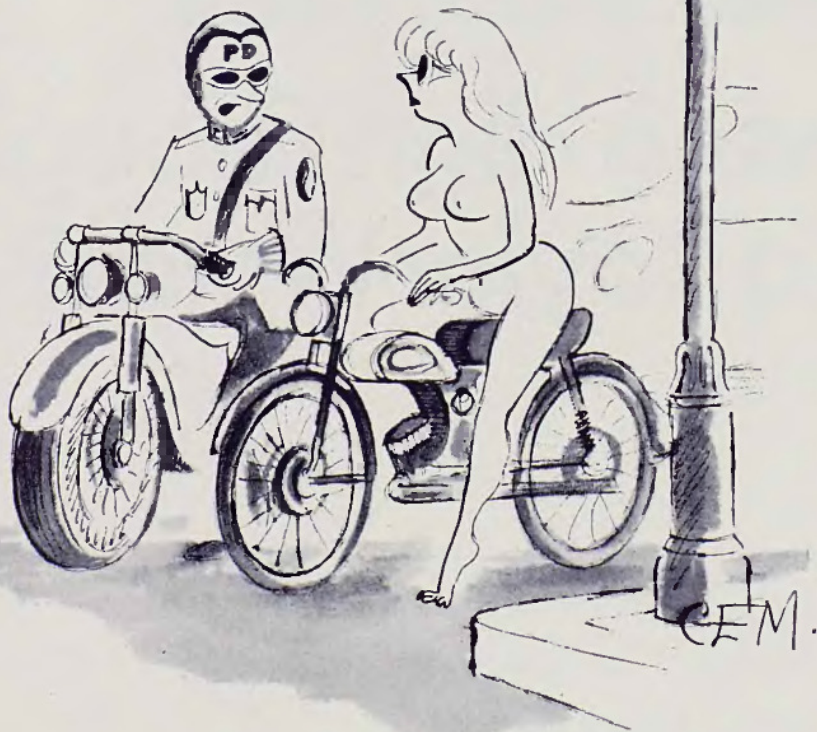
. . .

Her fiancé's father, the shoemaker, Antony Zawacki, had an old house on Bugay Street in Warsaw. It wasn't easy for Felicia to enter a shoemaker's shop and see her future father-in-law, the cobbler, sitting at his bench in a leather apron, sewing a shoe with a swine-bristle needle, surrounded by his five helpers. One bored holes with an awl, one pounded in tacks with a hammer; another rubbed a heel with a piece of glass and a fourth trimmed a sole with a curved shoemaker's knife. Antony Zawacki, in his 60s, seemed younger than his years. His thick black mustaches coiled up at the ends, and though the comparison embarrassed Felicia, his eyes had the gleam of polished shoes. His hands were hairy, his fingers short, the square nails ringed with dirt. He did not even rise when Felicia entered. Measuring her with an experienced gaze, he called to his wife in the kitchen, "Hey, Katarzyna, we've got a visitor!"

Katarzyna was a small, thin woman with sharp limbs and angry eyes, who resembled her son. Seeing Felicia, she quickly wiped her fingers on her apron, executed something like a curtsy and extended a dirty hand. Felicia had come alone. Marian had not wanted to be present when Felicia met his parents.

"The gracious countess!"

Felicia walked past a kitchen where large pots boiled on the stove. The helpers received food in addition to their wages. On the table there was a loaf of black bread larger than any Felicia had ever seen. In the living room there was a dresser with a mirror and a vase full of



"Where is your protective helmet, young lady?"

artificial flowers. A roll of flypaper dangled from the lamp. Two framed photographs of husband and wife together and a photograph of Marian in the uniform of a high school student hung on the wall. Although it was mid-summer, the windows were nailed shut, and for a moment the smell of dust and leather nauseated Felicia. She sat on the sofa upholstered in some shiny material, and green wheels spun before her eyes.

"Would it inconvenience you terribly to open the window?" Felicia asked.

"Window? What for? It's still nailed up for the winter."

"My wife is afraid of fresh air," Antony Zawacki said accusingly. "Excuse my language, Countess, but it stinks here!"

He leaped to the window and, tearing it open, pulled out the length of straw that had sealed it against the wind. A mild breeze smelling of refuse and pitch blew in from the courtyard.

"Well, why are you so quiet?" Antony asked his wife. "Offer the countess something!"

"I don't need you to teach me manners, Antony! I wasn't brought up in the gutter."

"The countess must be thirsty."

"Oh, no, thank you."

Husband and wife both went into the kitchen. Felicia heard them wrangling. When Antony Zawacki returned, Felicia saw that he had replaced his apron with

a skimpy jacket. It made him look clumsy. A tin stud was buttoned into his shirt collar. There was an air of plebeian uncouthness in his gaze, his mustaches, his unshaven jaw and thick neck with its swollen veins. He carried in a wooden tray with a carafe of wine, glasses and cookies. Katarzyna had by this time also changed her clothes. She wore a yellow dress with a pleated bodice. Felicia regretted that she had allowed Marian to persuade her to visit his parents unexpectedly.

Although in no mood to drink wine, Felicia sipped it and remarked that it was good. The cookies were hard as pebbles. Katarzyna kept returning to the kitchen and her pots.

"The esteemed countess sees us for what we are: common folk," Antony Zawacki said. "We've earned everything with our own hands—the house, the workshop. Marian had a good head for books. I wanted to make a shoemaker out of him, but he said: 'Poppa, I haven't the patience for heels and soles.' 'What do you want?' I asked him. 'To become a priest and have maidservants confess to you?' In short, he wanted an education. 'Well, go ahead and study,' I said. He filled the whole house with books. I gave him everything he needed, but he got hold of a boy, some lame-brain who needed help with his lessons and whose parents could pay. Well, let him be a

student, I thought. In this way, he got through high school and earned a gold medal. He could have studied at the university here, but he insisted on going to Kraków. His mother began to carry on: 'So far away!—my only son.' I had another son, too, but no more. Well, to make a long story short, I sent him to Kraków and he studied there. Afterward, he went to France. A war started there and I read in the papers that a rabbit cost fifty francs. There the currency is francs, not guilders. A cat was fifteen francs, and one egg five francs. They have a park where they keep animals, and all the bears and peacocks and the others were eaten. My wife began to wail: 'Our Marian will starve to death!' But, somehow, he came back healthy, if emaciated. He said: 'Poppa, I want to marry Countess Jampolska.' 'Where did you meet a countess?' I asked. 'You may be a doctor, but your father is a shoemaker.' 'Well,' he said, 'times have changed.' What do they call it? Democracy. He said, 'Naked, we all stem from apes.' 'Well,' I said, 'if it's all right with her parents, it's all right with me. Your wife,' I said, 'will be like a daughter to me—'"

Katarzyna returned from the kitchen. "What's the difference what you said? If our boy loves someone, we like her, too."



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those two beetlebrains George Schemanske and Ralph Schlock turned up anything? They still work for you, I assume?
Clyde

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO (CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Clyde Bagwell

Clyde: Schemanske and Schlock seem to be letting me down on getting names from their sections. Schemanske can't seem to remember that *I'm* the boss. I was needling him on the phone today about getting on the ball about this name thing and he wound up by needling me about my last golf score so bad that I hung up on him. He doesn't give a damn who he makes fun of—me, the corporation, the Old Man, anybody. What I wouldn't give to shut his water off.

Ed

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL (CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: You know perfectly well that you'll have to live with Schemanske. Let me remind you that his grandfather was Iron Pants Schemanske and he needled his way up from a coremaker in the foundry to executive vice-president and a major stockholder of this corporation before he retired. George is pretty sharp in his own right, though, and I think he'll give you a lot of help if you can get him to stop telling Polack jokes on himself.

Look, something strange and awful happened upstairs, in case you don't know. Snake-Eyes Fletcher, the guy who heads up our computer gang of bus-ad. brains, has just moved into a new office next door to the Old Man. In fact, they cut down the Old Man's space to make room for Fletcher's office. I guess you know that Snake-Eyes is the number-one faucet man in this corporation. His specialty is cutting people's water off, and right now I wonder (and probably the Old Man does, too) if the Old Man is going to get *his* faucet turned. Or, even worse, is Fletcher going to start shaking the grates under our salaried personnel? I heard he's got this theory that you can always shake out 2000 salaried people and show a profit *that* way, if no other. Anyway, I get the feeling that this "sports" car has got to move, or else, and Snake-Eyes Fletcher is here to see that it does.

I hate to see the computer gang move in on the Old Man. He is a wild-ass Khrushchev individualist type, with guts out of his ears, but he's up against the collective-intelligence anthill committee-think people, and sooner or later Snake-Eyes Fletcher will crap him out. I know that I'm dead, too, unless I study busi-

(continued from page 149)

ness ad., but I don't see how in hell I can ever dress like a licensed embalmer and play it from Grimsville like the computer gang.

I know it sounds corny as hell, but let's get on this name thing for the Old Man, if for no other reason than to save his ass.

Clyde

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO (CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Clyde Bagwell

Clyde: How about letting me replace Schemanske with Schlock? Schemanske has bottlenecked me about up to the ears. He topped it all off with a real juicy one today. I sent him a memo reminding him that the Old Man was about due to announce building of The Thing and he sent me back a memo asking me if it was true the Old Man was called Ding Dong behind his back. This he put in writing!

Ed

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL (CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: Schlock is strictly a lightweight. He scares too easy and is what the Old Man calls a wimp-ass. He is listed "acceptable" on his personnel review for the job he's got and he'll be there quite a while. I know Schemanske is a problem, and the first chance I get to "accidentally" waylay him in the coffee-room, I'll cool him. In the meantime, NAMES . . . remember?

Clyde

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL (CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: That awful silence from your department had better end, because we are locked in for sure now. I attended the styling meeting this afternoon. Snake-Eyes Fletcher was there in his black suit and rimless glasses and computer-type haircut. The Old Man called me by name. Fletcher looked at me. I heard the memory cells go click. Now I know why guys get muscle spasms when they find they are seated next to Snake-Eyes at any kind of meeting, or even at lunch. If he asks you *one* question you can't answer—look out, you may be dead.

Anyway, the Old Man gave us the official word on The Thing. We are going to build it. He got out his favorite styling template that is actually the curves off Lana Turner's leg. He personally got up on the platform and showed us how the leg-curve template fits all the styling curves on The Thing. He got a big hand from everybody except Fletcher. Fletcher picked his nose. It is amazing what a chill that guy can put on you.

(Incidentally, you'd better shred and

burn this and any other memo where I discuss Snake-Eyes. God knows who Fletcher's finks are.) Anyway, as I said, we are officially locked in; and, Edward, we had better produce a name. Produce.
Clyde

OFFICE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT (CONFIDENTIAL—SECURITY IS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY)

Fellow Employees:

I am asking everyone to fall to and help us select a name for a stunning new automobile.

This car will be the most beautiful we have ever produced. It is long, low and lithe in silhouette, and appears to hug the road. Its youthful, sports-car styling is based almost entirely on harmonious, beautiful curves, all mathematically related to one another by means of a styling computer. Very little chrome or ornamentation is used. Even the head lamps are rimless, at Mr. Fletcher's suggestion.

Unfortunately, Mr. Fletcher, who is our new controller, has been unable to allocate any budget for this phase of car development, so we will all be working on our own time, so to speak. Please channel all your ideas through Mr. Clyde Bagwell of my office, for review by Mr. Fletcher and myself.

Thank you,

D. D. Bell

Vice-President—Sales

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL (CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Ed Wright


Dear Ed: Here it is. I better not find anybody knitting at the foot of the guillotine, either. He put my name in that damn memo, right along with Fletcher's. If you took an ax and cut a hole in my head, right now, all it says in there is names . . . names . . . names. It better start raining names. Don't edit them. Just get gobs. What we need now is what is called instant response . . . so, for God's sake, bear down. I took the dictionary home for the weekend, but so far I'm lost in a desert where all the oases are owned by GM and Ford.

Clyde

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO (CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Clyde Bagwell

Clyde: I finally got some action out of George Schemanske, and with all of his usual tact, I might add. It seems he and his people were having lunch the other day and talking about Fletcher. This, he says, led to snake names. They decided Ford had the best snake name sewed up with Cobra, and Chrysler's Barracuda has cut the finny man-killers out from under us. However, kicking around other deadly items (he says), they happened



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to come up with Scorpion. It seems a rather obvious name, and I suppose someone would have come up with it sooner or later. However, it might be a real winner, although I don't know what Mr. Bell thinks about crabs or whatever a scorpion is.

Ed

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: Absolutely tremendous name. I think. I passed it on to the Old Man and he was real motivated. Really got to waving his arms and then all at once he remembered the styling template based on Lana Turner's leg. When I left him, I had the feeling he was in a short-circuited condition, looking at the template and trying to relate the name of some vicious kind of crab to that set of curves he's hung up on. Hold your left eyebrow and pray that we got a winner. Meanwhile, start waving layoff slips around or do something to get action out of your people. Bear down, Ed. *Names.*

Clyde

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO
(CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Clyde Bagwell

Clyde: Here is a suggestion-plan form from a senior-grade kook in Ralph Schlock's department named Horace J. Updyke. Horace is an astronomer, you'll notice, and he's using the suggestion-plan form in case we change our minds about paying, etc. This Centaur star name he suggests seems ballsy as hell. The funny thing is that Horace is a bandy-legged, wispy little guy who'll probably be salary grade five forever.

Ed

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: Centaur hit the Old Man where he lives. When he really gets stoked up, he makes me think of this Al Capp character, Bullmoose, remember? His mustache curls up and his nose kind of spreads wide. You expect him to whinny, sort of. Anyway, he was going great guns, prancing around the office, and Fletcher, who was haunting him, was

just sitting there. Remember the day the Old Man told the men's club that if he was an actor, he would call himself Rut Gonad, so that people would get the idea immediately? Well, he was in one of those moods. He said that at heart, he, himself, was a centaur. You know, he says to Snake-Eyes, the upper half of me a man and the lower part some kind of two-legged goat, hoofs and all.

Fletcher let him get all wound up and snorty and then he says: What *you* are thinking of is a satyr; a centaur is a man mixed up with a horse. He's half horse, says Fletcher, a man from the belly button up. He's half man and half ass.

I was looking at Snake-Eyes when he said this, I felt suddenly cold, like it was the Great Depression again and I had turned into an old man in a threadbare tweed coat selling apples on the street corner. That's how it hit me. It was different with the Old Man.

His ears lit up, bright red, and he made funny, chomping noises. I know he took the Carnegie course and for a second, there, I thought the whole thing might come out of his ears in a little puff of smoke and the Old Man would then do the fastest Jekyll and Hyde you ever saw, regressing clear back to Cro-Magnon man, and -belt Fletcher senseless with a chair or something. But he got control of himself, finally, and smiled sweetly as hell at Snake-Eyes, except that his ears were still lit up like Thunderbird tail lamps. Then he just ignored Fletcher and told me to get the research people going on Centaur: It just might be the name. Meantime, he says, keep the names coming.

Clyde

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Ed Wright

Listen, Ed, don't ever again get wise with me on the phone like today, when I asked you if your department was out of creative gas and you said yes. This is no time for a serpent's-tooth routine. We are in terrible bad trouble. Legal doesn't buy either Scorpion or Centaur. They think both names are bad for our corporate image: Scorpion because it's a poisonous crab and Centaur because it is a possible dirty-joke bomb, like the Edsel grille. Legal says that in order to get a Centaur, some human being would have to cohabit with a horse, and this corporation can't be found in the position of advocating *that*. How does that grab you? In addition, that creep Schultz was able to generate at least five dirty stories about a Centaur. They were funny, all right, but I'm glad I'm not Schultz. All in all, the longer I live, the more I see that Legal is the most negative bunch of bastards I ever knew.

On top of it all, Snake-Eyes Fletcher



"TIMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMBERRRRRR!"

has gotten the Old Man off balance. Otherwise, I'm sure he would just flail hell out of Legal, like he has in the past. I liked Centaur, anyway, and so did the Old Man. But I'm afraid that Fletcher has got him thinking of home and fire-side out in Bloomfield Hills and how hard it was to come by.

Ed, you have got to get on the ball and get some names. Give. *We are in a sinking condition.*

Clyde

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: Edward Wright
FROM: George Schemanske

Dear Ed: You scared Ralph Schlock so bad lately that he's afraid to turn this one in, but his bowling team thought of it, so here goes. The name is Bolide. Bolides are missiles or slung balls. Slung balls ought to fracture Ding Dong.

Your pal, George

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: George Schemanske

George: Bolides are also comets or meteors. I checked with Legal, first, wise guy. So it looks like Bolide was a gutter ball, pal. In more ways than one, I might add. Care to try again?

Ed Wright

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: Do you have a girl in your organization named Ann that you can think of? This thing came in my confidential mail and it looks like a winner. See if you can find her, but first read this thing.

Clyde

Gentlemen: (CONFIDENTIAL AS ALL HELL, ETC.)

Why fight it? The Thing has got to have a woman's name. What kind of a woman's name? Easy . . . What is the tone of this era if it isn't *Götterdämmerung*—twilight of the gods and all that? Doesn't everyone have a death wish or a death fascination, thinking of the bomb? Or Decoration Day traffic? And aren't we morally just all shot to hell? I think it would be just Freudian as the dickens and sexy as hell in a real wild modern way to give a car a woman's name that was also synonymous with death. You could use Black Widow or Iron Maiden, for instance; but for my money, there's only one that will ever fit this picture, and that's the old Wagnerian smasher—*the Valkyrie*.

Here's what the *big* dictionary says:

Valkyrie . . . chooser of the slain . . . one of Odin's handmaidens who watched over the battlefields, chose



"They're turning back anyone who doesn't believe in God."

those who were to be slain, and conducted to Valhalla the souls of the selected heroes . . .

Doesn't that give you goose bumps and make your flesh crawl? Wow! What ad possibilities! Think of the singing commercials based on Wagner's opera stuff. It must all be in the public domain and every bit of it stirring as hell! Sample slogan:

GIVE YOUR GIRLFRIEND THE OLD
GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG IN A VALKYRIE!

With this kind of promotion, I feel the name has tremendous possibilities. The car might even go over bigger than LSD or pot with the college kiddies. I know its Viking background origins and all that, but it should still be a real smash.

Especially since I understand the car is designed after Lana Turner's leg.

Lovingly,
Ann

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: Clyde Bagwell

Clyde: What kind of sick crap is this? Somebody in our organization is a real kook. I knew sure as hell that Purchasing would screw us up someday by forcing Personnel to buy those low-budget-type personal-history reports. Somebody should have plowed a little deeper into this Ann's background, whoever she is.

I don't find any Anns on the payroll yet, but guess what is going to hit the fan when I do.

Ed

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

TO: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: I hate exclamation points, because the goddamn agencies can't

send one line of copy in here without larding it from end to end with them like they were knocking out deathless prose with a ball bat. But I am going to allow myself just one. I think we sold Valkyrie!

I figured we were scraping bottom this time, so it was now or never. I knew I could sell Valkyrie to the Old Man if I could belt it hard enough to get his mind off the Viking connection. So I took a hell of a chance and called a meeting, even inviting those finks from Legal. I told the Old Man I wanted to make a presentation of a new name that I thought was a winner and that, further, I wanted to do the presentation in the way that we might do it for the national dealers' convention. I even asked him to have Snake-Eyes Fletcher there. I knew my fanny was a grape if it flopped, but I haven't slept well lately and I was so juiced up I didn't really give a damn.

I needed a real eye-catcher, and for some time now, I have been noticing a new girl working the copying machine on the second floor. She is a temporary employee named Cunegonde Jones, but the boys all call her God-What-a-Bod. Terrific. So I got her released from the job for a day and took her downtown and found a pleated Greek-goddess type of dress that fitted her. Then I taught her to hum Wagner's *Evening Star*, with lots of chest action. After that, I sneaked her into the styling auditorium where *The Thing* is and rehearsed her in this routine I had in mind.

I was a little plowed by the time everybody got there for the meeting and got seated. I had hidden a bottle in the clothes closet in case I got nervous, and when Snake-Eyes Fletcher came in, it was like I had suddenly contracted yellow fever, I shook so bad. Anyway, I got

I don't use Ban Spray Deodorant, and I have a different date up here every night!

Who could face you twice!



Change to Ban—it won't wear off as the day wears on—



Advertisement

everybody seated and the lights out and I got on the microphone. I ran through a quick introduction that I think was sly as hell, because I got around the Viking bit. Then I pushed the buzzer.

For once, everything worked. The curtain slid back and there was The Bod, standing in a dry-ice mist that the fans were blowing just right, so that it looked like she and the car were floating through the clouds. God, what a hummer she turned out to be. Besides that, either she had nothing on under the dress or the lights were brighter than I thought they'd be, because all at once it seemed that everybody in the meeting was a mouth breather or had adenoid trouble. She hummed a few bars and sort of bugaloo-undulated alongside the car and slid into the passenger's seat. I had the tape of *The Evening Star* plugged into the PA system, and I brought this up loud in a roaring finale and closed the curtain.

The place fell apart. McGroggin himself, from Legal, was there, instead of one of his gophers, and he was even applauding. All the time that the Old Man was pounding me on the back and telling me what a job *we'd* done, I was trying to keep from breathing bourbon in his face and at the same time trying to get a line on Snake-Eyes Fletcher.

Then I saw him. He had his head poked behind the curtain. Finally, he came down from the stage with God-What-a-Bod in tow, leading her by the hand. She must have attended some kind of school to learn to walk the way she was walking right then. When she got real close, the Old Man kind of jerked and bit his cigar in half. The loose piece fell on the rug and he didn't even notice it.

I looked at Fletcher real close. His eyes had a funny glitter and his lips twitched. His Adam's apple pumped up and down real fast. His glasses began to steam, I think, because he took them off and began to polish them. His hands shook quite a lot. He was standing very close to The Bod.

Then Snake-Eyes grinned, like something funny had hit him. His grin is indescribable. It is something like the kind a tomcat gets when he has gas on his stomach.

"Valkyries always wear chest armor," he says, very loudly.

It got very quiet. And then the Old Man said "Goddamn" several times, each time getting louder and sort of lingering over the syllables.

Snake-Eyes Fletcher giggled. The hair on my neck stood up. Because his giggle sounded like he was some kind of a nut who had found a portable gas chamber and a whole pot full of cyanide pills. For a second, it got awful damn quiet.

Then it hit us. Fletcher was putting us

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on. Everybody began to laugh in a kind of weak manner, keeping their eyes on Snake-Eyes Fletcher, just in case. So you see, Edward, my boy—Fletcher does have a sense of humor, after all; but what kind it is I can't tell you, because the French government locked up all the works of the Marquis de Sade.

Anyway, it was a smash. When I left the auditorium, all the gophers had been sent back to the offices, and all the wheels were back in a corner with the Old Man, getting some advertising ideas watching The Bod hum *The Evening Star*.

Oh, yes. The Old Man asked whose idea it was—Valkyrie, I mean—and I said mine. You take it from there.

Clyde

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO
(CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Clyde Bagwell

Clyde: I left this on your desk while you were out. When you read it, you'll see why I hand-carried it personally.

Our gal Ann turns out to be Joe the mailboy. How does that grab you? Maybe Personnel will listen to me next time I tell them that when I ask for a mailboy, I want a mailboy, not a com-skills major from Michigan State.

After I really started shaking the grates in the department, he came forward and said he did it. Seems he got hung up (he says) on reading the confidential mail he was carrying, because it was such lousy prose style. He says he got to feeling sorry for us while we were trying to find a name, and he thought he would sneak in Valkyrie just for laughs. He thought it would be cute to sign the letter "Ann," as short for Anonymous. We had quite a session. What do I do now?

Ed

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: (I send you this by means of my new helper.) Turn his water off. That's what you do. It solves everything.
Clyde

INTERDEPARTMENTAL MEMO
(CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Clyde Bagwell

Clyde: (You're right about God-What-a-Bod. What a helper she is going to be! I wish I had one.) I'll proceed with Operation Faucet, per your suggestion.
Ed

FROM THE DESK OF CLYDE BAGWELL
(CONFIDENTIAL)

to: Ed Wright

Dear Ed: I have been working so hard lately that the Old Man has decided I

should get some rest by taking a small unit out to the West Coast with the Valkyrie prototype to get some sneak background shots with mountain backdrops, beach scenes, etc., for the preannouncement show. I am, naturally, taking my new helper along as a kind of girl Friday. I expect you to have the faucet turned by the time I get back.

Clyde

Mr. Clyde Bagwell
C/O The Arabian Nights Motel
Los Angeles, California 6828321

PRIVILEGED AND CONFIDENTIAL

Dear Clyde:

I made our boy "available for transfer" today. When I filled out the Form 101, I put the secret mark on it. He'll probably be sent around to five or six different departments by Personnel for interviews, but nobody will pick him up, because I put the "undesirable" sign on the 101. One of the do-gooders from Personnel called me on the phone about putting the Indian sign on the kid and I told him we suspected the kid of being a Chevrolet spy. That ripped it. I had a dirtier one up my sleeve, but I didn't have to use it. I was going to tell them that he secretly called himself "Ann." That would have really cooked his goose.

I certainly hope that you and your helper are getting rested up. Your wife called today to ask if I had heard from you. At the time she called, I was

reviewing all our confidential correspondence on the Valkyrie. I must say that it makes interesting reading and I think I'll keep it under lock and key just for the hell of it. I wouldn't want Mr. Fletcher to see it.

Your friend, Ed

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS MOTEL

The George Spelvin Agency
P.O. Box 1612—Harding Annex
Detroit, Michigan

Dear Mr. Spelvin:

I can't thank you enough for this "fact-finding" assignment. Who would have thought it would lead to California? It has been most interesting.

I am separately mailing about two pounds of 8 x 10 glossy prints of myself and the Valkyrie that one of the photographers made for me. The dear boy and I have been all over this part of the country and we have had a real ball.

I think I have gotten much more information for your client than ever I could have gotten running the copying machine, and Mr. Bagwell has been real fun. I will regret leaving you this fall, as much as I do leaving this crazy automobile business, which is really something like the dancing sickness of the Middle Ages. But I must be getting on with my master's in education. Just keep sending the checks to Mother.

Sincerely yours,
Cungonde Jones



"Let's see. We've included voyeurism, nudity, homosexuality and sadism, but I keep feeling we've forgotten something."

PLEASE DON'T TALK TO ME *(continued from page 125)*

me to sell you the Brooklyn Bridge the next time I see you.

Penthouse B was tremendous. Sort of like the Palladium Ballroom in Hollywood, only with rugs; thick, deep, rich wall-to-wall rugs, surrounded on four sides by bright-red Italian-silk, fully lined drapes and original 18th Century furnishings by Hepplewhite and Adam.

"You've got an appointment?" the little old gray-haired secretary asked, looking up over a glass of hot tea.

"I'm Perry Wayne," I told her. "Yes, I do."

"So, wait a minute," she said, and shuffled across the monstrous office. She was back in a minute. "OK, go on in. Here, take this with you." She handed me a Kaiser roll wrapped in waxed paper. "See that he eats it." I nodded and started walking.

Mr. Zander, very tanned, in an open-necked sport shirt in extremely bad taste, was a pleasant-looking white-haired gentleman in his early 60s. *The 2000-Year-Old Man*, I thought to myself, remembering the Mel Brooks album. On his desk were four phones, three empty cardboard containers of buttermilk, a pair of rusty scissors and a check, made out to the Fruit of the Loom underwear company for \$93,416, that he had just signed.

"Sit down, my son, sit down," he said in his best Mittel-europa accent. I never had a grandfather—at least, not one I can remember, but I did my best.

"Sir, I'd like to begin work immediately here at Zander's. I'm sorry I can't sit, but the excitement of just meeting you face to face, Mr. Zander—sir, I am ready!" He gave me a strange, quizzical look, and for a second I thought that maybe I had gone too far.

"Sit down, sit down, boychik," he said. "I was like that once. No, no, don't apologize. It's a good quality. I'm not making fun at you. Here, would you like some buttermilk?" I declined gracefully, and he went on.

"No? Well, then, perhaps you'd like to tell me a little something about yourself—your background, your schooling, your family. Why you want, why you have this tremendous desire to be with us here at Zander's." I was glad he asked me. Oh, I was glad.

"Sir," I began, "when I was a little boy—"

"When you were a little boy?" he interrupted, breaking the roll in two.

"Yes, sir, when I was a little boy. I remember I was just three years old. My father brought me here one day to buy a nightgown for my mother—a black nightgown. Of course, the store wasn't as modern or beautiful as it is now; but

from the first moment I set foot here on the main floor, right next to the Budget Bag Counter, honestly, sir, honestly . . . a feeling came over me—a feeling of belonging—something warm, something I had never felt before, or since, for that matter. Sir," I concluded emotionally, "Zander's is the first memory I ever had."

Just then a door opened in back of me and in walked a tall, thin young man about my age. I didn't see the resemblance he had to the man behind the desk, but I did recognize the expensive hopsack jacket he was wearing. I had one just like it in my closet in New Haven. He approached the desk, golf clubs rattling in the leather bag over his shoulder. And then I recognized him. Jeff Zander from Columbia. My roommate at camp for two months one summer. I turned my head toward the wall, hoping I had changed enough in nine years to remain anonymous. What bad luck. Here I was almost in, and in walks Jeff Zander.

"I'm taking off now, Daddy."

"Will I see you tomorrow?" Mr. Zander wanted to know.

"If this damn cold gets any worse, you won't," he said, smiling cheerily, and then he was gone.

"My son," he said finally.

"Oh, really?" I answered.

Mr. Zander blew his nose in a Kleenex, and when he finally spoke again, it was with great tenderness.

"A black nightgown. You don't say?"

"A sheer black nightgown," I repeated, feeling sure that I now had him in, like, my back pocket, "that sold for twelve dollars and ninety-eight cents, sir. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. It was a wedding-anniversary gift—their tenth anniversary. She cried when she saw it—my mother cried for three hours—and she never wore it—" I almost broke down.

"Never?" he asked, his tired old eyes wide in wonderment.

"No, sir, it's still in her dresser drawer—still unwrapped."

"Twelve ninety-eight," he clucked his tongue against the roof of his mouth. "Yes, yes, I remember the goods. I remember them."

"Sir, what else can I say?" except, maybe, like where's my office?

"Son, I'd like for you to report back to Mr.—Mr.—what's his name? That Italian fellow?"

"De Costa," I helped him.

"Yeah, De Costa, that's right. Report back to him right away—would you do that?" I grabbed the old man's hand and shook it gratefully.

"Thank you, sir. Thank you."

"It's all right. Twelve ninety-eight—nineteen forty-two; that was some beauti-

ful merchandise—beautiful," and I swear he had tears in his eyes.

De Costa's office again. The clock on the wall read 4:45.

"Well, Wayne, you did it!" he said, his face beaming good-naturedly.

"Thanks, old man," I said, like the jerk that I am.

"Three is the magic number, and three you saw. Gelber, Zander and I. You're on your way," he told me.

"Thanks, and I won't forget the good word you put in for me, De Costa. That's the kind of guy I am," I said.

"Now, if you'll proceed to room nine-oh-three for your special aptitude tests with the others—you have about ten minutes to rest up and have a Coke in the lounge, if you'd like."

Is there a stronger word in the English language than "stunned"? Maybe "horrificed" or "dazed" or "thunderstruck"?

"Aptitude tests, old man, I mean, sir?"

"It's a type of I. Q. adaptability test we give to all final applicants. Don't worry, I think you'll do fairly well," he chattered away.

"You mean I don't have the job yet?" That's right, dope. You don't have the job yet.

"Not yet," Bill De Costa said, smiling brightly.

"Will I be the only one taking the tests, sir?" I asked, trying to recover my mental balance.

"No, you'll have company," he informed me. "There'll be—let's see, now. There'll be thirty-four others." The buzzer rang on his desk.

"Could I ask a rather personal and perhaps stupid question, sir?" I said.

"Yes, Wayne?"

"How many executive merchandising trainees are you hiring, sir?"

"Well, that is rather top-secret, Wayne; but I'd say, offhand, in the neighborhood of five." The buzzer rang again and I could see he was getting impatient for me to leave.

"Five?" I asked, my voice shaking. "Five out of thirty-five," I mumbled.

"Thirty-four? Oh, no. There'll be more taking the test tomorrow. We're interviewing all week. Now, we'd better stop chatting. Your ten minutes are almost up and you'll have to hurry if you want that Coke."

"Did you say room nine-oh-three?"

"Nine-oh-three," he repeated.

I sat across from the psychologist, a thin-faced, nervous man in his late 30s. He looked very tired as he shoved a piece of paper at me with an ink blot on it that obviously resembled a woman—the full figure of a woman in nude repose, a side view.

"What does this look like to you?"

I thought about it for a second, carefully. "A lady's handbag?"

"And this?" He showed me another

Track shoes for playboys.



When you put on a pair of Jiffies like the Squire, you don't sit home all night and stare at your feet.

As you get up off the sofa to mix a few martinis, you'll notice it's like walking on marshmallows. Because Jiffies have very, very, very soft cushioning inside.

And they're also light. So if you have to do a lot of running around they won't feel like combat boots. They're even hand washable.

The prices are sensible too: from \$3 to \$7. The Squire here goes for only \$4.

Jiffies are fast becoming *the* only footwear for indoor sports.

Notice we didn't call them "Chickens."

The Squire by
JIFFIES[®]
Leisure footwear for men



"Oh, I don't mind about that. I prefer sacred cows to the ordinary kind."

ink blot that also obviously resembled a woman, this time a rear view.

"The same handbag, only open this time." He shook his head sadly, apparently having come to some monumental conclusion about me.

"All right. Now tell me, Goldman, have you always felt this unconscious hostility toward gentiles?"

"Doctor, I love gentiles. Some of my best friends, including my father, are gentiles. My name isn't Goldman."

"Oh," was all he could say, as he searched through a fat wad of index cards, looking for the right one.

"Wayne, doctor. Perry Wayne." He found it finally.

"Ah, yes. Here it is," he said, turning it over and over again in his hands. "Tell me, Wayne, how long have you felt this hostility toward Jewish people?"

The I. Q. test was a little more reasonable. Harder, but saner. I sat there in the front row trying to remember how much I had forgotten since college. All around me sat other real college graduates; and, man, they were perspiring as if there were a boat outside leaving for Vietnam in ten minutes with the losers on it. I breezed through the math and vocabulary and was having a little trouble with physics when I looked up and saw that the proctor had left the

room for a minute and there, not five feet from me, spread out on his desk, were the uncoded answers to pages 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13 and 14 of the test. All I had to do was to lean forward maybe a foot and a half and look. But I didn't. Instead, I remembered a story Jeff Zander had told me one chilly night in the Adirondacks, huddled around a campfire—a story about his illustrious father. It had happened only a few months before he had met me, when he was 16 and had gone to his father to ask him for a raise in his allowance. His father had told him no; emphatically no. No raise, and guess what? No more allowance. From now on, you work in the store after school. How much? Jeff had asked him. I don't know, his father had replied. We'll see how much you're worth. Well, to make a long story short, it was decided Jeff was worth nothing. So after three weeks of this, with no alternative for getting money for dates and basketball games, except maybe selling his blood for five dollars a pint, Jeff decided to take action. At his station in Ladies Overcoats he began underringing on the register. If a lady bought a coat for \$29.95, he'd give her change from an open register and then ring up \$19.98 after she had left. Dangerous? Of course; but when you're Jeff Zander, who's

going to tell your father you're stealing, even if they catch you?

By the end of three months, Jeff had \$2009 in dollar bills, half dollars, quarters, etc., stashed on the top shelf of his closet. And then it happened. As he tells it, one night his father, who's like any other normal father, counts his neckties before he goes to sleep, discovers a necktie missing. He storms into Jeff's room at three in the morning and before Jeff can clear his head sufficiently from a guilty dream he's having, the old man flings open the closet. Within seconds, old man Zander is noisily covered with thousands of dollars in half dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and a confettilike shower of greenbacks.

"He just stood there looking at me in the dark, a murderous expression on his face, and I knew I was going to get it, but good." Jeff shivered, remembering the moment.

"So what did he do?" I asked Jeff, anxiously.

"He didn't do nothing," Jeff answered blankly.

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'What's the matter with you? Ain't you never heard of banks?' And then he left."

"That's all?" I wanted to know. "What happened next?"

"Nothing—except he raised my salary from zero to fifteen thousand dollars a year, starting the next Monday," he replied, a funny expression on his face.

"Whew!" is all I remember saying as I stared into the fire, thanking the dear Lord that I was I and not Jeff Zander.

I leaned forward to look at the answers on the proctor's desk, hoping against hope that Jeff Zander's father had a secret camera somewhere watching me.

It was Monday morning and I was late. I swallowed the last of the hot bitter coffee, burning my throat, and then kissed Helen goodbye at the front door.

Half-past seven, I thought. I'll never make it in half an hour. God, look at all the people on the street. Where the hell are they all going so early in the morning? I wondered. Look at that traffic. Gee, it's kinda exciting. Here I am, right in the middle of life with everybody else. Just like the opening of an old MGM musical with Tony and Sally De Marco dancing out in the middle of Sixth Avenue—with no garbage and very few Negroes to confuse the issue.

Somebody must have gotten killed, I told myself. Just look at the mob on the subway platform. This isn't going to do my suit any good. Oh, boy—oh, I'm sorry, lady, I mean, sir.

By 59th Street, things were back to normal again. I found myself a seat and began reading half a copy of the morning edition of the *Daily News* that somebody had left on the floor near my feet.

The subway ground to a screeching halt. I carefully placed the *Daily News* back on the floor, where I had found it, and started out the closing door.

It was only a short walk from the station to Zander's, and I hurried across the street against the light, dodging cars and ignoring the subsequent horn blasts.

"Men," Mr. De Costa began. There were five of us sitting in his small office. "Congratulations and welcome to the Zander family. This is as big a moment for me as it is for you. In the years to come, I hope you will look back upon this first day here with the same warm memories that I have.

"Now, before I send you out into the store, I'd like to tell you a little more about our operation here at Zander's. First of all, you will all be covered by our compulsory management group health, sickness and accident insurance policy. Two dollars and fifty cents a week will be deducted from your salary for this. This brings us to our wonderful Executive Employees' Profit Sharing Plan. For every five dollars a week that we hold back from your salary, Mr. Zander adds another fifty cents. The money goes into an investment fund, where it grows and grows and grows, so that if you stay with the company and live to be sixty-five, it's all yours again. I know sixty-five may seem to you young men a long ways from now, but *tempus fugit*—time flies. You'll be old before you know what's happened to you."

He stopped for a second and glanced at his watch. I looked at mine. It was almost nine. The store opened at 9:30.

"Now, about lunch," he began again. "Mr. Zander would like all his young executives to have their twenty-five-minute lunch break with him in the Executive Dining Room every day. He feels that, in this manner, he will be able to discuss immediately store problems that will arise daily, without having to disrupt your work. Eight dollars a week will be deducted for lunch." He made another check with his pencil.

"Now, in addition to lunch, there will be the full-scale executive board meetings every Tuesday and Thursday nights, from seven to ten in the evening. All of you will be expected to attend these twice-weekly meetings, without exception, of course—which brings us down to the last three items on the agenda. Compensation, individual assignments and the washrooms." He walked to the door, looked out as if to see if anybody was listening, and then returned to sit on the edge of his desk.

"Starting salary," and I swear he had lowered his voice, "is sixty-five dollars a week—before deductions." My heart sank and I saw a number of spots before my eyes. He was kidding!? He had to be! "After three months," he continued, "there is one four-dollar-and-fifty-cent

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raise, and after that, men, well, just let me say this: The sky's the limit! The washrooms. The executive washrooms are on the seventh floor. Don't use them, please. They are not constructed to handle large crowds—and since we are completely filled up now, your names will be placed on a waiting list, and as soon as there is a vacancy, you will individually receive your keys. Let me see—oh, yes—the employees' washrooms are on the first, third and fifth floors. Don't use these, either! As you may know, this store is organized, and the employees are all members of Local Six-fifty-seven, Department Store Workers. They feel the washrooms should be used solely for union members; and even though Mr. Zander denied it emphatically, when they accused us last year of bugging the third-floor washroom, we lost the case in arbitration. There are, however, several nice washrooms on the main floor that are for customers. Please bear with us and use these for the time being.

"OK," he said, "that covers that. Finally, we get to assignments. Burdick . . ."

"Yes, sir," the young man in the dark flannel suit replied.

"You will be in Men's Shoes."

"Thank you, sir." He stood up and approached the desk. De Costa reached into a cardboard box and handed him a large round yellow button, about the size of a softball.

"Put this on, Burdick, and wear it at all times." The button read, in large black letters:

PLEASE DON'T TALK TO ME—
I'M IN TRAINING

"Is that all, sir?" Burdick wanted to know, sliding the pin of the button into his lapel.

"It is for now, Burdick. Report to Mr. Higgins in Men's Shoes and he'll get you started."

"Thank you, sir."

"Good luck." We all shook his hand and he left, his face glowing, his jaw set.

"Wayne." I stood up and got my button. "Wayne, you're going to be in Budget Bags." I smiled wanly. "I thought you'd like that, Wayne," Mr. De Costa said.

"It's what I was hoping for, sir," I replied, still slightly dazed from the salary letdown, but always game.

"Main floor, Wayne. Mr. Ryan is waiting."

"Thank you, sir. So long, fellows."

"So long," they all waved back.

It was 9:27 and there I was. All dressed up in my new suit and poised for action. Mr. Ryan introduced me to the eight girls in my department and then disappeared. Probably to see if his name had come up on the washroom list yet, I thought.

It was a very strange sensation, let me tell you, standing there in a deserted

department store next to eight girls and nine booths filled with hundreds of \$1.98, \$2.48, \$3.19, \$3.49, \$3.98 and \$4.28 ladies' handbags. I rocked back and forth on my heels and lit a cigarette. One of the girls saw me and shook her head. Another girl pointed to a large sign on the wall: NO SMOKING.

Oh, that was a nice touch, I told myself as I ground the cigarette out under my shoe. Then I looked, for the first time, toward the front of the store, and what I saw gave me a nervous jolt I still, to this day, haven't fully recovered from. My God, it was awful!

Hundreds of them waiting to get in, their faces pressed in grotesque distortion up against the glass doors. I walked closer to the huge front doors and smiled out at them. They didn't smile back. I held up my hand and wriggled my fingers in a friendly greeting. Several of them held up their hands and waved their fists back at me in obvious hostility.

And then the gong sounded and I saw two uniformed guards approach the doors from either side of the store. Thank God, I thought, they're going to chase them away.

"Ready, Harry?" the first guard asked, his lower lip trembling.

"Ready, Lou," the second guard whispered, kneeling down, his face white, a key in his hand.

"Don't let them in!" I yelled, when I realized what they were about to do; but it was too late. My scream was lost in an explosion of thundering feet, smashing, hurtling bodies and calls of:

"C'mon, Laura, the elastic stockings are this way!"

"Shut your mouth, Jeffrey, or I'll really give you something to cry about!"

"Quick, Marge, stick it in your pocket and nobody'll notice." Stunned, I fought my way back to my department.

"Mr. Wayne," I heard a voice. "We're over here." It was one of the girls in Budget Bags, holding out an arm. I reached for it, but just then an elderly lady gave me a shove and I was knocked off balance and into Men's Toiletries.

"Excuse me," I said to a dark-haired lad, also wearing a PLEASE DON'T TALK TO ME—I'M IN TRAINING button.

"You'll get used to it," he smiled, showing a mouth full of missing teeth and pointing to his button when somebody tried to ask him a question.

"I'll be seeing you," I said, making headway back to my area.

The little 17-year-old Puerto Rican boy in the dirty overalls was trying to tell me something.

"I can't talk to you," I said, pointing to the talisman on my lapel.

"Sure you can," he raised his voice. "I'm Joe Gomez, Mr. Wayne, your assistant."

"Oh, I see. Hi." I put my hand out

and he hesitated for a beat before shaking it.

"It's ten o'clock now," he began. "Time to go down cellar and bring up more bags."

"All right," I told him. "Go ahead."

"You, too," he said. "I need help." I looked over at one of the girls and she nodded.

"We need two hundred Model A-twenty-twos, three hundred B-sixty-fives, one hundred F-thirty-fours—"

"Wait a second, I'll get a pencil," I told her.

"Here, Mr. Wayne," Joe said, tossing me a black crayon.

"Thanks, Joe. Go ahead, dear."

"My name is Celia Rogers, Mr. Wayne. And I'm not a dear," she frowned.

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "I'll be sure to remember that from now on." I looked over at Joe and he was laughing, but not at me, I later found out.

Five minutes later, we were in the cellar loading hundreds of handbags into huge cardboard containers on wheels.

"You'd better take off your jacket, Mr. Wayne, before it gets ruined."

"Thanks, Joe," I said.

"Here, let me help you," he offered.

"I can manage," I told him. I removed the jacket and hung it on a nail. Then we went back to loading.

"Some job, huh?" Joe commented as we laboriously pushed the big containers toward the elevator.

"Awful," I smiled, happy at least to find someone who was sharing this terrible experience.

"I hate it, too," he said. "I would've quit long time ago, except money is so good."

"Good?" I laughed, as we rode upstairs in the giant freight elevator. I could imagine, if I got \$65 a week, what he got must have been meager.

"I can't complain," he began. "Ninety-five a week ain't bad for forty hours." I grabbed him by the collar of his shirt, furious that anyone would want to "put me on" at a moment like this.

"You're a liar!" I yelled.

"About what?" he yelled, tearing himself loose.

"About getting ninety-five dollars a week," I charged. "I only get sixty-five, and you're my assistant." I felt ashamed of myself the moment I said it, so help me, but Joe looked up at me and smiled warmly.

"Yeah, I know that, Mr. Wayne. But I belong to the union," and he showed me *his* button—not a big yellow one, but a small black one, pinned on his thin gray wallet, "and you don't."

"Could I join?" I asked him as the elevator came to a slow halt.

We pushed the cartons across the store and over to my department. It was a long journey. There must be something about merchandise that is being taken

somewhere, anywhere, that lends it a certain attraction. It's a kind of "Let's grab it, girls, before they hide it on us" attitude.

It was hard to believe, but by the time we reached the Budget Bag Center, we had a following of over 20 fiercely competitive, hysterical women—all trying to purchase only those bags in the large containers that we had brought up from the cellar.

However, the minute we put the bags into the glass showcases and onto the shelves of the wooden booths, these same women seemed to lose interest and drifted away to other parts of the store.

Seven trips I made with Joe Gomez that morning to the cellar of Zander's. Seven times we loaded up on ladies' handbags and then fought our way back to our department.

"It's a slow morning," Joe told me as we started down for our eighth trip.

"What's it like when business is good?" I wanted to know. He showed me two little white scars on his shin.

"Last Christmas," he recalled, painfully. "I was carrying some A-twenty-twos up from cellar when she saw me. I start to run for like to hide in men's room. But it is no good. She catch me by water fountain."

"She kicked you with her heel?" I asked sympathetically.

"No, she bit me with her teeth," he told me.

Lunchtime finally came. I left Joe Gomez in the cool cellar with his brown paper bag and hurried to the men's room on the main floor. There I washed my face and hands, then slipped back into my white shirt and jacket, tied my tie, shined my shoes with my handkerchief and headed for the Executive Dining Room. God, I was tired.

I staggered into the long, wood-paneled dining room that was already half filled, found myself a seat at the far end of the 50-foot table and flopped down, exhausted, my head spinning.

First you get your fruit cup, I remembered a girl I once knew saying as she described a certain restaurant she had



liked in Darien. Then you get your soup. Then you get your bread and butter, or your hot rolls.

At the head of the table, a million miles away, it seemed, Mr. Zander was sitting. Was he speaking? I couldn't tell over the roar of the other voices and the steady piping of the Muzak that filled the air. I reached for my glass of water and it slipped out of my hand, crashing to the floor. Two waiters in white came running over with mops—or were they nets? They should be nets, I thought. Yes, they should. For me. That's right, for me, because I'm crazy. Crazy to be sitting here like this. Then I suddenly asked myself why I *was* sitting there like that, and I began to tremble all over.

I dimly know that I got up and started out of the dining room, and somebody whispered, "Sit down, he's talking," and I halfway heard him and ignored him altogether. And then I was out on a fire escape, sweating in an icy breeze and breathing fast and deep.

Is this me? Yes. Am I really here? You are really here. Why? I got no answer from myself.

"Why?!" I blared, banging on a smoke-blackened railing until I split the sides of my hands. "Why?! For what?!"

What's with you, Helen? I asked myself. And what's with *you*? I asked myself. How did she do this to me? Why did you *let* her?

"Because you wanted to be a man," I told myself dolefully. "Don't blame her because you can't make the grade. The fault, dear Brutus, is—"

"Up yours!" I yelled at myself.

For \$65 a week this degradation! Sixty-five minus deductions! That's \$52 and then it commences with \$8 for lunch and \$5 for profit sharing and \$2.50 for nose blowing. What does that amount to? What will I have to put in my pocket to buy me a piece of the great American dream?! What exactly?! No con! Dollars and cents! Thirty-six dollars and fifty cents! That was it! The grand, grimy, gamy total!

Screw you, too, I stated to the noon-day sun.

• • •

I walked past the empty desk of his secretary and, without breaking stride, flung open the door of the gigantic inner office. Mr. Zander looked up, asking with his eyes what the hell I was doing in his office. With his mouth, he said:

"Come in." I walked over to the desk and rested my weight on the palms of my hands. "What is it that you want?"

"I want to thank you," I said. Mr. Zander raised his eyebrows.

"You don't have to thank me," he said. "We have to take new men on. Nothing personal," he added.

But I said I thanked him just the same.

"For what?" Mr. Zander asked.

"I've learned a lot here," I told him.

"Yes," Mr. Zander smiled. "So soon?"

"It didn't take long," I said. "Just in these few hours, I have realized the importance of something that I thought I should forget about. Not that I blame other people, but they thought I should forget about it, too. If I had never become an employee here, Mr. Zander, the chances are that I might never have figured out that to me it is the most important thing in the world."

"What is?" Mr. Zander asked, and I told him.

"My father's money," I said. Mr. Zander's forehead crinkled and he squinted up through startled eyes, as narrow as a Chinaman's.

"How's that?" he asked.

"My father," I told him, "could buy you and sell you with one telephone call. Mr. Zander." Mr. Zander sat back and folded his hands as if he thought I was maybe going to make him an offer. "I do not need this job. Clap, R. O. T. C. and this job are three of the many things I want no part of. I'm here because I was mixed up. I am not mixed up any longer. I have plans now, Mr. Zander. Plans!" Mr. Zander popped his eyes up at me, maybe waiting to hear what my plans might be.

"I plan," I said, "to make the most of life in as pleasant and comfortable and expensive a way as I know how! I will be deaf, dumb and blind to all people with a purpose, and never again as long as I live will I miss a chance to sleep late and enjoy myself without breaking my ass." I felt my heart rising and heard my voice rising with it.

"I thank you, Mr. Zander. I thank you for teaching me to take advantage of my real opportunities and to make the most of the chance I've got to make sure that never again will I be in a position to be victimized by a person like yourself. A person who makes a point of getting fifty times his money's worth for every dime he pays his employees—nonunionized, of course, I mean."

By now, I did feel kind of grateful to the owner of Zander's, third largest department store in the world; and however it sounded, I meant it the way I said it.

"My purpose in life from now on will be to avoid, in every way, proving that I can make it on my own!" Mr. Zander sat staring up at me, and then he cleared his throat with such a harsh harrumph that I stepped back a little, half expecting he might attack me. He stood up with a very somber look on his face and then, to my surprise, stretched out his hand.

"OK," he told me. "Have a real nice time."

• • •

I have never been in jail and gotten out, but I have been in Zander's. Zander's will do. For me there is no prison like Zander's. Leavenworth, Dartmoor, Sing-

Sing. Bad enough. But most of the people who get put in them get out in time, and all of them can hope. Only those who go to Zander's never get out. It is either Zander's or another Zander's. Or a coal mine or an insurance office or a steel mill or a canning factory. Zander's—all Zander's. The trapped can go from one to another, up, down or sideways, but they can never break out of the orbit. Only the dead can beat the rap. Only the dead and the mad . . .

". . . And me." I gritted through clenched teeth to myself, "I can get out. It proves not one damned thing that I can escape, but thank God I can!"

I had a drink at a bar on Charles Street to wash the taste of the day out of my mouth—and the thought of all the trapped who had to stay and could never leave and were stuck in the pits forever.

"My God," I said to myself, "my God in heaven."

• • •

When I opened the door of our apartment, I knew I had to be careful. The rage inside me was like a rage I'd never known. Pure white and one-dimensional.

I heard the water running in the shower, and then she came out of the bathroom and we stood face to face.

Her eyebrows went up.

"Home early, aren't you?"

"I got a reprieve from the governor," I said.

"What's that?"

"I have a very interesting theory about slavery," I said. "Want to hear it?"

"No."

"It stinks," I told her.

"What the devil are you talking about, Perry?"

"It was a case of mistaken identity, Helen. I thought I was somebody else," I said. "I thought I was a fellow named John Doe who had to let himself be beaten over the head daily from nine to five."

She wasn't following me, so I laid it out simply. "I don't like working at Zander's." I told her.

"You'll get used to it," she said.

"I don't think so, Helen."

"It may take a little time."

"It won't take any part of my time."

"You've been drinking."

"Just celebrating."

"What?"

"My liberation," I told her. "I've quit."

She stood, frozen, staring at me. "You haven't."

"I turned in my handcuffs and walked out."

"This—*isn't* possible."

I sat down in a chair and looked up at her.

"Helen, it was sixty-five dollars a week. And there was no big office. Only the cellar and a lot of two-dollar, forty-eight-cent handbags—"

"Look," she began to plead, "we'll



"If you think I'm going to compete with that, you're crazy!"

give back the house and the cars. It doesn't matter. I love the furniture. So we'll buy better stuff someday. Go back—tell them you weren't feeling well—we can manage, somehow."

"Helen," and I tried to keep my voice as steady as I could, under the circumstances, "I'm going to work for my father."

At this announcement, she flung herself on the bed, hands in her hair, feet kicking against the wall, as she built herself up into a real first-class tantrum. I tried one last time.

"Helen, I spend the whole day at Zander's. Helen—stop chewing the bedspread and listen—beneath all the phony tinsel and promises, Zander's is the same business as my father's business. But there, in Connecticut, since I was lucky enough to be born my father's son, I'll be my father's son, instead of a glorified stock clerk who would, if he should live through it, get to be in twenty years what I can be tomorrow morning!" She stopped tearing the sheets into strips long enough to look dry-eyed up at me and answer.

"What about your promise? What about the way I feel? What about your own self-respect?"

"One at a time, please," I told her. "First, my promise. I'm breaking it. My life is more important. Second, what about the way you feel? I think you'd rather have me love you the way I am than hate you later for what I couldn't be. Third, what about my own self-respect . . . ?"

"Well, what about it?" she taunted. "If you don't make it on your own, you'll never have any, that's what!"

"Really? What about Alexander the Great? He didn't make it on his own. His father was Philip of Macedon. Did that stop him?"

That's when she threw the clock radio at me.

"And Jefferson, and Tolstoy and Freud, and don't forget Moses, who was a prince of Egypt"—I continued, as she now stood there, feet planted firmly in the rug, head down, beating her fists on my chest—"all sons of rich men who, because they did have money, had time to watch and observe the inequalities of society and then eventually change the world, each in his own way."

"You dare to compare—" she shrieked, now slamming about the apartment, breaking dishes—the cheap set.

"And Kennedy, and Shakespeare, and Grace Kelly, not to forget your troops." I was following her around now, laughing, slapping at her behind with a big wooden salad spoon. Whack!

She spun around suddenly and there we were, eyeball to eyeball, on the 54th parallel. Our moment of truth.

"I'm not Horatio Alger, Helen," I said quietly.

"Who are you, then?" she asked, and she meant it, cold, scalpel clear. "Who the hell are you?"

"I don't know," I told her, happy to be telling someone who wasn't a doctor the truth for the first time in six months. "I thought maybe you'd know." She just stood there staring at me. It must have been at least a minute, and then for the first time since I can remember, tears, big wet ones, started rolling down one cheek.

"You're a weak shit!"

"Among other things," I said.

"Oh, God . . ." her lower lip began shaking. "I'm all screwed up, too, Perry. The way I think and the way I feel are eight million miles apart." I took her by the shoulders and pulled her close into me.

"Love counts for something, Helen."

"No, not enough," and her whole body was shaking.

"C'mon," I told her, but gently, "if we hurry, maybe we can beat the traffic back home."

. . .

Breakfast was delicious. Marie was getting to be a more proficient cook every day. I reminded myself to raise her salary ten dollars at the end of the month.

"Marie," I said.

"Yes, sir," and her simple, honest British face was wreathed in smiles.

"No one," I said, "makes eggs Benedict quite like you do." She blushed as if I had told her she looked like Gina Lollobrigida, and though Helen does not like me to spoil the servants, she nevertheless could not help smiling at this display of generosity.

"I thank you, sir," Marie said, dropping a little curtsy. Things like this curtsy, and her way of saying "No, mum" and "Very good, sir" cost me an extra \$55 a month, but what the hell!

She showed her gratitude by being at the door, all smiles, when I came out of the sunroom ready for the day ahead. Though it was not her place, she held my Inquahart Burberry for me, presented me with my Borsalino homburg and the monogrammed black thorn that I have recently learned to think of as my boon companion.

"Good morning, sir," she said, and then Helen, lovely in a capricious little breakfast gown by Molyneux, trailed out and kissed me.

"The Mouton-Rothschild blanc is running low," she reminded me, and I promised to have Hawthorne and Bleakley send in a case.

The morning air was a little chill and I was dubious for a moment whether the car was going to start. But when I switched the key and stroked the starter, the motor sprang into that rich, harmonious throbbing that I love. Not an ostentatious little car, I thought, but a credit to Aston Martin. The tires rattled

through the brown leaves of the driveway, and I reminded myself to speak to Charles about them.

. . .

The railroad platform in Westport was crowded with commuters: haggard, worried, harassed men, most of them my own age, hastily dressed and half breakfasted in their anxiety lest they miss the 8:45 for New York. It was not a merry sight, but, to me, it was a small annoyance. Very small, since the crowded platform was *across* the tracks from me.

As the poor souls pushed and packed their way into the coaches, my own train, New Haven bound, rolled quietly into place and Perkins, the sexagenarian conductor who had come to know me, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Wayne," his breath smoking in the nippish air and his shoulders slightly stooped with years of honest toil.

It occurred to me that I should give him something fitting for Christmas. Then, into the coach and my own old seat near the center, thankful that, though I could make no use of all the seats, they were all empty and available.

An easy stirring jolt and the train was off through the varicolored stretches of autumnal Connecticut, and I glanced at my Lucian Piccard horologue and saw, with mild pleasure, that I would have time to finish the last ten pages of *The Charterhouse of Parma*.

. . .

Later that afternoon, Jeff Zander and I stood on the first tee of the Riviera Country Club in North Branford. The sky was blue, the wind brisk off the Sound. I borrowed a ball from my old friend and selected a driver from one of the Negro caddies.

"A hundred a hole?" Jeff asked, the brim of his cap flapping in the breeze.

"Sure," I told him, bending over to tee the ball. "You know, it's funny, we're victims of our own attitudes. I thought I'd feel guilty about all of this. Instead, I find myself with more time to read, to listen to good music, to go to the theater. It's marvelous. Isn't it? Or—did we sell out?"

"For Christ's sake, Perry!"

"Look, if we did, we're still young enough, I mean, we could—"

"Per, it's such a beautiful Thursday afternoon. Feel that sun. Smell that fresh air, and then think about all the others and what they're doing right now."

"Ugh. But aren't we different, better, Jeff? Couldn't we have done—"

"Perry, will you stop talking and just play the game?"

"But—"

"Just hit the ball, Perry, hit it nice and straight right up the middle of the fairway."

I did.

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THE SECRET MISSION *(continued from page 114)*

haggard West Pointer who drank a lot, called me into his steamy, pungent pyramidal tent. The man we always privately referred to with clenched jaw and narrowed eyes as "Old Horse's Ass" opened with his usual laconic: "At ease, soldier."

I slumped deeper into my fetid fatigues, which had not seen the laundry for six weeks and which were now beginning to grow peat moss in the armpits, and waited for the usual listless chewing-out that always occurred in this hovel. Casually, deliberately, he shuffled through a pile of old *Argosy* magazines that he kept on his desk at all times. I waited silently, feeling the sweat trickling down my dog-tag chain, dribbling over my blood type and my ostensible religion, to hang for a moment and then continue down my stomach to further soak my web belt and the tops of my GI shorts. In the corner of the tent, our hated duty sergeant, Sharkey, sucked noisily at his notorious hollow tooth, enjoying to the fullest his favorite scene—a GI about to receive 39 lashes at the masthead. It never occurred to me to ask myself what I had done wrong this time, since, in old Company K, that was an academic question. It could have been any of a number of things—the look on my face, for instance, an indiscreet remark in the latrine about the quality of the powdered eggs, or just general principles.

The captain hummed tunelessly to himself as he prepared to deliver his bombshell. His humming blended nicely with the oppressively familiar sound of our humble little Army outpost buried deep in the Everglades—the incessant 440-cps note of a sweep radar in the distance, the low thunder of our earth-shaking Leroi diesel generators, the countless cruising mosquitoes and the muffled, drowsy cursing of men at war. Our beleaguered, boredom-drenched, heat-rashed, navel-contemplating radar station on the edge of the great swamp made Mr. Roberts' U. S. S. Reluctant, which sailed between the islands of Ennui and Monotony, with occasional side trips to Apathy, seem like Coney Island on July fourth.

Old Horse's Ass rarely spoke to ordinary mortals, and when he did, he never raised his voice—he just smiled a thin, distant smile. That was what made him really fearsome to the simple peasants of Company K—his noninvolvement. It was rumored that he didn't even sweat.

Captain Crawford seemed to know something that none of us could even guess at. And he wasn't telling.

"Corporal," he asked me quietly, "who do you know at headquarters?"

"Uh . . . excuse me, sir?"

Immediately, I was alert. This was no ordinary ass-chewing session. Something had hit the fan big.

"Pay attention to me when I talk."

"Yessir."

"I said, 'Who do you know at headquarters?'"

"Headquarters, sir?"

Frantically my mind groped through its adolescent fog, trying to perceive the outlines of the disaster that was about to befall me. The sarcastic overtone of his question bode no good.

"That's right, Corporal—headquarters."

My idea of headquarters was where I was standing right now. I knew in a vague way that there were bigger men than Captain Crawford, that there were people somewhere, someplace, called "generals"; but that was a world far beyond the vine-strangled, sandy universe of Company K, a world bounded on the north by the supply shed, on the south by the PT field, on the west by the jungle and on the east by the swamp.

"Well, sir, I . . . you see, sir—"

He cut in, his voice even more sinister: "Corps headquarters, Corporal."

Sergeant Sharkey's stomach rumbled ominously as it digested the only steak seen in our company for three months or more. Sergeants in remote Army posts live high off the hog. Quite often, they *are* the hog.

Corps headquarters, I thought—where the hell is that? I remembered a chart that we had to memorize in an Army organization class eons ago in basic training. At the top was a big block with stars in it, labeled CORPS HEADQUARTERS. Company K was so far down the hierarchy that they would have had to make the chart 200 feet long to fit us on it.

"Captain, sir," I answered finally, "I don't know exactly what you mean, sir."

He snorted, "I'll bet. I suppose the good fairies cut these orders because you put a tooth under your pillow and made a wish."

He handed me a sheaf of mimeographed orders, stapled together, bearing the heading HEADQUARTERS, CORPS COMMANDER—directing that the below-named Cpl., Sig. C. U. S. A., shall be assigned to detached special duty with the Air Corps. Immediately. The captain lolled back in his swivel chair, peering through his gin and tonic (which had been cleverly disguised to look like regulation Army Kool-Aid) at the shaft of sunlight that lanced through the ventilating hole at the top of the tent.

"Congratulations, Corporal. I don't know who the hell it is you know at Corps, but when you find the time, I would appreciate it if you'd put in a good word for me."

Sergeant Sharkey cut in: "Your transportation is in front of the dayroom, soldier. Get your ass in gear and turn your

Form 32 in to the supply sergeant before you leave, you hear?"

I reeled out into the sun, rocked to the core. Good God! I was unworthy of such a stroke. To this day, I have no idea how or why my name came up. It goes without saying that I knew no one at Corps. I swam through the brilliant sunlight and the blazing heat in a kind of delirious fog. My tent was empty save for the long, skinny form of Pfc. Gasser, who lay drugged in half sleep under his mosquito bar. He had been on duty at the generator all night and now lay in suspended animation, bathed in the eternal sweat we lived with. I emptied my footlocker into my B-bag, working swiftly, fearful lest they change their mind. My canteen cup got jammed sideways on the top of the canteen. Muttering "Son of a bitch," I tried to free it by banging it on the edge of the bunk. Gasser sat bolt upright in bed, saluting smartly:

"Yessir!"

"Sorry I woke you up, Gasser."

He peered at me through the hazy yellow netting.

"Where the hell you going?"

"I've been transferred to the Air Corps."

He sat in the center of his soggy sack, wearing rumpled OD-colored GI shorts and a pound of sulfa salve smeared over his giant heat rash, which cascaded richly down over his shoulders, back and chest. He leaned forward, staring at me, his sleep-fogged eyes trying to focus.

"Transferred to *what*?"

"To the Air Corps. I'm getting out of here. I got orders."

I slung the barracks bag carefully up over my shoulder, so as not to wrinkle the crisp, razor-sharp suntans I had pulled on. It was the first time I had been out of fatigues—the same fatigues—in over a month. Gasser sank back on his bed of pain and lay for a moment, and finally muttered:

"For Chrissake, the *Air Corps*. There's hope for us all."

And I was gone. The transportation Sergeant Sharkey had referred to was the tired old command car—a weapons carrier—that constituted one third of our motor pool. Company K also had a jeep with a busted axle that had been half-buried in a sand dune for over six months—plus a giant half-track that no one knew how to drive and for which we had no conceivable use. All three vehicles, when they ran, burned more oil than gasoline and looked so battleworn that Captain Crawford was ashamed to let any of us take them into the nearest town, even on business. Obviously, someone did not consider Company K a unit in the real Army and had assigned to us equipment and weapons that had been discarded by actual soldiers.

Elkins, one of our two drivers, crouched like a toad behind his worn black steering wheel as we roared

together over barely discernible back-country roads through the steaming Everglades. It was impossible to talk in our command car, which not only had the usual loudness of Army vehicles but was so old and rattly that any kind of communication between passengers had to be carried on in sign language. Elkins drove like most GI drivers: flat-out, eyes slitted, dribbling a constant stream of profanity into the general uproar. Occasionally he used his own inimitable sign language on drivers he forced into ditches or through bridge railings—usually a gesture known at the time as “Mussolini’s salute,” although it undoubtedly predated his regime. Behind us was a wake of outraged civilians and dead chickens. We were on our way to Drew Field.

Elkins was in a particularly sullen mood—even for him. He always was when he was forced to drive the occasional escapee from Company K to the outside world. He had told me one night in our squalid little dayroom, with its grimy ping-pong table and unrefrigerated Coke machine, that he had joined the Army in an ill-considered fit of patriotism after seeing a Preston Foster movie about the Air Cadets. He envisioned himself a second lieutenant, shoulders agleam with shiny Air Corps wings and climbing into his P-51 to take on the *Luftwaffe* singlehanded, machine guns spitting death. Instead, like the rest of us, Elkins had found himself squeezed through the intricate maze of Army classification and into the very bottom of the barrel—Company K. He blamed Preston Foster personally and vowed that if he ever ran into him, he would bust the son of a bitch in the mouth. I sometimes wonder if he ever got his chance. In any case, he drove his command car as though it were a P-51 and any hapless living body that crossed his path were a member of the *Luftwaffe*. He had also, of late, taken to wearing his garrison cap in the famous Air Corps crush; and if he had been able to get away with it, would no doubt have scrounged a leather flying jacket and boots from somewhere. Together, he and I rammed through the eddying heat toward my new post, each wrapped in his own fantasies.

My orders read to report to the operations officer for a special assignment to begin no later than 1300 that very afternoon. Drew Field was a long way from our little jungle outpost where Company K, theoretically at least, kept its 24-hour vigil against attacking enemy planes and invading *Panzers*. As I bounced and jiggled next to Elkins, a great sense of peace and happiness grew, hour by hour, within me. At last I was free. This was it—the real thing. Now my months of intensive training in airborne radar would pay off. I felt my arm heavy with golden stripes, since the Air Corps was notorious for its generosity in the rank department.

The entire Signal Corps, on the other hand, had by actual count made 17 buck sergeants, 42 corporals and 38 Pfc. in the preceding year. Our company had not seen a new stripe for over eight months, and that came only when Elkins had publicly threatened suicide if he didn’t get one. The night after Elkins made Pfc., an all-night party was thrown by the enlisted men—which meant all of us except Captain Crawford and his henchman, Lieutenant Cherry, who, if anything, was even more melancholy than Crawford. After all, Crawford was a captain, while Cherry had been in the Regular Army 24 years—the cavalry, no less—and would never even in his wildest nightmares have conceived of such an outfit as Company K of the Signal Air Warning System, let alone dreamed that he’d wind up in it. Cherry dreamed of cavalry charges and captain’s bars; Crawford mooned over visions of officers’ clubs in London and conferences with General Eisenhower; while all we had to hope for was the day we could get cold beer again and the Coke machine would be repaired.

The journey was suddenly over. Elkins helped me unload my bags at the main gate of Drew Field. Overhead, a high formation of B-24s climbed into the sun. Elkins squinted upward for a long moment, hawked juicily and spat on the hubcap of his command car.

“You lucky son of a bitch,” he muttered, climbed behind the wheel and clattered off.

Five minutes later, I struggled into the operations office and handed my papers

to a bright-eyed, pearly-toothed Air Corps first lieutenant wearing rimless glasses. I noted the beautifully sculpted propeller and wings that he wore on his superbly fitting officer-pink shirt. His desk was one of dozens, all manned by as natty a crowd of military personnel as I had ever seen in all my long, toiling journey through the Army. Out of the corner of my eye, as the lieutenant read the mimeographed sheets, I noted that there wasn’t a rank to be seen lower than staff sergeant. Everywhere, technical sergeants, master sergeants, not to mention captains, majors and even a sprinkling of colonels, joked and chatted, their uniform shirts skintight, their pants tailored with fastidious care and style. I stood before the desk in my baggy Signal Corps sack suit, suddenly conscious of the great semicircles of perspiration spreading down from my armpits, my sunburned nose softly raining flakes of dried skin, my lumpy, friendly old GI shoes spreading out over half the floor, my green corporal stripes frayed and curling at the edges. I stood at attention, waiting to be assigned to my new squadron, my heat rash playing a slow flame over my shoulder blades. The lieutenant hummed cheerfully, consulted a couple of sheets of paper, spoke briefly into a phone and finally said to me:

“So you’re the guy from the Signal Corps.”

“Yessir.”

“You’re down for that damn A-26, that experimental rock, right?”

“Uh . . .”

A tiny alarm bell went off deep inside



“I say, chaps! A Ronald Reagan movie!”

my innermost being, where we keep our basic animal instincts. I did not answer, since he was not asking a question but stating a fact.

"OK, Corporal, take this to supply. If you need anything else, tell 'em to call me. You might as well leave your bag with the sergeant at the desk."

"Yessir."

"Step on it. Operations says the ship will be on the line in a couple of minutes."

"Uh . . . yessir."

"You're checked out on the 695, right?"

"Excuse me, sir?"

He had caught me off guard.

"The 695. You're checked out on it, right?"

"Yessir!"

The 695 was, at the time, a highly classified altimeter whose complete proper name was the SCR 695. I had, along with a few others in the company, been given a course in theory, installation and maintenance of the 695, had been sworn to secrecy and then, as is so often the case in the Army, had never seen nor heard of it again.

A jeep drove me along a wide concrete apron before a long row of gleaming hangars. We cruised in and out, threading through B-17s, B-24s, B-26s and an occasional stray fighter. At last! At long last! The real thing! We pulled up in front of a long, low shed marked SUPPLY—GENERAL FLIGHT. My driver, a technical sergeant, chewed steadily on a toothpick while we waited for the supply corporal to pass over the counter the gear on my requisition sheet.

I hefted a real Air Corps flight suit of the overall type, studded with zippered pockets, serial numbers, little rings, slots, alligator clips, leather tabs, dangling electrodes—and topped with a great, round, black furry collar.

"What size head you got?" the corporal asked.

"Seven and a quarter."

He fished in a bin. "Here. Try this. Just once I wish some bastard would say six and an eighth. I got five hundred of them that ain't never been wore."

I held in my hands a genuine Air Corps-issue flight helmet, complete with intercom earphones, phone jacks, fleece lining, buckles, snaps—the works. He shoved a magnificent pair of green goggles across the counter to me and started to pile test equipment on the floor: a bright, shiny Voltohm, a magnificent signal generator that the boys in Company K would have given three years of their life to own; and a set of spanking new blue-steel work tools—pliers, wire strippers, test prods—all fitted into a lovely cowhide case. I thought briefly of the sad collection of rattle-taggle blunt screwdrivers and lumpy, taped pliers that Company K used to keep our doddering radar equipment going. Al-

ready all that poverty, that sweaty grubbing, was fading from my memory. Casser should see me now! Here was technological wealth beyond imagining.

Now dressed in my flight suit, helmet, goggles and M-2, my feet sloshing around in a pair of zippered flying boots, I was driven far out along the row of parked aircraft. The air was filled with the sound of roaring motors, planes taxiing, taking off, landing, droning overhead. I was part of it all, the whole gaudy circus. Finally we drew up before one of the hangars. The technical sergeant said:

"This is communications service hangar. You better check with them."

He wheeled his jeep around and left. Inside, a captain sat at a desk amid an immense squadron of silent aircraft. GIs crawled over them, lugging still more magnificent test equipment.

"Oh, yeah, you're the guy they sent down to test the 695 in that damn low-level attack ship, right?"

"I guess so, sir."

"What?"

"Yessir!"

"You checked out on the 717?"

Now he was really in my element. The 717, also highly confidential at the time, was a sweep-and-search radar designed for special uses in aircraft. I had at one time in my checkered career even taught a course on its various idiosyncrasies.

"Yes, sir! The 717 A or B, sir?"

"How the hell should I know?"

I could see he was impressed. My confidence was growing like some speckled monster. I hoped he would ask me to fly the plane.

"OK. Jack, she'll be out on the line in a couple of minutes. Would you mind checking the sweep on the 717?"

"No, sir, wouldn't mind at all, sir."

"The boys will give you the radar checkpoints. Any questions?"

"No, sir."

I swaggered out into the sunlight and toward the ready line. Three P-38s skimmed overhead in a tight wingtip-to-wingtip formation, banking as a single ship and climbing off into the blue. Down the line, I saw taxiing toward me an A-26, which I vaguely recognized from the endless hours of aircraft-identification drill that Company K had drowsed through. Closer and closer she rolled, her twin props chopping the air, her tires, broad and flat, rumbling on the concrete, her high, sweeping rudder exuding arrogance and power. The A-26 was a beautiful ship, as well as somewhat notorious, being well known for its eccentric characteristics. It was a low-level attack bomber, of functional design, and this particular A-26 was a noble example of the breed. A blood-red letter B, at least four feet high, gleamed on her rudder. The white Air Corps bar and star was freshly painted. Across her nose, in incandescent yellow,

hand-painted in flowery letters, was her name—THE BLUE-ASSED BUZZARD. The light from the brilliant sun reflected off the tinted plexiglass of her greenhouse.

The A-26 flew, under normal conditions, with a crew of three: pilot, navigator-bombardier and tail gunner. The tail gunner sat directly behind the pilot in an incredibly cramped little niche, facing the rear. Ahead of the pilot the navigator-bombardier maintained his tiny office. He was supposed to crawl down a narrow passage into the plexiglass nose to sight and drop bombs.

She slowly wheeled around, her tail wheel creaking, her props kicking up bits of paper and a thin cloud of dust. Her engines blipped twice, making the ground around me tremble, and then—silence. A head popped out of the pilot's compartment, paused a moment, and then a master sergeant wearing green coveralls swung down to the ground.

"You the 695 guy?" he asked, his baseball cap slanting up to the sun.

"Yeah."

"OK. See you when you get down."

He ambled off toward the service hangar. I was alone; that is, except for the A-26, which loomed over me, radiating heat and malevolence. It was the first time I had ever been this close to a real live warplane. Up to this point, as a qualified airborne-radar technician, all my work had been in the classroom.

Trying to appear as casual as I could, I glanced around. There was no one else on the horizon. Gingerly, I crawled up the sleek, camouflaged side of the oval fuselage and peered down into the rear seat. Ordinarily, this was where the tail gunner plied his thankless trade, forever looking backward, forever watching for shadowy pursuers. On this ship, however, the guns had been removed and the gunner's position had been jammed chock full of radar equipment. The narrow black-leather bucket seat surrounded by the familiar scopes and range controls, the intercom equipment and other associated electronic gear looked exactly like the photographs and skeleton diagrams I had pored over in my pre-Company K days, when my hopes were still high and my Service record clean. It was beautiful, in an ugly sort of way, that little hellhole tightly packed with a quarter of a million dollars or more of highly classified equipment, worth today on the surplus market about \$17. The canopy, one side of which was now open, had been blacked out, which meant that in flight, the radar compartment was in total darkness, the better to see the flickering green images on the glowing cathode-ray tubes. It was obviously a one-of-a-kind plane. Some distant expert in the War Department had decided to try radar in an A-26.

By now, of course, I was practically out of my head with excitement. There was only one thing wrong: I didn't have



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the slightest idea what the hell I was supposed to do. One of the great comforts of Army life is that, in general, you are not the *only* one who doesn't know what you're supposed to do. I had been in the Army long enough to know that cardinal rule. On one occasion, during a short stay at a dusty, down-at-the-heels little Army camp somewhere in a forgotten corner of the Ozarks, I had seen a highly educational little drama unfold. A short, squat GI wearing a pair of faded, greasy fatigues had started yelling loudly one day in the company street. Within ten seconds, he had assembled a work detail of other GIs, all wearing identical crud-dy, moldy coveralls. He put them into a column of twos, right-faced them and marched them smartly off down the road toward the motor pool. I could hear them drilling in the churned-up mud left by a thousand half-tracks for the better part of an hour. He barked and bellowed and chewed plenty of asses. I just missed this merry little band, because at the time, I was latrine orderly and was stacking rolls of toilet paper for the next invasion. A couple of days later, I ran into this same guy at the PX, wearing his suntans. He had no stripes whatsoever. I remember our conversation well. As we both ate our Milky-Way bars, the first palatable food either of us had seen in well over a week, I asked:

"Hey, mac, when'd they bust you?"

"What do you mean, bust me?" he answered.

"Well, weren't you a corporal or something?"

"Hell, no. Where'd you get that idea?"

"Well, how come I saw you chewin' out those guys from the second platoon the other day?"

"I was just practicin'."

"Practicing? Practicing what?"

"Ass chewing. I figure I may make corporal someday. I want to be ready."

It was then I realized a great truth. Come on strong and you can go anywhere in the Army—or out of it.

I was beginning to sweat a little in my hot flying suit. They are not made for standing still, especially under a baking Florida sun. I clung to the side of that magnificent A-26 and drank in its elusive, once-inhaled, never-forgotten aroma. I have never read anywhere, in all the aviation stories I've come across, a description of how a first-line, ready-for-business combat plane smells—a highly complex, extremely subtle mingling of a thousand viscosities of lubricants, rarefied high-octane gasoline, dull camouflage paint, the thin suggestion of violence from highly potent traces of burned high explosives (she carried a 20-mm cannon, as well as enough machine guns to equip half the Mafia), the distinctive perfume of complex high-voltage wiring insulation, and a hundred other scents too esoteric to name. Her cockpit, deep and narrow, smelled of leather, cotton web-

bing, aluminum buckles and hard rubber.

I clung to the side of the plane, her engine pod radiating shimmering heat waves as she cooled. A P-47 Thunderbolt taxied by, making the ground shake, her slip stream vibrating the A-26's wings slightly. I could see the mechanic perched high in the Thunderbolt's cockpit, chomping on a cigar, his Air Corps baseball cap tilted to the sky. He rolled by with that insolent, on-top-of-it air that mechanics everywhere always have.

My God, I thought, any minute now, Wayne Morris has got to show up. I could not believe my incredible good luck. Just a few short hours ago, I lay slowly rocking at anchor, my brain gathering barnacles, rotting away with good old sad Company K—and now this! I swung down to the ground in that casual, devil-may-care way that I had seen Dana Andrews execute so many times. I am a birdman. The Air Corps song, which for so many months we of the Signal Corps had sung sardonically—"Off we go, into the wild blue yonder . . ."—now was *my* song.

I gathered up my test equipment and began to do what I had learned to do so exceedingly well in the Army: wait. A quarter of an hour passed as I stood in the shade of that sinister A-26. Furtively, from time to time, I patted her hot, rounded side, right in the middle of her big white star, not realizing that in a few moments I was about to embark on a harrowing adventure that I would never forget. It is good that man, that poor, simple, plodding creature, is not capable of foreseeing the future.

Out of the far haze, from the direction of base headquarters, I could see a jeep roaring down the line; and I swear, for an instant or two, I thought I saw fluttering foxtails flying from its antenna. The sound of raucous laughter rose above the bellow of the jeep's engine and rode high over the undercurrent of aircraft thunder. I was about to meet The Boys.

The jeep must have been edging up toward 90 when it slewed around the tail section and, with a squeal of brakes, lurched to a halt. Many times I had seen that same turn performed by my peers—callow, pimply-faced youths wheeling their leaded and chopped-off Ford rods in the gravel parking lot next to Hank's Big Boy Diner, the object being to throw as much gravel up against the side of the takeout counter as you could without Hank breaking your neck. The driver and his passenger wrestled briefly in the front seat of the jeep.

"C'mon, Charlie. Gee whiz. Gimme the key. It's my turn to drive when we get back."

"Cut it out, Ralphie! For Chrissake, you know I'm ticklish!" Whooping and giggling, they rolled out onto the runway, the one named Ralphie, a first lieutenant, kicking Charlie, a captain, in the ass as they hit the ground. Charlie

fainted to his right and threw a football block at Ralphie. I could not believe the tableau that was unfolding before my eyes. Charlie was the first 13-year-old captain I had ever seen, while Ralphie had obviously just shaded 12. Their peach-fuzzed faces had never seen a razor. I, who had just turned 17, for the first time in my life felt old and grizzled. Officers had always been grownups to me—remote, official, like fathers or bosses: like William Holden or Henry Fonda.

Charlie, his crushed cap perched on the back of his head, noticed me for the first time.

"You're the guy from the Signal Corps that's gonna test the 695." He giggled. "Yessir."

"OK, Ralphie, get your ass in gear."

Ralphie, who was busy unwrapping a new wad of shocking-pink Fleers bubble gum, said:

"Hold yer water, for Chrissake."

Charlie, the pilot, looking all of 115 pounds in his flying suit, lurched upward into his cockpit, flinging behind him.

"Lets go, mac."

I crawled up the side of the A-26 and toppled down into my dark, fragrant cave. Ralphie's head appeared above me. "Your intercom plug is down there below the relay bank."

I nodded numbly, with an uneasy feeling that from here on in it was in the lap of the gods. Never in my life had I flown in a real airplane; and vague, gnawing aches of fear began to work their way up my backbone as I buckled the chin strap on my helmet and plugged in my intercom phones. Ralphie's head reappeared.

"You OK?"

His adolescent, hot-rodder face leered down at me, his huge wad of bubble gum puffing out his cheek, like some demented chipmunk. He was the navigator-bombardier. I nodded.

"Fasten your shoulder straps and pull 'em tight."

Again his head disappeared. Not once in 4000 accredited hours of airplane-movie watching had I ever seen a pair of warbirds like Charlie and Ralphie. I sank deeper into the bucket seat. Suddenly my earphones crackled and I could hear Charlie:

"Hey, smart-ass, are you ready to roll?"

Without thinking, I muttered: "Yes-sir."

There was a moment of silence and again Charlie came onto the intercom:

"Who the hell was that?"

Then Ralphie's voice crackled through:

"It's that guy from the Signal Corps. Let's go, dad."

A high whine of motors and a deep rumble filled my cockpit. THUNK. The canopy closed and I was in absolute, total, complete, utter, Stygian darkness. I could hear Charlie muttering some-

thing to himself on the intercom. Ralphie, up ahead, was singing the second chorus of *Mairzy Doats*. Finally Charlie said, to no one in particular: "Well, here goes nothin'."

Like all human beings, I have that ancient fear of the darkness that we inherited from our cave-dwelling ancestors. I cowered in the blackness as the starboard engine turned over, first slowly, and then boomed out strong and clear. Then the other engine joined in. The thunder in my tiny, stifling closet was deafening. Charlie, I could hear, was conversing laconically with the control tower. My panic had risen to such a height that I couldn't quite make out what they were saying. Then, over the din, I heard Ralphie's squeaky voice:

"Hey, Corporal, ya got yer gear on?"

Without thinking, I blurted, "It's dark in here!"

"What the hell do you expect?" said Ralphie. "Turn on your glow light."

Glow light, I thought. If I ask him where the glow light is, I'll really be in the soup. Drawing on my vast Army experience in fakery, I said:

"I've been working on 61s lately, Lieutenant. Haven't been in 26s. Where is it?"

I hoped the 61 had *some* kind of radar. Out of the thunder, Charlie's voice came at me:

"Widows, wow! Holy smokes! I'd like

to throw one of them around once!"

I sensed that my stock had gone up a notch or two. Ralphie said:

"It's on the lower right corner of the panel."

I fumbled in the darkness and finally felt the switch. A tiny light glowed on. There were the panels of the equipment that I knew, theoretically, at least. I threw the switches; ruby and green bull's-eyes glowed into life; my scopes slowly warmed to a pale green. The ship rocked from side to side, thrumming loudly as we trundled out along the runway. A jumble of talk from the control tower, static and a steady, rhythmic clacking came through my earphones, filling my head as I groped at the sweep and intensity controls. My mind was almost a total blank. The clacking continued and then Charlie, from out of the darkness, said:

"What the hell are you doing up there, Ralphie?"

Ralphie answered: "What do you mean?"

"I can't hear anything over that lousy gum chewing."

Ralphie had apparently been chewing his bubble gum into his microphone. He muttered a muffled obscenity as we rolled on. Suddenly the ship stopped, and for a long moment, Charlie revved up each engine in turn. At length, he chirped:

"This son of a bitch is leakin' oil somewhere."

Ralphie barked back:

"Come on, you bastard. No alibis. Let's get this over with."

Oh, my God, I thought. Am I in the grip of impostors? Are these two snott-nosed kids who dressed themselves up as officers and are now stealing a plane? No, they can't be. Maybe I'm asleep. In a couple of minutes, Gasser will wake me up and I'll go down to the mess hall for my powdered eggs and Spam. Tonight I'll beat Edwards at ping-pong.

But no. On either side of me, the two engines boomed to an insane pitch. All around me, things creaked, screamed, whistled, fluttered. Instinctively, my hands clutched the metal tubing of my seat in an iron grip. It was really happening.

We began to move—faster and faster, until, with a last giant roar and an unbelievable sinking sensation that plunged all the way down to the very bottom of my gut, the A-26 soared into the air. Old bits of half-forgotten Sunday-school prayers, calendar mottoes, God knows what, welled up inside of me. Then came Charlie's voice:

"How do you like that, baby?"

Ralphie, the funny one, shot back: "Pretty lucky."

I kept my mouth shut, trying to remember whether or not I had filled out my GI insurance form correctly,

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wondering briefly what my mother would do with the ten grand and how they would word the telegram. Maybe:

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Clinging to the instrument panel, my backbone pressed deep into the leather bucket seat, the very fillings of my teeth jiggling frantically amid the insane, cyclonic noise in the cockpit, I fought back a violent attack of nausea.

"Over she goes!" Charlie yapped into my ear.

My cockpit tilted. Things snapped and groaned all around me. We were doing some kind of Immelmann or something.

"Whoops, my dear!" Ralphie shrieked into the intercom in a falsetto voice. It was as if I were trapped in a giant Waring blender. I felt the tail dip.

"Watch this, Ralphie, baby!"

I grabbed the control panel and braced myself to see what "this" was going to be.

RRRRRRRAAAAHHHHHHWWWW-
WWWWRRRRRRRRRR!

My safety belt cut deep into my ribs and shoulders. My head hung forward like a large overripe melon. I felt my eyeballs bulging. From the floor of the cockpit, a cloud of cigarette butts, gum wrappers and Christ knows what else drifted upward and swirled around my goggles. We seemed to be plummeting straight down. For a long instant, the world screamed all about me and then:

"Hang onto yer lunch! Here we go!" old Chuckie sang into the intercom, through the bellowing roar.

BBBBBAAAHHHHHHRRRRRROOO-
OOOMMMMM!

Oh! Jesus God! I'll never make it! For a moment, the northern tip of my liver seemed to be between my teeth. I was being disemboweled! Feverishly, I clung to everything I could grab. My arms weighed 1000 pounds apiece. One eyeball had totally disengaged itself and was now hanging by a long thread and bumping against my knee.

"Urk . . . urk . . . urk . . ." Involuntarily, my vocal cords quacked.

"Hey, Corporal, how 'bout getting on the ball there?" I couldn't tell which one said it; but in any event, it was an officer.

"Yessir!" I managed to croak.

"Yer first checkpoint's coming up, mac. In about forty seconds."

Checkpoint? What the hell checkpoint? Frantically, I turned up the intensity and set the range on the sweep control. A blip appeared. Ralphie cut in:

"Checkpoint One-D, Corporal—mark!"

"Yessir."

I struggled to remember the routine that I had so glibly parroted so many cons ago during training. Dumbly, I filled in the squares on the chart at-

tached to the clipboard on the control board, noting what adjustments I could see through the sweat that poured down my nose and into my mouth.

"Look at them chicks, Ralphie, baby! In that canoe down there!"

Ralphie whistled into the intercom. They both cackled lasciviously as I gamely continued to fake it. After fiddling with my controls for a minute or two longer, I said, with as much confidence as I could muster, "That's it, sir. She checks out. OK, sir, that's it. Yessir."

"You all through, mac?"

"Uh, yessir. That's all. All through. We can go back to the field now, sir."

There was a brief pause, and then:

"OK, Ralphie, let's go back after them girls!"

WWWWRRRRRRRAAAAHHH-
HHRRRRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEE!

The pencil leaped out of my hand and went winging off somewhere back of me. Again my tiny cockpit tilted insanely. This time, my pancreas appeared between my teeth. The old eyeballs snapped out, both eardrums thrumming madly, like a phalanx of kettledrums.

We're in free fall now! The bottom has dropped out of the airplane. We were crash-diving at about 400 miles an hour. All around me, above the banshee scream of the engines, I could hear ominous creaks and groans, the sound of metal being tortured beyond belief. The cigar butts and cigarette ends, dust and bits of decayed insulation floated up again from the cockpit floor—along with my notes, which drifted up past my face and clung to the ceiling.

"Hold onto your eyeteeth, kiddies!" Charlie screamed happily.

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEBBBBBRR-
RRRRRAAAWWWWRRRRRR!

Gravity clawed at every square inch of my wracked body. My ears hung like great iron weights at each side of the boulder I was using for a head. Each tooth in my skull suddenly weighed 12 pounds. And I was totally unable to breathe. The airplane groaned, screamed, wept, flailed its wings as it struggled to keep from plunging to the center of the earth. And then, miraculously, we seemed to be once again in level flight. My head lightened somewhat and my lungs resumed functioning after a fashion.

Noticing a sliding panel beside my head in the darkened canopy, I pulled it back. Oh, my God! Through this thin slit, I saw bushes going past in a dizzying blur. Bushes! We were skimming inches above the surface of a lake.

"Whoopee! Yahoo!"

We whistled between what looked like the masts of a small sailboat. I could see two guys yelling up at us, throwing beer bottles and shaking their fists.

BBBBBAAAHHHHHHRRRRRR!

We were over a sandy island. I could see shells on the shore.

AAAHHHHHHRRRRRRROOOOO-
OOMMMMM!

Two fishermen with bait-casting rods looked up wildly as our prop wash parted their hair.

"Whoopee!"

Oh, my God, when will it ever end? My stomach churned. Sweat poured down my back. Ralphie and Charlie were yipping and yelling back and forth at each other in their squeaky little-kid voices. Ahead, I could see a row of palm trees coming faster and faster in our direction as we boomed toward a beach; the figures of four or five girls in bathing suits grew larger and larger. At the last instant, with a huge BANG from the engines that sent sand swirling over the beach, we zoomed up over the trees, taking a few palm fronds with us and shaking down a couple of coconuts. The girls waved and applauded and were gone in an instant.

"Did you see the bazooms on that redhead?" Ralphie, the eagle-eyed navigator, barked into the intercom.

The plane climbed higher and higher. Below stretched the low, flat greenness of the Florida swampland. Within me, a tight, round ball of nausea was about to reach critical mass. I huddled amid the thrumming, groaning uproar, barely breathing.

Thus we winged for what seemed an eternity, Ralphie and Charlie occasionally chortling obscenely about the redhead. Then, finally, there it was below—the airfield, planes parked in rows, silver hangars glistening in the twilight. I heard Charlie talking to the control tower. Then we were down, in as straight and smooth a three-point landing as was ever executed.

We taxied along the runway, wheeled slowly to a halt in front of the hangar where it had all started. Then—blessed silence. I crawled out of the cockpit, noticing for the first time that my legs were made of rubber: funny—all these years I had never noticed that. Lethal and silent, the great A-26 exuded the sweetish smell of hot oil and bruised rubber.

Racing to the jeep, Charlie beat Ralphie by a stride. Swearing, Ralphie vaulted into the seat beside him.

"Let us reconnoiter that redhead with them big bazooms, baby!" said the pilot to the navigator, as they roared off toward the operations office. I was alone.

High overhead, a lone Mustang droned inland. My entrails were still rearranging themselves as I staggered toward the service hangar. Waves of fear coursed through me in a steady rhythm. Here I was, back on the ground, mission completed, and I still didn't have the foggiest notion what I was supposed to have done or what they expected of me.

In the distance, a platoon of enlisted



Smilby

"I know it's a little unusual, señorita, but in this case it's the firing squad who would like to make a last request . . ."

men were drilling. Faintly, through the soft air, I could hear them singing as they marched: "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder . . ." Until now, I had no idea how wild the blue yonder was! As I rolled along unsteadily, my knees still watery, I hummed along with the platoon. They were singing *my* song. At last I was where the action was. Maybe someday, I thought, when I get a leave, I'll wear my goggles home. That would really impress them at Fifield's drugstore. I could even wear my zippered flight suit. I exulted, even as my stomach heaved.

" . . . flying high into the sun . . ."

No more mosquitoes, no more heat rash, no more taped pliers! I even allowed myself to think, for the first time in over a year, that I might possibly even get another stripe. A nonchalant, smiling group of noncoms cut across my course, heading for the PX. Not one had the toadlike truculence, the granitic stolidity of Sharkey. A new life was beginning; a new world that I had glimpsed in a thousand movies lay before me.

The captain, still at his desk, looked up as I reeled into the echoing hangar. He glanced dully at my phony figures on the clipboard and said:

"Turn in your equipment to supply."

I stripped off my flying coveralls, my boots, all of it—and handed it over to the supply corporal. I noticed that my suit was wringing wet. A flutter of nausea coursed up my spine and receded. My stomach still quivered like a bowl of grape Jell-o. The captain strode past me.

"Corporal, your vehicle's over at the side parking lot." He waved his hand listlessly to indicate the direction.

My vehicle. Ah, that's the life. The Air Corps really did it in style. A vehicle to whisk me to my new barracks, where I will meet my fellow airmen. Tonight we will gather in the ready room and toast the gallant enemy, as I had so often seen David Niven do. Maybe I'll grow a mustache, possibly even invest in a set of tailored suntans. After all, a fly-boy cannot be seen at such chic restaurants as El Morocco or "21" wearing lumpy, baggy Government-issue khakis. And I'll have to get myself one of those jazzy baseball caps that I noticed the N. C. O.s wearing. No more will I stuff that humiliating wavy-brimmed, stained green fatigue hat down over my ears—a fatigue hat obviously patterned after the style affected by the lowlier members of a Georgia chain gang, a hat commonly called by the enlisted personnel of the less glamorous branches of the Service "The Green Pisspot." Already my stomach felt flatter, my shoulders broader, my profile craggier as I cut through the hangar, heading toward "my vehicle."

I strolled out the side door, my soggy suntans hanging limply in the heat. I turned the corner and saw a weapons carrier waiting for me, driver behind the

wheel, in the gathering gloom. A Liberator whistled directly overhead, flaps down, wing lights blinking off and on, the setting sun glittering on its spinning prop blades. A thin, heroic smile played for a brief instant over my chiseled features. For a moment, I toyed with an impulse to flick my hand up in a brotherly salute to the boxcar as she whistled toward the runway. I inhaled a deep draught of soft twilight air, savoring the sexy aroma of high-octane fuels and hot, oily machinery. I felt as though I had died and waked up in heaven. I walked up to the weapons carrier and around to the passenger seat.

"Hop in. I ain't got all day."

Elkins, his rakish 50-mission crush cap drooping down over his ears, sat hunched over the controls. Elkins! A great wave of apprehension, disgust and impending doom roared through my being. *Elkins!*

I crawled in. I noticed my barracks bags in the rear. Oh, *no!* We roared off. Soon we were once again hurtling fiendishly through the back roads of rural Florida, the state that *invented* boondocks. Elkins was in no mood for conversation. Nor was I. Flocks of terrified chickens fluttered over our hood as we roared through the darkening night. My whole body felt numb; I was in shock from the horror of this incredible outrage. Farther and farther we droned away from Life, from Beauty, from the world of Gregory Peck and Alan Ladd. Closer and closer we drew to the dark void of the swamps and the drugged existence of Company K.

I pondered the inscrutable ways of the military. Why had they called on me? What was it all about? I knew there could be no answer. There never was; there never would be. I watched the palmettos and the pine trees spin by and wondered listlessly whether we'd get back in time for chow. Chow. What a joke—powdered eggs, S.O.S., kerosene-soaked French toast, leather bacon and the Purple Death, a lethal "drink" concocted by the sadistic cooks of Company K, composed of a peculiar bittersweet purple powder bearing the laughable label of Grape Ade, dissolved in heavily chlorinated swamp water. Chow! Elkins broke into my bitter reverie:

"I thought you was in the Air Corps."

"Yeah, so did I."

We roared along for several minutes after this exchange, Elkins contemplating the mysteries.

"You screw up again?"

"How the hell do I know?"

"Bastards."

He sneered into his cloudy windshield. We both knew who he meant. Them. With practiced dexterity, Elkins fished a cigarette out of the pack in his fatigues pocket, lit it from the stub that dangled from his lower lip, left hand

flicking the worn steering wheel back and forth as we careened along through the gloom.

"Boy, I wisht I could get in the Air Corps. I'd show them babies how to fly them babies," he said finally, to the unhearing night.

A baleful, gibbous moon rode high in the night sky when we finally creaked the weapons carrier up our narrow path between the tents. I swung myself to the ground, dragging my barracks bags after me. Elkins threw the car into gear, spun its wheels insolently and was gone. I stood in front of the orderly room, the same smelly little tent that I had left what seemed centuries ago. A faint sliver of yellow light cut through the mosquito netting of the door. Kicking my bags to one side of the path, I went in.

Captain Crawford, in a soggy T-shirt and chino pants, sat reading a dog-eared copy of *Forever Amber*, his feet up on the filing cabinet behind his desk. As I entered, Sharkey, chewing on a huge, succulent corned-beef sandwich, barked: "BUTTON UP THAT COLLAR, SOLDIER!"

Old Horse's Ass casually lowered his heavily charged Kool-Aid to his littered desk. I was home.

"Well. Welcome back, Corporal."

"Thank you, sir, Captain, sir."

He sipped at his drink for a moment while scanning some mimeographed sheets that lay before him amid the back issues of *Doc Savage*. From a distant tent, the faint sound of squeaky radio music—Bing Crosby singing something about praising the Lord and passing the ammunition—filtered through to us.

"We almost lost you, didn't we?"

Silence fell, broken only by the steady munching of Sharkey's lantern jaw.

"Didn't we?"

"Yessir."

"We couldn't let you go. You're a valuable man around here."

"Thank you, sir."

"Could we, Sergeant Sharkey?"

Sharkey grunted—half affirmation, half belch.

"It took a little doing to get you back."

"Thank you, sir."

"I knew you'd appreciate it. One thing, though . . ." he continued.

"Yessir."

"We have a tight T/O here," he said ominously, referring to the company table of organization. He smiled an expansive, friendly smile that fairly lit up the dim tent.

"Sergeant Sharkey pointed out to me after you left this morning that we were short one corporal. Right, Sergeant Sharkey?"

"Right," muttered Sharkey.

The enormity of what was about to occur struck me in the gut with the force



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of a bowling ball. He drove home the final spike:

"Now that you're back, I'm afraid we're one corporal over our quota, since we made Zinsmeister a corporal this morning. You see our problem?"

"Yessir."

"So I'm afraid you're a Pfc. again. But you're at the top of the list for the next stripe." He shuffled his papers to indicate that the interview had ended.

I saluted limply and plodded out into the darkness. I dragged my barracks bags behind me in the ruts as I headed toward my own tent. The rich, velvet Florida sky, filled with billions of brilliant stars, lit up the camouflaged canvas peaks faintly. Thousands of feet overhead, against the milky way, a tiny V formation of bombers zoomed gracefully toward the east, carrying along with them a happy band of lieutenants and majors, master sergeants and warrant officers.

I stood in front of the same tent in which I had drowsed away the last con of my life. Opening the tent flap, I took a deep breath of the familiar fetor of sweat, citronella and sulfa salve within, and stepped inside. I sat on the edge of my bunk and listened briefly to the whine of the ever-present, voracious mosquito squadrons. Gasser lay stretched under his mosquito bar, his thick coating of salve glowing in the moonlight.

"Hey, Gasser."

He stirred, rose to one elbow and peered sleepily over at me.

"Is that you?"

"Yeah."

"I thought you were in the Air Corps."

"So did I."

"You screw up again?"

"It's a long story."

"They give you the shaft again?"

"What do you think?"

He flopped back heavily on his sack. We sat silently for a long minute or two. Finally, he spoke:

"I knew it was too good to be true. Nobody never gets out of here."

I peeled off my sodden suntans, smeared some salve over my shoulders, crawled in under my mosquito bar and lay back. Our generator pounded in the darkness behind the dune and the low perpetual moan of our radar seeped into my brain. I was back. Gasser snored softly. My shoulder blades dug into the muggy, familiar hills and valleys of the bunk that had cradled me for so long. Somewhere in the darkness, a lizard scurried over taut canvas. The heat rash on my stomach tingled dully, familiarly—an old friend. I heard Edwards from the next tent stumbling along the duckboards on his way to the latrine, his weak kidneys still hard at work. Company K, at the very bottom of the barrel, slowly marched on.



TWO MUCH! *(continued from page 148)*

Peel pears and cut in half lengthwise. With sharp paring knife, cut out core from each half. Cut pears into lengthwise slices about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. To keep pears from turning dark, dip into fruit juice such as pineapple or grapefruit. Wash watercress and remove any foreign matter. Dry well with paper towel. Separate endive into as many leaves as possible. Put pears, watercress and endive into salad bowl. Crumble roquefort cheese and sprinkle over salad. In small mixing bowl, combine olive oil, vinegar, mustard, onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and dash of pepper. Beat well. Pour half the dressing over the salad and toss well. Add more dressing to taste. Season with salt and pepper.

SHRIMP SOUFFLÉ, FRA DIAVOLO

$1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. (cooked weight) peeled, deveined shrimps, purchased freshly cooked

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup instantized flour

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk

9 eggs, whites and yolks separated

2 ozs. dry sherry

1 medium-size onion, grated

1 tablespoon lemon juice

Salt, pepper

Preheat oven at 350° . Put one third of shrimps ($\frac{1}{2}$ lb.) through meat grinder, using fine blade. Reserve balance of whole shrimps for sauce below. Put butter, flour and milk in saucepan. Bring to a boil, stirring constantly until thick. Remove from flame. Beat egg yolks well and add to sauce. Heat over low flame 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from flame. Add ground shrimp, sherry, onion, lemon juice and salt and pepper to taste. Beat egg whites until stiff but still glossy, not dry. Add one quarter of the egg whites to shrimp mixture and stir well. Slowly add shrimp mixture to balance of egg whites, folding in very carefully and lightly, using a down, over, up stroke with spoon or spatula to keep mixture as light as possible. Turn into 2-quart soufflé dish, greased on bottom only. Fit dish with greased aluminum-foil collar extending 2 ins. above rim of dish. Place dish in a shallow pan with 1 in. boiling water. Bake 60 to 70 minutes or until well browned. Serve the following sauce as an accompaniment to the soufflé.

20-oz. can plum-style tomatoes

3 tablespoons tomato paste

2 tablespoons salad oil

1 medium-size onion, finely minced

1 clove garlic, finely minced

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped dried basil

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dried oregano

1 tablespoon minced fresh parsley

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry white wine

2 tablespoons cognac

Salt, pepper

Drain tomatoes, reserving juice. Chop tomato meat coarsely. Combine tomatoes with their juice and tomato paste, mixing well. Set aside. In saucepan, heat oil; add and sauté onion, garlic, basil, oregano and parsley until onion turns yellow, not brown. Add white wine and cognac. Set aflame. When flames subside, add tomato mixture. Simmer 10 minutes. Add shrimps remaining from recipe above and cook until shrimps are heated through. Add salt and pepper to taste.

SILVER ONION, GREEN PEA AND POTATO SALAD

1 lb. small silver onions

10-oz. pkg. frozen peas

3 medium-size potatoes

3 egg yolks, well beaten

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup heavy cream

1 teaspoon Dijon mustard

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard

2 tablespoons butter

1 tablespoon sugar

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup white-wine vinegar

Salt, white pepper

Peel onions, slicing off root ends. Boil

until tender. Drain. Boil peas, following directions on package. Drain. Boil potatoes in jackets until tender. Drain. Peel potatoes and cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. cubes. In top of double boiler, combine egg yolks, cream, both kinds of mustard, butter and sugar. Cook over simmering water, stirring frequently, just until thick. Remove from flame and stir in vinegar. Add salt and pepper to taste. Chill. Add dressing to cooked vegetables. Toss well. Correct seasoning. Serve ice cold.

PARMESAN SOUFFLÉ

2 cups milk

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup instantized flour

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter

7 egg yolks, well beaten

6 ozs. shredded gruyère cheese

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated parmesan cheese (freshly grated, if possible)

Salt, cayenne pepper

9 egg whites

Preheat oven at 350° . Put milk, flour and butter in saucepan, mixing well. Bring to a boil over a moderate flame, stirring constantly until sauce is thick. Remove from flame and stir in egg yolks, mixing well. Return to a low flame and



"Don't call me 'boy!'"

cook 1 minute, stirring constantly. Remove from flame and stir in both kinds of cheese. Season lightly with salt. Add a dash or two of cayenne. Beat egg whites until stiff but still glossy, not dry. Add one quarter of the egg whites to cheese mixture. Stir well. Slowly add cheese mixture to balance of egg whites, folding in very carefully and lightly, using a down, over, up stroke with spoon or spatula to keep mixture as light as possible. Turn into 2-quart soufflé dish, greased on bottom only. Fit dish with greased aluminum-foil collar extending 2 ins. above rim of dish. Place dish in a shallow pan with 1 in. boiling water. Bake 60 to 70 minutes or until well browned.

SICILIAN CAPONATINA SALAD

- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 1 small bay leaf
- 1 cup celery, 1/2-in. squares
- 1 quart eggplant, peeled and cut into 1/2-in. cubes
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 medium-size onion, minced very fine
- 1/4 teaspoon oregano
- 1/4 cup red-wine vinegar

- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 8 oz. can tomato sauce
- 2 tablespoons capers
- 12 large pimiento-stuffed olives, sliced thin
- 2 tablespoons finely minced parsley

Heat 1/2 cup oil in large skillet over moderate flame. Do not let oil reach smoking point. Add bay leaf and celery and sauté until celery is semitender. Add eggplant and continue to sauté slowly, stirring frequently, until eggplant is tender. Remove eggplant and celery from pan. Add 2 tablespoons oil, onion and oregano and sauté until onion is just yellow, not brown. Add vinegar, sugar, tomato sauce, capers, olives and parsley. Simmer 5 minutes. Pour sauce over eggplant and celery. Chill in refrigerator at least one day before serving. Salad may be kept covered in refrigerator for future use.

Obviously, one is limited only by his imagination in conjuring up provocative pairings of salads and soufflés. Let your palate be your guide.



testimony in the proceedings

(continued from page 160)

nickname. That year there was a big craze for slingshots in the eighth grade. Every kid in the grade had anything up to six slingshots on him all the time. Some of us were better than others at making them, and better shots with them, naturally. I had a kind of specialty in small slingshots. I kept making them smaller and smaller, until I got them down to not more than an inch and a half high. These were made of spring-steel wire and they shot bird shot. They were for indoor use, in classrooms, say. Now, it happened that Ed Caparell sat three seats in front of me and one row over, and I was fascinated by the way his ears stuck out from his head and the target they made. I used to pot him a good deal. At that distance, I must admit, a bird shot would still be going pretty hard when it hit, and I could often make him let out a yip, and then of course he'd have Sister Mary-Margaret on him. At least twice he was so shaken that he squealed on me, but it never did him any good, because I had a foolproof system: the bird shot I kept in my mouth, only five or six of them, I could even let you open my mouth and look in and you wouldn't see them. The slingshot itself I could hide in the neckband of my shirt, or I'd stick it into a wad of gum underneath my desk, places like that. JUSTICE MEANY: I take it, then, that we may assume two points: You were an acknowledged master of the slingshot, particularly the miniature slingshot, and you favored Mr. Caparell as a target? ANGELO SALZMAN: Yes, sir, although, my God, again I would like to point out that this was all more than 20 years ago, and . . .

JUSTICE MEANY: We understand. I would suggest you rest for a bit, Mr. Salzman. It will no doubt be necessary to call on you again.

ED CAPARELL: What about the sparrow, Salzman? What about the piano player? What about them?

ANGELO SALZMAN: You're not funny this proceeding, Caparell.

ED CAPARELL: What about the sparrow, you yellow bastard, what about the sparrow and the piano player, you afraid to tell about that?

ANGELO SALZMAN: Your Honor, do I have to answer this nut?

JUSTICE MEANY: Mr. Salzman, you deserve a severe rebuke for the use of that epithet, and I require your immediate apology.

ANGELO SALZMAN: I'm sorry.

ED CAPARELL: I'm sorry I called him a yellow bastard. For all I know, he's just yellow.

JUSTICE MEANY: Perhaps you will be good enough to give us the details, Mr.



"I'm beginning to have serious doubts about the efficiency of those psychological job-placement tests."

Salzman? If I feel the matter is not pertinent, I will interrupt you.

ANGELO SALZMAN: When we were in second-year high school, Ed got a job as an usher in the Odeon movie theater. The episodes he's referring to, one night a week the Odeon used to show old silent films, and for those nights a piano player came in. Some of us used to sit in the balcony and hit him on the hands with BB shot. If you hit him hard enough, of course, he'd bang down on the keys and make a very dissonant sound, and sometimes he'd blow up altogether.

JUSTICE MEANY: You were using air guns in the theater?

ANGELO SALZMAN: No, slingshots.

JUSTICE MEANY: What effect did your behavior have on Mr. Caparell? I don't understand the connection.

ANGELO SALZMAN: Well, he was supposed to maintain order and prevent things like that from happening.

JUSTICE MEANY: I see. And the sparrow?

ANGELO SALZMAN: Well, one night on the way to the theater I had a wild idea, I knocked a sparrow off a fence and hid it in one of the radiators in the theater, near where Ed's post was. This was in the winter and they didn't find it for several days. It was just a prank. Matter of fact, in Bloomstown, a thing like that was a very innocent kind of prank. My God, girls did worse than that!

JUSTICE MEANY: Yes, I have heard that some of the Pennsylvania coal-field communities have unusually liberal standards of civic behavior. Thank you, Mr. Salzman. I will ask Mr. Bartolino to come up, please.

ANTHONY BARTOLINO: I am art director at Ballinger, Jason, Mear and, naturally, in that capacity, I was closely concerned with the Treat account. Things went badly right from the first, and it was plain enough to me that either Salzman or Caparell, one or the other, would eventually have to get off the account. They fought constantly. At first they weren't really fights, they just niggled at each other. Each of them would put down any suggestion the other one made. Caparell was supercilious. His attitude was that of a man who hated to have to talk about the obvious, but what could he do, he seemed to be saying, with anyone as dense as Salzman? Salzman, on the other hand, needed Caparell steadily and always ended the discussion by saying that he was, after all, the account executive and things were going to go his way.

JUSTICE MEANY: I believe there was an episode involving an ashtray?

ANTHONY BARTOLINO: Yes, there was. My department had run up a number of four-color layouts involving a girl in a fairly startling bikini, made up in the yellow and red of the Treat package. Salzman liked the idea, but Caparell had done a tremendous amount of research

on the whole concept and he just blew it out of the water. I don't think there'd be any point going into the technicalities, but he buried the whole idea. Salzman was furious, and the discussion quickly got away from the issues and got out of hand and into personalities. There were opinions exchanged about virility, and so on. While all this had been going on, Salzman had been fiddling with a paper clip, and quite suddenly he came up with a little slingshot; he had a wad of tin foil in it and he said to Caparell, "Jug-Ears, if you don't shut up, I'm going to let you have it right in the head." At that point, Caparell went totally out of control. He grabbed a big crystal ashtray, he stood and took a run and he slung the thing at Salzman with every bit of force he had, like a discus thrower. Salzman just did duck in time. It would have beheaded him. Then Salzman went berserker and several of us had to restrain him by force. Caparell was screaming for us to let him go so he could kill him. We had to take them out separately.

JUSTICE MEANY: You did not suspect any element of, say, bluff, in either of them?

ANTHONY BARTOLINO: At the end, I don't think Salzman was really trying to get away from us. I don't know if any of us could have held Caparell. He was beet red and screaming. He looked maniacal. I had a type-specification book on the table. It was two inches thick. Ed grabbed it and tore it into four pieces and threw them at Salzman.

JUSTICE MEANY: Thank you, Mr. Bartolino. We will hear Mr. Jason now.

MARTIN JASON: I did relieve Mr. Caparell of responsibility for the Treat account, but I think it likely I would have done so even had Mr. Salzman not been concerned. Frankly, I had seen signs of, well, of strain in Mr. Caparell for some months before. For example, he had objected strenuously to a campaign we mounted for a major Detroit client. The burden of the campaign involved research this company was doing in the matter of the steam-powered automobile, with the implication that the return



"This is the last panty raid you'll ever organize!"

of the steam automobile was at least possible if not exactly imminent, and that it would go far to reduce the smog problem. Mr. Caparell was in favor of our declining this business on the ground that the idea was impracticable. He amassed a great deal of material to back up his point; indeed, I was told he had stayed in the office for two nights to do so, although I'd told him I couldn't entertain his objections for a moment, since the practicability of the basic idea was solely the client's responsibility, not ours. There were other things. I might say that we at Ballinger, Jason, Mear have a distinctly liberal attitude. We have no use for the Stone Age concept that it's an act of disloyalty for an employee to use products competitive to those we advertise; but Mr. Caparell, it seems to me, made a point of using none of our products. Miss Meagan has told us of his attitude toward Treat cigarettes. That was typical. I repeat, I am not speaking of agency loyalty. Mr. Caparell's attitudes were *irrational*. They were the attitudes of a man who is *cracking*.

JUSTICE MEANY: Thank you, Mr. Jason.

MARY ADAMS: When Mr. Caparell went on leave of absence from his work, he insisted that Mrs. Caparell go away and visit her sister in California. He said he didn't want her mooning over him. He made her go away, even though she didn't want to. I thought she was better off. He certainly wasn't good company. He made some terrible scenes around the house when the Salzmans bought the place across the pond. He called up the real-estate people and everything, and Mrs. Caparell couldn't do anything to stop him. He said crazy things, like they were trying to drive him out of town. And after Mrs. Caparell was gone, he began to act real queer. He'd sit there at night drinking whiskey and looking over at the Salzman place through a periscope he had in the living room, some kind of a spyglass, and he'd talk to himself. He had a regular schedule: Wednesday and Thursday he'd be in New York looking for a job. Friday morning he'd come home, before noon, and putter around, and at night he'd watch the Salzman house. And he'd do that every night until Wednesday. I don't know how long he'd keep at it, but he never went to bed before I did, at ten o'clock. Then, about two months ago, he started with the stones, and he ordered the lumber and things.

JUSTICE MEANY: You had no idea, I am sure, of the nature of the project Mr. Caparell had in mind?

MARY ADAMS: No, sir. I'm afraid that 40 years as a housekeeper didn't equip me for that. I just thought he was going dotty, when he began chipping away at those stones. He'd put on his goggles and get his chisels and his hammer and

start in every morning, chipping away. And later, about in April, he started work on his machine. And all the time he'd be drinking whiskey, day and night.

JUSTICE MEANY: Did he become intoxicated?

MARY ADAMS: Never. I'll say that for him. He drank all day and half the night and he was never anything but stone sober.

CONSTABLE SPERLING: At 12:06 P.M. on Saturday, the fourth of May, a call came in from the Humphrey's Pond district, caller not identified, asking for an officer to go to Angelo Salzman's house on Hillview Road. The caller, a lady, was upset and said the house was "being exploded." I took Officer Gunnerich and we arrived at the top of Hillview Road about five minutes later. The first thing we noticed when we came near the Salzman place was that his Volkswagen had the left front wheel knocked in and there was a tremendous dent in the roof. Salzman himself was behind a big oak tree. Then Gunnerich yelled and pointed and I saw an object come flying through the air across the pond and hit the house just under the eaves. It went out the other side. I noticed that the roof was broken in several places. Almost right away, another object came over and this one hit the chimney, destroying it altogether. Then another, and by this time, we could both see that the objects were round and about twice as big as baseballs. Salzman was yelling and pointing, he was saying that the things were coming from the Caparell place across the pond. Gunnerich and I watched, and it was true. The pond is only about 200 yards wide at that point and we could clearly see Mr. Caparell in his front yard working some kind of apparatus, and we could see these big balls flying out of it on a straight line. I yelled across to him to stop it, and I believe the next ball was aimed at me. I could see it coming and I stepped aside. This one went through Mr. Salzman's house in the living-room area and was the one that destroyed the color-TV set. I then drew my revolver and fired twice in the air. This had no effect. Accordingly, Gunnerich and Salzman and I piled into the patrol car and started around the pond toward Caparell's place. When we came to the head of his driveway, which is a long and straight one, Salzman yelled to look out, that he was aiming the thing at us, and I could see that he was, and I could see what he had. It was a very big slingshot mounted on a timber framework with old automobile wheels under it. We all saw the first ball coming. It hit the car dead center. It went through the grille, the radiator, between the two cylinder banks, taking out the carburetors, came through the fire wall, wrecked the short-wave radio, went through both seats and left a dent as big as a man's head in the

trunk. The car stopped, of course. We jumped out and ran for Caparell, or started to, but by this time he had reloaded and that shot took down a six-inch-thick maple tree right beside Officer Gunnerich. We ducked down behind the stone wall bordering the front of his property, and almost at once a ball came through the wall and struck Mr. Salzman. Officer Gunnerich was badly cut around the head by flying pieces of stone, and I stood up and told Caparell that if he moved a muscle I would shoot him dead. He surrendered peaceably.

JUSTICE MEANY: I believe you later had an opportunity to examine the weapon Mr. Caparell had constructed?

CONSTABLE SPERLING: Yes. It was a slingshot using ten full inner tubes for power, with a very ingenious electrically driven compound pulley arrangement, so that Caparell could pull the pouch back almost immediately after shooting and shoot again. It had a telescopic sight. The balls were hand-chipped round stones and they all weighed exactly six pounds.

JUSTICE MEANY: Thank you, Constable. Nurse, I think it will not be necessary for Mr. Caparell to remain longer. Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. Caparell.

DR. ABEL PIKE: There is no question in my mind, and none in the minds of my staff members, that Mr. Caparell is hopelessly schizoid; and while I am entirely in sympathy with the purpose of this hearing, I must register strong opposition to his release from Merrylegs Farm. He is extremely dangerous.

JUSTICE MEANY: Were he to escape, I presume we would be justified in feeling some concern for Mr. Salzman's safety?

DR. ABEL PIKE: Indeed. But his escape is a remote contingency. He is under maximum-security surveillance, but it is also important that he shows no particular wish to leave Merrylegs. We are as permissive as the condition of our patients permits us to be, and we are apparently keeping Mr. Caparell quite happy. You will recall that Mrs. Adams testified Mr. Caparell prepared the round stones before he began to make his slingshot. That is what he is doing now. He is making his stones. He is more ambitious now. These are 100-pound stones. It takes about six weeks to make each one perfectly round. We have an ample supply of raw material for him, and he tells me he intends to make 250 stones before beginning on the slingshot. This amounts to something over 28 years of work. Mr. Caparell is content, and I would say that he has a busy and, to him, a rewarding future stretching ahead.

JUSTICE MEANY: I am sure it is a comfort to all of us to know that.





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WRIGHT
CASUALS

PIGSKIN PREVIEW *(continued from page 120)*

the ground game. Defensive end Bob Stein, if he can stay healthy, will be one of the best in the land. Murray Warmath is still the most resourceful college coach in the country; and with a little luck, the Gophers could wind up in the Rose Bowl.

Except at end and quarterback, the Ohio State offense will be green and thin. Consequently, the airways (heresy!) may be the major avenue of attack. One of two promising new running backs (Dave Brungard or Ray Gillian) may blossom, however, and save the day for coach Woody Hayes. The defense will be as solid as ever, and Woody isn't likely to tolerate two losing seasons in a row; so look for the Buckeyes to upend some of the classier teams. Best candidate for this honor is Illinois, which takes on the Buckeyes a week after playing Notre Dame.

The Michigan team will be but a shadow of its former self. Graduation gutted the offense, leaving only passer Dick Vidmer and a couple of linemen. The entire defensive backfield will be new, also. Although the replacements are able, the rawness will show and the Wolverine war machine will sputter, especially during the first half of the season.

The slow and tedious job of rebuilding a winning team proceeds apace at Indiana and Iowa, and both squads should show noticeable improvement

this year. Both backfields will have good talent. At Indiana, two new quarterbacks—Harry Gonso and John Isenbarger—are such good athletes that one of them will be shifted to halfback, and veteran Terry Cole may yet turn out to be the best fullback in the Big Ten. The defense will be beefier and more agile, but raw. In short, the Hoosiers will be deeper and abler, but green. So will Iowa. The Hawkeyes were dimly inept last year, especially on defense. The defenders will be older and meaner this fall and the offensive line, manned by blue-ribbon sophs, will be bigger and stronger. Quarterback Ed Podolak and tailback Silas McKinnie are the big guns; and if they can get some blocking from the novice linemen, they could take Iowa a long way back to success.

Northwestern seems to be this year's have-not in the Big Ten. Coach Alex Agase, a wily and resourceful Assyrian assembler of football machines from assorted spare parts, will have to tax his ingenuity to come up with a working offense this season. The problem is simple but not so sweet: a dearth of interior linemen and no ends. But Alex will probably find some bodies somewhere, as he did last season, when he was faced with similar poverty pockets.

The entire Mid-American Conference will be stronger this fall, with the glaring exception of Miami, where serious quarterback problems may be crippling. In

desperation, rookie defensive halfback Kent Thompson has been switched to quarterback; however, prospects for continuing the traditionally strong Miami passing game aren't bright. Look for the Redskins to run a lot this year, but not well enough to hold off the challenges of other M. A. C. teams.

Western Michigan and Kent State seem to be the best bets to unseat Miami. Both squads return virtually unscathed by graduation. Coach Bill Doolittle has made winning an addiction at Western Michigan and is so rich in good talent this year that an unbeaten season is a distinct possibility. Kent State looks nearly as strong. Luck and injuries can't possibly be as bad this year as last. Kent State partisans insist that Don Fitzgerald is the best running back in the country; but if a thin offensive line isn't shored up by opening kickoff, he may not get a chance to prove it.

Bowling Green will abandon the traditional plodding infantry attack and will fill the air with footballs. Sophomore middle guard Joe Green may be the finest athlete ever to enroll at Bowling Green and will help make the Falcon defensive line nearly impregnable.

Toledo and Ohio University should be very much improved. Both squads are deep in experienced returnees and are blessed with bumper crops of rookies. The sophs will help Ohio University field an explosive and versatile offense (keep an eye on new passer Cleve Bryant), but a wicked schedule may prevent the Bobcats' win column from getting too healthy. Toledo's record, however, should be vastly improved if the Rockets can break last year's habit of perpetrating big mistakes at exactly the wrong time. Opposing coaches say middle guard Tom Beutler is a demon and warn their teams to run away from him. Marshall should be stronger, thanks to the defensive squad; but unless coach Charlie Snyder can find some offensive backs, the Thundering Herd won't exactly trample anybody to death.

Dayton, a perennial door mat, amazed fans last year by putting together a blazing halfback offense and winning eight games. The Flyers should be even stronger this season if talented coach John McVay can mold a solid defensive unit. Xavier lost the heart of both its offense and defense and the quarterback spot has been proclaimed a disaster area.

Hurricane warnings are up all over the South. Virtually the entire Miami squad, which wrought havoc among opponents last year, returns, fortified with such classy newcomers as quarterback David Teal and runner Vincent Opalsky, who threaten to displace veterans on the starting unit. The Hurricanes are so deep in talent at all positions that this should be Miami's greatest team. Charlie Tate has done a fantastic coaching job



"He's a great coach. The school hasn't even been built yet and we're already in the top ten!"

THE SOUTH

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

Tennessee	9-1	Auburn	3-7
Alabama	8-2	Kentucky	3-7
Mississippi	8-2	Mississippi State	2-8
Georgia	7-3	Louisiana State	2-8
Florida	6-4	Vanderbilt	1-9

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Clemson	8-2	Virginia	5-5
N. C. State	7-3	Maryland	3-6
Wake Forest	6-4	North Carolina	2-8
Duke	5-5	South Carolina	2-8

SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

East Carolina	8-2	West Virginia	4-6
William & Mary	6-4	Virginia Military	4-6
Davidson	5-4	Furman	4-6
The Citadel	5-5	Richmond	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

Miami	9-1	Southern Miss	6-3
Virginia Tech	8-2	Georgia Tech	5-5
Tulane	7-3	Tampa	4-5
Florida State	7-3		

TOP PLAYERS: Johnson, Warren, Fulton, Flowers (Tennessee); Johns, Hall, Owen, Homan, Stephens (Alabama); Sartin, Urbaneck, Bush, Haik (Mississippi); Chandler, Stanfill, Hayes, Kohn (Georgia); Smith, Trapp (Florida); Blue, Hyatt (Auburn); Van Note, Lyons (Kentucky); Lewis, Saget (Mississippi St.); Garlington, Bevan (LSU); Healy (Vanderbilt); Mass, Olszewski, Sur-savage, Gore, Addison (Clemson); Byrd, Bowers, McMahon (North Carolina St.); Grant, Henry, Leavitt (Wake Forest); Calabrese, Foyle, Murphy (Duke); Quayle (Virginia); Pastrana (Maryland); Riggs, Carr (North Carolina); Galloway, Garnto, Wingard (South Carolina); Hicks, Moran (East Carolina); Brown (William & Mary); Poole, Kelly (Davidson); Small (Citadel); Ford, Crennel (West Virginia); Schmalzriedt, Habasevich (VMI); Hahn (Furman); O'Brien (Richmond); Hendricks, Cox, Miller, Teal, McGee (Miami); Loria, Foussekis, Barefoot, Rash (Virginia Tech); Duhon, Jancik, Hartnett (Tulane); Sellers, McDuffie, Pajcic (Florida St.); Rousset, Webb (Southern Miss.); Snow, Eastman, Nelson, Sias (Georgia Tech); Farley (Tampa).

since he took over in 1964 and his efforts come to full fruition this season, for which we nominate him *PLAYBOY* Coach of the Year. *PLAYBOY* All-America defensive end Ted Hendricks is Miami's all-time greatest player and Jimmy Cox may be the best offensive end in the South. All in all, the Hurricanes should improve over last year, when they knocked off three major bowl teams. Look for the Notre Dame game to be a real Donnybrook.

Tennessee is Miami's major competitor for the honor of being the best team in the Southland. Like Miami, the Vols return most of the big guns from last year's potent offense. *PLAYBOY* All-America center Bob Johnson and former defensive demon Joe Graham anchor an offensive line that should be the best in the South. Dewey Warren, Charles Fulton, Richmond Flowers and Bob Mauriello could prove to be the most explosive

backfield in the country. The Vols may have some defensive problems, due to the graduation of a brace of brilliant linebackers, which have become a tradition in Knoxville. But Tennessee should be able to outscore nearly everyone this season.

Unlike Tennessee, Mississippi's forte will again be its defense. Last year's modest offense will be a little zippier, but the Johnny Rebs are still searching for an outstanding quarterback. Newcomer Terry Collier may be the solution to that problem. Bobby Wade and Don Street form a lethal tandem at fullback behind a gritty and experienced offensive line. So the Rebel offense may consist of simply running over everybody.

Alabama will field the most vicious defensive platoon in the country. Small, quick and agile, and imbued with Bear Bryant's own patented killer instinct, the Alabama defenders are so stingy that opposing quarterbacks develop ulcers trying to figure out how to get a first down. The only fly in the Bear's ointment this year is the offense. The '66 attack unit has departed almost en masse. Although the Alabama reserves are always deep, the replacements appear doubtful and, at best, will be green. So look for a lot of low-scoring games this season. When Alabama's defense meets Tennessee's pyrotechnic offense in Birmingham on October 21, we should get the answer to the old conundrum about what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable object.

Georgia will again have that happily lethal admixture of assorted proven veterans and promising sophs. Snazzy new slinger Paul Gilbert threatens to displace Kirby Moore. Ronnie Jenkins and speedster Kent Lawrence are two of the best runners in the South. *PLAYBOY* All-America Ed Chandler is so big, fast and agile that he can play both tackle and guard and is the best player in the South at both positions; but except for him and defensive tackle Bill Stanfill, the Georgia line play will not be up to last season's standards; so the Bulldogs shouldn't fare quite so well this go-round.

Although Florida will sorely miss Steve Spurrier, rookie passer Jackie Eckdahl and vet Harmon Wages will take up much of the slack, and glue-fingered receiver Richard Trapp will make them look good. Florida's biggest asset, however, will be tailback Larry Smith, who is probably the greatest runner in college football today. We asked an opposing cotton-belt coach to explain Smith's un-stoppability and he told us, "It's simple. When that *thing* carries the ball, he runs over three or four folks, then he runs around three or four folks, then he just runs away from the rest of 'em." Coach Ray Graves will again field an extremely well-conditioned and disciplined crew, but the defense will be thinner than last year, so the Gators may show somewhat of a decline.

Seldom in the history of Southern football has the aristocracy been so much richer than the po' folk. This year's impetuous partisans are Auburn,



"Quick! Bury that and not a word to anyone!"

Kentucky, Mississippi State, LSU and Vanderbilt. Auburn will field a respectable first team on both attack and defense, but depth is precariously thin and injuries, such as those experienced last year, could be devastating. Kentucky is in the second year of a rebuilding program and a bumper crop of sophomores gives the Wildcats more warm bodies than in any other season of this decade. Dicky Lyons is an explosive runner and so is supersoph Roger Gann, but the Wildcats are still a year away from being a power in the Southeastern Conference. Mississippi State football is undergoing a radical reorganization under new coach Charlie Shira, but lack of depth and team speed will be incurable weaknesses. LSU still suffers from devastating injuries sustained last fall and in spring practice. Only nine of twenty-two starters return and replacements are, at best, questionable. Defensive end John Garlington is one of the best anywhere, but he won't have much help. Like Mississippi State, LSU plays a backbreaking schedule. Vanderbilt's problem is both obvious and insurmountable: The Commodores simply do not have enough players of S. E. C. caliber. Chip Healy at linebacker is a terror, but he doesn't have much company. For years, Vanderbilt has been trying to field a competitive Southern football team, while demanding Ivy League academic standards of its players. It should be obvious by now that it won't work.

There is only one word to describe Clemson: loaded. Forty-six lettermen from last year's young squad have returned stronger and wiser. Record-setting passer Jimmy Addison and elusive runner Buddy Gore will operate behind a muscular offensive line led by PLAYBOY All-Americas Wayne Mass and Harry Olszewski (pronounced O-sheff'-ski). The defense, led by tackle Burch Sursavage, will be mean and tough. Which means that colorful coach Frank Howard should be spitting tobacco juice on the greensward of one of the major bowls next January first.

North Carolina State lost its entire backfield via graduation, so the Wolfpack won't score as often this season. The defense, however, led by PLAYBOY All-America tackle Dennis Byrd, will be nearly impregnable. State will have two offensive backfields, one with power running and the other featuring speed and quickness. If they can get the job done, the Wolfpack will challenge Clemson for Conference honors.

Wake Forest will be very much improved, thanks to experienced returnees and an excellent group of sophomores. Brightest new faces will be runners Buz Leavitt and Ron Jurewicz. If the quarterbacks produce this year, Wake Forest will be a strong dark horse.

Duke's opponents aren't expecting the Blue Devils to be very potent this year,

probably because of the poor defensive showing of last season. This could be a fatal oversight, because the '67 squad will have a wealth of experienced depth and will be more accustomed to coach Tom Harp's system of play. Fullback Jay Calabrese, who is a cinch to become Duke's all-time leading ground gainer, will give the Blue Devils a thundering running attack.

Virginia tailback Frank Quayle may turn out to be the best runner in the land before his college career is finished. If the Cavaliers can muster a passing attack to keep the defenses honest, Quayle will run amuck this season. The Maryland squad is suffering through the unprecedented experience of playing under its third head coach in as many years. The organizational problems of such a situation, plus the lack of outstanding runners, will hurt the Terps. Quarterback Alan Pastrana is a good one, but he won't get too much support.

North Carolina suffers from lack of team speed, the loss of last year's one-man-team Danny Talbott, a serious lack of depth and the problems of adjusting to new coach Bill Dooley. South Carolina should be stronger, now that the Gamecocks have had a year to get used to coach Paul Dietzel's system; but depth is a serious problem, because the rookie crop is weak. Dietzel will be able to muster 22 adequate starters; injuries, however, would be seriously crippling. Warren Muir, a transfer from Dietzel's Army squad, could be a torrid fullback.

East Carolina may not be the best team in the Southern Conference, but it should be the winningest. Coach Clarence Stasavich fields a gutsy old-fashioned single-wing offense so rare that opposing defenses are befuddled by it. The Pirates will have more manpower, thanks to a best-ever group of sophs; and if a good tailback (the vital key to a single-wing attack) can be found, this could be a great year for the Pirates. Strongest team in the Southern Conference should be West Virginia, but its schedule will probably preclude a winning season. Coach Jim Carlen has installed a slashing and ingenious style of play to take advantage of elusive runner Garrett Ford. Look for the Mountaineers to upend some unsuspecting foes this season. William & Mary, Furman and Richmond will all be stronger, while Davidson, The Citadel and VMI could be spectacularly improved. Two newcomers—end Mike Kelly at Davidson and linebacker John Small at The Citadel—are said to be the best linemen ever to enroll at their schools. Look for the Southern Conference to be better balanced than ever before.

Virginia Tech will again be laden with talent. Last year's entire starting backfield is gone, but the replacements seem even better. The defense should be

much improved and the schedule is arranged in favor of the Gobblers' getting through their first seven games undefeated. By midseason, coach Jerry Claiborne, one of the ablest young mentors in the country, should have welded Tech's best-ever team.

Tulane could be a big surprise to everyone this year, except for the teams who played them in '66. A rebuilding program has been in progress for a decade and it began to pay off last year. Opponents have grown accustomed to thinking of the Green Wave as another small ripple on their schedules, but all that is being changed. Quarterback Bobby Duhon is probably the best executor of the run-pass option in the country and defenses find him almost impossible to stop. Last season's weakness, the defense, has been bolstered by several beefy newcomers. Look for Tulane to return to the proud place it once held among the nation's football powers.

Florida State will again field a withering aerial game. The Seminoles' big problem is finding the manpower to rebuild the offensive line. Flanker Ron Sellers is the best receiver in school history. Last year, the Seminoles were vulnerable to their own poison; but the leaky pass defense should be patched up by opening kickoff. Southern Miss has fielded the nation's leading defense three out of the past four years, but the attacking troops will have to carry more of the load this time.

Coach Bud Carson, who takes over from Bobby Dodd, is only the fourth head coach in Georgia Tech history. His first team should be as versatile and exciting as last year's edition, which won nine games. The big difference will be the schedule, which is murderous—especially at the end of the season, when the Yellow Jackets will play Miami, Notre Dame and Georgia, consecutively. A potent offense built around performers such as passer Kim King and fabulous tailback Lenny Snow will make the Jackets dangerous to even their strongest foes.

• • •

Nebraska has dominated the Big Eight in recent years with as persistent regularity as Oklahoma once did. The Huskers' strangle hold should be broken this year, however, and Colorado is the team to do the job. The Buffalos were the best team in the Big Eight at the end of last season and should be even stronger this fall. The greatest improvement will be at quarterback, where a healthy Dan Kelly will compete with newcomer Bob Anderson, who could be sensational in his first year. Another supersoph, Monte Huber, will be at slot end, and these two could well form the greatest passing combo ever at Colorado. In short, the Buffalos should take it all.

The sudden and tragic death of Oklahoma coach Jim Mackenzie, whom



"I had no idea that a bell captain had the authority to marry people!"

THE NEAR WEST

BIG EIGHT

Colorado	9-1	Oklahoma State	6-4
Oklahoma	7-3	Iowa State	5-5
Nebraska	6-4	Kansas	3-7
Missouri	6-4	Kansas State	1-9

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas	8-2	Texas Tech	5-5
Texas A&M	7-3	Texas Christian	4-6
Rice	7-3	SMU	3-7
Arkansas	5-5	Baylor	3-7

MISSOURI VALLEY CONFERENCE

Memphis State	6-3	Cincinnati	5-4
North Texas St.	6-3	Louisville	5-5
Tulsa	6-4	Wichita State	3-7

INODEPENDENTS

Houston	7-3	West Texas St.	6-4
UTEP	7-3		

TOP PLAYERS: D. Anderson, B. Anderson, Cooks, Huber (Colorado); Liggins, Shotts, Hinton (Oklahoma); Meylan, Gregory (Nebraska); Washington, Lischner (Missouri); Cheatwood, Young, Kolb (Oklahoma St.); Webster, Muldrew (Iowa St.); Sweatman (Kansas); Davis (Kansas St.); Gilbert, Bradley, Robertson (Texas); Moorman, Krueger, Hargett, Housley (Texas A&M); Shelton, Winston, Benningfield (Rice); Ruple, Cooper (Arkansas); Tucker, Gilbert, Scovell (Texas Tech); Gresham, Bratcher (TCU); Levias (SMU); Pipes, Maxfield (Baylor); Rushing, Winkler (Memphis St.); Crittendon, Eber (Tulsa); Greene, Russell (North Texas St.); Eckman, Meltzer (Wichita St.); Neidert, Harmon (Louisville); Amburgey, Cook (Cincinnati); McVea, Hebert, Stotter (Houston); Stevens, Carr (UTEP); Szymakowski (West Texas).

knowing observers had called the Bear Bryant of the future, left the Sooners stunned and disorganized during spring practice. New coach Chuck Fairbanks inherits a team deep in quality backfield talent. The big problem is to replace the serious losses from two lines that were already noticeably weak. PLAYBOY All-America guard Granville Liggins is almost a one-man defensive line and his presence will give help where it is needed most. The schedule is a little leaner this season, so the Sooners should have a good year.

Missouri's situation is exactly the reverse: many able linemen but few good offensive backs. Gary Kombrink returns at quarterback, but he is a better runner than a passer, and fullback Barry Lischner is questionable because of knee surgery. Other than these two, all the attack troops will be recruits and reserves. The defensive front will need overhauling, too, so Missouri will have to chalk off '67 as a rebuilding year.

Nebraska returns only eight of last season's twenty-two starters. This situation isn't quite as impoverishing in Lincoln as it would be in most schools, because coach Bob Devaney always has a deep bench. But the Cornhuskers have no experienced quarterback on hand, and there is no indication that anyone is

in sight to fill the big shoes of Bob Churchill. The Huskers have emerged from two consecutive New Year's dates with Alabama looking rather slow and oafish and with much tarnished pride. Consequently, coach Devaney is turning to smaller and faster players and a more wide-open style of play.

Oklahoma State's team was largely peopled with sophs last year, but they came on strong at the end of the season. A year's ripening will make them tougher and more consistent. The Cowboys have at last arrived and will be a significant factor in the Conference race.

Iowa State will be more of a running team and will return to the tough-minded brand of football that characterized the "Dirty Thirty" squad of a few years ago. Both Kansas and Kansas State have new coaching staffs who have inherited squads that are green and thin. Furious rebuilding projects are under way at both schools, but neither should show much progress this year. If the Kansas State line can give tailback Cornelius Davis some blocking, he could win some surprise games for the Wildcats.

Three years' absence from the S. W. C. throne room is enough for Texas. Though coach Darrell Royal has a dearth of interior linemen (which will probably cost him a couple of games), he has harvested two bumper crops of yearlings. The '67 team will be dominated by glory-hungry juniors, such as Chris Gilbert, who is the slickest runner in the Southwest, and Bill Bradley, who could turn out to be the best quarterback anywhere if he avoids the injuries that plagued him in his debut year. The Longhorns won't outmuscle anybody, but they will be agile, fast and clever in true Royal style.

Texas' severest challenge seems to come from Texas A&M. The Aggies aren't doing any premature bragging, but they are convinced that this is their year. Indeed, coach Gene Stallings, a tough-as-nails guerrilla-warfare type, has assembled more quality football players at College Station than at any time since the halcyon days of Bear Bryant's reign in the middle Fifties. Edd Hargett is said by some to be the best passer in cow country, and fleet Wendell Housley will be running behind a massive offensive line peopled by such as Mo Moorman and Rolf Krueger. The Aggie offense will be hard to stop and the defense will be mean. So look for the Aggies to be a strong contender for the Conference championship.

Rice should be almost in the same class. The Owls had incredibly bad luck in '66 and must have been the best 2-8 team in college-football history. Eighteen starters return, along with some classy new receivers to pep up the passing. The Owls are hungry for vindication and they

should make new coach Harold Hagan look like a genius his first season.

Arkansas suffered uncommonly from diploma attrition. The greenness will hurt the Razorbacks most in the passing game and in the offensive line. A couple of snappy new tailbacks—Russell Cody and Mike Hendren—will keep the Arkansas ground attack lively, but quarterback Ronny South (who saw no action at all last year) will have to come through if the Porkers are to have a winning season. It will be a rebuilding year in Fayetteville.

Texas Tech's strength last year was the attack, and all but one offensive starter returns. Another good omen for the Raiders is the fact that added depth will probably prevent a repeat of last season's disastrous string of injuries to the defense. A little luck could put the Raiders in the thick of the Conference race.

An almost total lack of offense hamstrung Texas Christian last year. The blocking is improved now; the Toads have four of the best runners in the Southwest and new quarterback Dan Carter looks from here like a future All-American. TCU opponents aren't expecting the Toads to be very strong, but that could be a dangerous oversight. Says a spokesman, "We're hiding behind a log this year." Look for the Toads to booby-trap somebody.

SMU graduated nearly all of the best players from the '66 championship team. The replacements are raw and untested. The Mustangs have some throwing talent on hand, however, and Jerry Levias is a sensational receiver and runner. So expect the SMU attack to be wide open and exciting.

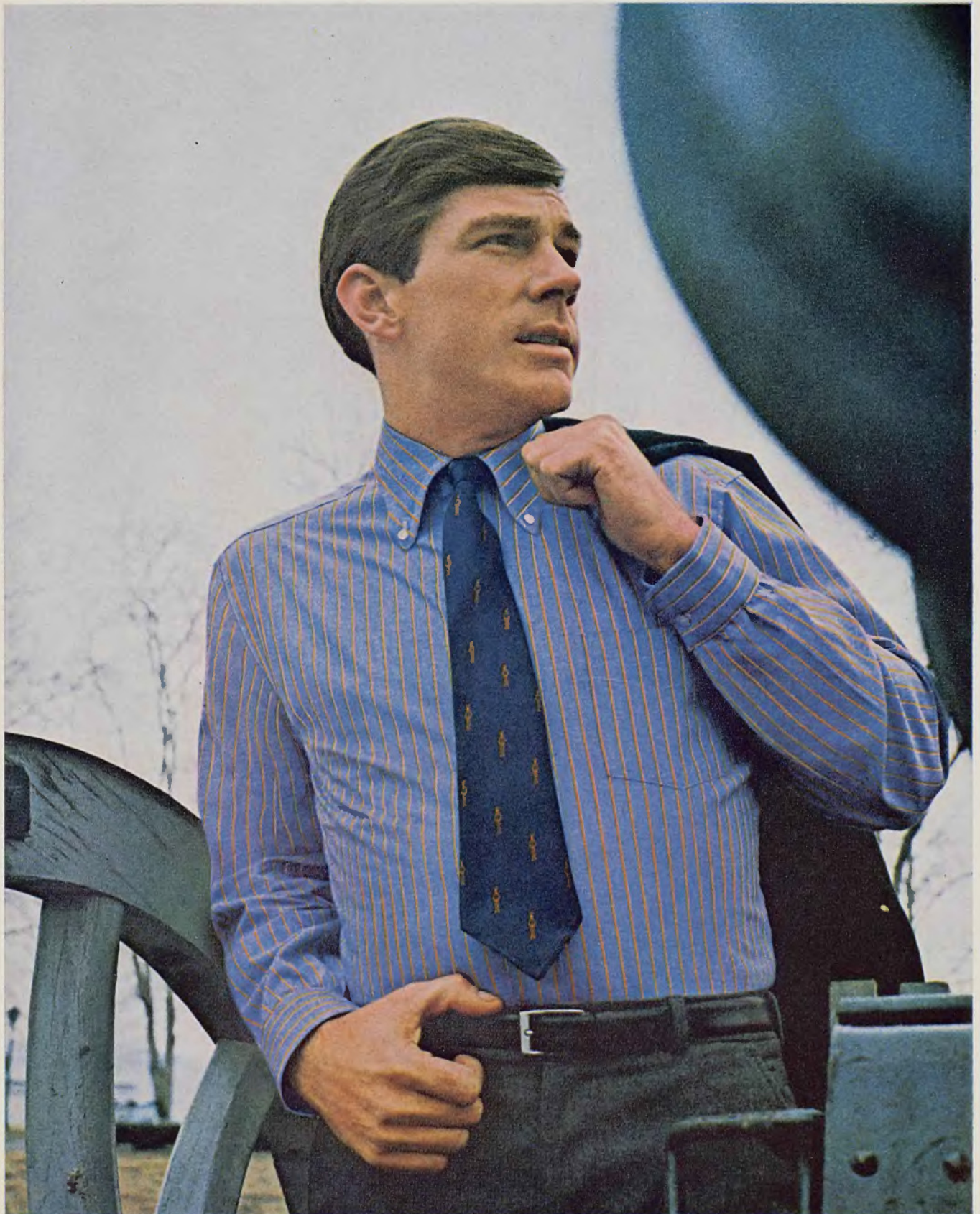
Baylor will have a respectable defense (if injuries don't riddle it as they did last year); but passer Terry Southall and nearly all his receivers are gone, leaving the offense somewhat emaciated.

Tulsa and North Texas State seem to have the best shots at the Missouri Valley Conference championship, principally because new member Memphis State will not be eligible to compete for the title until '68.

If Memphis State had had any kind of passing game in '66, it might well have gone undefeated. Nineteen starters return for this year's hostilities and a new aerial attack is in the offing. All this could indicate a banner year for the Tigers. The squad is heavily loaded with seniors—always an ominous danger signal—and senioritis could spoil chances for the best season in years.

North Texas State's offense is geared to passing; and since green and untested quarterback Steve Ramsey will be at the controls, anything can happen to the Eagles. New coach Rod Rust inherits a talented young squad, though; and if the sophs jell soon enough and if the breaks

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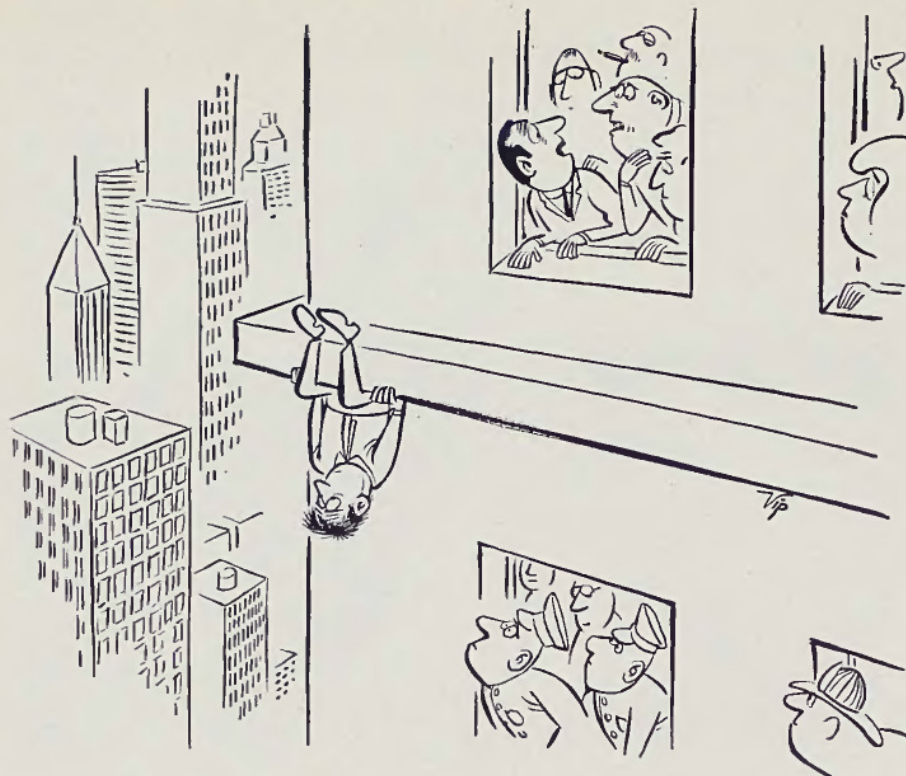


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"Has it ever occurred to you that he might be right and all the rest of us wrong?"

of the game fall right, the Eagles could field another fine team.

Tulsa's problems remain the same: a weak offensive line and an enormous but slow defensive wall that is impenetrable to a straight-on rushing attack (few backs can pick their way through all that tonnage) but cannot stop speedy outside runners (last year, Houston scored 73 points against Tulsa, most of them around end). But if the blocking can be upgraded, the passing offense will again be spectacular.

Cincinnati has a no-nonsense new coach, Homer Rice, who takes over a squad that suffered last year from inexperience, injuries and extreme morale problems. In spring practice, all three of these liabilities seemed cured. If the passing comes through, the Bearcats could be a dramatically improved team. Look for coach Rice to emerge as one of football's most brilliant young mentors.

Louisville needs a quarterback. If they find one, the Cardinals will be respectable. Otherwise, trouble. Wichita's severe depth problem seems to have been partly solved and the Shockers have a fine passer in John Eckman. All the elements are present for Wichita to be the surprise team of the Conference.

Houston still has the best collection of speed merchants in the Southwest, best of whom is PLAYBOY All-America halfback Warren McVea. The passing and power running won't be quite up to

last year's par, but the defense will be better. Houston's biggest advantage, however, is the Astrodome, where the Cougars play six games. Actually, the Astroturf is very much like grass; however, opposing coaches and players spend so much time telling one another that it's tough to play on that they actually talk themselves into believing it. Last year Memphis State proved to all that Houston could be beaten on the rug. Nevertheless, it gives Houston an edge when it plays at home, although the edge is more psychological than physical.

Coach Bobby Dobbs has really brought the University of Texas at El Paso (formerly Texas Western) out of the woods in two years, and UTEP should have another banner year. Billy Stevens, who has thrown 40 touchdown passes in two years, returns for his senior year, and he has the greatest battery of receivers in the school's history.

Now that fancy passer Hank Washington is gone, West Texas will depend mostly on its truly awesome ground game led by Mercury Morris and Albie Owens. Much will depend on the development of a potentially outstanding group of sophs and junior college transfers.

Southern Cal should regain dominance of the Pacific Coast this season, though UCLA and Washington will offer stiff competition. Rating the power potentials of Western teams is made addi-

tionally difficult because most of them receive generous transfusions of talent each year from the scores of junior colleges in the West. Herein lies one of the keys to Southern Cal's prospects, because the Trojans have what they needed most: a blazing breakaway halfback in the person of O. J. Simpson, who was the most sought-after junior college transfer in years. He will be part of a race-horse backfield that will make the Trojan offense formidable. The schedule is horrendous; but if the depth problem can be solved, the Trojans will win more than their share of games.

Coach Tommy Prothro insists that this will be a rebuilding year at UCLA, but Prothro's rebuilding teams have a way of looking as good as his preconstructed ones. PLAYBOY All-America quarterback Gary Beban is a running threat, as well as the best long passer in the nation. He teams with a set of speedy pass receivers who will break many a game wide open. The September 16 game with Tennessee may tell the season story for both teams.

If experience means anything—and we think it means a lot—Washington will be much improved. The sputtering offense should be more consistent and coach Jim Owens always fields a dogged defense. The Huskies look good on paper and we have a hunch this could be their big year.

THE FAR WEST

PACIFIC EIGHT

Southern Cal	8-2	California	4-6
UCLA	7-3	Oregon	4-6
Washington	7-3	Stanford	3-7
Oregon State	5-5	Washington St.	2-8

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Wyoming	9-1	Arizona State	4-6
Brigham Young	5-5	Utah	3-8
Arizona	5-5	New Mexico	2-8

INDEPENDENTS

New Mexico St.	8-2	Idaho	6-4
Colorado State	7-2	Pacific	5-4
Utah State	6-4	Air Force	3-7
San Jose State	6-4		

TOP PLAYERS: Yary, Young, Simpson (Southern Cal); Beban, Manning, Purdy (UCLA); Wea, Cope, Thompson (Washington); Preece, Enyart, Nelson (Oregon St.); McCaffrey, McGaffie (California); Smith, Blanchard (Oregon); Nye, Washington, Buehler (Stanford); Middendorf (Washington St.); Kiick, Washington, Dirks (Wyoming); Odle, Boyett, Roberts (Brigham Young); Nemeth, Gardin (Arizona); Culp (Arizona St.); Gehrke, Chow (Utah); Vallez (New Mexico); Reed, Layton, Van Dyke (Colorado St.); Olivas, Gonzales (New Mexico St.); Staley (Utah St.); Holman, Scrivner (San Jose St.); Ulrich, Thiemens (Idaho); Banks, Locatelli (Pacific); Starkey, Turner (Air Force).

Oregon State will be relatively green this year, but look out for next year. Coach Dee Andros has reaped two talent-laden crops of rookies in a row and the incoming freshmen are said to be the best

yet. Some of this prime beef may ripen early, however, and the Beavers could be potent by season's end.

California seems to have won the junior college transfer sweepstakes this year. Twenty-three good transfers team with some good sophs to give the Bears so much new talent that anything might happen before season's end. The running, last year's weakness, will be dramatically improved.

Oregon's new coach Jerry Frei will field a young but talented squad that will improve as the season progresses. Frei's major innovation will be a lean and hungry defense patterned after Alabama's. Stanford didn't do well in the junior college transfer lottery and the soph group isn't anything to shout about, so last year's graduation losses will be hard to replace. Depth and team speed are the big questions. Washington State's main problem is trying to give some punch to last year's impotent offense. In any event, the difficult schedule will make it a long rebuilding year in Pullman.

Before the first kickoff, the Western Conference race looks like no contest. Wyoming ran over, around and through everybody (except surprising Colorado State) last year, scoring an incredible 327 points to the opposition's 69. The Cowboys look just as lithe and tough this

season. Tailback Jim Kiick runs like a quarter horse and punt return specialist Vic Washington can fly.

Brigham Young's inside attack, the backbone of the Cougar offense, was cleaned out by graduation. No quarterback of Virgil Carter's class is in sight, either. Arizona professes a desire to attain national prominence and so is scheduling some of the big boys—this year, Ohio State, Missouri and Indiana. New coach Darrell Mudra debuts with an experienced squad, brilliant passer Mark Reed and a brand-new hot-shot runner, junior college transfer Ron Gardin, who is touted as a future superstar. An incredible total of 66 transfers and sophs will give the Wildcats a surfeit of manpower. Too bad they can put only 11 on the field at one time.

Arizona State will be stronger, but so will the opposition. Neither Utah nor New Mexico will have the manpower to cope with its schedule.

Colorado State stunned everybody, including us, by fielding a powerhouse last year. Most of the key personnel return, including great tailback Oscar Reed. If a good quarterback can be found, the Rams will be even better.

New Mexico State is also loaded again, thanks to a promising group of transfers. Both Utah State and Idaho should have better fortunes than last

year, when both teams suffered badly from the senior syndrome. At Utah State, new coach Chuck Mills shook down the crew severely in spring practice, and Aggie fans should notice a lot of difference this fall. A good batch of recruits should be of much help at Idaho.

San Jose fans insist that Danny Holman is the best quarterback in the country, and we know some pro scouts who agree. New halfback Mike Scrivner will help take some of the pressure off Holman, and a bigger and deeper offensive line will give him the protection he sorely needed last year. The Spartans could upset some of the big teams on their roughest-ever schedule. Pacific is in the middle of an ambitious building program, fed mostly by mammoth junior college transfers, and much progress will be apparent this year.

Air Force has been emaciated by a crippling series of injuries and the second cheating scandal in three years. If corrective surgery to some key players stands up, the junior birdmen may be a little better this year. Another problem, when playing the bigger teams, is size. Fighter-plane cockpits are not tailored to 260-pound tackles.

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This is the Hip Brief.



A SMALL BUFFET

(continued from page 110)

finds himself nose to nose with a thoroughly desirable girl, he could give lessons in silence to a Trappist monk.

Then I saw Lalage Delmore coming down the stairs from the tower. I recognized her, in spite of distance and the dying light, by the ridiculous way she moved. I thought she intended to walk that last mile across the patio to the terrace, but when she got to the bottom of the stone staircase, she sat down and became a breathing stone herself. I decided to join her.

Lalage's marvelous eyes were having a personal twilight. "You don't have to talk to me," she said. "Not after what I—" She stopped and gnawed her lower lip. But she also shifted her body to make a place for me. I sat down.

She was wearing a dress. Her calves, which I now saw for the first time and which I'd have thought would be pipe-stems, were in excellent shape. "After you *what*?" I asked.

"I was rude."

"Not to me. Want a drink? Cigarette?"

Lalage shook her head. "I don't like parties," she said, as though this explained the double refusal. "It's going to rain, too. Good."

"What *do* you like, Lalage?"

"The things I like don't count. They don't have importance, my mother says."

I flipped my cigarette at the nearest tree. "Such as?"

"Who was she?"

I should have known. To sail with Lalage Delmore was to risk uncharted shoals. You believed you were on a true course until you looked at her compass and found the needle pointing west-southwest. "She?"

"The girl. The one with my name."

"Oh, *that* Lalage." I guzzled the rest of my rum and set the glass against the balustrade on the lowest step. "Weren't you ever curious about your name before?"

"No," she said. "But I am now. So please tell me all about the girl. And my name. Only—" I was amazed to see that she was ready for tears. "Only don't tease me. *Please* don't."

I felt such a flood of pity for her that I was embarrassed. "No, I won't," I said, my eyes fixed on nowhere, "but I'll have to tell it in my own way. If you get the shell open, though, the nut'll be inside."

"Thank you." A whisper.

No, I wouldn't tease; but, yes, I'd have to tell it in my own way. And if that wasn't a properly serious way, it was because I wasn't a properly serious person—even when I was at my most serious. I've always warmed to old Vespasian, so long in the Roman army, so long in command of bloody men in an especially bloody time, who could have been a cold and cruel presence on the

Palatine—except for a sense of humor, which really means a sense of the unimportance of almost everything; and who, when he calmly faced up to the fact that he was dying, could still stick his coated tongue in his cheek, and wink, and murmur: "Poor me! I think I'm becoming a god."

The sad, awkward girl beside me wasn't becoming anything, except more perplexed and lonely. As she moved into each fresh morning, she found that the doors of the day were locked against her and that under the gorgeous sylvan scenes painted on their surface, they were made of tempered steel.

"Well, the original Lalage," I began, "the real-McCoy Lalage, was a beautiful Greek girl. She was a high-bracket slave, like as not, which means her life was the top of the bottle, all cream and no curds. In those days, a good-looking female slave, if she played her cards right, had it made—as we used to say around the Christian Endeavor Society. She'd have more fun than the emperor's wife, that's for sure, and—"

"What emperor?"

"Man named Augustus. A complicated character. He had all the virtues except the right ones, which means that the present world would be made to order for him. But while the first Lalage was on this side of the one-strand river, kicking up her pretty pink heels, Horace went plumb off his rocker for her. He even—"

"Horace? Who was he?"

My jaw dropped. After it finally drew itself back up against the rest of my skull, I asked: "Where in God's name did you go to school?"

"The wrong ones, I guess. All over the place."

"Well, you might not've heard of him, even if you'd gone to the right ones. They've blown the whistle on teaching the classics in American schools, bless their little technological hearts. Anyway, Horace was a pretty fair country poet, with only one bad habit: He wrote a Latin that's almost untranslatable—due to the subtlety of the word order and various other matters that I won't go into. And it just so happens that I can quote some of what Horace said about Lalage number one, because I got my education a whoop and a holler before science lowered the boom on the humanities. Let's see, now—"

I intended to recite the last Sapphic strophe of the great ironic ode beginning *Integer vitae*, lines I'd once known as well as my own name, if not better. I stared up to where darkness and leaves were blending together to form the equivalent of $\sqrt{-0}$ while I eased out of a deep, reclusive alcove of my memory the words that had waited there, unspoken, for so long.

"*Pone sub curru nimium propinqui,*" I heard myself saying, "*solis in terra—uh—*

This is the tapered Brute Shirt.



terra—" Something was wrong. "Solis in—in terra—uh—terra—in—" Nothing more remained. Nothing. The rest, whatever it was, was gone, all gone, utterly gone, the resounding fine lines dissolved like leaf smoke in late October, gone like the young Sam Culloden who'd loved them. Something was indeed terribly wrong—much, much more than a mere forgetfulness.

I felt a thinning of the air, grabbed the balustrade and pulled myself to my feet. After a moment I relaxed my grip—and damned near fell headlong. I clutched the chill stone again and clung to it until the world made sense, more or less. As Lalage gradually came into focus, I saw that she was standing, too. And she was asking: "You're not sick, are you? You're not sick?"

"It's the altitude. The—damned altitude."

"Yes, the first few days," she said. "Somebody should've told you."

"I'm all right now, though." I gulped air. "I'm fine. I mean it."

"Then—what was it, what you said?"

"What I— Oh, the *Latin*. Look, Lalage, I'll tell you tomorrow. Sometimes my memory—" I flapped my right hand in a silly and meaningless gesture and grinned in a silly and meaningless way. "Bye, Lalage," I went on. "Got to track down those Saint Bernards. Jock, too. He's the brain. You ought to meet him. Meanwhile, darling, hold fast." I took maybe six steps, then stopped and looked back at her. "Your eyes—" I said. "Your eyes are the most beautiful on any living woman. In case nobody ever told you."

With another ridiculous flap of my hand, I began my return trek across the endless plain, pointed in the general direction of Cape Town.

I finally got to Cape Town. "Where's old Jock?" I demanded. "My son, my son. He used to be here, just before the battle. *Mother!*" I counted muzzles: Mother Young, Father Young, luscious Miss Young. But no Master Culloden.

"Why, he went looking for you," Young said. "Some time ago. Where's your drink?"

To sit is amazingly easy. All you have to do is withdraw support from a few joints here and there among your knees and hips and—*plop!*—down you go. Of course, it helps to have a coccyx like white leather, and if what you land on isn't harder than concrete, and especially if you're feeling no pain to begin with. Suddenly, there I was, arranged in comfort on the grass.

"Must've left it someplace," I said, filling the lower part of my face with my new clownish smirk. "Saint Bernards must've swiped it."

"What were you drinking before the robbery?"

"Huh? Oh, *rum*. Straight. Three thick fingers. And one ice cube. One lonely,

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meltable, opaque ice cube. *Lonely*—that's the countersign in the camp tonight. General Burnside's orders."

"Get Mr. Culloden what he wants, Nan," Young told his daughter. She scrambled to her feet and made for the terrace.

"What's growing in the groves of Academe, Young?"

"Why, the mixture as before, what else? When we're not reading, we're writing something for someone else to read. Never a dull moment."

"Never an exciting one, either," Mrs. Young said.

"That's because we're a balanced lot, Helen," Young said. "Followers of the golden mean." He added, wryly: "On a pinchbeck standard."

"*Domibus negata!*" The forgotten phrase of Horace had broken loose in my brain. Before I could catch myself, I'd said the words aloud.

Young was amused. "Your charm against inflation?"

"No, the countersign for the camp tomorrow night. General Hooker's orders."

"Too bad, I'll be on pass."

"So will the camp."

"You two sound like an Ionesco first draft," Mrs. Young said. "Not that I can imagine such a thing." Her tone had dropped a fast 40 degrees, but the curled-down smile was still there.

Young ignored her. "And what's new in the, as it were, entertainment business?"

"Very businesslike, Mr. Bones. Not very entertaining. But we have to draw the line *somewhere*, don't we? After all, it's these bleeding hearts who think audiences ought to be entertained, who cause—" I heard someone closing in on me from the direction of the terrace, undoubtedly a pretty Saint Bernard named Nan bearing rum to succor the lost traveler. "Well and good," I said aloud to myself, "and not a moment too soon."

"You're right, Sam, not a single moment." Polly was standing beside me, sober-faced. "Aren't you hungry, Sam? The clans are starting to gather."

"I didn't hear any pipers," I said sullenly. "Besides, Nan's bringing me a drink."

"No, she isn't. I saw her on the terrace and told her never mind."

"Taking a lot on yourself, weren't you?"

"No more than what I hope you'll take on now." Polly glanced quickly at Helen Young. "Or have you given up handling my plate at buffets?"

"Ah, no, Polly," I said. "I'll handle your plate. Sure I will."

There was guile in my guilelessness. Cunning old Sam saw several ways by which he could toss off another rum while Polly thought he was filling her plate with ham hocks or collar greens or whatever it was that the Widow Delmore had placed on the altar of the



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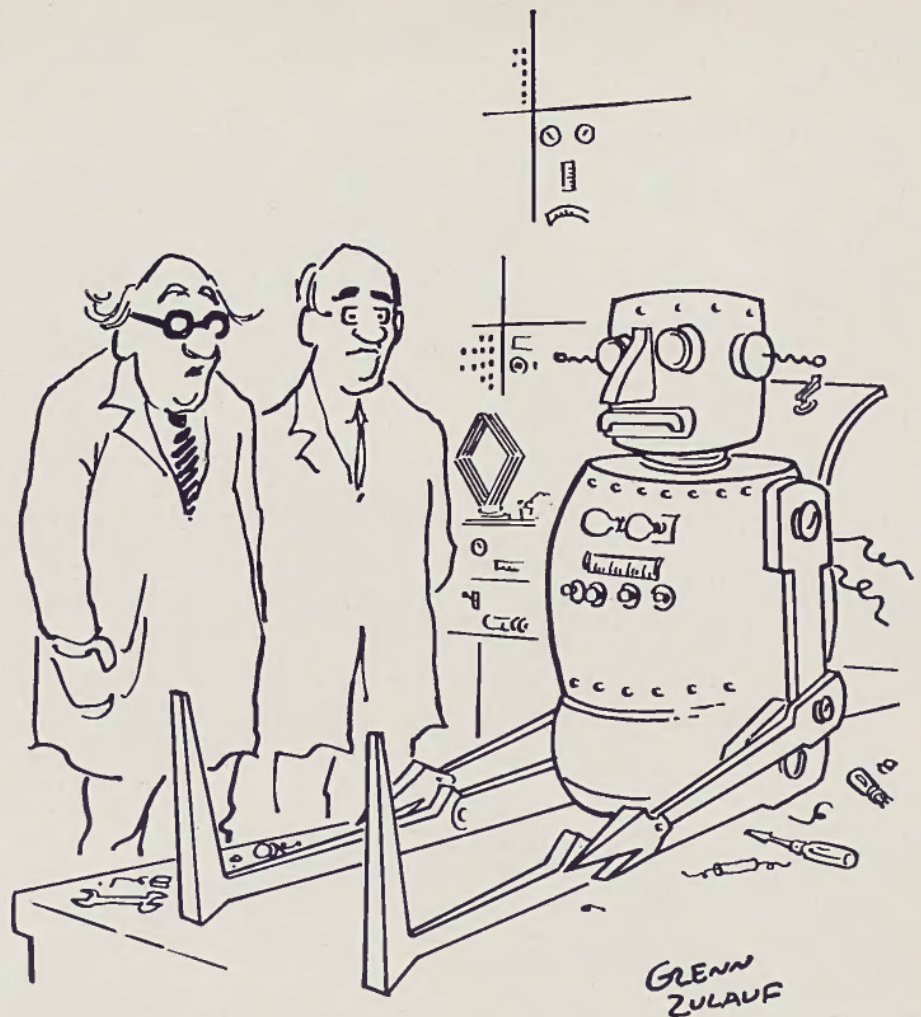
Great God Buffet. "Wait here," cunning old Sam said, taking care that his voice didn't show how sly he was. "I'll be back in two shakes." And cunning old Sam climbed to his feet, only to discover that several of his legs had lost a lot of their own cunning.

"No, it's nicer when we're together," Polly said, slipping her arm through mine. So we set out abreast for the table of vittles. It started to rain before we got anywhere near the terrace. And the hell of it was, I'd left the Ark in my other pants.

Two maids scuttled twittering through the rain. They snatched up whatever came to hand from the buffet table, then tottered into the house again under loads of earthenware and food. My chore was to salvage the liquor. There was so much headless-chicken confusion going on at the time that eight or so ounces of rum found a home in the Culloden belly, unperceived. After all, Polly couldn't be everywhere at once, and she was then helping the Widow Delmore and her *muchachas* arrange another buffet table inside.

On my last slosh through the deluge, a couple of slim forms swept past me in tandem. Their brows were lowering, their nostrils dilated, their lips pressed tightly together. The first man's angry mask was topped by a mop of curly chestnut hair. The mask of the other, also angry but less securely in place, was set beneath hair that was long and lank and black and greasy. Both wore what amounted to a uniform. Their Adam's apples rested on foulard stocks, their skimpy torsos were enclosed by mauve form-fitting shirts, and what remained had been poured into much-too-tight black jeans that made their buttocks stick out like sore thumbs. On their feet were rope-soled canvas shoes. They were each about 30 years old. A talkative raindrop, trickling down my ear lobe, said in passing that they weren't what you might call heterosexual, that they were in the middle of a fearful tiff and that they would never again be on speaking terms—or not for a whole hour, anyway.

Twenty minutes later, when I'd crossed the living room from the buffet, juggling Polly's plate and my own, I floated into a chair across the rectangular table from her to find that Curly Chestnut had made a place for himself and some chicken *mole* at the end nearest the terrace doors. Another couple—the Gutierrezes—was between us. I found out that the table-crasher's name was Francis St. Albans and he dabbled in, as it were, painting. He also had a British accent that he must have learned through some correspondence school; the nearest he'd ever been to England was thumbing through the pages of *Queen*.



"I want him to have all the things I missed."

His fellow tiffer, Philip Payne, who was, as it were, a poet, was seething in the Coventry of Marian Delmore's table, the middle of three that had been set up hurriedly in a living room that was only a few inches lower and a few degrees colder than the main chamber of Mammoth Cave. Payne, who looked several days dead, came from a moldy mansion that stood across from the decaying courthouse in the rotting county seat of Upper Piraeus, Alabama. I had never seen any of his poems in print. I don't think he had, either.

A pair of oddly shaped women, one a polyhedron, the other an isosceles triangle, were also at the Widow Delmore's table. They were halfhearted Lesbians who considered themselves ceramists, or maybe ceramists who considered themselves halfhearted Lesbians. They lived in a little *finca* and made little post-pre-Columbian pots without the use of a little potter's wheel and decorated them with little gruesome designs that could only have come from their little primary-color nightmares. Elizabeth Piper and Barbara Saltus would never see 45 again, even on a TV rerun. They were

known, up to several kilometers away, as "Pepper and Salt."

Beyond this cheery crew, the Youngs and a dry-brained retired lawyer and his wife, named McDermott, were breaking bread together; and next to the nubile daughter of the Youngs, his hide as silent as the rind of the expanding universe, but with a clanging brain and kettledrum heart making loud music in his core, huddled a son of mine named Jock Culloden, as miserably happy as any adolescent would want to be.

There I was—doomed to spend an hour or more in small talk with Francis St. Albans and *Señor* and Mrs. Gutierrez. The only satisfaction I got out of being introduced to them by my occasional social secretary, Polly Lockridge Culloden, was that during the nods and becks and introductory smiles, I was able to fill my glass with wine—my *water* glass, that is, which was impressively bigger than the wine one. Polly objected in the only way she could, by kicking me high on my shinbone. The objection wasn't overruled, merely ignored.

The other couple at our table, whom I 251

purposely called *Señor* and *Mrs. Gutierrez*, were, in their mating, as ancient as the human race and as modern as tomorrow afternoon at five o'clock.

Angela Ammon DeKalb Pierce Gutierrez, nee Wade, had burst from her chafing girlhood as a lusty ripsnorter out of Pittsburgh who might have been used as a character by Rabelais, had she been French and born not *too* many years before her actual birth. You knew she was rich, because she banked a great deal of her money on her fingers and neck. Around 1928, when she bounced into the bed of the late DeKalb, the second and richest of her four husbands, she was a damn-the-torpedoes, full-speed-ahead heller, with a wide, painted mouth and a broad, uncolored viewpoint. Now, however, the Jazz Age body had been caught up in a fleshly inflation, the mouth was no longer so painted or so wide, the lip-rouge hues were muted, and the broad viewpoint was narrowing, against her will, with each runaway anxious month. The anxiety came from her having to do unrelieved guard duty against the various Dianas who kept trying to slip into the preserve for a shot at Lorenzo Gutierrez, her tame young unicorn.

He was known as Lencho, which is the Mexican nickname for Lorenzo, and he was the only *beautiful* man I've ever seen. If every above-ground Mexican male were one quarter as stunning as Lencho Gutierrez, there wouldn't be an unmarried woman to be found in the rest of this bloated, beefcake world. They'd all be flat on their backs, love-drunk and goggle-eyed, somewhere between the Rio Grande and the Guatemala border.

When we were introduced, he gave me no more than a glum nod, which struck me as peculiar. Among the few things I'd learned about Mexicans was that, as heirs of the Spanish language and culture, they have a fantastic jargon for use in social intercourse, with elaborately polite formulas for such major events as introductions and, like as not, for such minor ones as shooting you dead in the street.

"I'm surprised, *señor*"—I said to Lencho, whose bored face should've stopped me, but didn't—"surprised that Hollywood hasn't snapped you up."

He turned empty eyes away, and anger put a hammer lock on me—not only because of the man's seeming rudeness but also because I'd let myself come out with such a tattered cliché.

Then Angela W. A. DeK. P. Gutierrez broke the hammer lock. "Mr. Culloden," she said quietly, "my Lencho's twenty-eight years old. He's been married to me for three years. During those three years he's heard English being spoken constantly, and he's had every chance to learn it. But as of July 1966, his entire English vocabulary consists of three words. *Yes, No* and"—A strange

smile touched her lips—"and *Don't*. He comes out with any one of them at random, and sometimes the result is funny and sometimes it's shocking. Although mostly when he hears English being spoken he—well, you'd have to call it *withdraws*. Lencho knows what's best for Lencho."

"Ah, *does* he, Angel?" St. Albans drawled. "Does he cross-his-pretty-red-heart truly know what's best for Lencho? Or do *you*?"

"I think so." She was concentrating on her plate.

Her lackluster response irritated St. Albans, who'd evidently expected a verbal Roman candle. "Well," he went on, "all I can say, Mrs. Den Mother, is that my *finca's* a hotbed of English being spoken, so he can come and withdraw with me any time that tickles his fancy."

"That'll do, Saint!" Angela's glance was like a fishhook, blue-steel and barbed. "Don't bring your dirty linen to any table *I'm* at."

"No fear, ducks," St. Albans said gaily. "It's at the next table and it's going to stay there." He called to Mrs. Delmore: "Marian, I'm depressed, and it's because that grotesque daughter of yours isn't here to *amuse* me. Don't you let her appear in public anymore? Do you keep her caged these days? And if she is in a cage, doesn't she have feeding hours like the rest of the rare animals? I tell you, Marian, I miss that questing beast. The zoo's simply *nothing* without our Ugly."

"Ugly eats in her tower now, Saint," Marian Delmore said. "Either that, or she creeps into the kitchen at some ungodly hour and nibbles cheese."

"Like a great ungainly mouse, *yes!*" St. Albans crowed. "And she lives in a *mouse* tower. Oh, so *perfect!*"

"I'll be content if she never shows her face in the main house," the Widow Delmore said. "Especially if I have guests. It's so easy, you know, to get the wrong impression—not about her, but about her *mother*. She's reached the stage where I can't do a thing with her, not that I ever could. She's become so silly and *willful*—the most willful, silliest creature in Christendom."

"Ah, not quite," St. Albans said, "not *quite*, lovey. I know a *person* who's far more willful." His smile, as friendly as the working end of a wasp, darted toward the pallid Payne. "And infinitely sillier."

Pepper and Salt, strangely, were shaken into a defense of the poet. "Oh, that's not *fair*, Saint!" exclaimed Pepper.

"And it's not *true!*" cried Salt.

St. Albans went cold on them. He decided that the subject was closed and, wiping everybody at the next table from the slate of his interest, sprinkled a pinch of attention on what his plate contained.

It was an unconsciously wise move. My hope that he and Payne would start a ruckus was dying, and its place was

gradually giving way to a desire to shove St. Albans' face into his food. After all, Marian Delmore was owed a scene; and he who scened this night was quit for the next.

If I'd been standing at a window watching it, the rain would have been a fused and furious mass; but to a man sitting with closed eyes, it became a form of hypnosis, untouched by human hands. Then, filtered through an immensity of bone and an opiate of water, I seemed to hear my name being spoken on a mountaintop in Tibet. It was so far away, so faint, that I—

I was still treading water when a strange woman floated by. I grabbed her by the neck and held her head above the current until I recognized her as Angela Gutierrez. "Sorry," I said. "Thinking of something else."

"I asked you, Mr. Culloden, how many films you'd written."

"Never counted them. Enough to kill a more sensitive man, though."

"Fifteen," Polly said.

Angela leaned toward me. "Did you ever write a film that Robert Taylor was in? Lencho's a great Robert Taylor fan." At the mention of the actor's name, Lencho nodded, with more vigor than I'd thought he had.

I ran through my credits mentally. "Let's see, there were three, I think, altogether. There was *Whaler*, and *The Hunters of Kentucky*, and—and—oh, sure, *Falaise Gap*."

After the Gutierrezes spoke rapid Spanish to each other, Angela said: "Lencho liked them all very much, very much, indeed. And he'd like to know, were you—*are* you—a friend of Robert Taylor?"

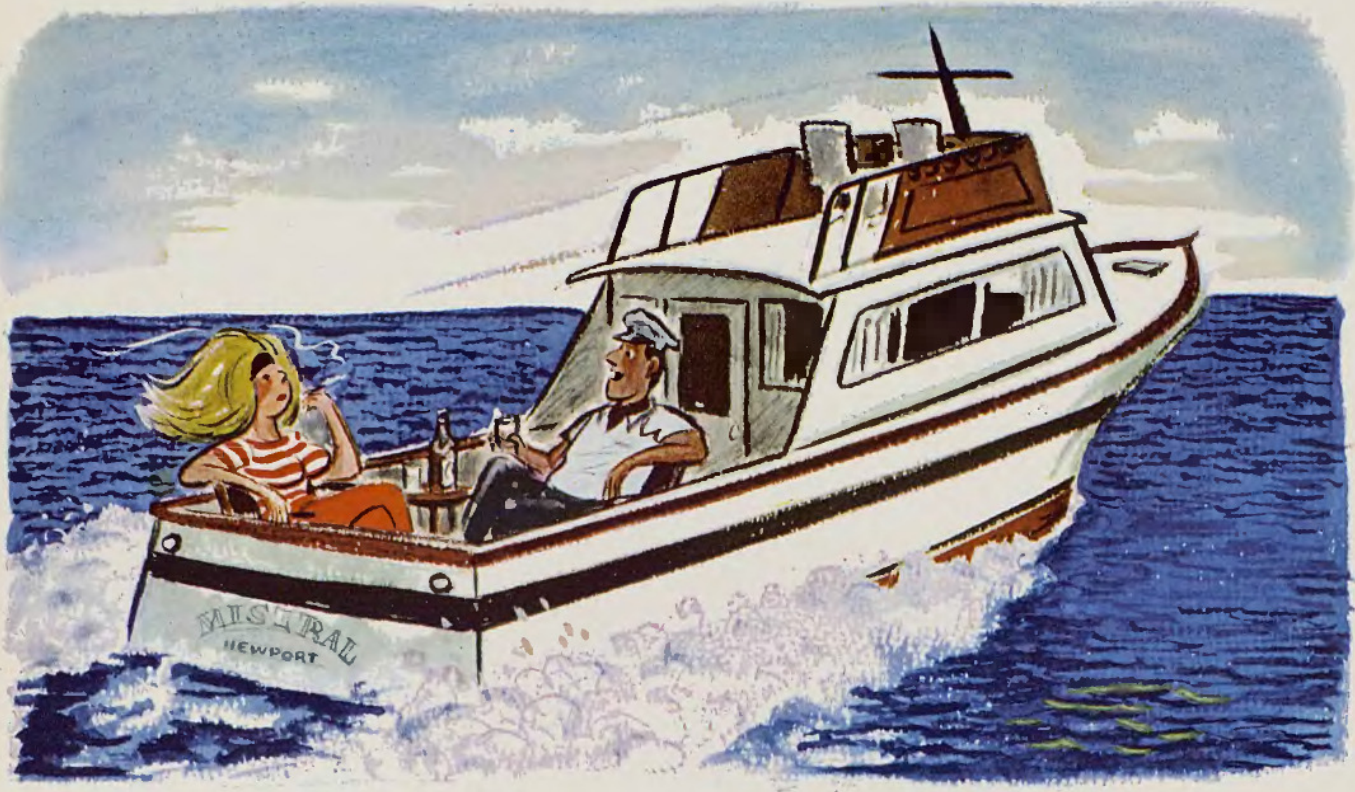
"Too bad, but I only met him once, on the set of *Whaler*." Angela translated for Lencho, who thereafter paid no more attention to a man who'd written three pictures for Robert Taylor and yet had only met him once.

I refilled my giant wineglass, which had cleverly emptied itself, to the tune of another kick from Polly. This one landed on my instep. Her reward was a pitying smile from her put-upon husband; and I was in the act of rearranging my facial muscles, when one of the terrace doors was flung open and Lalage came backward into the room, struggling to shut an umbrella that was too wide for the door. Her dress clung wetly to her thighs and the leather of her thin Capezios was waterlogged.

"Oooo, *look!*" St. Albans cried. "If it isn't Miss *Uggle!*"

Nobody else said anything until Lalage got the umbrella down and had closed the door against the wild rain. Then Marian Delmore said coldly: "I thought you were staying in the tower." Nothing, of course, about the girl's drenched dress.

"I was hungry," Lalage said. She



"Is that your final decision, Miss Ashcroft?"



Interlandi

ignored everybody else in the room and walked to the end of the table where Polly and I were sitting. "I know you, Mrs. Culloden," she said to Polly, "but you don't know me. I'm Lalage Delmore."

"Little Miss Uggie," came from St. Albans.

"Yes, of course," Polly said. "But, darling—you're soaked. Aren't you afraid you'll catch cold?"

"It doesn't matter," Lalage said. She swallowed, and went on hurriedly: "Could your husband come to the buffet with me?"

Polly glanced appraisingly at her husband before saying: "I don't see why not."

"Thank you." Lalage waited while I got up. I was delighted to find that there wasn't as much instability around as there had been. The quadruple shot of 80-proof vaccine, plus the 12-percent boosters, had helped the old stability a lot.

At the buffet table, however, Lalage wouldn't let me serve her. "I'm used to getting my own food," she said. "But I wanted to talk to you."

"No reason why you shouldn't," I said. "To tell you I love you," she whispered.

"No reason why you—" was coming out automatically when something, from somewhere, hit me a karate chop under the jawline. "Lalage"—I mumbled as soon as I could focus again. "Child—please don't kick that word around. Do you know what love is, Lalage?"

"What I'm feeling. Very warm and steady and calm."

"You can feel that way any summer afternoon, as long as nobody gives the hammock a shove," I said. "Love's not a dead calm. It's an apex."

Lalage was occupying herself with putting things on her plate and avoiding my eyes. "Apex sounds right," she said. "I don't know the word, but I'm apex."

I sighed. I might as well have been saying "Nice pussycat" to a lion I'd met on the Colosseum sands. "Another thing you don't know," I told her, "is that after the apex, it's downhill. All the long, long way."

She decided then that perhaps she'd better look at me, and I nearly drowned in those eyes. While going down for the

third time, I remembered a smooth side-overarm I used to do, and I made for the edge of the pool.

"Prove it," said Lalage.

I was nowhere near the edge yet, but the nymph of the pool had grabbed my ankle and the smooth side-overarm was going to waste. "I can't," I said. "Nobody can, or ever could. But maybe I can give you an idea of what happens during the rise and fall of that particular barometer. So listen very carefully, Lalage. When two people are in love, each with the other and beyond all thought or caring, they're given this one perfect moment. It may not be longer than a few seconds, and it's never longer than a few hours; maybe, with very great luck, it might last through a whole afternoon, or part of a summer night. While it's happening, of course, neither the man nor the woman knows it, but it's perfect, and that's the important thing. And sooner or later, if you've been one of the lovers, you'll discover that those few seconds, or those few hours, were the most magnificent seconds, or the richest few hours, in your entire life. But—" I stopped. I didn't like the turn that my thought was about to take.

"But what?"

I let my thought take the turn, every tire screaming. "But there's a catch to it," I said. "And the catch is: Once you're over the shock of knowing how perfect that one moment was, you get the sustained and killing shock of knowing that everything since has been imperfect and, no matter how long you live, nothing will ever be perfect again."

"Oh," said Lalage, very quietly.

"I love you, too," I murmured. "As I would a daughter."

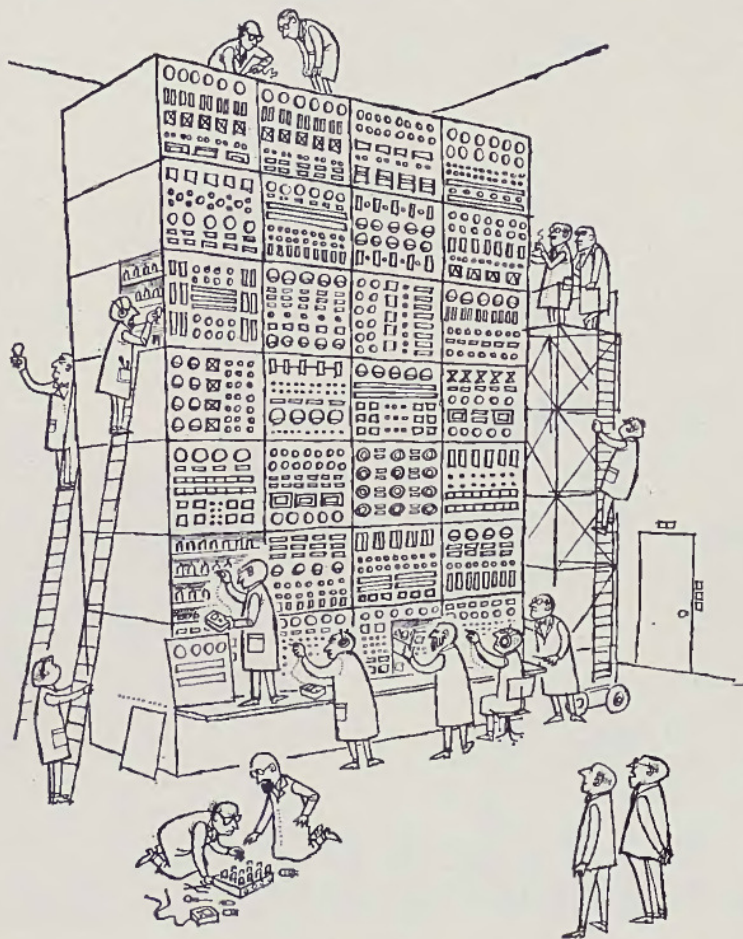
"That's all I want," she said. "Oh, that helps! Now I'd like—that is, may I sit with you and your wife?"

"Wouldn't have it any other way. Come on."

Lalage brought her plate back to our table and I lugged a heavy antique chair over from where it was brooding beneath a bad 17th Century painting of the Assumption. I placed the chair at the end of the table opposite St. Albans, which put Polly at Lalage's right and me at her left. "My father named me Lalage," she said as she sat down.

"Bully for him," I said. Polly, who was puzzled, kept silent. The Gutierrezes ignored her presence, and St. Albans, after a single disapproving stare, preferred to pretend that she didn't exist.

"He was very tall and very thin, my father," Lalage said, "and he wasn't handsome at all." She paused, then went on, speaking in a low-pitched, rapid monotone, addressing no one in particular and directing the words at her plate: "He gave me his worst features, my mother says. But he couldn't have, because he had to wear glasses all the time,



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and I have very good eyes. His family owned a big department store in Cleveland, Delmore and Company, but everybody called it just Delmore's. My mother says my father didn't want to work there, all he wanted to do was sit around and read. But he was an only child, like me, and my grandfather had a stroke and died, so my father worked there for a while until *he* died, too. Until he was killed, I mean—"

"Killed?" Polly glanced at me before she fixed her gaze on Lalage again.

Lalage nodded absently, then continued, the scarcely audible words tumbling over each other: "Yes, and on my sixth birthday. He'd left the store early to be at my party, and the phone call came right in the middle of this game we were playing. And then all the children went home. And I remember how hard I cried, but I don't know if it was because of what happened to my father or because they stopped the party before the ice cream and cake. I had a funny pink paper hat on. Six years old. You don't understand things when you're six years old. Or any other time, I guess, not really. But I kept that funny pink hat for years. And then one night, when I was alone in the house, I took it from this special secret place and tore it into little pieces and flushed them down the toilet in my mother's bathroom. She used to keep a picture of him around, my mother did, and I'd sit and study it for hours. His mouth was very gentle, in the picture, and his eyes were, too, under the glasses. He was sweet and loving and kind to me, but he wasn't happy, not very often. My mother says she told him a thousand times not to drive so fast, but he never paid her a bit of attention, she says. And I think he was unhappy because in his heart he hated her, and maybe he got this fantastic idea that if he drove fast enough, and closed his eyes real tight while he drove, then he'd leave her and everything else he hated behind him forever—and then there'd be just him and me. Do you suppose that's what he was trying to do, at the end there?"

"Yes," I said, "I think that's what he was trying to do. And I wish he'd been able to bring it off."

Lalage took a deep breath. "But you *could* say he killed himself, couldn't you?" she asked.

"Not with conviction, I couldn't," I told her. "No." I then tossed off the rest of my wine. As I peered over the rim of the glass, I saw the unassuaged eyes of a feather-boa constrictor named St. Albans fixed on a helpless baby bird named Sam Culloden. I stopped scratching for bugs in the gravel, cocked my downy head at him, opened my tiny yellow beak, and chirped: "Something bothering you, Buster?"

I instantly received another kick from Polly, which hurt. Her earlier salvos had

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merely bracketed the target. This one was zeroed in, and she was firing ten-inch Delman shells.

"Sorry, Sam, an accident," she said. "Incidentally, you haven't eaten a bite." She didn't sound at all like a battery commander.

"I'm saving my strength for dinner," I said.

"Tell me, Mr. Uggledon," St. Albans drawled. "Why did you—"

"Speaking to me?" I cut in sharply.

"Trying to, Mr. Uggledon. Why did you come to *Maldita*—with the whole wide world to pick from—or don't you remember?"

No matter what lay behind the words, St. Albans' remark was just what the doctor ordered. While I placed my glass on the table, I sent the baby bird scurrying behind a big rock, from which he popped back immediately with a companion—a razor-beaked, needle-taloned golden eagle that considered any snake up to, and including, a feather-boa constrictor as a kind of sinuous caviar and, oddly enough, was also named Sam Culloden. The golden eagle spoke very softly to the snake: "What would you like me to say, Mary?"

"Something sensible. Unless you're beyond that—Mr. Uggledon."

"Now, Saint . . ." Angela Gutierrez' voice trailed off in a semiwarning.

"I came to *Maldita*," I said, still very softly, "because they told me, Heraclitus, they told me the town was awash with people I'd be apt to like, ten or twelve hundred of them. They also swore on a stack of André Gides that there wouldn't be any fruits of the earth in *Maldita*, because they favored the assier-crassier places, or maybe the bell-bottom hangouts like Acapulco. They also told me—"

"*Sam!*" It may have been only a whisper, but it was Polly's goddamnyoutohellsamculloden whisper, which is never hissed around Hook and Ladder No. 7 unless the fifth alarm has rung. I had enough sense remaining for it to stop my slide when I wasn't quite halfway down the pole.

"And what can I do for you, my dear old Carian guest?" I asked her.

"You can go to the buffet and bring me some more ham, not much, a nubbin, maybe, and a little of that wonderful salad, and one piece of bread, unbuttered."

I must've slipped into one of my more hideous faces as I got up, since he was suddenly too busy counting his fingers, all 15 of them, to take the trouble to answer me. So I hauled anchor, put on sail and pointed my bow for the buffet.

I had just reached port when the loudest clap of thunder that the world has heard since Sodom and Gomorrah got their comeuppance shattered the air above the house, so close that it arrived simultaneously with its lightning.

The room shook, as did everything and everybody in it. A terrified wail came from what sounded like Mrs. McDermott and a variety of caterwauls from the other guests. Hot on the heels of this exclamatory period followed a moment of awful silence, honoring the unknown thunderbolt. During this quiet time, I bowed my head at the buffettable cenotaph and tried to find the ham and the salad and the bread. I wasn't having much luck. Everything had begun to resemble *ratatouille*.

Then I heard St. Albans cry: "Well, Miss Payne, that was your *real* Big Daddy cursing you! He *hates* you, Miss Payne, because you're disgusting, the way *everybody* hates you because you're disgusting. And later tonight, Miss Payne, yes, later to—"

"Oh, *stop* it, Saint, for pity's sake," Payne squealed. His voice cracked on "pity." He was a very frightened unpublished poet.

There was another thunderclap, not quite overhead and not quite as loud as the first, but a substantial citizen, nevertheless. Before its rumbles had run their course, St. Albans was back in the sidesaddle and riding an octave higher: "Tonight, and I *mean* it! If you *dare* to come back to the *finca*, if you *dare* to try to come in, if you even dare to so much as knock on the *door*, I'll take my letter opener with the jade handle and—oh, damn damn damn it—"

The lights had gone out.

"Now please sit right where you are," I heard Marian Delmore say. "The candles are in the *cocina*. Lalage, go into the kitchen and tell the girls to bring out the candles. They *never* do anything unless they're told. Please stay right where you are, the rest of you."

I was aware that nobody was going along with the Widow Delmore's last request, though. Invisible people were pushing back invisible chairs and standing up and talking to other invisible people with invisible cheerfulness. "When they *do* go out," an unseen McDermott said, "they invariably choose a time when you're at dinner, or when you're shaving."

"*In-vair-iably*," replied a deep Pepperish voice. Somehow, I was glad to learn that the Pepper not only ate dinner but shaved.

For a millisecond, lightning made it midday in the room. At our table, everyone was standing, even Polly, who'd felt her way to a terrace door—everyone, that is, except St. Albans. He was lounging in his chair and, by God, while he was shrieking at Payne, he was calmly picking at his chicken *mole*.

That lightning-fathered glimpse of him, making cool little stabs with his fork while doing his best to destroy another human being, was what made me open the ball. Actually, I wasn't concerned about Payne, or even about my-

self. My decision to do something sprang from the rude and unnecessary remarks that St. Albans had passed about Lalage earlier. For all I knew, uttering rude remarks about Lalage when she wasn't around—or, if one wanted to try for a double point score, when she *was* around—might have been the favorite indoor sport of *Maldita*. But I was explicably protective, all of a sudden, toward that sad young mock-up of a woman. For, although I'd reached a dead end of creativity myself, she'd made up her mind to see me as her father—and God knows that fathers *have* to create, on a fleshly plane, or they wouldn't be fathers. And she also had told me she loved me—and, no matter how incompetent or useless a man is, when a woman tells him she loves him, he damned well has to go to bat for her, even long after the game is lost and beyond any rally, even when she doesn't realize he's stepping in against a spitballer. I figured I owed Lalage a little something, if only because she saw things in me that weren't there.

Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Culloden. I headed back to the table I'd started from. In the utter dark.

I couldn't have crossed that room more precisely if I'd been escorted by a kennel of seeing-eye Saint Bernards with arc lights in their mouths. And when I had my hands on the table, I wasted no time. There was a slop and sliding of earthenware, a clatter of crockery and a crash of smashing glass, and one scared yelp from St. Albans as he and his chair tumbled backward to land hard on the floor. "Compliments of the ones, you third bastard," I said, and let the table drop.

When the legs slammed down on the floor tiles, it sounded as though they cracked a few. Then, while a babble got under way among the unseen and unseeing witnesses, I managed to get out of the Delmore living room and out of the Delmore house. The rain faded and died as I stumbled toward our rented *finca*, and all the lights of *Maldita* came on again as I passed through our gates. I'm at a loss as to how I got home in an obsidian night, over unfamiliar terrain, but I did, I swung it somehow.

As soon as I switched on the night-table lamp, I spotted a scorpion, the size and weight of a short lobster, brooding on the wall above the bathroom door. I suppose I should've sent it to join its ancestors—but in the long run, you can't kill *everything*, even with a license. So all I did was strip, drop my soaked clothes on the floor and crawl into the antique, creaky bed. I left the lamp on, and I left the scorpion where it was—a brown, disgusting, poisonous, mindless, antediluvian horror.

Just like the still-blocked drunken writer who'd let the critter live.





Playboy Club News



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DISTINGUISHED CLUBS IN MAJOR CITIES

SPECIAL EDITION

YOUR ONE PLAYBOY CLUB KEY
ADMITS YOU TO ALL PLAYBOY CLUBS

SEPT. 1967

USE YOUR PLAYBOY CLUB KEY IN 17 CITIES!

CHICAGO (Special)—Playboy Club keyholders are now enjoying the pleasures of the good life as Playboy sees it in 17 cities—and more are on the way! When you enter The Playboy Club and present your key-card to the lovely Bunny at the door (she may be a Playmate from the gatefold of PLAYBOY), your personal name plate is placed on the lobby board and closed-circuit TV telecasts your arrival to friends who may be awaiting you.

Among the many pleasures abounding in Playboy's fun-filled clubrooms you'll find spirited variety shows, swinging jam sessions, epicurean buffet items at luncheon, dinner and late breakfast at the same price as a drink (enjoy lunch at the Club as often as 18 times in a row without having the same entree twice!), king-sized ounce-and-a-half-plus drinks, sizzling steaks and *filet mignon* with all the trimmings.

Order your Playboy Club Key today and you can be sure of obtaining the \$25 Charter Key Fee Rate still in effect in many areas of the United States. The \$50 Resident Key Fee is in effect in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi. (See coupon for Canadian Key Fee.)

Don't waste any more time—apply for your Playboy Club Key today and each time you visit the Club of your choice you'll enjoy the atmosphere of a friendly private party at which you are an honored guest.

NEW IN LOS ANGELES



Bunny croupiers teach roulette, blackjack, craps and more at the Los Angeles Playboy Club Penthouse school for gamblers.



Bunnies serve frosty refreshers brimming with an ounce-and-a-half-plus of the finest liquors to guests in Playboy's lively clubrooms.

Playboy Club Showrooms Spotlight Largest Talent Roster in the World

CHICAGO (Special) — The most exciting shows in town are at The Playboy Club. New shows appear in the showrooms every two weeks featuring talented newcomers and top talent you've seen on national television shows and in movies, allowing keyholders to sample the best in night-club entertainment. You'll find musical revues, big bands, novelty acts, vocalists, comedians, jazz musicians and folk acts presented throughout the circuit of Clubs.

The Kirby Stone Four, Tony Bennett, Della Reese, Prof. Irwin Corey, Herb Jeffries, Darnita Jo, Jerry Lester and Dick Contino are among the many established personalities who trod the Playboy boards. Happy revues like *The Session*—star-

ring Rob Reiner (Carl's son), Larry Bishop (Joey's son), Rick Dreyfus, David Arkin (Alan's nephew), Bobbi Shaw and Marj Dusay—*Who, Me?, Bottoms Up!, Whing-Ding!, The Good Life and Get the Girl* have gleefully traveled many Clubs, while the big bands of Dizzy Gillespie, Terry Gibbs, Red Norvo, Gerald Wilson, Woody Herman, Stan Kenton and Maynard Ferguson have received rave notices in each hutch they played.

The relaxed and friendly atmosphere of a fun-filled private party prevails in every Playboy Club—and you always see a great show packed with variety and excitement.

New Playboy Hotel To Have Eight Dining And Drinking Spots

CHICAGO (Special) — When the new \$9,000,000 Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wis., opens in 1968 you'll be able to enjoy eight dining and drinking spots. Eye-opener breakfasts and sumptuous buffet lunches and dinners will be on hand in the Living Room. The rustic Playmate Bar will offer fireside lunches and dinners featuring sizzling steaks and chops. The VIP Room will present an elegant eight-course gourmet dinner and the Penthouse will combine fine food with a star-studded floor show. You'll find tempting hors d'oeuvres and man-sized drinks at the Bunny Bar and more to sip and sample at the Sidewalk Cafe. The Pro Shop and Ski Lodge will serve hearty snacks and robust thirst quenchers.

Whatever your mood—lavish or casual—it can be matched at one of Playboy's eight dining and drinking spots.



Keyholder mixes his own Make-It Martini—six ozs. of his favorite brand of gin or vodka, imported vermouth with atomizer, assorted olives, lemon twists, ice—all for \$3.

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•••BECOME A KEYHOLDER. CLIP AND MAIL TODAY•••

TO: PLAYBOY CLUBS INTERNATIONAL
Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611

Gentlemen:
I wish to apply for key privileges.

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

OCCUPATION _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

U.S. Key Fee is \$25 except in Arizona, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri and Mississippi, where keys are \$50. Canadian Key Fee: \$30 (Canadian). Key Fee includes \$1 for year's subscription to VIP, the Club magazine. The Annual Account Maintenance Charge, currently \$5 in U.S. and \$6 (Canadian) in Canada, is waived for your first year.

Enclosed find \$ _____ Bill me for \$ _____
 I wish only information about The Playboy Club.

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH RUSS HEATH AND LARRY SIEGEL

WHILE VISITING STUDIOS ON THE WEST COAST, OUR HEROINE DROPS IN ON STUDIOUS RALPHIE TOWZER, WHO IS CURRENTLY ATTENDING CLASSES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BOOKLESS, CALIFORNIA. LIKE SO MANY COLLEGE STUDENTS TODAY, HE IS STUDYING THE THREE P'S ... PROTEST, PACIFISM AND PSYCHEDELICS, AND MAJORING IN ADVANCED KICKS —

WELCOME, HOLY WOMAN ... DIRECT DESCENDANT OF GOD ON MY FATHER'S SIDE, TWICE REMOVED. PULL UP MY FACE AND SIT DOWN ON IT SO THAT I MAY GAIN SHIMMERING INSIGHTS INTO THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF YOUR SACRED SIT-SACK. HALLELUJAH! WE WILL NOW JOIN IN SILENT RESPONSIVE READING ... AMEN.

RALPHIE! LEAPIN' LIZARDS! FREAKING AGAIN! YOU'RE ON LSD!



DON'T MOVE, HOLY WOMAN. LET ME PLASTICIZE YOU AND PLACE YOU ON THE LEDGE OVER THE DASHBOARD OF MY LIFE SO THAT NO EVIL SHALL BEFALL ME AS I DRIVE THROUGH ALL THE ESTABLISHMENTARIAN STOP SIGNS ... THE CONGREGATION WILL NOW RISE AND CHEW INDIAN NUTS.

RALPHIE! IT'S ME, ANNIE ... DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?





I'M BEING TURNED OFF... I MUST HAVE PSYCHEDELIC REINFORCEMENTS! WHERE ARE MY MORNING-GLORY SEEDS? MY DRIED SEAWEED?



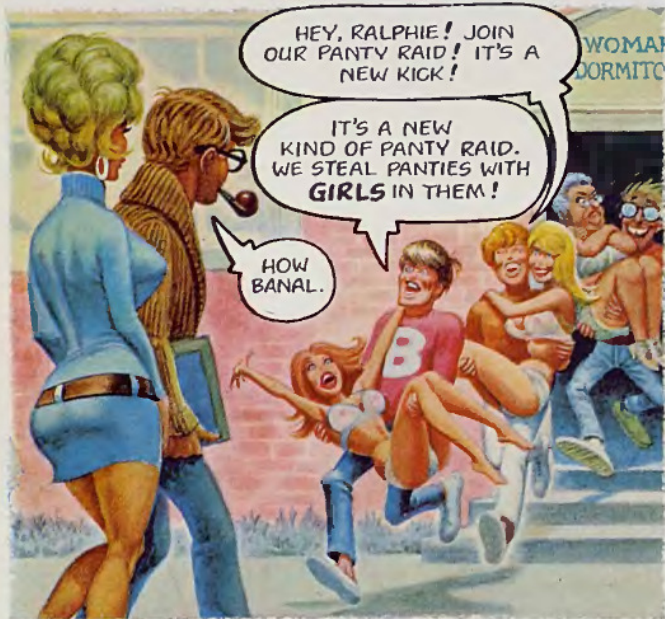
IK! EVERYTHING IS BECOMING NORMAL AGAIN... DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE WITH REALITY!

YOU MUST STOP THIS SILLY FREAKING, RALPHIE.



YOU'RE RIGHT, ANNIE! FREEDOM MARCHES... VIETNAM MARCHES... CARD BURNINGS... POT... LSD... THEY'VE LOST THEIR MEANING FOR ME. THEY'VE LOST THEIR KICK!

BUT, COME. I WAS ON MY WAY TO AN OFF-CAMPUS SEMINAR WITH PROFESSOR TIMOTHY CLEARLY.



HEY, RALPHIE! JOIN OUR PANTY RAID! IT'S A NEW KICK!

IT'S A NEW KIND OF PANTY RAID. WE STEAL PANTIES WITH GIRLS IN THEM!

HOW BANAL.



BOMB CLEVELAND NOW!

SUPPORT PEACE OR WE'LL KILL YOU!

LINK UP, KIDS. WE'RE HAVING A CHAIN-IN.

HO HUM... THE CHAIN-IN KICK! COME. WE MUSTN'T MISS A SECOND OF PROFESSOR CLEARLY'S SEMINAR. I FEEL THAT TODAY HE MAY OPEN THE GATES TO NIRVANA.

GET OUR BOYS OUT OF THE HACKENSACK Y.M.C.A.!



@X!!

*Mm!!

@* ZXX!

HEY, RALPH! COME JOIN OUR M@!! CURSE-IN.

(YAWN) SORRY. IT'S NON-FULFILLING.



DOWN WITH SAFE-DRIVING LEGISLATION!

SEAT BELTS ARE FASCISTIC!

OH, ME... ANOTHER DIE-IN-

PRO-FESSOR CLEARLY IS MY ONLY CHANCE FOR PSYCHIC SALVATION.



YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT AT ONE OF PROFESSOR CLEARLY'S GATHERINGS, ANNIE.

BELIEVE ME, RALPHIE ... **NOTHING** CAN BE WILDER THAN THE GATHERING I WENT TO AT A MOVIE PRODUCER'S HOME LAST NIGHT. WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT IF I TOLD YOU THAT GIRLS WERE RUNNING AROUND IN NOTHING BUT PANTIES AND BRAS?



SH! HERE COMES RALPHIE NOW.



SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

OH, ME ... ANOTHER NUDE SEXUAL-FREEDOM PARTY. THIS MAKES FOURTEEN THIS WEEK ALONE.

THIS IS A SURPRISE NUDE SEXUAL-FREEDOM PARTY...!

THIS ISN'T JUST ANOTHER NUDE SEXUAL-FREEDOM PARTY...! THIS ONE IS DIFFERENT.



SURPRISE! WE'RE ALL HETEROS!

I'M SORRY ... BUT THIS IS ALL SO TRITE! THESE PARTIES ... EVERYTHING ... THEY'VE LOST THE KICKS. THERE'S NOTHING LEFT ... EXCEPT ... PERHAPS PROFESSOR CLEARLY -

HE'S COMING, KIDS! PROFESSOR CLEARLY'S COMING!

SURPRISE! THERE ARE NO NEGROES HERE!



GOOD AFTERNOON, STUDENTS ... THANKS TO LSD, YOU'VE EXPLORED YOUR CELLULAR WISDOM -

WHAT CAN THESE NEW HEIGHTS BE?

YOU HAVE LEARNED TO TURN ON, TUNE IN AND DROP OUT! ARE YOU ABOUT TO FORGE AHEAD TO NEW EUPHORIC HEIGHTS?

NUDE, PERMISSIVE SEX, FLAGELLATION, SHOE FETISHISM, POT AND PEYOTE PARTIES?



SOME MAY SAY WE HAVE EXPERIENCED EVERY KICK AND THERE'S NOTHING LEFT! WHERE CAN WE POSSIBLY GO NOW FOR BEATITUDE? ... WELL, I SAY TO YOU, OUR FUTURE LIES IN THE PAST! ARE YOU READY NOW TO REACH FOR ELYSIUM?

WE CAN'T STAND THE SUSPENSE! WHAT IS IT?

NUDE PERMISSIVE-SODOMY STAG PARTIES WITH REAL STAGS?



WE HAVE FOUND THE NEW ART OF OP AND POP BY TURNING TO THE TRIVIA OF THE PAST. WE HAVE FOUND THE NEW MUSIC OF ROCK 'N' ROLL BY TURNING TO THE PRIMITIVE RHYTHMS OF THE PAST. AND NOW FOR THE NEW AMUSEMENT ... WE MUST ONCE AGAIN TURN TO THE PAST -

NUDE, GOLDFISH-VIOLATING, FLOOR-LAMP-DEFILING, LUST-MURDER PARTIES, WITH OUR PARENTS WATCHING?

SHOW US THE ULTIMATE KICK, O MASTER !!



FOLLOW THE LEADER!

SHOT FOR SHOT!

DOWN IN THE MEADOW WHERE THE GREEN GRASS GROWS, THERE SAT JIMMY WITH A MARBLE UP HIS NOSE -

TWO FOR FLINCHING! OH, OH... YOU FLINCHED! YOU GET SEVEN AND A HALF!

ONE POTATO, TWO POTATO, THREE POTATO, FOUR -

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF ON ALICE!

JOHNNY ON A PONY 1-2-3!

BASE STICKER! BASE STICKER!

KICK THE CAN!

7-8-9-10 RED LIGHT!

90! 95! 100! ANYBODY 'ROUND MY BASE IS IT!

THIS IS THE ULTIMATE KICK, RALPHIE?

GO BACK, SANORA, TWO PACES. YOU DIDN'T SAY "MAY I"!

END

PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

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