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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

PLAYBOY PREVIEWS "HIERONYMUS MERKIN," THE WACKIEST, SEXIEST FILM YET

AN INTERVIEW WITH MARSHALL McLUHAN

U. S. SENATOR JOSEPH D. TYDINGS ON GUN CONTROL

THE PLANETS— ARTHUR C. CLARKE ON MAN'S NEXT SPACE TARGET

At last, a tax break for millionaires.

Until now, anybody with a millionaire's taste for Scotch has had to pay the price for it.

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If we bottled it in Scotland, we would have to charge a premium price, as we do in other countries throughout the world.

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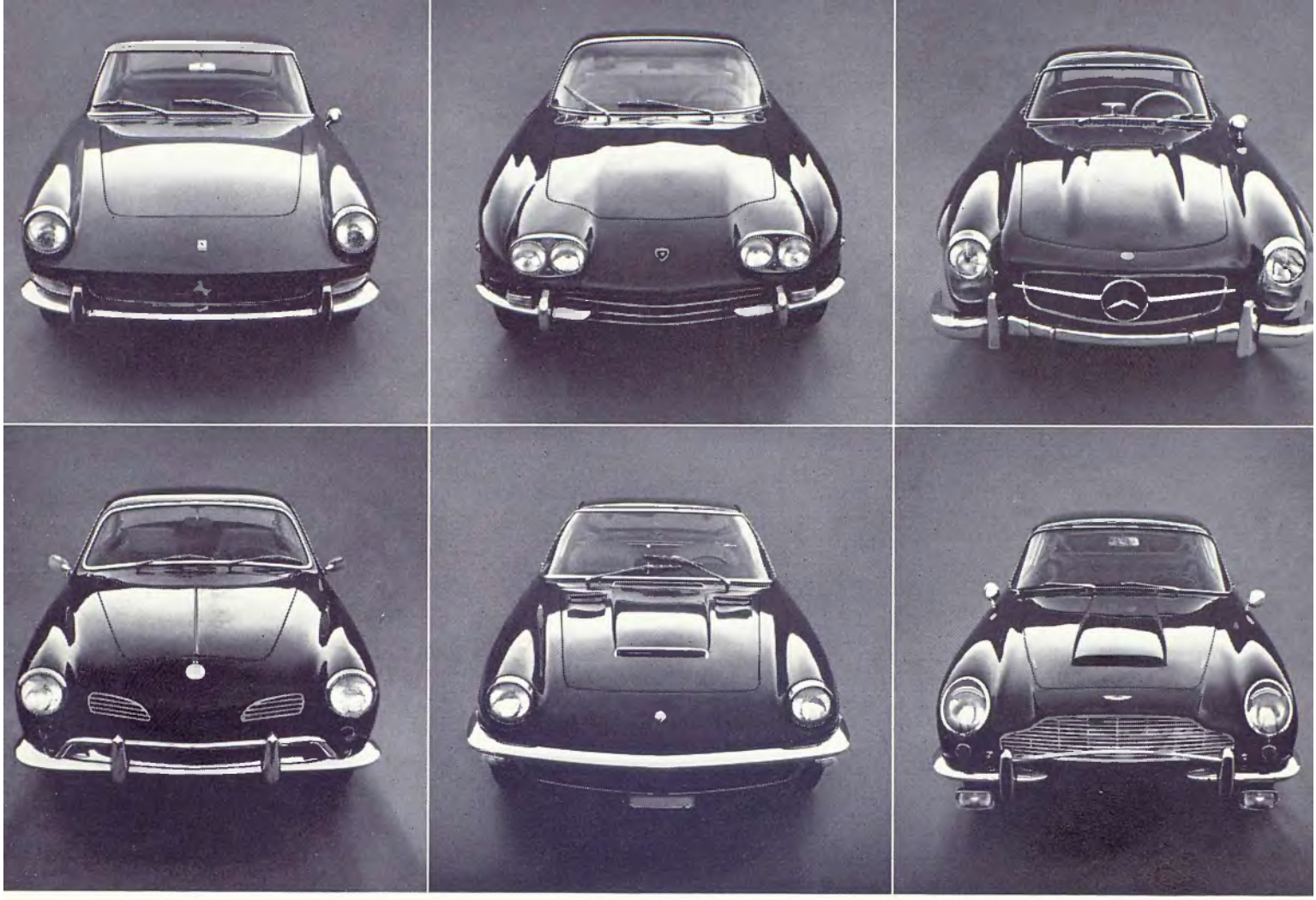

Can you spot the Volkswagen?

Lost among five of the world's great sports cars is one of the world's great Volkswagens.

The VW Karmann Ghia.

If you confuse it with a 170 mph sports machine, we wouldn't be surprised.

The racy lines are the work of a famous sports car designer, the Ghia studios of Turin, Italy.

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What makes the Karmann Ghia a Volkswagen is everything that makes it go. Independent 4-wheel suspension that takes curves like a racer. Surprisingly smooth 4-speed gear box. And an air-cooled engine that averages up to 28 mpg.

Of course, you can't reach the speed of a $15,000 Ferrari (top left), $16,000 Lamborghini (top center), a $9,000 Mercedes Benz (top right), a $14,000 Maserati (bottom center), or a $14,000 Aston Martin (bottom right) in a Karmann Ghia (bottom left).

But it costs only $2,365* to give the impression that you can.

Volkswagen Karmann Ghia

Does it swing?

Man, it rocks.

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PLAYBILL IN "THE WINTER'S TALE," Shakespeare wrote of daffodils that "take the winds of March with beauty." Cover girl Penny James one-ups the Bard, we think, by taking March's winds not only with beauty but with our highflying Rabbit to cheer on the end of winter. A different sort of demise is proposed by *The Death of Politics*, in which Karl Hess takes original and startling swipes at conventional political persuasions as well as the entity of government itself—and makes a convincing case for a new libertarian philosophy. A speechwriter for Barry Goldwater during the 1964 campaign, Hess is currently an associate fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D. C. "I'm now working on a book," he told us, "that openly advocates the most widespread possible resistance to government. I do not expect that anything the new Administration is likely to do will obviate the need for such a book." One of the most pressing problems facing the new Administration is the issue of violence. In *Americans and the Gun*, U. S. Senator Joseph D. Tydings offers both a reasoned plea and a rational program for the control—not the elimination—of firearms. A deeply committed legislator and an avid sportsman-hunter, Tydings has been singled out by *The New York Times* as "the Senate's foremost student of the crime problem." The pathology of violence he decries is caustically caricatured in *Overkill*, a macabre pictorial essay by longtime PLAYBOY artist-cartoonist Gahan Wilson. Another veteran contributor to these pages is author-scientist Arthur C. Clarke, whose past prognostications about space have proved astonishingly accurate. In *Next—The Planets*, published here on the heels of man's first successful moon orbit, he discusses prospects and implications of exploring man's new frontier: the solar system. Inner-space explorer Marshall McLuhan, the protean metaphysician of mass communications, conveys his controversial message about the electronic age through the medium of our *Playboy Interview*, in a wide-ranging, nonlinear dialog with interviewer Eric Norden. Three writers in the fictional form—James Aldridge, James Leigh and Robert McNear—are making their PLAYBOY debuts this month. For *The Unfinished Soldiers*, Australian novelist Aldridge drew heavily upon his experiences as a war correspondent to weave this taut tale of two former enemies who are hired by a movie company to re-enact World War Two aerial combat over France. Another confrontation—this one sardonic—takes place in a San Francisco housing project between an aging calypso singer and a young black-power advocate in James Leigh's *Yes It's Me and I'm Late Again*. Leigh wrote to us from Spain (where he now lives) that *Yes It's Me* is the first of a series he hopes will become a book. About *Death's Door*, Robert McNear told us: "I take my vacations on a remote island in the Great Lakes. I've always wanted to write a ghost story avoiding the usual clichés—like noises from the attic—so I used this island as a setting for *Death's Door*." Rounding out our fiction is Ron Goulart's *A Man's Home Is His Castle*, a wild yarn about an ultimate computer masquerading as a mansion called Lofthouse. Goulart says, "Most of my stories are autobiographical, in the same way that nightmares and hallucinations are autobiographical. This one was inspired by a large California house where my family and I were living beyond our means in the summer of 1968." He reports he's working on two more science-fiction novels (his most recent sci-fi work, *The Sword Swallower*, was published last December by Doubleday) and on a definitive history of pulp magazines. The Twenties and Thirties, which were the golden age for those yellowish journals, were also the heyday of Jan Kindler's unforgettable subject in *Elysian Fields*, an affectionate, anecdotal account of the most tenderhearted, misanthropic iconoclast of them all—W. C. Fields—from his earliest days in Philadelphia to his last in California. In addition to hating dogs and children, Uncle Willie despised the Golden State's perpetual sunshine, which the author of *Cultsville U. S. A.*, C. Robert Jennings, feels has nurtured the growth and proliferation of myriad religious sects. For this far-out assignment, Jennings tracked down the leaders of these mystic modes of worship and reports that they're now pursuing him. "I can't shake these people," he tells us. "This month one 'church' promised to help me 'seek and find the High, the Invisible, hear the voices of the Silence, and understand the immutable, unchangeable laws of the Cosmos.' I'd like that, but it costs $5 to register and $4 for the next course. And that's not the only group after me. I think perhaps I made a mistake by giving my real name." Some others who might have preferred anonymity are chronicled in Richard Neuweiler's *Somebody Goofed*, a humorous collection of quotes, by well-known people and publications, that have turned out to be 100 percent wrong. We're happy to report we're not among them—in one instance, anyway: the fortunes of a Playmate for whom we predicted a promising career. After Connie Kreski made her gatefold appearance in January 1968, she used some of her loot to finance a trip to England. At the London Playboy Club, she met Anthony Newley, who promptly offered her a role in his zany, erotic epic, *Can Hieronymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?*—which we preview herein. More treats: *Flicker Flicka*, an eye-filling portfolio of one of our most popular *Girls of Scandinavia*, upcoming screen star Marie Liljedahl; *Rome with a View*, a guide to the Eternal City's contemporary pleasures; *Shoe-Ins*, ten springy ways to put your best foot forward, by Fashion Director Robert L. Green; and *Auction Action*, a primer of hip bidsmanship. So come in out of the March winds and dig into March PLAYBOY.


TYDINGS


HESS


ALDRIDGE


CLARKE


WILSON


GOULART


JENNINGS


NEUWEILER


MC NEAR


KINDLER


LEIGH

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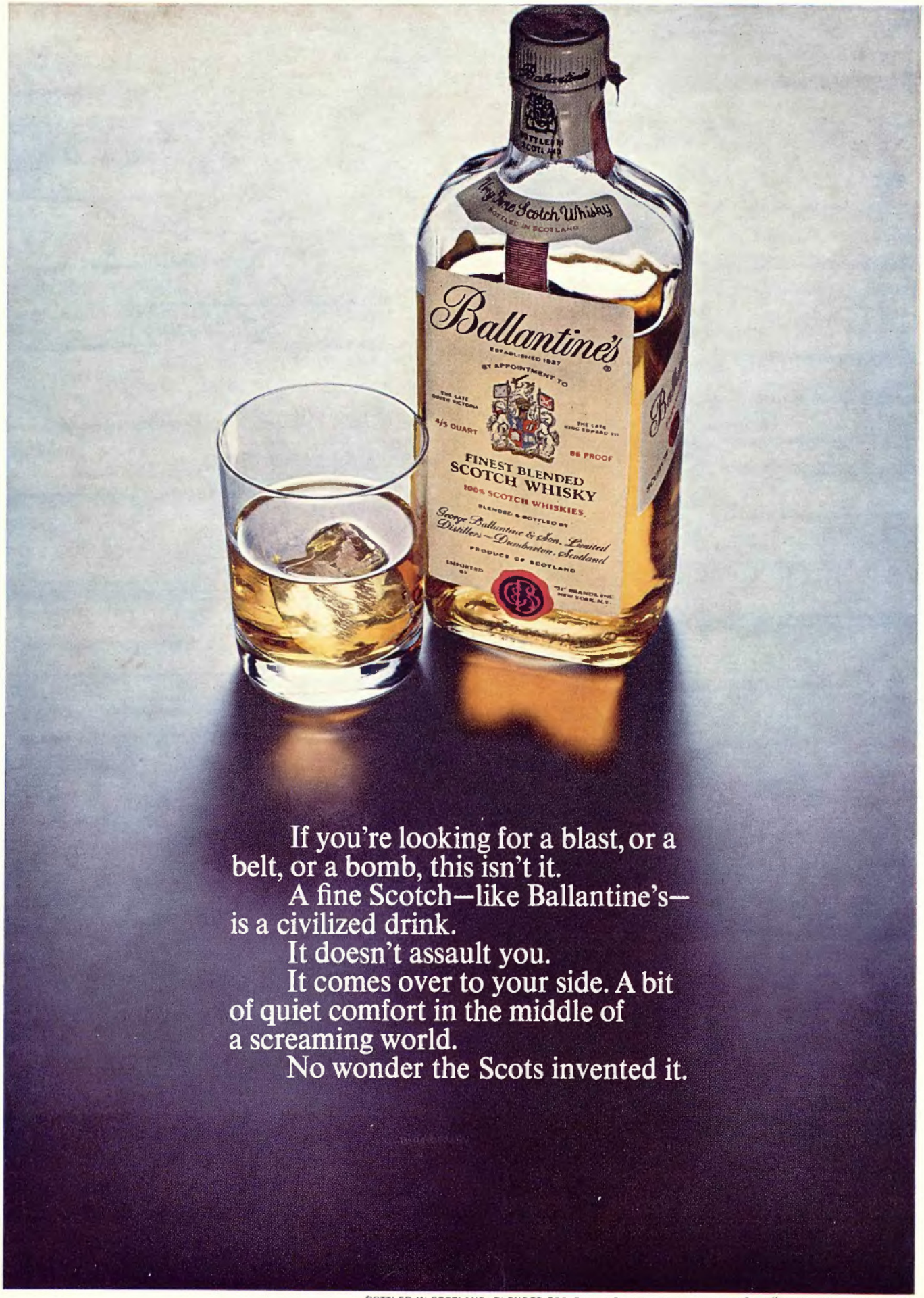

If you're looking for a blast, or a belt, or a bomb, this isn't it.

A fine Scotch—like Ballantine's—is a civilized drink.

It doesn't assault you.

It comes over to your side. A bit of quiet comfort in the middle of a screaming world.

No wonder the Scots invented it.

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MOTOR TREND TELLS IT LIKE IT IS...

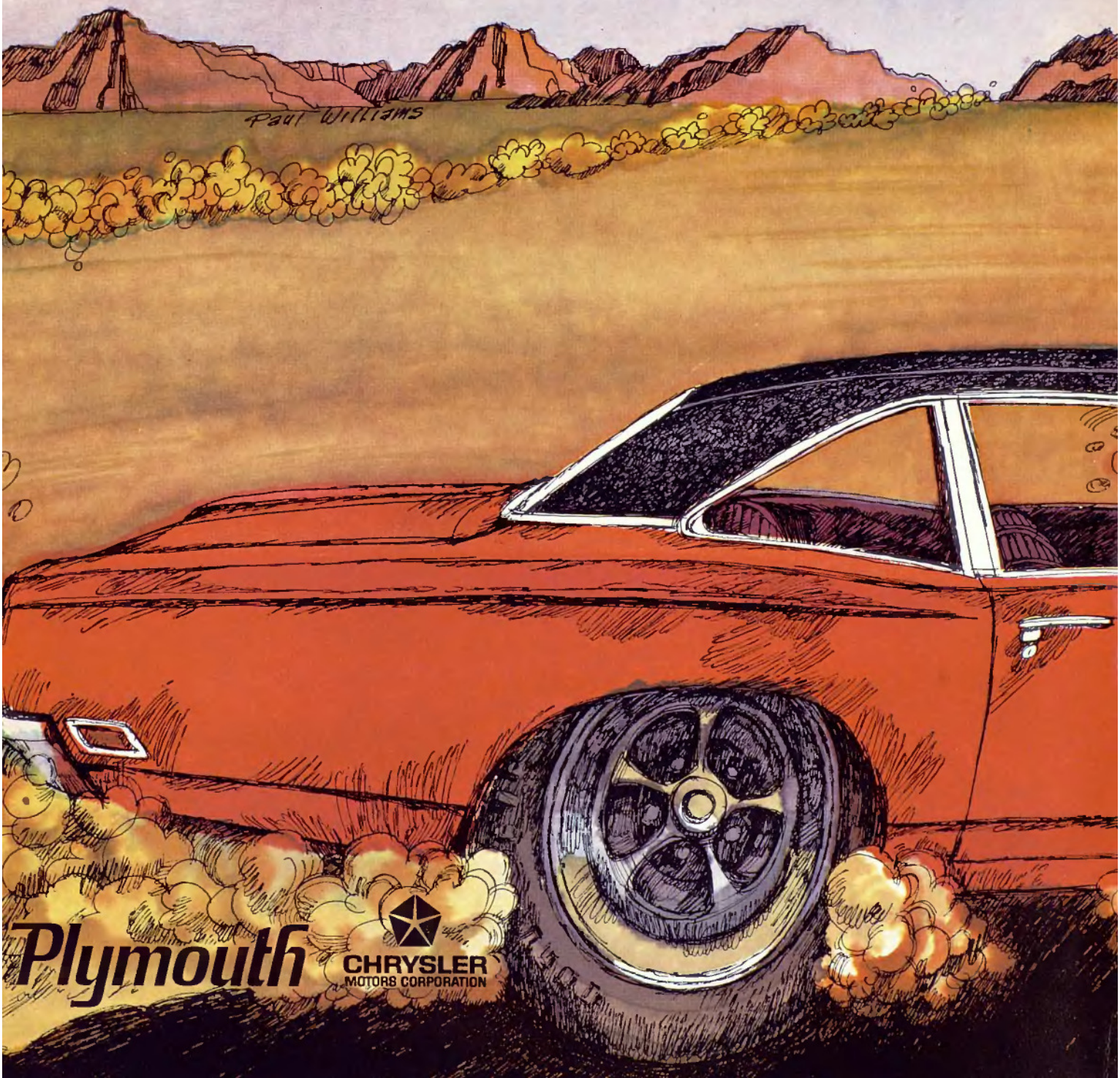
PLYMOUTH ROAD RUNNER

Several months ago, the staff of *Motor Trend* magazine met in solemn congregation to name the winner of the granddaddy of all car prizes, the 1969 Car of the Year. As always, the award would be given for automotive excellence—to the one car that is most distinguished from its contemporaries. What with the unprecedented number of sizes, shapes, options, and price tags currently served up by the American automobile industry, this year's task was particularly monumental.

Nevertheless, the staff was unanimous in its decision.

The winner just had to be the Plymouth Road Runner.

In one short year since its introduction, Road Runner has advanced a whole new



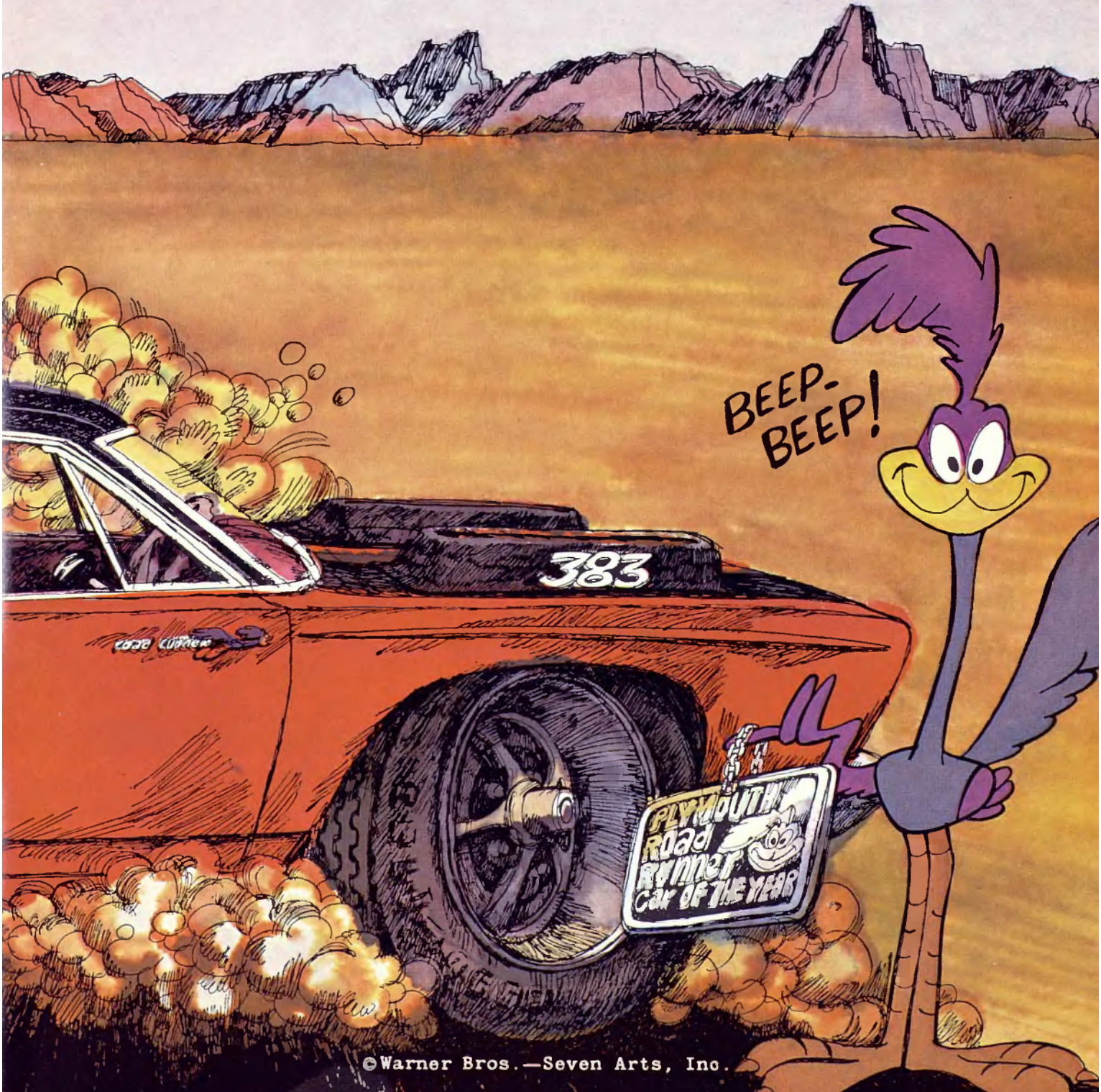
NAMED CAR OF THE YEAR

concept in automobiles: that of combining a lightweight two-door body, free of frills, fads and useless ornamentation, with a free-revving engine, firm suspension and heavy-duty brakes. In short, a maximum of machinery, minimum of ostentation and a modicum of price.

It also happens to be an absolute gas to drive, which is another reason the *Motor Trend* Folk named it Car of the Year. It also has to do with the fact that *Car and Driver* magazine rated it number 1 over its five closest competitors.

Hey, maybe the car experts know something you ought to. Why not check out a Road Runner at your Plymouth dealer's? Look what Plymouth's up to now.

"Beep-Beep!"



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Discover the adventure that's bottled up in every Heublein Cocktail. Pineappley Mai-Tais. Breezy Daiquiris. Lush Apricot Sours. 17 uninhibited drinks in all. Each very strong on flavor because the finest liquor and bar mixings come right in the bottle. Nothing to squeeze, measure, mix or add. Just pour over ice.

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Mai-Tai, Margarita, Black Russian, Daiquiri, Gimlet, Stinger, Side Car, Old Fashioned, Manhattan, Whiskey Sour, Vodka Sour, Tequila Sour, Apricot Sour, Gin Martinis: Extra Dry or 11-to-1, Vodka Martinis: Extra Dry or 11-to-1.

DEAR PLAYBOY

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SOUL ON TRIAL

Congratulations for publishing the interview with Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver in the December PLAYBOY. An informed public opinion is the only true basis for democracy. By presenting this interview with a leader of a significant movement in the black community and in American life, PLAYBOY has served this principle.

One must recognize—whether one approves or disapproves—that Eldridge Cleaver, the Black Panthers and the trend they represent are there. They are real and are not going to vanish simply because we may disapprove of them. The only solution, of course, is equality for all. I am sure that if this is accomplished within the present system, Cleaver—who, judging from your interview, is an intelligent and honest man—would be the first to approve. Until that millennial day, however, we must recognize that people are going to protest against inequality and oppression—and that Cleaver and others like him represent a significant part of the protest in the black community. They play a role in that community that has, under present circumstances, great constructive potential.

William H. Booth, Chairman
Commission on Human Rights
City of New York
New York, New York

Those who would measure Cleaver's influence only by the size of the Black Panther Party overlook the millions of disenfranchised Americans for whom he also speaks, even though they are young and white. As the police-state atmosphere of this country polarizes its citizens, Cleaver will find more and more people, black and white, responding to his leadership.

Thomas J. Morrow
Lincoln, Nebraska

Reading your Cleaver interview sent me scurrying to the library, to refresh my recollection of the following words of Thomas Jefferson (in his *Notes on Locke and Shaftsbury*, written in 1776): "No wonder the oppressed should rebel, and they will continue to rebel and raise all manner of disturbance until their civil rights are fully restored to them and all manner of distinctions, exclusions and incapacitations removed."

R. D. Jones
Los Angeles, California

The Eldridge Cleaver interview is one of the most timely messages PLAYBOY has published. Eldridge lays it out so clearly. It is a revolution, nothing less. Eldridge says what that majority of Americans born since 1948 feels so deeply—that the up-tight, pleasure-hating, menopausal system can no longer be taken seriously by those who want to be free, to feel good, to get high, to make it a love trip. In effect, Eldridge says: "We just won't play your game anymore, Mr. White; and your laws and your game rules are as irrelevant as your gadgets and your repressive fears."

Eldridge, in his words and in his life style, is doing what the Beatles and the Moodies (uneducated kids from the ghettos of Liverpool and Manchester) are doing in their own rhythms—spelling out the new order. They tell us: (1) that you learn more in jail than you do in college; (2) that you learn more about how the system really works in the ghetto than you do in the suburbs; (3) that you learn more from getting high with your friends than you do from books and television; (4) that sexual confidence and tender, masculine love for woman is the blood-tissue foundation of any valid political movement—it's always the impotent who start the repression; and (5) that the basic struggle is not white-down-on-black but old-down-on-young. Which is to say, past-down-on-future. God bless you, Eldridge. Stay alive, stay free. Keep in touch. We'll meet again.

Timothy Leary
Mountain Center, California

One fact emerges clearly from Eldridge Cleaver's confusion of contradictory views. He has a great deal of mental house ordering to do before he can merit the "revolutionary" tag being pinned on him. First, Cleaver has to get rid of the

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notion that America's black minority can be "liberated" independently of the liberation of the entire working class from capitalist dependency. Second, he must make up his mind which it is to be: reform or revolution? He can't have both, because one precludes the other. And if he and his comrades persist in the folly of making "demands" for racial amelioration in order to rally a following, they're bound to lead their followers into the blind alley of frustration and disillusionment. Next, Cleaver needs to define—for himself and others—the precise nature of the revolution to be effected. It won't do to go on ranting about a nebulous "establishment" and the "white power structure." The existing political and economic apparatus must be brought into sharp focus if it is to be demolished and replaced by a new social apparatus that will enable the American people to gain control of their future. Let him, therefore, speak plainly and to the point, as the Socialist Labor Party spokesmen do: America has a capitalist economy and a political state. These outworn setups allow a tiny minority of capitalist owners to impose its will on the nation. The capitalist economy and the political state have to be superseded by social ownership and an industrial representative government.

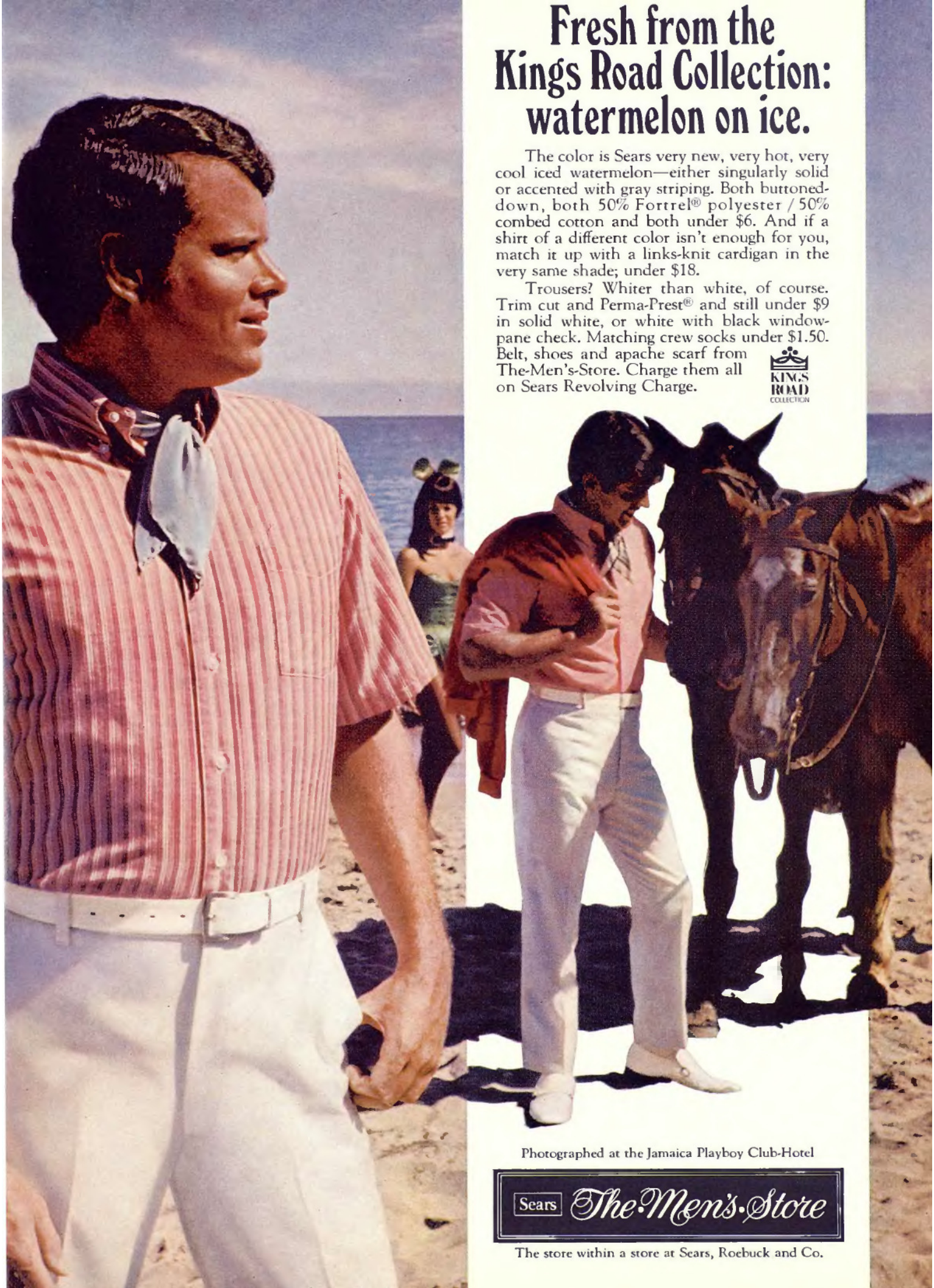
Finally, Cleaver has to cast out the genocidal fantasy that social revolution in America can be accomplished by armed revolt and guerrilla warfare. The only power capable of reconstructing our present institutions for the better is a revolutionary political and economic organization of the vast worker majority. Such an organization will lead from strength into capitalist weakness, whereas a resort to arms would lead from weakness into capitalist strength—since the capitalist class commands a crushing military superiority.

Those are the things Eldridge Cleaver *should* do to qualify as a revolutionary spokesman of his people and his class. Unfortunately, notoriety is testing Cleaver's soul; and it is by no means certain that the outcome will be acceptance of this serious responsibility. The man seems very likely to end up as one of the "black faces up front" who have made it in the capitalist context.

Henning Blomen
Brooklyn, New York

Mr. Blomen was the 1968 Presidential candidate of the Socialist Labor Party. He received 52,588 votes.

It is distressing that a growing segment of our population, white and Negro alike, has been increasingly sympathetic to the Black Panther movement. I do not condemn any man for feeling a sympathy begotten by sorrow and distaste over the American Negro's plight. However, I fail to understand the oblations offered at the altar of mindless



Fresh from the Kings Road Collection: watermelon on ice.

The color is Sears very new, very hot, very cool iced watermelon—either singularly solid or accented with gray striping. Both buttoned-down, both 50% Fortrel® polyester / 50% combed cotton and both under $6. And if a shirt of a different color isn't enough for you, match it up with a links-knit cardigan in the very same shade; under $18.

Trousers? Whiter than white, of course. Trim cut and Perma-Prest® and still under $9 in solid white, or white with black window-pane check. Matching crew socks under $1.50. Belt, shoes and apache scarf from The-Men's-Store. Charge them all on Sears Revolving Charge.

KINGS ROAD COLLECTION

Photographed at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel

Sears The·Men's·Store

The store within a store at Sears, Roebuck and Co.

hatred by those who would purport to be sane. How can we turn a rapist, attempted murderer and bigot into an anti-Christ hero? The simple revelation, drawn out by your interviewer, of the ten points constituting the Black Panther creed should have been sufficient to convince even doubters of the malevolence of Cleaver and his cause. The continued espousal of bigotry and violence should be condemned by black as well as white. What matters the skin of a *provocateur*?

Jerry Schober
Arlington, Virginia

After reading your interview with Eldridge Cleaver, I have concluded there are probably as many black fools as there are white ones.

Frederic R. Ramsey
Atlanta, Georgia

PLAYBOY's interview with Eldridge Cleaver reveals why the Negroes will never amount to anything. Cleaver and the other Negroes are unable to think for themselves. Cleaver is only able to repeat the irrational socialist ideas of Karl Marx—who was not a Negro. At no point in the interview does Cleaver express an original idea. That is a Negro for you. Negroes are inherently inferior to people. Cleaver's statements are valuable in one respect. They show that since his race is engaged in a fight with the police, every Negro in America must be disarmed. Antigun legislation should only be enforced against the blacks and their allies. Instead of disarming the police—as Cleaver advocates—the police should be given heavier and more powerful weapons, such as bazookas and machine guns, and be ordered to shoot lawless blacks first and ask questions later. It is obvious to all mature and thinking people that we will never have law and order in America until all of the Negroes are deported back to Africa and completely removed from this nation that was founded and built by the great white race. The blacks unwillingly contributed a little sweat, but no intelligence, to the building of this nation—so did the jackasses.

We white men know what the Negro really wants. He wants our white women. But we would rather die than surrender our precious white women to the black beasts. Cleaver clearly shows that Negroes prefer white women because black women are ugly and stupid. Not even the Negro men want them. Basically, Cleaver and his race are sick and tired of being Negroes and are depressed and sad because science is unable to change them into white people. They are jealous of the beautiful and intelligent white race and ashamed of their own black race. The white race is the superior race, and white supremacy is God's law—the law of nature that God created. Throughout their history, even though they have been in contact with white civilization for over 6000 years, the Negroes have always been wild savages and always will be. Even so, there is no reason for them to worry because, when the National States Rights Party comes to power, we will solve the race problem and have a white Christian America.

Dr. Edward R. Fields, Director
National States Rights Party
Savannah, Georgia

*EYE*WITNESS

It was a chilling vision portrayed in Harry Mark Petrakis' *Dark Eye* in your December issue. I wonder how many readers saw their own father's eye, as I did, go up in flames—not to be forgotten—when they read this sensitive and carefully wrought story.

Wallace Graves
Professor of English
San Fernando Valley State College
Northridge, California

PRICE IS RIGHT

Roger Price's *The Great Girl Nut Contest* (PLAYBOY, December) provided a rare and much-needed insight into the nature of the female of the species. I think I've found a finalist and sure-fire winner: My girlfriend scored 3531 points.

Raphael Carasso
New York, New York

Until I read *The Great Girl Nut Contest*, I thought I had led a pretty full life. But I've never been invited to spend the night with a Black Muslim. In fact, I haven't even taken an Indian to lunch. I have never personally tried suicide, but I did receive a call in the middle of the night from a wealthy cross-eyed faggot who went in for black-leather pants, golf gloves and whips while eating dry cereal out of a red tulip. He threatened to slash his wrists with a jagged piece of wet Kleenex. I suggested he Dial-A-Prayer, and would you believe that fag is alive and happy today? He bought Boys' Town.

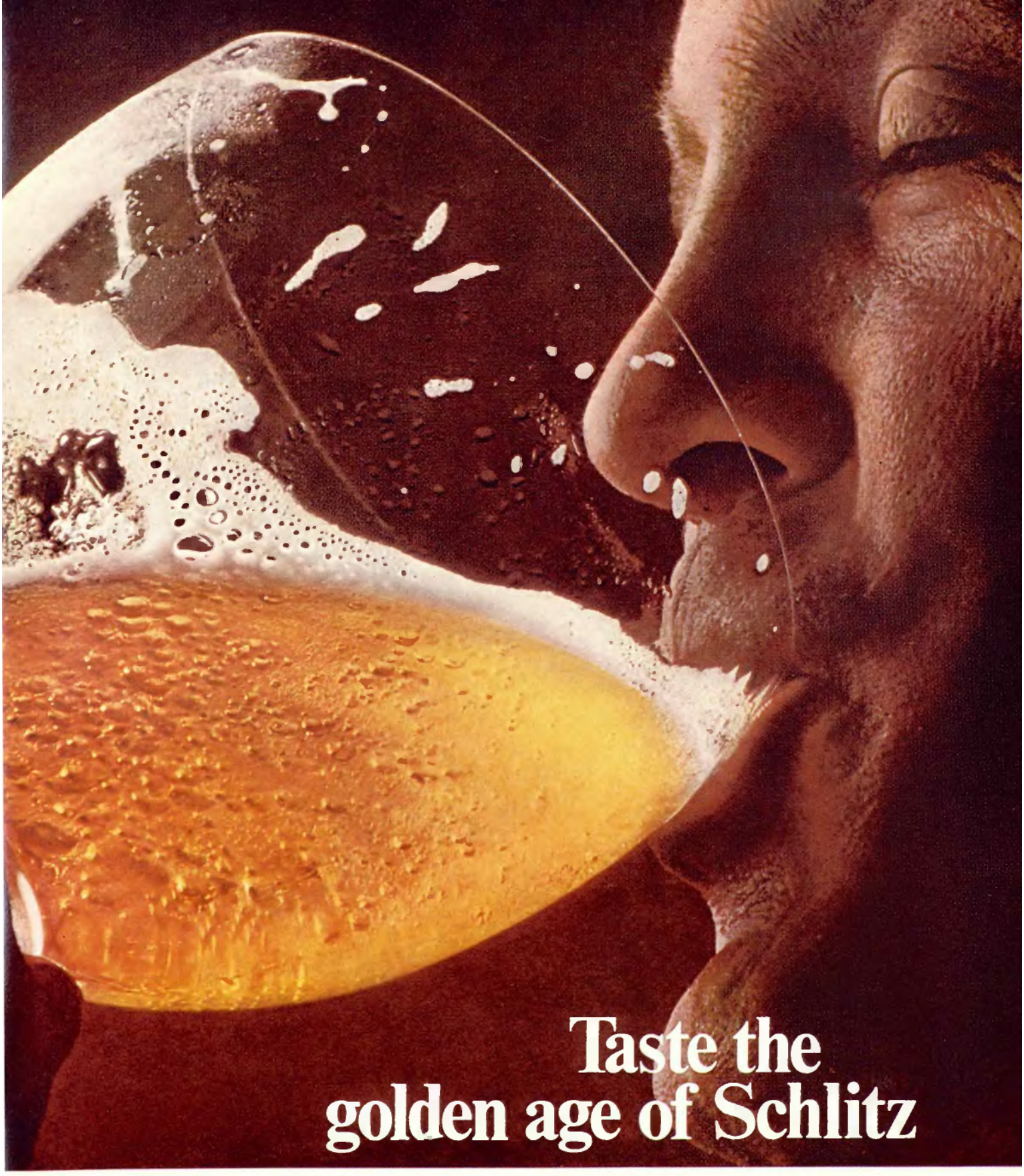
Phyllis Diller
Los Angeles, California

MIND READERS

I very much enjoyed Arthur Clarke's well-grounded extrapo[illegible]on of what the computer promises for the future of mankind (*The Mind of the Machine*, PLAYBOY, December). Clarke has to rate as science's foremost interpreter-prophet.

Harold Smith
New York, New York

I work for a large data-processing corporation and have been directly involved with the lives and loves of computers for the past eight years. I found Arthur Clarke's reference to computer goofs most amusing, and could not agree more with his description of the attitude of the general public toward these *faux*



120 years ago, it took Joseph Schlitz months to brew and age the first golden mellow drop of Schlitz. It still takes us months to brew and age Schlitz. The long, careful, golden age of Schlitz is what makes it America's choicest premium beer. Once you taste our golden age, you'll know why we say:

"When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer."

Schlitz

pas. However, my own work experience, which includes compiling statistics and data related to why computers do not always function properly, leads me to disagree with Clarke's statement that the problem usually derives from a faulty human. My studies show that over 60 percent of the errors generated by a computer are caused by a malfunction within the computer itself. The computer, incidentally, gives me these statistics —which either makes it very honest or very stupid. Contrary to popular opinion, no data-processing system is infallible. Computers get tired and run-down in much the same manner as autos or vacuum cleaners.

Alec W. Gray
New Rochelle, New York

As long as computers are made by man, not by other computers, their malfunctions are essentially evidences of human fallibility.

CURRENCY EXCHANGE

Having just read Alan Watts' insights into the nature of economics (*Wealth Versus Money*, PLAYBOY, December), I must proclaim that it was as revolutionary as it was intelligible. Watts has a keen and totally realistic concept of our totally *un*realistic, apathetic, misinformed, hypocritical, self-destructive society—a society constructed on warped values, and harboring ridiculous notions about what happiness, success and freedom are all about. The more men we have like Alan Watts, the closer we approach a truly constructive and cultured existence.

Albert Jeffries
San Antonio, Texas

Watts has pierced the heart of the soapsuds syndrome, that ever-popular American belief that pollutant detergents actually clean things, when in reality they are just one of the many poisons we are pouring into our earth. In the name of progress, America has embarked on a pogrom, hastening mankind's rush to extinction. Many years from now, as students study *The Decline and Fall of Western Civilization*, they will read Watts and wonder: "Why didn't they listen—how could they have been so blind?"

James Canapary
Boston, Massachusetts

Congratulations to Alan Watts for his contribution to the long and noble history of crank literature in economics.

Harvey Botwin
Assistant Professor of Economics
Pitzer College
Claremont, California

WORTHY COZ

I tremendously enjoyed Bill Cosby's *The Regular Way* (PLAYBOY, December). It brought back wonderful memories of

The Weatherall isn't just for hanging around.

Wear it when you:

search for edible mushrooms.

sit in an expensive seat at the hockey game.

sit under a tree and play some Dylan songs.

quarterback a touch football team.

take an heiress slumming.

tune up your carburetor before the race at Lime Rock.

go see "The Graduate" for the third time.

browse through a Honda showroom.

run out of clean shirts.

wait in line for tickets to the Richie Havens concert.

have another beer with the boys.

have another beer with the girls.

clean the windows in your dorm.

grill a frankfurter in a state park.

hunt for moose.

study the igneous intrusions on a geology field trip.

buy a pipe.

umpire a girls' softball game.

pick up a few bucks caddying.

wax your Honda.

aren't getting heat from the radiator.

paint protest signs.

visit a sick pal.

visit a healthy girl.

practice your graffiti.

play your flügelhorn on the lawn.

pick up your pizza, it's getting cold.

buy some new love beads.

have your wisdom tooth extracted.

make your own underground movie.

call your mother.

take a bus you never took before.

enter a Chinese handball tournament.

watch the baton twirlers practice.

look for Alice's Restaurant.

catch frogs for your bio lab.

fall asleep at a Warhol movie.

mow the lawn for your girl-friend's father.

hitchhike to San Francisco.

hitchhike to New York.

have a coed tug-of-war.

sell subscriptions to the East Village Other.

sell subscriptions to the National Review.

play hit the penny.

borrow the girl next door (forget the sugar).

send your photo to a model agency.

ride a white stallion.

go to a victory rally for anyone.

meet with your guidance counselor.

meet with your guru.

meet with your interior decorator.

meet with your shrink.

visit grandma.

take your first solo flight.

jog around the sorority house.

go star gazing with a friend.

start a stickball game.

build a better mousetrap.

shop for octagonal sunglasses.

get a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and find yourself a thou.

visit an Indian reservation.

hunt nightcrawlers.

drive a cab.

build a treehouse.

give your car a psychedelic paint job.

get in shape for the 1972 Olympics.

greet tourists at the airport.

take two and hit to right.

just hang around.

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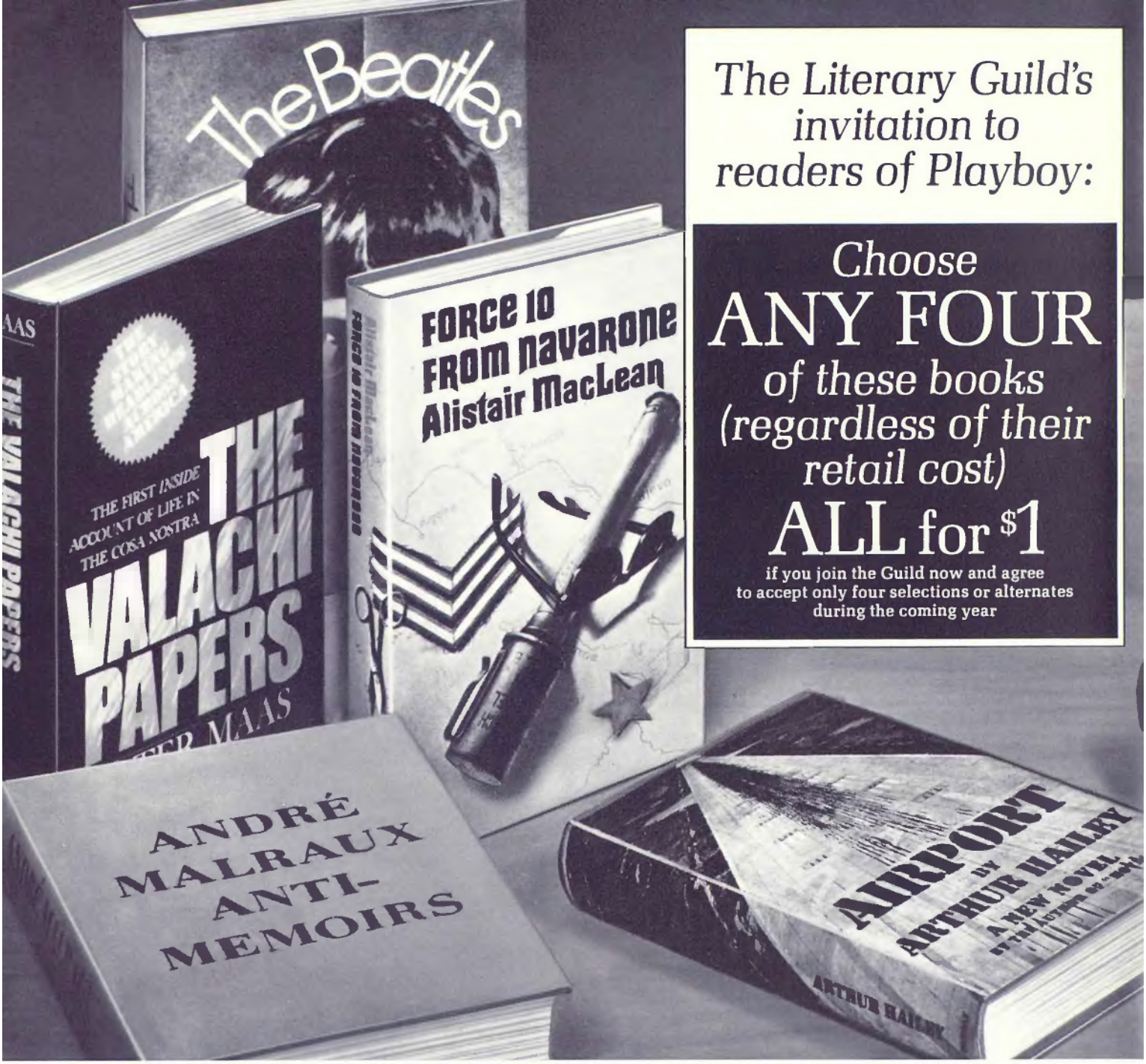

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Choose ANY FOUR *of these books (regardless of their retail cost)* ALL for $1

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335. SILENCE ON MONTE SOLE Jack Olsen. True account of Nazis' three-day annihilation of a small Italian village. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

284. THE SEXUAL WILDERNESS Vance Packard. Lively, best-selling analysis of current upheaval in sex and marriage. (Publisher's edition, $6.95)

194. THE NEW YORK TIMES LARGE TYPE COOKBOOK, Jean Hewitt. Over 300 *Times* recipes, printed one to a page. (Pub. edition, $9.95)

318. TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME, JUNIE MOON, Marjorie Kellogg. Powerful novel of three outcasts living together. (Publisher's edition, $4.95)

355. THE GOOD LIFE, Douglass Wallop. Acid comedy of a successful businessman who hires out as a servant. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

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366. THE GENERAL!, Pierre Galante. Fascinating, informal biography of Charles de Gaulle, the man who *is* France. (Pub. edition, $5.95)

344. RICHER THAN ALL HIS TRIBE, Nicholas Monsarrat Action-filled novel of an emerging African nation. (Publisher's edition, $6.95)

158. BETWEEN PARENT & CHILD Dr. Haim G. Ginott. Psychologist's best-seller: how to communicate with your children. (Pub. edition, $4.95)

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152. THE RIGHT PEOPLE: *A Portrait of the American Social Establishment*, **Stephen Birmingham.** Best-selling analysis. (Pub. ed., $10.00)

117. THE DOUBLEDAY BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATING Albert Kornfeld. Colorful guide to a more beautiful home. (Pub. edition, $11.95)

DESCRIBED BELOW ARE THE BOOKS ILLUSTRATED ON CARD AT RIGHT
Include them, if you wish, in your introductory choice . . .

153. THE STORY OF PAINTING, H. W. Janson and Dora Jane Janson. Lavish, complete history, with 139 reproductions. (Publisher's edition, $15.00)

346. A WORLD OF PROFIT, Louis Auchincloss. New novel of wealthy, declining family. (Pub. edition, $5.95)

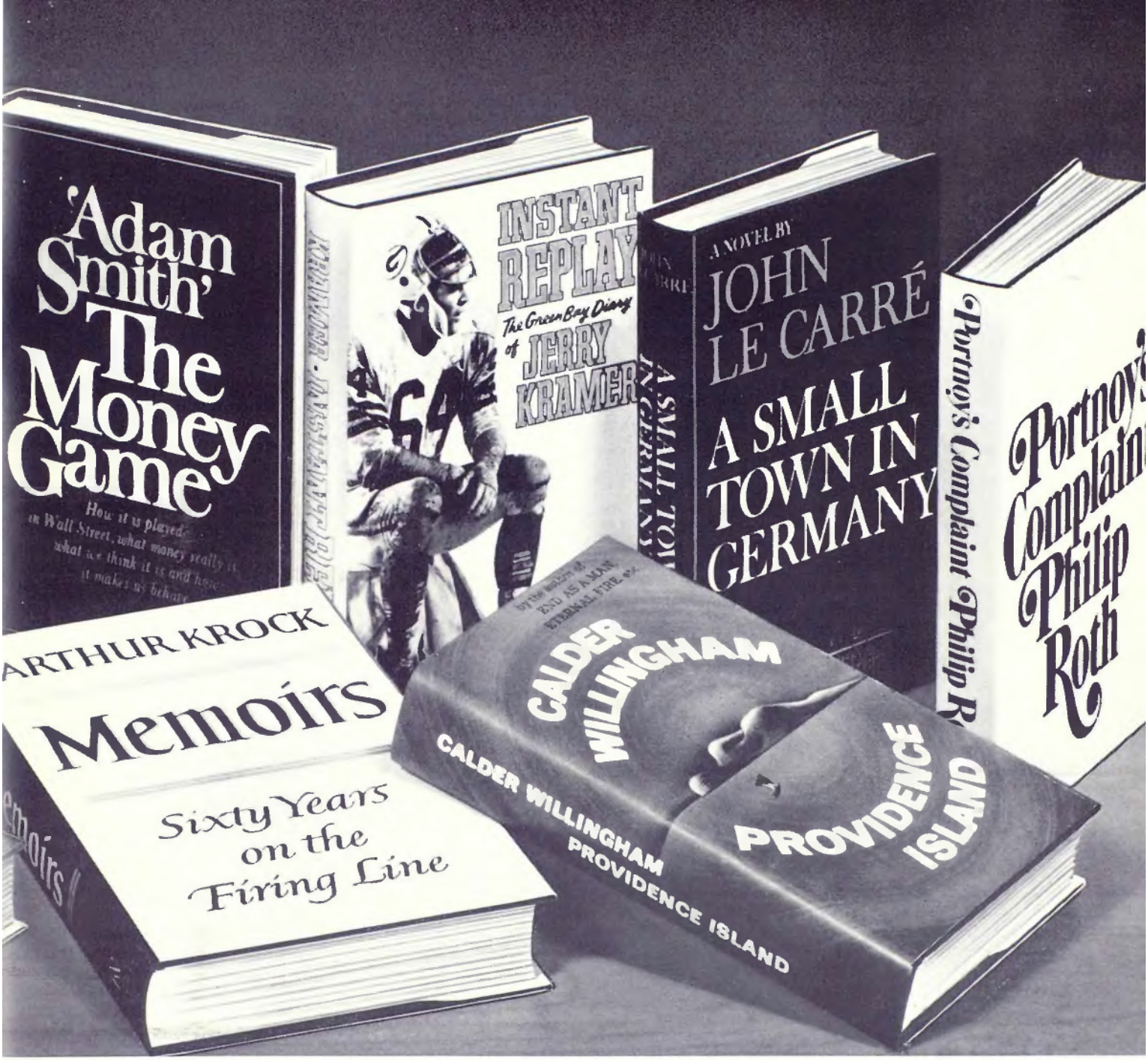
297. THE RICH AND THE SUPER-RICH Ferdinand Lundberg. Best-selling economic exposé. (Pub. edition, $12.50)

26. THE ARMS OF KRUPP 1587-1968 William Manchester. The family who armed Hitler. (Pub. edition, $12.50)

317. PRESERVE AND PROTECT, Allen Drury. Best-selling novel of American politics. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

18. THE GREAT NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *The Sun Also Rises, For Whom the Bell Tolls, A Farewell to Arms.* (Publishers' editions, $13.95)

NOTE: Guild editions are sometimes reduced in size, but texts are full-length – not a word is cut!



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345. THE MONEY GAME, 'Adam Smith'. Best-selling analysis of why some win, others lose, the Wall Street "game." (Publisher's edition, $6.95)

228. MEMOIRS: *Sixty Years on the Firing Line*, Arthur Krock. Famed journalist reveals news stories never before told. (Pub. ed., $10.00)

321. THE BEASTLY BEATITUDES OF BALTHAZAR B J. P. Donleavy. New novel from author of *The Ginger Man*. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

124. THE FRENCH CHEF COOKBOOK, Julia Child. Complete recipes from 119 of famous cooking expert's television shows. (Pub. edition, $6.95)

2. HAMMOND CONTEMPORARY WORLD ATLAS. 351 full-color maps cover entire world. Special section on U.S. (Publisher's edition, $9.95)

348. THE SEANCE, Isaac Bashevis Singer. From the author of *The Manor*, stories dealing with the supernatural. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

326. INSTANT REPLAY: *The Green Bay Diary of Jerry Kramer*. Edited by Dick Schaap. Life of a football pro. (Publisher's edition, $5.95)

40. PROVIDENCE ISLAND Calder Willingham. Powerful novel of love and sex; 3 people are stranded in a shipwreck. (Pub. ed., $6.95)

161. THE ELECTRIC KOOL-AID ACID TEST, Tom Wolfe Best-selling re-creation of how hippie cult started. (Publisher's edition, $5.95)

3. MOSBY'S MEMOIRS & OTHER STORIES, Saul Bellow Six short stories from two-time National Book Award-winner. (Pub. ed., $5.00)

27. THREE WAR NOVELS: *The Caine Mutiny, From Here to Eternity, The Naked and The Dead*. 3 vols. count as 1 choice. (Pub. eds., $16.90)

600. A TREASURY OF GREAT SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Anthony Boucher. Selected classics. 2 vols. count as 1 choice. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

324. A SMALL TOWN IN GERMANY, John le Carré. Major new novel; British agent has 72 hours to find a missing diplomat. (Pub. ed., $6.95)

150. PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT Philip Roth. From author of *When She Was Good*, novel of young man obsessed with sex. (Pub. edition, $5.95)

1. ARMY OF THE POTOMAC TRILOGY: *Mr. Lincoln's Army, Glory Road, Stillness at Appomattox*, Bruce Catton, 3 vols. count as 1 choice. (Publishers' editions, $12.50)

319. THE LAST DAYS OF THE LATE, GREAT STATE OF CALIFORNIA, Curt Gentry. Shattering "report" on future earthquake. (Pub. ed., $6.95)

390. TO FIND A MAN, S. J. Wilson. Ironic comedy of errors in novel of a young man who helps an unwed, pregnant girl. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

403. NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA *An Intimate Account of the Last of the Romanovs and the Fall of the Russian Empire*. Robert K. Massie. (Pub. ed., $10.00)

first love. I didn't know kids all over the country used the same expressions.

José Martinez
Laurelton, New York

Bill Cosby's piece proves something that I should have suspected. His style as an entertainer is magnificently adaptable to literary purposes. He is known to be a brilliant raconteur. Now it appears he is an exceptional writer.

Sheldon Leonard
Hollywood, California

Leonard's many credits as a television producer include "I Spy," "The Dick Van Dyke Show" and "The Andy Griffith Show." An interview with Cosby will appear in an upcoming issue of PLAYBOY.

CREATIVITY THEORY

Your symposium with 13 authors *On Creativity* (PLAYBOY, December) was an articulate case study of an intriguing phenomenon. The essential nature of creativity will probably remain unknown—the question has puzzled thinkers since Plato—but statements by men who definitely have the spark are always the most interesting.

Peter Melville
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

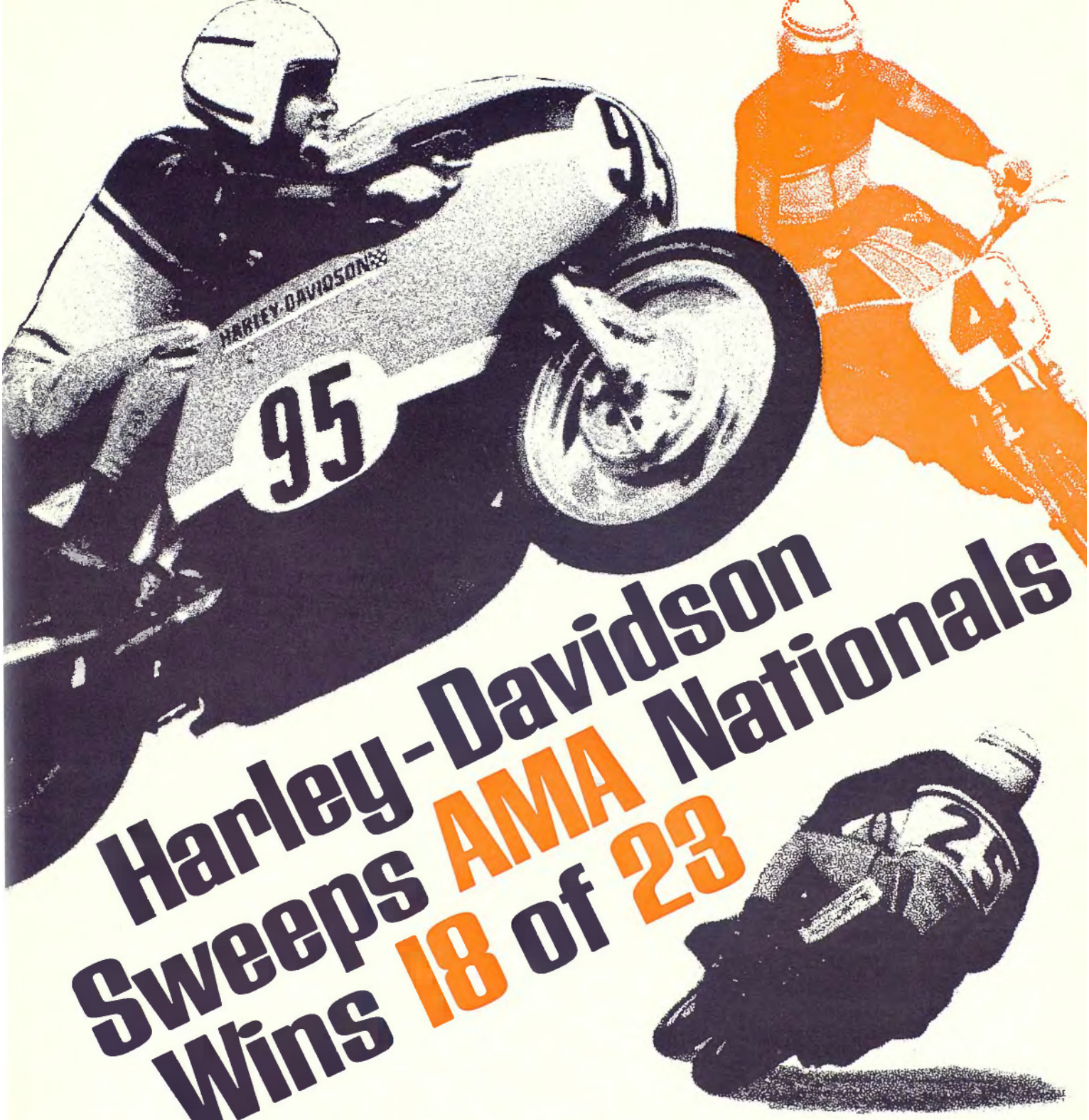
Creativity? Edmund Wilson explained much by entitling a collection of essays *The Shock of Recognition*. The Socratic question is: "What is meant by creativity?" We use words loosely. We create nothing. We only rediscover.

Language is a collective kind of a creation. What we do with it is not creation but the articulation of thoughts from a world of history. Graphic art is merely another language. The urge toward creativity is occasioned by the joy implicit in the act itself. "An unhappy childhood" is no help, and no distinction. We were all children. An 80-year-long happy childhood is better. The term "bone-hard selfishness" speaks more for the speaker than the subject. Creative success depends again on what is meant by success. To one it means sharing the joy of the work. (Emily Dickinson notwithstanding. If she didn't want to share, she'd have destroyed her work and not left it under the rug.) Others are similarly impelled. Grandma Moses, for example. John Lardner told me that the last thing you do is talk about love or your work. Thinking for a minute, he added. "They're the same thing." Maybe that says it all.

Walt Kelly
New York, New York

As comics fans know well, Kelly is the creator of Pogo, erstwhile Presidential candidate and swampland philosopher.

Gerry Giesler, the famed Los Angeles lawyer, and I once decided that "imagination" is a successful trial lawyer's greatest attribute. And imagination is



Harley-Davidson Sweeps AMA Nationals Wins 18 of 23

OFFICIAL A.M.A. RESULTS

TRACK		FIRST	TRACK		FIRST
DAYTONA*	RR	Rayborn	INDIANAPOLIS*	RR	Rayborn
RICHMOND*	FT	Markel	PEORIA*	TT	Markel
READING	FT	Markel	SANTA FE	ST	Nix
LIVONIA	FT	Rall	SEDALIA*	FT	Nix
LOUISVILLE*	FT	Markel	SAN JOSE	FT	Markel
LOUDEN*	RR	Rayborn	SALINAS	FT	Lawwill
HEIDELBERG	RR	Fulton	SACRAMENTO*	FT	Nix
PORTLAND	FT	Nix	OKLAHOMA CITY*	FT	Nix
SANTA ROSA*	FT	Nix	ASCOT PARK*	FT	Lawwill

*New record set for time trial, track record, and/or overall race average.

sibling to creativeness. I know exactly from whence came any creative qualities I might have: Not from split Y chromosomes or an unhappy childhood. As an only child, I had a too-happy childhood with double-doting parents. I hid alone (or with my understanding Irish setter) under the huge dining-room table or in a special corner with my special find, the kingdom of books—particularly a set of *The Book of Knowledge*. It didn't *tell*, for example, the distance in standard miles to the moon or the depth of a mine shaft. It *showed*—with pictures—how many boxcars, end to end on a track, how many Statues of Liberty, atop one another, would be required to reach the distance. From high school on up, I worked with similarly personalized concrete examples. In history, I was personally there, at every battle. In literature, I felt every sorrow as my personal loss. When I came to the bar, I brought such personalized "demonstrating evidence" to the trial court. This system is now emulated by virtually every American trial lawyer. But one can see—in my volume of *Modern Trials* (the modern trial lawyer's primer), which reduces abstract legal principles to concrete examples that a jury can understand—a boy (with his dog) learning to personalize the wonderful world around him.

Melvin Belli
San Francisco, California

When dissatisfaction with things as they are clashes head on with a violent urge to improve them, an implosion occurs within the man. Should imagination and talent be lacking, nothing happens. If they are present, the implosion detonates the mixture and the explosion occurs: creative success.

Raymond Loewy
Paris, France

PEACE

Pacifism in America (PLAYBOY, December), by the late Norman Thomas, is a convincing argument that war and all that goes with it should be stopped. It seems that the younger generation, so often called rebellious, is trying to find peace—but with the exception of a few men like Thomas, who will be sorely missed, the older generation is preventing them.

Charles J. Horvath
Glassboro, New Jersey

If I could, I would recommend Norman Thomas' *Pacifism in America* as required reading in every history department of every high school and college. It was an excellent piece, done in depth by a most devoted and dedicated American. As one who is totally opposed to the war in Vietnam but who does not qualify as a pacifist under Thomas' description, I never failed to admire Thomas for his

devotion to principle through a full and rich lifetime. In his unwavering adherence to his beliefs, he set an example for many people in public life.

Paul O'Dwyer
New York, New York

O'Dwyer, a strong and early supporter of Senator Eugene McCarthy's Presidential aspirations, was the surprise Democratic nominee in last year's New York Senatorial race. He was defeated by Senator Jacob Javits.

EROTIC ART

I wish to congratulate PLAYBOY for making *A Portfolio of Erotica* (December) available to the public. Too frequently, erotic subject matter in art has been suppressed. It has been my opinion for some years that this material is of cogent interest to the public and should be part of any art presentation when applicable.

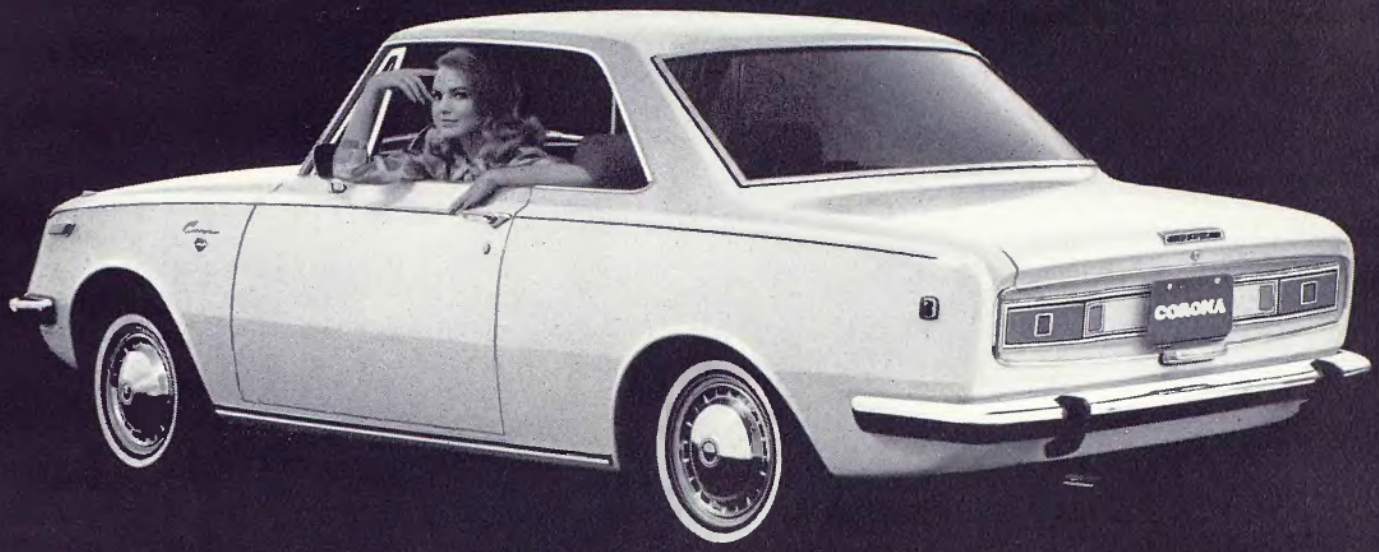
James Harithas, Director
The Corcoran Gallery of Art
Washington, D. C.

I was very much interested in the remarks of Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen that accompanied the erotic-art portfolio in your December issue. I agree completely with their defenses of such art and their discussion of its right to a respected place in art history—unlike the Victorian critic John Ruskin, who destroyed all the erotic drawings that the great Turner entrusted to his keeping. And I agree that releasing erotic art to a wide audience can be beneficial.

But I cannot agree with the sweeping claims implied by this statement that the Kronhausens made: "Our society badly needs such a mind-blowing experience [that is, seeing erotic art] if it is to move out of the war-making sadomasochist bag and into a more life-affirming era." If they mean by this that releasing erotic art to a wide audience is in any way going to bring about a more peaceful world, then I think they are talking nonsense. The acceptance by the world of erotic art or of free sexual expression will not solve any of our basic social ills and certainly not the basic evil of war-making. Erotic art—and the greater acceptance of sexuality that its public showing and acceptance represents—is a worthwhile contribution to our lives. But it is by no means a "mind-blowing" panacea for all our social ills.

Isadore Rubin, Ph.D.
Editor, *Sexology* Magazine
New York, New York

The Kronhausens did not say erotic art is a "panacea for all our social ills." Dr. Rubin knows, of course, that a wide segment of the social-sciences community maintains that sexual suppression is a primary causative factor in hostile, aggressive and other antisocial behavior among individuals and entire societies.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

A frustrated fiction writer toiling at a noncreative job in a large corporation with stringent expense-account regulations recently vented his fictive spleen in the following memo to department heads, and we'd like to pass the horripilating document on to you as income-tax time draws nigh:

"In view of the new attitude of the Internal Revenue Service, reimbursements for entertainment expenses will not be made from the firm unless the following requirements are met:

"When meals are involved, please submit menu with items ordered and prices checked. If menu is in a foreign language, you must attach an English-language copy signed by an interpreter and certified to by a notary public. Under 'miscellaneous items,' a receipt signed by the person receiving tip will be required. For taxi expenses, furnish name of cab company, number and name of cabdriver. Also, state the point of departure and the point of arrival and the mileage between the two.

"When home entertainment is involved, the total number of drinks, if any, and the total number of ounces of liquor, if any is used, must be shown, separated by brands. Cost of liquor must be computed on a per-ounce basis, and only the amount actually used should be carried on the expense account. Where food items are involved, a fair estimate of the leftovers must be deducted from cost. When 'laundry' or 'cleaning' are charged under 'miscellaneous entertainment items,' the amount must be prorated to include only the portion of dirt accumulated during the entertainment.

"Under 'gifts,' a signed receipt for gifts must be obtained from each recipient. In the case of flowers sent to a patient in the hospital who dies before the receipt can be obtained, a simple notarized statement from the nurse in charge, giving the date, time, type and number of flowers received, will suffice. In the case of mixed bouquets, the type and number of each flower must be shown. Greenery need not be listed, as this is usually furnished free. If entertaining at a night club where a photographer is available, submit a photo of your party, preferably before the second round of drinks, so that individuals will be recognized.

"An original and two copies of all expense accounts for reimbursement must be submitted. The original must contain all information. The first carbon copy should show all amounts but no names. The second copy should show all names but no amounts. Your office copy, if you desire to keep one, should show neither amounts nor names."

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Our coveted Press Agent of the Month Award goes to the New York flack who penned the following unforgettable prose in a letter to us pitching one of his prized clients: "From college to skid row to son of Kate—that comet is Dustin Hoffman rocketing from instant stardom to screen immortality. If you can't stand heights, don't be scared away, because the new god in the movie heavens is just folks. Which is what makes him every editor's perfect copy—ultimate fame with utmost homeyness! A swinger not unlike the boy next door! Or are we taking the words out of your mouth? You can catch Dustin now, filming United Artists' *Midnight Cowboy*, the tender raw life slices of James Leo Herlihy's book, on the streets and in the penthouses of New York. After that he goes on to be 'son' to 'mom' Katharine Hepburn in *Look Homeward, Angel*. But even if he never makes another picture, Dustin's all-time greatness is already enshrined in *The Graduate*, unceasingly rising to surpass the grosses of *The Sound of Music* and *Gone with the Wind* as the all-time greatest picture. And if you have done Dustin once, twice or even three times, surely you will want to do him again—the most unpretentiously glittering (that's what grabs you) now and future idol. When would you like to pal up with Dustin for a crackerjack story?"

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An Essex, England, newspaper gave the following account of a New York police raid: "Nude girls and middle-aged businessmen dashed for doors and windows as police raided a New York house offering 'all-night entertainment,' said a police spokesman today. 'There were naked girls in the swimming pool and naked girls running all over the place. It was like a Roman orgy. Some of them were even eating grapes.'"

•

Pot and Kettle Department: An A. P. dispatch from Fort Lauderdale reads: "The city commission's new ordinance to ban obscenity in books, magazines and records for those under 17 is so specific in describing anatomical features and acts that may not be portrayed that *The Miami Herald* reported the definition unprintable."

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According to *The New York Times*, an Ontario man had to give up on a campaign he launched to help people stop smoking. It seems that the pressures and frustrations of the noble effort forced him back on the weed.

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We were about to bestow our Incentive of the Month Accolade on *The Nassau Guardian* for the eye-stopping headline "TAX-FREE PLAN SET FOR VIRGINS," when further perusal revealed that the plan in question was a scheme to develop one of the remote Virgin Islands into a duty-free resort.

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The Knights of Columbus is offering —presumably with a straight face—free reprints of Pope Paul's encyclical on birth control. To order, just ask for Pamphlet TS-69.

•

Keen-eyed Swedish customs men failed to detect an alien recently spirited into the country by persons unknown: a two-and-a-half-ton hippopotamus.

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Lotusland: "The shortage of scientists and engineers in the East is dramatized by the tale of one company that sent a team of 15 men to California to lure

away skilled personnel," reports the New York *Daily News*. "Net result of the safari: 13 of the 15 defected, accepting jobs in California."

•

The record industry is setting its sights on a new market—conning the rock generation into buying classical records. According to the Richmond, Virginia, *Times-Dispatch*, Columbia Records is working up an ad campaign using such copy as "Hector Berlioz took dope, and his trips exploded into out-of-sight sounds." Promotional signs and buttons will carry slogans such as GABRIELI GROOVES, BRAHMS NOT BOMBS and CHARLES IVES LIVES.

•

Comforting thought: According to fish expert Dr. Shelton Applegate, sharks don't really like to eat people. "Most sharks take one bite out of a human, find they don't like it and spit it out," he says.

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Attention, House Un-American Activities Committee: American Indian Vine Deloria, Jr., leading theologian among the red-power advocates on the reservations, has a slogan worth investigating: "God Is Red."

•

Unsettling sign of the times, as noted in the London *Times*: "The guests at the Scala theater last night for a sale of ballet costumes by Sotheby's were dripping with pearls, swathed in chiffon, furs and figured brocades. And that was only some of the men."

BOOKS

The first generation of Jewish entertainers in America went on the stage; the second went into literature. In ***Portnoy's Complaint*** (Random House). Philip Roth has belted out a book with the exuberance and gusto of Eddie Cantor singing *Whoopee*. His Jewish-mother characterization, however, is not quite the gentle sentimentalization that, say, Al Jolson used to conjure up on bended knee. Roth indicts the Jewish mother as an all-American castrater, slashing a trail of impotent husbands and sons. In the form of a patient's confessional, Alexander Portnoy, a 33-year-old true-blue Jewish son and victim, tells his analyst not only how it really was (a newspapers-on-the-floor New Jersey boyhood, during which his only sense of independent self came through masturbation) but also how it still is: "Dr. Spielvogel, this is my life, my only life, and I'm living it in the middle of a Jewish joke! I am the son in the Jewish joke—*only it ain't no joke*! Please, who crippled us like this? Who made us so morbid and hysterical and weak? Why are they screaming still, 'Watch out! Don't do it! Alex—no!' and why, alone on my bed in New York, why am I still hopelessly beating my meat?" Portnoy desperately wants to be able to let go, to say goodbye to Jewish Calvinism, to be unabashedly bad: "Because to be bad, Mother, that's the real struggle: to be bad—and enjoy it! That's what makes men of us boys, Mother. . . . LET'S PUT THE ID BACK IN YID!" Portnoy does manage to limp sexually through all manner of picturesque *shiksa* types: The Pumpkin ("hard as a gourd on moral principles"), The Pilgrim ("a supergoy: 114 pounds of Republican refinement, and the pertest pair of nipples in all of New England") and The Monkey (a sexual gymnast who makes it "seem as though my life were taking place in the middle of a wet dream"). But when he goes to the state of Israel and tries to make it first with a voluptuous female army lieutenant and next with a "Jewish Pumpkin," Portnoy is no longer able to achieve a state of erection at all. In his return to the Jewish turf of his first successes, Philip Roth has succeeded in all but capping—or affixing a *yarmulke* upon—the Jewish-American fictional genre. In short, he has produced a small masterpiece, a comic gem: playfully alive, yet painfully relevant.

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James Forman, long prominent in SNCC as theoretician and activist, has written his first book. It's neither a program nor a polemic. Instead, ***Sammy Younge, Jr.: The First Black College Student to Die in the Black Liberation Movement*** (Grove) is a remarkably controlled documentary. On one level, it's about the short, kinetic life of a volatile, beguiling child of the "secure" Negro middle class in Tuskegee, Alabama. A Navy veteran and late-rising civil rights activist, Younge was killed in 1966, at the age of 21, by an elderly white gas-station operator, ostensibly because he wanted to use the white rest room. Forman not only makes Younge a man of ambiguities and inconsistencies as well as courage but, in the process, distills the last decade of "the Movement." He shows us the split within the Negro middle class between those who want to remain "safe," if decidedly limited in power, and those of their children who choose to be collectively black, transcending class. Also evident is the conviction that nonviolence has become obsolescent—both as ideology and as an absolute tactic. (The killer of Younge was casually acquitted by an all-white jury.) As Forman points out, Sammy Younge's life, seen in isolation, may appear of limited significance. But Forman has connected that life to what he terms the "accelerating generation, a generation of black people determined that they will survive." The book is an affectionate but unsentimental portrait of a young man growing, a crisp sociological exploration of a community, a plumbing of the currents of the civil rights and post–civil rights movement—and an affirmation of black survival.

•

America the Raped (Simon & Schuster), by Gene Marine, is yet another account of the desecration of the nation's natural resources under the guise of progress. Marine covers all the familiar depredations: the pollution of air and water by industrial waste; the hacking down of forest preserves for lumber and wood pulp; the killing off of wildlife by pesticides; the ravages of strip mining; the erosion of shore lines by indiscriminate dredging. We are, he says, in a terrible ecological fix, and he contends that numerous projects on Governmental drawing boards will create so much additional havoc that man's very existence is threatened. This gloomy forecast is not new, and may, indeed, come true. But it has never before been so thoroughly—and frighteningly—marshaled in one place, or with such bitter passion. What weakens Marine's case is precisely that passion, however: Every dam is either a giant boondoggle or another example of an "idiotic engineering mentality." Attempts to desalinate water are a "ridiculous . . . mineral-depriving . . . approach to a problem we don't even know whether we have." The search for a new jetport in the New York area is unnecessary because projected figures for massive increases in air traffic are suspect. Etc. While Marine's goal of an end to our stupidity toward nature is laudable, his unwillingness to concede even a smidgen of integrity to any of his engineering villains dilutes the reader's indignation with doubt. There is still room for a more objective, cooler approach to the complex question of how modern man with all his needs can live in his environment. But there is no denying the forcefulness and zeal—and the good writing—in this catalog of dangerous and irreversible depredation.

•

Even when those in rebellion insist on not having leaders, individuals emerge to become the message of the media. At Columbia last spring, for instance, the press had a heyday with Mark Rudd. Similarly, what most vividly emerged from the seminars in street fighting by French students last May and June was the "image" of Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the "cherubic Danton." One effect of this transcendence of charisma over concept is that the "stars" finally get listened to. Rudd has become familiar on the lecture circuit and Cohn-Bendit is now the author of ***Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative*** (McGraw-Hill). Admittedly intended as a "propaganda pamphlet" (the author's proceeds for which may be "used for the next round of Molotov cocktails"), the book is nonetheless of value on several counts. It makes clear a view of the world shared by a rising number of the young

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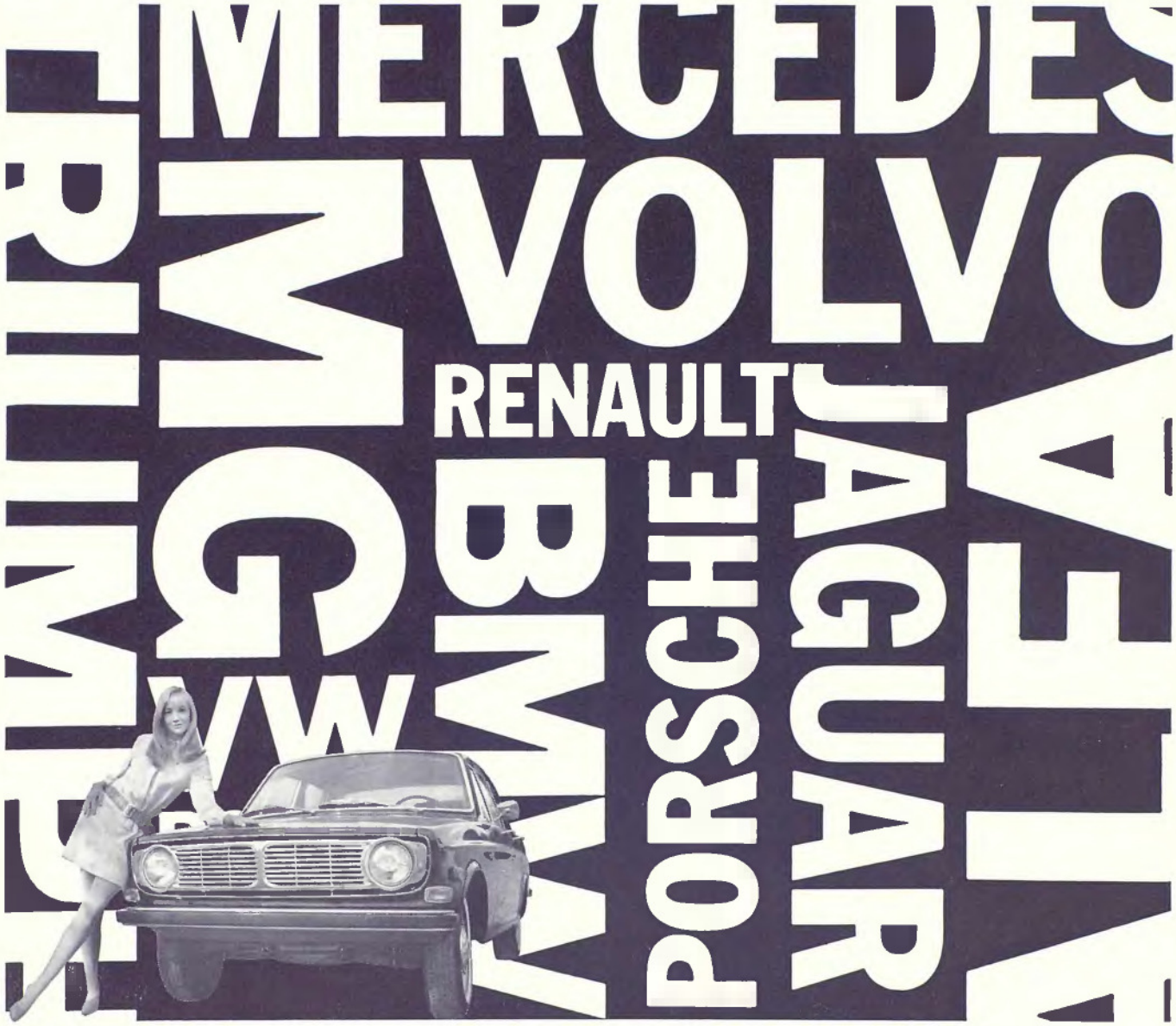

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throughout the West. In essence, nearly all present society is seen as profoundly undemocratic. As Cohn-Bendit puts it: "Communists, and also Trotskyists, Maoists and the rest, no less than the Capitalist State, all look upon the proletariat as a mass that needs to be directed from above." The solution? Says Danny: There must, of course, be a revolution, but one among whose ends would be workers taking direction of enterprises in which they work and the abolition of such distinctions as those between manual and intellectual labor. This revolution, however, can be achieved only without cadres of leadership and without a party, because, otherwise, new layers of bureaucracy would replace the old. Cohn-Bendit's book is more than an exposition of these desiderata. In largest part, it is a quite affecting analysis of the forces and events that led to the French student/worker whirlwind of May–June 1968. The French Communist Party and French trade-union leadership are dissected without anesthesia. Cohn-Bendit is neither frivolous nor fraudulent. He is committed to helping create a radically humane society and believes that "if a revolution is to succeed, no form of organization whatever must be allowed to dam its spontaneous flow. It must evolve its own forms and structures." The basic weakness of his precept is that spontaneity without direction can lead to highs that are only transient—such as those of last spring in France.

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Time Inc., the Intimate History of a Publishing Enterprise (Atheneum) lives up to the adjective in its title, not only for its detailed array of facts but also for the unique glimpse it offers into the Time Inc. mentality. The book—which covers the years 1923–1941, with a second volume due later—was begun 14 years ago on the orders of Henry R. Luce. Author Robert T. Elson, veteran Time Inc. editorial hand, had the benefit of research assembled from hundreds of interviews and a key to the corporation archives. Luce himself ordered that the material be used with total frankness. The result is sometimes schizophrenic. Reiterated is the familiar Horatio Alger story of a company's birth and growth, from the day *Time* was only a gleam in the eye of Yale classmates Luce and Briton Hadden to the *Time-Life-Fortune* eminence at the outbreak of World War Two. (A $50 investment in the company in 1922 is today worth $74,461.) As the book marches through events and over dimly remembered people, it reveals the characteristics that have made Time Inc. both so successful and so controversial. There is, for instance, the humorless corporate egotism, nicely illustrated by the fact that when "Time, Inc." was legally changed to "Time Inc.," a comma was cut out of a rubber stamp and placed in the archives. Excerpts from interoffice memos (executives often wrote 80-page memos to one another) frequently show the magazines' characteristic combination of naïveté and arrogance. There is much discussion in the book of criticisms of Time Inc.'s objectivity; yet the author somehow manages to find that the reportage was really objective, after all. There is no hesitancy in telling about the many lapses of taste, accuracy and sensitivity in dealing with people; yet, just as the magazines themselves often wiggled out of these situations with witty replies to criticism, so this book often treats the lapses as high spirits. The cast of characters from these early years is rather shadowy; perhaps the second volume, dealing with men and events closer to our time, will have more immediacy and impact. But by then, of course, Time Inc.'s archives will be ready to disgorge a third volume. As Wolcott Gibbs said in the tag line of his now-classic *New Yorker* profile of Henry Luce: "Where it will all end, knows God."

MOVIES

The Sea Gull as cinema is a mixed bag—brilliant in parts but rather stagy and lethargic on the whole. Produced and directed by Sidney Lumet, the film was made in Sweden from an eloquent translation by Moura Budberg, with English, French and American actors impersonating Chekhov's turn-of-the-century Russians. The overlapping misery of Chekhov's characters is orchestrated, as always, to accommodate virtuoso players, and several prove more than equal to the challenge. David Warner's suicidal poet, Konstantin, and the sad, avuncular Sorin of Harry Andrews are perfect in their Old Vic manner. Vanessa Redgrave, as the unhappy Nina, a landowner's daughter and would-be actress whose ruination is symbolized by the slain sea bird, gives the kind of performance that sends critics rummaging through their store of adjectives to find synonyms for "incandescent": Vanessa's eyes are pools of pain, where nigh-impossible dreams flare up and flicker out as swiftly as comets. James Mason matches her with his sensitive portrait of the author Trigorin, often wrongly played as a villainous seducer, whereas, in fact, he is only a typical writing chap—weary, self-absorbed and susceptible to flattery. The one false—but crucially false—note in this thoroughbred company is the Madam Arkadina of Simone Signoret. A superlative actress on most occasions, Signoret plays Konstantin's vain actress mother in stumbling English; and her French-fried detachment seems all wrong for the style of the production, which is Moscow *à l'anglaise*. Lumet avoids any other serious innovations in his approach to a classic that has a somewhat corny, sentimentalized plot, compared with the later plays of Chekhov. Everything a camera can do to establish mood is done beautifully—dappled yellow sunlight and evening mist summon up fond remembrance of "this sweet country boredom" that is quintessentially Chekhovian—and the play's soliloquies, its lengthy passages of self-revelation, its tangled web of love-hate relationships are often dramatically rich, however slow they may seem cinematically. But Lumet falls down badly toward the end when he uses the suicide of Konstantin as just another excuse to fade out on the hideously rouged face of Signoret, who looks, for the big moment, like a female impersonator.

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Candy meets a film fate even worse than that meted out to *Barbarella* (see *Playboy After Hours*, PLAYBOY, December 1968). Christian Marquand, the French actor turned director, brings to the movie the benefit of his performing experience in foreign-made skin flicks, but neither he nor scenarist Buck Henry (co-author of *The Graduate* scenario) adds any luster to the Terry Southern–Mason Hoffenberg spoof of sex in these United States. Ewa Aulin, a delectable nymphet from Scandinavia, whispers the title role, softly exclaiming over all the gamy surprises that come her way, but has to work hard to generate the kind of dangerous innocence that's bred in the bones of, say, Tuesday Weld. As revised by scripter Henry and played by Ewa, Candy's only clearly definable trait is her bra size. She is simply a sex object, moving from hand to hand (which is to say, groin to groin) without any apparent purpose except to demolish whatever cinematic taboos remain in working order. But even anal eroticism has its limits as entertainment, and the scenes added to *Candy* for laughs include a humorless episode in which a dressy first-night audience gathers in a surgical theater (get it?) while Dr. Krankeit (James Coburn) performs a gory brain operation on Candy's daddy (John Astin), at the end of which the walls, the floor, the patient and the hospital personnel are drenched in bright-red blood. First and funniest of the heroine's assailants is Richard Burton as a raving, lecherous, mystic poet around whom the high winds of destiny continuously blow, indoors and out. Marlon Brando, John Huston, Charles Aznavour, Ringo Starr (and Walter Matthau as a militarist maniac cribbed by Henry from *Dr. Strangelove*) are less fortunate in their lines, most of which sound like satire aimed at an audience of slow-witted morons. Admittedly, it could have been worse, but this contrived pastiche of horny cameos is little more than a bad—and tasteless—joke.

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Occasionally a modest exploitation movie with a puny budget and no particular claim to originality turns out surprisingly well. Take ***Killers Three***, an


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American-International quickie starring Robert Walker, Diane Varsi and, of all people, Dick Clark, TV's perennial host to teenagers. Clark, who produced the film, also self-effacingly plays a quiet misfit rather similar to the Michael J. Pollard character in *Bonnie and Clyde*; *Killers*, in fact, is a frank imitation of that high-grossing hit, replete with battered old cars ripping along dirt roads to the accompaniment of a twanging banjo. A singing narrator who supplies continuity in the form of country-and-western ballads seems superfluous, though, because the movie, directed by Bruce Kessler, speaks for itself, often quite eloquently. Walker, as a poor boy who returns from World War Two and decides a life of crime ought to pay better than what he makes running booze for a moonshiner, is an appealing underdog-hero: and Diane, as his stubborn little wife, may be even better—a far cry from Faye Dunaway, but closely attuned to a drab social landscape where girls are born to breed before they get old enough to begin dreaming. A slightly primitive, secondhand script never entirely saps the strength of the picture's visual authenticity—the sum total of slanty porches, peeling paint, glimpses of backwoods social life and a host of grand American-gothic profiles recruited around the Piedmont region in North Carolina.

•

The late Bert Lahr wanders across an empty stage with a seltzer bottle, puts it down, glances ruefully behind him and walks off. A simple bit of business—built around a tool of the baggy-pants comedian's trade—it symbolizes the end of an era and also writes finis to ***The Night They Raided Minsky's,*** a rich, bawdy, delightful comedy about the decline and fall of burlesque. According to the sketchy scenario, based on a book by Rowland Barber, the deadly weapon that finally killed off the comics was the G string. *Minsky's* makes that murder a capitally funny offense by dispensing with plot to concentrate on the sleazy texture and smoky-blue color of a period when unabashed vulgarity was a cardinal virtue of American life. Oh, there's a story of sorts, dealing with a team of burleycue clowns (Jason Robards and Britain's Norman Wisdom) and their passion for a runaway Amish miss (Britt Ekland) who yearns to dance out Bible stories on the stage, despite the objections of her fire-breathing father (Harry Andrews). Even the Minskys, *père* and *fils* (Joseph Wiseman and Elliott Gould), have their doubts about that ambition—but they're quickly dispelled during Britt's climactic terpsichorean strip, which sets cops and customers whistling all the way to what old-timers used to call a sock finale. Abetted by film editing that gives the movie just the right choppy rhythm, director William Friedkin achieves more authentic backstage atmosphere in a minute and a half than you will find in the collected works of Gypsy Rose Lee. The hooting, scratching, red-nosed customers at the paying end of the runway are as much a part of the spectacle as the beefy chorines who know just how far a girl can go with a couple of sequins and a tassel. The show's over-all design is superbly tacky, and cinematographer Andrew Laszlo has a droll trick of conjuring up period color from old newsreel clips. A slice of impure Americana, served up with tender loving care.

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"You have entered a metatheater," declares Anthony Quinn, as a mad, multimillionaire recluse who uses his Greek island retreat to stage psychodramas in dead earnest. "It's like being halfway through some fantastic book," says Michael Caine, as Quinn's guest or victim, a mystified English schoolmaster who unexpectedly finds himself the star of the show. Trouble is, ***The Magus*** in movie form seldom gets even halfway into the complex phantasmagorical book by John Fowles, whose adaptation of his own best seller wallows in ambiguities and retains little of the novel's terror, perception or narrative force. Perhaps this was the best way to distill hundreds of pages of dense first-person prose, steeped in the sensibility of a hedonistic, sexually vagrant hero who learns to live and love again under the spell of the magus, or magician. If so, the novel stubbornly resists translation. Since the old spellbinder of the title calls himself Conchis ("conscious"?), the elaborate fantasies he arranges—peopled by brutes, Greek goddesses, satyrs and Candice Bergen as the ghost of a long-lost love—might reasonably be interpreted as a symbolic summary of the psychoanalytic process. Then again, they might not. In the movie version, one interpretation seems as good as another, since director Guy Green guides his cast from scene to scene like a permissive host at a Happening, searching in vain for a coherent style. Quinn's performance has flashes of insight that suggest he may have read the book; and Anna Karina, very vixenish in her American film debut as a discarded mistress, makes promiscuity a poignant character trait; but Caine is sorrily miscast. His celebrated Harry Palmer cool amounts to a case of outright sabotage against Fowles' profoundly troubled hero.

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It might be wise to prohibit movie-makers over a certain age from poking fun at hippies, hallucinogens and related phenomena. ***Skidoo,*** Otto Preminger's first comedy since *The Moon Is Blue*, more or less proves the point. Jackie Gleason, Carol Channing, Mickey Rooney, George Raft, Peter Lawford, Frankie Avalon and Groucho Marx are among the cast members who bravely try to find something droll in a story about the mutual


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antipathy between flower people and a gang of old-guard mobsters held over from the Thirties. The thread of plot is just strong enough to hang the man who wrote it (Doran William Cannon): A mobster named God (Groucho) orders a retired hood (Gleason) to infiltrate a penitentiary and silence a squealer (Rooney). Gleason adds LSD to the prison menu, turning everyone on. Meanwhile, Gleason's daughter (Alexandra Hay) is held captive on God's yacht until her hippie beau (John Phillip Law) climbs aboard—only to be sexually assaulted by God's svelte black mistress (Luna). The flower folk ultimately sail to the rescue in a flotilla of speedboats led by Gleason's loyal missus (Channing), who, for reasons never made clear, is wearing a Revolutionary War costume and singing the title song. *Skidoo*'s bonus is a cinematic LSD trip (almost an obligatory scene nowadays) that is both square and charming. There are visions of a nude football game and an eerie ballet performed by garbage cans to the accompaniment of a song (written and sung by Nilsson, who also plays a bit role) praising the ineffable loveliness of garbage. The opening moments of the film (a brief but effective satire on the visual chewing gum that's telecast on the boob tube) are superb, as are the closing credits (sung, right down to the copyright line, by the ubiquitous Nilsson). But the intervening material leaves a faint suggestion of acid indigestion.

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The current dramatic fashionability of Lesbianism may help explain why ***The Killing of Sister George*** caught the eye of producer-director Robert Aldrich, best known as the purveyor of such bizarre items as *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* Aldrich rarely resorts to subtlety where a histrionic wallop will do; but his broad, garish style is no handicap in bringing out the beastliness and the bitchery of Frank Marcus' Broadway and London stage hit. On film, *Sister George* gains new breadth and validity from the customary "opening up" of the play; several quizzical male characters are introduced around town, along with dozens of real-life dykes in one of their favorite London haunts, the Gateways Bar. Portrayed by Britain's Beryl Reid, in a repeat of her stage triumph, George is a beloved TV personality consumed by her public image as a folksy old visiting nurse–nun. Privately, George smokes cigars and plays sadistic games with her paramour (Susannah York, chewing up cigar butts and scenery as though tomorrow may never come), an aging child bride whose future prospects look dim until a lady executive (Coral Browne, brittle as glass) arrives from the BBC to announce Sister George's forthcoming dramatic demise—a head-on collision with a lorry. What George must ultimately face is alienation of affections, loneliness and a distasteful assignment in

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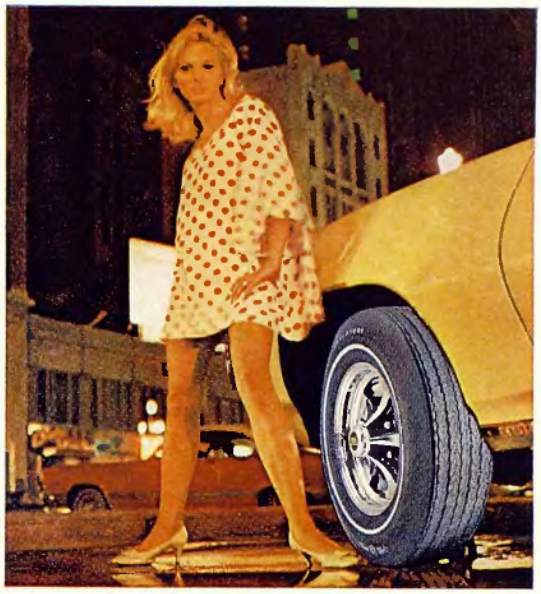

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a new kiddie show, mooing the part of "a flawed, credible cow." All of which might be uniquely depressing, except that Beryl spews author Marcus' pearls of invective with such relish that George becomes a precious old twit—lewd and vulgar, vulnerable and brave, and easily the most astonishing monster to brighten up a movie screen in years. Before the film's touching climax, embattled prudes and even rabid heterosexuals are apt to suffer shortness of breath during an erotic sequence (Coral with Susannah) that is as oral, tactile and explicit as any man-with-a-maid encounter ever unveiled in a major movie.

•

Remember *The Informer*? The 1935 film based on Liam O'Flaherty's novel about the Irish Rebellion won a basketful of Oscars for its screenplay and scoring, for John Ford's masterful direction and for the acting of Victor McLaglen, brilliantly cast as a boozer hunted down by rebels after taking a bribe to betray one of his comrades. Well, Jules Dassin, that *Never on Sunday* man, got the idea of remaking *The Informer* against the background of racial unrest in Cleveland in 1968. His odd inspiration is called ***Up Tight,*** and the updated title itself conveys a whiff of opportunism. Tank Williams is the name given to a blubbering Negro alcoholic (Julian Mayfield, a dusky facsimile of McLaglen, or close enough) who is presumably so upset about Martin Luther King's death that he declines to go out rioting and stealing guns with his Panther-style soul brothers. Hard up for bread, he subsequently cops a $1000 reward for divulging one fugitive pal's whereabouts to a police tipster (the tipster is also black, but a raging homosexual, which appears to be Dassin's final judgment of nonmilitants). Though *Up Tight* was filmed on location in Cleveland, the tracking down of Tank reveals next to nothing about the city or its inhabitants, and generates minimal suspense, largely because director Dassin dotes on self-conscious stylistic flourishes, compounded by a tendency never to get on with his story when he can stop to milk it for social significance. Agitprop overstatement is the rule. With such actors as Raymond St. Jacques, Frank Silvera and Ruby Dee (co-adapter, with Dassin and Mayfield) at his disposal, and with the slow-moving U. S. movie establishment smugly behind him, Dassin has managed to make a strikingly irrelevant drama about black America.

RECORDINGS

Otis Redding's tenth LP, ***In Person at the Whiskey A Go-Go*** (Atco; also available on stereo tape), is a well-recorded facsimile of a searing soul session, but we wonder if the side would have been released if Otis were yet living. There is only one new song (*I'm Depending on You*), the audience sounds scanty and Otis' backup group has trouble with the torrid pace he sets on *Satisfaction*. Otis himself is up to par, working like a man possessed as he socks home several of his lesser-known ballads (*Pain in My Heart, Just One More Day, Any Ole Way*) and injects new soul into James Brown's ever-dynamic *Papa's Got a Brand New Bag*.

•

Funky But! (Brunswick; also available on stereo tape), by The Young-Holt Unlimited, really has no buts about it. It's a fine batch of funk cooked up by those graduates of Ramsey Lewis Tech, bassist Eldee Young (who doubles delightfully on amplified cello) and drummer Red Holt, with the aid of pianist Ken Chaney. They take a couple of Paul McCartney–John Lennon ditties, add a soupçon of standards, spice it up with a handful of originals and come up with a tastefully delivered recipe for success.

•

Frank Sinatra's latest LP, ***Cycles*** (Reprise; also available on stereo tape), proffers a mixed bag of goodies as the Chairman of the Board continues to get more eclectic in his choice of material. The nuances of Nashville pervade a good deal of the session—with *Little Green Apples, By the Time I Get to Phoenix, Moody River* and *Gentle on My Mind* proving that city boy Sinatra knows full well where the current action's at. Musical major-domo Don Costa has supplied artful arrangements and The Man has done the rest.

•

Harvey Mandel's ***Cristo Redentor*** (Philips; also available on stereo tape) is a topflight package of instrumental rock. Mandel, a polished and melodic guitarist, allows strings and voices to dominate the title tune (introduced some seasons ago by Donald Byrd), then whips off a hustling, often lyrical set that neatly fuses country and western with rhythm and blues. While Mandel gets fine contributions from his sidemen—notably Charlie Musselwhite on harmonica and Pete Drake on steel guitar—a few good horn solos would have helped immeasurably.

•

Makeba! (Reprise; also available on stereo tape) is wholly African in its content and a marvelous statement of the fresh, strong winds of freedom and independence blowing across the "Dark" Continent. Miss Makeba's voice is so filled with passion and compassion that the language barrier seems irrelevant. She says it all with her soul.

•

The Harold Land Quintet's efforts on ***The Peace-Maker*** (Cadet; also available on stereo tape) are always interesting and usually rewarding. Tenor man Land has four good men and true for company as

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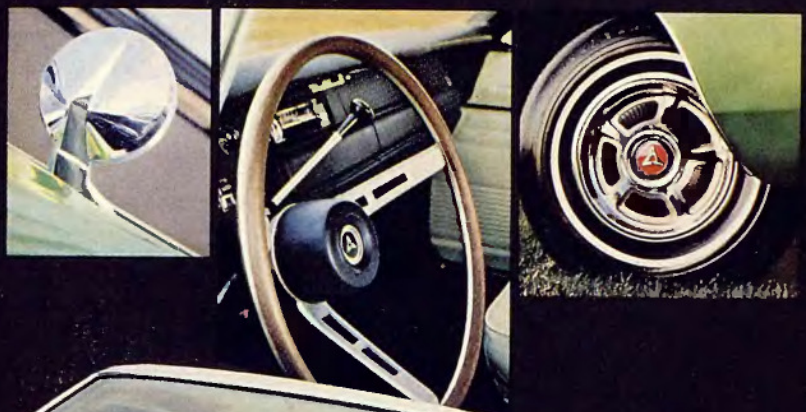

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he applies his hard-edged but oddly soothing sound to his own compositions (*Imagine* is the exception). The ensemble work is uniformly crisp and Land's and vibes man Bobby Hutcherson's solos abound with surprises.

•

Nothing turns on opera buffs like the advent of a new coloratura soprano, and in Beverly Sills they have a real sizzler. For the past two or three seasons, this radiant lady has been delighting New York audiences with her astounding assaults on some of the most fiendishly taxing roles in the repertory. Now, at last, her first solo recording is at hand, devoted to ***Bellini and Donizetti Heroines*** (Westminster). Though two full sides of early-Italian rum-tum-tum can get pretty wearing, there's not a disappointing note in the entire collection. Miss Sills tosses off the cavatina from *Linda di Chamounix* with unerring marksmanship and delicacy of attack, then launches the renunciation aria from *Roberto Devereux* in a stream of poised, pearly tones. If you think the art of limpid, liquid trilling went out with Galli-Curci, Miss Sills will quickly convince you otherwise.

•

The Everly Brothers, who helped inaugurate the rock-'n'-roll era, show that they're still with it on ***Roots*** (Warner Bros.; also available on stereo tape), a barnful of ballads performed in pure country style and punctuated with bits of a tape cut in the Everly household in 1952. The Everlys sound best when the charts don't overpower their wispy harmonies—as on *Mama Tried*, *T for Texas* and *Illinois*.

THEATER

Before he became a superstar (see page 23), Dustin Hoffman was an off-Broadway character actor of enormous energy, freshness and potential. From his imaginative brain tumbled crackpot Cockneys, hunchbacked Nazi queers and fidgety old editors. *The Graduate* added another dimension to his sizable talent: He could play not just grotesques and tragicomic heroes but even someone a little like himself. As ***Jimmy Shine***, his first starring role on Broadway, Hoffman is sort of an ungraduate, a dislocated, disenchanted, alienated, hilarious dropout. He is an abstract artist in search of himself, and what he finds is a total flop. Whatever he tries he flunks, especially with paint and with women. "I just bombed with a nympho," he moans desperately. Whether doing a clangy cakewalk with bent beer cans strapped to his insteps, imitating Groucho Marx, W. C. Fields or Jimmy Durante, or mining a severe attack of diarrhea (it attacks every time he talks to the girl he loves), he is marvelously engaging, great fun to have around a drafty theater. And this theater *is* drafty. Murray Schisgal's play is so thin it couldn't fill a cloakroom. It's in imminent danger of blowing away; Dustin keeps trying to anchor it down, but there it goes, blowing away again. And inside the title character, things are drafty, too. Behind the pranks and pratfalls, who *is* Jimmy Shine? If Schisgal knows, he's not telling. Jimmy is original, all right, but the originality is a gift from Hoffman. At the Brooks Atkinson, 256 West 47th Street.

•

Big Time Buck White puts down: whites, particularly those in the audience; blacks, particularly those on stage; the whole black-white dialog because there really isn't any; and by inference even plays such as *Big Time Buck White*. Actually, this is not so much a play as a "meeting"; and during the second half, a more-and-less extemporaneous question-and-answer period, the actors are asked why they call it a play. The answer: "If we called it a meeting, no one would come." In the meeting hall of a money-grabbing, do-nothing group called B. A. D. (Beautiful Alleluiah Days), which is supported by poverty funds, are five Negroes: Honey Man, an easy-gliding compromiser; Hunter, a self-conscious Afro-American (he wears a dashiki but carries a leather jacket); Weasel, an operator ("I'm not a nigger, I'm a businessman"); Jive, a light-skinned organizer; and Rubber Band, the token racist ("I dig hate, man," he says, tugging at his tight trousers). As they tease and taunt one another in constantly changing alliances, they are fiendishly funny and devilishly accurate in capturing street vernacular and the variety of black positions. Occasionally the horseplay gets a bit tiresome, but the actors are excellent, with a smart comic sense, and they weather the repetition. Then as their leader, Big Time Buck White himself arrives, majestically striding down the aisle, wearing his enormous natural hairdo like a corona of black power, the play turns on the audience. Big Time, as played by director Dick Williams, is a powerful stage creation; but the effectiveness of his performance (along with the success of the evening) depends on the effectiveness of the audience. He handles the planted questions deftly and savagely, but the unplanted questions and answers are often either stock or extraneous. What Big Time needs is a response to respond to. The play began in Watts as a collaboration between white playwright Joseph Dolan Tuotti and the Negro cast, and ran there for two years. Watts (or Harlem) on the one hand, or a suburban country club on the other, would be much more of a spark to the group's festering anger than off-Broadway, with its middle-class white, liberal audience that bends over backward to be blacklashed. At the Village South Theater, 15 Van Dam Street.

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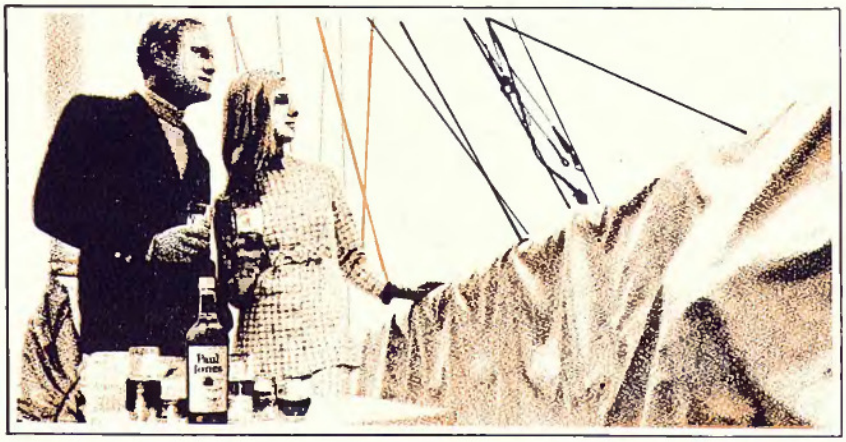

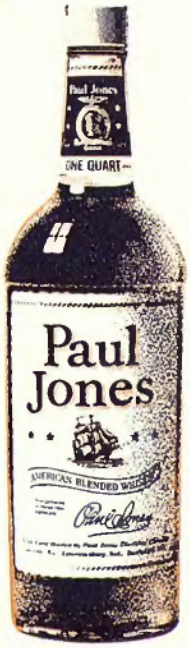

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I have difficulty deciding whether the girls I date desire to pet or go all the way. I don't want to seem like a rapist to my date, but then again, I don't want her to lose interest because I lack aggressiveness. Can you give me some hints on how to know what my date's wishes are?—G. M., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

The best way to find out what hers are is to let her know what yours are. But don't tell her. The old saying is, "The Boy Scouts and the Girl Guides." Unless you are willing to risk a little, you won't win much; and since you seem to be losing anyway, it can only increase your odds. In short, think less and feel more.

One of my close friends is going to jail as a draft resister. Both he and I have been wondering how large the company is he will be joining. Also, what's the length of the average sentence?—C. V., Springfield, Massachusetts.

At the end of 1968, there were more than 800 draft resisters in prison. The number of indictments doubled from 1966 to 1967 and again in 1968. Most draft resisters are sent to Federal minimum-security prisons, where they serve an average of 3.2 years, with one third off for good behavior.

About six years ago, I became a heroin addict after extended use of marijuana. I have been cured and returned to society, but not long ago I received a letter from an old college girlfriend, telling me she has tried pot. Obviously, I have no right to tell her how to run her life, but I know that if she continues, she will become a dope addict or a prostitute. Can you suggest an effective way for me to warn her of this self-destructive path?—L. M., New York, New York.

Your going from marijuana to heroin is something that happens to some people, just as some people go from occasional drinking to alcoholism; but in neither case is there any inevitability about the process. Most pot smokers never touch hard drugs. There is no harm in telling her of your experience, but if you want to be honest and accurate, you'll have to point out that it's one man's experience—and a statistically unusual one, at that. Let her be the judge of whether your descent from a relatively harmless and nonaddictive herb to a dangerous and addictive drug has any relevance to her. Of course, you would be giving her good advice if you cautioned her to stop broadcasting her experience with grass, since even mere possession of marijuana is illegal in every part of this country, with unbelievably stiff prison sentences in most states.

What do manufacturers use to give heavily aromatic pipe tobaccos their strong, almost perfumy smell?—R. L., Rapid City, South Dakota.

They use a concentrated casing solution, such as glycerine, licorice, molasses, sugared water, rum, maple, apple, peach or even perfume, that's sprayed on the tobacco prior to its packaging. Some additives will remain as a gooey mass in the bottom of your pipe; others are entirely combustible and go up in smoke.

The Playboy Advisor has stated that lovemaking requires "learned skills—which a large percentage of the male population fails to master in a lifetime." I've studied books on sex, but I find when I have intercourse, I worry obsessively about satisfying the girl. This hurts my performance and makes sex no fun. Can you give me some trade secret that will enable me to know whether I'm good enough?—D. A., APO San Francisco, California.

There's no trade secret: Your problem is thinking there's one. The sex act is not some sort of athletic contest imposing high standards of performance. Given basic sex knowledge—which you would appear to have—a man is a good lover when he is willing to please his partner, tries to get her to communicate her wants and needs to him and has a relaxed, happy, unself-conscious attitude toward the sex act, seeing it as an experience to be enjoyed rather than as a feat to be performed.

To what does the age on a bottle of Scotch refer?—R. S., Jackson Heights, New York.

It refers to the number of years the Scotch was stored in oak casks prior to bottling. Unlike wine, distillates—once bottled—don't improve.

I am planning to swing through Europe this summer with my girlfriend; and for reasons other than economics, we would prefer to share a hotel room rather than take separate accommodations. Can we sign as man and wife, or is the desk clerk likely to ask for proof?—E. M., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Many countries in Europe require that hotel guests relinquish their passports

to the desk clerk for police registration, so it would be futile—as well as illegal—to sign in as man and wife. We suggest that you register both your names but request a single room. At worst, the clerk will require that you take separate rooms. More likely, he'll grant your request with equanimity.

Have you heard this one? During Revolutionary days (or immediately thereafter), a convention was held in the Colonies for the purpose of deciding what our national language would be. English and German were the most popular choices and, when the matter came to a vote, English won—but only by a single vote. Ironically, the deciding vote was cast by a German, who is now regarded in some German circles as a Benedict Arnold.

When I first heard this story (from a German student), I treated it as pure fiction. But I've heard it so often since then that I'm beginning to wonder; you know, where there's smoke, there's usually fire. What does PLAYBOY know about this version of American history?—E. G., New York, New York.

We know that it's ersatz. According to Albert B. Faust's "The German Element in the United States," there was a very large concentration of Germans in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania during the 18th Century. Because of this, minutes of Pennsylvania legislative meetings were frequently printed in both English and German. An unrelated fact concerns a debate in this legislature about a treaty thought to be favorable to England. The deciding vote in this matter was cast by the legislature's presiding officer, a German named Frederick Augustus Conrad Mühlenberg. Put these facts together and you have the makings of the myth; or, as President Kennedy aptly observed, "Where there is smoke, there is usually a smoke-making machine."

Last year I had a baby fathered by a married man. I gave the baby up for adoption and stopped seeing the father. I'm not ashamed of what I've done, but I would not like to get involved with another man without telling him about this. I certainly wouldn't want a man I was in love with to find out about my child from some third party. Do you think this will jeopardize my prospects for getting married?—Miss P. S., Washington, D. C.

Only an up-tight character would hold this against you—the kind of man who, most likely, would insist that his bride be a virgin. Judging by your openness and honesty, you wouldn't be happy with that type, anyway, and would want to find one with a point of view more like your own. Often, women seem to bear the entire blame for an illegitimate birth; but, to our way of thinking, any man of integrity is aware that for every unwed mother, there is also a father.

I've been dining in a restaurant for many years, know the maître de very well and consequently get preferential treatment. Is it proper for me to introduce him to my dining companions? And should you introduce house guests to your butler or maid?—J. K., Los Angeles, California.

Ordinarily, you needn't introduce your restaurant companions to your friend the maître de unless they might be returning to the restaurant without you at some future date. In the case of domestic help, introductions are proper only if your guests are close friends and will be returning to your house again and again; one-shot house guests need not be introduced.

My fiancé and I have been living together for six months and plan to be married in six more. I was a virgin before I met him; I gave myself to him happily and love him very much. However, lately he has seemed less and less interested in me. He silently eats the dinners I prepare for him each night and then sits staring at the TV set until it's time to go to bed. The zest and variety have gone out of his lovemaking, too. I'm afraid our love will die if something isn't done. Is marriage like this, and are all men like this? Am I, therefore, expecting too much in wanting his attention and interest, in wanting him simply to *talk* to me?—Miss E. B., Johnson City, Texas.

Wanting a lover or a husband to show some interest in you is obviously not expecting too much, nor is an air of constant boredom and apathy characteristic of most men or of any worthwhile marriage. This opportunity to learn your fiancé's shortcomings before the knot is tied should be used to communicate; ask him what's wrong. It may turn out that something you're doing, which he couldn't bring himself to tell you about, is the cause of his behavior. See if talking things out helps you to a better mutual modus vivendi; *otherwise, skip the wedding and your present living arrangement and get yourself back into circulation.*

I've become fascinated by bobsledding and would like to try out this interesting sport. Are there any bobsled runs in the U. S.? Can anyone participate, and are there special safety measures to protect novices like myself?—G. W., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

You can get a good run for your money at the Mount Van Hoevenberg

Bobsled Run near Lake Placid, New York. At present, it's the only one in the U. S. and is open to the public. Every precaution is taken to minimize the possibility of an accident. Experienced professional crews operate the sleds ridden by the public and the run is under constant patrol. No sled takes off until controllers give the starter a clear-track signal. For additional information, write to the New York State Conservation Department, Albany, New York 12226.

A friend of mine gave me the following derivation for the word "fuzz" as applied to policemen: The 19th Century English Cockney soldiers used the word "fuzzy-wuzzy" for the Sudanese (because of their bushy hair). It was later applied to anyone they disliked, which often included the police. The word was shortened to "fuzzy," then migrated to America and was truncated further to fuzz. When I told this theory to another friend, he laughed and said it was all wrong. According to him, fuzz originated among American jazz musicians in the 1940s and was a corruption of "Feds"—Federal narcotics agents. Who's right?—J. G., Columbus, Ohio.

Sorry; nobody appears to know the exact derivation of fuzz. However, it does considerably antedate the 1940s and probably has a British origin. The most likely source is the Cockney slang for policeman, which is "fussy," and refers to the tone of moralistic self-righteousness that occasionally infests officers of the peace.

For some time, I've been going steady with the same girl and have never ventured beyond a goodnight kiss. We are both 21 and I now realize I want more of a relationship, sexually. My problem is that I respect this girl very much and would not want to do anything to hurt her, but I think my "sex drive" has gotten into high gear. What can I do?—R. G., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

Turn on the engine, look into the rearview mirror and let out the clutch. For the sake of your unwary companion's peace of mind, however, be sure that your brakes are also in good working order—in case they're necessary.

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 Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

DRUG EDUCATION

Drug education today is about where sex education was 50 to 70 years ago. All that the average adolescent hears, from official sources, is horror mythology, while he gets quite opposite views (sometimes as inaccurate) from his peer group. One undesirable result of this situation is that the public continues to support archaic laws and, as a result, innocent people suffer barbaric prison sentences for possession of relatively harmless drugs such as marijuana. Another result is that many youngsters, skeptical of adult authority, experiment upon themselves with really dangerous chemicals, such as Methedrine or belladonna.

Isn't it time that our high schools and colleges, admitting to themselves that they cannot prevent drug use among their students, begin giving honest education on the subject? Such instruction is badly needed if we are to avoid a thoroughly freaked-out and brain-bombed generation. The difference between use and abuse must be made clear to every adolescent; the benefits of each drug should be honestly admitted, together with whatever dangerous side effects it may have; where the laws are foolish, this should be conceded frankly; and then students might listen seriously when warned about the really pernicious drugs that are on the scene.

Harold Glatzer, Jr.
New York, New York

THE LAW IS THE LAW. . . .

I disagree with Hugh Crane who attacked the police and defended the pot smokers (*The Playboy Forum*, August).

What Mr. Crane doesn't realize is that *the law is the law is the law*! The police, like the military, must obey orders.

M. G. Beall
FPO San Francisco, California

That line of reasoning didn't help Adolf Eichmann much when he used it as a defense in Jerusalem.

A MOTHER'S KISSES

Totalitarian societies are noted for the way they turn members of families against one another. Remember those World War Two movies where the little Hitler Youth kid would report his parents to the Gestapo because poppa said that Hitler was a nut? A lady in our town turned her 19-year-old son in (not *on*) to the police after finding a marijuana cigarette in his room. He is now being prosecuted for possession of marijuana.

She is reported to have said the following: "It wasn't an easy thing to do. He is my only child. I wanted to help straighten him out. I wanted to protect him so he'll have a decent future. And it's for the benefit of other mothers whose children could get into the same kind of trouble."

Told by reporters that her son resents her action, the lady replied, "Who wouldn't? But maybe, deep down in his heart, he's happy."

As they used to say in Germany in the good old days, "Strength through joy."

(Name withheld by request)
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

BUGGED BY DRUGS

I am thoroughly disgusted with my generation. Everybody I know at college seems to be on one drug or another: pot, LSD, STP or, worst of all, amphetamines. When I try to point out to my fellow students that drugs can only bring a false and unreal sense of happiness, they laugh and offer pseudomystical profundities. Some even wear an idiotic button that reads REALITY IS A CRUTCH.

I would take a drug only to relieve pain. Those who regularly blow their minds will have virtually nothing to contribute to society. They are the intellectual basket cases of the Cold War.

James Williams
Boston, Massachusetts

PRIVATE'S PROTEST

I have just finished reading the letter from Joseph Harris, who is serving a three-year prison sentence for possession of marijuana (*The Playboy Forum*, December). By what right does society put a man into jail and deprive him of three years of his life for an act that hurt no one, not even himself? This nation was founded on the principle that every man has the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; no one has the right to tell him in what forms or by what means his happiness must be attained, unless it is destructive to others.

At Fort Bragg, hardly a week goes by that there are not numerous articles in the local newspaper about GIs being busted for possession of marijuana. The penalties are stiff, acquittals are almost nonexistent; fellow soldiers turn against

one another, condemning, informing and helping the authorities. Yet no one speaks out, protests or condemns the oppressive laws that make possible these tragic farces. Perhaps my writing to a few Congressmen, a few Senators and a few judges, and my trying to get others to do the same, will bring about just a little pressure on those who can do something about it. I hope so.

Pfc. Tom Johnson, Jr.
Fort Bragg, North Carolina

THE PERILS OF POT

Your June 1968 issue has just come into my hands (we are rather out of touch down here in this part of the Canal Zone) and I want to take issue with part of your *Playboy Forum* defense of marijuana. First, however, let me say that I am as much against the present marijuana statutes as you are. No law at all would be better than the system we now have that is making "paper criminals" out of our sons and daughters. I think I can compare the marijuana situation with the days of alcohol prohibition, when countless innocent individuals were converted into felons by narrow-minded legislation. I speak with some bitterness, because my own son now has a criminal record as a result of a marijuana arrest.

But I disagree with the last three words of your statement, in which you say that pot smokers have a "drug preference that harms no one—not even themselves." Certainly the marijuana smoker is less likely to be socially aggressive than the alcoholic, but I seriously doubt that his habit is harmless to himself. Without embellishing the facts or making them sound worse than they are, this is what happened when my son began smoking marijuana on a daily basis: (1) He dropped academically from near the top of his class to near the bottom, and actually failed two subjects. (2) From a well-dressed kid (for a teenager) with hair of average length, he turned into a bizarre-looking hippie with the usual Jesus Christ hairdo, sandals and the rest. (3) He began to look generally unwashed and unkempt, although the unwashed look was an illusion due to his untidiness; actually, he continued to shower every day. (4) Instead of becoming more creative, he became less so, playing his guitar less frequently than in the past and spending more time listening to other musicians on the stereo.

Of course, if he were drinking whiskey at the same rate that he smoked pot in those months, the effects would have been even more unpleasant, I suppose. Nonetheless, I think you should correct your answer to point out that, for adolescents at least, marijuana can be a disruptive and maladjusting experience.

(Name withheld by request)
Curundu, Canal Zone

Our statement was not intended to encourage marijuana smoking but merely

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

LOVE AND THE LEGISLATORS

DENVER—*Governor John Love of Colorado has faith in the pure hearts of his lawmakers. Asked at a news conference if he thought that it would be proper for the state legislators to concern themselves with controlling pornography, he replied, "I don't think it would tend to corrupt them too much."*

"CURIOUS" CLEARED

NEW YORK—*The United States Court of Appeals has found "I Am Curious—Yellow," a movie in which sexual intercourse is filmed ("The Playboy Forum," August 1968), to be not obscene; U. S. Customs and a lower court had ordered the film's confiscation. [At this writing, the film was still unavailable for public viewing, because the Government had indicated it may contest this decision in a higher court.] "It seems to be conceded," wrote Judge Paul R. Hays for the appeals-court majority, "that the sexual content of the film is presented with greater explicitness than has been seen in any other film produced for general viewing. The question for decision is whether, going farther in this direction than any previous production, the film exceeds the limits established by the courts." Finding that the sex scenes were part of an artistic whole and that the picture has social value, Judge Hays declared, "It falls within the ambit of intellectual effort that the First Amendment was designed to protect."*

THE FRIENDLY REVOLUTION

Two recent reports paint a picture of the Sexual Revolution as an interacting system in which positive attitudes and increased activity reinforce each other, with the result that sex assumes an accepted, taken-for-granted place in the relations of young people. Dr. Harold T. Christensen, a Purdue University sociology professor, told the American Medical Association convention at Miami Beach that "premarital coitus in this country is increasing, especially among females and most especially in relationships involving love and/or the promise of marriage." Dr. Eleanore Braun Luckey, whose statistics showing a sharp increase in premarital intercourse among college students were reported in the November "Playboy Forum," told an education conference in San Francisco that along with this greater activity goes greater pleasure; 73 percent of the girls said they enjoyed their first coital experience as opposed to 46 percent in the Kinsey study a generation ago. And, Dr. Luckey added, the image of our colleges as hotbeds of frenzied promiscuity is an adult fantasy; most students put a high emphasis on "caring relationships" and "the ability to relate . . . and to communicate." Just as a well-nourished person is less preoccupied with food, so Dr. Luckey found that the interviewed students ranked love and affection, emotional well-being and "maintaining self-respect" much higher in their priority of needs than sexual satisfaction.

MARRIAGE ON THE ROCKS

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA—*Marriage is a precarious institution these days, according to sociologist Dr. David R. Mace, quoted in the* Chicago Tribune, *because we have come to expect more from it than previous societies did. Speaking to Lutheran educators at a recent conference, the professor of family sociology at the Bowman Gray School of Medicine said that the old arranged marriage was less unhappy than the modern love-based marriage because nobody expected much from it in terms of satisfaction: Its function was merely to carry on the family name. Even more troublesome than the modern idea that marriage should provide love and satisfaction, according to Dr. Mace, is the decline in belief in organized religion, which encourages people to walk out on a marriage when they find it giving more misery than merriment. Other factors contributing to the collapse of the family, the sociologist added, are: (1) the growth of marriage from a short-term contract, when life expectancy was 30 years, to a much longer-span institution now that life expectancy is 70 years; (2) the movement from a male-dominated to an egalitarian arrangement, which, while more democratic, leads to more visible conflicts; (3) the tendency toward interethnical, interreligious and interracial marriages, with greater possibilities for discord. Working out these problems, Dr. Mace concluded, will keep us "in transition and uncertainty for at least another generation."*

THE LENINIST LIBIDO

MOSCOW—*Russian ignorance of sex is so deep it would horrify the Soviet Union's founding father, V. I. Lenin, declares an article in* Literary Gazette, *one of Moscow's most prestigious newspapers. The article warns that lack of sex education is causing "mountains of problems" for newlyweds and older couples. Russia has but one active research organization providing sex information, and it is being besieged by frustrated citizens who have to get on a long waiting list before they can obtain advice. The Soviet Union is still suffering from the puritanism of the Stalinist era, the article asserts,*

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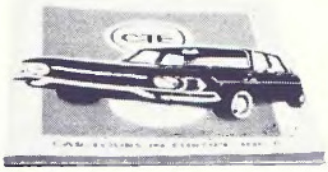

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contrary to the teachings of Lenin, who believed that "the life of the future should not consist of asceticism but of vigor and joy based on a full love life."

IN MANIFEST DANGER

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Connecticut's "lascivious carriage" law, which was a subject of puzzlement to two* PLAYBOY *readers ("The Playboy Forum," October 1968 and January 1969), seemingly stunned two Supreme Court justices when it was brought to their attention in connection with a case challenging another strange Connecticut law. In question was a 1905 statute empowering judges to imprison unmarried women under 21—but not married women, and not men—if they are "in manifest danger of falling into habits of vice or leading a vicious life." Arguing that this is discriminatory and that "female vices are no more dangerous than male vices," a public defender of Norwalk, Connecticut, has taken his defense of a girl imprisoned under this law in 1966 all the way to the highest court. Informed that the girl had also been found guilty of "lascivious carriage," Justice Abe Fortas said that this law, as well as the one being challenged, was "a Chinese puzzle" to him, and Justice Hugo Black remarked incredulously, "She's in danger, and you convict her of being in danger. Do you call it a crime to be in danger . . . ?" Justice Black also wondered if walking a certain way could be considered a crime under the "lascivious carriage" statute and observed that "the sky's the limit" to the state's power to imprison under the "manifest danger" law.*

WACS FIGHT LESBIAN CHARGE

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA—*Eight members of the Women's Army Corps, charged with homosexual misconduct, have filed suit to change the regulations under which they are being tried for discharge. They challenge the Army's right to take action that will hurt their reputations and their careers without the safeguards that ensure fair trials in civilian courts. One of the eight has already been given a "general discharge under honorable conditions" (which means, despite its soft language, that the Army deems the person in question "unsuitable"). The others are to be tried by military administrative boards. The WACs say they can't get a fair hearing before such a board because witnesses against them have been discharged or transferred; gossip and hearsay evidence has been included in the case against them; they have not been permitted to subpoena favorable witnesses and to cross-examine hostile witnesses; and they have not been informed of the specific charges against them.*

LIBERAL ABORTION RESULTS

The liberalization of abortion laws in Colorado, North Carolina, Georgia, Maryland and California has yet to make a dent in the estimated 200,000 to 1,500,000 illegal abortions sought annually throughout the country. In the year preceding April 25, 1967 when Colorado adopted its act expanding the grounds for legal abortion, there were 51 such operations performed in the state; during the first 12 months after the act, there were 407. Before California's statute went into effect, 600 legal abortions were performed annually; authorities estimate that in 1968, 5000 pregnancies were terminated under the new law.

DEATH FOR ROBBERY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—*Is it constitutional to sentence a man to death for robbery? The NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, which has already mounted a powerful attack on the use of the death sentence in rape cases (see "The Playboy Forum," July, October, 1967, March, 1968), has now entered the case of Edward Boykin, Jr., an Alabama Negro sentenced to death after pleading guilty to five robbery charges. Arguing that capital punishment in robbery cases, as in rape cases, seems to fall almost exclusively upon blacks, the Legal Defense Fund points out that of 25 persons sentenced to death for robbery in the United States since 1930, 19 were Negro. In a brief to the Supreme Court, the Legal Defense Fund charges that these figures prove the existence of a prejudice that makes the death penalty for robbery both a cruel and an unusual punishment.*

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER?

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA—*Dentist John Derdivanis was just sitting down to dinner with his wife and three guests when bullets smashed through the window, one of them missing Derdivanis' head by about 12 inches. "Hit the deck!" the terrified dentist screamed, not knowing who was shooting into his house or why. But just then the door smashed open and two policemen charged into the room, shouting, "Freeze!" The dentist's children, wakened by the shooting and door smashing, began to cry, but the police ignored this and began to search the premises, after ordering the adults to lie on the floor. The nightmare ended when one of the cops discovered they were in the wrong house and led his companion to the next house on the block. Dr. Derdivanis, shaken, called his attorney to complain, while the police arrested 12 people next door for possession of the drug, marijuana, which is known to create hallucinations, violence, anxiety attacks and disorientation—in some law-enforcement officials who have probably never used it.*

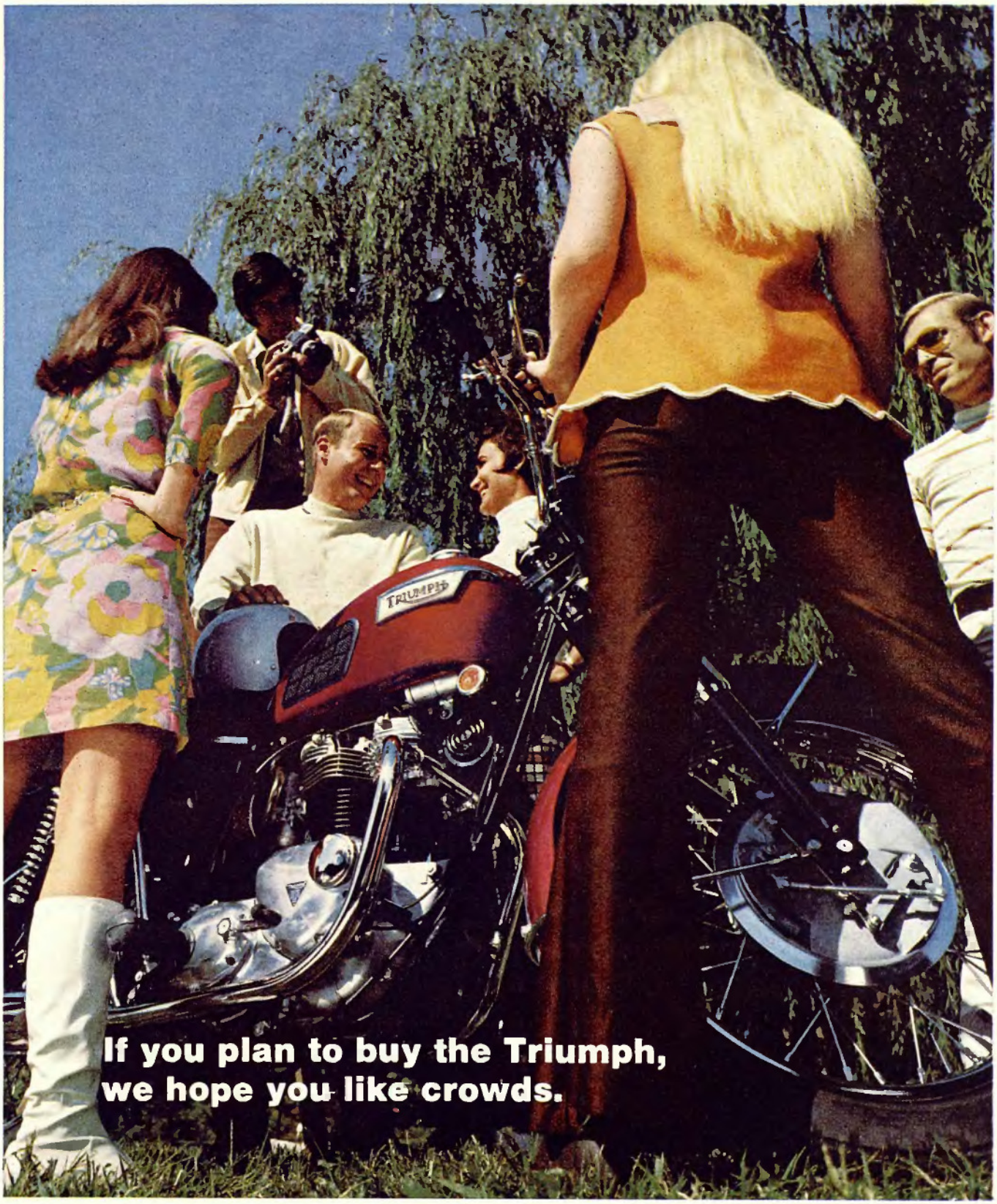
to point out the injustice of American pot laws and to expose the mythology and misinformation that is frequently used to justify these laws. The basic fact is that it is both unfair and unhelpful to punish all the users of marijuana for the bizarre behavior of some misusers. Heavy marijuana use on a daily basis can be as bad as similar abuse of alcohol or amphetamines—a pretty bad prescription for anyone, adult or adolescent, and is certainly risky during the educational years.

We don't know enough about your son to be able to provide an explanation for his behavior, but it is certainly possible that his loss of interest in school and in guitar playing were not effects of his heavy pot smoking, but that excessive drug use was itself, like the retreat from education and music, a symptom of a more deep-seated problem. This is not to imply that your son is seriously disturbed, since every adolescent has his periods of turmoil and withdrawal in which he seeks to find himself; usually, he does. In any case, if there were a relationship between the drug taking and your son's undesirable behavior—such as his poor school work—it would be attributable to abuse, not simple use, of pot.

Dr. Joel Fort, expert on drug-abuse problems and former consultant on drugs to the World Health Organization, informs us that "scientific surveys of high school and college drug use have shown marijuana smoking to be evenly distributed across racial, economic and intellectual lines. Pot users range from the highest honor students at Ivy League colleges to chronic failures in slum high schools, and there is no causal connection between marijuana smoking and academic standing, high or low." The changes in your son's hair length and clothing were learned behavior, picked up either from associating with or reading about hippies and flower children. Nor is it certain that his music suffered permanently; it's no secret that a high percentage of the most talented musicians of this generation are marijuana smokers, and most creative artists, or just ordinary musicians, go through fallow periods.

DEATH AT AN EARLY AGE

In November 1967, my husband and I were arrested for possession of a microscopic amount of marijuana—20 milligrams, to be exact. This is not a misdemeanor but a felony in New Mexico. My husband received a two-to-ten-year sentence and was immediately taken to the state penitentiary at Santa Fe. Because I was pregnant, I was not sentenced and was allowed to remain out of jail on $5000 bond until the birth of the child. I came to Chicago to live with my mother-in-law. With her help, we raised the money for another $5000 appeal bond that enabled my husband to be



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released from prison during the appeal to a higher court. Our son was born June 17, 1968, and I immediately notified our lawyer, as the court had instructed me to do. I was in a panic, wondering if the court would take the baby away from us, send me to prison and leave the baby with nobody to care for him or place him in some state institution. I remained in this state for three months, when I was finally notified to return to New Mexico for sentencing. My husband and I decided that we should go together and take the infant with us. We traveled for 32 hours by train.

The judge sentenced me not to the regular New Mexico marijuana-possession penalty of two-to-ten years but, instead, to a fine of $500 and five years' probation on the condition that I appeal my case. Therefore, we had to pay for another appeal bond at a time when the previous bonds, hospital fees and lawyers' fees had drained away all our resources. One week later, our baby died of causes the doctors could not determine. I am sure the atmosphere of anxiety, panic, depression and despair in which my husband and I lived during the three months of his life was more than this tiny organism could bear.

Both my husband and I are working to pay our debts and our lawyer is still appealing our cases, but the meaning of life has gone. We live like robots now, too numb even to feel despair any longer.

The tragic, terrible irony is that we were not even true pot lovers when arrested; we had only tried the drug a few times because almost all the young people our age whom we knew were experimenting with it.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

MARIJUANA AND HEROIN

I was shocked to read in the September *Playboy Forum* that two Army officers do not believe that marijuana users should be punished for their crime. I, too, am an Army officer and I most certainly will not tolerate the use of marijuana among my men.

In the same column, you stated that there is no evidence that anyone ever turned to heroin because of marijuana. This was flagrant deceit on your part. Dr. John C. Ball, formerly of the National Institute of Mental Health in Lexington, Kentucky, reported in 1967 that of 2213 heroin addicts examined, 70.4 percent had used marijuana before their addiction. In those states where marijuana was most readily available, 80 percent of the addicts had first used marijuana.

Capt. H. D. Spradley
APO San Francisco, California

Your statistics are meaningless for many reasons. (1) The fact that 70 or 80 percent of a group of users of one commodity has previously used another commodity does not, in itself, establish a causal link. This would be obvious if we quoted similar statistics for two other products, such as "80 percent of all cigarette smokers previously used chewing gum; therefore, chewing gum leads to cigarettes." (2) There is no pharmacological or psychological reason why marijuana should lead to heroin, these being drugs of different families no more closely related than aspirin and insulin. (3) Other research has shown that 95 percent of all heroin users previously used alcohol, so your kind of post hoc, ergo propter hoc *logic could be applied to yield the result that all alcohol drinkers should be thrown in jail to punish them for taking the risk that they might later become heroin addicts. We might add that Dr. Ball, under cross-examination during a Boston marijuana trial, admitted that no scientific case for a cause-and-effect relationship between pot and heroin could be deduced from his figures.*

The only way to establish a scientific case for causality is to examine an entirely different set of statistics. The correct procedure is to ask how many marijuana users are there, compared with heroin addicts. Estimates vary between 6,000,000 and 12,000,000 for marijuana users in America and between 100,000 and 200,000 for heroin addicts. Taking the lowest figure for pot smokers and the highest figure for heroin addicts—so as to give you the best possible average—the result is that there are, at most, only 3.3 heroin addicts in the country for every 100 pot smokers. Thus, marijuana is not a "steppingstone" to heroin for 96.7 percent of its smokers; and it is still unproved that the other 3.3 percent went on to heroin "because of" marijuana.

NO COMPASSION

I am appalled and irritated with the writer of the November *Playboy Forum* letter "Interrupted Voyage." This young lady complains that psychiatrists do not know how to treat bad LSD trips.

As a well-traveled member of the school of hard knocks and as a former staff member of a large mental institution where I was in charge of admissions, I feel I can speak with some authority regarding drug users. If addicted, these people are sick. If not addicted, they can be classified in the same category as human waste! The very fact that this girl ridiculed approved medical treatment after receiving it only serves to illustrate her limited mental capacity.

It is obvious that this female would be lucky to attain the social status of a common prostitute. For one thing, a good amount of common sense is a requirement for that occupation.

I cannot dredge up the smallest amount of compassion or sorrow for this completely worthless being—only disgust!

Mike Cayton
New Bern, North Carolina

You illustrate the moralistic bigotry and lack of scientific objectivity that the young lady charged were typical of many workers in mental hospitals.

PSYCHIATRIC BARBARISM

I congratulate you on the September *Playboy Forum* item titled "Matteawan Follies." I was the attorney privileged to try the case on behalf of Mr. Whitree, who was confined in Matteawan State Hospital for the Criminally Insane under an indefinite sentence. I wish merely to add one point that your readers may not have understood from your brief account of the case: Mr. Whitree was a perfectly healthy, normal individual for the period of over 12 years that he was permitted to languish at Matteawan. Furthermore, Mr. Whitree testified fully and at great length as to the details of the brutal assaults suffered by him throughout the period of his involuntary incarceration at the hospital. Notwithstanding the naming of specific persons who still remained in the employ of that institution, not one of those guards or attendants was called to the witness stand to refute the charges made against them.

Unless the responsible members of our community wake up now and do something with regard to raising the standards of our state hospitals, there will be a long line of innocent persons who are victimized and whose lives are ruined. Everyone rests comfortably in the fallacious notion that mental affliction will never be their lot in life. Statistics, however, demonstrate that the likelihood of such an unfortunate occurrence is high. The court record of this case reveals the heavy hand of authoritarianism clutching the throat of the innocent. The best that can be said for those of us who treasure our creature comforts is that we are unwitting accomplices to barbarism.

Aaron J. Broder
Attorney at Law
New York, New York

BEHAVIOR THERAPY

No doubt Gerald Davison and David Barlow (*The Playboy Forum*, April 1967 and August 1968) are well meaning in their desire to recondition sex deviants by behavior therapy. But before becoming too enthusiastic about their "new" treatment, especially as it pertains to homosexuality, we ought to have some definite answers to the following questions:

First, what is meant by "behavior therapy," and do we want to impose such treatment on human beings? Since 1961, professional journals have been reporting that two major types of aversion therapy—chemical and electrical—have been used with some degree of success in "curing" homosexuality, transvestism, gambling, marital infidelity, swearing, etc. As an example of chemical therapy, one journal reports the case of

a 22-year-old truck driver treated for transvestism. Every two hours for six days and nights, he was given injections of apomorphine—which brought on headache, nausea and vomiting. While in this condition, he was shown pictures of himself dressed in women's clothes. It had been planned to put him through 72 "trials," but the last four had to be abandoned because he became irritable, confused and hostile; developed rigors, high temperature and high blood pressure; suffered from impaired coordination and was unable to maintain a normal conversation. However, the doctors report the patient was cured and six months later had no desire to dress in women's clothing.

In the case of electric-shock therapy, the patient is placed in a small, dark room and is shown slides of attractive males and females. The homosexual male patient, if he does not push a button that turns off the slide of an attractive male within eight seconds, receives an electric shock "as painful as the patient can bear." As soon as he pushes the off button, the picture of an attractive female is flashed on and no shock is administered. The number of sessions varies from 5 to 28 and "booster" sessions (8 or 10) may be given each year in order to prevent relapse. One patient, it is reported, gasped every time a picture appeared, became extremely disturbed, wept for half an hour after each session and finally, rushing out of the room in tears, refused further therapy. I cannot see where this form of treatment differs from the tortures of the Inquisition or the brainwashing of the Communists.

I would also like to know: To whom is behavior therapy to be applied? The researchers may well respond: "Only to those who want it." But how do they propose to deal with those public officials who offer the sexual nonconformist the choice of being "cured" or of being sent away to a prison?

The Society for Individual Rights, the largest and most active organization of homosexuals in this country, believes that homosexuality is neither inferior nor superior to heterosexuality and that homosexuals should be accepted or rejected on the basis of their individual merits and not on the basis of their sexual orientation.

Larry R. Littlejohn, President
Society for Individual Rights, Inc.
San Francisco, California

Questioned about the alleged cruelty of chemical and electrical aversion-therapy techniques, Barlow told PLAYBOY:

All phases of the procedure we now employ are accomplished using the imagination of the patient. This, of course, requires not only the cooperation but also the active participation of the patient in imagining different aspects of his undesired behavior in conjunction with unpleasant scenes of his choice. This procedure has evolved from recent research and seems an improvement over previous chemical and electrical techniques that, like early crude surgery, were sometimes painful. Our procedures are not "tortures of the Inquisition" but, rather, methods derived from the experimental laboratories just like other pharmacological and surgical innovations and carefully applied to consenting human beings to relieve some suffering.

Dr. Davison responded to the comment about involuntary imposition of behavior therapy:

If judges and legislators come to regard behavior-therapy techniques as effective, there is, indeed, the danger of persons accused of criminal sexual behavior being forced to submit to them. This would be most unfortunate, but concern can be tempered by the fact that behavioral techniques can readily be thwarted by clients who do not wish to be affected. We have no "Manchurian Candidates." Nonetheless, the overriding problem is really the growing psychiatrization of the law, the trend toward "explaining" atypical behavior as due to "illness" and removing the individual concerned from due processes of law. This trend could make use of behavioral procedures in the same way it currently includes the work of the psychiatrist, and it certainly should be resisted. Indeed, we should anticipate that ingenious clinical researchers will develop procedures that can be forced on unwilling patients. While there will always be the occasional unethical and unfeeling clinician, our graduate and postdoctoral programs pay special attention to moral issues as well as to scientific and clinical training. Moreover, the American Psychological Association has its own code of ethics, which is under constant review, so that, like the other helping professions, we keep mindful of issues that transcend scientific findings.

GAY IS GOOD

I find the August *Playboy Forum* letter from David H. Barlow offensive and illustrative not only of the failures of psychology and psychiatry in their approach to homosexuality but also of the dangers in the form of "human engineering" practiced by behavioral therapists. I write as a homosexual. I am founder and president of the Mattachine Society of Washington, D. C., and chairman of the Eastern Regional Homophile Conference, although I am writing this letter as an individual.

There is no valid scientific evidence to show that homosexuality is a sickness, illness, neurosis or pathology of any kind. It is a preferred orientation or propensity, not different in kind from heterosexuality. Homosexuality is not intrinsically inferior to heterosexuality; it is not a second-best condition. The problems of the homosexual stem from discrimination by the heterosexual majority and are much more likely to be employment problems than emotional problems. There is no valid ethical reason for a person to subject himself to conditioning therapy other than submission to societal prejudice. Such submission is immoral, of course, because the prejudice is immoral.

Has Mr. Barlow ever considered that the fact that heterosexuals rarely (if ever) wish to change to homosexuality, while homosexuals occasionally wish to become heterosexual, may imply the same conclusion that can be drawn from the one-way traffic in Negroes passing as whites? The conclusion is that society has indoctrinated a minority group with a false sense of inferiority. Negro leaders in a wise effort to repair the human damage done them have coined the slogan "Black is beautiful." Barlow and his professional colleagues would be of greater service to the harassed homosexual minority if they ceased to reinforce the negative value judgments of society and, instead, adopted a positive approach in which therapy for a homosexual would consist of instilling in him a sense of confident self-acceptance so he could say with pride, "Gay is good."

Franklin E. Kameny, Ph.D.
Washington, D. C.

We share your distaste for emotionally charged words such as "sickness" to describe what is more aptly called a "deviance" (the neutral term used by Barlow to denote a departure from behavioral norms); nonetheless, avoiding loaded epithets should not blind us to the fact that there are distinctions between heterosexuality and homosexuality. Contrary to your assertion that the latter is a "preferred orientation," the available evidence indicates that the exclusive homosexual is not following a preference at all but, rather, a compulsion based on phobic reactions to heterosexual stimuli.

The tenacity of this compulsion can be measured by the forces with which it is in conflict: In almost any human society, every influence, from parental upbringing to the broadest cultural persuasions, operates to encourage a man to perform as a biological male with females; for reasons as yet not known with scientific certainty, the homosexual reacts negatively to this conditioning and develops at odds with the very ground from which he sprang. This is not a deliberately chosen nonconformity, because exclusive homosexuality is involuntarily and unexpectedly

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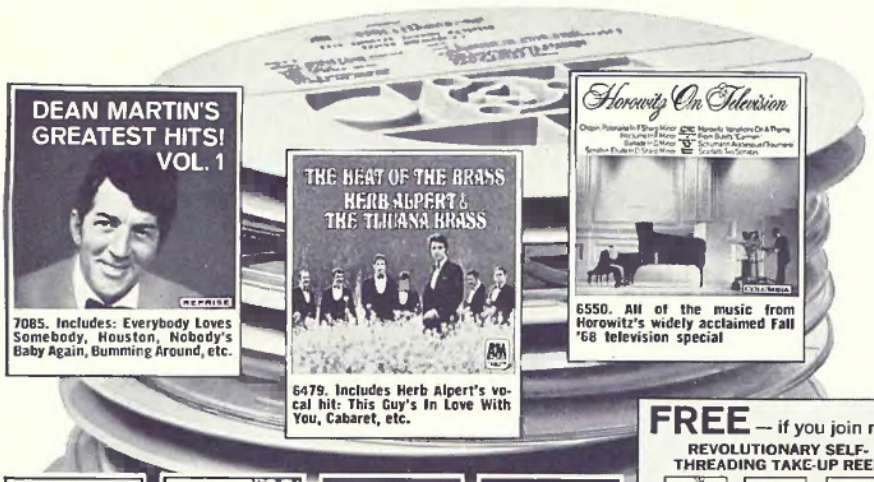

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arrived at. Thus, the sexually inverted male finds himself rejecting his biological role and the physical and emotional satisfactions that it offers; he finds himself in conflict with parental expectations and in opposition to society's pervasive encouragement of heterosexuality. In return for the price in tension he must pay for his rejection of these values, he gains no greater good through his relations with males than the heterosexual gains in relations with females. Therefore, it is far from accurate to state that exclusive homosexuality is without intrinsic disadvantages for the individual, disadvantages that would exist even in a tolerant society.

It is just as inaccurate to state that homosexuals share "minority group" status with blacks (or with ethnic and religious minorities). Such minority groups are bound together by a vast complex of relationships, values and social structures, not least of all the preservation of the group by reproduction. Homosexuals, on the other hand, are an aggregate of individuals who share only a single attribute. The problems of most other minorities are caused primarily by persecution; homosexuality, when compulsive and phobic, is in itself a problem that exists in addition to the problems caused by society's attitude. For this reason, homosexuals should not be discouraged from seeking therapy when they want it; the suggestion by homophile spokesmen like yourself that individuals who do undergo treatment are violating group solidarity merely adds another conflict to the many already besetting homosexuals.

In spite of our disagreement on these issues, we share your belief that the situation of the homosexual in America today would be vastly improved were it not for an intolerant and hostile society that subjects him to enormous stresses. To do away with that kind of social intolerance has been a constant and fundamental purpose of "The Playboy Forum."

BUS-TERMINAL BLUES

One night, while on my way downtown to pick up a newspaper, I stopped at the bus terminal to relieve myself. A young man was standing at the next urinal and glanced at me while I was urinating. When I went to the washstand, he followed me, flashed a badge and told me I was under arrest for "public masturbation." At the police station, the charge was changed to "disorderly conduct, sex pervert." After making bond, the bondsman told me that only one lawyer in town handled such cases and that the lawyer's father was a police official. I tried to obtain a different attorney but was advised by all and sundry that nobody in this town but that one lawyer could ever win such a case. I contacted him and was told that he would have "sex pervert" removed from the charge and that I would get off with a fine if I pleaded guilty to simple "disorderly conduct." I followed his advice and the whole travesty cost me $500—the fine plus his fee.

Shortly thereafter, a prominent college official was arrested under similar circumstances and decided to fight the case. As a result, he stood trial for perversion rather than just disorderly conduct. He brought in scores of character witnesses and was acquitted, but the college fired him anyway.

I've learned that many citizens in this town have gone through the same routine as I did. They had the same original charge, the same reduction in charge, the same attorney, the same judge, the same fine and the same legal fee. Many, of course, are homosexuals who don't fight back because they know the police can always arrest them again on a similar charge. Others are merely intimidated by fear of public reaction.

The vice squad and that lawyer sure have a sweet racket going for them.

(Name withheld by request)
Birmingham, Alabama

POLICE AND SEX LAWS

As a police officer, I would like to give my views on the treatment of homosexuals by law-enforcement agencies. Most policemen will agree that the problem of so-called sexual perversion is inadequately handled by society. Sexual offenses are the result of psychological disturbances, for which the sex offender needs rehabilitation, not incarceration. Police officers are exasperated at having to engage in vain efforts to enforce laws that aren't justified by present-day knowledge and conditions. The resolution of society's sex problems has been left to the policeman, who has neither the time nor the training to cope in any scientifically oriented way with the sex offender. Every community should make a full, unbiased study of its laws governing sexual behavior. Those laws that have been shown by new knowledge to be obsolete should be stricken from the books. Only then will mistreatment of sexual minorities come to an end.

H. A. Brockman
Orlando, Florida

RAFFERTY'S RANT

The eminent Dr. Max Rafferty recently authored a *Reader's Digest* article titled "Crack Down on the Smut Kings!" in which he implies that pornography is to blame for teenage sex crimes, venereal disease and premarital pregnancy. In one paragraph, he describes a film in which all the actors and actresses are nude and says he finds this fact "pretty depressing in itself."

Dr. Rafferty ends with a plea that citizens work, for the sake of their children and grandchildren, to suppress the production and sale of pornography. Does he feel that our offspring need saving from the knowledge that sex is enjoyable, or just from knowledge? Granted, pornography is not very educational. Still, it seems obvious to me that the real reason teenagers commit sex crimes, contract venereal disease or get pregnant is that too many of them are woefully ignorant about sex. If Dr. Rafferty were seriously concerned about juvenile sex tragedies, it seems to me he would be advocating thorough sex instruction for the young. To make current problems an excuse for an attack on freedom of expression is absurd, vicious and irrelevant.

Reese DeVere
San Lorenzo, California

SEVEN POISONED CHILDREN

In the firm belief that the deprivation of one man's civil liberties is an affront to us all, I am writing to *The Playboy Forum* to bring public attention to the largely unheeded plight of James Richardson, a Southern Negro. Richardson lived in Arcadia, Florida, with his wife and their seven small children. During October 1967, both he and his wife were working together as orange pickers on a farm 16 miles from Arcadia. On October 25, 1967, after arranging with a neighbor to care for and feed the children in their absence, the Richardsons boarded a farm-labor truck for a day's work in the fields. At noon, they were summoned to the Arcadia hospital, where they were subsequently informed that all seven of their children were dead. The children had been poisoned with an insecticide.

Shortly after the mass funeral that took place a few days later, the Arcadia sheriff, Frank Cline, charged James Richardson with murdering his children. At press conferences, the sheriff asserted that the motive was insurance money and that Richardson had taken out a life insurance policy on the life of each child the day before he killed them. The sheriff and the prosecuting attorney told the press that Richardson had previously killed three other children in Jacksonville, Florida. A jury was chosen in the lynch atmosphere that prevailed, and a few days thereafter, Richardson was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to death in the electric chair. He is presently confined to death row at the state prison at Raiford, Florida.

The jury never was informed that there was, in fact, no life insurance policy on the life of any of the children and that Richardson, a former preacher and choir singer, had never harmed, much less killed, any other children.

Richardson's lawyer was called a "hippie," "nigger lover" and that epithet reserved for the most troublesome, a "Yankee agitator." The lawyer, John Spencer Robinson, is white, born and raised in Tennessee and a successful

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practicing attorney in Daytona Beach, Florida, where he was, until he accepted the Richardson case, a member of the "right" clubs and a community leader. Now he has but one concern—to vindicate and free his client, a concern that has been very costly for him.

For the past two months, I have traveled throughout Florida, interviewing such disparate witnesses as the sheriff and, recently, Richardson himself on death row, as well as approximately 150 witnesses and experts in some 14 cities. My own interest in the case is related to the fact that I plan to write a book about it. But I do not intend to allow my role as reporter to prevent me from doing all I can to help this man. I am convinced he is innocent and that his innocence is demonstrable beyond any doubt. I believe that we have located, beyond doubt, the person who actually poisoned the children. Mr. Robinson will shortly submit documents to the court in support of a motion for a new trial. In the meantime, Richardson remains on death row.

One of the jurors, when asked why the jury convicted Richardson in the absence of any evidence that he had killed his children, replied, "Well, someone had to do it, and you can't believe anything a nigger says anyway." We are now able to satisfy even that simplistic approach to criminal jurisprudence: We know who killed the children and why. Will the Florida court listen? Perhaps that depends on the response of concerned Americans who may, if they wish, direct communications to Governor Claude R. Kirk at the Statehouse in Tallahassee. There is still hope for Richardson if his trial is reopened.

And is there still hope for America? Yes, if there are more men like attorney John Spencer Robinson in this country.

Mark Lane
Daytona Beach, Florida

Mark Lane is a prominent critic of the Warren Commission's conclusions on the assassination of President Kennedy ("Playboy Interview," February 1967) and has written two books on the subject, "Rush to Judgment" and "A Citizen's Dissent." He is a New York attorney who served one term in the New York State Assembly.

"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.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MARSHALL McLUHAN

a candid conversation with the high priest of popcult and metaphysician of media

In 1961, the name of Marshall McLuhan was unknown to everyone but his English students at the University of Toronto—and a coterie of academic admirers who followed his abstruse articles in small-circulation quarterlies. But then came two remarkable books—"The Gutenberg Galaxy" (1962) and "Understanding Media" (1964)—and the graying professor from Canada's western hinterlands soon found himself characterized by the San Francisco Chronicle *as "the hottest academic property around." He has since won a world-wide following for his brilliant—and frequently baffling—theories about the impact of the media on man; and his name has entered the French language as* mucluhanisme, *a synonym for the world of pop culture.*

Though his books are written in a difficult style—at once enigmatic, epigrammatic and overgrown with arcane literary and historic allusions—the revolutionary ideas lurking in them have made McLuhan a best-selling author. Despite protests from a legion of outraged scholastics and old-guard humanists who claim that McLuhan's ideas range from demented to dangerous, his free-for-all theorizing has attracted the attention of top executives at General Motors (who paid him a handsome fee to inform them that automobiles were a thing of the past), Bell Telephone (to whom he explained that they didn't really understand the function of the telephone) and a leading package-design house (which was told that packages will soon be obsolete). Anteing up $5000, another huge corporation asked him to predict—via closed-circuit television—what their own products will be used for in the future; and Canada's turned-on Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau engages him in monthly bull sessions designed to improve his television image.

McLuhan's observations—"probes," he prefers to call them—are riddled with such flamboyantly undecipherable aphorisms as "The electric light is pure information" and "People don't actually read newspapers—they get into them every morning like a hot bath." Of his own work, McLuhan has remarked: "I don't pretend to understand it. After all, my stuff is very difficult." Despite his convoluted syntax, flashy metaphors and word-playful one-liners, however, McLuhan's basic thesis is relatively simple.

McLuhan contends that all media—in and of themselves and regardless of the messages they communicate—exert a compelling influence on man and society. Prehistoric, or tribal, man existed in a harmonious balance of the senses, perceiving the world equally through hearing, smell, touch, sight and taste. But technological innovations are extensions of human abilities and senses that alter this sensory balance—an alteration that, in turn, inexorably reshapes the society that created the technology. According to McLuhan, there have been three basic technological innovations: the invention of the phonetic alphabet, which jolted tribal man out of his sensory balance and gave dominance to the eye; the introduction of movable type in the 16th Century, which accelerated this process; and the invention of the telegraph in 1844, which heralded an electronics revolution that will ultimately retribalize man by restoring his sensory balance. McLuhan has made it his business to explain and extrapolate the repercussions of this electronic revolution.

For his efforts, critics have dubbed him "the Dr. Spock of pop culture," "the guru of the boob tube," a "Canadian Nkrumah who has joined the assault on reason," a "metaphysical wizard possessed by a spatial sense of madness," and "the high priest of popthink who conducts a Black Mass for dilettantes before the altar of historical determinism." Amherst professor Benjamin DeMott observed: "He's swinging, switched on, with it and NOW. And wrong."

But as Tom Wolfe has aptly inquired, "What if he is right? Suppose he is what he sounds like—the most important thinker since Newton, Darwin, Freud, Einstein and Pavlov?" Social historian Richard Kostelanetz contends that "the most extraordinary quality of McLuhan's mind is that it discerns significance where others see only data, or nothing; he tells us how to measure phenomena previously unmeasurable."

The unperturbed subject of this controversy was born in Edmonton, Alberta, on July 21, 1911. The son of a former actress and a real-estate salesman,

"The young will continue turning on no matter how many of them are turned off into prisons. Such legal restrictions only reflect the cultural revenge of a dying culture against its successor."

"The Eskimo is a servomechanism of his kayak, the cowboy of his horse, the businessman of his clock, the cybernetic ist—and soon the world—of his computer. In short, to the spoils belongs the victor."

"The hostility of my critics is the customary human reaction when confronted with innovation—a practice refined by the Chinese emperors, who used to execute messengers bringing bad news."

McLuhan entered the University of Manitoba intending to become an engineer, but matriculated in 1934 with an M. A. in English literature. Next came a stint as an oarsman and graduate student at Cambridge, followed by McLuhan's first teaching job—at the University of Wisconsin. It was a pivotal experience. "I was confronted with young Americans I was incapable of understanding," he has since remarked. "I felt an urgent need to study their popular culture in order to get through." With the seeds sown, McLuhan let them germinate while earning a Ph. D., then taught at Catholic universities. (He is a devout Roman Catholic convert.)

His publishing career began with a number of articles on standard academic fare; but by the mid-Forties, his interest in popular culture surfaced, and true McLuhan efforts such as "The Psychopathology of Time *and* Life" *began to appear. They hit book length for the first time in 1951 with the publication of "The Mechanical Bride"—an analysis of the social and psychological pressures generated by the press, radio, movies and advertising—and McLuhan was on his way. Though the book attracted little public notice, it won him the chairmanship of a Ford Foundation seminar on culture and communications and a $40,000 grant, with part of which he started "Explorations," a small periodical outlet for the seminar's findings. By the late Fifties, his reputation had trickled down to Washington: In 1959, he became director of the Media Project of the National Association of Educational Broadcasters and the United States Office of Education, and the report resulting from this post became the first draft of "Understanding Media." Since 1963, McLuhan has headed the University of Toronto's Center for Culture and Technology, which until recently consisted entirely of McLuhan's office, but now includes a six-room campus building.*

Apart from his teaching, lecturing and administrative duties, McLuhan has become a sort of minor communication industry unto himself. Each month he issues to subscribers a mixed-media report called "The McLuhan Dew-Line"; and, punning on that title, he has also originated a series of recordings called "The Marshall McLuhan Dew-Line Plattertudes." McLuhan contributed a characteristically mind-expanding essay about the media—"The Reversal of the Overheated Image"—to our December 1968 issue. Also a compulsive collaborator, his literary efforts in tandem with colleagues have included a high school textbook and an analysis of the function of space in poetry and painting. "Counterblast," his next book, is a manically graphic trip through the land of his theories.

In order to provide our readers with a map of this labyrinthine terra incognita, PLAYBOY *assigned interviewer Eric Norden to visit McLuhan at his spacious new home in the wealthy Toronto suburb of Wychwood Park, where he lives with his wife, Corinne, and five of his six children. (His eldest son lives in New York, where he is completing a book on James Joyce, one of his father's heroes.) Norden reports: "Tall, gray and gangly, with a thin but mobile mouth and an otherwise eminently forgettable face, McLuhan was dressed in an ill-fitting brown tweed suit, black shoes and a clip-on necktie. As we talked on into the night before a crackling fire, McLuhan expressed his reservations about the interview—indeed, about the printed word itself—as a means of communication, suggesting that the question-and-answer format might impede the in-depth flow of his ideas. I assured him that he would have as much time—and space—as he wished to develop his thoughts."*

The result has considerably more lucidity and clarity than McLuhan's readers are accustomed to—perhaps because the Q. and A. format serves to pin him down by counteracting his habit of mercurially changing the subject in mid-stream of consciousness. It is also, we think, a protean and provocative distillation not only of McLuhan's original theories about human progress and social institutions but of his almost immobilizingly intricate style—described by novelist George P. Elliott as "deliberately antilogical, circular, repetitious, unqualified, gnomic, outrageous" and, even less charitably, by critic Christopher Ricks as "a viscous fog through which loom stumbling metaphors." But other authorities contend that McLuhan's stylistic medium is part and parcel of his message—that the tightly structured "linear" modes of traditional thought and discourse are obsolescent in the new "postliterate" age of the electric media. Norden began the interview with an allusion to McLuhan's favorite electric medium: television.

PLAYBOY: To borrow Henry Gibson's oft-repeated one-line poem on Rowan and Martin's *Laugh-In*—"Marshall McLuhan, what are you doin'?"

Mc LUHAN: Sometimes I wonder. I'm making explorations. I don't know where they're going to take me. My work is designed for the pragmatic purpose of trying to understand our technological environment and its psychic and social consequences. But my books constitute the *process* rather than the completed product of discovery; my purpose is to employ facts as tentative probes, as means of insight, of pattern recognition, rather than to use them in the traditional and sterile sense of classified data, categories, containers. I want to map new terrain rather than chart old landmarks.

But I've never presented such explorations as revealed truth. As an investigator, I have no fixed point of view, no commitment to any theory—my own or anyone else's. As a matter of fact, I'm completely ready to junk any statement I've ever made about any subject if events don't bear me out, or if I discover it isn't contributing to an understanding of the problem. The better part of my work on media is actually somewhat like a safe-cracker's. I don't know what's inside; maybe it's nothing. I just sit down and start to work. I grope, I listen, I test, I accept and discard; I try out different sequences—until the tumblers fall and the doors spring open.

PLAYBOY: Isn't such a methodology somewhat erratic and inconsistent—if not, as your critics would maintain, eccentric?

Mc LUHAN: Any approach to environmental problems must be sufficiently flexible and adaptable to encompass the entire environmental matrix, which is in constant flux. I consider myself a generalist, not a specialist who has staked out a tiny plot of study as his intellectual turf and is oblivious to everything else. Actually, my work is a depth operation, the accepted practice in most modern disciplines from psychiatry to metallurgy and structural analysis. Effective study of the media deals not only with the content of the media but with the media themselves and the total cultural environment within which the media function. Only by standing aside from any phenomenon and taking an overview can you discover its operative principles and lines of force. There's really nothing inherently startling or radical about this study—except that for some reason few have had the vision to undertake it. For the past 3500 years of the Western world, the effects of media —whether it's speech, writing, printing, photography, radio or television—have been systematically overlooked by social observers. Even in today's revolutionary electronic age, scholars evidence few signs of modifying this traditional stance of ostrichlike disregard.

PLAYBOY: Why?

Mc LUHAN: Because all media, from the phonetic alphabet to the computer, are extensions of man that cause deep and lasting changes in him and transform his environment. Such an extension is an intensification, an amplification of an organ, sense or function, and whenever it takes place, the central nervous system appears to institute a self-protective *numbing* of the affected area, insulating and anesthetizing it from conscious awareness of what's happening to it. It's a process rather like that which occurs to the body under shock or stress conditions, or to the mind in line with the Freudian concept of repression. I call this peculiar form of self-hypnosis Narcissus narcosis, a syndrome whereby man remains as unaware of the psychic and social effects of his new technology as a

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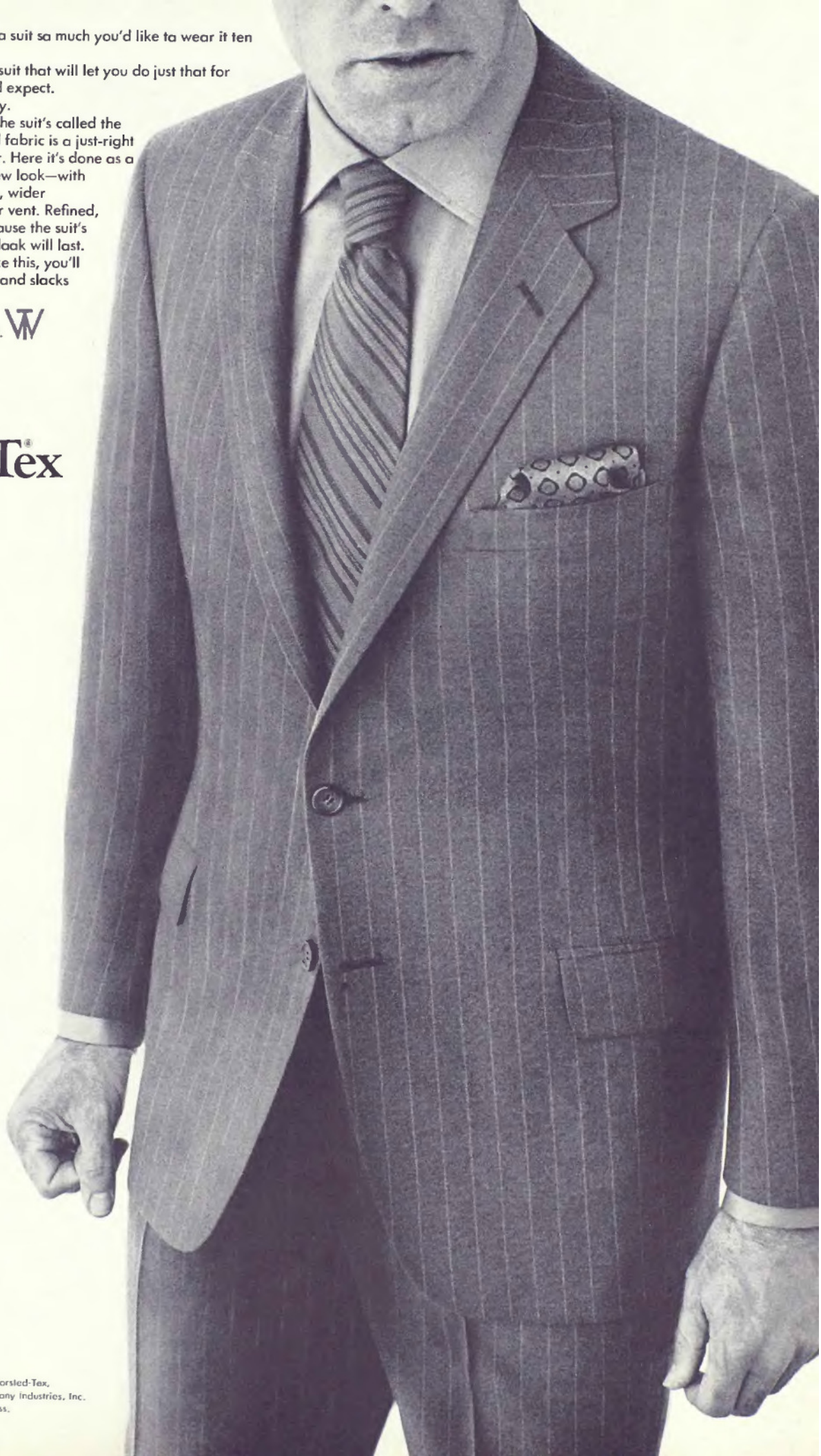

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fish of the water it swims in. As a result, precisely at the point where a new media-induced environment becomes all pervasive and transmogrifies our sensory balance, it also becomes invisible.

This problem is doubly acute today because man must, as a simple survival strategy, become aware of what is happening to him, despite the attendant pain of such comprehension. The fact that he has not done so in this age of electronics is what has made this also the age of anxiety, which in turn has been transformed into its *Doppelgänger*—the therapeutically reactive age of *anomie* and apathy. But despite our self-protective escape mechanisms, the total-field awareness engendered by electronic media is enabling us—indeed, compelling us—to grope toward a consciousness of the unconscious, toward a realization that technology is an extension of our own bodies. We live in the first age when change occurs sufficiently rapidly to make such pattern recognition possible for society at large. Until the present era, this awareness has always been reflected first by the artist, who has had the power—and courage—of the seer to read the language of the outer world and relate it to the inner world.

PLAYBOY: Why should it be the artist rather than the scientist who perceives these relationships and foresees these trends?

Mc LUHAN: Because inherent in the artist's creative inspiration is the process of subliminally sniffing out environmental change. It's always been the artist who perceives the alterations in man caused by a new medium, who recognizes that the future is the present, and uses his work to prepare the ground for it. But most people, from truck drivers to the literary Brahmins, are still blissfully ignorant of what the media do to them; unaware that because of their pervasive effects on man, it is the medium itself that is the message, *not* the content, and unaware that the medium is also the *massage*—that, all puns aside, it literally works over and saturates and molds and transforms every sense ratio. The content or message of any particular medium has about as much importance as the stenciling on the casing of an atomic bomb. But the ability to perceive media-induced extensions of man, once the province of the artist, is now being expanded as the new environment of electric information makes possible a new degree of perception and critical awareness by nonartists.

PLAYBOY: Is the public, then, at last beginning to perceive the "invisible" contours of these new technological environments?

Mc LUHAN: People are beginning to understand the nature of their new technology, but not yet nearly enough of them—and not nearly well enough. Most people, as I indicated, still cling to what I call the rearview-mirror view of their world. By this I mean to say that because of the invisibility of any environment during the period of its innovation, man is only consciously aware of the environment that has *preceded* it; in other words, an environment becomes fully visible only when it has been superseded by a new environment; thus we are always one step behind in our view of the world. Because we are benumbed by any new technology—which in turn creates a totally new environment—we tend to make the old environment more visible; we do so by turning it into an art form and by attaching ourselves to the objects and atmosphere that characterized it, just as we've done with jazz, and as we're now doing with the garbage of the mechanical environment via pop art.

The present is always invisible because it's environmental and saturates the whole field of attention so overwhelmingly; thus everyone but the artist, the man of integral awareness, is alive in an earlier day. In the midst of the electronic age of software, of instant information movement, we still believe we're living in the mechanical age of hardware. At the height of the mechanical age, man turned back to earlier centuries in search of "pastoral" values. The Renaissance and the Middle Ages were completely oriented toward Rome; Rome was oriented toward Greece, and the Greeks were oriented toward the pre-Homeric primitives. We reverse the old educational dictum of learning by proceeding from the familiar to the unfamiliar by going from the unfamiliar to the familiar, which is nothing more or less than the numbing mechanism that takes place whenever new media drastically extend our senses.

PLAYBOY: If this "numbing" effect performs a beneficial role by protecting man from the psychic pain caused by the extensions of his nervous system that you attribute to the media, why are you attempting to dispel it and alert man to the changes in his environment?

Mc LUHAN: In the past, the effects of media were experienced more gradually, allowing the individual and society to absorb and cushion their impact to some degree. Today, in the electronic age of instantaneous communication, I believe that our survival, and at the very least our comfort and happiness, is predicated on understanding the nature of our new environment, because unlike previous environmental changes, the electric media constitute a total and near-instantaneous transformation of culture, values and attitudes. This upheaval generates great pain and identity loss, which can be ameliorated only through a conscious awareness of its dynamics. If we understand the revolutionary transformations caused by new media, we can anticipate and control them; but if we continue in our self-induced subliminal trance, we will be their slaves.

Because of today's terrific speed-up of information moving, we have a chance to apprehend, predict and influence the environmental forces shaping us—and thus win back control of our own destinies. The new extensions of man and the environment they generate are the central manifestations of the evolutionary process, and yet we still cannot free ourselves of the delusion that it is how a medium is used that counts, rather than what it does to us and with us. This is the zombie stance of the technological idiot. It's to escape this Narcissus trance that I've tried to trace and reveal the impact of media on man, from the beginning of recorded time to the present.

PLAYBOY: Will you trace that impact for us—in condensed form?

Mc LUHAN: It's difficult to condense into the format of an interview such as this, but I'll try to give you a brief rundown of the basic media breakthroughs. You've got to remember that my definition of media is broad; it includes any technology whatever that creates extensions of the human body and senses, from clothing to the computer. And a vital point I must stress again is that societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the media with which men communicate than by the content of the communication. All technology has the property of the Midas touch; whenever a society develops an extension of itself, all other functions of that society tend to be transmuted to accommodate that new form; once any new technology penetrates a society, it saturates every institution of that society. New technology is thus a revolutionizing agent. We see this today with the electric media and we saw it several thousand years ago with the invention of the phonetic alphabet, which was just as far-reaching an innovation—and had just as profound consequences for man.

PLAYBOY: What were they?

Mc LUHAN: Before the invention of the phonetic alphabet, man lived in a world where all the senses were balanced and simultaneous, a closed world of tribal depth and resonance, an oral culture structured by a dominant auditory sense of life. The ear, as opposed to the cool and neutral eye, is sensitive, hyperaesthetic and all-inclusive, and contributes to the seamless web of tribal kinship and interdependence in which all members of the group existed in harmony. The primary medium of communication was speech, and thus no man knew appreciably more or less than any other—which meant that there was little individualism and specialization, the hallmarks of "civilized" Western man. Tribal cultures even today simply cannot comprehend the concept of the individual or of the separate and independent citizen. Oral cultures act and react simultaneously, whereas the capacity to act without reacting, without

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involvement, is the special gift of "detached" literate man. Another basic characteristic distinguishing tribal man from his literate successors is that he lived in a world of *acoustic* space, which gave him a radically different concept of time-space relationships.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by "acoustic space"?

Mc LUHAN: I mean space that has no center and no margin, unlike strictly visual space, which is an extension and intensification of the eye. Acoustic space is organic and integral, perceived through the simultaneous interplay of all the senses; whereas "rational" or pictorial space is uniform, sequential and continuous and creates a closed world with none of the rich resonance of the tribal echoland. Our own Western time-space concepts derive from the environment created by the discovery of phonetic writing, as does our entire concept of Western civilization. The man of the tribal world led a complex, kaleidoscopic life precisely because the ear, unlike the eye, cannot be focused and is synaesthetic rather than analytical and linear. Speech is an utterance, or more precisely, an *outering*, of all our senses at once; the auditory field is simultaneous, the visual successive. The modes of life of nonliterate people were implicit, simultaneous and discontinuous, and also far richer than those of literate man. By their dependence on the spoken word for information, people were drawn together into a tribal mesh; and since the spoken word is more emotionally laden than the written—conveying by intonation such rich emotions as anger, joy, sorrow, fear—tribal man was more spontaneous and passionately volatile. Audile-tactile tribal man partook of the collective unconscious, lived in a magical integral world patterned by myth and ritual, its values divine and unchallenged, whereas literate or visual man creates an environment that is strongly fragmented, individualistic, explicit, logical, specialized and detached.

PLAYBOY: Was it phonetic literacy alone that precipitated this profound shift of values from tribal involvement to "civilized" detachment?

Mc LUHAN: Yes, it was. Any culture is an order of sensory preferences, and in the tribal world, the senses of touch, taste, hearing and smell were developed, for very practical reasons, to a much higher level than the strictly visual. Into this world, the phonetic alphabet fell like a bombshell, installing sight at the head of the hierarchy of senses. Literacy propelled man from the tribe, gave him an eye for an ear and replaced his integral in-depth communal interplay with visual linear values and fragmented consciousness. As an intensification and amplification of the visual function, the phonetic alphabet diminished the role of the senses of hearing and touch and taste and smell, permeating the discontinuous culture of tribal man and translating its organic harmony and complex synaesthesia into the uniform, connected and visual mode that we still consider the norm of "rational" existence. The whole man became fragmented man; the alphabet shattered the charmed circle and resonating magic of the tribal world, exploding man into an agglomeration of specialized and psychically impoverished "individuals," or units, functioning in a world of linear time and Euclidean space.

PLAYBOY: But literate societies existed in the ancient world long before the phonetic alphabet. Why weren't *they* detribalized?

Mc LUHAN: The phonetic alphabet did not change or extend man so drastically just because it enabled him to read; as you point out, tribal culture had already coexisted with other written languages for thousands of years. But the phonetic alphabet was radically different from the older and richer hieroglyphic or ideogrammic cultures. The writings of Egyptian, Babylonian, Mayan and Chinese cultures were an extension of the senses in that they gave pictorial expression to reality, and they demanded many signs to cover the wide range of data in their societies—unlike phonetic writing, which uses semantically meaningless letters to correspond to semantically meaningless sounds and is able, with only a handful of letters, to encompass all meanings and all languages. This achievement demanded the separation of both sights and sounds from their semantic and dramatic meanings in order to render visible the actual sound of speech, thus placing a barrier between men and objects and creating a dualism between sight and sound. It divorced the visual function from the interplay with the other senses and thus led to the rejection from consciousness of vital areas of our sensory experience and to the resultant atrophy of the unconscious. The balance of the sensorium—or *Gestalt* interplay of all the senses—and the psychic and social harmony it engendered was disrupted, and the visual function was overdeveloped. This was true of no other writing system.

PLAYBOY: How can you be so sure that this all occurred solely because of phonetic literacy—or, in fact, if it occurred at all?

Mc LUHAN: You don't have to go back 3000 or 4000 years to see this process at work; in Africa today, a single generation of alphabetic literacy is enough to wrench the individual from the tribal web. When tribal man becomes phonetically literate, he may have an improved abstract intellectual grasp of the world, but most of the deeply emotional corporate family feeling is excised from his relationship with his social milieu. This division of sight and sound and meaning causes deep psychological effects, and he suffers a corresponding separation and impoverishment of his imaginative, emotional and sensory life. He begins reasoning in a sequential linear fashion; he begins categorizing and classifying data. As knowledge is extended in alphabetic form, it is localized and fragmented into specialties, creating division of function, of social classes, of nations and of knowledge—and in the process, the rich interplay of all the senses that characterized the tribal society is sacrificed.

PLAYBOY: But aren't there corresponding gains in insight, understanding and cultural diversity to compensate detribalized man for the loss of his communal values?

Mc LUHAN: Your question reflects all the institutionalized biases of literate man. Literacy, contrary to the popular view of the "civilizing" process you've just echoed, creates people who are much less complex and diverse than those who develop in the intricate web of oral-tribal societies. Tribal man, unlike homogenized Western man, was not differentiated by his specialist talents or his visible characteristics, but by his unique emotional blends. The internal world of the tribal man was a creative mix of complex emotions and feelings that literate men of the Western world have allowed to wither or have suppressed in the name of efficiency and practicality. The alphabet served to neutralize all these rich divergencies of tribal cultures by translating their complexities into simple visual forms; and the visual sense, remember, is the only one that allows us to *detach*; all other senses involve us, but the detachment bred by literacy disinvolves and detribalizes man. He separates from the tribe as a predominantly visual man who shares standardized attitudes, habits and rights with other civilized men. But he is also given a tremendous advantage over the nonliterate tribal man who, today as in ancient times, is hamstrung by cultural pluralism, uniqueness and discontinuity—values that make the African as easy prey for the European colonialist as the barbarian was for the Greeks and Romans. Only alphabetic cultures have ever succeeded in mastering connected linear sequences as a means of social and psychic organization; the separation of all kinds of experiences into uniform and continuous units in order to generate accelerated action and alteration of form—in other words, applied knowledge—has been the secret of Western man's ascendancy over other men as well as over his environment.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the thrust of your argument, then, that the introduction of the phonetic alphabet was not progress, as has generally been assumed, but a psychic and social disaster?

Mc LUHAN: It was both. I try to avoid value judgments in these areas, but there is much evidence to suggest that

man may have paid too dear a price for his new environment of specialist technology and values. Schizophrenia and alienation may be the inevitable consequences of phonetic literacy. It's metaphorically significant, I suspect, that the old Greek myth has Cadmus, who brought the alphabet to man, sowing dragon's teeth that sprang up from the earth as armed men. Whenever the dragon's teeth of technological change are sown, we reap a whirlwind of violence. We saw this clearly in classical times, although it was somewhat moderated because phonetic literacy did not win an overnight victory over primitive values and institutions; rather, it permeated ancient society in a gradual, if inexorable, evolutionary process.

PLAYBOY: How long did the old tribal culture endure?

Mc LUHAN: In isolated pockets, it held on until the invention of printing in the 16th Century, which was a vastly important qualitative extension of phonetic literacy. If the phonetic alphabet fell like a bombshell on tribal man, the printing press hit him like a 100-megaton H-bomb. The printing press was the ultimate extension of phonetic literacy: Books could be reproduced in infinite numbers; universal literacy was at last fully possible, if gradually realized; and books became portable individual possessions. Type, the prototype of all machines, ensured the primacy of the visual bias and finally sealed the doom of tribal man. The new medium of linear, uniform, repeatable type reproduced information in unlimited quantities and at hitherto-impossible speeds, thus assuring the eye a position of total predominance in man's sensorium. As a drastic extension of man, it shaped and transformed his entire environment, psychic and social, and was directly responsible for the rise of such disparate phenomena as nationalism, the Reformation, the assembly line and its offspring, the Industrial Revolution, the whole concept of causality, Cartesian and Newtonian concepts of the universe, perspective in art, narrative chronology in literature and a psychological mode of introspection or inner direction that greatly intensified the tendencies toward individualism and specialization engendered 2000 years before by phonetic literacy. The schism between thought and action was institutionalized, and fragmented man, first sundered by the alphabet, was at last diced into bite-sized tidbits. From that point on, Western man was Gutenberg man.

PLAYBOY: Even accepting the principle that technological innovations generate far-reaching environmental changes, many of your readers find it difficult to understand how you can hold the development of printing responsible for such apparently unrelated phenomena as nationalism and industrialism.

Mc LUHAN: The key word is "apparently." Look a bit closer at both nationalism and industrialism and you'll see that both derived directly from the explosion of print technology in the 16th Century. Nationalism didn't exist in Europe until the Renaissance, when typography enabled every literate man to *see* his mother tongue analytically as a uniform entity. The printing press, by spreading mass-produced books and printed matter across Europe, turned the vernacular regional languages of the day into uniform closed systems of national languages—just another variant of what we call mass media—and gave birth to the entire concept of nationalism.

The individual newly homogenized by print saw the nation concept as an intense and beguiling image of group destiny and status. With print, the homogeneity of money, markets and transport also became possible for the first time, thus creating economic as well as political unity and triggering all the dynamic centralizing energies of contemporary nationalism. By creating a speed of information movement unthinkable before printing, the Gutenberg revolution thus produced a new type of visual centralized national entity that was gradually merged with commercial expansion until Europe was a network of states.

By fostering continuity and competition within homogeneous and contiguous territory, nationalism not only forged new nations but sealed the doom of the old corporate, noncompetitive and discontinuous medieval order of guilds and family-structured social organization; print demanded both personal fragmentation and social uniformity, the natural expression of which was the nation-state. Literate nationalism's tremendous speed-up of information movement accelerated the specialist function that was nurtured by phonetic literacy and nourished by Gutenberg, and rendered obsolete such generalist encyclopedic figures as Benvenuto Cellini, the goldsmith-*cum*-*condottiere*-*cum*-painter-*cum*-sculptor-*cum*-writer; it was the Renaissance that destroyed Renaissance Man.

PLAYBOY: Why do you feel that Gutenberg also laid the groundwork for the Industrial Revolution?

Mc LUHAN: The two go hand in hand. Printing, remember, was the first mechanization of a complex handicraft; by creating an analytic sequence of step-by-step processes, it became the blueprint of all mechanization to follow. The most important quality of print is its repeatability; it is a visual statement that can be reproduced indefinitely, and repeatability is the root of the mechanical principle that has transformed the world since Gutenberg. Typography, by producing the first uniformly repeatable commodity, also created Henry Ford, the first assembly line and the first mass production. Movable type was archetype and prototype for all subsequent industrial development. Without phonetic literacy and the printing press, modern industrialism would be impossible. It is necessary to recognize literacy as typographic technology, shaping not only production and marketing procedures but all other areas of life, from education to city planning.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be contending that practically every aspect of modern life is a direct consequence of Gutenberg's invention of the printing press.

Mc LUHAN: Every aspect of Western *mechanical* culture was shaped by print technology, but the modern age is the age of the *electric* media, which forge environments and cultures antithetical to the mechanical consumer society derived from print. Print tore man out of his traditional cultural matrix while showing him how to pile individual upon individual into a massive agglomeration of national and industrial power, and the typographic trance of the West has endured until today, when the electronic media are at last demesmerizing us. The Gutenberg Galaxy is being eclipsed by the constellation of Marconi.

PLAYBOY: You've discussed that constellation in general terms, but what precisely are the electric media that you contend have supplanted the old mechanical technology?

Mc LUHAN: The electric media are the telegraph, radio, films, telephone, computer and television, all of which have not only extended a single sense or function as the old mechanical media did—i.e., the wheel as an extension of the foot, clothing as an extension of the skin, the phonetic alphabet as an extension of the eye—but have enhanced and externalized our entire central nervous systems, thus transforming all aspects of our social and psychic existence. The use of the electronic media constitutes a break boundary between fragmented Gutenberg man and integral man, just as phonetic literacy was a break boundary between oral-tribal man and visual man.

In fact, today we can look back at 3000 years of differing degrees of visualization, atomization and mechanization and at last recognize the mechanical age as an interlude between two great organic eras of culture. The age of print, which held sway from approximately 1500 to 1900, had its obituary tapped out by the telegraph, the first of the new electric media, and further obsequies were registered by the perception of "curved space" and non-Euclidean mathematics in the early years of the century, which revived tribal man's discontinuous time-space concepts—and which even Spengler dimly perceived as the death knell of Western literate values. The development of telephone, radio, film, television and the computer have driven further nails into the coffin. Today, television is the most significant of the electric media

because it permeates nearly every home in the country, extending the central nervous system of every viewer as it works over and molds the entire sensorium with the ultimate message. It is television that is primarily responsible for ending the visual supremacy that characterized all mechanical technology, although each of the other electric media have played contributing roles.

PLAYBOY: But isn't television itself a primarily visual medium?

Mc LUHAN: No, it's quite the opposite, although the idea that TV is a visual extension is an understandable mistake. Unlike film or photograph, television is primarily an extension of the sense of touch rather than of sight, and it is the tactile sense that demands the greatest interplay of all the senses. The secret of TV's tactile power is that the video image is one of low intensity or definition and thus, unlike either photograph or film, offers no detailed information about specific objects but instead involves the active participation of the viewer. The TV image is a mosaic mesh not only of horizontal lines but of millions of tiny dots, of which the viewer is physiologically able to pick up only 50 or 60 from which he shapes the image; thus he is constantly filling in vague and blurry images, bringing himself into in-depth involvement with the screen and acting out a constant creative dialog with the iconoscope. The contours of the resultant cartoonlike image are fleshed out within the imagination of the viewer, which necessitates great personal involvement and participation: the viewer, in fact, becomes the screen, whereas in film he becomes the camera. By requiring us to constantly fill in the spaces of the mosaic mesh, the iconoscope is tattooing its message directly on our skins. Each viewer is thus an unconscious pointillist painter like Seurat, limning new shapes and images as the iconoscope washes over his entire body. Since the point of focus for a TV set is the viewer, television is Orientalizing us by causing us all to begin to look within ourselves. The essence of TV viewing is, in short, intense participation and low definition—what I call a "cool" experience, as opposed to an essentially "hot," or high definition–low participation, medium like radio.

PLAYBOY: A good deal of the perplexity surrounding your theories is related to this postulation of hot and cool media. Could you give us a brief definition of each?

Mc LUHAN: Basically, a hot medium *ex*cludes and a cool medium *in*cludes; hot media are low in participation, or completion, by the audience and cool media are high in participation. A hot medium is one that extends a single sense with high definition. High definition means a complete filling in of data by the medium without intense audience participation. A photograph, for example, is high definition or hot; whereas a cartoon is low definition or cool, because the rough outline drawing provides very little visual data and requires the viewer to fill in or complete the image himself. The telephone, which gives the ear relatively little data, is thus cool, as is speech; both demand considerable filling in by the listener. On the other hand, radio is a hot medium because it sharply and intensely provides great amounts of high-definition auditory information that leaves little or nothing to be filled in by the audience. A lecture, by the same token, is hot, but a seminar is cool; a book is hot, but a conversation or bull session is cool.

In a cool medium, the audience is an active constituent of the viewing or listening experience. A girl wearing open-mesh silk stockings or glasses is inherently cool and sensual because the eye acts as a surrogate hand in filling in the low-definition image thus engendered. Which is why boys make passes at girls who wear glasses. In any case, the overwhelming majority of our technologies and entertainments since the introduction of print technology have been hot, fragmented and exclusive, but in the age of television we see a return to cool values and the inclusive in-depth involvement and participation they engender. This is, of course, just one more reason why the medium is the message, rather than the content; it is the participatory nature of the TV experience itself that is important, rather than the content of the particular TV image that is being invisibly and indelibly inscribed on our skins.

PLAYBOY: Even if, as you contend, the medium is the ultimate message, how can you entirely discount the importance of content? Didn't the content of Hitler's radio speeches, for example, have some effect on the Germans?

Mc LUHAN: By stressing that the medium is the message rather than the content, I'm not suggesting that content plays *no* role—merely that it plays a distinctly subordinate role. Even if Hitler had delivered botany lectures, some other demagog would have used the radio to retribalize the Germans and rekindle the dark atavistic side of the tribal nature that created European fascism in the Twenties and Thirties. By placing all the stress on content and practically none on the medium, we lose all chance of perceiving and influencing the impact of new technologies on man, and thus we are always dumfounded by —and unprepared for—the revolutionary environmental transformations induced by new media. Buffeted by environmental changes he cannot comprehend, man echoes the last plaintive cry of his tribal ancestor, Tarzan, as he plummeted to earth: "Who greased my vine?" The German Jew victimized by the Nazis because his old tribalism clashed with their new tribalism could no more understand why his world was turned upside down than the American today can understand the reconfiguration of social and political institutions caused by the electric media in general and television in particular.

PLAYBOY: How is television reshaping our political institutions?

Mc LUHAN: TV is revolutionizing every political system in the Western world. For one thing, it's creating a totally new type of national leader, a man who is much more of a tribal chieftain than a politician. Castro is a good example of the new tribal chieftain who rules his country by a mass-participational TV dialog and feedback; he governs his country on camera, by giving the Cuban people the experience of being directly and intimately involved in the process of collective decision making. Castro's adroit blend of political education, propaganda and avuncular guidance is the pattern for tribal chieftains in other countries. The new political showman has to literally as well as figuratively put on his audience as he would a suit of clothes and become a corporate tribal image—like Mussolini, Hitler and F. D. R. in the days of radio, and Jack Kennedy in the television era. All these men were tribal emperors on a scale theretofore unknown in the world, because they all mastered their media.

PLAYBOY: How did Kennedy use TV in a manner different from his predecessors —or successors?

Mc LUHAN: Kennedy was the first TV President because he was the first prominent American politician to ever understand the dynamics and lines of force of the television iconoscope. As I've explained, TV is an inherently cool medium, and Kennedy had a compatible coolness and indifference to power, bred of personal wealth, which allowed him to adapt fully to TV. Any political candidate who doesn't have such cool, low-definition qualities, which allow the viewer to fill in the gaps with his own personal identification, simply electrocutes himself on television—as Richard Nixon did in his disastrous debates with Kennedy in the 1960 campaign. Nixon was essentially hot; he presented a high-definition, sharply-defined image and action on the TV screen that contributed to his reputation as a phony—the "Tricky Dicky" syndrome that has dogged his footsteps for years. "Would you buy a used car from this man?" the political cartoon asked—and the answer was no, because he didn't project the cool aura of disinterest and objectivity that Kennedy emanated so effortlessly and engagingly.

PLAYBOY: Did Nixon take any lessons from you the last time around?

Mc LUHAN: He certainly took lessons from somebody, because in the recent election it was Nixon who was cool and Humphrey who was hot. I had noticed the change in Nixon as far back as 1963

when I saw him on *The Jack Paar Show*. No longer the slick, glib, aggressive Nixon of 1960, he had been toned down, polished, programed and packaged into the new Nixon we saw in 1968: earnest, modest, quietly sincere—in a word, cool. I realized then that if Nixon maintained this mask, he could be elected President, and apparently the American electorate agreed last November.

PLAYBOY: How did Lyndon Johnson make use of television?

Mc LUHAN: He botched it the same way Nixon did in 1960. He was too intense, too obsessed with making his audience love and revere him as father and teacher, and too classifiable. Would people feel any safer buying a used car from L. B. J. than from the old Nixon? The answer is, obviously, no. Johnson became a stereotype—even a parody—of himself, and earned the same reputation as a phony that plagued Nixon for so long. The people wouldn't have cared if John Kennedy lied to them on TV, but they couldn't stomach L. B. J. even when he told the truth. The credibility gap was really a communications gap. The political candidate who understands TV—whatever his party, goals or beliefs—can gain power unknown in history. How he uses that power is, of course, quite another question. But the basic thing to remember about the electric media is that they inexorably transform every sense ratio and thus recondition and restructure all our values and institutions. The overhauling of our traditional political system is only one manifestation of the retribalizing process wrought by the electric media, which is turning the planet into a global village.

PLAYBOY: Would you describe this retribalizing process in more detail?

Mc LUHAN: The electronically induced technological extensions of our central nervous system, which I spoke of earlier, are immersing us in a world-pool of information movement and are thus enabling man to incorporate within himself the whole of mankind. The aloof and dissociated role of the literate man of the Western world is succumbing to the new, intense depth participation engendered by the electronic media and bringing us back in touch with ourselves as well as with one another. But the instant nature of electric-information movement is decentralizing—rather than enlarging—the family of man into a new state of multitudinous tribal existences. Particularly in countries where literate values are deeply institutionalized, this is a highly traumatic process, since the clash of the old segmented visual culture and the new integral electronic culture creates a crisis of identity, a vacuum of the self, which generates tremendous violence—violence that is simply an identity quest, private or corporate, social or commercial.

PLAYBOY: Do you relate this identity crisis to the current social unrest and violence in the United States?

Mc LUHAN: Yes, and to the booming business psychiatrists are doing. All our alienation and atomization are reflected in the crumbling of such time-honored social values as the right of privacy and the sanctity of the individual; as they yield to the intensities of the new technology's electric circus, it seems to the average citizen that the sky is falling in. As man is tribally metamorphosed by the electric media, we all become Chicken Littles, scurrying around frantically in search of our former identities, and in the process unleash tremendous violence. As the preliterate confronts the literate in the postliterate arena, as new information patterns inundate and uproot the old, mental breakdowns of varying degrees—including the collective nervous breakdowns of whole societies unable to resolve their crises of identity—will become very common.

It is not an easy period in which to live, especially for the television-conditioned young who, unlike their literate elders, cannot take refuge in the zombie trance of Narcissus narcosis that numbs the state of psychic shock induced by the impact of the new media. From Tokyo to Paris to Columbia, youth mindlessly acts out its identity quest in the theater of the streets, searching not for goals but for roles, striving for an identity that eludes them.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think they aren't finding it within the educational system?

Mc LUHAN: Because education, which should be helping youth to understand and adapt to their revolutionary new environments, is instead being used merely as an instrument of cultural aggression, imposing upon retribalized youth the obsolescent visual values of the dying literate age. Our entire educational system is reactionary, oriented to past values and past technologies, and will likely continue so until the old generation relinquishes power. The generation gap is actually a chasm, separating not two age groups but two vastly divergent cultures. I can understand the ferment in our schools, because our educational system is totally rearview mirror. It's a dying and outdated system founded on literate values and fragmented and classified data totally unsuited to the needs of the first television generation.

PLAYBOY: How do you think the educational system can be adapted to accommodate the needs of this television generation?

Mc LUHAN: Well, before we can start doing things the right way, we've got to recognize that we've been doing them the wrong way—which most pedagogs and administrators and even most parents still refuse to accept. Today's child is growing up absurd because he is suspended between two worlds and two value systems, neither of which inclines him to maturity because he belongs wholly to neither but exists in a hybrid limbo of constantly conflicting values. The challenge of the new era is simply the total creative process of *growing up*—and mere teaching and repetition of facts are as irrelevant to this process as a dowser to a nuclear power plant. To expect a "turned on" child of the electric age to respond to the old education modes is rather like expecting an eagle to swim. It's simply not within his environment, and therefore incomprehensible.

The TV child finds it difficult if not impossible to adjust to the fragmented, visual goals of our education after having had all his senses involved by the electric media; he craves in-depth involvement, not linear detachment and uniform sequential patterns. But suddenly and without preparation, he is snatched from the cool, inclusive womb of television and exposed—within a vast bureaucratic structure of courses and credits—to the hot medium of print. His natural instinct, conditioned by the electric media, is to bring all his senses to bear on the book he's instructed to read, and print resolutely rejects that approach, demanding an isolated visual attitude to learning rather than the *Gestalt* approach of the unified sensorium. The reading postures of children in elementary school are a pathetic testimonial to the effects of television; children of the TV generation separate book from eye by an average distance of four and a half inches, attempting psychomimetically to bring to the printed page the all-inclusive sensory experience of TV. They are becoming Cyclops, desperately seeking to wallow in the book as they do in the TV screen.

PLAYBOY: Might it be possible for the "TV child" to make the adjustment to his educational environment by synthesizing traditional literate-visual forms with the insights of his own electric culture—or must the medium of print be totally unassimilable for him?

Mc LUHAN: Such a synthesis is entirely possible, and could create a creative blend of the two cultures—if the educational establishment was aware that there *is* an electric culture. In the absence of such elementary awareness, I'm afraid that the television child has no future in our schools. You must remember that the TV child has been relentlessly exposed to all the "adult" news of the modern world—war, racial discrimination, rioting, crime, inflation, sexual revolution. The war in Vietnam has written its bloody message on his skin; he has witnessed the assassinations and funerals of the nation's leaders; he's been orbited through the TV screen into the astronaut's dance in space, been inundated by information transmitted via radio, telephone, films, recordings

Playboy Club News

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and other people. His parents plopped him down in front of a TV set at the age of two to tranquilize him, and by the time he enters kindergarten, he's clocked as much as 4000 hours of television. As an IBM executive told me, "My children had lived several lifetimes compared to their grandparents when they began grade one."

PLAYBOY: If you had children young enough to belong to the TV generation, how would you educate them?

Mc LUHAN: Certainly not in our current schools, which are intellectual penal institutions. In today's world, to paraphrase Jefferson, the least education is the best education, since very few young minds can survive the intellectual tortures of our educational system. The mosaic image of the TV screen generates a depth-involving *nowness* and simultaneity in the lives of children that makes them scorn the distant visualized goals of traditional education as unreal, irrelevant and puerile. Another basic problem is that in our schools there is simply too much to learn by the traditional analytic methods; this is an age of information overload. The only way to make the schools other than prisons without bars is to start fresh with new techniques and values.

PLAYBOY: A number of experimental projects are bringing both TV and computers directly into the classrooms. Do you consider this sort of electronic educational aid a step in the right direction?

Mc LUHAN: It's not really too important if there is ever a TV set in each classroom across the country, since the sensory and attitudinal revolution has already taken place at home before the child ever reaches school, altering his sensory existence and his mental processes in profound ways. Book learning is no longer sufficient in any subject; the children all say now, "Let's *talk* Spanish," or "Let the Bard be *heard*," reflecting their rejection of the old sterile system where education begins and ends in a book. What we need now is educational crash programing in depth to first understand and then meet the new challenges. Just putting the present classroom on TV, with its archaic values and methods, won't change anything; it would be just like running movies on television; the result would be a hybrid that is neither. We have to ask what TV can do, in the instruction of English or physics or any other subject, that the classroom cannot do as presently constituted. The answer is that TV can deeply involve youth in the process of learning, illustrating graphically the complex interplay of people and events, the development of forms, the multileveled interrelationships between and among such arbitrarily segregated subjects as biology, geography, mathematics, anthropology, history, literature and languages.

If education is to become relevant to the young of this electric age, we must also supplant the stifling, impersonal and dehumanizing multiversity with a multiplicity of autonomous colleges devoted to an in-depth approach to learning. This must be done immediately, for few adults really comprehend the intensity of youth's alienation from the fragmented mechanical world and its fossilized educational system, which is designed in their minds solely to fit them into classified slots in bureaucratic society. To them, both draft card and degree are passports to psychic, if not physical, oblivion, and they accept neither. A new generation is alienated from its own 3000-year heritage of literacy and visual culture, and the celebration of literate values in home and school only intensifies that alienation. If we don't adapt our educational system to their needs and values, we will see only more dropouts and more chaos.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the surviving hippie subculture is a reflection of youth's rejection of the values of our mechanical society?

Mc LUHAN: Of course. These kids are fed up with jobs and goals, and are determined to forge their own roles and involvement in society. They want nothing to do with our fragmented and specialist consumer society. Living in the transitional identity vacuum between two great antithetical cultures, they are desperately trying to discover themselves and fashion a mode of existence attuned to their new values; thus the stress on developing an "alternate life style." We can see the results of this retribalization process whenever we look at *any* of our youth—not just at hippies. Take the field of fashion, for example, which now finds boys and girls dressing alike and wearing their hair alike, reflecting the unisexuality deriving from the shift from visual to tactile. The younger generation's whole orientation is toward a return to the native, as reflected by their costumes, their music, their long hair and their sociosexual behavior. Our teenage generation is already becoming part of a jungle clan. As youth enters this clan world and all their senses are electrically extended and intensified, there is a corresponding amplification of their sexual sensibilities. Nudity and unabashed sexuality are growing in the electric age because as TV tattoos its message directly on our skins, it renders clothing obsolescent and a barrier, and the new tactility makes it natural for kids to constantly touch one another—as reflected by the button sold in the psychedelic shops: IF IT MOVES, FONDLE IT. The electric media, by stimulating all the senses simultaneously, also give a new and richer sensual dimension to everyday sexuality that makes Henry Miller's style of randy rutting old-fashioned and obsolete. Once a society enters the all-involving

tribal mode, it is inevitable that our attitudes toward sexuality change. We see, for example, the ease with which young people live guiltlessly with one another, or, as among the hippies, in communal ménages. This is completely tribal.

PLAYBOY: But aren't most tribal societies sexually restrictive rather than permissive?

Mc LUHAN: Actually, they're both. Virginity is not, with a few exceptions, the tribal style in most primitive societies; young people tend to have total sexual access to one another until marriage. But after marriage, the wife becomes a jealously guarded possession and adultery a paramount sin. It's paradoxical that in the transition to a retribalized society, there is inevitably a great explosion of sexual energy and freedom; but when that society is fully realized, moral values will be extremely tight. In an integrated tribal society, the young will have free rein to experiment, but marriage and the family will become inviolate institutions, and infidelity and divorce will constitute serious violations of the social bond, not a private deviation but a collective insult and loss of face to the entire tribe. Tribal societies, unlike detribalized, fragmented cultures with their stress on individualist values, are extremely austere morally, and do not hesitate to destroy or banish those who offend the tribal values. This is rather harsh, of course, but at the same time, sexuality can take on new and richer dimensions of depth involvement in a tribalized society.

Today, meanwhile, as the old values collapse and we see an exhilarating release of pent-up sexual frustrations, we are all inundated by a tidal wave of emphasis on sex. Far from liberating the libido, however, such onslaughts seem to have induced jaded attitudes and a kind of psychosexual *Weltschmerz*. No sensitivity of sensual response can survive such an assault, which stimulates the mechanical view of the body as capable of experiencing specific thrills, but not total sexual-emotional involvement and transcendence. It contributes to the schism between sexual enjoyment and reproduction that is so prevalent, and also strengthens the case for homosexuality. Projecting current trends, the love machine would appear a natural development in the near future—not just the current computerized datefinder, but a machine whereby ultimate orgasm is achieved by direct mechanical stimulation of the pleasure circuits of the brain.

PLAYBOY: Do we detect a note of disapproval in your analysis of the growing sexual freedom?

Mc LUHAN: No, I neither approve nor disapprove. I merely try to understand. Sexual freedom is as natural to newly tribalized youth as drugs.

PLAYBOY: What's natural about drugs?

Mc LUHAN: They're natural means of smoothing cultural transitions, and also a short cut into the electric vortex. The upsurge in drug taking is intimately related to the impact of the electric media. Look at the metaphor for getting high: turning on. One turns on his consciousness through drugs just as he opens up all his senses to a total depth involvement by turning on the TV dial. Drug taking is stimulated by today's pervasive environment of instant information, with its feedback mechanism of the inner trip. The inner trip is not the sole prerogative of the LSD traveler; it's the universal experience of TV watchers. LSD is a way of miming the invisible electronic world; it releases a person from acquired verbal and visual habits and reactions, and gives the potential of instant and total involvement, both all-at-onceness and all-at-oneness, which are the basic needs of people translated by electric extensions of their central nervous systems out of the old rational, sequential value system. The attraction to hallucinogenic drugs is a means of achieving empathy with our penetrating electric environment, an environment that in itself is a drugless inner trip.

Drug taking is also a means of expressing rejection of the obsolescent mechanical world and values. And drugs often stimulate a fresh interest in artistic expression, which is primarily of the audile-tactile world. The hallucinogenic drugs, as chemical simulations of our electric environment, thus revive senses long atrophied by the overwhelmingly visual orientation of the mechanical culture. LSD and related hallucinogenic drugs, furthermore, breed a highly tribal and communally oriented subculture, so it's understandable why the retribalized young take to drugs like a duck to water.

PLAYBOY: A Columbia coed was recently quoted in *Newsweek* as equating you and LSD. "LSD doesn't mean anything until you consume it," she said. "Likewise McLuhan." Do you see any similarities?

Mc LUHAN: I'm flattered to hear my work described as hallucinogenic, but I suspect that some of my academic critics find me a bad trip.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever taken LSD yourself?

Mc LUHAN: No, I never have. I'm an observer in these matters, not a participant. I had an operation last year to remove a tumor that was expanding my brain in a less pleasant manner, and during my prolonged convalescence I'm not allowed any stimulant stronger than coffee. Alas! A few months ago, however, I was almost "busted" on a drug charge. On a plane returning from Vancouver, where a university had awarded me an honorary degree, I ran into a colleague who asked me where I'd been. "To Vancouver to pick up my LL.D.," I told him. I noticed a fellow passenger looking at me with a strange expression, and when I got off the plane at Toronto Airport, two customs guards pulled me into a little room and started going over my luggage. "Do you know Timothy Leary?" one asked. I replied I did and that seemed to wrap it up for him. "All right," he said. "Where's the stuff? We know you told somebody you'd gone to Vancouver to pick up some LL.D." After a laborious dialog, I persuaded him that an LL.D. has nothing to do with consciousness expansion—just the opposite, in fact—and I was released. Of course, in light of the present educational crisis, I'm not sure there isn't something to be said for making possession of an LL.D. a felony.

PLAYBOY: Are you in favor of legalizing marijuana and hallucinogenic drugs?

Mc LUHAN: My personal point of view is irrelevant, since all such legal restrictions are futile and will inevitably wither away. You could as easily ban drugs in a retribalized society as outlaw clocks in a mechanical culture. The young will continue turning on no matter how many of them are turned off into prisons, and such legal restrictions only reflect the cultural aggression and revenge of a dying culture against its successor.

Speaking of dying cultures, it's no accident that drugs first were widely used in America by the Indians and then by the Negroes, both of whom have the great cultural advantage in this transitional age of remaining close to their tribal roots. The cultural aggression of white America against Negroes and Indians is not based on skin color and belief in racial superiority, whatever ideological clothing may be used to rationalize it, but on the white man's inchoate awareness that the Negro and Indian—as men with deep roots in the resonating echo chamber of the discontinuous, interrelated tribal world—are actually psychically and socially superior to the fragmented, alienated and dissociated man of Western civilization. Such a recognition, which stabs at the heart of the white man's entire social value system, inevitably generates violence and genocide. It has been the sad fate of the Negro and the Indian to be tribal men in a fragmented culture—men born ahead of rather than behind their time.

PLAYBOY: How do you mean?

Mc LUHAN: I mean that at precisely the time when the white younger generation is retribalizing and generalizing, the Negro and the Indian are under tremendous social and economic pressure to go in the opposite direction: to detribalize and specialize, to tear out their tribal roots when the rest of society is rediscovering theirs. Long held in a totally subordinate socioeconomic position, they are now impelled to acquire literacy as a prerequisite to employment in the old mechanical service environment of hardware, rather than adapt themselves to the new tribal environment of software, or electric information, as the middle-class white young are doing. Needless to say, this generates great psychic pain, which in turn is translated into bitterness and violence. This can be seen in the microcosmic drug culture; psychological studies show that the Negro and the Indian who are turned on by marijuana, unlike the white, are frequently engulfed with rage; they have a low high. They are angry because they understand under the influence of the drug that the source of their psychic and social degradation lies in the mechanical technology that is now being repudiated by the very white overculture that developed it—a repudiation that the majority of Negroes and Indians cannot, literally, afford because of their inferior economic position.

This is both ironic and tragic, and lessens the chances for an across-the-board racial *détente* and reconciliation, because rather than diminishing and eventually closing the sociopsychic differences between the races, it widens them. The Negro and the Indian seem to always get a bad deal; they suffered first because they were tribal men in a mechanical world, and now as they try to detribalize and structure themselves within the values of the mechanical culture, they find the gulf between them and a suddenly retribalizing society widening rather than narrowing. The future, I fear, is not too bright for either—but particularly for the Negro.

PLAYBOY: What, specifically, do you think will happen to him?

Mc LUHAN: At best, he will have to make a painful adjustment to two conflicting cultures and technologies, the visual-mechanical and the electric world; at worst, he will be exterminated.

PLAYBOY: Exterminated?

Mc LUHAN: I seriously fear the possibility, though God knows I hope I'm proved wrong. As I've tried to point out, the one inexorable consequence of any identity quest generated by environmental upheaval is tremendous violence. This violence has traditionally been directed at the tribal man who challenged visual-mechanical culture, as with the genocide against the Indian and the institutionalized dehumanization of the Negro. Today, the process is reversed and the violence is being meted out, during this transitional period, to those who are nonassimilable into the new tribe. Not because of his skin color but because he is in a limbo between mechanical and electric cultures, the Negro is a threat, a rival tribe that cannot be digested by the new order. The fate of such tribes is often extermination.

PLAYBOY: What can we do to prevent this from happening to America's Negro population?

Mc LUHAN: I think a valuable first step

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would be to alert the Negro, as well as the rest of society, to the nature of the new electric technology and the reasons it is so inexorably transforming our social and psychic values. The Negro should understand that the aspects of himself he has been conditioned to think of as inferior or "backward" are actually *superior* attributes in the new environment. Western man is obsessed by the forward-motion folly of step-by-step "progress," and always views the discontinuous synaesthetic interrelationships of the tribe as primitive. If the Negro realizes the great advantages of his heritage, he will cease his lemming leap into the senescent mechanical world.

There are encouraging signs that the new black-power movement—with its emphasis on Negritude and a return to the tribal pride of African cultural and social roots—is recognizing this, but unfortunately a majority of Negro Americans are still determined to join the mechanical culture. But if they can be persuaded to follow the lead of those who wish to rekindle their sparks of tribal awareness, they will be strategically placed to make an easy transition to the new technology, using their own enduring tribal values as environmental survival aids. They should take pride in these tribal values, for they are rainbow-hued in comparison with the pallid literate culture of their traditional masters.

But as I said, the Negro arouses hostility in whites precisely because they subliminally recognize that he is closest to that tribal depth involvement and simultaneity and harmony that is the richest and most highly developed expression of human consciousness. This is why the white political and economic institutions mobilize to exclude and oppress Negroes, from semiliterate unions to semiliterate politicians, whose slim visual culture makes them hang on with unremitting fanaticism to their antiquated hardware and the specialized skills and classifications and compartmentalized neighborhoods and life styles deriving from it. The lowest intellectual stratum of whites view literacy and its hardware environment as a novelty, still fresh and still status symbols of achievement, and thus will be the last to retribalize and the first to initiate what could easily become a full-blown racial civil war. The United States as a nation is doomed, in any case, to break up into a series of regional and racial ministates, and such a civil war would merely accelerate that process.

PLAYBOY: On what do you base your prediction that the United States will disintegrate?

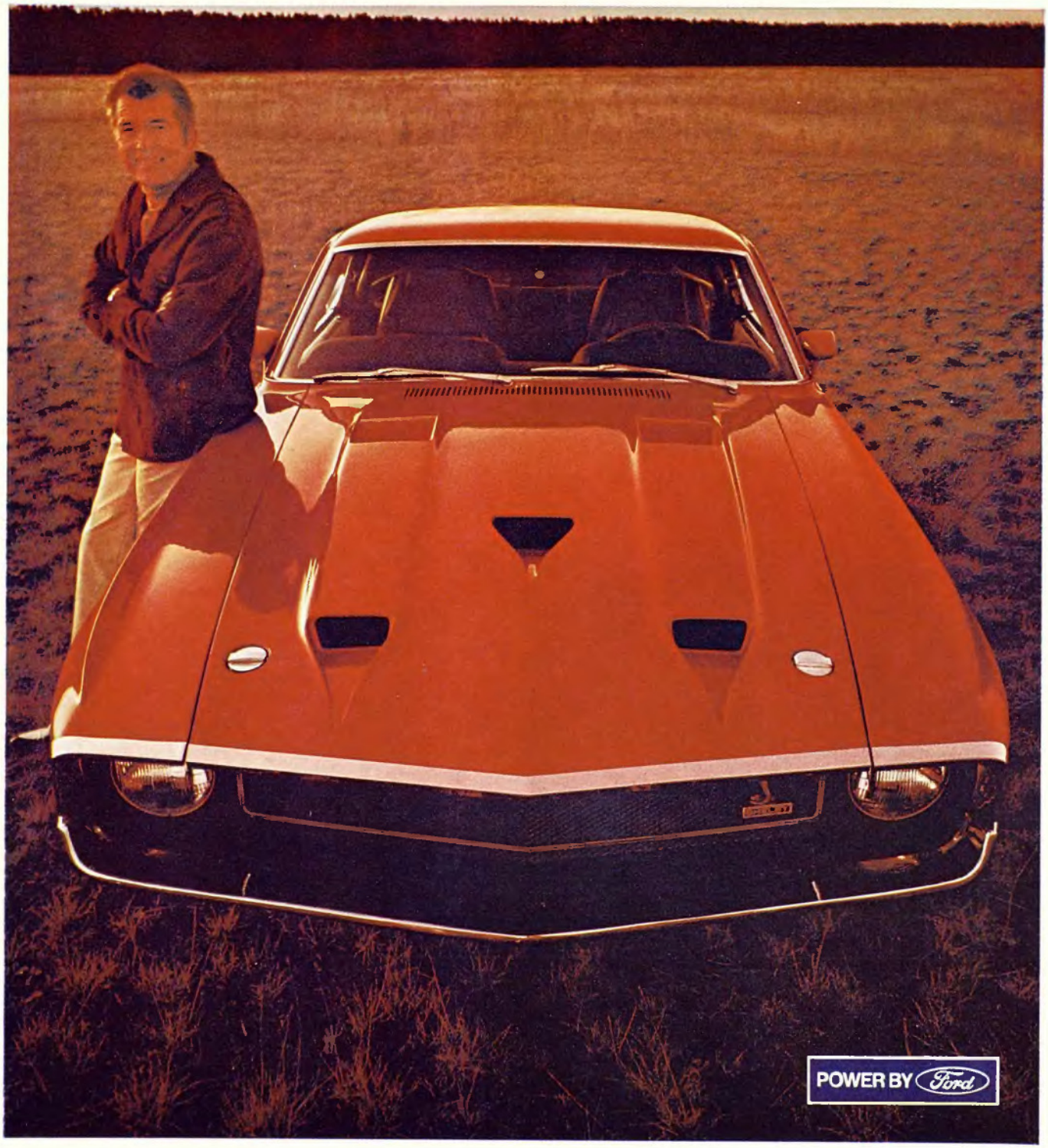
Mc LUHAN: Actually, in this case as in most of my work, I'm "predicting" what has already happened and merely extrapolating a current process to its logical conclusion. The Balkanization of the United States as a continental political structure has been going on for some years now, and racial chaos is merely one of several catalysts for change. This isn't a peculiarly American phenomenon; as I pointed out earlier, the electric media always produce psychically integrating and socially decentralizing effects, and this affects not only political institutions within the existing state but the national entities themselves.

All over the world, we can see how the electric media are stimulating the rise of ministates: In Great Britain, Welsh and Scottish nationalism are recrudescing powerfully; in Spain, the Basques are demanding autonomy; in Belgium, the Flemings insist on separation from the Walloons; in my own country, the *Quebecois* are in the first stages of a war of independence; and in Africa, we've witnessed the germination of several ministates and the collapse of several ambitiously unrealistic schemes for regional confederation. These ministates are just the opposite of the traditional centralizing nationalisms of the past that forged mass states that homogenized disparate ethnic and linguistic groups within one national boundary. The new ministates are decentralized tribal agglomerates of those same ethnic and linguistic groups. Though their creation may be accompanied by violence, they will not remain hostile or competitive armed camps but will eventually discover that their tribal bonds transcend their differences and will thereafter live in harmony and cultural cross-fertilization with one another.

This pattern of decentralized ministates will be repeated in the United States, although I realize that most Americans still find the thought of the Union's dissolution inconceivable. The U. S., which was the first nation in history to begin its national existence as a centralized and literate political entity, will now play the historical film backward, reeling into a multiplicity of decentralized Negro states, Indian states, regional states, linguistic and ethnic states, etc. Decentralism is today the burning issue in the 50 states, from the school crisis in New York City to the demands of the retribalized young that the oppressive multiversities be reduced to a human scale and the mass state be debureaucratized. The tribes and the bureaucracy are antithetical means of social organization and can never coexist peacefully; one must destroy and supplant the other, or neither will survive.

PLAYBOY: Accepting, for the moment, your contention that the United States will be "Balkanized" into an assortment of ethnic and linguistic ministates, isn't it likely that the results would be social chaos and internecine warfare?

Mc LUHAN: Not necessarily. Violence can be avoided if we comprehend the



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process of decentralism and retribalization, and accept its outcome while moving to control and modify the dynamics of change. In any case, the day of the stupor state is over; as men not only in the U. S. but throughout the world are united into a single tribe, they will forge a diversity of viable decentralized political and social institutions.

PLAYBOY: Along what lines?

Mc LUHAN: It will be a totally retribalized world of depth involvements. Through radio, TV and the computer, we are already entering a global theater in which the entire world is a Happening. Our whole cultural habitat, which we once viewed as a mere container of people, is being transformed by these media and by space satellites into a living organism, itself contained within a new macrocosm or connubium of a supraterrestrial nature. The day of the individualist, of privacy, of fragmented or "applied" knowledge, of "points of view" and specialist goals is being replaced by the over-all awareness of a mosaic world in which space and time are overcome by television, jets and computers—a simultaneous, "all-at-once" world in which everything resonates with everything else as in a total electrical field, a world in which energy is generated and perceived not by the traditional connections that create linear, causative thought processes, but by the intervals, or gaps, which Linus Pauling grasps as the languages of cells, and which create synaesthetic discontinuous integral consciousness.

The open society, the visual offspring of phonetic literacy, is irrelevant to today's retribalized youth; and the closed society, the product of speech, drum and ear technologies, is thus being reborn. After centuries of dissociated sensibilities, modern awareness is once more becoming integral and inclusive, as the entire human family is sealed to a single universal membrane. The compressional, implosive nature of the new electric technology is retrogressing Western man back from the open plateaus of literate values and into the heart of tribal darkness, into what Joseph Conrad termed "the Africa within."

PLAYBOY: Many critics feel that your own "Africa within" promises to be a rigidly conformist hive world in which the individual is totally subordinate to the group and personal freedom is unknown.

Mc LUHAN: Individual talents and perspectives don't have to shrivel within a retribalized society; they merely interact within a group consciousness that has the potential for releasing far more creativity than the old atomized culture. Literate man is alienated, impoverished man; retribalized man can lead a far richer and more fulfilling life—not the life of a mindless drone but of the participant in a seamless web of interdependence and harmony. The implosion of electric technology is transmogrifying literate, fragmented man into a complex and depth-structured human being with a deep emotional awareness of his complete interdependence with all of humanity. The old "individualistic" print society was one where the individual was "free" only to be alienated and dissociated, a rootless outsider bereft of tribal dreams; our new electronic environment compels commitment and participation, and fulfills man's psychic and social needs at profound levels.

The tribe, you see, is not conformist just because it's inclusive; after all, there is far more diversity and less conformity within a family group than there is within an urban conglomerate housing thousands of families. It's in the village where eccentricity lingers, in the big city where uniformity and impersonality are the milieu. The global-village conditions being forged by the electric technology stimulate more discontinuity and diversity and division than the old mechanical, standardized society; in fact, the global village makes maximum disagreement and creative dialog inevitable. Uniformity and tranquillity are not hallmarks of the global village; far more likely are conflict and discord as well as love and harmony—the customary life mode of any tribal people.

PLAYBOY: Despite what you've said, haven't literate cultures been the only ones to value the concepts of individual freedom, and haven't tribal societies traditionally imposed rigid social taboos—as you suggested earlier in regard to sexual behavior—and ruthlessly punished all who do not conform to tribal values?

Mc LUHAN: We confront a basic paradox whenever we discuss personal freedom in literate and tribal cultures. Literate mechanical society separated the individual from the group in space, engendering privacy; in thought, engendering point of view; and in work, engendering specialism—thus forging all the values associated with individualism. But at the same time, print technology has homogenized man, creating mass militarism, mass mind and mass uniformity; print gave man private habits of individualism and a public role of absolute conformity. That is why the young today welcome their retribalization, however dimly they perceive it, as a release from the uniformity, alienation and dehumanization of literate society. Print centralizes socially and fragments psychically, whereas the electric media bring man together in a tribal village that is a rich and creative mix, where there is actually *more* room for creative diversity than within the homogenized mass urban society of Western man.

PLAYBOY: Are you claiming, now, that there will be no taboos in the world tribal society you envision?

Mc LUHAN: No, I'm not saying that, and I'm not claiming that freedom will be absolute—merely that it will be less restricted than your question implies. The world tribe will be essentially conservative, it's true, like all iconic and inclusive societies; a mythic environment lives beyond time and space and thus generates little radical social change. All technology becomes part of a shared ritual that the tribe desperately strives to keep stabilized and permanent; by its very nature, an oral-tribal society—such as Pharaonic Egypt—is far more stable and enduring than any fragmented visual society. The oral and auditory tribal society is patterned by acoustic space, a total and simultaneous field of relations alien to the visual world, in which points of view and goals make social change an inevitable and constant by-product. An electrically imploded tribal society discards the linear forward-motion of "progress." We can see in our own time how, as we begin to react in depth to the challenges of the global village, we all become reactionaries.

PLAYBOY: That can hardly be said of the young, whom you claim are leading the process of retribalization, and according to most estimates are also the most radical generation in our history.

Mc LUHAN: Ah, but you're talking about politics, about goals and issues, which are really quite irrelevant. I'm saying that the result, not the current process, of retribalization makes us reactionary in our basic attitudes and values. Once we are enmeshed in the magical resonance of the tribal echo chamber, the debunking of myths and legends is replaced by their religious study. Within the consensual framework of tribal values, there will be unending diversity—but there will be few if any rebels who challenge the tribe itself.

The instant involvement that accompanies instant technologies triggers a conservative, stabilizing, gyroscopic function in man, as reflected by the second-grader who, when requested by her teacher to compose a poem after the first Sputnik was launched into orbit, wrote: "The stars are so big / The earth is so small / Stay as you are." The little girl who wrote those lines is part of the new tribal society; she lives in a world infinitely more complex, vast and eternal than any scientist has instruments to measure or imagination to describe.

PLAYBOY: If personal freedom will still exist—although restricted by certain consensual taboos—in this new tribal world, what about the political system most closely associated with individual freedom: democracy? Will it, too, survive the transition to your global village?

Mc LUHAN: No, it will not. The day of political democracy as we know it today is finished. Let me stress again that individual freedom itself will not be submerged in the new tribal society, but it will certainly assume different and more complex dimensions. The ballot

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box, for example, is the product of literate Western culture—a hot box in a cool world—and thus obsolescent. The tribal will is consensually expressed through the simultaneous interplay of all members of a community that is deeply interrelated and involved, and would thus consider the casting of a "private" ballot in a shrouded polling booth a ludicrous anachronism. The TV networks' computers, by "projecting" a victor in a Presidential race while the polls are still open, have already rendered the traditional electoral process obsolescent.

In our software world of instant electric communications movement, politics is shifting from the old patterns of political representation by electoral delegation to a new form of spontaneous and instantaneous communal involvement in all areas of decision making. In a tribal all-at-once culture, the idea of the "public" as a differentiated agglomerate of fragmented individuals, all dissimilar but all capable of acting in basically the same way, like interchangeable mechanical cogs in a production line, is supplanted by a mass society in which personal diversity is encouraged while at the same time everybody reacts and interacts simultaneously to every stimulus. The election as we know it today will be meaningless in such a society.

PLAYBOY: How will the popular will be registered in the new tribal society if elections are passé?

Mc LUHAN: The electric media open up totally new means of registering popular opinion. The old concept of the plebiscite, for example, may take on new relevance: TV could conduct daily plebiscites by presenting facts to 200,000,000 people and providing a computerized feedback of the popular will. But voting, in the traditional sense, is through as we leave the age of political parties, political issues and political goals, and enter an age where the collective tribal image and the iconic image of the tribal chieftain is the overriding political reality. But that's only one of countless new realities we'll be confronted with in the tribal village. We must understand that a totally new society is coming into being, one that rejects *all* our old values, conditioned responses, attitudes and institutions. If you have difficulty envisioning something as trivial as the imminent end of elections, you'll be totally unprepared to cope with the prospect of the forthcoming demise of spoken language and its replacement by a global consciousness.

PLAYBOY: You're right.

Mc LUHAN: Let me help you. Tribal man is tightly sealed in an integral collective awareness that transcends conventional boundaries of time and space. As such, the new society will be one mythic integration, a resonating world akin to the old tribal echo chamber where magic will live again: a world of ESP. The current interest of youth in astrology, clairvoyance and the occult is no coincidence. Electric technology, you see, does not require words any more than a digital computer requires numbers. Electricity makes possible—and not in the distant future, either—an amplification of human consciousness on a world scale, without any verbalization at all.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about global telepathy?

Mc LUHAN: Precisely. Already, computers offer the potential of instantaneous translation of any code or language into any other code or language. If a data feedback is possible through the computer, why not a feed-*forward* of thought whereby a world consciousness links into a world computer? Via the computer, we could logically proceed from translating languages to bypassing them entirely in favor of an integral cosmic unconsciousness somewhat similar to the collective unconscious envisioned by Bergson. The computer thus holds out the promise of a technologically engendered state of universal understanding and unity, a state of absorption in the logos that could knit mankind into one family and create a perpetuity of collective harmony and peace. This is the *real* use of the computer, not to expedite marketing or solve technical problems but to speed the process of discovery and orchestrate terrestrial—and eventually galactic—environments and energies. Psychic communal integration, made possible at last by the electronic media, could create the universality of consciousness foreseen by Dante when he predicted that men would continue as no more than broken fragments until they were unified into an inclusive consciousness. In a Christian sense, this is merely a new interpretation of the mystical body of Christ; and Christ, after all, is the ultimate extension of man.

PLAYBOY: Isn't this projection of an electronically induced world consciousness more mystical than technological?

Mc LUHAN: Yes—as mystical as the most advanced theories of modern nuclear physics. Mysticism is just tomorrow's science dreamed today.

PLAYBOY: You said a few minutes ago that *all* of contemporary man's traditional values, attitudes and institutions are going to be destroyed and replaced in and by the new electric age. That's a pretty sweeping generalization. Apart from the complex psychosocial metamorphoses you've mentioned, would you explain in more detail some of the specific changes you foresee?

Mc LUHAN: The transformations are taking place everywhere around us. As the old value systems crumble, so do all the institutional clothing and garb-age they fashioned. The cities, corporate extensions of our physical organs, are withering and being translated along with all other such extensions into information systems, as television and the jet—by compressing time and space—make all the world one village and destroy the old city-country dichotomy. New York, Chicago, Los Angeles—all will disappear like the dinosaur. The automobile, too, will soon be as obsolete as the cities it is currently strangling, replaced by new antigravitational technology. The marketing systems and the stock market as we know them today will soon be dead as the dodo, and automation will end the traditional concept of the job, replacing it with a *role*, and giving men the breath of leisure. The electric media will create a world of dropouts from the old fragmented society, with its neatly compartmentalized analytic functions, and cause people to drop *in* to the new integrated global-village community.

All these convulsive changes, as I've already noted, carry with them attendant pain, violence and war—the normal stigmata of the identity quest—but the new society is springing so quickly from the ashes of the old that I believe it will be possible to avoid the transitional anarchy many predict. Automation and cybernation can play an essential role in smoothing the transition to the new society.

PLAYBOY: How?

Mc LUHAN: The computer can be used to direct a network of global thermostats to pattern life in ways that will optimize human awareness. Already, it's technologically feasible to employ the computer to program societies in beneficial ways.

PLAYBOY: How do you program an entire society—beneficially or otherwise?

Mc LUHAN: There's nothing at all difficult about putting computers in the position where they will be able to conduct carefully orchestrated programing of the sensory life of whole populations. I know it sounds rather science-fictional, but if you understood cybernetics you'd realize we could do it today. The computer could program the media to determine the given messages a people should hear in terms of their over-all needs, creating a total media experience absorbed and patterned by all the senses. We could program five hours less of TV in Italy to promote the reading of newspapers during an election, or lay on an additional 25 hours of TV in Venezuela to cool down the tribal temperature raised by radio the preceding month. By such orchestrated interplay of all media, whole cultures could now be programed in order to improve and stabilize their emotional climate, just as we are beginning to learn how to maintain equilibrium among the world's competing economies.

PLAYBOY: How does such environmental programing, however enlightened in intent, differ from Pavlovian brainwashing?

Mc LUHAN: Your question reflects the usual panic of people confronted with unexplored technologies. I'm not saying such

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panic isn't justified, or that such environmental programing couldn't be brainwashing, or far worse—merely that such reactions are useless and distracting. Though I think the programing of societies could actually be conducted quite constructively and humanistically, I don't want to be in the position of a Hiroshima physicist extolling the potential of nuclear energy in the first days of August 1945. But an understanding of media's effects constitutes a civil defense against media fallout.

The alarm of so many people, however, at the prospect of corporate programing's creation of a complete service environment on this planet is rather like fearing that a municipal lighting system will deprive the individual of the right to adjust each light to his own favorite level of intensity. Computer technology can—and doubtless will—program entire environments to fulfill the social needs and sensory preferences of communities and nations. The *content* of that programing, however, depends on the nature of future societies—but that is in our own hands.

PLAYBOY: Is it really in our hands—or, by seeming to advocate the use of computers to manipulate the future of entire cultures, aren't you actually encouraging man to abdicate control over his destiny?

McLUHAN: First of all—and I'm sorry to have to repeat this disclaimer—I'm not advocating *anything*; I'm merely probing and predicting trends. Even if I opposed them or thought them disastrous, I couldn't stop them, so why waste my time lamenting? As Carlyle said of author Margaret Fuller after she remarked, "I accept the Universe": "She'd better." I see no possibility of a worldwide Luddite rebellion that will smash all machinery to bits, so we might as well sit back and see what is happening and what will happen to us in a cybernetic world. Resenting a new technology will not halt its progress.

The point to remember here is that whenever we use or perceive any technological extension of ourselves, we necessarily embrace it. Whenever we watch a TV screen or read a book, we are absorbing these extensions of ourselves into our individual system and experiencing an automatic "closure" or displacement of perception; we can't escape this perpetual embrace of our daily technology unless we escape the technology itself and flee to a hermit's cave. By consistently embracing all these technologies, we inevitably relate ourselves to them as servomechanisms. Thus, in order to make use of them at all, we must serve them as we do gods. The Eskimo is a servomechanism of his kayak, the cowboy of his horse, the businessman of his clock, the cyberneticist—and soon the entire world—of his computer. In other words, to the spoils belongs the victor.

This continuous modification of man by his own technology stimulates him to find continuous means of modifying it; man thus becomes the sex organs of the machine world just as the bee is of the plant world, permitting it to reproduce and constantly evolve to higher forms. The machine world reciprocates man's devotion by rewarding him with goods and services and bounty. Man's relationship with his machinery is thus inherently symbiotic. This has always been the case; it's only in the electric age that man has an opportunity to *recognize* this marriage to his own technology. Electric technology is a qualitative extension of this age-old man-machine relationship; 20th Century man's relationship to the computer is not by nature very different from prehistoric man's relationship to his boat or to his wheel—with the important difference that all previous technologies or extensions of man were partial and fragmentary, whereas the electric is total and inclusive. Now man is beginning to wear his brain outside his skull and his nerves outside his skin; new technology breeds new man. A recent cartoon portrayed a little boy telling his nonplused mother: "I'm going to be a computer when I grow up." Humor is often prophecy.

PLAYBOY: If man can't prevent this transformation of himself by technology—or *into* technology—how can he control and direct the process of change?

McLUHAN: The first and most vital step of all, as I said at the outset, is simply to understand media and its revolutionary effects on all psychic and social values and institutions. Understanding is half the battle. The central purpose of all my work is to convey this message, that by understanding media as they extend man, we gain a measure of control over them. And this is a vital task, because the immediate interface between audile-tactile and visual perception is taking place everywhere around us. No civilian can escape this environmental blitzkrieg, for there is, quite literally, no place to hide. But if we diagnose what is happening to us, we can reduce the ferocity of the winds of change and bring the best elements of the old visual culture, during this transitional period, into peaceful coexistence with the new retribalized society.

If we persist, however, in our conventional rearview-mirror approach to these cataclysmic developments, all of Western culture will be destroyed and swept into the dustbin of history. If literate Western man were really interested in preserving the most creative aspects of his civilization, he would not cower in his ivory tower bemoaning change but would plunge himself into the vortex of electric technology and, by understanding it, dictate his new environment—turn ivory tower into control tower. But I can understand his hostile attitude, because I once shared his visual bias.

PLAYBOY: What changed your mind?

McLUHAN: Experience. For many years, until I wrote my first book, *The Mechanical Bride*, I adopted an extremely moralistic approach to all environmental technology. I loathed machinery, I abominated cities, I equated the Industrial Revolution with original sin and mass media with the Fall. In short, I rejected almost every element of modern life in favor of a Rousseauvian utopianism. But gradually I perceived how sterile and useless this attitude was, and I began to realize that the greatest artists of the 20th Century—Yeats, Pound, Joyce, Eliot—had discovered a totally different approach, based on the identity of the processes of cognition and creation. I realized that artistic creation is the playback of ordinary experience—from trash to treasures. I ceased being a moralist and became a student.

As someone committed to literature and the traditions of literacy, I began to study the new environment that imperiled literary values, and I soon realized that they could not be dismissed by moral outrage or pious indignation. Study showed that a totally new approach was required, both to save what deserved saving in our Western heritage and to help man adopt a new survival strategy. I adapted some of this new approach in *The Mechanical Bride* by attempting to immerse myself in the advertising media in order to apprehend its impact on man, but even there some of my old literate "point of view" bias crept in. The book, in any case, appeared just as television was making all its major points irrelevant.

I soon realized that recognizing the symptoms of change was not enough; one must understand the *cause* of change, for without comprehending causes, the social and psychic effects of new technology cannot be counteracted or modified. But I recognized also that one individual cannot accomplish these self-protective modifications; they must be the collective effort of society, because they affect all of society; the individual is helpless against the pervasiveness of environmental change: the new garbage—or mess-age—induced by new technologies. Only the social organism, united and recognizing the challenge, can move to meet it.

Unfortunately, no society in history has ever known enough about the forces that shape and transform it to take action to control and direct new technologies as they extend and transform man. But today, change proceeds so instantaneously through the new media that it may be possible to institute a global education program that will enable us to seize the reins of our destiny—but to do this we must first recognize the kind of therapy that's needed for the effects of

(concluded on page 158)

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THE UNFINISHED SOLDIERS

high in the air over france the old battles had come to life once more, and with them that fatal fascination with the skills of death

fiction By JAMES ALDRIDGE

THE MOST peculiar thing about this charade of air war that Kerr was fighting for the Daytona Film Company over the ripening vineyards of France was his mothering fear and concern for the five other pilots and planes who followed him in a close but very insecure and quite unreliable formation. He hardly knew the four Englishmen and one American

lined up behind him in the flight of Hurricanes, yet he was far more nervous on their account than he ever remembered being for his fellow pilots in the original Battle of Britain, almost 30 years before. The danger then was a cannon shell; the danger now was an accident. Every day, the six Hurricane pilots had to get through all the mock entanglements of a prearranged encounter with six Messerschmitts and survive nervously and with considerable relief the dangers of collision, of wing tip clipping wing tip, of too much inverse stress tearing off an old wing. It was all theatrical and unbloody, but it had been a strain.

"Kev. You're in view."

That was Jack Sherman, the American, calling him

from the Wellington, where the seven cameras were, and Kerr wanted to tell Sherman that his name was Kerr or Kevin, not "Kev"; but why bother; and anyway, he did not want to diminish that indestructible friendliness of the American.

"I can't see you yet," Kerr said into his old unbuttoned microphone, which in his youth had always tasted of someone else's sweat; but this one, with its oxygen mask, tasted—or, rather, smelled—of coffee.

"We're way below you," Sherman said. "You look as if you're about five hundred feet too high."

"I'm not too high. You're too low," Kerr said dryly.

"OK, OK. Keep your shirt on," Sherman said, and Kerr heard that professional, appeasing laugh that sounded better when you could see Sherman's good-natured face with it.

Sherman was what the Daytona Film Company called "flight directions manager, second unit," and it was Sherman who worked out with Kerr and the cameramen and the German, Helmut Muehler (who was approaching somewhere from Cannes with his six Messerschmitts), all the operational behavior for each day's flying. Sherman was a pilot himself. He had fought in the Korean War and had somehow survived the ravages of MIG Alley with credit and skill; but what he had fought out there with jets was not the same sort of thing as this straining, light-fingered and more butterfly war of piston engines and variable-pitch propellers. In fact, if there was a gap between the American on the one hand and the Englishman and the German on the other, it wasn't continental but mechanical. Sherman had no respect for the Hurricanes and the Messerschmitts, because he did not treat them seriously. That was because Americans always seemed to have scant respect for the engines between their legs, as if they were built carelessly but completely into them; whereas Europeans like Muehler and himself were still, fundamentally, artisans of the clock.

"You were right, old man," he heard Sherman's kidding voice admit. "There's Helmut tootling in on your altitude, and Helmut's never wrong."

Who did that flatter? Kerr wondered. Himself, who could be wrong, or the German, who was always right? He wiped an imaginary smear off the Perspex hood of the cockpit and looked at the sky where Helmut and the Messerschmitts should be, and they were there.

"My God . . ." Kerr said involuntarily.

For a shivering, perceptive moment, they were real, and his whole body responded with a sickening memory of youthful elation and fear at the sight of that well-ordered flight of square-cut, bulletheaded little planes. But it passed and, instead, he was relieved to be matched on the other side by that rather untouchable and impenetrable German, who would not make a stupid mistake. In this kind of flying, it was only a mistake that would kill.

"Helmut," he said into the coffee microphone. "There's a French Mirage floating around above twenty thousand. I mean above six thousand meters."

"Yes," Muehler said sharply.

"Is that French bastard peeking in again?" Sherman interrupted angrily. "I complained the other day to the French commandant about that nut." Then Sherman said: "Come in, helicopter."

The air now began to get noisy with radio talk as Sherman mustered camera planes and combatants into the right position at the right time, so that there were not all those untimely false starts and the dangerous chaos of their first week. It was a miracle that someone had not been killed. It was the helicopter that worried Kerr now. Like the old Wellington, it was packed with complex camera equipment; but whereas the Wellington was always somewhere in the stream of traffic, the helicopter was more like a dog sitting down in the middle of a busy highway. He could see its red and yellow blades chopping up swaths of the faint white haze 1000 feet below them. The Wellington had almost nothing but cameras along both sides of its geodetic body; big gaps in its skin were filled with lenses and cameramen wrapped up like polar explorers.

"Kevin. I can't hear you," Sherman suddenly said.

"Because I'm not talking," Kerr said offhandedly.

"All right. Everybody calm down," Sherman shouted. "I know we're all het up, as usual, but this is the last day of formation flying, and if we do it right, we're through. First the old peel off, Helmut. Remember, right to left. And, Kev, you from left to right. Then, when you come up and reform, you both come in with your flights under the Wellington and over the chopper, face to face. Helmut, you go over Kevin; and, Kevin, your lot go under the 'smitts.' And remember your camera buttons. OK? Come in. . . ."

"All clear," Kerr said.

"*Verstand* . . ." he heard from the laconic German.

"And, for Christ's sake, please, please try to keep the camera positions in mind. Just be that much of actors—otherwise, it's all money down the drain."

Kerr heard Helmut say something in German but did not understand.

"OK. Take your positions and wait till I count you down to zero. And no anticipating. Good luck, you rickety old bastards; and, for Christ's sake, be careful."

They had been flying around in a perfect circle while helicopter and Wellington took up their exact positions and Jack Sherman talked everybody into place again. Now Kerr leveled out his flight and swung inland high over the foothills, and he wondered again, as he had every day, how this molded, upward landscape and these exotic red hills and lovely green vines could be made to look on the screen like an English spring landscape. But the experts were sure that all their lenses that pointed down were so focused that they would never show the earth long enough or in that much detail.

He began a long and slow turn and watched the Messerschmitts do their first act of the day. Helmut took his flight into that 30-degree sector between Wellington above and helicopter below; and, knowing perfectly where the cameras of one would not foul up and photograph the cameras of the other, he chose his moment and then peeled off in a perfect sample of the maneuver that was a model for the others to follow. Right to left.

"One, two, three. . . ." He could hear Sherman counting aloud for the next man to flip over and upend the whole horizon.

Again: "One, two, three. . . ."

Sherman was counting to satisfy his nerves, because only two of the Messerschmitts had working radios—Helmut's and his American tail man's. The rest had simply collapsed to the point of being irreparable. Kerr's own flight had had three working radios when they took off this morning from St. Raphaël, but one had gone, and it was stupidly his tail man's—Stan MacGregor's. He had thought of telling Purdell, number three, with the good radio to go around to replace MacGregor, but he would sooner have a good pilot at the end of the line than a mediocre one, and MacGregor was an artisan who kept all his movements clean and workmanlike.

"One, two, *three* . . . four, five. . . . You bastard, you're late. What's the matter with you? Helmut." Sherman shouted angrily. "You'll have to do it again. Your tail man was maybe five seconds late. Look at him: he's way out of sight. You'll have to do it again, after the Hurricanes."

"You tell him," Kerr heard Helmut say in his American-German-English. "He is your man Bob Beker."

Bob Beker was one of the three Americans Sherman had brought with him into this, hoping, no doubt, to have some

(continued on page 159)

"For outstanding service, beyond the call of duty. . . ."

AMERICANS AND THE GUN

article By U. S. SENATOR JOSEPH TYDINGS *a deeply committed legislator and longtime sportsman-hunter offers a rational, viable method of controlling—not eliminating—this country's vast civilian arsenal*

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice, very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

—Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

There is a tendency to feel that way about gun control.

Our fight began in March 1964, after President Kennedy was killed by a sniper in Dallas, using a rifle bought by mail from Chicago. The case was irrefutable. A man clearly deranged should not be able to buy a gun, and certainly not by mail from another state. Indeed, there could be no effective state gun-control laws unless interstate shipments were controlled.

So for four years, a small group of us in the Senate and an even smaller band of Congressmen attempted to persuade our respective judiciary committees that gun-control legislation—in the most modest form imaginable—should be cleared for floor action. We were not successful. (We did manage to get an interstate-mail-order handgun-sale provision into the Omnibus Safe Streets Act, but only after we served notice that no bill would emerge from the judiciary committee without it.)

Then, during a 60-day period last year, the debate was shifted. Assassins killed a Nobel Prize winner and a United States Senator who might have become President; and we were no longer satisfied to fight so hard for the most modest of laws.

"A slow sort of country!" said the Queen. "Now, here, you see, it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that."

We tried to run twice as fast as before—but it just wasn't fast enough. The opponents of effective gun control ran as fast as we did.

That there is public support for real gun laws is clear. Polls show that as much as 80 percent of the American people support them. Two thirds to 73 percent, the Harris and Gallup polls say, support registration and licensing of all firearms and licensing of gun purchasers. And yet, the Senate voted 55 to 31 against registration and licensing.

The attacks on our proposals had an *Alice in Wonderland* quality perhaps unique in modern legislative history. The Constitution, opponents said, protects from Governmental interference the "right of the people to keep and bear arms." It did not matter that every constitutional scholar, the U. S. Supreme Court, the Attorney General of the United States and most law-school professors one cares to consult agree that there is no constitutional impediment to firearms-crime-control legislation. Indeed, they agree, the Constitution refers to the public's collective right to a citizen militia or a National Guard. The Congress, if it chooses, has the constitutional authority to outlaw entirely private ownership of guns, although I would oppose this.

Opponents said that registration and licensing proposals—indeed, any gun-control proposal—are a plot to disarm the lawful. Criminals, they said, will not register their guns—only the law-abiding will. Of course, confirmed criminals might not register their guns. But so what? If caught with an unregistered gun, the criminal or would-be criminal will go to jail. And registration records are immensely useful in tracing stolen weapons and in tracing guns to criminals, even if those guns are not registered in their names. As New Jersey Attorney General Arthur J. Sills testified last summer before our Senate subcommittee on juvenile delinquency:

> Returning briefly to the efficacy of firearms registration, there is no doubt that such a program would be of immeasurable value to the police in solving gun crimes. It would also be valuable to the police in other respects. For example, it would allow the police to trace a firearm to the original owner if stolen or lost. Furthermore, a gun, once registered, would make the owner aware of his responsibility and would discourage an indiscriminate resale.

When a crime is committed by the driver of a car—in a hit-and-run accident or by fleeing the scene of a crime—the police have a good chance of identifying the owner of that car

CONSTRUCTION BY ROGER HANE


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through his license plate. But when a gun is found near the scene of a crime, there is little chance in most states of identifying the owner, because the possession of that gun is not kept track of once it has been sold. Charles A. O'Brien, chief deputy attorney general of California, called his state's records of handgun sales "one of the valuable aids to law enforcement in the solution of gun crimes throughout the 58 counties of the state."

Disarm the law-abiding? We didn't want to disarm anyone except criminals. We wanted only to deny the privilege to possess firearms to unrehabilitated felons, mental incompetents, addicts and alcoholics, and to juveniles who did not have parental consent.

But, said the opponents, people commit crimes; guns do not. Although we proponents of gun control may be dense in the eyes of some, I don't think that any of us believes that guns alone commit crimes. But we do know that crimes are committed by people using guns. And, as 22 of the nation's most noted criminologists wrote to me in a jointly signed letter, "The availability of guns contributes to the incidence of murder, serious assault and other crimes of violence. . . . Effective gun-control legislation could reduce the availability of guns and thereby the incidence of crimes of violence."

A University of Chicago study of homicides in that city showed that the death rate is about five times greater in gun attacks than it is in attacks by knife, the second most dangerous weapon. A very substantial percentage of Chicago's homicides are the result of attacks that may not be motivated by a desire to kill. Therefore, the deadliness of the weapon becomes a key determinant of the homicide rate. The Chicago study concluded, "The absence of firearms would depress the otherwise expectable homicide rate. . . ." So it may be true that people, and not guns, commit crimes; but the FBI reports that people commit more than 130,000 crimes with guns each year; and when they do, they are likely to cause somebody's death. Just as in the case of automobiles (which don't cause crimes, either), we must control the weapon to reduce the problem. Just as we forbid a blind man to drive a car, we must forbid lunatics and dangerous criminals to possess guns.

Present laws would be adequate, said the opponents, if they were enforced. We don't need more laws; there are already too many laws in this country for the good of freedom. Let's just enforce the ones already on the books and then see if we really need Congress' intervention.

So we looked at the laws on the books and we discovered that, in truth, many are not being enforced. But somehow we couldn't bring ourselves to issue an appeal to Texas to enforce its law forbidding the carrying of a gun in a saddlebag except when traveling; and to Vermont to enforce its law forbidding children from having guns in their schoolhouse; and to Arkansas to enforce its law forbidding possession of a machine gun for offensive or aggressive purposes. Try as we might, we could not believe that vigorous enforcement of these laws would significantly reduce crime. So we continued the fight.

"Stop interfering with the rights of honest Americans," said the opponents. "If you want to do something about gun crimes, stop harassing honest hunters and start really punishing criminals. Stiffen sentences, throw them in jail—that's the way to control crime."

Certainly, a lot of people believe in that—President Nixon, for one. Unfortunately for those who advocate this simplistic approach, it cannot be shown, in most categories of crime, that stiffened sentences, mandatory minimums and the like have an appreciable effect on crime rates. Heavier penalties for gun crimes already exist. Armed robbery is a more serious offense than simple robbery; aggravated assault is more heavily punished than simple assault; murder is the most serious crime of all. But heavy penalties have not prevented rises in criminal statistics. Quite the contrary. Since 1965, the gun-murder rate has increased 47 percent; aggravated assault by gun is up 76 percent; and armed robbery by gun is up 58 percent.

Heavy sentences may be desirable. They may have some deterrent effect we don't yet know about. And, in fact, I cosponsored an amendment to the gun bill that authorized penalties up to life imprisonment for gun crimes. But my amendment would not help solve gun crimes and help prosecutors secure convictions, as registration would. And it would not prevent criminal access to guns, as licensing would.

The most hysterical argument of the gun lobby is that put forward by the National Rifle Association: "No dictatorship has ever been imposed on a nation of free men who have not previously been required to register their privately owned firearms."

This argument, ludicrous as it is, was so widely spread during the legislative fight on gun-control legislation that I asked the Library of Congress to research it for me. Here is what the library reported:

> We can make no positive correlation between gun laws and dictatorships, as the following examples will show: First, four countries were examined that are democracies now, but in recent history came under Nazi dictatorships (Germany, Italy, France and Austria). One may reasonably assume that if gun-registration laws constituted a primary factor in the rise of dictatorships, these countries would have since revised their laws to prevent future dictatorships.
>
> This has not been the case. The four countries today have substantially the same gun laws as those in force prior to the advent of dictatorship. In fact, in Italy, where gun laws were relaxed by Mussolini, they have recently been restrengthened approximately to their pre-Mussolini level.
>
> Secondly, two democracies were examined that have not suffered dictatorships in their recent history (England and Switzerland). Switzerland has had gun-registration laws since 1874; England, since 1831.

Even if lists of firearms owners would be useful to an enemy of the United States, undoubtedly the single largest and most useful list would be the membership list of the N. R. A. itself. That mailing list of more than 1,000,000 names and addresses is conveniently maintained on computer cards at N. R. A. headquarters in the heart of Washington.

It all seems now like some strange, unbelievable fantasy. It is difficult enough to believe that we lost, but it is impossible to believe that we lost because of such arguments as these. But, if not, why *did* we lose? The fight began with so much promise; we had so much hope.

I appeared the Sunday after Senator Kennedy's death on *Meet the Press*, to talk about the gun problem. I said, in response to a question:

> Nothing is going to move the state legislatures across the country except a most tremendous outpouring of demands from the citizens of this country. It is only the people who are going to do it. The Congress is not going to change; we are not going to get a bill through the Senate unless the people themselves get on the telephone and get hold of their Senators and say, "We demand action."

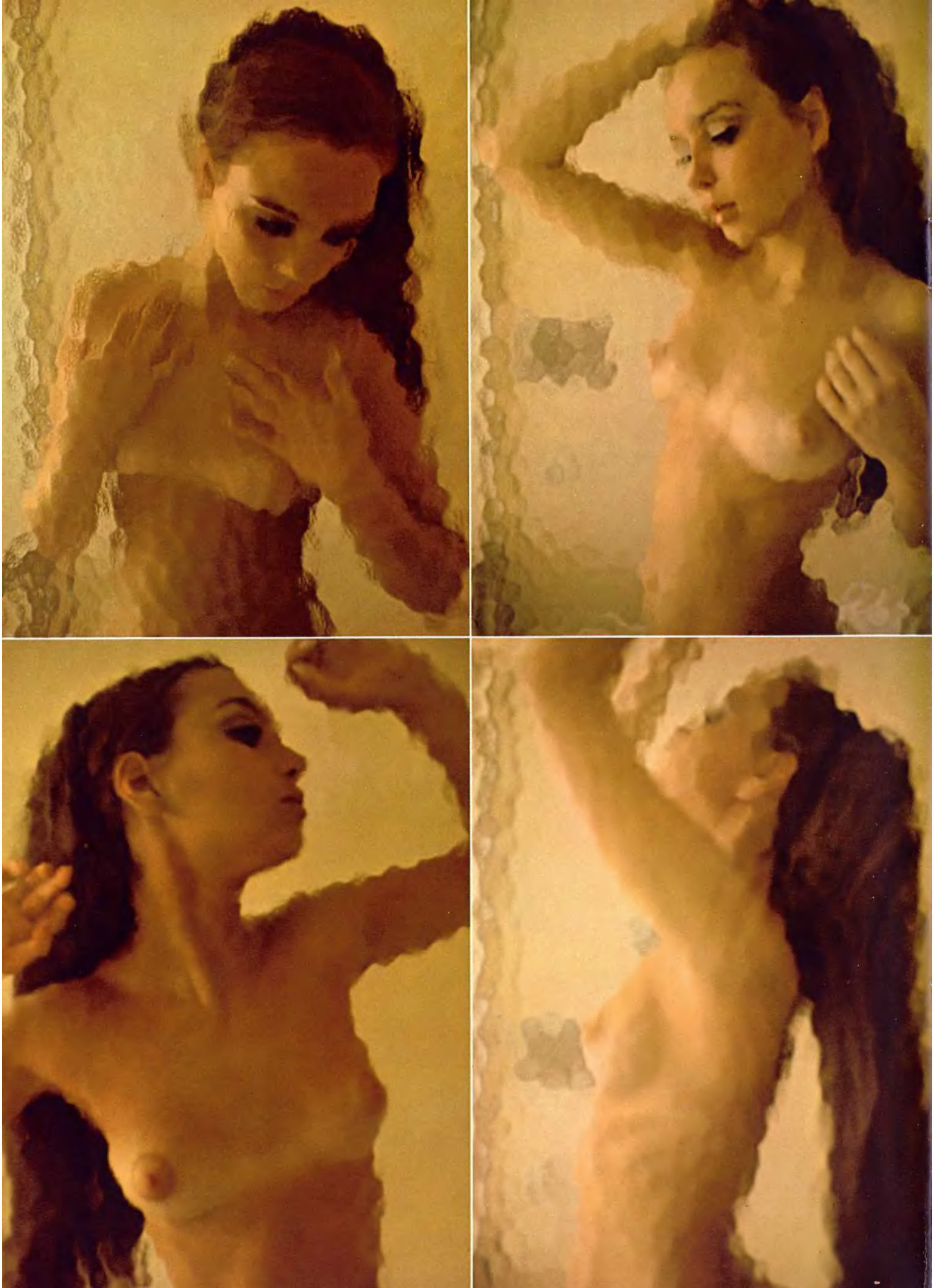
No one, least of all me, was prepared for the response that followed. Letters began pouring into my office at the rate of 1200 a day. They filled every corner of my office and were stuffed into boxes, which, for a time, threatened to crowd out my staff. We began to store them in the corridors outside our suite, until, finally, the Senate's sergeant at arms complained about the mess in our halls. It was the greatest volume of mail on

(continued on page 207)

FLICKER FLICKA

stockholm's marie liljedahl —one of our most popular "girls of scandinavia" and now on the threshold of screen stardom—pauses for a revealing playboy pictorial

A STAGE ACTRESS at 10 and a member of the Swedish Royal Opera ballet at 12, precocious Marie Liljedahl—one of *The Girls of Scandinavia* unveiled in PLAYBOY last June—appears, at 18, to be on her way to international sex stardom. In *Inga*, a Swedish-made film that has been attracting record audiences in the U. S. since November, Marie portrays a preoccupied adolescent whose aunt—in need of capital to finance her own bedroom capers—offers her to an elderly suitor. Inga loses her virginity but, in so doing, gains access to the brave new world of the senses. Like her film character, Marie is discovering herself and the new world around her. She recently left her parents' villa outside Stockholm to find an apartment in the city—but while she's attracted to the metropolis, she also finds it overwhelming and frequently sails to an offshore island, where she enjoys not only needed repose but also the chance to study future roles without distraction. Marie views her frankly erotic performance in *Inga*—which involves repeated exposure, a masturbation scene and some Olympian lovemaking—with characteristic Swedish matter-of-factness: "There's nothing offensive or difficult about disrobing for the camera, if that's what the script calls for. I don't get emotionally involved with the actor in a love scene



nor embarrassed by the presence of the crew. We're all just doing our jobs." Marie's film career began three years ago, while she was vacationing in Greece with her family. A photographer for Germany's *Neue Illustrierte* approached her on the seashore with an invitation to enter a local beauty contest. Marie won easily and soon found herself studying Greek in order to act in her first film, *The Hot Month of August*. She then returned to Sweden, where she became a regular on television as an actress and a model. She turned down a number of roles because "the only thing the producers were interested in was getting me undressed." *Inga*, she felt, was a sensitive study of a young girl's coming of age. Some critics have disagreed, but the film has given Marie's career new momentum. She will soon appear in *Do You Always Want to Remain a Single Girl?* and—with Jacques Tati—*The Sexy Dozen*. After she fulfills her present commitments in Europe, Marie hopes to migrate to the States: "European men usually feel they have to try to get you into bed immediately. Americans aren't nearly as pushy—and that's a welcome relief."

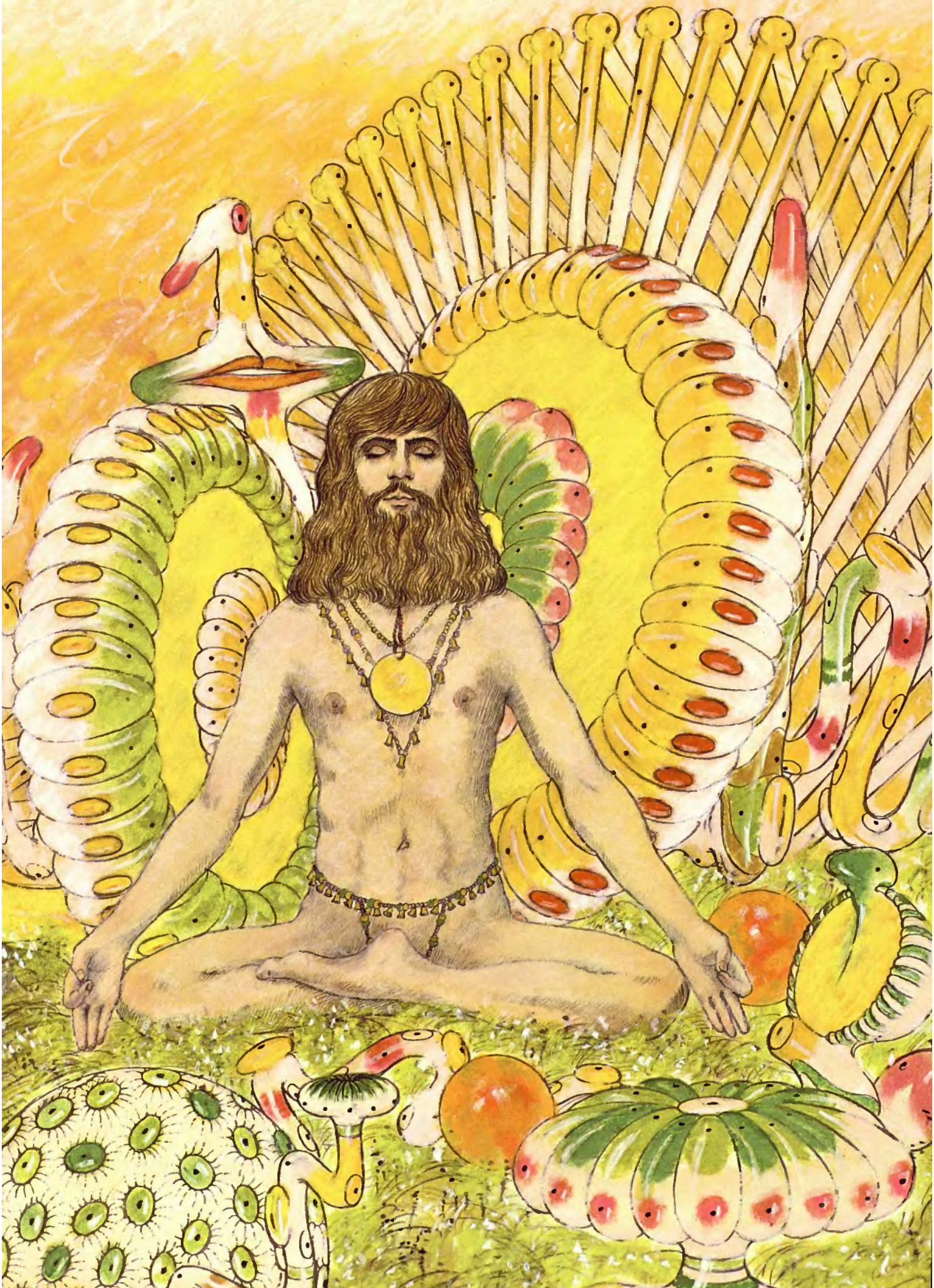
CULTSVILLE U.S.A.

in california's salubrious clime, religious sects appeal makes mystic modes of worship bloom in lush profusion

article By C. ROBERT JENNINGS FROM Sallisaw, Oklahoma, to Bakersfield, California, they come, their grapes of hope mutating in violence to grapes of wrath. Jim Casy, itinerant preacher who never takes up a collection, goes first into the wilderness in search of God, then sacrifices himself for Tom Joad, then leads a strike in which he is brutally murdered by the fuzz. Before he dies, Jim says to his killers: "You don't know what you're a-doin'."

Political Pooh-Bahs called the late John Steinbeck a Communist for *The Grapes of Wrath*; and powerful religious groups branded it "obscene" for its masterly creation of Jim Casy, whom few readers had trouble decoding as Jesus Christ. Like Christ, Casy was a humanity-loving, put-upon prophet. He trundled his followers from a bleak dust bowl into a promised land—in this case, California—where, as Ma Joad

ILLUSTRATION BY KERIG POPE



had it, everything's "rich an' green." There, the huge Joad family sought their New Jerusalem, where they might glimpse a better vision of the ideal, found a new faith, maybe, and seek a utopian unity with some undefined godhead.

Wittingly or not, Steinbeck was also writing a parable for his own native soil; for no place on earth, before or since *The Grapes of Wrath*, has been home to so many God seekers, to people who play at God seeking and to people who cruelly prey on God seekers with instant religions and long-term financing. From the sensuously rolling hips of Aimee Semple McPherson in the Twenties to the psychedelically rolled hippies of the Sixties, California has played disinterested host to a bewildering gang of lotus lickers and Grail hunters both sincere and sappy, healthy and rheumatic, kidding and conned; and to a frighteningly motley throng of unholy zealots, ersatz psychics, faith healers, metaphysicians, cabalists, occultists; to mail-order mystics with exotic names, redeemers in everything from gold-satin robes to saffron saris and dirty-white loincloths, messiahs with missions either venal or benevolent, well meant or menacing—and sometimes both at once.

In San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, a listless young man with glazed eyes, Hindu beads and humble mien sits cross-legged, reading the life of Ramakrishna and meditating "upon God in the relationship of a lover." Parroting a spirited passage from the book, he remarks with a singular lack of spirit that his is "a reckless but religious love transcending sex." His button—for everyone in the truth-seeking, love-loving, hypocrisy-hating, past-denying Sixties has a label—shouts: MAY THE BABY JESUS OPEN YOUR MIND AND SHUT YOUR MOUTH.

Nearby, in the Haight-Ashbury district, where everyone is turned on or freaked out or doing his thing with passively contrived innocence, a freckled youth with a swamp of alfalfa curls and a stack of erotic *Kama Sutra* posters, says he is practicing "left-handed tantra dating from the Ninth Century A.D.—Indian, you know. You seek union with God, and especially the Divine Mother, through sexual intercourse with your girl." A proper pause for the listener he hopes to embarrass or shock, then: "Even the Hindu deities copulated, you know." He wears his manifesto on each side of a highly colored serape. One of the buttons reads: TEACH A COP TO PRAY; the other, TEACH A COP TO FUCK. "It's the same thing, really," he says sweetly, proffering incense and adding that Allen Ginsberg, the sadhu of this seminal city, tells the cops they "ought to be equipped with the mystique of an ancient mantra [chant] still used in India to disperse crowds," instead of routing the hippies with harsh words and billy clubs. India is very "in" this year. It's not the weather, it's the humility, they say.

"You have to be out of your mind to pray," adds a wheyfaced girl with long raffia hair and psychedelic Mother Hubbard covered with beads and prisms. She is out of hers on marijuana, which she first smoked while embracing a bronze Buddha. "That's what Tim Leary says." Dr. Leary, a self-styled prophet who wears a bone-carved Egyptian mandala about his neck and white holy-man pajamas, claims to have launched the first indigenous religion in America; but *Ramparts* editor Warren Hinckle sees him merely as "Aimee Semple McPherson in drag."

Over at the Zen Center, which looks oddly like a synagogue, barefoot men and women in their mid-20s, faded jeans, rust-colored corduroys and mauve velours, practice *kinhin*, or walking meditation, hands folded meekly across stomach, eyes tilted downward or closed. "When you sit long hours in *zazen* [sitting meditation], the blood tends to collect around the loins," says one Zen novice. "It tends to make you seek, uh, wrong outlets—like those Buddhists in Japan who were caught drinking and screwing all over the temple."

Then he joins the others, chanting the "Great Prajna Paramita Sutra: Avalokitesvara Bodhisattva practice deep Prajna Paramita when perceive five skandas all empty. Relieve every suffering. Sariputra, form not different from emptiness. Emptiness not different from form. Form is the emptiness. Emptiness is the form. Sensation, thought, active substance, consciousness, also like this. . . ." A little sign on the altar admonishes everyone to RECITE SUTRAS WITH YOUR EARS. A little girl with a Mia Farrow haircut says: "There is no me and no you, no Abraham or Jesus or Mohammed—just God alone." The gongs gong beatifically; the incense is a sweet sandal flora.

In the raffish North Beach area, a bottle-bald man with leopardskin vest and demonic beard, who claims to be the Devil's emissary running "a charm school for witches," stages a piquant ritual to support his "Satanic Church" on the other side of town. He boasts that Barbara McNair is a Satanist, too. His black magic this night consists of the seduction of "the Grand Inquisitor" by a seedy trio of topless witches in filmy black. "The successful witches always slept with the Inquisitors and do right now," explains Satan. The Inquisitor, played by an ex-choirboy and "former divinity counselor for Billy Graham," flaunts grinding pelvis and pubic hair in the bottom half of a woman's baby-blue bikini—"to express the transvestite image," explains Satan. "We're all possessed of that animus; the duality of man and woman is in all of us. The Devil himself is a hermaphroditic deity."

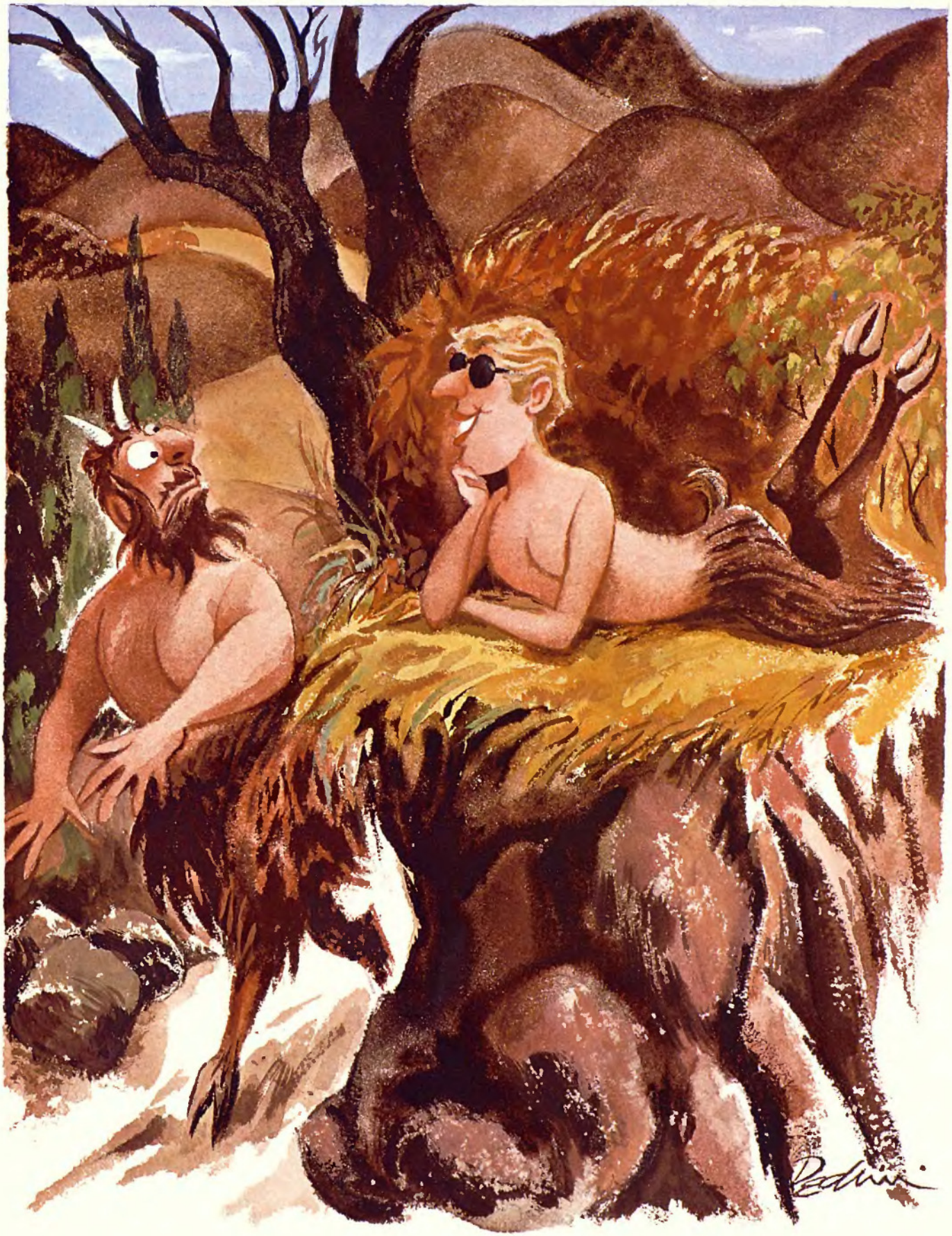
Back at his Satanic Church, a decrepit black house on California Street that is also his home, 38-year-old Transylvanian gypsy Anton Szandor La Vey sleeps with a 500-pound lion, lectures on witchcraft and demonology and allows the faithful to attend weekly "Magic Circle" rituals at $2.50 a head. A sign on the door greets visitors with the warmth of a werewolf: UNLESS YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, DO NOT DISTURB. With an appointment, or $2.50, the visitor is greeted within by a live black cat and a dead ocelot leashed to black walls, and invited to sit on an ottoman next to a bare-fanged stuffed wolf. Drinks are served from a surgical Gurney.

"This is very serious business with me," says La Vey from the musty depths of a dental chair, flanked by bell, book and candle stuck in a human skull, a shrew, cat-o'-nine-tails, cloven hoofs, trapezoids, pentagrams, talismans, amulets, a skeleton, secret doors, a demonological library (*The Satanic Mass, Biography of Dracula, Prenuptial Rites and Rituals*) and the stone altar on which nude girls, symbolizing "Earthly Desire," recline on leopardskin for Satanic weddings.

"There's never been a true Devil's Advocate, and never a Satanic Church before in the world," says La Vey in a soft, theatrically modulated voice. "I believe in the dissolution of the church concept of sin as we know it and, with it, guilt. I can see nothing wrong with indulging ourselves in the seven deadly sins, which are really virtues. Evil spelled backward is *Live*! Hell is a place populated by people forced to indulge in all physical and mental gratification, having as much sex as they want, eating what they please, going through *bags* of money. In sex magic, the greatest outpouring of magical force occurs during the peak of sex activity, or the orgasmic state. With the proper imagery, the proper time—especially while the victim is sleeping. In the passive unconscious state, the *working* will manifest itself. With charitable love, the greatest outpouring would be shedding of tears. In either case, catharsis is the result. Not everyone can be a sorcerer, because you have to control emotions so you can channel them into a very strong working force. If a person wanted to copulate with a beautiful girl at my ritual, I'd set up a series of vibrations that would put this karma into effect. . . ."

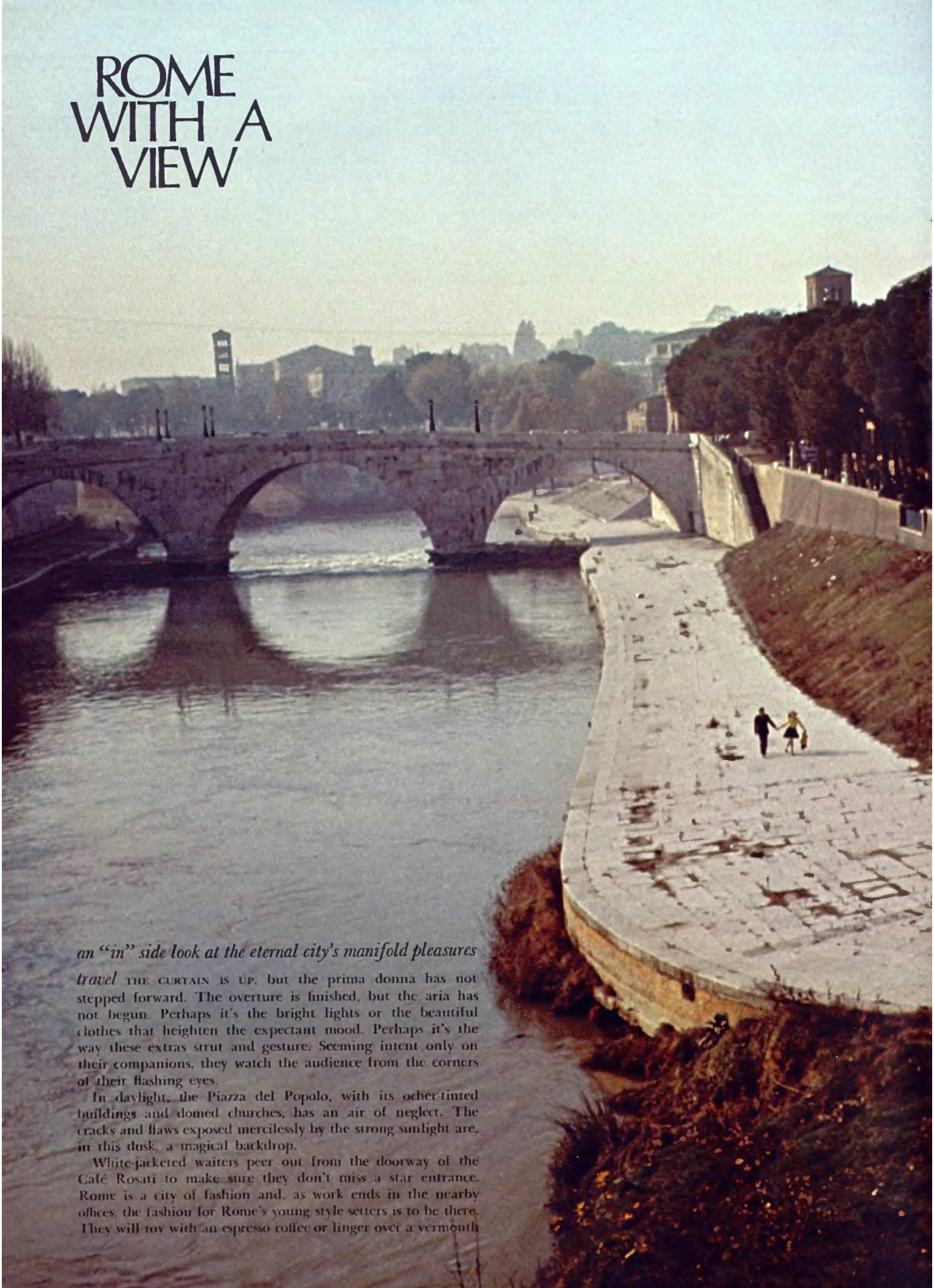
Outside, the neighbors are complaining that the lion roars at night and keeps them awake. "The lion takes dope," says one. Inside, an ex–assistant lion tamer for Clyde Beatty, who also doubled as calliope player in the circus, confesses to his pretty sorceress of a

(continued on page 151)



"Hi, there!"

ROME WITH A VIEW



an "in" side look at the eternal city's manifold pleasures

travel THE CURTAIN IS UP, but the prima donna has not stepped forward. The overture is finished, but the aria has not begun. Perhaps it's the bright lights or the beautiful clothes that heighten the expectant mood. Perhaps it's the way these extras strut and gesture. Seeming intent only on their companions, they watch the audience from the corners of their flashing eyes.

In daylight, the Piazza del Popolo, with its ocher-tinted buildings and domed churches, has an air of neglect. The cracks and flaws exposed mercilessly by the strong sunlight are, in this dusk, a magical backdrop.

White-jacketed waiters peer out from the doorway of the Café Rosati to make sure they don't miss a star entrance. Rome is a city of fashion and, as work ends in the nearby offices, the fashion for Rome's young style setters is to be there. They will toy with an espresso coffee or linger over a vermouth

PLAYBOY'S CAPSULE GUIDE TO A ROMAN HOLIDAY

WHERE TO STAY

CAVALIERI HILTON: commercial and impersonal, but it offers a superabundance of amenities.
EXCELSIOR: a zestfully appointed Via Veneto landmark for action-oriented celebrities.
FLORA: a centrally located, efficient, up-to-date oasis for U. S. business travelers.
FORUM: opposite the Imperial Forum; small (but pleasant) rooms in a restored *palazzo*.
GRAND HOTEL: Rome's most distinguished hotel. Spacious suites, urbane ambiance. Memorable.
HASSLER: roost for royalty and high society. Scenically situated atop the Spanish Steps.
INGHILTERRA: Old World atmosphere lures artists and writers; near the Spanish Steps.
LEONARDO DA VINCI: newly opened and away from city bustle; luxurious yet reasonable.
PARCO DEI PRINCIPI: an outdoor pool, lots of plastic and swinging guests.
RITZ: 15 minutes from *centracitta*; richly furnished and pleasingly spacious suites.
VICTORIA: get a room overlooking the Borghese Gardens. Quiet, comfortable, friendly.

WHERE TO DINE

CESARINA: beguiling Bolognese cookery and marvelous service in an amiable atmosphere.
DAL BOLOGNESE: the terrace tables overlook the Piazza del Popolo; traditional menu.
DA MEO PATACCA: costumed folk singers cavort in a medieval setting; touristy—but fun.
GEORGE'S: where knowledgeable gourmets gather for international and exotic cuisine.
HOSTARIA DELL'ORSO: old, elegant, exclusive, expensive; the Eternal City's very best.
ILE DE FRANCE: perhaps the best French food in Italy; order the *quiche lorraine*.
IL GIOTTONE: candlelit, intimate atmosphere. Menu usually features veal, *tagliatelle*.
LA FATTORIA: for a sumptuous Roman smorgasbord in a rustic farmhouse north of the city.
MASTROSTEFANO: warm-weather alfresco—and informal—dining; try the *polla alla diavola*.
RANIERI: 126 years of epicurean excellence—and the food's never been better!
TAVERNA FLAVIA: film industry's noontime headquarters; estimable comestibles.

WHERE TO PLAY

CAPRICCIO: the cocktail lounge features a shake-it-up combo—and matching dance crowd.
CLUB 84: an elegant *disco* frequented by affluent Romans; a late-night imperative.
COQ D'OR: romantic dancing (and/or dining) in a 17th Century palace. She'll love it.
HILTON ROOF: indoor dancing; the view of the city from terrace tables is awesome.
IL PIPISTRELLO: a popular piano bar and nightcapper. Warm and intimate atmosphere.
LA CABALA: atop the Hostaria Dell'Orso; unabashed opulence, two orchestras.
LO SCARABOCCHIO: newest of Rome's chic *discothèques*. Located in the Trastevere section.
PIPER CLUB: two groups supply nonstop pop pandemonium for dancing; a happy mob scene.

WHERE—AND WHAT—TO BUY

A. ANTINORI: Florentine-leather accessories—belts, billfolds, attaché cases, etc.
BRIONI: especially for bespoke silk suits (at around $200 and up), blazers, formalwear.
BULGARI: Rome's answer to Tiffany—a befittingly formal cathedral of diamonds.
GUCCI: the Continent's best-known designer of leatherwear—including coats—for men.
ANGELO LITRICO: Rome's master tailor suits up a high-fashion celebrity clientele.
CARLO MANETTI: for busts and statues; be sure to check out the sculpted chess sets.
LA MENDOLA: his-and-her *boutique* items—wildly colored shirts and beach ponchos.
CARLO PALAZZI: innovative fashion center featuring men's matched shirts and slacks.
GINO PAOLI: don't pass up Paoli's meticulously made, style-setting men's casual knits.
PUCCI: you'll make her euphoric with a creation from Italy's leading *haute couturière*.

DON'T LEAVE UNTIL YOU

do all the standard—but still highly recommended—sight-seeing: the Forum, Vatican Museum, Sistine Chapel, the Colosseum, the Appian Way and the Etruscan Museum.

take in the Via Veneto girl-watching scene at a sidewalk table at the Café de Paris.

wangle an invitation to one of Rome's posh private gambling clubs; high rollers only.

catch the summer sound-and-light evocations of ancient Rome staged evenings at the Forum.

take her for a romantic ride in a horse-drawn hansom (*carrazzella*); they are metered.

sample Italy's own invention, ice cream; fine vantage points are Rosati's, Tre Scalini.

cap off a late Saturday date with an early-A.M. visit to the Sunday-morning Flea Market, when sellers unpack their merchandise. You'll have first pick of intriguing wares.

reserve a full day for the out-of-town Helio Cabala Club: two swimming pools, lots of film hopefuls, epicurean edibles and dancing at night; delicious *dolce vita*.

spend at least a day motoring outside the city. Destinations you'll dig: the village of Castel Gandolfo, located on Lake Albano, where the Pope has his summer palace; the ruins of Hadrian's Villa (a great place for a picnic), built by the Emperor in 125 A.D.; Villa d'Este, a four-century-old site famed for its fantastic fountains.

for an hour. Girls in Pucci dresses and girls in homemade cotton ones wave to men in souped-up minicars. Only for an hour is it like this; then they begin to drift away—some to the big apartment blocks on the edge of town and others to a replay of the same show on the Via Veneto.

Rome is not a city; it's a series of theatrical experiences, vignettes and epics, a profusion of sights and incidents that leaves the newcomer with the feeling that he has arrived midway through the performance of some colossal and intricate spectacular and that, for

The photogenic fascination of Rome is amply evidenced in our opening view of Tiberine Island, a blocklong strip of land cleaving the ancient Tiber. Top: After viewing the Imperial Forum and much of Rome from atop the Campidoglio, two adventurous visitors cavort in a nearby courtyard. Above: Sergio and Ada's, near the Trevi Fountain, is a *ristorante* frequented by affluent artists and writers; the menu—on a blackboard borne by Sergio—usually features such fare as boar sausage and *arrosto d'abbacchio* (roast lamb). Opposite page: Comfortably ensconced in a *carrozzella*, a couple rides past the Piazza del Popolo, seen beyond the trees.

all his concentration, he will never fully understand what has gone before.

Seeing it for the first time, the visitor finds himself incapable of absorbing everything that passes before his eyes: It has almost too much history, magnificence, life, movement. There are cities that can make greater claims to antiquity, and there are many where the lights burn later at night; yet none has Rome's special magic, its powerful blend of vibrancy and romance with splendor and a strangely tragic sense of neglect. But don't mourn the passing of this ancient capital's former glory; for all the ruin and rubble, Rome thrives and dazzles with a zest that other, more modern cities could never match.

Within a few days, it is possible to taste each of the many layers of experience that Rome can offer; but even in that short a stay, it's not necessary to rush. Be selective, check opening hours of all stores, restaurants, monuments and night clubs, and start your sight-seeing early in the day. Equip yourself with a map (the Provincial Tourist Office issues one of the handiest), circle the sights that appeal to your own taste and use the phone book to locate cafés, restaurants and shops.

Not to have a plan, a map and one comprehensive guidebook for historical background (Masson's *Companion Guide to Rome* is one of the best and can be picked up on arrival) would mean a largely wasted journey. And don't skip the obvious sights. Some people think that because the Colosseum is so familiar, they needn't bother to see it, which is akin to a belief that an illustrated cookbook is a substitute for food. All of the old city's monuments, no matter how often they may have been photographed, are a revelation. Sight, smell, sound, light and texture weave their own spell and, when combined firsthand with the memories that Rome inevitably evokes, they leave an impression that nothing will dislodge.

The city is seen at its best from late March to the end of June and from September to mid-November. These are the months when the weather is kindest; there are cool shadows in the narrow, twisting alleys, the marble gleams white and brilliant in the sun and wisps of steam rise from the pavement of piazzas that have just been hosed. The early-morning air is fragrant with the smell of fresh-ground coffee and the perfume of secretaries as they hurry to their offices, and the smell of damp plaster floats into a wakening street from a dark and slumbering courtyard. These will give way to the scent and sound of the city's traffic as the day passes; but now, in the new morning, the time when knowledgeable travelers start their shopping or sight-seeing, the air is calm and clean and the splash of fountains in a deserted square is still one of the loudest sounds to be heard.

Our chart gives a sampling of Rome's luxury hotels; but, when making reservations (especially in the summer in the more modern part of the city), make sure your room is well away from traffic. The best solution is an air-conditioned suite high above the street; but if none is available, and if your hotel has a large inner courtyard, as many do, settle for something on the inside; there'll be plenty of light, even if the view doesn't amount to much.

The older section of the city—that part from the Tiber in the west to the Villa Borghese in the east and from Piazza del Popolo in the north to the Colosseum in the south—is quietest at night, although there, luxury hotels are outnumbered by first-class establishments. The latter include the Nazionale, the Forum and the Valadier, all of which can be recommended for visitors who are more interested in rest than in revelry—as far as their hotels are concerned. For those who want to mix their pleasures, there are dozens of luxury and first-class hotels on or close to the demarcation line between old and new Rome. The plushest are located in Trinità dei Monti, atop the Spanish Steps; or on or near the Via Veneto, a street that has long been associated with all that is smartest and most sophisticated in the capital and to which we'll return later. Although luxury hotels are on the high-rise in Rome, the city's two traditional leaders, the Grand and the Hassler (both near the Trinità dei Monti), still can't be matched for over-all excellence. The Grand is Rome's grandest caravansary; its rooms are handsomely appointed, its staff remarkably efficient, its cocktail lounges and dining room rewardingly intimate. The Hassler is almost on a par with the Grand; we find it, however, a shade too formal for our tastes, an almost unavoidable state of affairs, since its guest list is often sprinkled with the titles of visiting royalty.

Trying to recommend what to see in Rome is like advocating abstinence at an orgy: There's so much around that you can't help yourself. This flood of history—and sheer sensory experiences—often overwhelms many visitors; but it shouldn't, because Rome is a fairly compact city and, in many instances, the greatest sights are located within easy walking distance of one another. People are surprised at the city's size; it's smaller than they expected and its population is only about 2,500,000, a figure that's less than double that of Imperial Rome at its height.

Rome is probably the only city in the world that can boast two independent states within its boundaries: the Vatican and the Sovereign Military Order of Malta, which is the world's tiniest state. S. M. O. M., as it is commonly acronymed, has a diplomatic service, and issues its own passports and license plates.

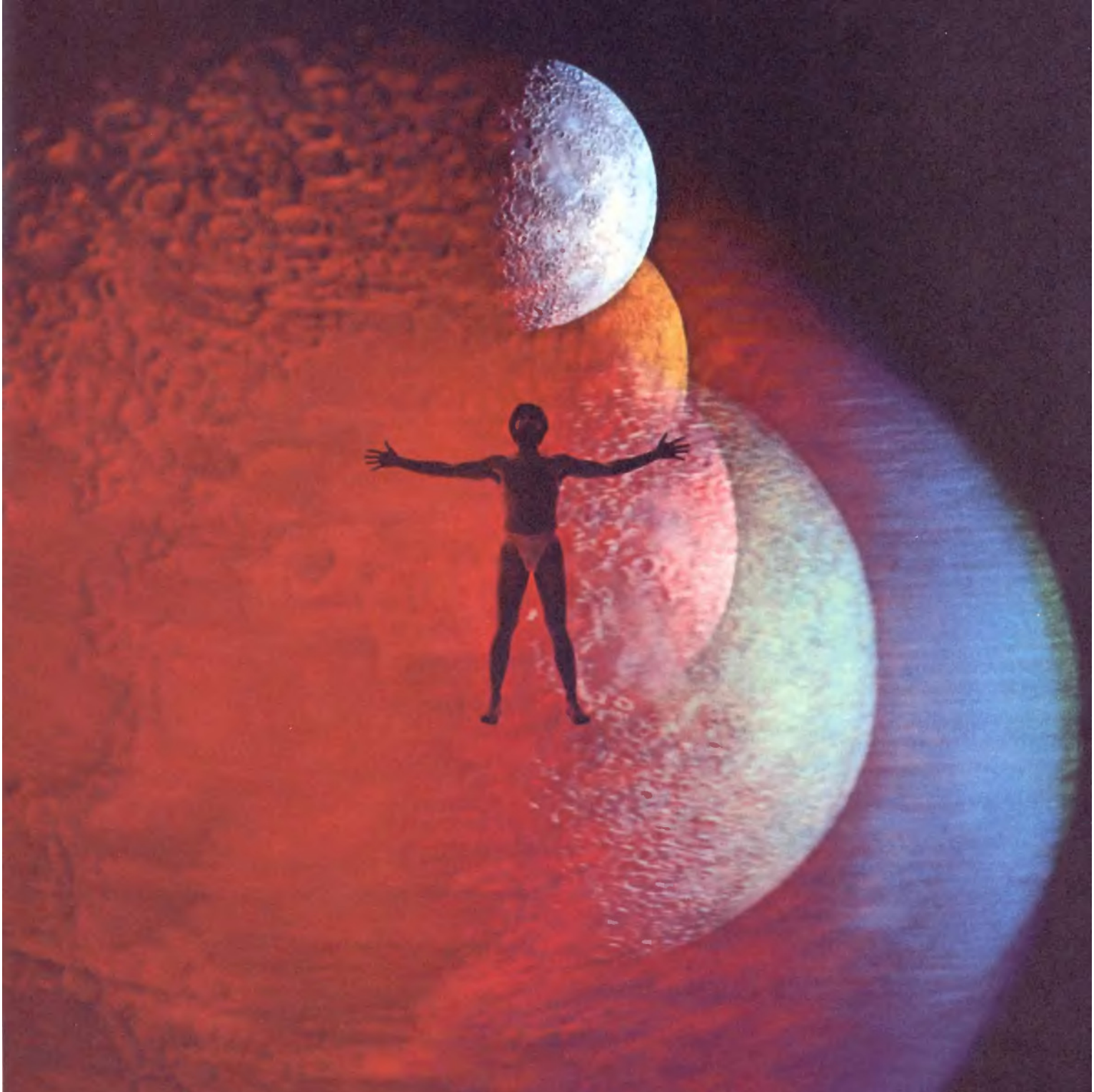
There are four rush hours in Rome (the usual two, plus two more for the long lunch-siesta), so try to fit your vehicular peregrinations in between or, whenever you can, walk. Taxis are cheap and plentiful (though they tend to vanish at midday), but it's unlikely that the driver will speak English. If you're pressed for time and your Roman friends are unavailable, get a car with a chauffeur-guide as soon as you arrive or acquaint yourself with the city by taking a couple of the more leisurely bus excursions—not the stop-and-start numbers that promise (as one company does) 40 sights before lunch. Better to miss half than to see them all on the gallop.

A typical first day should start immediately after a light early breakfast of juice, rolls and cappuccino—or espresso, if you prefer your coffee black. At this time of day, the flower sellers are arranging their stalls and displays on the Spanish Steps, a three-tiered Baroque stairway that climbs from the Piazza di Spagna to the square at the top of the steps, Trinità dei Monti. This is a convenient spot from which to familiarize yourself with the city's topography. From there, Rome spreads before one like some glittering mosaic: an eye-filling panorama of bronze domes, lofty columns, basilicas and office blocks, tightly interwoven streets and, in the haze across the Tiber, the massive dome of St. Peter's.

To the viewer's right is the Piazza del Popolo and its outdoor cafés. Behind him is Villa Medici, where Galileo was imprisoned during the Inquisition; and beyond that, the gardens of Villa Borghese, with a zoo and the art gallery in the Casino Borghese. Old Rome—the forums, Colosseum, Pantheon, stadia and circuses, baths, palaces, arches and temples—spreads out below and to the left, sweeping out of vision to the remains of the historic aqueduct and ancient city walls.

At the height of the season, this small square is crowded with sight-seers, many of them girls traveling alone or in twos or threes. It is a circumstance that leads to the demonstration of what Stephen Potter might have described as basic Romesmanship. Unattached young men, some carrying binoculars, occupy the best positions and, while waiting for the girls to approach, pretend to make an intense study of the landscape. The binoculars are soon transferred to feminine hands and, within a couple of minutes, their owner is pointing out the sights, a task that gives frequent opportunity to

(continued on page 214)



NEXT—THE PLANETS

with conquest of the moon virtually accomplished—and breakthrough discoveries at our disposal—we can now start planning exploration of the entire solar system

article By ARTHUR C. CLARKE IT HAS BEEN SAID that history never repeats itself but that historical situations recur. To anyone, like myself, who has been involved in astronautical activities for over 30 years, there is a feeling of familiarity in some of the present arguments about the exploration of space. Like all revolutionary new ideas, the subject has had to pass through three stages, which may be summed up by these reactions: (1) "It's crazy—don't waste my time"; (2) "It's possible, but it's not worth doing"; (3) "I always said it was a good idea."

As far as orbital flights, and even journeys to the Moon, are concerned, we have made excellent progress through

all of these stages, though it will be a few years yet before everyone is in category three. But where flights to the planets are involved, we are still almost where we were 30 years ago. True, there is much less complete skepticism—to that extent, history has *not* repeated itself—but there remains, despite all the events of the past decade, a widespread misunderstanding of the possible scale, importance and ultimate implications of travel to the planets.

Let us start by looking at some fundamentals, which are not as well known as they should be—even to space scientists. Forgetting all about rockets and today's astronautical techniques, consider the basic problem of lifting a man away from the Earth, purely in terms of the work done to move him against gravity. For a man of average mass, the energy requirement is about 1000 kilowatt-hours, which customers with a favorable tariff can purchase for ten dollars from their electric company. What may be called the basic cost of a one-way ticket to space is thus the modest sum of ten dollars.

For the smaller planets and all satellites—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Pluto, Moon, Titan, Ganymede, etc.—the exit fee is even less; you need only 50 cents' worth of energy to escape from the Moon. Giant planets such as Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are naturally much more expensive propositions. If you are ever stranded on Jupiter, you'll have to buy almost $300 worth of energy to get home. Make sure you take enough traveler's checks!

Of course, the planetary fields are only part of the story; work also has to be done traveling from orbit to orbit and thus moving up or down the enormous gravitational field of the Sun. But, by great good luck, the Solar System appears to have been designed for the convenience of space travelers: All the planets lie far out on the gentle slope of the solar field, where it merges into the endless plain of interstellar space. In this respect, the conventional map of the Solar System, showing the planets clustering round the Sun, is wholly misleading.

We can say, in fact, that the planets are 99 percent free of the Sun's gravitational field, so that the energy required for orbital transfers is quite small; usually, it is considerably less than that needed to escape from the planets themselves. In dollars and cents, the energy cost of transferring a man from the surface of the Earth to that of Mars is less than $20. Even for the worst possible case (surface of Jupiter to surface of Saturn), the pure energy cost is less than $1000.

Hardheaded rocket engineers may well consider that the above arguments, purporting to prove that space travel should be about a billion times cheaper than it is, have no relevance to the practical case —since, even today, the cost of the fuel is trivial, compared with the cost of the hardware. Most of the mountainous Saturn 5 standing on the pad can be bought for, quite literally, a few cents a pound; kerosene and liquid oxygen come cheap. The expensive items are the precision-shaped pieces of high-grade metals and all the little black boxes that are sold by the carat.

Although this is true, it is also, to a large extent, a consequence of our present immature, no-margin-for-error technology. Just ask yourself how expensive driving would be if a momentary engine failure were liable to write off your car —and yourself—and the fuel supply were so nicely calculated that you couldn't complete a mission if the parking meter you'd aimed at happened to be already occupied. This is roughly the situation for planetary travel today.

To imagine what it may one day become, let us look at the record of the past and see what lessons we can draw from the early history of aeronautics. Soon after the failure of Samuel Langley's "aerodrome" in 1903, the great astronomer Simon Newcomb wrote a famous essay, well worth rereading, that proved that heavier-than-air flight was impossible by means of known technology. The ink was hardly dry on the paper when a pair of bicycle mechanics irreverently threw grave doubt on the professor's conclusions. When informed of the embarrassing fact that the Wright brothers had just flown, Newcomb gamely replied: "Well, maybe a flying machine *can* be built. But it certainly couldn't carry a passenger as well as a pilot."

Now, I am not trying to poke fun at one of the greatest of American scientists. When you look at the Wright biplane, hanging up there in the Smithsonian Institution, Newcomb's attitude seems very reasonable, indeed; I wonder how many of us would have been prepared to dispute it in 1903.

Yet—and this is the really extraordinary point—there is a smooth line of development, without any major technological breakthroughs, from the Wright "flier" to the last of the great piston-engined aircraft, such as the DC-6. All the many-orders-of-magnitude improvement in performance came as a result of engineering advances that, in retrospect, seem completely straightforward and sometimes even trivial. Let us list the more important ones: variable-pitch airscrews, slots and flaps, retractable undercarriages, concrete runways, streamlining, and supercharging.

Not very spectacular, are they? Yet these things, together with steady improvements in materials and design, lifted much of the commerce of mankind into the air. For they had a synergistic effect on performance; their cumulative effect was much greater than could have been predicted by considering them individually. They did not merely add; they multiplied. All this took about 40 years. Then there was the second technological breakthrough—the advent of the jet engine—and a new cycle of development began.

Unless the record of the past is wholly misleading, we are going to see much the same sequence of events in space. As far as can be judged at the moment, the equivalent items on the table of aerospace progress may be: refueling in orbit, air-breathing boosters, reusable boosters, refueling on (or from) the Moon and lightweight materials (e.g., composites and fibers).

Probably the exploitation of these relatively conventional ideas will take somewhat less than the 40 years needed in the case of aircraft; their full impact should be felt by the turn of the century. Well before then, the next breakthrough or quantum jump in space technology should also have occurred, with the development of new propulsion systems—presumably fission-powered but, hopefully, using fusion as well. And with these, the Solar System will become an extension of the Earth—if we wish it to be.

It is at this point, however, that all analogy with the past breaks down; we can no longer draw meaningful parallels between aeronautics and astronautics. As soon as aircraft were shown to be practical, there were obvious and immensely important uses for them: military, commercial and scientific. They could be used to provide swifter connections between already highly developed communities—a state of affairs that almost certainly does not exist in the Solar System and may not for centuries to come.

It seems, therefore, that we may be involved in a peculiarly vicious circle. Planetary exploration will not be really practical until we have developed a mature spaceship technology; but we won't have good spaceships until we have worthwhile places to send them—places, above all, with those adequate refueling and servicing facilities now sadly lacking elsewhere in the Solar System. How can we escape from this dilemma? Fortunately, there is one encouraging factor.

Almost all of the technology needed for long-range space travel will inevitably and automatically be developed during the exploration of *near* space. Even if we set our sights no higher than 1000 miles above the Earth, we would find that by the time we had perfected the high-thrust, high-performance surface-to-surface transports, the low-acceleration interorbital shuttles and the reliable, closed-cycle space-station ecologies, we would have proved out at least 90 percent of the technology needed for the exploration of the Solar System—and the most expensive 90 percent, at that.

Perhaps I *(continued on page 100)*

ten new steps in the right direction

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

SHOE-INS

Today's urban footwear comes on timely, up-tempo and in tune with the wider cut of the current crop of suits and sports jackets. To avoid being sartorially off key, follow in the fashionable footsteps of these *disco*-dancing shoes. From left to right: Patent-leather formal slip-on with detachable silk rep bow, by R. Meledandri, $60; wood-grained perforated wing tip with double-buckle straps, by Weyenberg, $24; and sueded-calf monk strap with plain toe, by Nettleton, $37.

More smart tips on how to keep stylishly on your toes. This page, top to bottom: Corfam formal slip-on with stainless-steel bow, by Jahnston and Murphy, $42.50; smooth-calf monk strap with brass buckle and high tongue, by Nettletan, $45; two-tone smoath-calf classic bal with blunt toe, by Renegade, $29; and smooth waxhide slip-on with buckle front and contrasting edging, by H.I.S., $20.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA

Further footnotes for
the well-shod modern male. Top
to bottom: Patent-leather
formal slip-on with
front strap, by Nettleton,
$37; smooth-calf monk strap
with contrasting kiltie tongue,
by Oleg Cassini, $45;
and sueded classic bal with four
eyelets and blunt toe,
by Renegade, $29.

NEXT—THE PLANETS *(continued from page 96)*

had better deal here with those strange characters who think that space is the exclusive province of automatic, robot probes and that we should stay at home and watch TV, as God intended us to. This whole man–machine controversy will seem, in another couple of decades, to be a baffling mental aberration of the early space age.

I won't waste much time arguing with this viewpoint, as I hold these truths to be self-evident: (1) Unmanned spacecraft should be used whenever they can do a job more efficiently, cheaply and safely than manned vehicles; (2) Until we have automatons superior to human beings (by which time, all bets will be off), all really sophisticated space operations will demand human participation. I refer to such activities as assembling and servicing the giant applications satellites of the next decade and running orbital observatories, laboratories, hospitals and factories—projects for which there will be such obvious and overwhelming commercial and scientific benefits that no one will dispute them.

In particular, medium-sized telescopes outside the atmosphere—a mere couple of hundred miles above the Earth—will have an overwhelming impact on Solar System studies. The recent launching of OAO II—the initials stand for "Orbiting Astronomical Observatory"—was a promising beginning. Until the advent of radar and space probes, everything we knew about the planets had been painfully gathered, over a period of about a century and a half, by astronomers with inadequate instruments, hastily sketching details of a tiny, trembling disk glimpsed during moments of good sighting. Such moments—when the atmosphere is stable and the image undistorted—may add up to only a few hours in an entire lifetime of observing.

In these circumstances, it would be amazing if we had acquired any *reliable* knowledge about planetary conditions; it is safest to assume that we have not. We are still in the same position as the medieval cartographers, with their large areas of "*Terra Incognita*" and their "Here Be Dragons," except that we may have gone too far in the other direction —"Here Be *No* Dragons." Our ignorance is so great that we have no right to make either assumption.

As proof of this, let me remind you of some horrid shocks the astronomers have received recently, when things of which they were quite sure turned out to be simply not true. The most embarrassing example is the rotation of Mercury: Until a couple of years ago, everyone was perfectly certain that it always kept the same face toward the Sun, so that one side was eternally dark, the other eternally baked. But now, radar observations indicate that it turns on its axis every 59 days; it has sunrise and sunset, like any respectable world. Nature seems to have played a dirty trick on several generations of patient astronomers.

Einstein once said: "The good Lord is subtle, but He is not malicious." The case of Mercury casts some doubt on this dictum. And what about Venus? You can find, in the various reference books, rotation periods for Venus ranging all the way from 24 hours to the full value of the year, 225 days. But, as far as I know, not one astronomer ever suggested that Venus would present the extraordinary case of a planet with a day longer than its year. And, of course, it *would* be the one example we had no way of checking, until the advent of radar. Is this subtlety—or malice?

And look at the Moon. Five years ago, everyone was certain that its surface was either soft dust or hard lava. If the two schools of thought had been on speaking terms, they would at least have agreed that there were no alternatives. But then Luna 9 and Surveyor 1 landed—and what did they find? Good honest dirt.

These are by no means the only examples of recent shocks and surprises. There are the unexpectedly high temperature beneath the clouds of Venus, the craters of Mars, the gigantic radio emissions from Jupiter, the complex organic chemicals in certain meteors, the clear signs of extensive activity on the surface of the Moon. And now Mars seems to be turning inside out. The ancient, dried-up sea beds may be as much a myth as Dejah Thoris, Princess of Helium; for it looks as if the dark *Maria* are actually highlands, not lowlands, as we had always thought.

The negative point I am making is that we really know nothing about the planets. The positive one is that a tremendous amount of reconnaissance—the essential prelude to *manned* exploration —can be carried out from Earth orbit. It is probably no exaggeration to say that a good orbiting telescope could give us a view of Mars at least as clear as did Mariner 4. And it would be a view infinitely more valuable—a continuous coverage of the whole visible face, not a signal snapshot of a small percentage of the surface.

Nevertheless, there are many tasks that can best be carried out by unmanned spacecraft. Among these is one that, though of great scientific value, is of even more profound psychological importance. I refer to the production of low-altitude oblique photographs. It is no disparagement of the wonderful Ranger, Luna and Surveyor coverage to remind you that what suddenly made the Moon a real place, and not merely an astronomical body up there in the sky, was the famous photograph of the Crater of Copernicus from Lunar Orbiter 2. When the newspapers called it the picture of the century, they were expressing a universally felt truth. This was the photograph that first proved to our emotions what our minds already knew but had never really believed—that Earth is not the only world. The first high-definition, oblique photos of Mars, Mercury and the satellites of the giant planets will have a similar impact, bringing our mental images of these places into sharp focus for the first time.

The old astronomical writers had a phrase that has gone out of fashion but that may well be revived: the plurality of worlds. Yet, of course, every world is itself a plurality. To realize this, one has only to ask: How long will it be before we have learned everything that can be known about the planet Earth? It will be quite a few centuries before terrestrial geology, oceanography and geophysics are closed, surprise-free subjects.

Consider the multitude of environments that exists here on Earth, from the summit of Everest to the depths of the Marianas Trench—from high noon in Death Valley to midnight at the South Pole. We may have equal variety on the other planets, with all that this implies for the existence of life. It is amazing how often this elementary fact is overlooked and how often a single observation or even a single extrapolation from a preliminary observation based on a provisional theory has been promptly applied to a whole world.

It is possible, of course, that the Earth has a greater variety of more complex environments than any other planet. Like a jet-age tourist "doing Europe" in a week, we may be able to wrap up Mars or Venus with a relatively small number of "landers." But I doubt it, if only for the reason that the whole history of astronomy teaches us to be cautious of any theory purporting to show that there is something special about the Earth. In their various ways, the other planets may have orders of complexity as great as ours. Even the Moon—which seemed a promising candidate for geophysical simplicity less than a decade ago—has already begun to unleash an avalanche of surprises.

The late Professor J. B. S. Haldane once remarked—and this should be called Haldane's Law—"The universe is not only stranger than we imagine, it is stranger than we *can* imagine." We will encounter the operation of this law more and more frequently as we move away from home. And as we prepare for this move, it is high time that we face up to one of the more shattering realities of the astronomical situation. For all practical purposes, we are still as geocentrically minded as if Copernicus had never been born; to all of us, the Earth is the center, if not of the Universe, at least of the Solar System.

(concluded on page 168)

"When I told you I didn't believe in sex before marriage, I don't remember saying anything that would have given you the impression that I believed in sex after marriage."

opinion By KARL HESS

THIS IS NOT A TIME of radical, revolutionary politics. Not yet. Unrest, riot, dissent and chaos notwithstanding, today's politics is reactionary. Both right and left are reactionary and authoritarian. That is to say: Both are political. They seek only to revise current methods of acquiring and wielding political power. Radical and revolutionary movements seek not to revise but to revoke. The target of revocation should be obvious. The target is politics itself.

Radicals and revolutionaries have had their sights trained on politics for some time. As governments fail around the world, as more millions become aware that government never has and never can humanely and effectively manage men's affairs, government's own inadequacy will emerge, at last, as the basis for a truly radical and revolutionary movement. In the meantime, the radical-revolutionary position is a lonely one. It is feared or hated, by both right and left—although both right and left must borrow from it to survive. The radical-revolutionary position is libertarianism and its socioeconomic form is laissez-faire capitalism.

Libertarianism is the view that each man is the absolute owner of his life, to use and dispose of as he sees fit; that all man's social actions should be voluntary; and that respect for every other man's similar and equal ownership of life and, by extension, the property and fruits of that life, is the ethical basis of a humane and open society. In this view, the only—repeat, only—function of law or government is to provide the sort of self-defense against violence that an individual, if he were powerful enough, would provide for himself.

If it were not for the fact that libertarianism freely concedes the right of men voluntarily to form communities or governments on the same ethical basis, libertarianism could be called anarchy.

Laissez-faire capitalism, or anarchocapitalism, is simply the economic form of the libertarian ethic. Laissez-faire capitalism encompasses the notion that men should exchange goods and services, without regulation, solely on the basis of value for value. It recognizes charity and communal enterprises as voluntary versions of this same ethic. Such a system would be straight barter, except for the widely felt need for a division of labor in which men, voluntarily, accept value tokens such as cash and credit. Economically, this system is anarchy, and proudly so.

Libertarianism is rejected by the modern left—which preaches individualism but practices collectivism. Capitalism is rejected by the modern right—which preaches enterprise but practices protectionism. The libertarian faith in the mind of man is rejected by religionists who have faith only in the sins of man. The libertarian insistence that men be free to spin cables of steel as well as dreams of smoke is rejected by hippies who adore nature but spurn creation. The libertarian insistence that each man is a sovereign land of liberty, with his primary allegiance to himself, is rejected by patriots who sing of freedom but also shout of banners and boundaries. There is no operating political movement in the world today that is based upon a libertarian philosophy. If there were, it would be in the anomalous position of using political power to abolish political power.

Perhaps a regular political movement, overcoming this anomaly, will actually develop. Believe it or not, there were strong possibilities of such a development in the 1964 campaign of Barry Goldwater. Underneath the scary headlines, Goldwater hammered away at such purely political structures as the draft, general taxation, censorship, nationalism, legislated conformity, political establishment of social norms, and war as an instrument of international policy.

It is true that, in a common political paradox, Goldwater (a major general in the Air Force Reserve) has spoken of reducing state power while at the same time advocating the increase of state power to fight the Cold War. He is not a pacifist. He believes that war remains an acceptable state action. He does not see the Cold War as involving U. S. imperialism. He sees it as a result only of Soviet imperialism. Time after time, however, he has said that economic pressure, diplomatic negotiation and the persuasions of propaganda (or "cultural warfare")

a polemicist who has been there and back castigates both the left and the right, and makes a persuasive case for a new libertarian ethic

are absolutely preferable to violence. He has also said that antagonistic ideologies can "never be beaten by bullets, but only by better ideas."

A defense of Goldwater cannot be carried too far, however. His domestic libertarian tendencies simply do not carry over into his view of foreign policy. Libertarianism, unalloyed, is absolutely isolationist, in that it is absolutely opposed to the institutions of national government that are the only agencies on earth now able to wage war or intervene in foreign affairs.

In other campaign issues, however, the libertarian coloration in the Goldwater complexion was more distinct. The fact that he roundly rapped the fiscal irresponsibility of Social Security before an elderly audience, and the fact that he criticized TVA while speaking in Tennessee, were not examples of political naïveté. They simply showed Goldwater's high disdain for politics itself, summed up in his campaign statement that people should be told "what they need to hear and not what they want to hear."

There was also some suggestion of libertarianism in the campaign of Eugene McCarthy, in his splendid attacks on Presidential power. However, these were canceled out by his vague but nevertheless perceptible defense of government power in general. There was virtually no suggestion of libertarianism in the statements of any other politicians during last year's campaign.

I was a speechwriter for Barry Goldwater in the 1964 campaign. During the campaign, I recall very clearly, there was a moment, at a conference to determine the campaign's "farm strategy," when a respected and very conservative Senator arose to say: "Barry, you've got to make it clear that you believe that the American farmer has a right to a decent living."

Senator Goldwater replied, with the tact for which he is renowned: "But he doesn't have a right to it. Neither do I. We just have a right to try for it." And that was the end of that.

Now, in contrast, take Tom Hayden of the Students for a Democratic Society. Writing in *The Radical Papers*, he said that his "revolution" sought "institutions outside the established order." One of those institutions, he amplified, would be "people's own antipoverty organizations fighting for Federal money."

Of the two men, which is radical or revolutionary? Hayden says, in effect, that he

simply wants to bulldoze his way into the establishment. Goldwater says he wants, in effect, to topple it, to forever end its power to advantage or disadvantage anyone.

This is not to defend the Goldwater Presidential campaign as libertarian. It is only to say that his campaign contained a healthy element of this sort of radicalism. But otherwise, the Goldwater campaign was very deeply in hock to regular partisan interests, images, myths and manners.

In foreign policy, particularly, there arises a great impediment to the emergence of a libertarian wing in either of the major political parties. Men who call upon the end of state authority in every other area insist upon its being maintained to build a war machine with which to hold the Communists at bay. It is only lately that the imperatives of logic—and the emergence of antistatist forces in eastern Europe—have begun to make it more acceptable to ask whether the garrison state needed to maintain the Cold War might not be as bad as or worse than the putative threat being guarded against. Goldwater has not taken and may never take such a revisionist line—but, among Cold Warriors, his disposition to libertarian principles makes him more susceptible than most.

This is not merely a digression on behalf of a political figure (almost an *anti*political figure) whom I profoundly respect. It is, rather, to emphasize the inadequacy of traditional, popular guidelines in assessing the reactionary nature of contemporary politics and in divining the true nature of radical and revolutionary antipolitics. Political parties and politicians today—all parties and all politicians—question only the forms through which they will express their common belief in controlling the lives of others. Power, particularly majoritarian or collective power (i.e., the power of an elite exercised in the name of the masses), is the god of the modern liberal. Its only recent innovative change is to suggest that the elite be leavened by the compulsory membership of authentic representatives of the masses. The current phrase is "participatory democracy."

Just as power is the god of the modern liberal, God remains the authority of the modern conservative. Liberalism practices regimentation by, simply, regimentation. Conservatism practices regimentation by, not quite so simply, revelation. But regimented or revealed, the name of the game is still politics.

The great flaw in conservatism is a deep fissure down which talk of freedom falls, to be dashed to death on the rocks of authoritarianism. Conservatives worry that the state has too much power over people. But it was conservatives who gave the state that power. It was conservatives, very similar to today's conservatives, who ceded to the state the power to produce not simply order in the community but *a certain kind of order*.

It was European conservatives who, apparently fearful of the openness of the Industrial Revolution (why, *anyone* could get rich!), struck the first blows at capitalism by encouraging and accepting laws that made the disruptions of innovation and competition less frequent and eased the way for the comforts and collusions of cartelization.

Big business in America today and for some years past has been openly at war with competition and, thus, at war with laissez-faire capitalism. Big business supports a form of state capitalism in which government and big business act as partners. Criticism of this statist bent of big business comes more often from the left than from the right these days, and this is another factor making it difficult to tell the players apart. John Kenneth Galbraith, for instance, has most recently taken big business to task for its anticompetitive mentality. The right, meantime, blissfully defends big business as though it had not, in fact, become just the sort of bureaucratic, authoritarian force that rightists reflexively attack when it is governmental.

The left's attack on corporate capitalism is, when examined, an attack on economic forms possible only in a collusion between authoritarian government and bureaucratized, nonentrepreneurial business. It is unfortunate that many New Leftists are so uncritical as to accept this premise as indicating that all forms of capitalism are bad, so that full state ownership is the only alternative. This thinking has its mirror image on the right.

It was American conservatives, for instance, who very early in the game gave up the fight against state franchising and regulation and, instead, embraced state regulation for their own special advantage. Conservatives today continue to revere the state as an instrument of chastisement even as they reject it as an instrument of beneficence. The conservative who wants a Federally authorized prayer in the classroom is the same conservative who objects to Federally authorized textbooks in the same room.

Murray Rothbard, writing in *Ramparts*, has summed up this flawed conservatism in describing a "new, younger generation of rightists, of 'conservatives' . . . who thought that the real problem of the modern world was nothing so ideological as the state *vs.* individual liberty or government intervention *vs.* the free market; the real problem, they declared, was the preservation of tradition, order, Christianity and good manners against the modern sins of reason, license, atheism and boorishness."

The reactionary tendencies of both liberals and conservatives today show clearly in their willingness to cede, to the state or the community, power far beyond the protection of liberty against violence. For differing purposes, both see the state as an instrument not protecting man's freedom but either instructing or restricting how that freedom is to be used.

Once the power of the community becomes in any sense normative, rather than merely protective, it is difficult to see where any lines may be drawn to limit further transgressions against individual freedom. In fact, the lines have not been drawn. They will never be drawn by political parties that argue merely the cost of programs or institutions founded on state power. Actually, the lines can be drawn only by a radical questioning of power itself, and by the libertarian vision that sees man as capable of moving on without the encumbering luggage of laws and politics that do not merely preserve man's right to his life but attempt, in addition, to tell him how to live it.

For many conservatives, the bad dream that haunts their lives and their political position (which many sum up as "law and order" these days) is one of riot. To my knowledge, there is no limit that conservatives would place upon the power of the state to suppress riots.

Even in a laissez-faire society, of course, the right to self-defense would have to be assumed, and a place for self-defense on a community basis could be easily imagined. But community self-defense would always be exclusively defensive. Conservatives betray an easy willingness to believe that the state should also initiate certain *offensive* actions, in order to preclude trouble later on. "Getting tough" is the phrase most often used. It does not mean just getting tough on rioters. It means getting tough on entire ranges of attitudes: clipping long hair, rousting people from parks for carrying concealed guitars, stopping and questioning anyone who doesn't look like a member of the Jaycees, drafting all the ne'er-do-wells to straighten them up, ridding our theaters and bookstores of "filth" and, always and above all, putting "those" people in their place. To the conservative, all too often, the alternatives are social conformity or unthinkable chaos.

Even if these were the only alternatives—which they obviously aren't—there are many reasons for preferring chaos to conformity. Personally, I believe I would have a better chance of surviving—and certainly my values would have a better chance of surviving—with a Watts, Chicago, Detroit or Washington in flames than with an entire nation snug in a garrison.

Riots in modern America must be broken down into component parts. They are not all simple looting and violence against life and property. They

(continued on page 178)

it was only a matter of time before the bad blood between the old calypso man and the hard-eyed black-power cat would bubble to the surface

YES IT'S ME AND I'M LATE AGAIN

fiction **By JAMES LEIGH**

HE WOULD BE COMING HOME all hours of the night, kicking over somebody's garbage can and interrupting some dog or cat's breakfast, bending down in the dark to pat the dog or cat on the head and most likely sticking his hand in the garbage instead. He would be thinking about that for a while. People in the project got to know his ways; if you were awake, you could hear him thinking. Then he would wipe his hand on the seat of those beat-up old gray sharkskin drapes with the red pin stripe and start up the West Block stairs, singing, most likely, and doing some kind of little dance, or at least making more noise with his feet than any broken-down 60-year-old bum ought to be able to get out of two Goodwill shoes and three flights of concrete.

The sign on the door of West 403 was hand-lettered by Marvin Lee, a real professional job. He never did pay Marvin for it.

STAR CALYPSONIAN
RICHARD THE LION-HEART
SONGS FOR EVERY OCCASION
FIX YOUR ENEMIES
DELIGHT YOUR FRIENDS

It would rattle when he'd knock, *bam* ba-*lam* ba-*lam*, and he would be singing either *Doo-doo Open de Window* in his mush-mouth Geechee style or *Open the Door, Richard!* in what you might *(continued on page 169)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL MAFFIA

HOMING PIGEON

a highflying bird who migrates regularly between our montreal hutch and her maryland family

"IT'S JUST THE WAY I AM," explains Kathy MacDonald—our nonconformist Miss March—when companions point out the contradictions in her quicksilver personality. Her favorite meal matches brook trout with a hearty beaujolais; she's a seashore *aficionado* who's loved her two years in inland Montreal; and, while most of her sister Montreal Bunnies jet out for weekends in Bermuda or New York, Kathy prefers to fly home for a quiet visit with her family in suburban Baltimore. Typically for Kathy, she came by her cottontail on impulse: "After I left the University of Maryland, where I had been studying nursing, I decided to become a stewardess. But the day before my interview in Baltimore, Mom saw an ad saying the Baltimore Playboy Club needed Bunnies. 'Why don't you go and see what it's like?' she asked me—jokingly, I thought. Of course, I never got to the airline interview at all. The Club personnel liked me—and I loved the Club—right away." Kathy put in a year and a half as a Baltimore Bunny before hopping up to Montreal. "I thought I'd just spend a winter up here, learning how to ski," Miss March says, "but Montreal's charm is magnetic. I found an ancient, tiny apartment with stained-glass windows and huge, *real* beams in the ceiling." Enthusiastic as she is about her new-found home away from home, Kathy still talks about new horizons—she has her eye on Los Angeles and its Bunny hutch, in particular—but, then, Kathy wouldn't be Kathy without a fresh place to explore.

Pop posters brighten the Montreal apartment of Playmate-Bunny Kathy MacDonald. At right, she picks up French-language periodicals before boarding the city's new subway system for an offbeat chare at the Montreal Playboy Club—using slides to acclimate a newly recruited cottontail colleague.

Kathy makes a delightful—if sometimes disorganized—Bunny. "Losing an eyelash, and then being told that I was due in the Living Room ten minutes ago," she admits, "is just about par for the course."

On one of her periodic flights down to the MacDonald household in suburban Maryland, Kathy is greeted at the door by her mother and one of the family's three dogs. Around-the-house activities through the rest of the weekend always include helping Mrs. MacDonald with her hobby—carpentry—and in the kitchen, where Miss March and sister Susie act as chief taster and assistant chef, respectively. Of the three pets, Cinder—the poodle and the only male—gets most of Kathy's attention. "I've always been more comfortable with boys than with girls," Miss March says, with a wink.

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

With sisters Jane (left) and Susie, Kathy pays a nostalgic visit to her alma mater, the University of Maryland, where initials in an old elm make her giggle. Home movies that night produce laughter at girlhood skirt lengths; and Sunday evening, a happy Miss March heads back to Montreal.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Creeping around to the bedroom window, the private detectives saw their client's wife in bed with another man.

"Just as I suspected," said the first. "Let's go in after him."

"Great idea," the other replied. "How soon do you think he'll be finished?"

Then there was the clumsy file clerk who dropped her birth-control pills into the Xerox machine. It wouldn't reproduce for a month.

The headmistress of a girls' boarding school was abruptly awakened one night by one of her students, a rather mature-looking 16-year-old.

"Miss Forbes, Miss Forbes," she cried, "I've just been raped!"

"Now, be calm, Melissa," the headmistress told her firmly. "The first thing you must do is go to the refrigerator and eat half a lemon."

"Half a lemon?" asked the surprised student. "Will that keep me from getting pregnant?"

"No," admitted the headmistress, "but it *will* get rid of that silly grin."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *autoeroticism* as doing your own thing.

When one of the prostitutes passed away, the girls moped disconsolately around the house. "Good old Gloria," lamented one. "She could handle twenty men a night, drink a fifth of whiskey and still have the strength to roll five drunks."

Hearing this, one of the others burst into tears. "Why is it," she sobbed, "that a girl has to die before anyone says anything nice about her?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *cobra* as the kind worn by Siamese twins.

After several years of marriage, the youthful stockbroker still couldn't keep away from other women; but he was fast running out of excuses to satisfy his jealous wife. One afternoon, he accompanied his good-looking secretary to her apartment—and made love to her far into the night.

"My God!" he exclaimed, grabbing his watch from the night stand. "It's three o'clock in the morning." Then, inspired, he dialed his wife. When she answered the phone, he declared: "Don't pay the ransom, dear. I've just escaped."

On a picnic with his parents, Tommy got lost. He wandered aimlessly through the forest and then fell to his knees to pray. "Dear Lord," he implored, "please help me find my way out of here."

As he was praying, a bird flew overhead and dropped an answer squarely in the palm of his outstretched hand. "Please, Lord," the boy begged, "don't hand me that stuff. I'm *really* lost."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *locomotive* as a crazy reason for doing it.

As two miniskirted coeds were strolling along the wharf one night in San Francisco, they noticed two sailors following them.

"Aren't those sailors out after hours?" one observed.

"I sure hope so," her friend replied.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nymphomania* as a disease in which the patient enjoys being bedridden.

A waggish friend of ours explains that the difference between being hard up and down and out is about two minutes.

The reception had ended and the newlyweds had just sneaked off to the honeymoon resort. After supper and champagne, the groom retired to the bedroom, but the bride pulled a chair up to the window and sat gazing out at the stars.

"Aren't you coming to bed?" called her impatient husband.

"No," she announced. "My mother told me this would be the most beautiful night of my life—and I don't want to miss a minute of it."

An acquaintance of ours has discovered a surefire way to avoid a hangover—keep drinking.

When the young career girl consulted a doctor about her diminishing sexuality, she was given a hormone shot and told to call in a week. "Doctor," she wailed over the phone the next week, "my voice has become terribly low."

"That's not too unusual," replied the doctor. "Have you had any other reactions?"

"Yes," she moaned. "I've sprouted hair on my chest."

"My goodness," the doctor gasped. "How far down does it go?"

"All the way to my testicles."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. $50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"Well, Prunella, you might say I was having a private little hoedown of my own."

ELYSIAN FIELDS

no man who hated dogs, children, virgins, teetotalers, churchgoers, henpeckers, brownnoses, eggheads, bluestockings, twaddlers and nincompoops the way w. c. did could have been all bad

personality **By JAN KINDLER** "GOT THE THEATER in my blood," he once explained with profound gravity. "My great-uncle Fortescue used to be a Swiss bell ringer at Elks' smokers." Whatever his inherited leanings, W. C. Fields—born William Claude Dukenfield in 1879—growled, blustered and hustled his way to a high place among the funniest men who ever lived. Turned into an existential hero by the Beat Generation a decade after his death in 1946, and subsequently dubbed an archetypal black humorist by the hip generation of the Sixties, Fields has become the idol of a cult that grows by leaps every time an audience is treated to a viewing of his films.

Happily for his fans, he made a total of 42 pictures, 30 of which have survived. The best of them—*The Bank Dick, My Little Chickadee, Million Dollar Legs* and some of his other exercises in pure madness—are revived regularly at theaters across the country, and they have made Fields far more popular today than he was in his own lifetime.

The object of this adulation was not the kind of model citizen who normally deserves commemoration. He was a monument to waspish iconoclasm and spent the largest part of any day exercising the thin-skinned misanthropy for which he was well known. Apart from the zealous daily attention he gave to five of the seven deadly sins (envy, covetousness, pride, anger and belting the sauce, as his version of gluttony) and keeping up a nodding acquaintance with the two others (sloth and lust), Fields filled in the cracks with malefactions upon which he had put his personal stamp. He was, in rapid turn, cranky and faultfinding, devious, barely predictable, suspicious, larcenous, profane and given to cutting strangers out of his will.

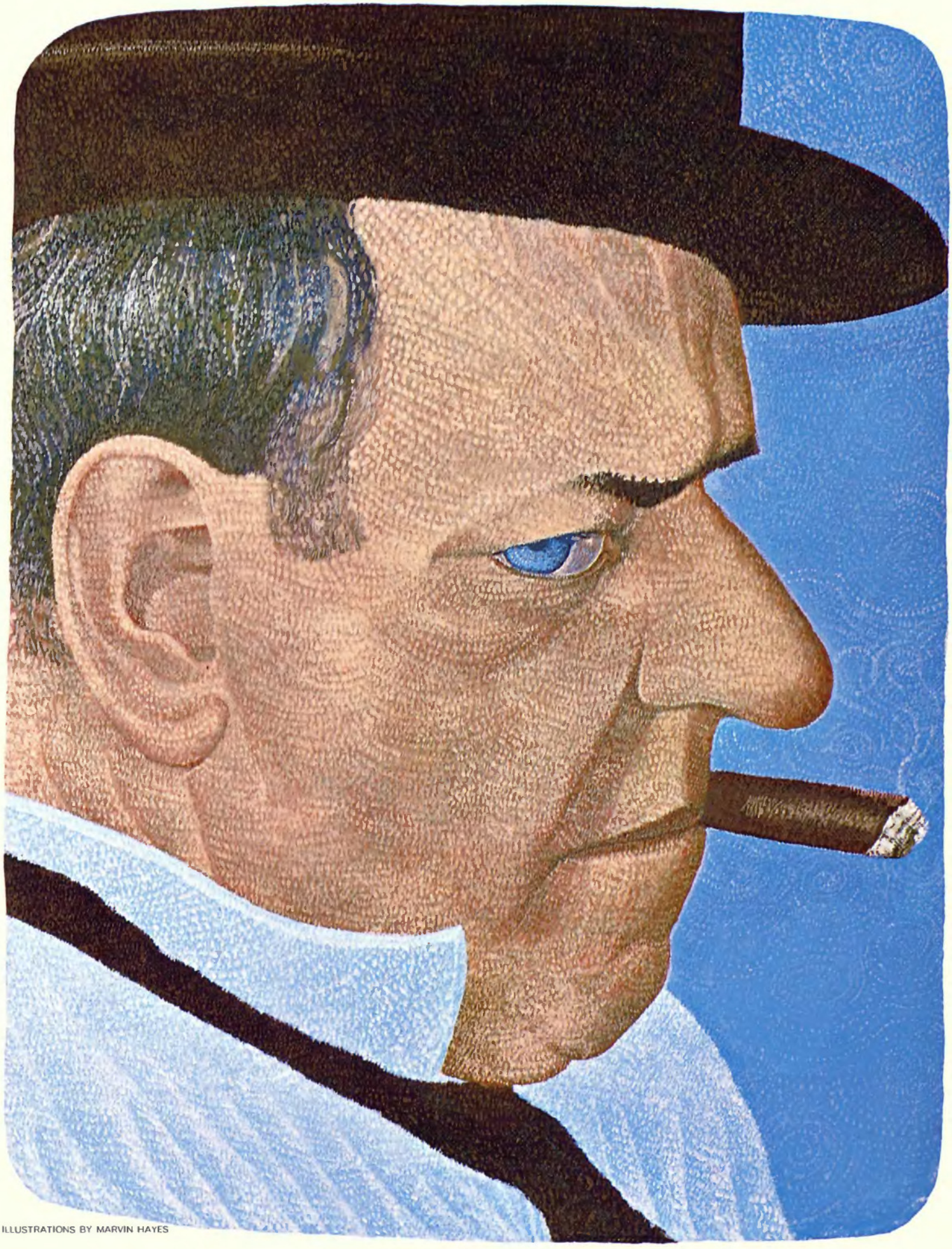
Confronted with this catalog, rational souls uninfected by him may wonder what the hell there was to like about him and might ponder how such a man became a squint-eyed hero—not only to a galaxy of devoted fans but even to a flock of folks who knew him well.

The answer is that Fields was funny, both on screen and off. He garnered laughs by playing off his character. No man is of a piece, and Fields had lots more quirks and contradictions than the rest of us. By letting us see all his many facets, Fields proved resoundingly that most of him was fraud. His boasting was halfhearted, his tyranny was verbal and his chicanery, most of the time, defeated itself. Even his herculean parsimony was shot through with sudden splurges of generosity. The frequent bursts of outrage bubbled in a teacup, and his outsized truculence never quite reached its target.

Cultivating his roses—of which he was especially fond—he would encourage them to grow by trumpeting: "Bloom, you silly bastards, *bloom*!" Beset by juveniles seeking his autograph, he would vociferate: "Back to reform school, mendicants!" In both cases, he would take swashbuckling cuts at the offenders with his cane—missing them by a wide margin.

Beyond this always comic gap between intention and performance, Fields touched that chord in most of us that twangs whenever public policy gets belted in the eye. His roses might inadvertently survive to struggle through another day, but when Fields battled sacred cows, he flattened them. His enemy was order; received opinions were his bane. Whatever was established, self-assured and righteous got his goat. No matter what it was, if it possessed the slightest grain of status and respectability, Fields hated it. He carried this denunciatory attitude, as he did all his oddball mannerisms, right into his roles.

The idlers, tipplers and con men Fields portrayed were all reflections of himself—a man born into a cockeyed world that was rigged to give him



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARVIN HAYES

the business. He confronted this world and its threat with deep-dyed mistrust. "Anybody will steal," he would bellow, "if he's thirsty enough." And this was the line he took in his films.

Actually, Fields drew only the haziest distinction between illusion and reality and often carried the stage into the street. When in the mood, he would slip into a stage beard—sometimes supplemented by an opera cape—and set out to find a wedding, garden party, wake or other social gathering, where he would present himself as Oglethorpe P. Bushmaster, or some such fabrication, just returned from the antarctic for the sole purpose of attending the function. He would then circulate affably, slosh up large draughts of whatever fuel was being served, spear daintily at the cold shrimps and regale the legitimate guests with stories of his search for a nearly extinct species of four-legged ostrich or some other implausible zoological rarity. On one such occasion, he crashed a party in Melbourne, Australia, and, as he later told it, had a long conversation with the governor's wife.

"What was it about?" one of his listeners asked.

"We were discussing the mating habits of the wallaby," Fields answered delicately.

Only on one point did the comedian make a distinction between his screen image and his real self, but that point was prominent. Fields was highly sensitive about his nose, a potatolike promontory that flourished ever richer as the years and floods of martinis added rills and gullies to its imposing topography. He knew the value of the beezer to his art and tended its expansive surface, when it had taken a touch of the sun, with a patent balm called Allen's Foot Ease. In his screenplays, Fields gave the other actors gag lines and funny business built around the object's size, color and general condition. But off camera, he got touchy if anyone so much as mentioned his beak.

His drinking buddies knew this and were unmerciful. In the manner of alcoholic wags, they dreamed up heartless schoolboy pleasantries about the man they knew as Uncle Willie. John Decker, the artist, once suggested that what he called the Bulb would make an imposing taillight on a hearse. On one hot day, Gene Fowler, the author and scriptwriter, having heard a loud shattering noise in Fields' neighborhood, spread it about that Uncle Willie's proboscis had exploded. John Barrymore wondered solicitously whether it might not grow so big as to interfere with Fields' drinking by keeping him from getting to the glass.

The target of these exercises in *bel-esprit* reacted like a man hurt where he lived. "You are poking fun at an unfortunate with an affliction," he would say, and retire with a cocktail shaker to sulk in the garden. Life, he felt, was tough enough without betrayal by one's friends. And life was one thing he knew in its most miserable forms.

Every foot of his films proclaims that Fields had started as a bum, that he'd had a tough scuffle on the way to the top and that he never got over the effects. Of course, his guile was somewhat less than Oriental in its subtlety. We know from his manner, like the villain in a melodrama, that he's up to no good. He is a kid standing near a store's candy counter, whistling loudly and staring nonchalantly in some irrelevant direction. His devices are both flimsy and transparent. People who knew Fields agree that he was exactly like this in real life.

"Uncle Claude can be very evasive," John Barrymore once told a reporter. "That's how he advertises that he's up to something. When Bill gets secretive, we count the spoons."

Like all of Fields' special cronies, Barrymore spoke of him as "Uncle Willie" or "Uncle Claude," though they were all pretty nearly the same age. An exception was the much younger Bing Crosby, who called Fields "Uncle Bill." The comedian's pontifical and majestic manner made him an avuncular figure, and so they honored him. Fields grandly accepted the tribute and patronized them all as "nephew."

Uncle Claude had only eight or ten of these bonded buddies, but there were dozens of people who, without trusting him for a moment, loved him dearly and considered it a delightful honor to know him. Cantankerous though he was, Uncle Willie had enormous charm. Even his crankiness, to those who knew that it was superficial and fleeting, was engaging. Life in his sunny glow could be damned difficult until you learned the rules. But it was also rewarding. His acquaintances understood that they had to pay their dues, and they did it by putting up with his foibles.

Prominent among these was his parsimony. Fields believed that money was hard to get and difficult to keep, that everyone, from Uncle Sam down to the laundryman, was out to grab more from Uncle Claude than they were legally—or, at any rate, decently—entitled to. He thought that unless he watched each penny, he would wake up one day and find himself out on the pavements he had slept on as a kid.

He never took anybody's word for anything, but he was especially wary if the given word was even remotely connected with his wallet. Fields squirreled away his loot on a system that has been celebrated as "the most outlandish savings program in all banking history." He devised it around 1905, in the days when he was known not as a clown but as the greatest juggler in the world. In keeping up the title, he did a lot of one-night stands, from Walla Walla to Rangoon, and, with his usual caution, always nagged the management into paying him off in gold coins—which he kept stashed in secret pockets in his clothes. Inevitably, an enterprising highwayman waylaid him one dark night, rapped him sharply on the head and stripped him of his hoard. From that encounter on, the itinerant star opened accounts in every city, town or village in which he found himself in funds. In London, Butte or Barcelona, Singapore or Ocala, these deposits multiplied like fungus in a rain forest. Not infrequently, Fields would jump off a train and put all his loose cash into the nearest bank, while the engine took on water. Thus, he could be comfortably sure his savings were out of reach of thieves, borrowers and the Federal Government. To foil the last of these, Fields opened each account under a different name. Some of these pseudonyms have been retrieved from oblivion, and they reveal the dreamer at his imaginative best: Figley E. Whitesides, Sneed Hearn, Dr. Otis Guelpe, Felton J. Satchelstern and Professor Curtis T. Bascom are a representative sampling.

One of the traits featured by Fields in his screen roles was that of a deviousness so cunning it outsmarted itself. Fields probably suspected it was one of his own failings. It certainly operated flawlessly in the case of his far-flung accounts. He kept his bankbooks, but, as they reached the proportions of a small-town library, he started storing and, eventually, mislaying them. It isn't known how much he lost this way, but estimates have ranged up to $1,000,000.

Fields numbered the U.S. Government—whom he fondly dubbed Uncle Whiskers—as first among the swindlers grabbing at his poke, and he took pains to make the getting difficult. He had no faith in lawyers, all of whom, he was convinced, were secret agents of the Treasury Department ready to turn him over for back taxes. Fields saw to his own forms and his deductions were, to say the least, the unusual creation of his original and far-ranging mind. Bill Grady, long his agent, said he once discovered that Fields had claimed depreciation on several vaudeville houses in which he had appeared. Grady also noticed that his employer had put down large sums that were ostensibly donated to obscure churches in hard-to-reach locations, such as the Solomon Islands. Grady was shocked not so much by the lies as by their barefaced foolishness. Six months after sending in this harlequin return, Fields got a refund check for $1500. Grady picked up an ulcer; and Fields, a booster to his self-esteem.

The nucleus of Uncle Willie's obsession with money doubtless burgeoned in his infancy. If so, it had every chance to

(continued on page 187)

A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE... *until it starts making a play for his girl*

fiction **By RON GOULART**

RACCOONS, or something like raccoons, skittering on the skylight woke him and he reached out for Melissa, but she wasn't there. Perry Enkert reached again, rubbed his eyes and swung out of the low, wide bed. He went barefoot over the rug and reached for the light switch. The lights went on before he got there. "Knock it off," he said and grabbed the wardrobe closet open. Melissa's guitar and amplifier weren't there. Perry yanked on a pair of chino pants and an old turtleneck and ran from the third-floor bedroom.

Going down the carved wooden stairs, he bumped against the inset shelves and knocked off a shoe box full of glass balls. The balls hopped and rolled ahead of him. "Melissa," he called. "I thought you weren't angry."

The first-floor music-room door was open and Perry glanced in. The turntable of the hi-fi system was still spinning, but Melissa was not in the room. The floor was scattered with albums and tapes. The turntable slapped a new record on and a Viennese waltz, rich with violins, filled the room. "No kidding around," Perry said to the phonograph, and it stopped playing. "Don't do anything more. I'm handling this."

While he was finding a flashlight in the hall closet, one of his late uncle's black cloaks fell off its hook. He let it lie and hurried outside. "Melissa," he called again. A gentle wind was sweeping across the grounds of the estate and leaves were spinning off the trees. Willow leaves, probably, if they weren't oak.

Perry searched his way around the three-story Victorian house, then headed for the sway-back greenhouse at the rear of the estate. There were high trees, oaks and redwoods, probably, thick around the glass-and-metal greenhouse. To his left, all the lights in the trees went on. "Damn it," said Perry, waving his illuminated hand. "I've got a flashlight." The lights flicked off.

Then the greenhouse blossomed with light and he saw Melissa Dankworth sitting inside on one of the old white tables. Her hands were resting on her knees and her guitar and amplifier were packed and on the table beside her. She had a tall thin glass balanced on her left knee. She was wearing Levis and a chambray shirt.

"Melissa," Perry said, stepping into the greenhouse. "I thought you weren't mad."

"Look at this," the girl said. She was tall, with a smooth tan and long gentle blonde hair. Her breasts had an upright, angry look under the blue chambray of her shirt. "This is supposed to be pousse-café, but everything sank to the bottom." She held the glass of murky liqueurs up to him. "The problem is, the kitchen isn't laid out right, or the liquor cabinets. What did your uncle do if he wanted to mix a drink?"

"Built a machine to do it, I guess," said Perry. "I only inherited, took over, this place a couple months ago, Melissa. Why'd you get out of bed?"

The girl said, "You don't have any shoes on."

"I dressed in haste."

"Your uncle," said Melissa. "And this dumb house of his, with a name of its own. Lofthouse, for Christ's sake. Why name a place Lofthouse?"

"You want it named Joel or Buddy?" Perry turned off his flashlight.

"I haven't seen either *(continued on page 217)*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHUCK WOOD

AUCTION ACTION

how to play the going-going-gone game to win just about anything you may want

THE ROMANS had a word for it: *auctionem*; and since the time of Caesar, auctions have been the favorite flea market of discerning urbanites who enjoy a hotly competitive sale where prospective buyers can vie for merchandise by naming their own price. Attending an auction is like searching for buried gold; while checking out the goods in advance or reading the catalog of artifacts for sale, one instinctively feels that treasure is bound to turn up. In 1933, a potential bidder poking through the items up for auction at the venerable Christie, Manson and Woods, Ltd. (called Christie's) in London spotted a bronze horse in a collection of miscellaneous statues. He bought the lot for $45. Art connoisseurs today agree that the bargain-basement-priced horse is by Leonardo da Vinci. The profit from this venture? Astronomical. But the chance that a typical auction item, such as a desk, will have a secret compartment that might be crammed with $1000 bills is only part of the fun. An auction has the flavor of show business; and to get into the act, all one has to do is raise his hand.

The lure of discovering an unsuspected signed Chippendale hidden under layers of paint is reason enough for some auctiongoers to bide their time while awaiting a big kill. In doing so, they miss less rare—but still significant—finds. Daily at city, suburban and country auctions, a vast array of goods, from antique clocks to zebraskin rugs, changes hands under the auctioneer's hammer, often at prices that can't be duplicated at a retail store.

In the late 1700s, Christie's main auction room was a chic gathering place for the socially elite, with Thomas Gainsborough, David Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds often in attendance. Today, auctiongoing is still a most entertaining way to spend a day or an evening, even if you don't plan to do any serious buying. Rural auction houses often stage clambakes, smorgasbords, barbecues and spaghetti feasts as an added attraction to the items at hand. In Long Grove, Illinois, a country town about 25 miles from Chicago, the aptly named Village

Tavern hosts a weekly auction with a lavish dinner served beforehand at two dollars a person. Customers can bid on the merchandise or, if nothing strikes their fancy, browse among the antiques on display and buy anything—including the Victorian table they enjoyed dinner on—directly from the bartender.

The best way to learn about a forthcoming sale is to check the auction column in your Sunday newspaper. Listings are usually placed several weeks in advance, so that prospective bidders will have time to inspect the inventory. At less sophisticated auctions, such as house sales, goods are simply lumped in numbered lots or, occasionally, not even numbered at all. Urban auction houses, however, often make available a catalog that briefly describes each piece scheduled to go on the block. When the auction starts, lots will be sold in their numbered order at the rate of 70 to 90 an hour.

The wise auctionphile who takes his bidding seriously will pay one or two visits to the showroom in advance of the sale day. This gives him a chance to leisurely look over the merchandise and, if there is any question about the authenticity of an article, bring in an expert for his opinion. Furthermore, it also gives him a chance to note if the goods to be sold, such as furniture and paintings, are mostly of the same period or style. If so, an odd-lot piece—perhaps a modern painting mixed in with 18th Century English furniture—may go for surprisingly little, because the majority of the buyers will have come to bid on antiques. Since many of the items sold at auction are used or, in the case of artworks and antiques, attributed to a particular individual or period, a smart bidder will do some double checking to verify the catalog description. The small print at the front of the catalog invariably includes an escape clause such as the following: "The auctioneer is not to be held responsible for the correctness of the description, genuineness or authenticity of any lot, and no sale will be set aside on account of any incorrectness, error of cataloging or any imperfections not noted. Every lot is sold 'as is' and without recourse." Title passes to the buyer when the hammer falls. Theoretically, this means that the new owner must stand the loss if goods are damaged before final delivery is made. However, a reliable firm will note any flaws that exist in a piece at the time of sale and, more than likely, will absolve the buyer of his financial responsibility if it's obvious that the merchandise has been damaged while in storage.

If your interest is in paintings or sculpture, the elaborate catalogs of larger galleries that specialize in the auctioning of art objects can be helpful —or harmful—depending on whether you know how to decipher the descriptive terminology. If, for example, a catalog indicates that an oil painting was done by "Sir Peter Paul Rubens," it means that the house is quite certain that the picture is genuine. However, if you see an artist's name preceded by the phrase "school of," "follower of" or "in the style of," this is another way of saying that the item is probably not by the artist, although it looks something like his work. But when the ambiguous term "attributed to" is followed by an individual's name, this means that the auction house believes the work is genuine, although it can offer no definite proof. (In European auction houses, if there is some doubt that Rubens created the work, "P. P. Rubens" would be used, and the even more succinct "Rubens" when there is considerable doubt.)

Not all bids are placed openly at an auction. Dealers and private collectors sometimes arrange in advance to use an inconspicuous signaling system that, presumably, only the auctioneer will know for sure is a bid. It is hoped, by doing this, that the competitive spirit of business rivals or fellow connoisseurs won't be aroused and thus a lot be sold for less than it otherwise might. But this method of bidding can also backfire. In 1965 at Christie's, Rembrandt's portrait of his son Titus went on the block. The open bidding climbed steadily to 740,000 guineas ($2,175,600). At this figure, one of the bidders, Norton Simon, the finance-committee chairman of Hunt Foods and a noted art connoisseur and philanthropist, dropped out of the action and the painting was awarded to another customer. Simon immediately insisted that he was still bidding, even though he had stopped signaling. As further proof, he read aloud from a secret note that had been passed to the auctioneer in advance. The note stated in effect that Simon was bidding as long as he remained seated or bid openly; if he stood up and sat down again, he was not bidding until he raised his finger. Then he was bidding until he stood up again, etc. Simon proved his point and eventually got the Rembrandt for 760,000 guineas; but his plan to purchase the painting anonymously by bidding openly and then appearing to quit without really doing so had failed.

Unless you've a definite reason for doing your signaling secretly, the best way to bid is by raising the auction catalog just long enough to catch the auctioneer's eye. Casually waving to friends across the room while bids are being taken is to be avoided, for obvious reasons. Most tales of someone slapping at a fly and ending up the surprised owner of a dozen feather boas are exaggerated, but a sudden conspicuous move *can* cause confusion. J. Paul Getty, PLAYBOY's Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, notes in his book *The Joys of Collecting* that some years ago he reached up to loosen his shirt collar while attending an auction at Christie's and discovered that he had become the purchaser of "Lot No. 18-A: A water color of old London about 1845" for 100 guineas, which then amounted to $294.

How much the price jumps per bid usually depends on the opening figure. At less than $20, bids usually move up a dollar or two at a time. At a starting figure between $20 and $50, the auctioneer quite likely will request a $5 increase; $10 jumps between $50 and $100, and so forth. Before the bidding really gets going, it's a good idea to decide just how high you want to go and then stick to it. An attack of auction fever can up the ante way out of proportion.

Some bids, however, don't even come from the audience. Prior to a sale, the owner of the merchandise scheduled to go on the block may stipulate that certain items shouldn't be sold for less than a specific amount, known as a "reserve price." If the bidding falls short of this figure, the auctioneer himself places a bid (known in auction circles as "taking one off the wall") and buys the lot back for the seller, charging him a small commission. To sustain the illusion of a lively contest, most auctioneers never let the audience know that this has happened. They simply pretend to have spotted a bidder or nod a quick acknowledgment to an assistant seated up front. The reserve-price bid is treated just like any other.

Buyers who can't attend a sale often place a "write-in" bid with the auctioneer and request that he do their bidding up to this amount. These bids, also, are handled just as if they came from the audience. This way, a collector in Los Angeles, for example, can participate in an auction held in Boston without being there. (Coin and stamp auction houses sell much of their merchandise to write-in bidders; offers often come from as far afield as Africa and Australia.) If the Californian specifies that he'll go up to $150 on one lot and bidding from the floor stops at $100 (and there are no other write-in bids or a reserve price to consider), he should theoretically get the lot for $125—assuming the price is jumping at $25 intervals. However, when there is a significant difference between the amount at which bidding from the floor stops and what a write-in bidder has offered to pay, unscrupulous auctioneers may take advantage of the bidder's absence and raise the price higher than the next interval. Even though the write-in bidder is top man at, say, $150, his generous offer to pay up to $300 for a lot could cost him money; the auctioneer might hammer the bid home at $225

(continued on page 148)

"Nobody is ever going to accuse you of overreacting in bed."

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

maybe it was just what it seemed—an old jalopy tooling across the ice in the misty night—but why the dead-end reticence that blocked his innocent inquiries about it?

DEATH'S DOOR

fiction **By ROBERT McNEAR**

I READ from the oil-company travel guide: "Blackrock is the northernmost community on the peninsula. Here you get the feeling of a true fishing center among the anchored fishing boats and nets reeled out to dry. Off Blackrock lies the Porte des Morts, a strait six miles wide separating mainland Wisconsin and Nicolet Island. In 1679, about 300 Potawatomi Indians drowned in a sudden storm while crossing the water to engage the Winnebagos. The tragedy was witnessed by explorers La Salle and De Tonti, who named the strait Porte des Morts, or Death's Door. Today it is said the strait contains more shipwrecks per square mile than any other area in the Great Lakes."

I folded the travel guide and put it in the glove compartment. Sitting there in my car, on the last leg of my journey, my immediate impression was that the waters were a lure for the local chamber of commerce to attract visitors, a thrill for these station-wagon travelers at seeing so sinister a place, a pool for skindivers in which to explore old wrecks. Porte des Morts: Death's Door. It seemed very commonplace this late afternoon: a desolate little landing deep in the snow, a weather-beaten smokehouse whose door moved open and shut with the wind, a timber dock where a veteran ferryboat —the R. L. Ostenson, Nicolet Island, Wisconsin—creaked patiently on its hawsers. Beyond that was the bleak strait—sky the color of worn steel and bay the same, hinged by the horizon line and identical except for the dark channel of water out through the ice. I like forgotten, half-populated places, almost-deserted cubbyholes of the world. I suppose that's one of the reasons I stay on as a reporter for a small-town newspaper instead of going to Chicago and becoming a well-known journalist.

I'd been waiting in the car for about five minutes when the hunchback deck hand turned up. He came half skipping from the dock, thumb up, to motion me out of the car. I got out in the ankle-deep snow, saying, unnecessarily, "You'll take her on?" He swung into the driver's seat and slammed the door for an answer.

Great! I liked every bit of it. Only in some out-of-the-way place like this would you find a hunchback deck hand who—I had got a good look at him—had fine golden hair and an almost-

perfect Botticelli face. He took the car carefully across the planking and onto the deck while I, bothered by the usual curiosity, had to walk across the road to the smokehouse and look inside. No fire had burned there for months, but the ghost of smoke and fish possessed the place completely. It was so dark that I could see little except the small drift of snow that had come in through the door. Now, one of my itches is about doors—I can't stand to see them open when they should be shut, or idly swinging, like this one; so I closed it tight, for this winter, at least.

Then I took myself aboard the ferryboat, climbed the stairs and came to the door of the passenger saloon. I'd felt almost alone until now, but there were about ten people sitting around in the cabin, smoking, drinking coffee, waiting. It looked like a roadside diner, with plywood booths along the walls and a couple of scarred tables in the center. It looked stifling in there, so I turned away from the door and made my way along the railing to the pilothouse door.

Inside the pilothouse, leaning on the wheel and smoking a cigarette as he gazed at the car deck below, was a youngish, long-jawed man with pepper-and-salt hair, who, in spite of the ordinary windbreaker and dungarees he wore, was obviously the captain. On his head he had an old-fashioned officer's cap with a brass plate above the bill. It read: CAPTAIN. I watched him douse the cigarette, straighten up and signal down to the hunchback on the deck. A floodlight went on down there. The hunchback and a teenage boy moved around quickly to cast off. The captain tugged twice at a cord on the compressed-air horn, bouncing two blasts off the snow-shrouded face of Blackrock. Then he pulled the engine telegraph to reverse and I could feel the deck plates vibrate as the ferry backed away from the wharf. The skin of ice crushed under the black-steel hull as we moved out to swing around slowly into the channel. *Bon voyage*, R. L. Ostenson.

In those few minutes, the pale daylight had gone completely; and now, looking out across the strait, I saw an early moon laying a yellow path almost directly alongside the channel through the ice of the Porte des Morts. At the end of the double line, I could see the low fishback of Nicolet Island. "Strange place, the island," Ed Kinney had said back in Green Bay. "Isolated, ingrown, maybe two hundred people, fifty families. Swedes, Icelanders, Germans. They don't warm much to strangers. Lots of superstition." Kinney has been a feature editor for a long time and he can't help talking like that. Still, he used to summer on the island and I didn't doubt the truth of what he said. "Trouble is," he'd added, "there's nothing to be superstitious about. In winter, the island's about as exciting as the lobby of the Northland Hotel at two o'clock of a Sunday morning. You'll see 'em all come out of hibernation for that basketball game. Then they go back into it for the rest of the winter."

Blackrock had slowly receded into the distance and the last lonely peninsula pine had faded astern. I realized that the sharp wind had got through my overcoat and that I was beginning to shiver. Just then, the wheelhouse door opened and the nasal voice of the captain said, "So softhearted I can't stand to see even a damn fool freeze to death. C'mon in, friend."

I stepped inside. "Thanks, Captain. It was like the fresh and gentle breeze of May. You are speaking to a man who has covered the Packers Sunday in and Sunday out for four winters."

"Hey, a reporter!" he said, smiling. We shook hands. "I'm Axel Ostenson."

"Now, why d'you figure Vince had to go and retire?" he asked. "Those boys ain't been the same since."

"Even the iron men wear out in time," I said. At this point, the radio squawked and he went over to say something into a microphone about position and time of arrival. I looked around.

All was neat and newly painted—up front near the window, the wheel and the engine telegraph, the captain's high stool. A padded bench ran the length of the pilothouse. Framed on the walls were some Great Lakes shipping charts, a safety-inspection certificate and a plaque informing me that the Sturgeon Bay Shipbuilding Company had created this noble vessel. Ostenson finished with the radio.

"You remember Ed Kinney?" I asked. "He's my editor on the *News* down in Green Bay."

"Sure do. Used to have a summer place on the island. I taught his boy Gene how to sail."

"Ed thought I ought to cover the Door County championship game this year. First one on Nicolet Island since 1947. Ed thought there might be a good feature story in it, along with the play-by-play. I thought maybe you could help me, and so I thought I'd ask you a few questions——"

"Nuremberg, Germany," he said.

"What's that?"

"Missed it. I was in Nuremberg, Germany, with the Tenth Division in 1947."

"But you must have heard a lot of talk since about——"

"I'm sorry, mister, but you know the Great Lakes maritime regulations say that I'm not supposed to have anybody who don't belong in the pilothouse. I'm gonna have to ask you to go along to the saloon. You get yourself a Coke or a cuppa coffee." He didn't look at me, but kept staring straight ahead as I went out.

Queer how suddenly the Great Lakes maritime regulations got enforced.

I moved along the rail to about midship. The wind was like a cold blade on my face, but I wanted to give myself just a few more minutes before I had to go into the stuffy, smoke-filled cabin, where I knew that, in spite of myself, I'd drink at least three or four cups of bad coffee to pass the time. So I'd cut the taste of that with something better. I groped in the inside pocket of my overcoat and found the oblong shape of my flask. The bourbon built a comfortable small fire in my throat and my innards.

I stared down at the black edge of water alongside the hull and the thick shelf of ice. In the moonlight, the strait was one vast skating rink. Every now and then, a chunky little berg came scraping along the hull as we passed. I wondered what might happen if the R. L. Ostenson didn't go back and forth from Blackrock to the island twice a day. How long would it take before the channel froze over solid? But, I supposed, even at that, the island could hardly be cut off. With this kind of freeze, the iceboats—those craft with runners and sails or a motor—could make it back and forth without the slightest trouble.

Speak of the Devil, I thought. It was just about then that I heard the motor. I took another sip and peered ahead into the dark. Funny that somebody would be running one of those things this time of evening. There was more spray now than there had been and it stung my forehead and fogged my glasses. There seemed to be an area of low-lying mist on the ice ahead. I took the glasses off and gave them a good wipe with my handkerchief. The motor noise got no louder; it was still a low chugga-chugga-chugga, like something I remember out of my boyhood. I leaned over the rail and strained my eyes toward the sound. I saw one red eye in the gray cotton fog.

Then, gradually, as we overtook it, the thing took shape just at the far reach of glimmer from our deck lights. No iceboat, by God, but a black, sign-bedecked Model-A Ford, bumping along at maybe ten or fifteen miles an hour. Running boards, spare tire on the rear, dim yellow headlights on the ice. It looked just like the one my dad used to own back when. Only Dad would never have let anybody violate the glossy black finish with signs like, HOLD ME TIGHT, BABY and BEAT FISH CREEK and THERE AIN'T NO FLIES ON THE N.I.S. Bent backward in the wind was a radio aerial from which flew a green pennant that read in block letters, NICOLET ISLAND.

(continued on page 200)

SOMEBODY GOOFED

humor By RICHARD NEUWEILER

a compendium of quotes by people and publications whose foresight was more fearless than flawless

THE UNGATHERING STORM

From "Great Contemporaries," by Winston Churchill, 1937:

"It is not possible to form a just judgment of a public figure who has attained the enormous dimensions of Adolf Hitler until his life work as a whole is before us. . . . History is replete with examples of men who have risen to power by employing stern, grim and even frightful methods, but who, nevertheless, when their life is revealed as a whole, have been regarded as great figures whose lives have enriched the story of mankind. So may it be with Hitler.

". . . The story of that struggle [for the German chancellorship] cannot be read without admiration for the courage, the perseverance and the vital force which enabled him to challenge, defy, conciliate or overcome all the authorities or resistances which barred his path. . . .

". . . Those who have met *Herr* Hitler face to face in public business or on social terms have found a highly competent, cool, well-informed functionary with an agreeable manner, a disarming smile, and few have been unaffected by a subtle personal magnetism. . . . We may yet live to see Hitler a gentler figure in a happier age."

DESTINY AND DANIEL WEBSTER

From a speech in the Senate, March 23, 1848:

"I have never heard of anything, and I cannot conceive of anything, more ridiculous, more absurd and more affrontive to all sober judgment than the cry that we are [profiting] by the acquisition of New Mexico and California. I hold that they are not worth a dollar!"

HISTORICAL GLIMPSE OF POSSIBLY THE FIRST INMATE TO HELP RUN THE ASYLUM

From "Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington: 1831–1851":

"The effect of the eye upon insane persons is very singular and very certain. I have tried it many times. I always look them full in the face, and they cannot stand it."

REVIEWING THE REVIEWERS

From a 1959 memo from William Randolph Hearst, Jr., to all book, drama and movie reviewers:

"I don't believe our readers are interested in reading the personal likes and dislikes of our critics and I don't intend to waste our valuable space printing them."

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT—THAT THEN WENT AND GOT ITSELF ELECTED TO CONGRESS?

From "Public Men and Events," by Nathan Sargent, 1875:

"On the opening of the third session of the 27th Congress, Mr. Morse [Samuel F. B. Morse], of telegraphic celebrity . . . asked for an appropriation of $30,000 . . . to make an experiment, by erecting a line of telegraph . . . from Washington to Baltimore. . . .

"The bill came up, and was considered. . . . [Congressman] Cave Johnson . . . moved that one half the appropriation be expended in experiments in mesmerism, which was sustained by 20 votes. Another member moved that [the money be spent] in trying an experiment to construct a railroad to the moon. [Similar] propositions were made . . . creating much merriment and pleasant badinage among the members.

"Mr. Pettit, of Indiana, opposed it and [said

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM NEEBE

that he] 'looked upon all magnetic telegraphs as miserable [and] fit for nothing.' "

VICTOR HUGO'S MARVELOUS FLYING MILLENNIUM . . .

From an 1864 letter to the French balloonist Nadar:

"[The invention of the airplane would mean] the immediate, absolute, instantaneous, universal and perpetual abolition of frontiers. Armies would vanish, and with them the whole business of war, exploitation and subjugation. It would be an immense peaceful revolution. It would mean the liberation of mankind."

. . . IS TEST-PILOTED BY H. G. WELLS, WHO CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT OFF THE GROUND,

From "Anticipations," by H. G. Wells, 1902:

"I do not think it at all probable that aeronautics will ever come into play as a serious modification of transport and communication. . . . Man is not an albatross."

AND BY FRANCE'S MARSHAL FOCH, IN A HEAVY FOG

Foch, in 1910, after watching an air display:

"All very fine for sport, you know. But the airplane's no use to the army."

THE CAPTAIN OF THE TITANIC MEETS THE PRESS

From The New York Times, *April 16, 1912:*

"Captain Smith [E. J. Smith of the Titanic] maintained that shipbuilding was such a perfect art nowadays that absolute disaster involving the passengers on a great modern liner was quite unthinkable. . . .

" 'I will go a bit further,' he said. 'I will say that I cannot imagine any condition which could cause [this] ship to founder. I cannot conceive of any vital disaster happening to this vessel. Modern shipbuilding has gone beyond that.' "

WORLD WAR ONE AND ENGLAND'S MISSING GENERATION

From a 1915 memo from General Sir Douglas Haig, Commander in Chief, British Expeditionary Force, France, to the British War Council:

"The machine gun is a much overrated weapon."

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION—AS VIEWED FROM 1600 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

From President Woodrow Wilson's message to a special session of Congress, April 2, 1917:

"Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia?"

IT'S A WISE FATHER . . .

From The New York Times, *1926, quoting Thomas Edison:*

" 'Americans require a restful quiet in the moving-picture theater, and for them talking . . . on the screen destroys the illusion. Devices for projecting the film actor's speech can be perfected, but the idea is not practical.' "

. . . UNLESS, OF COURSE, SATURN IS IN ITS THIRD PHASE AND INTERSECTING ORION

From The New York Times, *October 9, 1957:*

"[Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson] discounted the military significance of the Soviet [Sputnik I] satellite. He said it could not be used to drop bombs 'while you are sleeping,' because the heat generated by re-entry into the earth's atmosphere would destroy any such weapon."

FORGET PEARL HARBOR

From Look *magazine, November 18, 1941:*

"The Japanese fleet will have to stay in home waters, to guard the Empire against naval raids. Our own fleet will cruise somewhere west of Hawaii, with scout planes far over the seas day and night to prevent surprise raids on the Pearl Harbor naval base."

THE DAY THEY GAVE GERMANY'S MOST TROUBLESOME POLITICIAN ENOUGH ROPE TO HANG HIMSELF—AND VERY NEARLY EVERYBODY ELSE

From The New York Times, *1933:*

BERLIN, JANUARY 29: "While any cabinet headed by *Herr* Hitler suggests a highly precarious undertaking, the experiment to make him chancellor . . . might be tried out to curb Nazi truculence."

BERLIN, JANUARY 30: "Some liberals welcome the new cabinet. They reason that *Herr* Hitler has been removed from the street and saddled with the responsibilities of office in a setting which will severely circumscribe his liberty of action."

WARSAW, JANUARY 30: "Adolf Hitler's access to power is rather welcomed here as a sound development in German politics. Political circles here hold that undiluted German nationalism should take full responsibility for the *Reich*'s decisions and that Germany's true face should be shown to the world. Europe will soon know the German danger, it is believed, and the sooner the better it will be for Poland."

THE WORLD AND WALTER LIPPMANN—1943 DIVISION

From "U. S. Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic":

"The conditions which . . . have made the integrity and security of China a vital interest of the United States will, as China becomes a great power, make the security of the United States a vital interest of China. . . .

"It is as impossible for the Allied great powers [United States, Russia, China, etc.] to divide up the world and then rule it as it is for them to combine in order to dominate the world. The inexorable logic of their alliance demands that they recognize the liberties of the peoples outside the alliance."

A COUPLE OF PROGRESS REPORTS FROM HENRY LUCE'S ASIA

From Time *magazine, February 11, 1957:*

"President Diem, slowly and almost unnoticed . . . has brought to South Vietnam a peace and stability few would have dared predict when his country was dismembered at Geneva three years ago. Last week a traveler could journey from one end of the country to the other, by day or night, with never a worry about Viet Minh bandits. . . . In Saigon, the exquisite bordellos . . . were gone."

From "The Tough Miracle Man of Vietnam," Life *magazine, May 13, 1957:*

"Ngo Dinh Diem is respected in Vietnam today for the miracles he has wrought. Order has replaced chaos. Communism is being defeated. . . . Diem's [greatest] hurdle was the famous 'Geneva elections,' the plebiscite which, according to the 1954 Geneva Agreement, should have been held last July 20. It was supposed to let the people of North and South Vietnam decide whether a reunited country should be governed by anti-Communist Diem or Communist Ho Chi Minh. . . . [Diem] knew that it was not a question of who could win the projected plebiscite: It was a question of who the people would expect to win, and all too many of them would have hedged by voting on the assumption that the Viet Minh might win. Diem saved his people from this agonizing prospect simply by refusing to permit the plebiscite."

THE RUIN AND RECONSTRUCTION OF CHARLES DE GAULLE—AS TOLD BY TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE

From Newsweek *magazine, May 26, 1958:*

"De Gaulle's ability to hold France together is doubted, except possibly for a short time on a wave of popular enthusiasm."

From Time *magazine, May 19, 1958:*

"The time has not yet come when most Frenchmen are prepared to throw France's democracy overboard and give a free hand to De Gaulle."

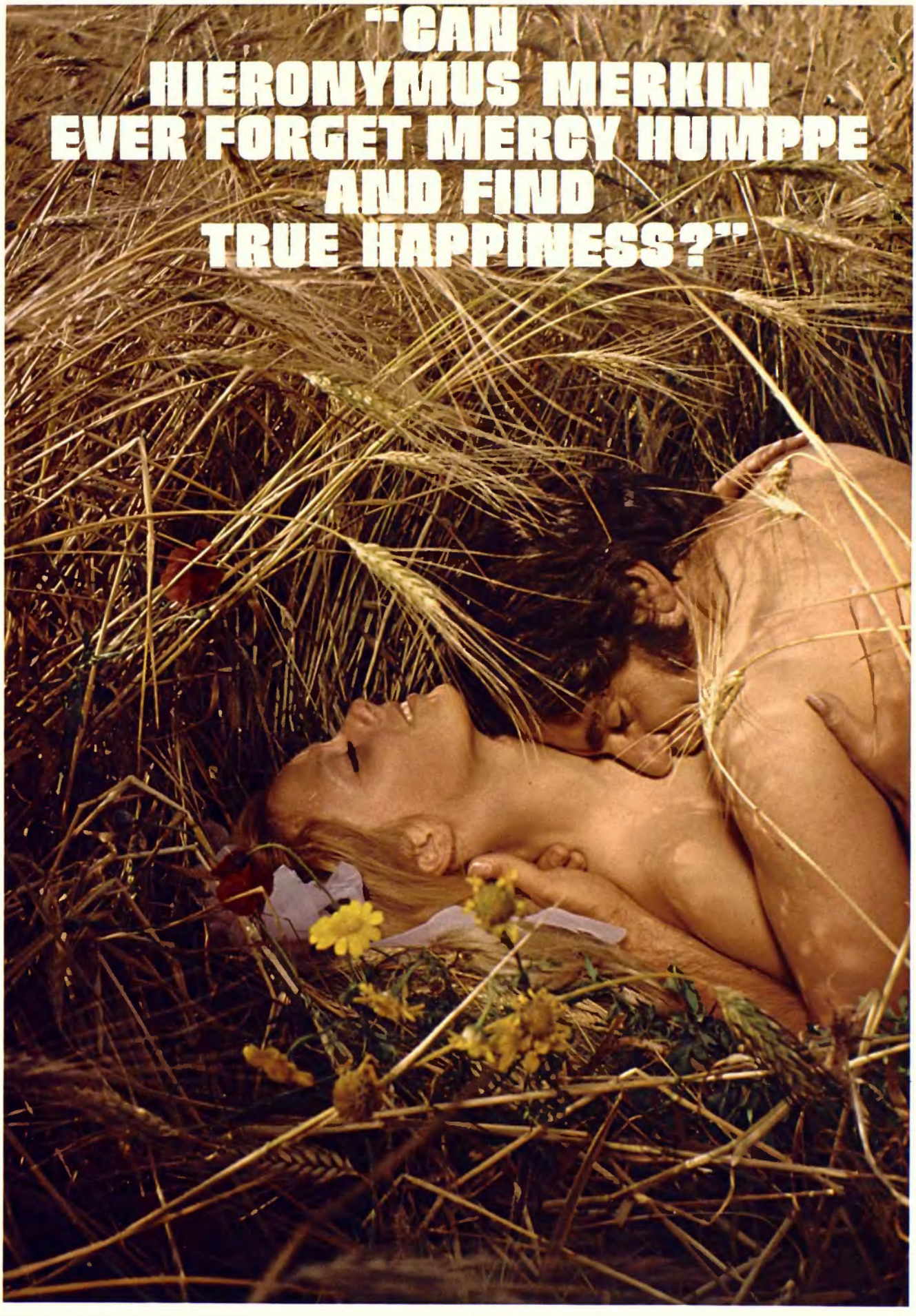
From Newsweek *magazine, June 9, 1958 (eight days after De Gaulle had become Premier of France):*

"The U. S. and Britain are convinced that, far from scrapping NATO, De Gaulle would like to see it strengthened into a solid front capable of exerting decisive influence in Europe's political and economic affairs. . . . His awareness of the need for American good will . . . rule[s] out dangerous foreign-policy adventures."

From Time *magazine, June 16, 1958:*

(concluded on page 186)

"Frank, I don't want to start another argument, but I don't think this is going to put the magic back in our marriage."


"CAN
HIERONYMUS MERKIN
EVER FORGET MERCY HUMPPE
AND FIND
TRUE HAPPINESS?"

anthony newley, joan collins and playmate connie kreski star in a wild flesh-and-fantasy-filled flick that more than lives up to its satyrical title

AS IT TURNS OUT, the suggestively surnamed Hieronymus Merkin (a pubic wig) can't quite forget the more-obviously monikered Miss Humppe, so he doesn't exactly find true happiness, either. But as the film careens toward an answer to its marathon-title question, one finds that Anthony Newley—co-author, producer, director and star—has created what will be the movies' first Priapean musical comedy. Newley plays a likable 40-year-old rake who moonlights as a Hollywood singing idol and boasts a weakness for angelic nymphets—particularly Mercy, played by Connie Kreski, our January 1968 Playmate, whom Newley literally bumped into on an elevator at the London Playboy Club and later signed for the title role. As Hieronymus, he relives and reflects upon his exuberantly amorous past via film, tape and fantasy, and the result is a zany erotobiography that looks like a Marx Brothers movie shot in a nudist camp. "Like most normal men," Newley says, explaining the genesis of the film, "I have a certain fascination with erotica. I think truthful people are interested—artistically—in how people make love. The erotic films being made by young directors nowadays, however, are blatantly sexual without being either sensuous or romantic. I wanted to make a really erotic romantic movie, because I was brought up in a period when there was still romance." For Hieronymus, romance means an endless stream of delectable female fans whose devotion can be best expressed horizontally. He divides his more enduring passions between Polyester Poontang, his long-suffering second wife—played by Newley's real-life *(text concluded on page 137)*

As Hieronymus Merkin, Anthony Newley is possessed by a single-minded dedication to making hay while the sun shines—and while it doesn't, as well. After discovering dryadic Mercy Humppe (Connie Kreski, opposite page) riding a surreal carrousel in the forest, Hieronymus promptly introduces his wood nymph to the mysteries of pastoral passion. Sometimes, though, his libidinous leanings trigger a kind of subconscious schizophrenia that finds Hieronymus flipping out of his own identity and watching The Mask—his windup, keyed-up alter ego—in amorous action with such willing barnmates as Helga Beck (above left), who later opts for a solo replay with The Mask under more civilized circumstances.

Demonstrating the wonders of satanic cookery, Good Time Eddie Filth (Milton Berle, opposite page) gloats, "You can never put in too much yeast," as an outsized dish named Trampolena Whambang (Yolanda) pops out of his smoking oven. Although Good Time Eddie encourages Hieronymus to love 'em and leave 'em, his charge (in company with The Mask) attends an astrological ballet (left) in fashionable undress and blows his usual cool by falling in love with Polyester Poontang, to whom he nobly proposes after getting her with child.

A flashback to his adolescence reveals Hieronymus as a fledgling vaudevillian—and lover—whose on- and offstage act is adorned with statuesque chorines.

As the protagonist in a symbolic Black Mass, Hieronymus ceremonially initiates a young convert.

Hieronymus disports with a frisky extra in a tableau reminiscent of Peter O'Toole's clowning in *Becket*.

Good Time Eddie's campaign to turn the adolescent Hieronymus into the highest-scoring lover of all time begins with an introductian to Little Assistance (Margaret Nolan). Before they do their thing on a handy brass bed, Eddie advises: "She has a very small mind, but the *rest* of her is very intelligent."

Young Merkin blissfully heeds only the final phrase of the warning sign in this uninhibited interlude set in an amusement-park atmosphere that's meant to suggest his euphoria.

Eschewing the nearby merry-go-round, Hieronymus energetically embarks on a merry ride of his own—moving Good Time Eddie to high proise. "As a rapist and lecher and all-round good fellow," he observes, "there's nobody can touch him—that he hasn't already touched."

But when he is loter confronted with films of such carnol carnival capers as the one at left, the older, disillusioned Hieronymus exclaims: "I'm like the bubonic plogue—the pubic plague! I should be forced to wear a bell around my neck and yell, 'Unclean! Uncleon!'"

spouse, Joan Collins—and Mercy, an archetypal innocent who symbolizes ideal love as well as the perfect roll in the hay. But despite his humming hormones, Hieronymus is too selfish to really fall in love. Feeling, at 40, that his life has been futile and misspent, he is haunted by The Presence of Death, a darkly senile creature—portrayed by George Jessel—who's given to telling shaggy vaudeville gags as pointless parables. The chief cause of Hieronymus' troubles, though, is Milton Berle, as Good Time Eddie Filth. Eddie materializes in a cloud of lavender smoke when Hieronymus is a randy teenager, and thereafter urges him to make a career of lechery. The wild retrospective of Merkin's youth—complete with dream sequences, a stag-film-within-the-film and a trio of critics who watch and comment on the movie-in-the-making—becomes a combination sermon/pep talk that gives him the insight and courage to change his wicked ways. "I am often asked," Newley told us, "to sum up the movie's theme in a few words, but there is no short phrase that will describe it properly. I prefer, like that great one-man band, Charles Chaplin, to say, 'Let the film speak for itself.'" And, as these pages prove, *Hieronymus* has plenty to say—and see.

Co-storring os the wayward hero's much-deceived mate proved quite o kick for Newley's off-screen wife, Joan Collins (opposite). "I enjoyed being Tony's leading lady more than anything I've ever ployed in my life," she told us. "The part of Polyester—his fun- ond pleasure-loving wife—is very like my own character. She's even a Gemini." Their actual morrioge, needless to soy, beors little resemblonce to the wild union in the film. As Hieronymus, actor Newley—below, doubling as director—fondly remembers their wedding: "We were married in front of a 14-inch television set. The ceremony wos performed by a suburban justice of the peace whose fly wos open during the entire ceremony. You notice little things like that at a wedding." An exotic doncer in her first film outing, Yolanda (bottom left) also ottracts Merkin's attention—first os o courtesan who motches him bounce for bounce in bed and then as an animal-loving princess in the stag-film sequence. Also making her movie debut, Playmate Connie Kreski re-creates with Newley (bottom right) the typically atypical circumstances of her contract signing: "I got a telegram in London asking me to fly to Malta—where *Hieronymus* was being shot—and play Mercy. I signed the contract ot the continuity girl's desk on the edge of the Mediterraneon, where the company was filming o beach scene at the time."

Playmate Cannie Kreski's first appearance in *Hieranymus Merkin* is described with unabashed enthusiasm in the script's stage directions: "Seated on a carrousel, and looking like same magical Alice come to life, is Mercy Humppe—a cloud of pink-and-white silks and baws. She is Snaw White, Cinderella, Goldilacks. She is all the sweet heroines of all the glorious tales ever tald." Hieronymus himself puts it somewhat differently. "She was the personification of every nymphet I had ever chased acrass the green meadows of my imaginatian." That Connie amply embodies that lyrical image is evidenced by this exclusive uncoverage of her against the rugged Malta landscape.

"What sort of peace did you have in mind, Mr. Smith?"

the butler did it Ribald Classic

from Ned Ward's "A Frolick to Horn Fair"

A BACHELOR GENTLEMAN of good estate, desiring through covetousness to increase his riches, applied himself to a young lady of great fortune. Although his estate was somewhat inferior to her portion, the comeliness of his person and his engaging accomplishments soon prevailed upon the lady to become his bride. Having nothing before her eyes but the prospect of a happy life and the comfortable embraces of a gentleman of sweet temper, affable behavior, incomparable wit and excellent proportion, she gave him but very little trouble to bring his design to its proposed issue. So they were soon married and bedded, with all the solemnities and formalities of a public nuptial.

Now, the gentleman—in his minority having received a kick from a horse that occasioned his castration—was rendered incapable of gratifying the expectancies of his panting bride. Concluding it best to confess his infirmity and put her past the thought of what is natural, in such a case, for the most modest woman to expect, he accordingly disclosed all, but with as much art and rhetoric as possible. To lessen the impression of so great a disappointment, he told her that, though he was impotent, he would grant her the liberty of making good his deficiency to her, that she might choose any person to be her confidant that she found agreeable. The young lady, fearing this might be some trick of her husband to sift whether any other person had any share in her affections, made a jest of his disclosure and suspended her choice for the moment.

Convinced at last that she was brought in good earnest into this misfortune and being not a little uneasy under this intolerable disappointment, she began to be thoughtfully intent upon the freedom that was given her by her impotent bridegroom. Observing his butler to be a handsome, jolly young fellow, looking as if he were well qualified for so pleasing a task, she resolved to pitch upon him to supply the deficiency of her unhappy husband and, accordingly, acquainted her husband with the choice she had made. The gentleman seemed very well contented and, sending for his butler, informed him of

the whole affair, with all its circumstances. He promised the butler £100 a year as long as he would take care, through secrecy and prudence, to prevent any disreputation that otherwise might, by his carelessness, fall upon the family. The butler, overjoyed at this proposal, made so many fair promises and protestations that the master was well satisfied and thought him a proper confidant for his purpose. Accordingly, he lodged him in a room near his own chamber, so that the lady, without danger of detection, might change her bedfellow as often as her inclination led her.

This good-natured liberty of the gentleman's was mutually enjoyed between his wife and his servant for a considerable time without either discovery or mistrust. At last, on a summer's day, having added an unusual warmth to her youthful desires by a glass or two of rich wine at dinner, the lady went into the buttery, where the butler was alone, taking a lazy nap to indulge his idleness. The lady, shutting the door, awakened her gallant and soon made him sensible, by intelligible signs, of what she wanted. Rubbing his eyes and speedily understanding her meaning, he laid her down with a finger and a thumb upon a lolling convenience, in order to oblige her. In which interim the chaplain, being dry after his dinner, came to the buttery door and knocked for admittance into the cellar. The butler being too engaged to answer, the parson judged by his silence that he was making much of some friend in private. Having a mind to be satisfied, he peeped through the keyhole and beheld, with the eye of truth, the sad shame and dishonor his lady and the butler, by the instigation of the Devil, had brought upon the family. He immediately ran openmouthed to his patron and, with a sorrowful countenance, acquainted him with his lady's debauchery, most rhetorically setting forth the villainy and treachery of his servant in thus abusing him. The gentleman had no way left to excuse the matter but to tell the truth and disclose his own infirmity. Enjoining the parson to secrecy, he explained that it was done by his inducement and permission and that he allowed the butler £100 per annum to recompense his diligence.

"Lord, sir," said the chaplain, "why would you not employ me? I'd have done it for fifty, with all my heart, and have read prayers twice a day into the bargain."

—Retold by Gerald Weales

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

HOT DUTCH TREAT

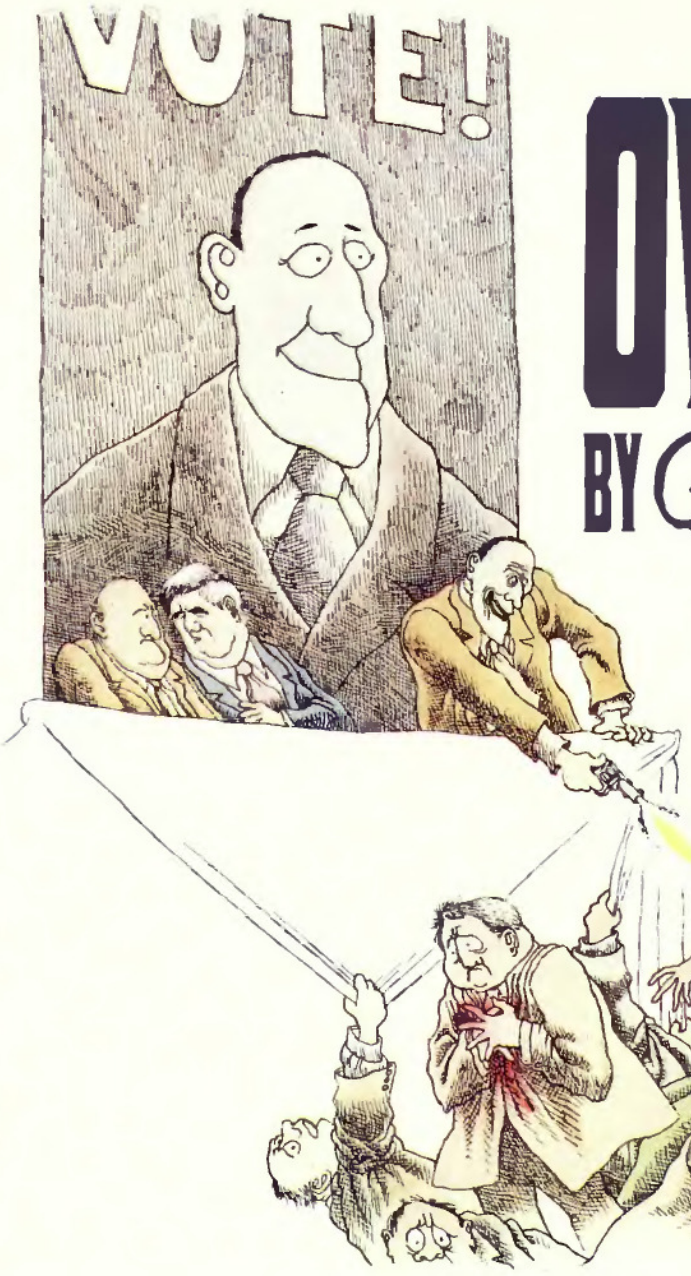
PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY GORDON

rijsttafel—holland's colonially concocted "rice table"—transforms a meal into an indonesian extravaganza

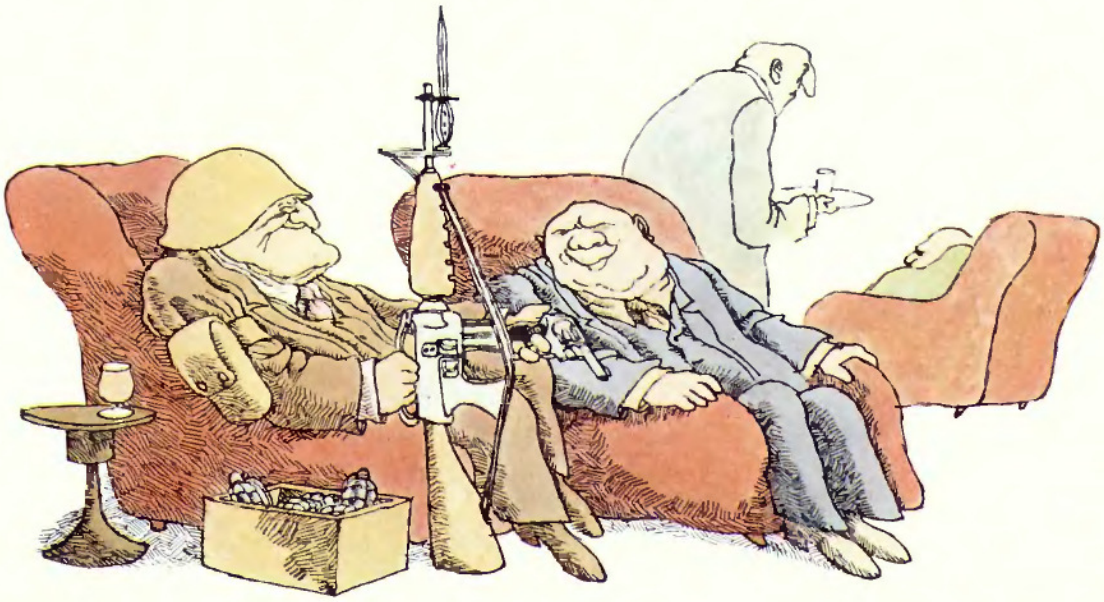
food **By THOMAS MARIO** THE SURPRISING THING about *rijsttafel* isn't the prodigal number of dishes mustered for a single party—in a restaurant, they'll range from 20 to 50—but the fact that, as we shall see, almost all of them seem to have been specifically designed for a bachelor's book of entertaining. Dutch colonialists in Indonesia gave the feast their Dutch name *rijsttafel* or rice table; a huge mound of rice was the fluffy white stage on which the charcoal-broiled satés, the pork balls, the duckling in coconut sauce, the shrimps with cucumbers and peppers and the sweet, tart relishes all performed their stylized dance. To outsiders, it was a Far Eastern smorgasbord carried to your table by a flowing column of 12 or 15 barefooted waiters, each in *(continued on page 210)*

OVERKILL

BY Gahan Wilson

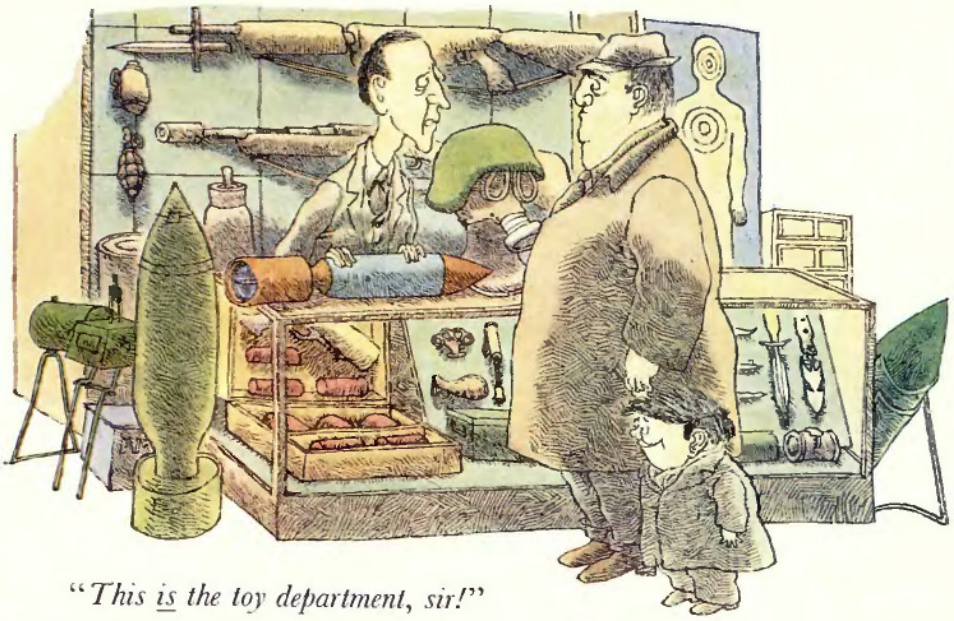


"This is really quite a switch!"

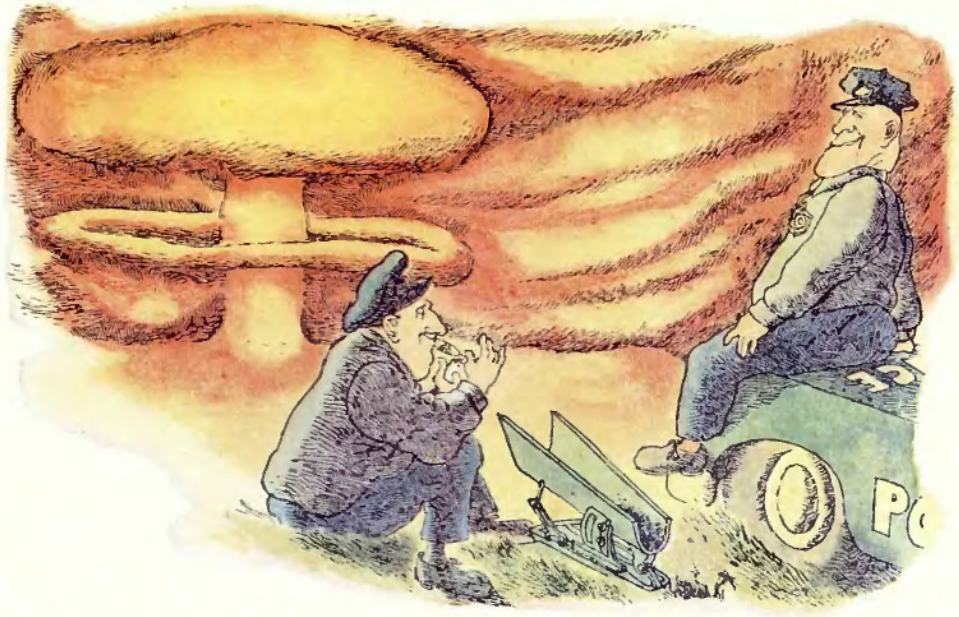


"I like to see a man who's prepared, Remson!"

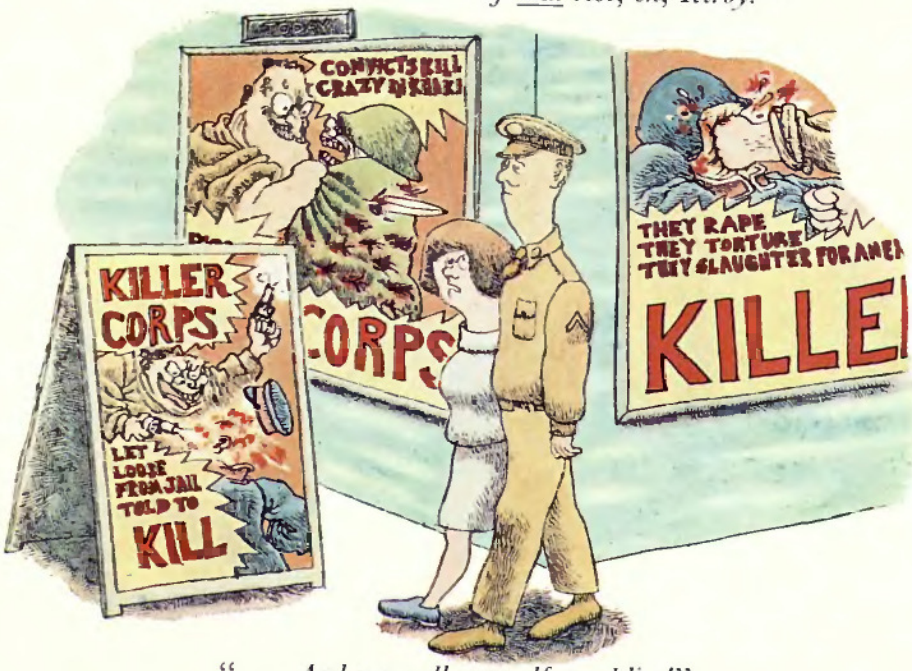
playboy's master of the macabre caricatures the pathology of violence



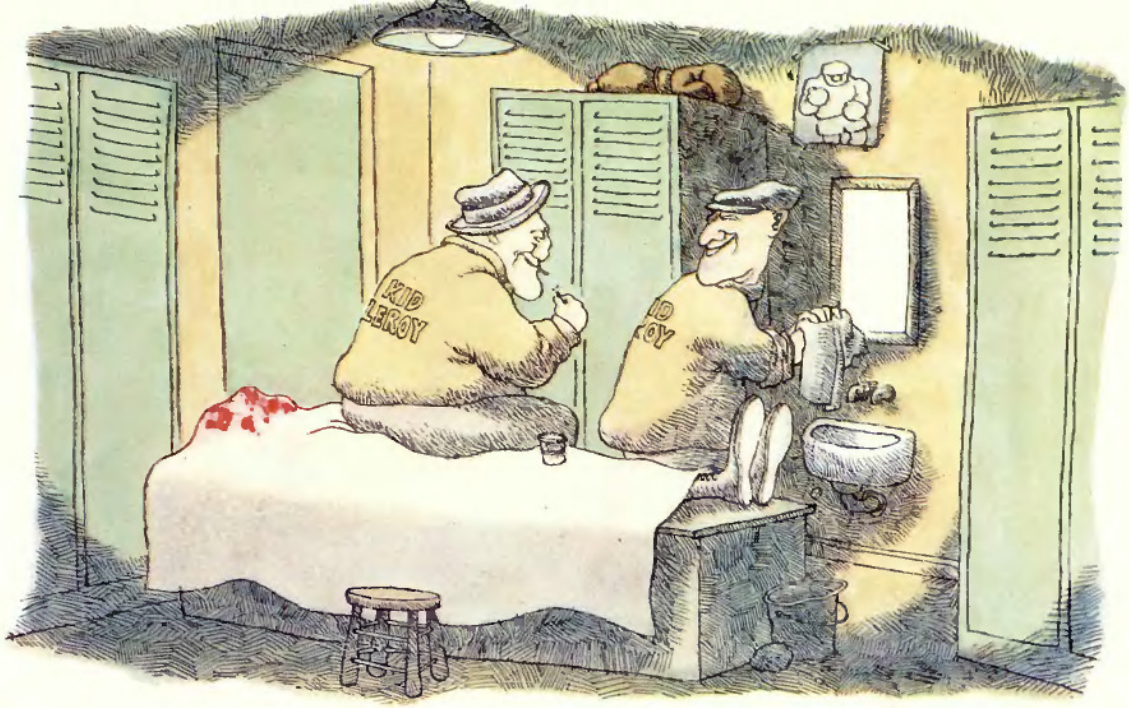
"This is the toy department, sir!"



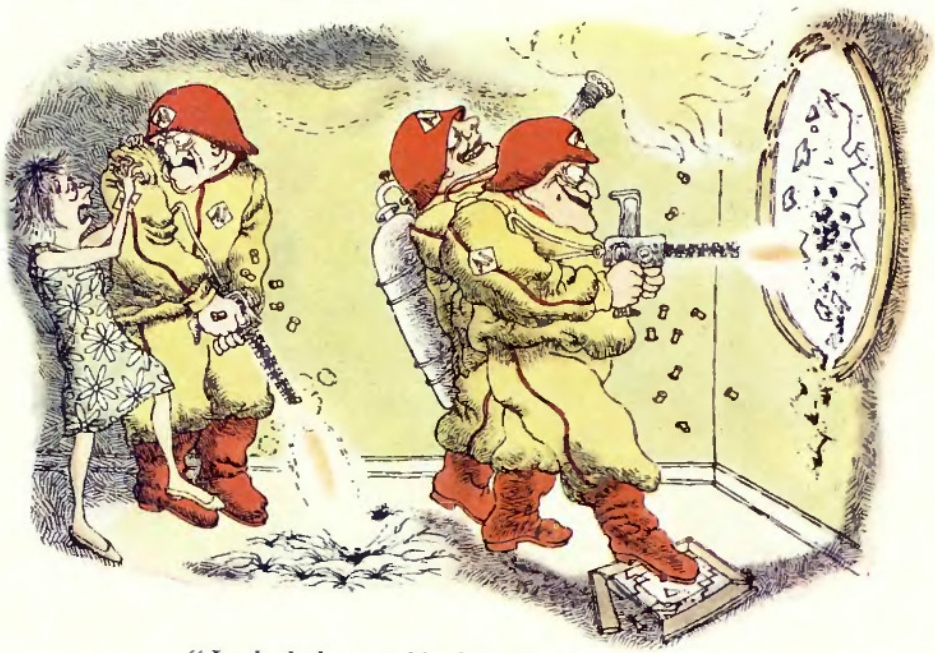
"Well, I guess that pretty well takes care of that riot, eh, Kirby?"



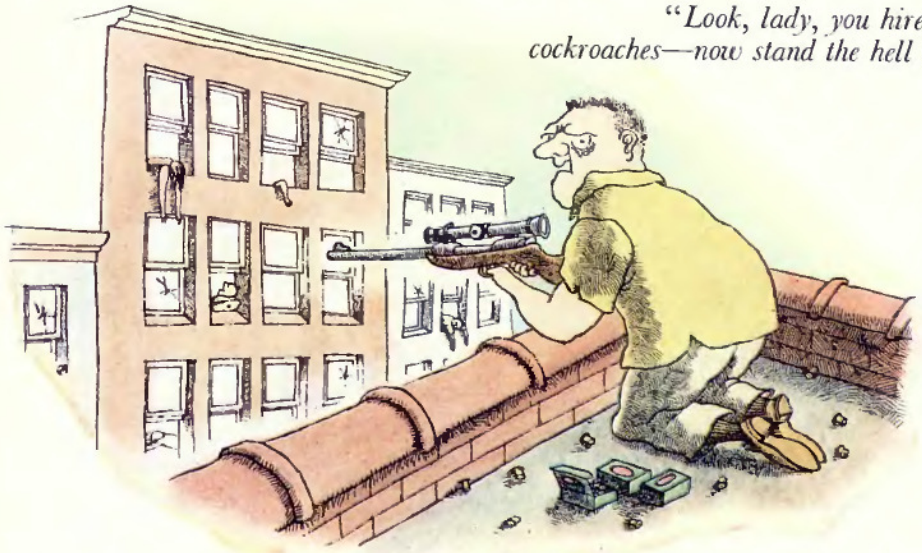
". . . And you call yourself a soldier!"



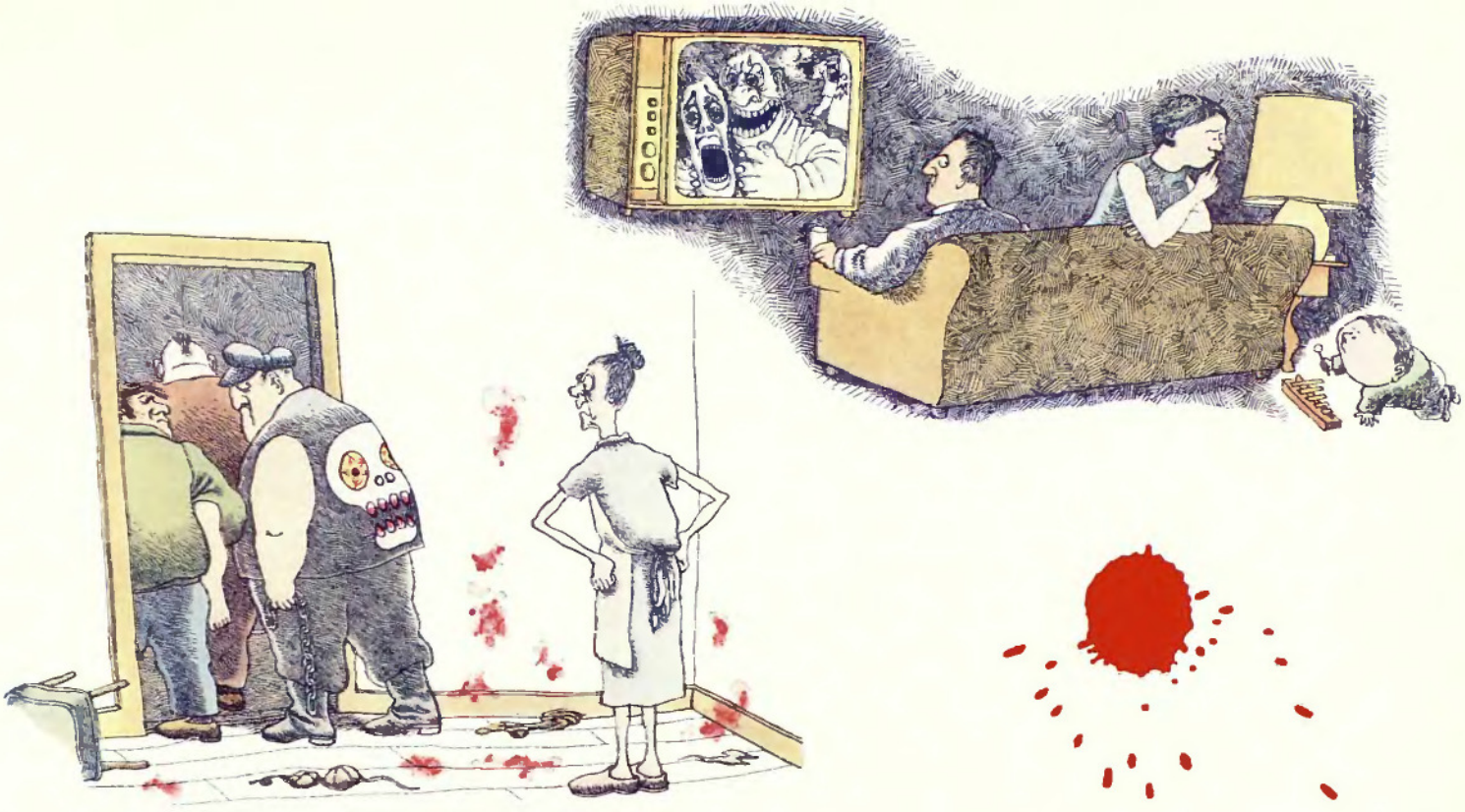
"Boy, that was some great fight!"



"Look, lady, you hired us to exterminate your cockroaches—now stand the hell back and let us exterminate them!"



"Damn it, I've lost count!"



"How many times have I told you kids not to play in the living room?"

"I think I won!"

AUCTION ACTION *(continued from page 122)*

instead of $150, knowing that the interested party will still cover the price. To prevent this, some absentee buyers commission an antique or art dealer to do the bidding for them, paying about a five percent commission on the final price. For an additional fee, the dealer will also check the merchandise in advance and let the bidder know if it's in poor condition or not in line with the catalog description.

Since the auctioneer's success depends upon his ability to keep the bidding alive, he will rely on his reserve-price- or write-in-bid instructions whenever there are no takers on the floor. When there's plenty of activity but no show of hands, it's a good indication that the auctioneer or one of his assistants is bidding on behalf of the seller or an absentee buyer.

At any auction, much depends on the first bid. The auctioneer, of course, will try to begin at the highest figure that doesn't discourage further offers. Sometimes he may request that the audience suggest an opening amount. But if a write-in bid has been turned in and the lot is subject to a reserve price (or if the gallery believes the piece is exceptional in quality), it's almost certain that a sizable starting figure will be asked; should there be no takers present, the auctioneer will answer the opening bid himself. At this point, many buyers prefer to sit out the first round and let the bidding open at the minimum figure acceptable to the auctioneer, on the theory that the lower the opening price, the lower the closing one will be. By joining the fray too soon, you not only excite the competitive spirit of the opposition but, worse yet, you raise yourself each time an opponent's bid is topped. If you hold off making your move until the last moment, there's a chance that others may have already emptied their wallets. But occasionally, a bolder battle plan may prove more effective. If the audience seems to consist largely of sight-seers or timid types who hold back when it comes to starting the action, try opening with a generous bid and, if there are any takers, respond with a strong comeback. Others may decide that you're after this lot regardless of the price—and let you take it.

Payment proceedings for a purchased article differ from gallery to gallery. Most auction houses expect at least a 25 percent down payment immediately (often in either certified check or cash), with the remainder to come within 72 hours, usually at the same time the merchandise is picked up. If the owner is slow in paying or reneges on the bargain, the house, if it chooses, can resell the item without notice, keep the deposit and charge the owner any additional loss incurred if the new selling price is lower than that to which the original bidder agreed. Or it can put the item in storage, with the new owner footing the bill. Though circumstances such as these seldom arise, the gallery is legally covered if they do. Whether or not it chooses to take any action depends on the management.

At larger galleries, attendants usually circulate through the audience, accepting down payments or, if a customer is well known and his credit is established, simply jotting down his name. Other times, a winning bidder may have to go up to a cashier's window and arrange for payment. Whatever way is used, the proceedings are kept as discreet as possible; auction houses like to maintain good relations with their customers.

Whether or not you'll be able to take your merchandise home immediately after the sale also depends on where the auction is. At some city galleries, everything—from Gothic chests to Swiss watches—is immediately returned to a storeroom (even if the lot has been paid for in full) and purchases can be claimed only on whatever days the auctioneer designates for pickups. At a country auction, a house sale or a business liquidation, however, goods are usually available at the time of purchase or immediately after the last item has been sold. If you plan to take the piece with you, of course, payment in full is expected.

In New York City, auction activity centers around Parke-Bernet Galleries (say Parke-Ber*net*, not Parke-Ber*nay*). Sales are periodically held throughout the week, but Saturday is usually when the heavy action is. Parke-Bernet is affiliated with Sotheby's (pronounced *Suth*-er-bees), a famous London auction house that's been in business since 1744. Goods acquired by Sotheby's are often sold at Parke-Bernet. Items most consistently auctioned off include rare books and manuscripts, rugs, porcelain, suits of armor, weapons, antique furniture, art, old photographs, salvaged treasure, jewelry, elegant knickknacks, tapestries, glassware, autographs, china and, occasionally, a collection of vintage vehicles. Lookers as well as bidders are welcome at Parke-Bernet—as, indeed, they are at all auction houses—the theory, of course, being that today's sight-seer may be tomorrow's buyer. On occasion, when such merchandise as impressionist paintings by famous artists is to be auctioned, admission is by ticket, so that bona fide bidders won't be crowded out by the curious. If you're the lucky recipient of a ticket or two for one of these gala affairs, don't hesitate to attend. The audience is on display as much as the merchandise, and the evening takes on a festive first-night flavor, with celebrities and socialites as well as collectors and dealers in attendance.

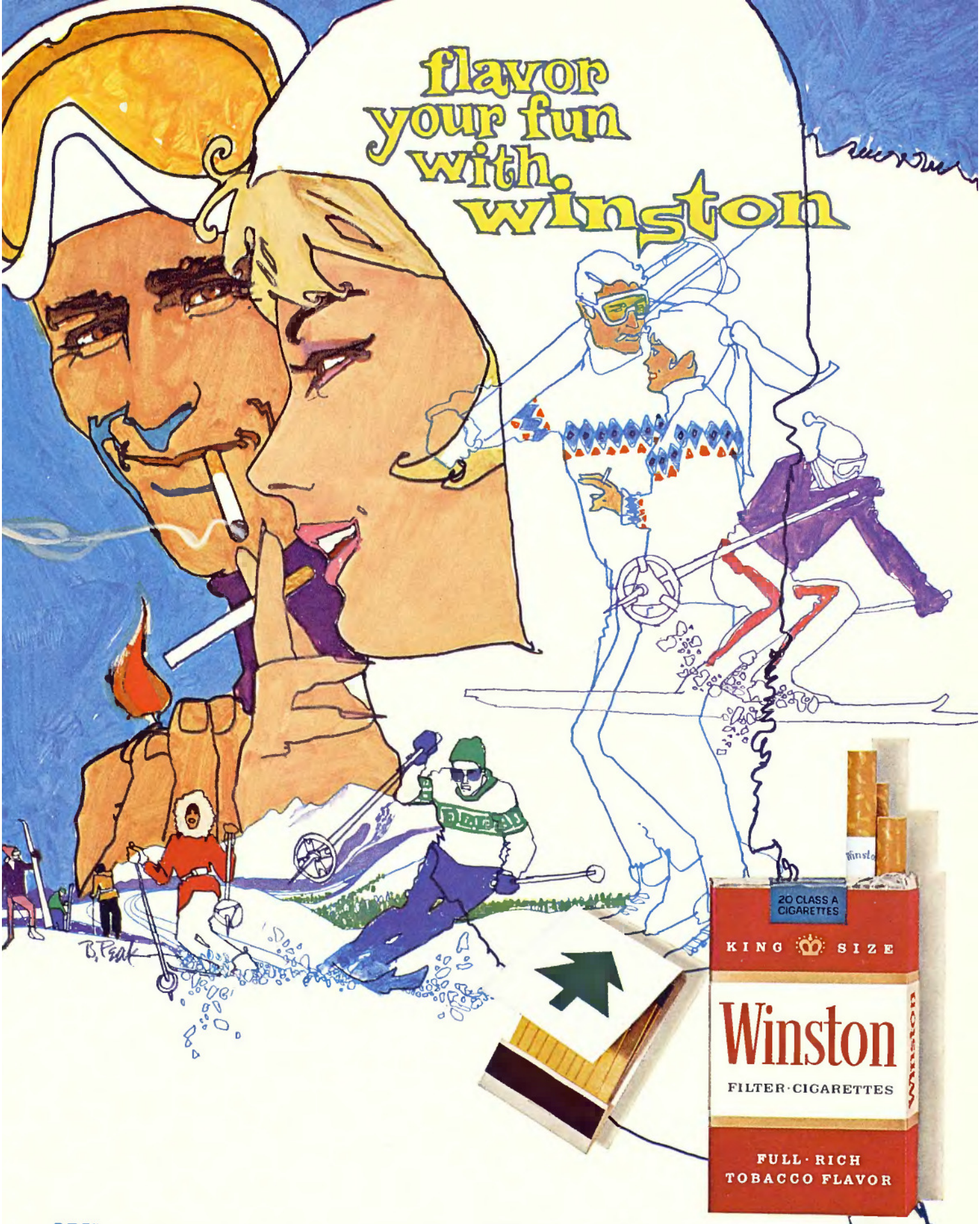
Several years ago, Peter Collins, of Parke-Bernet and Sotheby's, presided over an international auction of Picasso's nude *Femme Couchée Lisant* that climaxed the hourlong NBC television special *Bravo, Picasso!* Bidders in the studio of WBAP-TV, an NBC affiliate in Fort Worth, and in the NBC studios in Burbank had their offers relayed to the auction floor in New York. Audiences in London and Paris also participated by satellite TV. The painting finally went to the Museum of Fine Arts in Fort Worth for $105,000; proceeds went to help restore Italian art treasures damaged by the flood in Florence. In 1962, Parke-Bernet also hosted the auction of the year, at which Rembrandt's *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer* was sold in four minutes for $2,300,000. Eighteen hundred tickets were printed for the sale; white ones admitted well-heeled collectors and dealers to the main gallery; pink and blue tickets opened the doors to side galleries, where the proceedings could be watched on closed-circuit TV and bids relayed to an attendant.

Even if you don't live in or near New York City, catalogs of forthcoming Parke-Bernet auctions are available on a subscription basis. Categories include antiques and ethnographical art, books, manuscripts and autographs, paintings, drawings and sculpture, prints, furniture and *objets d'art*. Write-in bids are invited.

Oddball auctions, such as those held periodically by railroad-salvage companies, police departments and the Post Office, are also fun as well as rewarding to attend; good buys in bicycles, books and records often turn up there. At these sales, quality merchandise is sometimes coupled with junk and offered as one lot—winner take all. Catalogs are seldom printed; buyers usually arrive early for a quick once-over of the merchandise. For the adventuresome, "unopened" boxes and crates are sometimes proffered, with the buyer taking potluck on the contents. This type of buying, of course, is highly speculative, and low bids are usually placed strictly for fun, not profit. One such lot not long ago went for a whopping $50, and the gentleman purchaser, upon opening the case, found that he was the not-too-proud owner of two dozen pairs of foam-rubber falsies.

Antique-car auctions are becoming increasingly popular both here and abroad. The sums for which such cherished chariots as De Dion Boutons, Duesenbergs, Bugattis and Talbot Lagos sell depend on several factors: scarcity (a much-sought-after Rolls-Royce Silver Ghost 1910 double Pullman limousine was sold at Sotheby's for $26,000), how much restoration must be—or has been—done to the car and, of course, whether or not the vehicle can be driven as is.

Last October, at Rippey's Veteran Car Museum in Denver, a shiny array of vintage vehicles plus items of automobiliana



Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should!

went on the block in a one-day sale supervised by Parke-Bernet. Prospective purchasers were requested to register on the day of the auction and then were assigned a numbered paddle for ease in bidding. During the day, classic-car buffs acquired a 1912 Ford runabout with a replica body for $1900, a 1930 Duesenberg Model J Beverly sedan for $23,500, a 1930 Rolls-Royce Phantom I convertible for $4200 and a 1933 four-seater Alfa Romeo with a Boneschi body for $18,000.

If you're long on appreciation of fine-looking old cars but short on mechanical know-how, don't hesitate to solicit the opinion of an expert concerning the condition of the engine and the cost of any body restoration needed. Once a car is yours, it can't be returned because of a warped head. Another point to remember is that the auctioneer can't be held responsible if the car is incorrectly described. At a farm auction you may happen to run across, the auctioneer may or may not be absolutely certain that the old Buick stored in the barn was manufactured in 1931. Ask to see the registration papers and, if these aren't readily available, weigh this fact carefully before placing a bid. Cars, of course, can't be faked as easily as antiques or paintings, but unscrupulous auto dealers abroad have been known to mount new custom-made body copies on original chassis and then auction the hybrids off as antique machines in mint condition.

An auction of vintage wines and spirits invariably attracts bidding bibbers eager to round out their cellars and liquor cabinets with rare potables. If a trip to London is in the offing, be sure and drop by Christie's. Wine auctions have been held there since 1766; their earliest catalogs listed wines among the china, jewelry and chamber pots destined for the block. Occasionally, oenophilists are given the opportunity to taste a glass or two in order to judge the quality of the vintage. More often, bottles are sold in unopened lots; the contents may be perfect or they may be vinegar. Not long ago, a random sampling of untasted 18th and 19th Century alcoholic oddities from the cellars of several English blue bloods was offered to connoisseurs. Christie's showroom, already crammed with antiques and fine oil paintings, was the perfect setting for such a sale. Included in the catalog were such bizarre bottlings as a magnum of Canary Island wine, vintage 1740, from Tenerife (it fetched $518) and 15 half bottles of milk punch dated 1750 (they went for $25 apiece). Bidders also had the chance to take home some of Château Lafite's good years (before phylloxera ravaged Europe's vineyards), including the vintages of 1858, 1864, 1865, 1871 and 1874, for around $70 each.

Real-estate auctions aren't for casual onlookers: bankrupt businesses, small homes and backwoods lots usually comprise the auctioneer's agenda. Occasionally, however, unusual pieces of property appear—tracts such as an entire college campus, which a horseflesh fancier might wish to purchase and turn into a private riding estate. In 1966, Upland College, located just 45 miles east of Los Angeles, went on the block—lock, stock and land. The entire prize package, which included 11 acres plus 12 buildings and their contents, finally went to the Salvation Army for a song—$525,000.

If you're looking for such items as leaded Victorian stained-glass windows, try to take in a demolition auction. Mansions filled with wood paneling, fancy fretwork and mosaic tile are often torn down after the elegant built-ins have been carefully removed and put up for sale. The buyers are free to tote home their finds and have them installed in their digs by a carpenter.

Up to now, we've concentrated on guidelines for attending auctions. Here's where to find them. The following urban auction galleries and companies specialize in such merchandise as antique furniture, paintings, sculpture, rugs, *objets d'art* and silver pieces—all of varying quality. The list, of course, is by no means comprehensive; it's just to get you started on the right road to smart bidding.

BOSTON: Louis Joseph, Inc., 840 Commonwealth Ave.

CHICAGO: Chicago Art Galleries, 5960 N. Broadway; Direct Auctioneers, 1920 N. Milwaukee Ave.; Hanzel Galleries Inc., 179 N. Michigan Ave.; Samuel L. Winternitz and Co., 38 S. Dearborn St.

DALLAS: Samuel Hart Galleries, 1901 McKinney St.

DENVER: C. W. Rosvall Auction, 1238 S. Broadway St.

LOS ANGELES: A. N. Abell, 1911 W. Adams St.; Ames Art Galleries, 8725 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills; Marvin H. Newman, 426 S. Robertson St.

NEW ORLEANS: Forsythe-Sanchez Auction Galleries, 1810 Magazine St.

NEW YORK (MANHATTAN): Cathedral Auction Galleries, 825 Broadway; Alex Chapin Associates, 299 Madison Ave.; Coleman Auction Galleries, Inc., 525 E. 72nd St.; Fischer Auction Gallery, 111 Fourth Ave.; Lubin Galleries, 342 Third Ave.; Manhattan Galleries, 201 E. 80th St.; Parke-Bernet Galleries, Inc., 980 Madison Ave.; Plaza Art Auction Galleries, 406 E. 79th St.; Savoy Art and Auction Galleries, 18 E. 50th St.; Winegarden's Auction Rooms, Inc., 12 E. 12th St.

PHILADELPHIA: Samuel T. Freeman & Co. Auctioneers, 1808 Chestnut.

SAN FRANCISCO: Butterfield & Butterfield Auctioneers, 1244 Sutter St.; Nob Hill Auction Gallery, 1630 Polk St.; San Francisco Auction Gallery, 2077 Union St.

WASHINGTON, D. C.: C. G. Sloan & Co. Inc., 715 13th St.

Bidding at an auction is great sport, once you're familiar with the rules of the game. Now that you know the score, put your expertise to the test. If you play your hand correctly, chances are you'll come away a winner—and maybe even have more fun than you bargained for.

"I don't see how Nigeria and Biafra got into all this trouble without our help."

CULTSVILLE U.S.A.

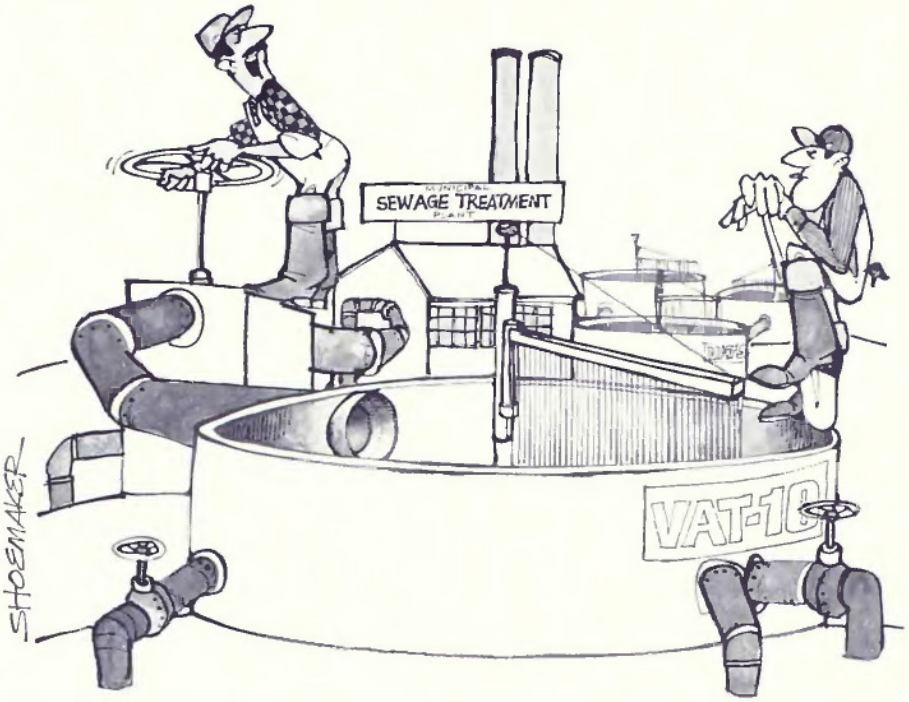
(continued from page 88)

wife that his ears aren't pointed enough for a really good Devil. With a heavy sigh, he takes off his red robes, lays aside *The Life of Rasputin* and strokes his Mephistophelean beard. It isn't easy playing unholier than thou. One arm resting on a piano, he smiles at some yellowing sheet music: *I Faw Down an' Go Boom* and *Just a Gigolo.*

In the scruffy Mission area, south of Market Street, an old Jew named Samuel Lewis sits under a portrait emitting "blessings from Ruth St. Denis," the disciples of mystical Islamic Sufism spread round about him. "I'm applying Sufi to the solution of the hippie problem," explains Sam, the self-acknowledged Sufi sheik of San Francisco. "*They* know there are states of consciousness other than the physical. I teach them meditation and love."

Just now, he is giving a lesson to eager youngsters in "the science of breathing." "The New Testament says God is breath," he confides. "Breath and life are one, but breath is more than oxygen and chemistry. It draws in the life force. It brings in life for health, for courage, for fearlessness, to overcome sleep, for longevity—of which I am the perfect demonstration. It needs a master—it cannot be learned from books." Sam tries to show a prize fighter how to walk up Nob Hill at full speed without losing breath. "The soul is the divine breath," he says, wheezing as if he could use a little more of it himself. "And Sufism is the reality, the universal outlook, in which you can reach such an attainment that you can have the peace of awakening. Sufis use love—they believe in God as *experience*. Love means self-surrender. Self-surrender, which is different from self-denial, is getting guidance from a teacher, from God or from yourself. The Kingdom of God is *within* you—that's an *actuality*, not metaphysics."

Sam Lewis turns to a young female acidhead and asks her if she would be interested in "the joy without the acid." She nods wanly. "Look into my eyes, then. Your eyes are *shouting* unhappiness. I want to teach you happiness." His animated face freezes into a Keatonesque mask and he fixes her with the eerily hypnotic gaze of the big Buddha in Gump's. "I am trying to get you to nonthinking, to peacefulness. First, we're aware of the body. Second, we're aware of our moral natures, of good and bad. Third, we're aware of our mind; and fourth, of our heart, the center of selfishness; and finally, you enter the abode of peace, and peace is power *beyond* the physical world, and this *is* communicable. The whole mind becomes your servant. The whole world needs love and affection—see how a child responds to it. I am an old egotist. I have spontaneous prajna—wisdom in Sanskrit. Only God exists, and this is the supreme human experience. The science of the heart and higher consciousness makes the heart the center of our being, from which we enter into stages of rapport with the ever-grander portion of the universe. Complete love for mankind is not a metaphor but a way of living. Allah'ha, Allah'ha."



"Here come de sludge!"

A scruffy young man with a gentle, abstracted air and cataracts of flaxen hair (courtesy Lady Clairol's "Born Blonde") is confused about Vedanta, a highbrowish Neo-Hinduism offering a modern interpretation of the classical Vedas, and Sufism. "The difference between Sufi and Vedanta," says Lewis straightaway, "is the energy the Vedantist uses to conquer his passions, Sufists use to find God. If you have a hundred units of vital energy and ten are sex, it's an important part of your life. Suppose you have a thousand units and fifteen are sex—sex has gone up rather than down, but it becomes so small compared with the whole—that's Sufi! When you say don't use your penis, you're paying attention to your penis. We don't waste time with that. In Sufi, as in Zen, the devil is the *ego*, not sex. The question is not whether you keep up sex but if you keep up God. Sex should be divinized, not forbidden."

In Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, the good swamis in the lovely temples of Vedanta say amen to that. Indeed, their view—which America's highly venerated swami, Prabhavananda, compares with Emerson's concept of "oversoul"—is so enlightened they attract more than their share of young people with serious sexual hang-ups, trying to master if not divinize their demons. "Vedanta doesn't preach sexual freedom," says California's most eloquent Vedantist, Christopher Isherwood, "but it is not concerned with sins as sins. Certain things you do are an obstacle to enlightenment. Intense sexual attachment would be such an obstacle. But whether it's with a girl, a boy or a goat is very much beside the point. This applies to all the vices. The rules are individual, not laid down like tablets of law with 'Thou shalt not' written on them, not an authoritarian, dualistic thing of God *there* and me *here*. God is in all of us, and everywhere. In the classical age of the Vedas—Hindu scripture—the principle of blending worldly enjoyment with spiritual endeavor was approved by the great teachers. They recognized that, for the ordinary man, sensual desire is too strong to be repressed. So they recommended, instead, that the devotee should remind himself that God is present, at all times, within our lowest and grossest actions as within our noblest. 'The Lord is everywhere and always perfect,' says the Bhagavad-Gita [from the Hindu Bible, which Isherwood and Swami Prabhavananda translated]. 'What does he care for man's sin or for man's righteousness?' The worst act is at least the better for being associated with God. To believe otherwise is to sanction the hypocrisy of 'Sunday religion.'

which will go into God's presence only in the fine clothes of respectability, never in the soiled garments of the lustful everyday self." Small wonder, then, that Vedanta gets more chic by the minute.

The polar opposite of the Vedanta Society is the World Church, "the world's largest nonsectarian church," a blue-topped blimp hangar of a building in exhausted central Los Angeles, where O. L. and Velma Mary Lee Jaggers stand in unruffled state, like twin popes, cloaked in gold-and-silver bejeweled satin robes and wearing long white gloves, white stockings (no shoes) and jewel-encrusted crowns before the Golden Altar of the Revelation. It is a blinding pageant. "Twenty-four-carat gold," says handsome O. L. to the assembled multitudes, "and more than one *million* jewels! All are genuine and all come from foreign places; none are even *made* in this country. So splendiferous in beauty, individually set in the Christs and angels!" The congregation—thousands of Negroes, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans and whites, old, ailing, indigent and gulled—applauds vigorously. O. L. smiles unctuously upon them.

"Unlike anything ever made anywhere in the world—a manifestation of the beauty of the Lord Jesus. Four years in the making and only half through. See the silver river beneath the throne of God—the water is *actually* flowing now. There are five hundred thousand precious jewels in the riverbed alone, the Euphrates River of Life that came originally out of the Garden of Eden. . . . God is coming here today. All your physical, emotional and financial problems will be cured here today. Now for just a moment, we're going to take a photograph. Will the liberators come forward. Watch the photographer and he will tell you what to do. He's the very best photographer I have ever seen. Very still, don't move. . . . When you drink of His divine blood today, you will leave God's house in perfect health. The twenty-four elders will now remove your golden crowns and place them on the table before you. I anoint the golden altar seven times. I place the seven lamps of fire upon you now. Miss Velma and I command the seven sacred spirits to anoint you with the sacred oil. . . . Oh, *ring out* the bells, bring His sacred presence down!"

The faithful pull thousands of bells out of bags and bodices and tinkle them till hell won't have it, as O. L. sings into his hand-held mike, to the organ strain of *The Bells of St. Mary's*:

> *"The bells of the World Church*
> *Oh, hear, they are ringing*
> *They bring down God's blessing*
> *On you and on me. . . ."*

O. L. has a rich, deceptively casual voice that is carefully contrived to sound like Bing's. He and silver-haired Miss Velma are, with unsettling aplomb, leading their flock in "The Mighty Transubstantiation Communion Miracle," the elders forming a sort of bucket brigade from the majestic couple to human-high stacks of bread loaves and great golden vats of wine. Even the collection box is sealed with a gold lock. The congregation removes its shoes and, for three ear-shattering, eye-popping, soul-splitting hours, comes forward to be anointed perfunctorily from huge plastic bottles. The ceremony runs the emotional gamut from hysterical to epileptic. It is a sickening spectacle in a country of the blind.

In the Empire Room of the Beverly Hilton, members of the world-wide Bahai faith, which has some 2,000,000 followers, celebrate the Feast of Naw-Rúz, the Bahai New Year. The Happy People Chorus sings: "See the smiling faces, people of all races . . . let love and unity reign"; and well-fixed people of all races smile, sip punch, square-dance and discuss the next "fireside," in which members meet in private homes—Bahai has no ministry—to discuss the world, the flesh, the faith and its 19th Century prophet, Bahá'u'lláh ("the Glory of God").

Pretty girls in short, expensive dresses and long ironed hair smoke cigars and discuss "the oneness of mankind and the essential harmony of science and religion." A young hair stylist invites another to his shop: "I'm just developing my own style—Don Murray comes in."

A public-relations man takes offense when he is asked who the local head of Bahai *is*. "There *is* no head of Bahai," he answers indignantly. "There are no *paid* Bahai teachers; *everyone* in Bahai is a teacher. You can't go wrong when talking about *truth*, the oneness of mankind, the unity of the universe. Only Bahaullah fulfills the promises of *all* the prophets. And Bahai just grows and grows; I can't give out any figures, but it's just fan-*tas*-tic!"

"Fantastic" is the word the hippies apply to the banal, like a copy of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Hippies don't cotton to Bahai any more than they do to beatnik bard Jack Kerouac, whose own religious cult has menopaused but whose dharma bums are still very much in evidence in California, crying out: "Let there be blowing out and bliss forevermore." But some, such as beat poet Philip Lamantia, have successfully metamorphosed into hippiedom, because they feel that "Christ says go out and find the bums, the blind and the cripples. He invites everyone, including the outcast. So there's no contradiction at all between Christ and a bebopper, a Beat and a hippie."

"Christ is with us *here*, baby," says a sallow-cheeked girl with stringy hair in Los Angeles' Elysian Park, scene of an Easter-day love-in. The cops have accused her of taking part in the singularly unerotic rites as an irritant to the Christian observance of the day. "So is Buddha. So is Krishna. You know Krishna?"

They didn't, but the robed, bearded, barefoot tribe at the Foundation of the World Fellowship—hidden from the world by rock caves and canyon oaks in the cowboy-movie country around Chatsworth—claimed they did, and intimately. Only theirs was a different Krishna, a too-mortal man named Francis Heindswatzer Pencovic, who looked like Jesus, ran around barefoot in flowing gold robes, called himself Krishna Venta and, right in the middle of the 20th Century, declared that even though he had served time for burglary, he was still the living embodiment of Christ. "I cannot lie to please you," he told his disciples. "I must tell you the truth in the sight of God. I *am* the Son of God." Many wept. Others shouted: "We knew it!"

Krishna Venta has since shed his mortal skin, but his apostles "walk humbly with his soul," concentrating daily and chanting, "Love one, love all, love Krishna," pulling cars out of ditches on the narrow roads surrounding them and taking care of the neighbors' children when their mothers are ill. "We're a humanitarian service group. You have to be in the philosophy for quite a while to understand."

Speaking is babushkaed and green-robed Bishop Elesha, a shy mouse of a woman who was, in some previous incarnation, just plain Aletha Browning, a dietitian in Denver, Colorado. "The name carries a vibration," she says joylessly. "And as we grow in understanding, our vibration is raised and our names are changed accordingly. Master changed his name twice as he grew. Our spiritual leader now is Cardinal Nekona—she's an English teacher from Denver." She is sitting in the fellowship's assembly hall and chapel, which members hewed by hand from local stones and telephone poles. There is no phone. "We had to take it out," explains the bishop, "because we never lock doors here and people came in and took advantage and made calls on the long-distance."

"I *do* believe Krishna Venta was the Son of God—we *know* it," she says. "There's been *many* Sons of God, every two thousand years or so. We don't believe Jesus and Christ to be the same. But two thousand years ago, the people, not knowing, said 'Jesus the Christ' and connected them. There are several places in the Bible that try to point out that the Christ wasn't the Jesus, someplace in *Matthew*. I'll have to study on that more. You're supposed to have a balance of mind here, but I'm not sure I do yet. . . ." Her weak voice and unlettered talk trail off forlornly. Birds and fowl and scrawny dogs drift in and out.

The bishop breaks into a little song: "God and I go in the field together. . . ."

"We can't kill a living thing. That's why we have these birds and those trees," she says after a while. "If we eat meat, we don't order the animal to be killed. If it's already killed, we can go in and purchase it. Many of us are vegetarians, though. But we don't even take the eggs from chickens, don't kill any of God's animals."

Only people. Convinced that Krishna Venta had indulged in considerable unhumanitarian intimacies with their wives, two former cultists planted 40 sticks of dynamite inside the fellowship's multicolored headquarters a few years back, cornered the 47-year-old prophet and blew him, themselves, five other adults and two children to kingdom come. "His death," says one observer, with heavy irony, "was certified upon examination of some less-mortal dental bridgework." In the ruins, which are unlikely to be compared with Pompeii in any future age, there stands today an enormous sign: LOVE YE ONE ANOTHER. SERVE YE ONE ANOTHER.

In the Temple of Tarot and Holy Qabalah, next door to a chiropractor off the Pasadena Freeway, a lady with a pronounced limp, a torrent of hair streaked orange and red, corduroy slacks and a sargasso of colored beads, introduces herself as "The Reverend Ann Davies, the Prolocutor General of the Builders of the Adytum."

"We work toward helping to enlighten a person's mind and heart," she says in a harsh, nasal Bronx accent. "I am a Qabalistic temple," she chants. "I am dedicated to the perpetuation and dispensation of the Holy Qabalah and sacred wisdoms of the Tarot. I have an amazing history, whose beginning is lost in the mists of time. It is said the angels brought my message to man. . . ."

More colloquially, Madam Davies says California itself is just loaded with magic vibrations that free both flesh and spirit from "conventional" shackles. "There's gotta be a psychological condition here that lends itself more to research and greater freedom, without having to hang onto the old fundamental laws. It isn't so hot here it weakens the, uh, drive, y'know, honey? Less imprisonment of the heart and mind and, uh, physical being. There's a relaxed moral point of view; you know the unconventional attitudes of the movie industry, with their many wives; you're more immune to the shocks and fears, more free to investigate. California has a *psychic* atmosphere, a mental-emotional atmosphere that is related to the subtleties of livingness. You gettin' the idea? You feel that God is making love to you —we have temple romances all over the lot. I can see you're a very beautiful human being—how old are ya, honey?"

In the temple, for $5.25, a visitor might have learned something about "Sex Perfection" or, for a dollar less, bought some Tarot Keys, or even a heavy tome called *The Mystical Qabalah* ($7.75); but he puts his money —$6.25—on an all-wool "Esoteric Qabalistic Healing Service." Before getting down to "the spiritual impact of the Vibratory Divine Names and healing Qabalistic Chant of the Western Mysteries," however, he learns that Dr. Davies heals animals, too. "I noticed a growth in the mouth of my little dog Tzaddi," she explains to the faithful—a sad-eyed, unromantic-looking bunch—"and took her to our vet, who said it was probably malignant and that an immediate incision was indicated. It occurred to me that Tzaddi was as much entitled to prayers as her human elders and I included her. My concern deepened my meditative concentration and I did not go to sleep until I had achieved a feeling of peace."

Next day, Tzaddi's tumor had, of course, vanished, and Dr. Davies "rejoiced over this manifestation and proof of the existence and availability to *all*, even our little creatures, of Divine healing power." For her healing work, Dr. Davies wears a "royal-purple flowing

velvet cape over my white robe with the hexagram."

In the Esoteric Service, she stands before golden drapes between two huge phalloid poles that light up on top, and beneath enormous illuminated Tarot cards. The congregation joins her in the "Aquarian Doxology": "I affirm my oneness with all that is, life, eternal, sublime and triumphant. I *am* that life, now and forever. I *am*."

The Temple Choir chants something very much like "Yo-ho-heave-ho." Madam Davies abrades the ears again with: "Divine womb of creation, pervade me with thy love as I chant thy holy name. Hold me, oh, Ah-do-naa-yii, enfold me in thy light. . . . And now let us attune ourselves to the vibratory [that word again] formulas of Divine Creation. O sacred messengers of God, O holy ones, archangels of the sun and moon and stars, O life of wind and sea, of flame and form, bestow thy grace on me, thy magical power to still the stormy sea, as I walk in the will of God [heavy on the organ pumps]. Ra-fa-el, holy archangel of the East, clothed in the glory of the dawn . . ." etc., etc., etc. . . . "Amen."

Amen indeed. Yet, for talking in meaningless figure eights, and doing it more often for more people for the most amount of money, no cult can top that highly organized freemasonry called the Rosicrucians of San José. There, some 110 tight-tongued inmates, several full-time guards and thousands of visiting members of the Ancient Mystical Order Rosae Crucis move through electrically operated doors and romp about phony sphinxes and Neo-Egyptian temples and blather, via a global avalanche of defensive self-promotion and double talk, about being "the largest and oldest fraternity in the world devoted to man's personal development through the utilizing of his natural powers of mind and the simple and yet little-known laws of the universe and the mysteries of life." All that and more, much, much more, until the bones creak with tedium and the blood runs tepid.

In one of his more limpid oratorical nosegays, Imperator H. Spencer Lewis, a shrewd old owl of an advertising man—with one eye on Egypt, the other on the stock market—explains his humble task as simply "the rebuilding of the human race and advancement of civilization." "The conclusions of Mr. Lewis," the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* discreetly observes, "do not seem convincing to objective students." Meanwhile, the visitor is asked to KEEP OFF STATUES and, even in the unearthly quiet of the Planetarium, the Akhaton Shrine or the Egyptian Museum, he is bombarded with such mind bogglers as: "Is human life the highest form of intelligence in the universe? Is there a primary energy that underlies all existence? Can something come from nothing—or did the cosmos always exist? Is soul an actual substance or a function of man's organic being? Does consciousness survive death?"

If it can survive all this meretricious twaddle, it can survive anything, probably even death. If it really wants to soak up a few answers, it can fill out forms stating a proper motive for membership, affirming the practice of good citizenship and obeyance of the laws of the land ("I will honor the flag; I will never be guilty of treason"), send a ten-dollar registration fee to the Supreme Secretary of the Supreme Council in the Supreme Temple, and remit four dollars a month in dues thereafter.

Once inside the secret brotherhood, the much-touted "esoteric wisdom handed down from ancient times can be imparted to the initiated." Though the Rosicrucians aggressively deny they are religious, their practices are patently a quasi-mystical mishmash of Egyptian Hermetism, Christian Gnosticism, Jewish Cabalism, alchemy, all manner of life-diminishing occult practices and much storm and fury. Hear Ralph M. Lewis, son of the Imperator, instructing the "Brethren of the Rosy Cross" who have proved themselves worthy of admission into the order:

"Take a deep breath, hold it as long as comfortable, then slowly exhale. Keep your feet separated and close your eyes. First, we shall begin with the simple process of purifying our consciousness. We ask that you deliberately call to the fore of your mind pleasant memories in your life which represented your most noble emotions and sentiments, relive for the moment the ecstasy and mental purity of certain past experiences [musical arabesques on flutes and violins]. Next, you will conceive yourselves as being a point of light like the flame of a candle; you will think of all else that surrounds you as being like an infinite sea of darkness, and formless. In this sea there is nothing. This sea is to symbolize the emptiness of your consciousness, free from all ideas except what is now being related to you. You will next conceive the flame, the light, extending its aura, its area of illumination into an infinite *golden* radiance. Gradually, your personality as an entity will disappear. The point of flame that symbolized you will *also* disappear. Then both you and the flame have become one with the golden radiance, that consciousness of the cosmic. Slowly, now, extend that light, see nought but the light and self [spooky cello music here]. Each exercise will find you rested, rejuvenated in body and mind. If the cosmic attunement is accomplished, great illumination as inspiration and intuitive ideas will be your reward. Let us, in closing, remember the words of the great Christian mystic: He said as man moves toward the Divine, the Divine moves toward him."

The string accompaniment swells into the banal strains of *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life*. End of lesson. But if you keep paying your dues, you will have the thrill of participating in a grand old tong that boasts that its postage alone amounts to more than $250,000 a year, representing 6,000,000 pieces of "literature" and 7,120,000 sheets of stationery that, laid end to end, would form a path of paper from New York City to Kansas City, or 1319 miles. As someone must surely have said before, there's far less here than meets the eye.

Down at the First Church of Mystic Christianity in Los Angeles, a plump lady under dark glasses and tinted tresses pounds a mosaic organ as the Reverend Edwin J. Dingle, known to the inner circle as Ding Le Mei, is introduced as "the true Super-Yogi of the Western world" and in a hypnotically luxuriant British accent spreads his magic on the paying customers: "I am rich, rich! [Very likely.] I am *strong*! [Doubtful.] I am *young*! [He is old.] I am love. [Oh, well, give him that much.] And now innumerable streams of living light are coursing down in the body. I *feel* it! God in human form. I am what compels the fluids of existence. Feel the glorious stillness of universality of life as we declare the living truth. It is done; it is done; it is *done*! Peace. Pee-eece. Peeeee-eeee-sa. Peeeee-eeee-eeee-sa. Peeeeesssss," and he fades out, whistling.

For one dollar, Ding Le Mei will tell you why "sex energy is the servant of God" and assure you that he is a qualified mystic, because, pre-L. A., he was an "explorer of the far corners of the earth, delver into the deepest mysteries of forbidden Tibet, mystic India, inscrutable China, and was brought back from the brink of death in a Tibetan temple to learn this strange method, this long-hidden Wisdom of Mentalphysics, which is actually known to very few, even in the Far East, where the people as a whole are not ready for it."

For only eight dollars more, you can enroll as an initiate member in the Institute of Mentalphysics and continue "the weekly messages and all services" at home for six months for an added donation of four dollars per month. Then you are allowed to respond to the secret chants: "I am whole. I am strong. I am powerful. I am young. I am harmonious. I am happy"—whether you are any of these things or not—"and on that vibration shall we remain as the benediction is rendered for us. I shall withdraw from you," adds Ding Le Mei at service's end, "but I will not forget you. Bless you, bless you, bless you. My beloved, surrender to your eternal subconscious subliminal mind—what a power, what a *power*!" Explains a "preceptor" afterward: "We proclaim and teach the eternal truth of life—working

"It's a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there."

through natural law in the Holy Trinity —body, mind and spirit of man. It's the final message. It's just thirty-five dollars."

In a little windmill beside a lake in the Pacific Palisades, under the "pure gold-leafed" lotus towers of the aggressively syncretic and self-conscious Self-Realization Fellowship, a lugubrious man with a bald head addresses a disarmingly meditative congregation: "May the cocktails of devotion induce God intoxication. When thy devotees are at prayer, from their eyes I gather rays of God intoxication. Blending the rays into a cocktail of soul fervor, I give it to my thirsty thoughts. They drink and drink, banishing hurts and worries. To those seeking solace, I offer this magic cocktail, served in transparent glasses of my heart's good will and sincerity. May drinkers of this elixir become so divinely inebriated that pain is forgotten forever. Shanti, OM, Amen." Hindu songs alternate with fundamentalist hymns; and on the way out, you can buy books and records right inside the chapel.

Afterward, a minihipped Mod takes a miniskirted girl with sherry hair on a minitour of the 13-acre Lake Shrine, which at first blush looks like Disneyland-in-a-dhoti. They compare it with Walden Pond, however. "Soul food," says the young man, tossing bread to the Australian black swans from the prow of a Mississippi riverboat. "God is the only Guru." The girl makes yin and yang circles. Above them, a life-size statue of Jesus Christ appears to float on a waterfall, his white-robed back to the Pacific Ocean and five new high-rises. Beneath Christ broods Lord Buddha, four feet high among the sumac trees and coral rocks; and in the Golden Lotus Archway rests a silver-inlaid brass coffer in which a portion of Gandhi's ashes are purportedly enshrined—"obtained after the Mahatma's cremation ceremonies."

Self-Realization Fellowship members meet on the bucolic paths and greet one another with a "namaskar," the palm-to-palm Indian salutation that says, "My soul bows to your soul." In a meditation hut, the minicouple necks before a sign in raised gold letters, imploring them to BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD. Another sign, unraised, says: BERNIE LOVES RITA. The sentimental strains of Puccini waft over the lake, the black birds of paradise, the Abyssinian bananas, golden bamboo, mud hens, white swans from Holland, a rare bo tree and a wishing well full of money "that is to remind us to wish for the supreme gift: awareness of our one Heavenly Father, the Creator of all life and beauty."

So many people are seeking life and beauty—along with the Fellowship's own original creations, mushroomburgers and Himalayan snowballs—that S. R. F. has more than doubled its membership since its founder, Yogi Master Paramahansa (Highest Swan) Yogananda, died in 1952. Only, he didn't really die. He "smilingly entered *mahasamadhi*—a yogi's final conscious exit from the body." Three weeks later, the mortuary director of Forest Lawn wrote S. R. F. excitedly: "The absence of any visual signs of decay in the dead body of Paramahansa Yogananda [observed through the glass lid of the casket] offers the most extraordinary case in our experience. No physical disintegration was visible even 20 days after death. This state of perfect preservation of a body is unparalleled in mortuary annals. Yogananda's body was apparently in a phenomenal state of immutability. No odor of decay emanated from his body at any time. And when the bronze cover was put into position, he looked as fresh and as unravaged by decay as he had on the night of his death."

Close friends of the revered, if perennially self-promoting yogi knew him as Mukunda Lal Ghosh, son of an Indian banker, and see him as a man somewhat more mutable than does Forest Lawn. "When I met him," says one of the great religious writer-gurus in America, "he told me, 'I wanted to do the work of a true swami. But I was starving in Boston and I realized I had to do things in the American way in order to make it.'"

Down at the Astara Foundation, also in Los Angeles, a sometime actress named Earlyne Chaney talks dreamily of "turning from film activities to spiritual matters [because] the call within, so lonely, so evasive, became a song celestial." Earlyne writes and preaches and heals via "telephonic inspiration from a Greater Source." For a five-dollar membership fee, plus tuition of four dollars "per unit," you can venture into "Astarianry."

In San Francisco, the enrollment fee at the weird Himalayan Yoga Academy is a whopping ten dollars and the monthly tuition, $25.00; but then you get a crack at overcoming "self-created limitations," expanding your consciousness into the knowledge that you are "the Self-God which flows through all form and yet is beyond the mind." Near Needles, California, meanwhile, members of the Native American Church munch on the terrible-tasting psychedelic cactus bud peyote, from which mescaline is derived, as a regular part of their communion services, in which they seek "the beatific vision" Aldous Huxley saw—and recommended.

Now the magic wheel—or hexagram or trapezoid—comes full circle: to the Neo-Romanesque Angelus Temple in rundowntown Los Angeles, a vast, wealthy, pulsating monument to the lady who landed there 50 years ago with ten dollars and a tambourine: Aimee Semple McPherson. Within six years, Sister Aimee had a $1,500,000 temple, a $25,000 radio station, a 100-voice choir, a xylophone band, more charisma than all the evangelists in Christendom and a fanatic flock now estimated at 250,000, largest evangelical spread on earth. There, in the 5000-seat auditorium, they don't even whisper that Aimee was thrice married, accused of shacking up with her radioman in Carmel and finally prosecuted for "immorality," nor that she died of an overdose of sleeping tablets in the arms of son Rolf. Aimee didn't die any more than Yogananda: "God called His handmaiden home to be with Him forever," is how it was. And how it will be forevermore. Even H. L. Mencken was moved to utter, though cynics say sardonically: "Unless I err grievously, our Heavenly Father is with her!"

Today, the Angelus Temple appears to pay more attention to filling the coffers through faith healing than through theology. A 101-year-old elder takes the hand of a nervous 37-year-old man and commands: "Say, 'I am in need!'" The younger man says, "I am in need." The old man says: "In the name of Jesus, touch this body and make him whole." Then the mixed bag of a congregation raises its arms to the Lord and shatters the painted sky-dome with *He Touched Me*—and not the one Barbra Streisand sings, either. The Reverend Milton W. Ellithorpe, a handsome evangelist and head healer around the temple, admonishes every man, woman and child to "shake hands with at least three people around you, say to them, 'I believe, God.' Say it, brethren, say it. Praise the Lord, hallelujah, amen."

A fiddler clambers on stage and saws away at *How Great Thou Art* and is applauded vigorously. There is much frenetic wailing and hysterical outpourings in undecipherable languages. The Reverend Ellithorpe speaks of his visit to the Tower of London "and all the kings that were there, but there's gonna come a day when there's gonna come *another* King—'oh, now I see the crimson wave'—amen, hallelujah, praise the Lord. You could bring in the finest talent in Hollywood, but if Christ wasn't in their heart, they couldn't sing it like you folks. . . . 'The cleansing stream I see, I see. I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me'—praise the Lord, oh, praise the Lord. . . . I shall deliver you from the sin-sick soul today. . . ."

Before the main event, little old ladies with hot-ironed curls and blue-and-white robes pass the collection plates—twice. "Glory to ya," says Ellithorpe, "oh, glory to ya." Time for "The Testimony." "My husband has diabetes," says a pretty middle-aged woman, rising, "and he fell off the roof and broke his foot. It's harder to heal with diabetes. I came here and asked for prayer while he was being operated on. His foot's al!

healed now. But my mother-in-law fell sick and was in the Camarillo State [mental] Hospital. We prayed for her. I said, 'She's not gonna die' and God raised her right up—gave her two more days of life. Now I'm prayin' for my father's cancer."

"God bless ya," sings Ellithorpe, smiling the supererogatory smile of a side-show barker, his head a stormy wine-dark sea. "All glory be to Him. O holy, holy, holy, wonderful, wonderful. He is not just the Savior but the Great Physician in the Sky." His brawny arms flail the air and seem to embrace the multitudes. Then he reaches into a pile of letters and says healing prayers for people "with cold clammy sweat and a sore in my nose, too" and for people "with bad husbands" and for one "with both a crooked ankle and crossed eyes." He reads letters from a woman asking prayer for "my trip to Palm Springs" and from a man asking prayer "for the tenants, that they will pay me for my back rent." "Amen, amen. This is the moment. God is healing us here today. Oh, glory to ya. Are ya glad He's a great physician?" Yearning choruses of "Yea! Yea!" And reminders that the old-time religion, like Elvis adoration, is perhaps little more than repressed sex.

Afterward, one learns from a studious temple watcher that Rolf, who bosses the place, avoids publicity the way his mother sought it, "is vague and homey and looks like the man who comes on stage from the side and takes the third seat from the center. But he has a Scotsman's knack for paring pennies and replenishing coffers, though he says that soul winning is still the one big business of the church."

Curiously, California itself is not shocked, embarrassed nor galvanized into tremors of alarm or guilt or pity by any of these stomach-turning spectacles. (Let it be noted, however, that the grand marshals of the parade of mendicants, aged and ailing in places like the World Church and Angelus Temple, or the magicians who run Temples of Tarot and Mentalphysics, are light-years in deed and spirit from such solid, time-tested faiths as Zen, Sufism, Bahai and Vedanta—wherever they are practiced.) California is, on the contrary, rather proud of its careless ability to take it all in stride, like topless shoeshine parlors, nutburgers, frosted papayas or smog. "We are broad-minded in a broad-minded city with a broad-minded citizenry," says a high L. A. police official, in explaining why there is "no organized or routine investigative force" assigned to cults and sects—cullying, crazy or conning. "The only time we're the least bit concerned is if someone comes in alleging fraud; then we investigate the crime itself on the basis of a signed complaint." Then, with chilling truth, he adds: "But most people who are taken won't believe they're being defrauded till the day they die."

But why California—besides the "psychic atmosphere" claimed by the occultists and the Satanists' westerly prayers? Because at bottom, says one of the state's foremost cult watchers, "almost everyone who comes to California sees himself as a redeemer. Most of us wisely and firmly suppress the notion and stick to real estate. But a substantial number do not. They come here and drink the water and soak up the sunshine and become convinced that the kingdom of heaven is, indeed, at hand. And there is always someone around who, for a small contribution, will show them exactly how to get there. It's easy to sneer. But who would care to say for certain that the realtors are right and the prophets wrong? Perhaps this century, so full of turmoil and longing, is about to give birth to some new, universal church. If so, California, through the sheer laws of probability, is likely to be the New Jerusalem, leading mankind to a new era of universal brotherhood and peace. Perhaps I might even lead it myself. Contributions will be eagerly accepted."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 74)*

the new media. In such an effort, indignation against those who perceive the nature of those effects is no substitute for awareness and insight.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the critical attacks to which you've been subjected for some of your theories and predictions?

McLUHAN: I am. But I don't want to sound uncharitable about my critics. Indeed, I appreciate their attention. After all, a man's detractors work for him tirelessly and for free. It's as good as being banned in Boston. But as I've said, I can understand their hostile attitude toward environmental change, having once shared it. Theirs is the customary human reaction when confronted with innovation: to flounder about attempting to adapt old responses to new situations or to simply condemn or ignore the harbingers of change—a practice refined by the Chinese emperors, who used to execute messengers bringing bad news. The new technological environments generate the most pain among those least prepared to alter their old value structures. The literati find the new electronic environment far more threatening than do those less committed to literacy as a way of life. When an individual or social group feels that its whole identity is jeopardized by social or psychic change, its natural reaction is to lash out in defensive fury. But for all their lamentations, the revolution has already taken place.

PLAYBOY: You've explained why you avoid approving or disapproving of this revolution in your work, but you must have a private opinion. What is it?

McLUHAN: I don't like to tell people what I think is good or bad about the social and psychic changes caused by new media, but if you insist on pinning me down about my own subjective reactions as I observe the reprimitivization of our culture, I would have to say that I view such upheavals with total personal dislike and dissatisfaction. I do see the prospect of a rich and creative retribalized society—free of the fragmentation and alienation of the mechanical age—emerging from this traumatic period of culture clash; but I have nothing but distaste for the *process* of change. As a man molded within the literate Western tradition, I do not personally cheer the dissolution of that tradition through the electric involvement of all the senses: I don't enjoy the destruction of neighborhoods by high-rises or revel in the pain of identity quest. No one could be less enthusiastic about these radical changes than myself. I am not, by temperament or conviction, a revolutionary; I would prefer a stable, changeless environment of modest services and human scale. TV and all the electric media are unraveling the entire fabric of our society, and as a man who is forced by circumstances to live within that society, I do not take delight in its disintegration.

You see, I am not a crusader; I imagine I would be most happy living in a secure preliterate environment; I would never attempt to change my world, for better or worse. Thus I derive no joy from observing the traumatic effects of media on man, although I do obtain satisfaction from grasping their modes of operation. Such comprehension is inherently cool, since it is simultaneously involvement and detachment. This posture is essential in studying media. One must begin by becoming extraenvironmental, putting oneself beyond the battle in order to study and understand the configuration of forces. It's vital to adopt a posture of arrogant superiority; instead of scurrying into a corner and wailing about what media are doing to us, one should charge straight ahead and kick them in the electrodes. They respond beautifully to such resolute treatment and soon become servants rather than masters. But without this detached involvement, I could never objectively observe media; it would be like an octopus grappling with the Empire State Building. So I employ the greatest boon of literate culture: the power of man to act without reaction—the sort of specialization by dissociation that has been the driving motive force behind Western civilization.

The Western world is being revolutionized by the electric media as rapidly as the East is being Westernized, and although the society that eventually emerges may be superior to our own, the process of change is agonizing. I must move through this pain-wracked transitional era as a scientist would move through a world of disease; once a surgeon becomes personally involved and disturbed about the condition of his patient, he loses the power to help that patient. Clinical detachment is not some kind of haughty pose I affect—nor does it reflect any lack of compassion on my part; it's simply a survival strategy. The world we are living in is not one I would have created on my own drawing board, but it's the one in which I must live, and in which the students I teach must live. If nothing else, I owe it to them to avoid the luxury of moral indignation or the troglodytic security of the ivory tower and to get down into the junk yard of environmental change and steam-shovel my way through to a comprehension of its contents and its lines of force—in order to understand how and why it is metamorphosing man.

PLAYBOY: Despite your personal distaste for the upheavals induced by the new electric technology, you seem to feel that if we understand and influence its effects on us, a less alienated and fragmented society may emerge from it. Is it thus accurate to say that you are essentially optimistic about the future?

McLUHAN: There are grounds for both optimism and pessimism. The extensions of man's consciousness induced by the electric media could conceivably usher in the millennium, but it also holds the potential for realizing the Anti-Christ—Yeats' rough beast, its hour come round at last, slouching toward Bethlehem to be born. Cataclysmic environmental changes such as these are, in and of themselves, morally neutral; it is how we perceive them and react to them that will determine their ultimate psychic and social consequences. If we refuse to see them at all, we will become their servants. It's inevitable that the world-pool of electronic information movement will toss us all about like corks on a stormy sea, but if we keep our cool during the descent into the maelstrom, studying the process as it happens to us and what we can do about it, we can come through.

Personally, I have a great faith in the resiliency and adaptability of man, and I tend to look to our tomorrows with a surge of excitement and hope. I feel that we're standing on the threshold of a liberating and exhilarating world in which the human tribe can become truly one family and man's consciousness can be freed from the shackles of mechanical culture and enabled to roam the cosmos. I have a deep and abiding belief in man's potential to grow and learn, to plumb the depths of his own being and to learn the secret songs that orchestrate the universe. We live in a transitional era of profound pain and tragic identity quest, but the agony of our age is the labor pain of rebirth.

I expect to see the coming decades transform the planet into an art form: the new man, linked in a cosmic harmony that transcends time and space, will sensuously caress and mold and pattern every facet of the terrestrial artifact as if it were a work of art, and man himself will become an organic art form. There is a long road ahead, and the stars are only way stations, but we have begun the journey. To be born in this age is a precious gift, and I regret the prospect of my own death only because I will leave so many pages of man's destiny—if you will excuse the Gutenbergian image—tantalizingly unread. But perhaps, as I've tried to demonstrate in my examination of the postliterate culture, the story begins only when the book closes.

UNFINISHED SOLDIERS

(continued from page 78)

recognizable and controllable influence; but though two were good pilots, the third, like Purdell the New Zealander, was rotten. But it wasn't Bob Beker. Beker was one of the best aerobatic pilots Kerr had ever seen.

"You son of a bitch, Bob," Sherman shouted and crackled. "What happened to you?"

"My mixture control jammed," he heard Beker reply. "I can't get it up high enough, but I'm undoing that silly, bloody friggin' pin that acts like a governor."

He listened to Helmut telling Beker what to do and to take no risks if the control failed to pass the little gate, because they wanted no accidents.

"Yes, for Christ's sake," Sherman echoed. "No accidents."

There were no accidents. Their 40 minutes, even 50 minutes of flying time were absorbed by repetitions of their planned maneuvers, mostly copies of earlier sequences that had been bad. Finally, Kerr and the German went through a head-on, guns-blazing sequence; and Kerr literally felt the hot wash of Helmut's exhausts as their planes met from opposite directions and passed each other with gun ports shivering realistically and tapes burned to ribbons as their split-second contest ended. Originally, they had been too unsure to make this close enough, but now they both were confident enough, not only of themselves but of each other, to make it so close that Jack Sherman shouted enthusiastically: "Jesus Christ! Do it again."

They did it again, as if it were an Anglo-German announcement of faith in each other. In fact, the real product of this peculiar marriage of their trust would come tomorrow, when Helmut Muehler and Kerr would involve themselves, just the two of them, in an unscripted and unrehearsed and totally unplanned contest representing some incredible finale in the unseen story.

It was Sherman's idea that it would be done on the last day, as if he knew that by then the two principals would be at their peak of understanding and would give him the unmatched flying of two old hands who knew exactly what the other thought in the air, even though they didn't know each other at all on the ground.

At first Kerr had demurred at the scheme, because there were better aerobatic fliers than himself in his group, and younger men, too. But two days before, Jack Sherman, stirring a glass of whiskey and water with a long and still-grimy finger that went around and around the lump of ice, had explained his American psychology to them.

"I know all about those aerobatic boys like Bob Beker. They do everything the way a prostitute makes love. They're out on their own. All that egoism and mechanism mixed. If you get two like that mixing it, what you really have is a contest of prima donnas, which is what I don't want. Anyway, they'd kill each other for sure, because they wouldn't have the kind of coordination that you two wily old bastards have got."

Helmut had bowed sardonically to that remark, but Sherman had ignored the response and concentrated on his own requirements.

"What I want is the real and original thing. The best! You've got about fifty minutes' gas, but if you can keep it up for twenty minutes, in tight, not way out and away but always in tight, right in at each other, that'll give us what we need, which will probably be at most four minutes of screen time, even though it'll be one of the biggest things in the film. I'm counting on getting it all from you guys in those twenty bloody minutes of the best flying you've ever done, so that nobody's going to be sitting in their seats when they watch it."

Kerr had simply nodded in his unsmiling, unbothered sort of way, but the German had said from the nagging logic of his German soul: "And who's supposed to go down?"

"You mean which one of you is going to win?" Sherman laughed at the German and said: "I should have expected that from you, Helmut, but you'll have to see the film to find out. You just break it off when I tell you. We've already got enough victors and victims on film to finish it off in the editing."

This reluctance to tell them how their flying fitted into the film story was a deliberate policy of the Daytona Film Company. Who the characters in the story were, and what happened to them,

"So there's Barbarella chained to a rock on the third moon of Jupiter. Now, in the next picture, giant worms from. . . ."

and how their own flying roles fitted into the drama they would only know when they saw the epic, which was being made in rivalry to a similar one being filmed in Spain, not France. The film company had even kept the "English" and "German" units separated. The "English" were based on an old French navy airport at St. Raphaël; 20 kilometers away, the "Germans" were flying from La Bocca, the pretty little airport near Cannes. It was Sherman who brought to them each evening the outline for the next day's flying; and though someone else handed them to Sherman, it was he who made the sequences flyable and filmable, and Sherman not only did it well, he worried about the pilots and insisted on their keeping to the prepared flying maneuvers, so that there would be no accidents. Tomorrow would be different, but only because the German and the Englishman needed no instruction in safety, because they were two men who knew how to look after themselves.

"OK, you guys," Kerr heard Sherman's voice. "Believe it or not, we're through. You can all go home now. But when you walk away from your aircraft, don't take half the bloody thing with you as a souvenir, and leave your authentic flying kits with the wardrobe man. OK?"

Several voices made pleasant but obscene comment.

"And don't forget our party tomorrow night at the Ermitage du Riou in La Napoule," Sherman went on. "That's when we'll wrap it up in gin. And no nonsense flying between here and home. We want the planes intact, and no accidents. We've all survived the greatest Battle of Britain ever, thanks to God and Helmut and Kevin and myself. . . ."

There was a secondary relief in that for the three principals, because it meant an extra $5000 each in "no accident" bonuses for preserving these old and valuable crocks. That made it $15,000 clear for the six weeks that had gone over into eight weeks. And that for Kerr meant a big change in his life; and if his wife would let him have a clear and unbothered six months, he might emerge with something new that, at 50, his future might depend on.

"I'll join your wingman, Helmut," Kerr said into his mask.

"OK," the German replied in that military voice.

Kerr caught up with the Messerschmitts and joined the flight at the end of the queue. He was going back to La Napoule with them because he would spend the night there; and tomorrow, early, he and Helmut would take off together and commit themselves to the finale above the sun, above the sunrise, above the blue mist that lifted off these green vines and purple-red hills every morning. Kerr trimmed the Hurricane and took a notebook out of his Irvin jacket (authentic) pocket and began to write about work. What he had learned about flying in his middle age was the creativity of it, as distinct from the specter of a dream, which was what most writers made of flying. They had missed, or, rather, confused the point. In fact, it was somewhere in this sphere of workmanship that he and the German met and comprehended each other. They had made that particular contact without a word being spoken or a signal being exchanged. But Kerr was doubtful if the German was thinking as he himself was thinking—that it all needed inspired explanation.

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The German was not thinking of their mutual artisanship. Helmut was counting his money and thinking unhappily of a lost war and regretting both and confirming that, with his $15,000, he would finally go home. After 27 years, he would walk across the frontier in Berlin and simply take a train for Weimar. And thereafter. . . .

"If they eat me, they eat me," he thought morosely.

He had done nothing wrong, nothing criminal. He had once been a soldier, but half the population of the Eastern Zone had been soldiers, so there was nothing frightening in that. Only his father . . . his father. . . . Sometimes a stupid heritage like that made it almost a curse being German. It was always a preoccupation, the sort of thing the American and men like Kerr did not have to think about. Did Kerr have to bother one way or the other about being English? He doubted it. In fact, Kerr had that almost insufferable English manner of being so sure of himself that he didn't have to bother much about anything, which was, of course, a lie, because the past eight weeks had shown that he was a careful and professional pilot to his bootlaces, and Helmut was grateful to him for that. In fact, underlying that casual yet irritable English indifference was a serious man.

"There's the Frenchman," Helmut heard the Englishman's voice in his knobbly little earphones now.

Helmut looked up, but he hardly needed to, because the French navy Mirage flew stormily along the line of Messerschmitts, almost riding along on their cockpit canopies; and as the jet pulled up vertically, the hot rush of its turbulent engine drove the Messerschmitt down 50 feet in its jet exhaust. In 30 more seconds, the Frenchman was out of sight.

"I hope he didn't have eggs for breakfast," the Englishman said.

Helmut understood. "Exactly," he replied seriously.

That four-g or five-g force would push the stomach down into your abdomen and then, when the gs were relaxed, would bring the taste of your undigested breakfast up into your mouth, where it lingered until you were able to get down and taste something else. They ought to make a rule that such flying should only be allowed an hour after eating, like swimming. Particularly for the young. How many of those young Greeks, to

I saw you on television, you brute—everybody else is cracking heads and you're grabbing them by the ass."

whom Helmut had taught the rudiments, had arrived at the crack of dawn on a heavy breakfast, and high over the beauties of their classic landscape and in the air above the old Olympiads, had been violently sick into their helmets. At 30,000 feet, that could cost you your life; in fact, it had killed two of them in a collision when one boy had brought up his stupidly greasy, Greek breakfast and crashed into his neighbor as he did so.

The thought almost made Helmut ill. He had ulcers now—the result of 32 years of this passionate marriage to airplanes and of trying to instill the German mind into pilots who did not like Germans, and certainly did not behave like Germans.

"Helmut. Can you see that Frenchman coming back on your left from about nine o'clock?" the Englishman said.

Helmut had already seen the speck. Almost immediately, it was burning up the air over them, as if it had simply changed places in time and space. The Frenchman must have been near the maximum, on the very border line of the sound barrier.

"Idiot," the Englishman said dispassionately, but he was obviously worried.

The German was looking at the rest of his flight through his canopy mirror. They were raggedly uneven, not liking this situation at all. They certainly did not want to be the target for a Frenchman's sporting life, and Helmut knew that what worried the Englishman was the same thing that worried him.

"Keep in," he ordered the others, and wiggled his wings insistently as the signal to those without radio to tighten up the line.

"But listen, Helmut, we're sitting ducks," the young American complained.

"It will be worse if we separate," Helmut insisted.

His unmilitary pilots were still calm enough and unangry enough to obey; but they were not soldiers and there would be no shame or punishment in it for them if they did break away. He was amazed that they had stayed in line so long, and he felt that it was partly due to the Englishman sitting tightly on their tails, almost herding them together behind him.

"There is Le Trayas," the English voice said in his ear.

The Englishman was really telling him that they were halfway.

Helmut relaxed again, although he disliked being reminded that he was halfway to anything. In two months' time, he would be 50, which signified the halfway stage in life, even though your chances of living to 100 were remote. In the past few years, however, as he had approached 50, he had felt it to be a natural warning: an announcement, if you read it right, that life now was almost desperately in your own hands,

"Darling . . . will you . . . please slip into something more comfortable?"

because time was starting to go down, instead of forever continuing to go up.

That, as much as anything, was what had decided him to go home. He was nearly 50 and he had lived too long with the world's recollection—not of German defeat but of German skill and strength and discipline and order and soldierliness and passionate hardness. That had been his livelihood outside Germany for almost 27 years, and he was finally tired of the deception. Now he not only wanted to go back to Germany and stay there, he wanted to go back to where he had come from, to Weimar, which was in the Eastern Zone. And though he knew it was an unnecessary extension of his problem to imagine that he could simply walk into the Eastern Zone and say he had a right to be there, it was the very fact that it was difficult that seemed to make it necessary. He was not afraid of that kind of self-discipline. He had lived with discipline all his life, all Germans had. It was the foundation stone of Germany's 1000-year history; it was in the depths of their myths, their music and their religion; but in the Eastern Zone they no doubt had some other sort of image of it: Russians, communism, Ulbricht, and look what had happened to John, the double spy. But he was determined to go home. On his 50th birthday, he would simply drive to the Berlin check point and announce to those peasant policemen, who at least looked like Germans with guns strapped to their shoulders, that he had been born and brought up in Weimar and that he simply wanted to go back there.

"And what will you do there, *Herr* Muehler?" some functionary was sure to ask him cynically, or suspiciously, or simply unbelieving.

"I don't know," he would insist stubbornly. "But I will find something."

"He's back, Helmut," the Englishman warned. "Off my right wing. . . ."

The Frenchman was coming in broadside on this time, nose down in a shallow high-speed dive. The problem was whether to anticipate him going under them, over them, behind them or in front of them. Helmut wiggled his wings quickly to warn the others to keep formation. He flew on, flapping like a butterfly to keep them in, but he knew they were all watching that blue-black jet that looked like a fat little bumblebee.

"*Achtung!*" Helmut said in involuntary German. "He's passing in front, twelve o'clock."

Almost by instinct, he knew that the Frenchman would swing off in a skidding turn as he reached them; and almost as Helmut said it, the Mirage began the high-speed turn that, for a frightening moment, looked as if it would wipe the jet's belly right along the line of Messerschmitts. But that chipped underside flashed by Helmut's starboard wing like an arrested frame in a moving picture. It was there and it was gone, and Helmut's Messerschmitt almost tipped over in the wash.

"Jesus Christ!" the American shouted into the phone. "If I ever get hold of that bastard, I'll beat his brains out."

"We'll go down," Helmut said into the

Bakelite at his lips, and he lifted his tail for a moment to tell the others, and then adjusted the trim as he pulled back the throttle with his middle finger, and the engine softened and the nose dipped and he changed the pitch and began the descent. He was calculating on getting onto the sea way out, but in line for the approach to that tight little airfield at Cannes. It was a northerly breeze, so the approach would be in from the water. The Frenchman would probably make one more playful pass, but at his speed, he would be afraid of that hard wall of the sea.

"I suppose this is like the real thing for you, old man," the young American said in Helmut's ear. He had acquired the "old man" from Sherman, a slightly mocking jest of the relaxed race to the stiff and self-conscious German. "Keep the old formation flying. . . ."

The boy laughed, but he had made a point. For a moment, Helmut had forgotten that they were play-acting, because the need for a little discipline had restored an old reality. He was still the unfinished soldier. The War was not yet out of him, because his 32 years of calculated Germanism had kept it alive. In fact, it had been very useful when he was teaching the youth of Spain, Portugal, Greece, Israel and Egypt the real German basis of combat: that you must always think yourself the victor, never the victim. In pilotage, that meant you must never let an opponent get away; and if by some accident he got on top, you must never flee, never run, but invent a way of reversing the roles. Invent! Invent!

"There's that French bastard again."

The Mirage pilot made his last attack from sea level. The Messerschmitts were too low, so the Frenchman could not pass under them; but when he burned up the air over their cockpits at 800 kilometers per hour, the hot air bounced off the sea, and Helmut's cockpit was suddenly covered in spray that blinded him until he pulled the top back.

"Not bad," he heard the American boy laugh appreciatively—youth to youth.

But it was all over now, and there had been no accident; and as the others broke away to land, Helmut climbed and watched the Englishman slip a little to lose altitude, so that he did not waste time or energy, and in a few moments he was on the ground before the others. A serious man. He, too, must be about 50, and what had his life come to? Certainly not the problem of being German without Germanism.

"'I'll be loving you, always. . . .'"

The exuberant American was singing as he took the Messerschmitt up in a slow vertical climb, wafting it in the air in time to his singing until it stood upright, poised for a moment tail down. Helmut was astonished. He had never seen a Messerschmitt in that position, and he did not see how it would recover itself at that altitude.

"'Always. . . .'"

The Messerschmitt fell beautifully forward and slightly to one side in a perfect and miraculous recovery. It was too much for Helmut.

"*Wunderbar!*" he said aloud.

He was filled with admiration for the wonderful German plane that could get itself out of that situation; and as he dropped his flaps and undercarriage, he nursed his own plane in gently and appreciatively. Tomorrow he would end all his flying with this old and wonderful little plane, and he would take his $15,000 and end all that lying German *Wanderlust*—that false German word for the dream of mythical golden hills and deep Gothic valleys. He would discipline it, all of him; otherwise it would be too late and he would be too old to know anything else but failure.

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In the evening, the German and the Englishman sat outside under the vines at one of La Mère Terrat's tables, eating with the care—or was it the disinterest?—of two lean, introverted, middle-aged and rather laconic and withdrawn men for whom food was a necessity, even a pleasant one, but not a religion. Maybe, Kerr decided as he noted their similar restraint with food, maybe that was simply their mutual Anglo-Saxonism, as distinct from the French, who gave pagan devotion to the table. Nonetheless, the meal had been relaxed, even without the help of liquor. They would be flying tomorrow, and they had learned that much about alcohol to the brain since the War, and he wondered how many pilots had been killed in combat—not for inferior flying but because they had had one or two hard drinks the night before. Personally, he could do without it anyway.

"Would you share a small cognac?" the German said to him.

"If you like," Kerr said, surprised.

"I don't often drink anymore," the German explained. "I have ulcers. But we ought to drink to the end of all this performance. *Fix und fertig*, as we say in German."

"Why not?" Kerr said.

Kerr was glad enough to close it by clinking glasses with the German in silent relief that the worst was over, and that after tomorrow they could take their money and go. They did not talk about it, and Kerr doubted if either of them would say a word to each other about flying. What they had talked about during the meal was the world's cities they knew and the unfailing similarity, in the long run, of all terrain and weather and people, not simply of nations but of continents. The only essential difference, they decided, was that of wealth and poverty. It was also amazing to discover, as they talked, how often their paths had crossed; but whereas Helmut had remained something of a military flier (though not entirely), Kerr himself had been a plane deliverer, a flying surveyor, a flying miner, a flying chauffeur, a flying measurer and a dozen other things that a pilot could get an aircraft into, though always for someone else. The one thing he guessed from Helmut was that the German had never been an airline pilot, and neither had Kerr. That was one thing he had always avoided.

"What will you do now?" he asked the German.

"I am going home to Weimar," Helmut said in his rather ominous way.

"Your family?"

"No. I have an American wife in Texas, but I gave her all my money and left everything there. Finished. . . ."

"Bad luck," the Englishman said, fiddling with a bowl of wet cherries.

"Weimar," Helmut added, "is in the Eastern Zone. I have not been there since 1942."

"I see," Kerr replied. He only half saw, but he did not question further. If the German wanted to tell him more, he would.

"Tomorrow will also be the end of all my flying, I think," Helmut added.

"I suppose it has to come sometime," Kerr said slowly. "Are you sorry?"

"Of course," the German said abruptly. "But I have finished with it."

That was all, and though it looked for a moment as if the German would say more, he asked instead what Kerr would do.

Kerr had lived too long in his own skin, in the private and untouched quarters he had locked himself up in for the past five or six years, to worry about a question like that. He had a thousand lying answers ready that would politely satisfy but say nothing. But he felt like telling this German the truth, as if that peculiar adjustment they had found in the air was, in fact, a genuine and rare sort of understanding that continued with their feet on the ground.

"Income tax will take about half my fifteen thousand dollars," he said, "but with what I have left, and a bit more I've put aside, I want to see if I can write something."

"About airplanes?"

"About flying."

The German did not force a laugh or make a joke about profitable adventure stories for boys, although Kerr had braced himself for it. Helmut simply nodded and blinked his hard blue eyes, as if he, too, were waiting for more.

"I don't mean romantically," Kerr added with difficulty. "I'm not Saint Exupéry or Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Actually, flying now is work. And if there's any point or pleasure in it, that's where it begins. . . ."

The German simply nodded again and

signed the bill that would be added to whatever millionaire arrangement Jack Sherman (who stayed at the five-star Ermitage du Riou, a little farther on) had with La Mère Terrat to feed his "German" wing of fliers out of season. The other "German" pilots were eating on the other side of the terrace, and Kerr realized that Helmut Muehler was no more part of them than he himself was part of the five "English" pilots he had shared the Bella Vista Hotel with in St. Raphaël. These boys probably mistook the German's standoffishness for a remnant of his militarism, just as the "English" wing took his own indifference to them as a sort of professional contempt. But it was neither militarism nor contempt; it was, if they only knew it, simply age.

"Let us walk to the sea," the German said, as if the sea were miles away. It was just across the road.

Under the pale night shadows of the old Château de la Napoule, they leaned on the stone wall and looked across the little sandy bay at the glow of Cannes, which was not in its full, blistering summer light because it was not the season yet. It was spring, and in the daytime the beaches were empty and the hotels only half full. Sherman had chosen his moment down there very well. In fact, it was only now that Kerr was able to appreciate their American "flight directions manager," who had obviously protected his fliers from all kinds of ignorant interference from the wild world of film makers. Even Sherman's American psychology was right. It was Sherman who had said to the two of them: "Tomorrow is your big day, so I'm going to leave you two children to have dinner together and get to know each other a bit. You deserve it." He was right, and obviously their eight weeks of flying tricks had gone very smoothly, because under that flushed American skin was a man who knew other men and respected them, despite the façade of soap and smoothness and often execrable good nature.

Helmut had lit a cigar after offering one to Kerr, who said he had given up smoking. "Are you married?" Helmut asked him.

"Yes."

"Englishwoman?"

"Yes."

"You have a *Haus* and children?"

"Yes, two daughters."

"It's very difficult not to make mistakes about marriage," Helmut commented sadly, taking the cigar out of his mouth and then putting it back again, as if he had said everything on that subject. But he said between his teeth: "And did you have good luck or bad luck?"

"A bit of both," Kerr answered casually.

Perhaps that was the truth of any marriage, he decided, and the real differences only began when the fortune ran out. That was about to happen to him, if it had not already been happening, because what he wanted of his wife now was something she was probably incapable of giving him. They had had their troubles. Who hadn't? And economically they had been through some very bad moments. But he had managed to give Katy a cottage-*cum*-house near Princes Risborough, a garage, a field big enough to keep a calf in (which she did), central heating, and all the manufactured refinements of English semi-country, near-city life, with the children (whom he hardly knew) in a good local school: a life that, with a Mini, served a whole swath of similar Englishwomen who wanted to live that near-London life, which brought them nothing except eating up the countryside in a hot little motorcar less than 30 miles from London. That was what Katy wanted, and that was what he had gladly paid for with ten years of flying dirty, dusty and often dangerous surveys over Libyan deserts and Red Sea coast lines, and down the thousand wind-swept valleys of oil-bearing, rain-making New Guinea. He was a pilot, and Katy was pleased with that, too. It fitted everything she did, and it also arranged his long

absences and her satisfied restraint and her completeness without him.

But now it was he who wanted a moment to himself, and he did not want it in some perfect little English halfway house. He needed to be naked and alone somewhere, so that he could assemble all those hard-wrung words he had accumulated in the past five years. He was a lonely man, anyway, and he knew it and even wanted to be that. It was the price of habit: too many years of isolation in gray little compartments over vast areas of nothingness. But he had learned late in middle age that he was not at all the kind of man he had been pretending to be. He had discovered one day, without any apparent reason, that he was living his life behind a thick character disguise of casual disinterest, as if his profession were all he was and the rest vacant and empty. But apparently he was also another man as well, and the difference began to appear only as youth began to disappear. It was this that had been getting a crablike grip on him now, at 49.

But he knew that Katy would take it as a personal blow if he gave up that wearable façade of his profession, which was, in fact, the foundation of her own normal life. What he wanted to do now would be something so abnormal to her that she would probably say incredulously: "I *can't* believe it. It just doesn't fit you, darling." It was therefore going to be a matter of. . . .

"What I think. . . ." He had forgotten the German, who was saying to him now: "What I think about the English is that you have good order and no mess."

"Not so true these days," Kerr said, dragging himself back to this foreigner.

"But you are better than the Germans," Helmut said slowly. "Every German is thinking all the time, all his life, of what we were and of what we should be."

"I don't think we're much different," Kerr insisted.

"But you do not believe in myths." Helmut waved his cigar angrily across the French sky.

"Maybe not," Kerr said. "But, like Germany, we're also losing something we always had."

Helmut sighed. "Maybe it's a good thing," he said. "Maybe everybody should lose everything. Then we could all start again without any lies."

"You think so?" Kerr said.

They watched a DC-8 making its long approach to Nice airport, its wing and tail and belly lights blinking alternately, like a man winking one eye and then the other. The point was, of course, to distinguish man from the stars. Kerr mentally wrote that down as he watched the plane, knowing everything that the pilot was doing in the cockpit, knowing that, as with all night landings, there was going to be a moment before he touched down when he seemed to lose contact with everything: with light and dark and earth and air. That little black grip of the wheels digging into the cement would be a relief, because the most satisfying thing about flying was still the reality of the ground when you came back to it.

He guessed that the German, staring at the sky full of Oriental stars, was also thinking about the DC-8, and it amused Kerr as well as surprised him to think that they were two serious men who had not only finished with the frivolous but, in their clumsy way, were probably beginning a genuine friendship based on what they didn't have to say to each other, rather than on the things they did say. The only thing lacking was warmth, which, almost the moment Kerr thought of it, the German supplied.

"I think, my friend," he said rather sadly, "that we should be careful tomorrow. It would be a mistake if we killed each other now."

That was suddenly a tired man talking, and Kerr knew that they had both been hiding their real exhaustion from each other, although it was not physical exhaustion. They both seemed simply to be bringing something of themselves to an end, as if tomorrow would be a reluctant finale to their youth before they tried to rearrange themselves in some other way.

• • •

It was a classic, rosy-pink dawn when they took off for Fréjus from the dew-laden airport and climbed in the early-morning air that was so light and still that they hardly seemed to be in it. Kerr was flying a few feet from Helmut's right wing, a little back, a little inside, so that the two men were physically quite close, and the onus was on Kerr to anticipate the German, which he did almost without thinking. Once Helmut turned around and a brief, rare smile warned Kerr that he was going to begin to turn inland from the sea, but Kerr had already anticipated the moment. They did not bother with their radios, neither man had his mask strapped on yet.

But reluctance was already making this difficult for Kerr. He had to think himself back into the rhythm and intent of their eight-week charade, and it was far more difficult now than it had been yesterday with five other men lined up behind him. The play, in fact, had gone out of it, and so had the work, and today was going to be an effort.

"Hello, you guys," Sherman's voice said. "You're four seconds late, Helmut," he joked. "What a fabulous bloody morning."

"Did you tell that Frenchman to keep away?" Kerr asked him.

"I screamed down the telephone at that French commandant last night and told him to leave us a bit of the sky free of all that juvenile arseplay."

"You will have to warn us," Helmut told Sherman. "With just two of us, we may not see him in time."

"I'll keep my eyes open," Sherman said. "Don't worry."

They were still climbing steadily, and Kerr came back to the business of flying, almost burying his head in the cockpit to build up his interest and commitment. The metallic signs of wear inside the cockpit were comfortably familiar—its thin layer of green paint was scratched and chipped and patches of alloy showed through. It was, he insisted (as if he had not fully developed the theory properly), a place of work. The simple and well-organized instrument panel kept the record in clocks and dials and gauges of what he was doing up there. "Doing" was not quite the right word; in fact, he had not found the right word yet. What he had tried to keep in his flying, which was why he had kept to the variations of comparatively small planes and the inventiveness of work-horse flying, was the creativity of it. And though he knew that now, it had taken him many years to realize why he had chosen that kind of flying. Any flight, in fact, had a considerable degree of art in it, because it not only had a beginning, a middle and an end like a good conventional piece of theater, but the best decorations of it (a good landing) were almost brushlike, and the identity you gave to it was always your own. He had known what sort of workman Helmut was after half an hour of flying with him—the German understood detail, even though he had refined his flying down to the strictest considerations of what he wanted to do. The edges of his maneuvers were clearly defined, his lack of waste was something that might have seemed mechanical or too automatic to a younger man; but applying his own artisan theory to pilotage, Kerr knew he was watching a profound and organized reflection of what must be two of the soundest traits in the German character—a clear sense of finish and a hatred of disorder.

The little Messerschmitt itself, with its square, workmanlike silhouette and clipped wings and the wonderful way its wheels came up like a musician's hands when it took off—it was really a product of something far better than the brutal system that had used it. Just as his own Hurricane was a more subtle compromise between the practical and the imaginative—the whole concept lighter in appearance and form than the German plane, with something almost subtly unmilitary about it, as if it were really built to fly rather than to be used as a weapon.

"I can now see you guys," Sherman's voice said. "You look as if you're stuck

Bachelor's Day

when single men score points in plaids. Hart Schaffner & Marx supplies the fashion cue for well-groomed bachelors: play the game in a youthful suit—a Racquet Club plaid. Lines, trim. Shoulders, natural. Waist, slimmingly stated. With three buttons, slanted pocket, ticket pocket. Celebrate Bachelor's Day in style.

Photographed at the Playboy Club-Hotel, Lake Geneva, Wis.

"I'm a gluteus maximus man."

together, like copulating butterflies. Can't you get any closer?"

That was a compliment.

"I now see you," Helmut replied.

"So do I," Kerr said, a necessary confirmation.

Another few moments and they would be over their battlefield, or, rather, in it, because they were no longer pinned to earth by the legs but were more like fighting fish, uninhibited by any dimension. Kerr took out his notebook and made his last notes before they began their work. He had to write everything down up there, because it all came so clearly to him. When he was on the ground, he lost it all, which was why he needed to take his money and isolate himself to see if he could simulate the flavor and remember the discoveries.

"Don't forget," Sherman was saying. "You can go up an extra five thousand feet" (they had asked for that) "but don't go lower than the helicopter, and just keep it going until I tell you to break off. And don't use up all that fake ammunition on each other in the first five minutes, and don't get back into the habit of using your camera button like a gun button. Ten to twenty seconds for the camera is what we need. Can you both see the helicopter?"

"Yes," they both said, almost together.

"OK. Then break off, and don't worry about the Frenchman."

Kerr saw Helmut lift his face, smile and wave and he waved back as he lifted the Hurricane out of the inside slot of the Messerschmitt's wing and did a slow, wide turn that took him in the opposite direction to Helmut. He gave himself 45 seconds, and then he turned again and saw Helmut also turning back, a speck, and they began with the opening bow to many of their previous performances —the guns-blazing confrontation.

He saw the Messerschmitt's little bee nose and held his course so that, in effect, they were dead on the same line and at the same height; and at the last unmeasured second, he dipped his nose a little as Helmut lifted the Messerschmitt, and their judgment was so fine that he knew if he had put his hand out he could have touched the belly of the Messerschmitt as it roared over. They both had barely deflected their course, and they heard the appreciative Sherman say, "Jesus. . . ."

The inventor and the brush artist were thereafter at war.

Kerr climbed instantly, as he knew Helmut would, but he knew that the Hurricane could just outclimb the Messerschmitt, and he did not simply aim for altitude but hoped to catch Helmut on the top of his climb. He "bent" the Hurricane over and flew almost on his back, upward, until he saw that upside-down view of the Messerschmitt; and though there was a moment when he had Helmut in his sights, there would have been no chance for a deflection shot before the Messerschmitt fell away from the climb and tumbled out of sight.

He knew that the Messerschmitt was better and more controllable in a dive and could turn tighter and, because it was heavier, could pick up more speed going down. That was what Helmut would use instead of altitude, so Kerr flipped over on his back and followed blindly without knowing where Helmut was, following by instinct, hoping to catch sight of the German before he came up again or swung around behind him. He went down almost vertically, but because he did not want to lose too much altitude, he pulled out with about six gs on the aircraft, and he blacked out as this reversal of gravity pulled the blood from his brain. When that compressed and dizzy, gray moment passed, he felt the Hurricane protesting at the stress, and his controls were like bits of old string; but he suddenly saw Helmut, already out of his second climb and turning over on him from that high blue bowl where the little Messerschmitt looked more like a thrown stone than a plane.

"Get out of this one, Kevin," he heard Sherman laugh in his earphones.

He realized that he had been hearing a steady stream of Sherman talking to the helicopter in his earphones, but he had not really heard a word. Being addressed himself was a sudden shock and a good one, because he knew he was being a little slow.

He just had time to force the Hurricane into a climbing roll, and though it was dangerous with those limp controls, he felt the Hurricane go over. As he was on his back, he pulled the nose over and down, and he knew that he had avoided Helmut and was, in fact, well in behind him.

"Merde!"

Sherman was making continuous noises of pleasure and astonishment in their ears, but both men knew that it was not perfect flying, because they were still trying to overcome their lack of real interest.

But for ten minutes, they performed the best of the classic maneuvers of aerial combat, getting better and better; and because they were confining it to the limited perimeter of the cameras, there was a kind of compression to it that made it seem even more spectacular. Every climb was more vertical, every dive more deadly-looking, every turn tighter, every swinging roll or half roll and large and small looping reversal was the work of men who could do exactly what they wanted to do with an airplane. Only rarely did they manage to fire any of their fake, burning cannon shots into the other; although that was, after all, the point, because success in combat depended not only on the tenacity and inventiveness and experience of the pilot but also on his ability to shoot well at a fast-moving target. One of the first things that had frightened Kerr in real combat was the realization that he had not been trained to shoot properly, whereas the Germans were excellent shots. And what made the gun button fascinating now was that since the War, Kerr had become a fairly good wing shot with a 12 bore, and he had often longed to see whether it had made him any better in the air—

something he might find out now in this intimate and concentrated flying with a dedicated perfectionist like Helmut. They compressed and twisted and tied up their air streams in tighter and tighter knots of brilliant flying, and they heard Sherman announcing in their ears: "I'm going to make sure you guys get an extra thousand bucks each, just for this crazy bloody performance."

But a few minutes later, they did not seem to hear him when he told them to bring it to an end.

"Break off," he was telling them. "We've got enough now, and I don't want one of you to start cracking up under pressure."

They took no notice. Helmut, at that moment, was spiraling upward in a repetitive roll, almost vertical. He was avoiding what was really an outside loop, which Kerr had just come out of with a brief moment for his sights to cut the German in two, if his shooting had been good.

"Listen, you guys," Sherman was appealing, "will you please break it up so that we can all go home?"

There seemed to be a touch of panic in Sherman's voice, as if he realized that the German and the Englishman had abandoned contact with him and were engaged now in something that had nothing to do with him. Sherman tried again, but gave up and watched the Messerschmitt fall like a leaf onto what looked like a perfectly simple but fast-curving turn by the Hurricane. When it looked as if the German had the drop on him, Kerr spun the Hurricane around and around in a series of barrel rolls that came to an end when he went halfway over a roll and simply switched the plane back on the side he had come over on, and the effect was startling.

It was then that Sherman saw the Frenchman—a delicate dark-blue drop gradually transforming itself into a stiff-winged phoenix diving on two old but graceful ducks.

"That bloody Frenchman's back," he shouted at his pilots. "Look out. . . ."

He knew that neither the Englishman nor the German heard him. There was no pause in their entanglement. The Hurricane was curling over at the top of the loop, so that for a moment the two planes were flying belly to belly before they pulled away from each other in a wide skidding turn and, as if in an agreed finale, they did what they had started out with. They were coming back at each other in the guns-blazing formula, head on.

"The Frenchman . . ." Sherman screamed at them.

The French Mirage plummeted down between the two planes as if it were trying to skin their noses; and yet even as the Mirage cut between them, Sherman knew that neither the German nor the Englishman had seen it or heard his warning. In any case, it didn't matter; because in that last thin layer of air that they had always defined between them, with Helmut going over and Kerr going under, there was no space left; and in their devilish preoccupation with each other, the Hurricane and the Messerschmitt simply smashed into each other nose to nose, wing to wing, cockpit to cockpit, guns to guns, eyes to eyes, so to speak, and in effect cheek to cheek, so that both planes blew up in a hot bubble of flame and then smoke before they fell into pieces of black and burning and tiny fragments in which there was no human portion discernible, no limb or blood vessel left intact.

Sherman, the Korean War pilot, his hands over his earphones as if to blot out a noise he didn't hear, died the same death with both his pilots, and in that poetry that he had kept secretly locked away from the money and the theater and the investment and the vulgarity of his hard life, he knew what had killed them, and it wasn't the Frenchman.

They had been killed, he knew, by their long-dead past. They had been betrayed by the years that were gone, by that awful fascination in the skills of death that had returned and brought them back to the callousness and passion and conviction of their lost youth. They were once again the metal of war, the substance of it and the tool of it and the cattle of it, and finally the victims of it, and they had killed each other in the folly of their Faustlike rejuvenation as soldiers.

Sherman sat down on the cold, geodetic floor of the Wellington, not wanting ever again to look at that innocent blue battlefield; and as he took off the old-fashioned goggles that had kept his eyes locked away from the permanent winds that make birds of these arid lumps of metal, he said sadly to the Wellington pilot: "All right, Pete. Take us home. There's nothing left for us up here."

"You know, if you weren't black and if I weren't liberal, I might resent your tone."

NEXT—THE PLANETS *(continued from page 100)*

Well, I have news for you. There is really only one planet that matters; and that planet is not Earth but Jupiter. My esteemed colleague Isaac Asimov summed it up very well when he remarked: "The Solar System consists of Jupiter plus debris." Even spectacular Saturn doesn't count; it has less than a third of Jupiter's enormous mass—and Earth is a hundred times smaller than Saturn! Our planet is an unconsidered trifle, left over after the main building operations were completed. This is quite a blow to our pride, but there may be much worse to come, and it is wise to get ready for it. Jupiter may also be the *biological*, as well as the *physical*, center of gravity of the Solar System.

This, of course, represents a complete reversal of views within a couple of decades. Not long ago, it was customary to laugh at the naïve ideas of the early astronomers—Sir John Herschel, for example—who took it for granted that all the planets were teeming with life. This attitude is certainly overoptimistic; but it no longer seems as simple-minded as the opinion, to be found in the popular writings of the 1930s, that ours might be the only solar system and, hence, the only abode of life in the entire Galaxy.

The pendulum has, indeed, swung—perhaps for the last time; for in another few decades, we should know the truth. The discovery that Jupiter is quite warm and has precisely the type of atmosphere in which life is believed to have arisen on Earth may be the prelude to the most significant biological findings of this century. Carl Sagan and Jack Leonard put it well in their book *Planets*: "Recent work on the origin of life and the environment of Jupiter suggests that it may be more favorable to life than any other planet, not excepting the earth."

The extraordinary color changes in the Jovian atmosphere—in particular, the behavior of that Earth-sized, drifting apparition, the Great Red Spot—hint at the production of organic materials in enormous quantities. Where this happens, life may follow inevitably, given a sufficient lapse of time. To quote Isaac Asimov again: "If there are seas on Jupiter . . . think of the fishing." So that may explain the mysterious disappearances and reappearances of the Great Red Spot. It is, as Polonius agreed in a slightly different context, "very like a whale."

Contrary to popular thinking, gravity on Jupiter would not pose insurmountable difficulties. The Jovian gravity is only two and a half times Earth's—a condition to which even terrestrial animals (rats in centrifuges) have managed to adapt. The Jovian equivalent of fish, of course, couldn't care less about gravity, because it has virtually no effect in a marine environment.

Dr. James Edson, late of NASA, once remarked, "Jupiter is a problem for my grandchildren." I suspect that he may have been wildly optimistic. The zoology of a world outweighing 300 Earths could be the full-time occupation of mankind of the next 1000 years.

It also appears that Venus, with its extremely dense, furnace-hot atmosphere, may be an almost equally severe yet equally promising challenge. There now seems little doubt that the planet's average temperature is around 700 degrees Fahrenheit; but this does not, as many have prematurely assumed, rule out all possibility of life—even life of the kind that exists on Earth.

There may be little mixing of the atmosphere and, hence, little exchange of heat between the poles and the equator on a planet that revolves as slowly as Venus. At high latitudes or great altitudes—and Venusian mountains have now been detected by radar—it may be cool enough for liquid water to exist. (Even on Earth, remember, the temperature difference between the hottest and the coldest points is almost 300 degrees.) What makes this more than idle speculation is the exciting discovery, by the Russian space probe Venera IV, of oxygen in the planet's atmosphere. This extremely reactive gas combines with so many materials that it cannot occur in the free state—unless it is continuously renewed by vegetation. Free oxygen is an almost infallible indicator of life: If I may be allowed the modest cough of the minor prophet, I developed precisely this argument some years ago in a story of Venusian exploration, *Before Eden*.

On the other hand, it is also possible that we shall discover no trace of extraterrestrial life, past or present, on any of the planets. This would be a great disappointment; but even such a negative finding would give us a much sounder understanding of the conditions in which living creatures are likely to evolve; and this, in turn, would clarify our views on the distribution of life in the Universe as a whole. However, it seems much more probable that long before we can certify the Solar System as sterile, the communications engineers will have settled this ancient question—in the affirmative.

For that is what the exploration of space is really all about; and this is why many people are afraid of it, though they may give other reasons, even to themselves. It may be just as well that there are no contemporary higher civilizations in our immediate vicinity; the cultural shock of direct contact might be too great for us to survive. But by the time we have cut our teeth on the Solar System, we should be ready for such encounters. The challenge, in the Toynbeean sense of the word, should then bring forth the appropriate response.

Do not for a moment doubt that we shall one day head out for the stars—if, of course, the stars do not reach us first. I think I have read most of the arguments proving that interstellar travel is impossible. They are latter-day echoes of Professor Newcomb's paper on heavier-than-air flight. The logic and the mathematics are impeccable; the premises, wholly invalid. The more sophisticated are roughly equivalent to proving that dirigibles cannot break the sound barrier.

In the opening years of this century, the pioneers of astronautics were demonstrating that flight to the Moon and nearer planets was possible, though with great difficulty and expense, by means of chemical propellants. But even then, they were aware of the promise of nuclear energy and hoped that it would be the ultimate solution. They were right.

Today, it can likewise be shown that various conceivable, though currently quite impracticable, applications of nuclear and medical techniques could bring at least the closer stars within the range of exploration. And I would warn any skeptics who may point out the marginal nature of these techniques that, at this very moment, there are appearing simultaneously on the twin horizons of the infinitely large and the infinitely small, unmistakable signs of a breakthrough into a new order of creation. To quote some remarks made recently in my adopted country, Ceylon, by a Nobel laureate in physics, Professor C. F. Powell: "It seems to me that the evidence from astronomy and particle physics that I have described makes it possible that we are on the threshold of great and far-reaching discoveries. I have spoken of processes that, mass for mass, would be at least a thousand times more productive of energy than nuclear energy. . . . It seems that there are prodigious sources of energy in the interior regions of some galaxies, and possibly in the 'quasars,' far greater than those produced by the carbon cycle occurring in the stars . . . and we may one day learn how to employ them." And, if Professor Powell's surmise is correct, others may already have learned, on worlds older than ours. So it would be foolish, indeed, to assert that the stars must be forever beyond our reach.

More than half a century ago, the great Russian pioneer Tsiolkovsky wrote these moving and prophetic words: "The Earth is the cradle of the mind—but you cannot live in the cradle forever." Now, as we enter the second decade of the age of space, we can look still further into the future.

The Earth is, indeed, our cradle, which we are about to leave. And the Solar System will be our kindergarten.

YES IT'S ME *(continued from page 105)*

call his natural, or Los Angeles, style. He had these two styles; and if Mary Ann had done an extralong day's work, say down in San Mateo, and didn't wake right up, he might switch back and forth between them for a while:

So tall an' mighty, so cute an' smaht
It's Richahd, Richahd de Lion-Haht
De gyurls cahn't help it, dey break dey haht
For Richahd, Richahd de Lion-Haht.

Or some other old calypso jive, like *Gin and Coconut Water* or *Back to Back, Belly to Belly*. But he would usually end up with *Open the Door, Richard!*, maybe rapping out the first bippity-bop on the door like a signal, to let Mary Ann know it was really him, so she could yell, "Is that you?" and he could answer, "Yes it's me and I'm late again!" Then she would let him in.

One of the stories he would tell anybody he could get to hold still was how he was the original Richard from *Open the Door, Richard!*, which maybe half the people in the project were too young to know was a big hit from right after the War. Jack McVea made it, just a sort of little riff that caught on, and it had those words in it, "Yes it's me and I'm late again," and some other things. He knew them all.

And, of course, even if you weren't even born or thought of in 1947, old Richard would be glad to teach you the whole routine. Like, one little part went, just two guys jiving back and forth:

You hear what the lady said, Jack?
Naw, what she say, Rabon?
Say "Oh, my, if he was only <u>mine</u>!"

When they saw how good it made him feel, and cost nothing, most people, when he went up to them and said, "You hear what the lady said, Jack?" they would give him the right answer right back, so he could have the punch line. Then he would clap his hands and double over and give them a little skin, old-timy, maybe just one finger, and go on his way. Not too strong in the head, old Richard; and besides, he had been cooking whatever brains he might have had for years, with anything he could lay his hands on to smoke, shoot or swallow. What some people said about him was: He could never concentrate on any one thing long enough to get a real habit. Lucky for him, too, because he never had any money at all; money didn't worry him. What other people said was: *Everything* was his habit. He sure didn't specialize.

When he would get through telling you about the good old days in L. A. with Jack McVea and Slim Gaillard and Tiny Brown, and about when Diz and Bird came through and played at Billy Berg's on Vine Street, and about how he was the one, the only, the original Richard, he would always end up squinting in your face and singing, "Believe it or not—Bob Ripley!"

Strange things do happen. And you might think: The original Richard must be somewhere. It was just that this particular old beat-up Richard was somebody you naturally wouldn't believe. Not if you didn't want to take a chance on being a bigger fool than he was; and around the project, Richard had the fool championship pretty much to himself.

Then, later on, he went down to Trinidad. So he said. And that much probably was true, because he must have learned to talk that Geechee way someplace, calling you "mahn" or "gyurl" and singing all those songs in that broken-up calypso time, like a dog running on a broken leg. That would be the most likely place, Trinidad, even if nobody believed any of the jive about how Richard the Lion-Heart beat up all the competition in the big calypso wars down there and had everybody in Port of Spain chasing after him. Or, like Mrs. Johnson said, if they were chasing after him, they had some other reason, and she could think of a few.

He stayed down there a long time. Too long, because by the time he got back, the calypso rage had been here and gone. It was stone-cold dead in de market, you might say. Harry Belafonte had moved on to greener pastures and the last thing anybody wanted to hear, let alone pay for, was a nodding, jittering, eye-watering old wreck in a hat like a dead palm tree and a red blazer with all the danger worn out of it and all kinds of stuff strung round his neck—plastic flowers and shrunk-up heads, sea shells and rabbits'-feet, chicken bones and little leather bags and dried-up brown rattly things. You could hear him coming a block away, without him telling you he was mighty Richard the Lion-Heart, Calypso King of the West In-*dees*; and you better bow down or he would make a calypso on you that would have the whole town laughing for a solid year.

Or you could smell him, because he brought back a lifetime supply of lemongrass oil that he would massage into that skimpy conk of his, like a worn-out floor mat; and on a warm day, even under that hat, he would radiate

"Let's show the Pope where we stand!
Let's get out there and get pregnant!"

almost as far as you could hear him. "Lion-Haht is de spicy mahn," he would say and crinkle up one eye. "An' it drive away de mahlice from de mind." So when Jackie Shaw, that poor little junkie, he's dead now, called him a human garbage can, he wasn't talking about how he smelled but about his *everything* habit, meaning he would put anything into himself to feel good. Richard made a calypso on Jackie and it went like this:

De ugliest mahn I evah saw
Is de ugly mahn call' Jahckie Shaw.

But Jackie being already so wasted down, it didn't seem to do him much harm. And if that was a sample, everybody in the project could see that any six-year-old child could jive old Richard down to the bricks in two minutes, and most of them did. They had already crossed out the first two letters of HEART on his sign and printed a big F instead, the very first day. But to give old Richard his due, he knew better than to fire on the kids. They would have just eaten him alive.

Of course, it was no good telling him the calypso wave was two, maybe three years past. And if you mentioned Harry Belafonte, he would carry on for five minutes solid, calling him every different kind of a fake and a bum, *including* ugly, and finishing up on Miriam Makeba, who stole all her stuff from calypso in general and from him in particular: "Mahn, I make up all dem so-called Ahfricahn song in Trinidahd *years* ago."

And he set right off making the rounds, every bar and beer joint, any kind of place at all that looked to him like it might want to hire mighty Richard the Lion-Heart and make a fast million or two.

He gave up on Fillmore Street in a hurry, but not quite as fast as Fillmore Street gave up on him. None of those bars over there ever had gone for calypso, not even at the peak, which wasn't so much itself. The most they could ever afford was maybe an organ player and a drummer on Saturday night, and they better lay it down a whole lot harder than any mush-mouth clowns in tropical hats could ever do. The people that run those places, one look at old Richard must have told them how right they were; and besides, old bums hustling drinks are their meat. A dead loss that wouldn't lie down like Richard, inside a week he was lucky to find a barbershop they'd let him hang around.

So he eased back a little closer to home and laid out a route along Broadway, where most all the action clubs and clip joints in town are strung out along four or five blocks. The one part of town where a so-called colorful character might get by, there being so many tourists and other suckers around. And by spreading himself out pretty thin between Broadway and the Tenderloin, he had himself a pretty fair year of looking for his big break, never quite hard enough to get thrown out of more than one or two places a night on the average, and some nights none at all.

Even if you don't count the janitors and dishwashers and so forth, there are plenty of people in the project coming and going between midnight and sunrise, so everybody got used to old Richard's late habits right away. They got used to his *everything* habit, too, and pretty soon there was nobody in the whole project he could hit on for a taste of anything, not even wine, because it was known that he was all get and no give.

If you asked him, straight-faced, what kind of gig he went off on every night, he would clap his hands and bust in two, laughing, and say, "Mahn, it dawn't pay much, but it's, I mean, *regulah!*" So you might say he was a man of regular habits, and Mrs. Johnson did say that he must be Mary Ann's habit, or else there was no explaining why she put up with him. Mary Ann generally kept her mouth shut on the subject. Anybody who tried swapping miseries with her was asking to get buried at least two to one; but the most she would say was, "Well, he don't gamble and he don't chase women." The first part must have been true, because even if old Richard had no money, it is a known fact that a gambler will always find something to lose. And because Mary Ann seemed like a decent woman and much too hard-working, nobody asked what woman would look at him twice, *if* he could catch her on those rickety old legs of his.

Some nights, of course, he didn't make it home at all, but wound up in the drunk tank at the Hall of Justice, courtesy S. F. P. D. People figured that either he had a troublesome streak hidden away someplace that it took the police to bring it out or that maybe they just couldn't understand him talking Geechee. But after a while, they gave up whipping his head. Somebody had beat them to it, anyway; it was as soft as a mushmelon. So they tried 5 days on him, and then 15 days, and finally 30 days, the best they could do. Then they must have just decided not to let him get fat anymore on that county-jail oatmeal soup, and his habits got more regular than ever: He would come home every night, unless he got lucky and ran into some strangers who got him too high to move. After all, there's three quarters of a million people in San Francisco, and they can't all be good judges of character.

When that happened, he would always stay out all the next day and night, so he could come rattling home about three A.M. and go *bam* ba-*lam* ba-*lam* on the door and holler, "Yes it's me and I'm late again!"

Because it was just about that time, after the S. F. P. D. figured he wasn't worth any more of the taxpayers' money, that he began singing *Open the Door, Richard!*, and mixing up his two styles. Lots of people in the project remember how that started, too.

There was a little place on Grant Avenue up off Broadway specializing in folk singers. Didn't even serve beer, just coffee, tea, apple juice and so on, which must have been why it took old Richard so long to get around to it. Every night they would have about a dozen of these folk singers there, maybe each one would just sing two or three songs, and for a lot of them, no doubt that was all they knew. Someway Richard got a one-night tryout at this place, and he even had a piece of paper, a list of all the big folk-singing attractions for the next two weeks, with his name on it: "MIGHTY RICHARD THE LION-HEART, TRINIDAD CALYPSO CHAMPION."

Friday was the night, and all week long he was broadcasting all over the project. You would have thought he was Nat "King" Cole opening at the Fairmont Hotel, the way he carried on. He said they would be renaming the place Richard the Lion-Heart after Friday night, and he even talked Marvin Lee into taking a picture of him with his camera to give to the newspapers, but he never did pay Marvin for the print, and the picture never did run, not even in the *Shopping News*.

But he talked so long, and so loud, that on Friday night quite a few people from the project actually did go to this place, and paid a dollar a head to get in the door, and another quarter for a little tiny cup of coffee so bitter you couldn't drink it, and sat on little baby-size chairs that you would be better off standing up, and waited for the Calypso Champion of Trinidad.

He never showed up. And he didn't come home, either. And none of those suckers could get much sympathy the next day, because anybody in his right mind should have known that old Richard would never have ruined his perfect-fool record by doing any one thing right, or maybe even doing it wrong, on time, in front of that many witnesses. But about a quarter to four Sunday morning, he came home, bipping and bopping and knocking over garbage cans; and when he rattle-de-banged all the way up to West 403, he hollered out: "*Yes it's me and I'm late again!*"

After that, when anybody tried to sound him too hard about Trinidad, he would give them L. A. and how he was the original Richard. "Mahn, I bet you don't even know Slim Gaillard's real name," he would say to some teenager who didn't even know who Slim Gaillard was. "*Bu-leeee!*" old Richard would yell. "*Bulee Slim Gaillard!* I know *all* them cats!"

And if anybody tried to pin him down

"Tell me I'm wrong, Newton—tell me you're not just using me!"

about L. A., he would just switch back and come on heavy about the girls in Port of Spain and the time he beat Lord Melody *and* Mighty Sparrow in the finals of some big calypso war: "Mahn, I just ee-*rahdicate* 'em. I *vahnquish* 'em! All de way to Sahn Fernahndo, all de way to Ah-reemah, everybawdy talkin' boat Richahd de Lion-Haht!" So, in a way, he was unbeatable.

But he wasn't exactly what you would call a hero. Just somebody with his habits, which you got used to and put up with, and be glad you weren't Mary Ann, who went to work every day cleaning people's houses, and gave old Richard a few nickels walk-around money every night, so he could go off on his rounds. And when Mrs. Johnson finally got feeling so sorry for her she told her to haul old Richard down to the post office and at least take the test, Mary Ann said it wouldn't be worth missing a day's work, Richard wasn't too strong on reading.

To tell the whole truth, there wasn't much going in the hero line around the project those days, except for Willie Bolden, who won the All-City high jump, and then Willie Bolden had to drop out of school and go to work, his mother being sickly.

If mouth made heroes, old Richard would have been a hero, probably, although there was some stiff competition around. Say, from John S. Tree. His middle name was Standing. John Standing Tree, and he liked people to call him Chief, claiming that he was a pure-blooded Indian from Oklahoma and an oil millionaire to boot, if and when the Government ever got around to settling his claim. Or from Mrs. Rose Fernandez, a *real* West Indian, who looked down on old Richard and most everybody else, because her daughter was a world-famous opera star under a different name that she was sworn never to tell, who would be coming someday in a Cadillac limousine, or a Rolls-Royce, to carry Mrs. Fernandez off to a mansion on Pacific Heights or Nob Hill, or all the way to the French Riviera, if she felt like it. Or from Professor Simpson, who actually did have a master of arts in English history from the University of California but worked all day in a car wash to buy the wine he drank all night and talked to himself all mixed up about kings and queens and empires and colonies, because even if he did know more than the rest of the project put together, he couldn't sleep. They were all mouth heroes, almost up there with the politicians.

But people in the project are mostly busy going to work, paying the rent and the Chinaman and the P. G. & E.—too busy with all that to worry about being a hero. And a mouth hero needs a pretty special line of jive to hold their attention. They've seen so many.

So when L. J. White came back from Vietnam and moved in with his cousin, Prince Tate the cabdriver, people could tell right away that whatever kind of hero he might have been, it wasn't the mouth kind, because he didn't say a word to anybody at first.

Either he looked hard at you, or else he looked clear through you. He didn't say Hi or Good morning or even nod to anybody, like he had his mind on something else. And if people just naturally wondered about his little limp, or what it was like over in Vietnam, they were out of luck. Somebody found out from Prince that L. J. had a leg wound, and word got round that his body was full of holes from grenade fragments, but nobody saw them.

Of course, the kids couldn't help looking at him like some kind of hero, just for where he'd been and come out alive. And naturally one of the big kids, it was Randy Jefferson, who thinks he's so *bad*, had to sound him. One evening he said to L. J., "Say, there, General, where you hidin' all your medals, baby?"

L. J. gave Randy one stone-freezing look, and laughed, and walked on by, but Randy didn't say anything after him, and then all his buddies got right on his back, and he had to pound Wellman Rankin a couple of times in the head to shut them up.

He had his mind on something, L. J., and he wasn't talking. But pretty soon he began to move, and *really* move, and then he did begin to talk a little bit. First thing, he was a Muslim, carrying home all kinds of stuff to read, saying his name was L. J. X, and still nobody knew what the L. J. stood for. Somebody saw him in one of those undertaker suits they wear, selling *Muhammad Speaks* down on Market Street.

Now by this time, there weren't any more what you might call *practicing* Muslims in the project. James Brown was for a while, but he quit, and Mrs. Shaw tried to get Jackie to join because Muslims don't shoot dope, but he never did. So L. J. had it all to himself. But he didn't do a whole lot of preaching; no, if somebody asked him, he would say he thought it was a good thing and they ought to drop over to the temple. Or he might give them a leftover *Muhammad Speaks* and not charge them. But mainly he would just say, "See for yourself." No heavy evangelizing.

Then next thing, after a month, or six weeks at the most, he wasn't a Muslim anymore. Didn't make a big scene out of it, just quit; and if you asked him why, he would say Elijah Muhammad was nothing but an old-time Baptist preacher turned inside out, and there was too much mumbo jumbo. Still, he didn't put the Muslims clear down. He would even say he thought they were going the right way, but he wasn't in that bag anymore. "It's just personal," he would say.

He was in the Malcolm X Brotherhood next, and it seemed he was gone a lot more of the time, although you couldn't be sure, because he never raised any racket coming and going. But it was during that *period*, you might call it, that he first tangled with old Richard the Lion-Heart.

Richard didn't have any more sense than to start it. Seemed like he thought his travels to Trinidad and L. J.'s to Vietnam gave them something in common. Like, they were both men of the world, so to speak. But he didn't halfway get going about the girls in Port of Spain before L. J. cut him off.

"Just look at you, man," L. J. said. "You are the worst goddamn disgrace to the black race I've seen since I got back. Funky, broke-down, lazy, good-for-nothin' old junkie wino. *Look* at yourself! You everythin' they say about niggers come true and walkin' the streets like you had a sign on your back. Let your poor old lady work herself to death so you can go out moochin' drinks and shit enough to get yourself stoned. Don't you have one tiny little scrap of black pride? Not in your whole body? Hell no, you don't! Man, you don't even have enough sense to jump off the bridge and do the whole race a favor!"

He had old Richard's number all right, even if he did rap it out pretty hard, right in the middle of the court by the concrete water fountain with no water in it, and half the project listening in.

But old Richard has got a pretty thick skin, which on his face looks like a lot of sewed-together little pieces of old cardboard, so you can't tell the scars from the wrinkles. And he just took a breath and started in on the good old days in L. A. with Jack McVea and Slim, and L. J. shook his head and spit in the fountain and walked away and left him standing.

Next day, or the day after, Richard was walking out, over to the Chinaman to see could he get a pint of sherry and Mary Ann would pay for it later, and L. J. was in the same place by the fountain, talking to Randy Jefferson and Wellman Rankin and Raymond Walker and a couple of other big kids. L. J. pointed straight at old Richard, like he was about to say "That's the man" in the line-up. "Take a good look at that, you guys," he said. "You want to see a perfect example, there he goes. That's some proud black man, old Richard. You guys work real hard you can wind up like that."

Richard couldn't help but hear, and what did he do? Clapped his hands, doubled up, laughing, and pointed right back at L. J. Then he called out a little calypso across the court:

Listen him talkin', de ugly mahn
Soldier hero from Vietnahm

Introducing six new sensations for your body.

There are still some different kinds of excitements a body can have. And Nine Flags has proven it. With the first aerosol collection for men.

SAUNA KEHO SUIKU/FINLAND. Like a flick with soft-leaved birch branches. Or a jump in the snow. Leaves the skin with a feeling of great rejuvenation.

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ALPEN BRÄUNE/SWITZERLAND. For the outdoors look of a strong, healthy body, that comes from playing at beaches or on slopes. Gives a light or deep mountain guide suntan. Depending on how much you use.

DESODORISANT/FRANCE. A tantalizing deodorant spray that really works. Motivated by "la grande nation"...famous for good taste and the finer things in life.

FLUIDO KONCENTRATI KOLOGNE/INTERNATIONAL. A worldly scent all women can understand.

One set...one scent. With an imported essence that is faintly lemon yet very original. Only the hair spray is aroma-less. Nine Flags international set not only looks like a jet set, it travels like one. Built-in locks on each container make them spillproof.

Women: Give some body-excitement to your man. You can with only $25 for the collection. Or a lot less ($3.50 to $6.00) for one sensation at a time.

Nine Flags® international set for men

Essence Imported. Compounded in U.S.A.

Why dey send him home is plain to see
He gawt too much plenty ug-lee. . . .

That was already about twice as much calypso as he ever made before on anybody but himself. He just threw back his head and let out a screech, *Hiyee-hi!*, and went shuffling on over to the Chinaman's. Yes, either L. J. had inspired him or the thought of that pint in his blazer pocket had, because five minutes later, when he got back, he turned around halfway up the West Block stairs and sang out some more:

De general hate to let him go
Come bahck to Sahn Frahn-cis-co
An' what de reason, cahn't you guess
He gawt secret weapon, ugliness. . . .

L. J. looked up at him, and this time he nodded slow. Maybe he was just accepting the fact that it was way too late to make old Richard change his habits. Or maybe he wasn't. Either way, they kept on seeing each other around, passing in the court or on the stairs, because Prince's place was West 402, right next door to Richard's.

By that time, L. J. wasn't in the Malcolm X Brotherhood anymore, either. He was into something else; nobody knew exactly what it was. He didn't put down the Malcolm X Brotherhood, not even a little bit, but it was known that he was into something else. You might call it top-secret, except that most everybody had some idea what it was about. And some people knew more than others. Randy Jefferson's mother was worried half to death, as if Randy hadn't been in enough trouble already, and not a year away from going into the Army on top of it.

L. J. was coming and going more than ever now, because this hush-hush thing was tied up with people in Fillmore, and Bayview and Hunter's Point, and most likely Oakland and Richmond, too. Him being the exact opposite of a mouth hero, all the talking he did was private and one at a time, so people were sure it wasn't just some small-time operation. And the less he said, the surer they got.

One thing came out, what you might call a clue. A couple of people overheard L. J. giving Wellman Rankin a whole lot of hell in close for getting high one afternoon and showing some book to the Chinaman. He said: "That's the wrong kind of Chinaman; you ought to know better than to pull any kid stuff like that. You do one more thing like that and you're dead, brother." Or words to that effect.

Now, the Chinaman may be nobody's friend, but he's all right. When Mrs. Hamilton said Chinamen were some kind of Oriental Jew, Mrs. Johnson said that was pure nonsense. She lived in Harlem 25 years, she said, and no Chinaman was any worse than a Jew, not one damn bit, and better, in fact. Anyway, he's there, the Chinaman. People have got to eat and drink, he opens up earlier than Safeway and stays open later, he's known to carry most people up to a week, and longer if he knows you only get paid once or twice a month; and if he does charge a penny or two more for everything, people mostly say, Well, it's a small business, the little man's got to do that to stay alive. Then, besides, his kids play in the project after they get home from the Chinese school they go to after regular school; and little Wayne Jefferson even claimed he played momma and poppa with the Chinaman's oldest girl and she let him. So he's all right, and what got people thinking was: If he was the wrong kind of Chinaman, who did L. J. think was the right kind?

People in the project watch TV and read the papers, like everybody else, so they know all about the Communists and the free world and the rise of black power, things like that. Therefore, you didn't have to be a mental genius to connect up this thing L. J. was into with the Chinese Communists. Like, two and two is four.

And that started a little argument going between Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Walker, who were usually pretty tight, on account of Buddy Hamilton and Charles Walker being in Vietnam, not both together but at the same time.

Mrs. Hamilton said it was treason and a stab in the back to be getting together with the same ones were trying to kill our boys and come over here and turn everybody into slaves. Said they ought to be shot, although she didn't call L. J. by name.

And Mrs. Walker said Mrs. Hamilton ought to be in the insane asylum if she would rather see the black man over there killing the yellow man for the white man, instead of fighting for his own right here. She said Mrs. Hamilton had been brainwashed; and as for her, she would a thousand times rather see little Raymond running with L. J. and refusing to tell her what he was doing than just wait around another year and get shipped over there after Charles, who had written him the very same thing in a letter.

Mrs. Hamilton said she just hoped the FBIs were keeping their eye on some of these secret agents before they got the whole project messed up.

Mrs. Walker said she supposed Mrs. Hamilton might be about to call up the FBIs herself.

Then Mrs. Hamilton broke down and cried, being a nervous woman herself and Buddy her only child. Said, Aw, why didn't they just drop the damn bomb and get it over with; she couldn't stand the waiting.

All that just because somebody heard L. J. say a couple of words to Wellman Rankin. Make no mistake: Even if L. J. didn't let his hair grow Afro and call himself some wild African name, and even if you never saw him on TV demanding and denouncing and giving the honkies hell, he had most everybody's respect, and that's power. He was cool; he had his mind made up. He knew how to fight and come out alive. So those days around the project, when anybody

said "Black power," the first person you thought of was L. J. White, who had never been heard to say those words out loud. He was black enough, and he had the power.

Then he was gone, for two whole weeks. Prince swore he didn't know where to. Chicago, people heard. When he got back, not even carrying a satchel, he looked just the same. But one thing had changed. It took a couple of days for word to get round the project, but when it did, it said: Communists are out of it now. It is strictly a black-people's movement, no strings attached.

And that was funny in a way, because up till then, nobody had been actually talking about a *movement*, even if everybody knew that's what it had to be. But as soon as word got round, even the little kids were talking about how L. J. went to Chicago and got *all* the Communists told: "Lay off my movement, man." Until somebody shushed them; and even after that, they were playing L. J. *vs.* the Communists all over the place. The littlest ones had to be the Communists, of course, just like Indians.

Mrs. Walker told Mrs. Hamilton she hoped the word eased her mind about calling the FBIs, and Mrs. Hamilton said it was probably just a trick, because it was a known fact that Orientals were sneaky; what about Pearl Harbor? Besides, she was sick and tired of law-abiding people getting blamed for what a few troublemakers did. She was so sick and tired she could cry, and she did.

But she was a minority: Most people were behind L. J. whatever he was up to, and they respected his tight mouth because it meant business. Of course, somebody like old Richard the Lion-Heart was so nowhere, so far out of it, that he didn't count one way or the other. Once he asked L. J., "You hear what the lady said, Jack?" and L. J. just spit. Then he tried one more bit of calypso:

> *In de jungle fightin' he gawt it made*
> *Wit' a monkey bawdy an' a coconut*
> *head. . . .*

But that didn't produce much of a laugh, and after that it seemed old Richard just gave up on L. J. Which was turning the tables in a way, because L. J. and everybody else in the project had given up on him a long time ago. Except for Mary Ann, maybe, and maybe her, too.

They would probably just have gone ahead ignoring each other forever if it hadn't been for what happened one night last May, because if any two people were ever on two different tracks it was L. J. White and Richard the Lion-Heart.

There were three or four nice warm days in a row, the beginning of summer, and then the clouds came in with a little rain about sundown, and then the breeze blew them away. That week in Oakland, the police shot a boy and killed him. People don't take that lying down the way they used to. In the project, talk was that now maybe the movement was going to move—L. J.'s movement, which didn't even have a name. Word had been: *Coming for sure, but not quite yet*. But everybody had been hearing that, it seemed like forever, and there was a new feeling: half scared and half ready and half tired of waiting. Something like Mrs. Hamilton saying, Why didn't they just drop the bomb and get it over with, only not so nervous, and nobody crying.

Round midnight, the stars came out all over the sky; and a while after that somebody with good eyes saw L. J. glide down the West Block stairs, take a few steps toward the street and stop. He must have learned to spot traps in the jungle. They were across the street in two cars. L. J. doubled back into the Center Block entryway and took a look. They were out there, too. Coming back toward the West stairs again, he must have showed up on their radar someway, because two spotlights came shooting into the court together; and one caught him, not sneaking, not running, just walking easy past Mrs. Birdsong's door. He was gone before the bullhorn said: "*All right, White. Stand where you are.*"

He got up the three flights to West 4 in a hurry, and rapped on the first door he hit, right at the head of the stairs, rapping fast and soft but so you couldn't miss it; and by the time they had the court lit up like the Fourth of July and were coming in after him, about eight of them, some uniforms, some plainclothes, L. J. was out of sight and the door locked. Mary Ann took him right on in.

Three of them came up to take him, one in a Dick Tracy hat and a trench coat and two in uniforms. Right to Prince's place they went, and started out knocking soft and polite, like they didn't want to disturb anybody who hadn't noticed the court full of spotlights and police. And Prince being out in his Yellow Cab, they didn't get any kind of answer. "OK, White, come on out now," the Dick Tracy one said, like he was coaxing a child. "We just want to talk to you." Which you would hardly have called a fair match, L. J. not being much of a talker, and there being about a dozen of them by now, upstairs and down.

"Hear me, White?" said Dick Tracy. And if L. J. didn't hear him, he was the only one in the project who didn't. More lights had gone off than on, and it was dead quiet. You could hear the police-car radios going out in the street; and over in East Block, Lucille Williams' baby started crying.

Blam! they kicked the door in, and waited. They had lots of company. Nothing happened, of course. And it didn't

"You, sir! You look like a man with a neurotic need to give. . . ."

take them any time at all to go through Prince's, places in the project being what they are. "Up here somewhere," said Dick Tracy, and he called down into the court, "Tommy?" and another plainclothes came up the West stairs.

They had a little whisper together, and couldn't agree. Dick Tracy said they should get the bullhorn and call all the people in West Block down into the court. The one he called Tommy didn't like that. "Too many to handle," he said. "Get a couple hundred people down there, bound to cause an incident."

So they decided some of them would start down on West 1 and Dick Tracy would start up on West 4, and they would go through the whole block one place at a time until they found L. J. But just when they were about to begin, Claude Du Hamel up on the east end of Center 3 yelled down to the court: "*All you motherfuckers gonna die!*" Those S. F. P. D. guns came out like for a shoot-down in a Western, but Claude had his lights out; and by the time they began sweeping Center 3 with a spotlight, he was out of sight.

Then up in East 4, somebody hollered, "*Get out of here, you sonofabitches!*" It must have been Lucille Williams, who you might say had paid off enough police in her line of work to know what she was talking about. And by the time the spotlight looked for her and didn't find her, Claude opened up again. Then up on the west end of Center 4, Mrs. Johnson called out that if they wanted a war, they were going to get a war. For about a minute there, both spotlights were going every which way, with more people yelling down from dark windows and nobody getting caught, so the voices seemed to be coming out of nowhere. Except Mrs. Johnson didn't duck back, and a spotlight lit her up like a movie star, leaning out her window in her old green robe, shading her eyes with one hand and pointing with the other like God Almighty on judgment day.

"Comin' in here the middle of the night with your guns and searchlights! People ain't gonna take no more of it!"

And this Tommy, a thick-built little man with white hair butched off short, called up to her: "You better cool it, lady, you don't want to get arrested."

"You want to arrest me, you better come up here and try it," said Mrs. Johnson. "But you got a lot of stairs to climb first." Yes, she was hot.

Mrs. Birdsong heard Tommy say, "They're just talking; let's get going. Keep those lights down here." And with people all over the project calling them every kind of name, and telling them they were going to die, he started knocking at West 101, Young's place.

Up on West 4, Dick Tracy pounded on old Mrs. Neal's, who is too deaf to wake up for judgment day or the bomb, whichever comes first. When she didn't answer, he told one of the uniforms to write down 401; they would keep a list of the ones that didn't open up. They had already been to West 402, that was Prince's, and the next door was Mary Ann's. Dick Tracy slammed his fist on it like he wanted to make as much noise as the bullhorn he didn't get to use.

Down at West 101, Young didn't answer, nor did Mrs. Jefferson in 102. Young must have been in there, and little Wayne Jefferson should have been in bed, but Alba Jefferson was down on Market Street washing floors at the Flood Building. Mrs. Hamilton didn't answer the door of 103, either, which might have surprised a few people. It looked like they might come up with a list as long as all the numbers in West Block.

Except that after Dick Tracy kicked the door of 403 so hard old Richard's sign fell off, Mary Ann opened it.

"Do you know, uh . . ." Dick Tracy said, and then he looked at a little piece of paper he took out of his trench coat. "Lord Jeremiah White?" He called it out good and loud, and half the people in West Block found out what L. J. stood for. Lord Jeremiah White, one of those names they just need to see on a job application to tell you, "Sorry, nothing." They don't need any photograph.

"We're looking for a Lord Jeremiah White," Dick Tracy said, before Mary Ann could say whether she knew him or not. And he shined his flashlight on a picture of L. J. so she could see. "We know he's around here; have you seen him?"

"I don't know nobody looks like that," said Mary Ann. "I been sleepin'."

"He lives right next door," Dick Tracy said, like calling her a liar.

"I don't care where he lives, he ain't none of mine." And Mary Ann is standing there in her nightgown like some little old dried-up girl that a stiff breeze would knock her flat. But *in* the door, with her feet in the hall.

"Mind if we take a look around?" Dick Tracy said. But Mary Ann was already bending over, saying, "Man, you knocked down my sign," so maybe she didn't hear him.

"We'll just have a look around," Dick Tracy said.

"Had that thing nailed on there good." Mary Ann said. "You come up here middle of the night and wake me up, kick my sign down. . . ." One of the uniforms made like to pick up the sign, but Dick Tracy stopped him.

"You gonna let us take a look?" he said. "Save yourself a lot of trouble."

"Man, lemme tell you somethin'. Trouble is one thing I don't never have to save, 'cause I got enough to last me till I die. I cleaned a three-story house today, and I am too tired to stand here arguin' with you." And she stepped back and shut the door in his face; didn't slam it, just closed it and snapped the lock.

Next door in West 404, Mrs. Cleveland and little Jacqueline were holding their breath, and so were a few other people. Dick Tracy was making up his mind. The uniform that wanted to pick up the sign, he said he thought if White were in there, she would never have come to the door. "Write down four-oh-three," Dick Tracy said, and rapped on Mrs. Cleveland's door. She didn't answer.

Neither did anybody else on West 4, nor down on West 1, either; and when they got through, instead of going on to West 2 and 3, Tommy and Dick Tracy got together down in the court and had the same argument all over again. Tommy had a hunch he was either on West 1 somewhere or all the way up on his own floor. Dick Tracy still wanted to call out the whole West Block with the bullhorn, line everybody up in the court. Tommy yelled at one of the uniforms to stay the hell out of the lights, some people had guns up in those windows. He was right about that. Lucille Williams' baby was still screaming bloody murder, and people were calling down from all over East and Center. Even Mrs. Rose Fernandez opened her window and yelled, "Dirty dahgs! Gaw bahck wheah you cawm from!"

"OK, try the horn then," said Tommy, and Dick Tracy must have been mighty pleased, because now he got to use it.

"*All right, all you people in West Block, this is the police. Come on down here nice and orderly please. There's a dangerous man in there and we don't want somebody getting hurt.*"

The whole project shut up. Not a sound from East Block, not even the baby. Not a sound from Center Block. And West Block was *really* quiet. The police radios were roaring and crackling out in the street, and a uniform told some people out there watching to move along.

"*White. Come on out now and save everybody trouble.*"

"Save your *ass*, honkie motherfucker," yelled Claude Du Hamel. "You *all* gonna die!"

"*White. You got to come down sometime, tomorrow or the next day. Might as well come on down now.*" Dick Tracy had what you might call a more friendly style on the bullhorn than face to face.

"All right, Mike," said Tommy. "Hold it a sec." But before he decided what to do next, maybe call the station for some more orders, a uniform came running in from one of the cars and told him something into his ear; and it was like a speeded-up movie how fast they cleared out of the court, and piled into the cars, four of them now, and took off. All anybody heard was "Hunter's Point," but it must have been something big.

"Motherfuckers tryin' to pull somethin'," said Claude Du Hamel. "Everybody stay cool." But he didn't have to

say it. Nobody was flying out any doors in a hurry. After maybe 15 minutes, people started peeking out, and maybe talking it over with their next-door neighbor, but that was all. Nobody knocked on Mary Ann's door, and nobody came out.

It might have been some kind of trick, but when old Richard came rattling on home about an hour later, nobody tried to stop him. And he was flying: must have had a good night. He missed the garbage cans, but he didn't make it upstairs any faster or quieter than usual.

I say I'm gonna staht a general slaughtah
If I don't get me gin an' coconut watah
For as every doctor cahn tell
Daht's de med-i-cine keep me fit an' well. . . .

And when he got to the top, he yelled out, "Heah! Heah! Somebawdy been messin' up me sign!" and *bam-bam-bam* on the door, which must have been ready to fall off its hinges by that time.

Mary Ann forgot to say "Is that you?" so old Richard didn't get to say "Yes it's me and I'm late again," and when the door opened and he saw L. J. standing there with a pistol in his hand, he jumped back a foot or two, and almost fell down the stairs. "Hah!" he yelled, like maybe he was glad to have a reason to carry on some more. He stomped his foot and slammed his fist into his hand. "Now de Lion-Haht in a rage," he said. "Cahtch a mouse in de lion cage. . . ."

"Man, just shut your goddamn mouth," L. J. said. "And get inside here."

And Mary Ann said, "Richard . . ." but he wasn't hearing.

Hurry everybawdy, come oat an' see
De strangest goin's-on in historee
Like he t'ink he Gary Coopah aw Cary Grahnt
He bawtherin' me wife like a stingin' ahnt. . . .

The shape he was in, he couldn't have made up that much on the spot. He must have had it stuck away in his head somewhere, like he'd been saving it for the right occasion.

Daht's how de Romeos like to do
When you turn your bahck for minute aw two
An' dey always plottin' some kind subversion
Like it was a great military ahction
So all you husbahnd bettah face de truth
Keep your wife away from dese sly mongoose. . . .

L. J. came out in one step and hit old Richard one shot backhand across the face with his pistol hand and down he went.

"*You goddamn good-for-nothin' broke-down old nigger*," L. J. said. "You *nothin'*! You don't know *nothin'* about *nothin'*! The *war's* on, man, and *look* at you! *Man!* You're *no* kind of man! Black trash on the street, all you are; they been wipin' their feet on you a hundred years——"

And that was when Mary Ann came alongside and hit L. J. She doesn't weigh a hundred pounds after a square meal, but she must have got them all behind it. You could hear it all the way over on East Block.

"Man," she said in a little dry voice, but it had a wire running through it stretched tight. "Man. You got it all figured out, ain't you? Who's a man and who ain't. You know it all, don't you?"

"I missed it," L. J. said. "I been shut up in there two hours and all that old fool could do was——"

"You got no call to be hittin' him like that," Mary Ann said. "What he ever do to you, and him old enough to be your grandfather. But you a *man*. Yeah, you a *bad* man. You know it all, don't you? Well, lemme tell you somethin'. You the one don't know nothin'. He may not look like much now. He may not be no hero. But he taken more in his life than you ever gonna know about. Dope couldn't kill him. Police couldn't kill him. And he *still* gettin' around havin' his fun. *Man*. You think a man is a damn pistol, don't you? Just like all them police I didn't see you startin' no war with tonight when you was in there hidin' behind the sofa. You just like them."

"Lady, I missed it tonight," L. J. said. His voice was tight and hard, like he might want to shout or cry, but he wasn't going to do either. "Don't you understand that yet? I missed it."

"Aw, man, you got plenty of time," Mary Ann said. "Now go on and get out of here and fight your damn war."

L. J. went down to Rankin's and made a phone call, and Mary Ann got old Richard on his feet. The right side of his face was busted wide open, but it wasn't bleeding much, like maybe it had been hit so many times, it just wouldn't bother anymore. When she led him inside, he started to mumble, all mixed up, in both his styles. "De Lion-Haht gawt he pride," he said, and in his Los Angeles style he said he was going to get a gun and put L. J. out of business.

But an hour before sunrise, Prince's Yellow Cab stopped in front of the project, and L. J. got in and went off, and never came back, which saved Richard the trouble of buying that gun. The very next night he was back on his route with a whole box of Band-Aids stuck on his face. All hell was breaking loose out in Hunter's Point, but it made no difference to him. The whole city looked like it might go up, but at least he had that much Post Office Department in him: Nothing could stay him from his appointed rounds.

And he's still around, just the same as ever. He still comes home every morning and hollers, "Yes it's me and I'm late again!" In other words, he is still nowhere. And as for L. J., he's somewhere.

DEATH OF POLITICS *(continued from page 104)*

are also directed against the prevailing violence of the state—the sort of ongoing civic violence that permits regular police supervision of everyday life in some neighborhoods, the rules and regulations that inhibit absolutely free trading, the public schools that serve the visions of bureaucracy rather than the varieties of individual people. There is violence also by those who simply want to shoot their way into political power otherwise denied them. Conservatives seem to think that greater state police power is the answer. Liberals seem to think that more preferential state welfare power is the answer. Power, power, power.

Except for ordinary looters—for whom the answer must be to stop them as you would any other thief—the real answer to rioting must lie elsewhere. It must lie in the abandonment, not the extension, of state power—state power that oppresses people, state power that tempts people. To cite one strong example: The white stores in many black neighborhoods, which are said to cause such dissatisfaction and envy, have a special, unrealized advantage thanks to state power. In a very poor neighborhood there may be many with the natural ability to open a retail store, but it is much less likely that these people would also have the ability to meet all the state and city regulations, governing everything from cleanliness to bookkeeping, which very often comprise the marginal difference between going into business or staying out. In a real laissez-faire society, the local entrepreneur, with whom the neighbors might prefer to deal, could go openly into business—selling marijuana, whiskey, numbers slips, books, food or medical advice from the trunk of his car. He could forget about ledgers, forms and reports and simply get on with the business of business, rather than the business of bureaucracy. Allowing ghetto dwellers to compete on their own terms, rather than on someone else's, should prove a more satisfying and practical solution to ghetto problems than either rampages or restrictions.

The libertarian thrusts away from power and authority that marked the Goldwater campaign were castigated from the left as being "nostalgic yearnings for a simpler world." (Perhaps akin to the simplistic yearnings of the hippies whom the left so easily tolerates even while it excoriates Goldwater.) Goldwater's libertarianism was castigated from the right—he received virtually *no* support from big business—as representing policies that could lead to unregulated competition, international free trade and, even worse, a weakening of the very special partnership that big business now enjoys with Big Government.

The most incredible convolution in the thinking that attacked Goldwater as reactionary, which he isn't, rather than radical, which he is, came in regard to nuclear weapons. In that area he was specifically damned for daring to propose that the control of these weapons be shared, and even fully placed, in the multinational command of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, rather than left to the personal, one-man discretion of the President of the United States.

Again, who is reactionary and who is radical? The men who want an atomic king enthroned in Washington, or the man who dares ask that that divine right of destruction become less divine and more divided? Until recently, it was a popular cocktail pastime to speculate on the difference between the war in Vietnam under "Save-the-world-from-Goldwater" Johnson, or as it might have been under wild Barry, who, by his every campaign utterance, would have been bound to share the Vietnam decision (and the fighting) with NATO, rather than simply and unilaterally going it alone.

To return to the point: The most vital question today about politics—not *in* politics—is the same sort of question that is plaguing Christianity. Superficially, the Christian question seems simply what kind of religion should be chosen. But basically, the question is whether any irrational or mystical forces are supportable, as a way to order society, in a world increasingly able and ready to be rational. The political version of the question may be stated this way: Will men continue to submit to rule by politics, which has always meant the power of some men over other men, or are we ready to go it alone socially, in communities of voluntarism, in a world more economic and cultural than political, just as so many now are prepared to go it alone metaphysically in a world more of reason than religion?

The radical and revolutionary answer that a libertarian, laissez-faire position makes to that question is not quite anarchy. The libertarian, laissez-faire movement is, actually, if embarrassingly for some, a civil rights movement. But it is antipolitical, in that it builds diversified power to be protected against government, even to dispense with government to a major degree, rather than seeking power to protect government or to perform any special social purpose.

It is a civil-liberties movement in that it seeks civil liberties, for everyone, as defined in the 19th Century by one of Yale's first professors of political and social science, William Graham Sumner. Sumner said: "Civil liberty is the status of the man who is guaranteed by law and civil institutions the exclusive employment of all his own powers for his own welfare."

Modern liberals, of course, would call this selfishness, and they would be correct, with intense emphasis on self. Many modern conservatives would say that they agree with Sumner, but they would not be correct. Men who call themselves conservatives, but who operate in the larger industries, spend considerable time, and not a small amount of money, fighting government subsidies to labor unions (in the form of preferential tax and legal considerations) or to people (in the form of welfare programs). They do not fight *direct* subsidies to industries—such as transportation, farming or universities. They do not, in short, believe that men are entitled to the exclusive employment of their own powers for their own welfare, because they accept the practice of taxing a good part of that power to use for the welfare of other people.

As noted, for all the theoretical screaming that sometimes may be heard from the industrial right, it is safe to say that the major powers of government to regulate industry were derived not only from the support of businessmen but actually at the insistence of businessmen. Uneconomical mail rates are cherished by businessmen who can profit from them and who, significantly, seem uninterested in the obvious possibility of transforming the postal service from a bureau into a business. As a business, of course, it would charge what it costs to mail things, not what is simply convenient for users to pay.

The big businessmen who operate the major broadcast networks are not known for suggesting, as a laissez-faire concept would insist, that competition for channels and audiences be wide open and unregulated. As a consequence, of course, the networks get all the government control that they deserve, accepting it in good cheer because, even if censored, they are also protected from competition. It is notable, also, that one of the most fierce denunciations of pay TV (which, under capitalism, should be a conceptual commonplace) came not from the *Daily Worker* but from the *Reader's Digest*, that supposed bastion of conservatism. Actually, I think the *Digest* is such a bastion. It seems to believe that the state is an institution divinely ordained to make men moral—in a "Judaeo-Christian" sense, of course. It abhors, as does no publication short of William Buckley's *National Review*, the insolence of those untidy persons who today so regularly challenge the authority of the state.

In short, there is no evidence whatever that modern conservatives subscribe to the "your life is your own" philosophy upon which libertarianism is founded. An interesting illustration that











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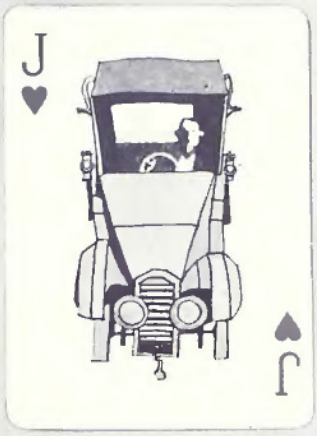

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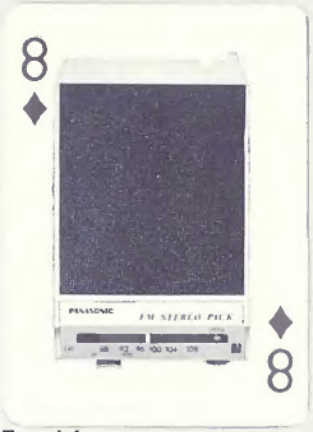

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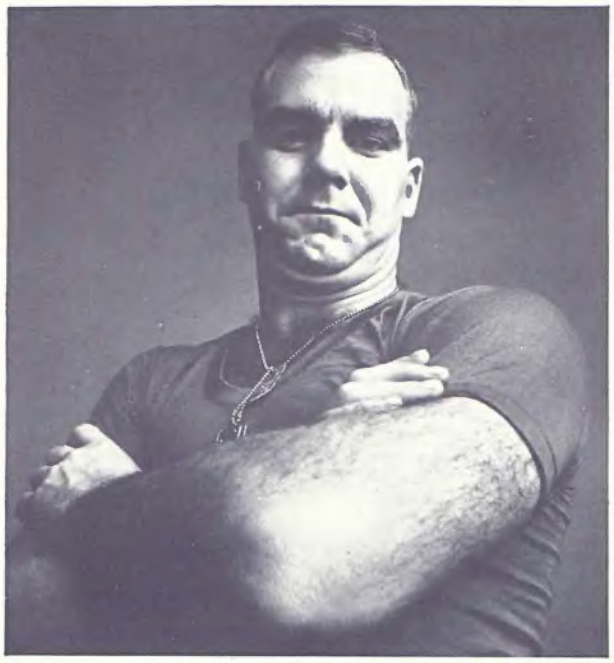

30 days ago I couldn't whip my own shadow.

— *By Pfc. Wally Halucha as told to Dan Abramson*

No matter how often I used to shave, I always looked like I needed a shave. But somehow I got used to it. I figured my whiskers were tougher than everyone else's.

Me and my shadow.

Then this sergeant started riding me about the way I looked. He kept calling me The Shadow. You know how chicken those guys can get.

So just to get him off my back I tried shaving closer. I'd scrape up, down, back and forth. Man, it was murder. My skin would get redder and redder. Especially my neck. Can you picture me, big tough Halucha, with a red neck?

I tell you, I'd about had it when one day the sergeant asked, "What do you shave with, Ace, a tin can?" I showed him the blades I used and he flipped. But I'd better not tell you what he said.

Next day, though, the sergeant brought me one of his blades. "Ace," he said, "you've got to stop killing yourself. I want you to wash your face real good, get your beard nice and soft. Then lather up and try shaving with this blade." He said his blade had a miracle plastic coating. Imagine that, miracle plastic.

Well, when a sergeant comes on strong like that, you do what he says. Right? So what do you know? For the first time in my life I got a really clean shave without half trying.

As it turned out, he'd given me a Gillette Super Stainless Steel blade. I used it the rest of that week, then I started buying my own.

I don't care if you have to shave once a day, twice a day, whatever, that blade is smooth.

Maybe I've gotten spoiled, but I'll never shave with any other kind.

That's all there is to it.

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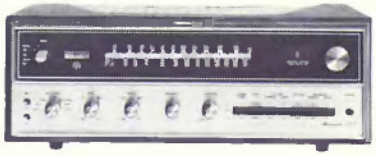

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conservatism not only disagrees with libertarianism but is downright hostile to it is that the most widely known libertarian author of the day, Miss Ayn Rand, ranks only a bit below, or slightly to the side of, Leonid Brezhnev as an object of diatribe in *National Review*. Specifically, it seems, she is reviled on the right because she is an atheist, daring to take exception to the *National Review* notion that man's basically evil nature (stemming from original sin) means he must be held in check by a strong and authoritarian social order.

Barry Goldwater, during his 1964 campaign, repeatedly said that "the government strong enough to give you what you want is strong enough to take it all away." Conservatives, as a group, have forgotten, or prefer to ignore, that this applies also to government's strength to impose social order. If government can enforce social norms, or even Christian behavior, it can also take away or twist them.

To repeat: Conservatives yearn for a state, or "leadership," with the power to restore order and to put things—and people—back in their places. They yearn for political power. Liberals yearn for a state that will bomb the rich and balm the poor. They too yearn for political power. Libertarians yearn for a state that cannot, beyond any possibility of amendment, confer any advantage on anyone; a state that cannot compel anything, but simply prevents the use of violence, in place of other exchanges, in relations between individuals or groups.

Such a state would have as its sole purpose (probably supported exclusively by use taxes or fees) the maintenance of a system to adjudicate disputes (courts), to protect citizens against violence (police), to maintain some form of currency for ease of commerce, and, as long as it might be needed because of the existence of national borders and differences, to maintain a defense force. Meanwhile, libertarians should also work to end the whole concept of the nation-state itself. The major point here is that libertarians would start with no outstanding predispositions about public functions, being disposed always to think that there is in the personal and private world of individuals someone who can or will come along with a solution that gets the job done without conferring upon anyone power that has not been earned through voluntary exchange.

In fact, it is in the matters most appropriate to collective interest—such as courts and protection against violence—that government today often defaults. This follows the bureaucratic tendency to perform least-needed services—where the risk of accountability is minimal—and to avoid performing essential but highly accountable services. Courts are clogged beyond belief. Police, rather than simply protecting citizens against violence, are deeply involved in overseeing private morals. In black neighborhoods particularly, the police serve as unloved and unwanted arbiters of everyday life.

If, in the past few paragraphs, the reader can detect any hint of a position that would be compatible with either the Communist Party of the Soviet Union or the National Association of Manufacturers, he is strongly advised to look again. No such common ground exists. Nor can any common ground be adduced in terms of "new politics" versus "old politics." New or old, the positions that parade today under these titles are still politics and, like roses, they smell alike. Radical and revolutionary politicians—antipoliticians, if you will—should be able to sniff them out easily.

Specific matters that illustrate the differences would include the draft, marijuana, monopoly, censorship, isolationism-internationalism, race relations and urban affairs, to name a few.

As part of his aborted campaign for the Presidency, Nelson Rockefeller took a position on the draft. In it, he specifically took exception to Richard Nixon's draft stand, calling it the "old politics" as contrasted with his own "new politics." The Rockefeller position involved a certain streamlining of the draft, but nothing that would change it from what it patently is—forced, involuntary servitude. Rockefeller criticized Nixon for having asserted that, someday, the draft could be replaced by a voluntary system, an old Republican promise.

The new politician contended that the Nixon system wouldn't work because it never *had* worked. The fact that this nation has never offered to pay its soldiers at a rate realistic enough to attract them was not covered in Rockefeller's statement. Nor did the new politician address himself to the fact that, given a nation that not enough citizens can be attracted to defend voluntarily, you probably also have a nation that, by definition, isn't really worth defending.

The old politician, on the other hand, did not present quite as crisp a position on the draft as the new politician tried to pin him with. Nixon, although theoretically in favor of a voluntary military, was—along with the presumably even *more* conservative Ronald Reagan—opposed to trying voluntarism until *after* the Vietnam war. Throughout the conservative stance one sees a repetition of this position. Freedom is fine—but it must be deferred as long as a hot war or the Cold War has to be fought.

All should be struck by the implications of that baleful notion. It implies that free men simply cannot be ingenious enough to defend themselves against violence without themselves becoming violent—not toward the enemy alone, but to their own persons and liberty as well. If our freedom is so fragile that it must be continuously protected by giving it up, then we are in deep trouble. And, in fact, by following a somewhat similar course, we got ourselves in very deep trouble in Southeast Asia. The Johnson war there was escalated precisely on the belief that southern Vietnamese freedom may best be obtained by dictating what form of government the south should have—day by day, even—and by defending it against the North Vietnamese by devastating the southern countryside.

In foreign relations, as in domestic pronouncements, new and old politicians preach the same dusty doctrines of compulsion and contradiction. The radical preachment of libertarianism, the antipolitical preachment, would be that as long as the inanity of war between nation-states remains a possibility, free nation-states will at least protect themselves from wars by hiring volunteers, not by murdering voluntarism.

One of the most medievally fascinating minds of the 20th Century, that of Lewis Hershey, sole owner and proprietor of the Selective Service System, has put this unpretty picture into perfect perspective with his memorable statement, delivered at a National Press Club luncheon, that he "hate[s] to think of the day that [his] grandchildren would be defended by volunteers." There, in as ugly an example as is on public record, is precisely where politics and power, authority and the arthritis of traditionalism, are bound to bring you. Director Hershey is prevented from being a great comic figure by the rather obvious fact that, being involved with the deaths of so many unwilling men, and the imprisonment of so many others, he becomes a tragic figure or, at least, a figure in a tragedy. There is no new or old politics about the draft. A draft is political, plain and simple. A volunteer military is essentially commercial. And it is between politics and commerce that the entrant into radical or revolutionary politics must continually choose.

Marijuana is an example of such a choice. In a laissez-faire society, there could exist no public institution with the power to forcefully protect people from themselves. From other people (criminals), yes. From one's own self, no. Marijuana is a plant, a crop. People who smoke it do not do so under the compulsion either of physiological addiction or of institutionalized power. They do so voluntarily. They find a person who has volunteered to grow it. They agree on a price. One sells; the other buys. One acquires new capital; the other acquires a euphoric experience that, he decides, was worth allocating some of his own resources to obtain.

Nowhere in that equation is there a single point at which the neighbors, or any multitude of neighbors, posing as

priesthood or public, have the slightest rational reason to intervene. The action has not, in any way, deprived anyone else of "the exclusive employment of all his own powers for his own welfare."

The current laws against marijuana, in contravention even of all available medical evidence regarding its nature, are a prime example of the use of political power. The very power that makes it possible for the state to ban marijuana, and to arrest Lenny Bruce, is the same power that makes it possible for the state to exact taxes from one man to pay into the pockets of another. The purposes may seem different, but upon examination they are not. Marijuana must be banned to prevent people from succumbing to the madness of its fumes and doing some mischief upon the community. Poverty, too, must be banned for a similar reason. Poor people, unless *made* unpoor, will angrily rise and do mischief upon the community. As in all politics, purposes and power blend and reinforce each other.

"Hard" narcotics must be subjected to the same tests as marijuana in terms of politics versus antipolitics. These narcotics, too, are merely salable materials except that, if used beyond prudence, they can be quite disabling to the person using them. (I inject that note simply because, in my understanding, there remains at all levels of addiction the chance of breaking or controlling the habit. This suggests that a person *can* exercise a choice in the matter; that he can, indeed, be prudent or not.)

The person who uses drugs imprudently, just as the person who imprudently uses the politically sanctioned and franchised drugs of alcohol or tobacco, ends up in an unenviable position, perhaps dead. That, rationally, is his own business as long as he does not, by his actions, deprive you of the right to make your own decision not to use drugs, to assist addicts or, if you wish, to ignore them. But it is said, by right and left today, that the real problem is social and public—that the high price of the drugs leads the addict to rob and kill (rightist position), and that making drugs a public matter, for clinical dispensation, would eliminate the causes of his crime (leftist position).

These both are essentially political positions and clearly inept in a society where the line between mind-expanders such as coffee or LSD is highly technical. By choosing the economic and cultural approach rather than a political one, the antipolitical libertarian would say, sell away. Competition will keep the price down. Cultural acceptance of the root ethic, that a man's life and its appurtenances are inviolate, would justify defense against any violence that might accompany addiction in others. And what is there left for the "public" to do? Absolutely nothing—except, individually, to decide whether to risk drugs or to avoid them. Parents, of course, holding the purse strings of their children, can exercise a certain amount of control, but only individually, never collectively.

Incidentally, it is easy to imagine that, if drugs were left to economics and culture instead of politics, medical researchers would shortly discover a way to provide the salable and wanted effects of drugs without the incapacitation of addiction. In this as in similar matters—such as the unregulated competition from which it is felt people need protection—technology rather than politics might offer far better answers.

Monopoly is a case in point. To suppose that anyone needs government protection from the creation of monopolies is to accept two suppositions: that monopoly is the natural direction of unregulated enterprise, and that technology is static. Neither, of course, is true. The great concentrations of economic power, which are called monopolies today, did not grow *despite* government's antimonopolistic zeal. They grew, largely, *because* of government policies, such as those making it more profitable for small businesses to sell out to big companies rather than fight the tax code alone. Additionally, Federal fiscal and credit policies and Federal subsidies and contracts have all provided substantially more assistance to big and established companies than to smaller, potentially competitive ones. The auto industry receives the biggest subsidy of all through the highway program on which it prospers, but for which it surely does not pay a fair share. Airlines are subsidized and so protected that newcomers can't even try to compete. Television networks are fantastically advantaged by FCC licensing, which prevents upstarts from entering a field where big old-timers have been established. Even in agriculture, it is large and established farmers who get the big subsidies—not small ones who might want to compete. Government laws specifically exempting unions from antitrust activities have also furthered a monopoly mentality. And, of course, the "public utility" and "public transportation" concepts have specifically created government-licensed monopolies in the fields of power, communications and transit. This is not to say that economic bigness is bad. It isn't, if it results from economic efficiency. But it *is* bad if it results from collusion with political, rather than with economic, power. There is no monopoly situation in the world today, of which I can think, that might not be seriously challenged by competition, were it not for some form of protective government license, tariff, subsidy or regulation. Also, there isn't the tiniest shred of evidence to suggest that the trend of unregulated business and industry is toward monopoly. In fact, the trend seems in the opposite direction, toward diversification and decentralization.

The technological aspect is equally important. Monopoly cannot develop as long as technology is dynamic, which it most abundantly is today. No corporation is so large that it can command every available brain—except, of course, a corporate state. As long as one brain remains unavailable, there is the chance of innovation and competition. There can be no real monopoly, just momentary advantage. Nor does technological breakthrough always depend upon vast resources or, even where it does, would it have to depend upon a single source of financing—unless, again, only the state has the money. Short of total state control, and presuming creative brains in the community, and presuming the existence of capital with which to build even modest research facilities, few would flatly say that technological innovation could be prevented simply because of some single source enjoying a temporary "monopoly" of a given product or service. The exceptions, to repeat, are always governments. Governments can be—and usually are—monopolistic. For instance, it is not uneconomical to operate a private post-office department today. It is only illegal. The Feds enjoy a legal monopoly—to the extent that they are currently prosecuting at least one entrepreneur who operated a mail service better and cheaper than they do.

Politics is not needed to prevent monopoly. Unregulated, unrestricted laissez-faire capitalism is all that is needed. It would also provide jobs, raise living standards, improve products, and so forth. If commercial activity were unregulated and absolutely unsubsidized, it could depend upon only one factor for success—pleasing customers.

Censorship is another notable example in which politics, and politicians, interpose between customer and satisfaction. The gauge becomes not whether the customer is happy, but whether the politician (either singly or as a surrogate for "the public") is happy. This applies equally to "public" protection from unpopular political ideas as well as protection from pornography. Conservatives are at least consistent in this matter. They feel that the state (which they sometimes call "the community") can and must protect people from unsavory thoughts. It goes without saying who defines unsavory: the political—or community—leaders, of course.

Perhaps the most ironic of all manifestations of this conservative urge to cleanthink concerns the late Lenny Bruce. He talked dirty. He was, therefore, a particularly favorite target of conservatives. He was also an explicit and, I think, incisive defender of capitalism. In commenting that communism

is a drag ("like one big phone company"). Bruce specifically opted for capitalism ("it gives you a choice, baby, and that's what it's about"). There is no traditional conservative who is fit to even walk on the same level with Lenny Bruce in his fierce devotion to individualism. Lenny Bruce frequently used what is for many conservatives the dirtiest word of all: He said capitalism. When was the last time that the N. A. M. did as much?

Lenny Bruce wasn't the only man to alienate conservatives by opening his mouth. In 1964, Barry Goldwater alienated Southern conservatives in droves when, in answer to a regionally hot question about whether Communists should be permitted to speak on state-university campuses, Goldwater said, flatly and simply: "Of course they should."

Even anti-Communist libertarians have no choice but to deny the state the right to suppress Communists. Similarly, libertarians who are aesthetically repelled by what they deem pornography have no other course than not to buy it, leaving its absolutely unregulated sale to producer, purchaser and no one else. Once again, a parent could intrude—but only by stopping an individual, dependent purchaser, never by stopping the purveyor, whose right to sell pornography for profit, and for absolutely no other socially redeeming virtue whatever, would be inviolate. An irate parent who attempted to hustle a smut peddler off the street, as a matter of fact, should be sued, not saluted.

The liberal attitude toward censorship is not so clear. At this point, it needn't be. Liberals practice it, rather than preach it. The FCC's egregious power to insist that broadcasting serve a social purpose is both a liberal tenet and an act of censorship. In the FCC canons, social purposes are defined so that a station can get good points for permitting a preacher free time but no points —or even bad points—for extending the same gift of free air to an atheist.

It is partly in the realm of air, also, that differences regarding nationalism between the old left/right politicians and the libertarian antipolitician show up. If today's conservative has his fervent jingoism for old nations, the liberal has just as fanatic a devotion to the jingoism of new nations. The willingness of modern liberals to suggest armed intervention against South Africa, while ignoring, even in terms of major journalistic coverage, slaughters in Nigeria and the Sudan, is a demonstration of interest only in politics—and in particular persons—rather than in human life per se.

Of course, conservatives have a similar double standard in regard to anti-Communist slaughter and anti-Communist dictatorship. Although it is not as whimsically selective as the liberal decision to be revolted or cheered by each particular blood bath, the conservative double standard can have equally tragic results. The distinct undercurrents of anti-Semitism that so obviously muddle many conservative movements probably can be traced to the horrid assumption that Adolf Hitler's anticommunism excused his other, but comparatively minor, faults. Somehow, anticommunism seems to permit anti-Semitism.

I have met in my time many anti-Communists who view communism as simply a creature of Jewish plotting for world dominion. The John Birch Society's separate chapter for Jewish members is a seriocomic reflection, I think, of such good old WASP anti-Semitism. The widely reported admiration of Hitler by the head man of the right-wing Liberty Lobby is a reflection, presumably, of the "you need a strong man to fight atheistic communism" school of thought. There are, of course, notable Jewish anti-Communists. And there are many anti-Communists who condemn anti-Semitism. But the operating question for most of the full-time anti-Communists that I have met is simply: Are you anti-Communist? Being also anti-Semitic is not automatically a disqualification on the right, though it usually is on the left.

Conservatives and liberals alike hold

in common the mystical notion that nations really mean something, probably something permanent. Both ascribe to lines drawn on maps—or in the dirt or in the air—the magical creation of communities of men that require sovereignty and sanction. The conservative feels this with exaltation when he beholds the Stars and Stripes. The liberal feels this with academic certitude when he concludes that Soviet boundaries must be "guaranteed" to prevent Soviet nervousness. Today, in the ultimate confusion, there are people who feel that the lines drawn by the Soviet Union, in blood, are better than the lines drawn, also in blood, by American foreign policy. Politicians just think this way.

The radical and revolutionary view of the future of nationhood is, logically, that it has no future, only a past—often an exciting one, and usually a historically useful one at some stage. But lines drawn on paper, on the ground or in the stratosphere are clearly insufficient to the future of mankind.

Again, it is technology that makes it feasible to contemplate a day in which the politics of nationhood will be as dead as the politics of power-wielding partisanship. First, there is enough information and wealth available to ensure the feeding of all people, without the slaughtering of some to get at the possessions of others. Second, there is no longer any way to protect anything or anybody behind a national boundary anyway.

Not even the Soviet Union, with what conservatives continue to fear as an "absolute" control over its people, has been able to stop, by drawing lines or executing thousands, the infusion of subversive ideas, manners, music, poems, dances, products, desires. If the world's pre-eminent police state (either us or them, depending upon your *political* point of view) has been unable to protect itself fully behind its boundaries, what faith can or should we, the people, retain in boundaries?

It is to be expected that both liberals and conservatives respond to the notion of the end of nationhood with very similar shouts of outrage or jerks of reaction. The conservative says *it shall not be*. There will always be a U.S. Customs Inspector and long may he wave. The liberal says that far from ending nationhood, he wants to expand it, make it world-wide, to create a proliferation of mini- and micronations in the name of ethnic and cultural preservation, and then to erect a great superbureaucracy to supervise all the petty bureaucracies.

Like Linus, neither liberal nor conservative can bear the thought of giving up the blanket—of giving up government and going it alone as residents of a planet, rather than of a country. Advocates of isolationism (although some, admittedly, defend it only as a tactic) seem to fall into a paradox here. Isolationism not only depends upon nationhood, it rigidifies it. There is a subcategory of isolationism, however, that might avoid this by specifying that it favors only military isolationism, or the use of force only for *self*-defense. Even this, however, requires political definitions of national self-defense in these days of missiles, bases, bombers and subversion.

As long as there are governments powerful enough to maintain national boundaries and national political postures, then there will be the absolute risk, if not the certainty, of war between them. Even the possibility of war seems far too cataclysmic to contemplate in a world so ripe with technology and prosperous potential, ripe even with the seeds of extraterrestrial exploration. Violence and the institutions that alone can support it should be rendered obsolete.

Governments wage war. The power of life that they may claim in running hospitals or feeding the poor is just the mirror image of the power of death that they also claim—in filling those hospitals with wounded and in devastating lands on which food could be grown. "But man is aggressive," right and left chant from the depths of their pessimism. And, to be sure, he is. But if he were left alone, if he were not regulated into states or services, wouldn't that aggression be directed toward conquering his environment, and not other men?

At another warlike level, it is the choice of aggression, against politically perpetuated environment more than against men, that marks the racial strife in America today. Conservatives, in one of their favorite lapses of logic—States' rights—nourished modern American racism by supporting laws, particularly in Southern states, that gave the state the power to force businessmen to build segregated facilities. (Many businessmen, to be sure, wanted to be "forced," thus giving their racism the seal of state approval.) The States' rights lapse is simply that conservatives who would deny to the Federal Government certain controls over people, eagerly cede exactly the same controls to smaller administrative units. They say that the smaller units are more effective. This means that conservatives support the coercion of individuals at the most effective level. It certainly doesn't mean that they oppose coercion. In failing to resist state segregation and miscegenation laws, in failing to resist laws maintaining racially inequitable spending of tax money, simply because these laws were passed by states, conservatives have failed to fight the very bureaucracy that they supposedly hate—at the very level where they might have stopped it first.

Racism has been supported in this country not despite of, but thanks to, governmental power and politics. Reverse racism, thinking that government is competent to force people to integrate, just as it once forced them to segregate, is just as political and just as disastrous. It has not worked. Its product has been hatred rather than brotherhood. Brotherhood could never be a political product. It is purely personal. In racial matters, as in all other matters concerning individuals, the lack of government would be nothing but beneficial. What, actually, can government do for black people in America that black people could not do better for themselves, if they were permitted the freedom to do so? I can think of nothing.

Jobs? Politically and governmentally franchised unions do more to keep black men from good jobs than do all the Bull Connors of the South. Homes, schools and protection? I recall very vividly a comment on this subject by Roy Innis, the national director of the Congress of Racial Equality. He spoke of Mayor John Lindsay's typically liberal zeal in giving money to black people, smothering them with it—or silencing them. Innis then said that the one thing Mayor Lindsay would not give the blacks was what they really wanted: political power. He meant that the black community in Harlem, for instance, rather than being gifted with tax money by the bushel, would prefer to be gifted with Harlem itself. It is a community. Why shouldn't it govern itself, or at least live by itself, without having to be a barony of New York City ward politics? However, I take exception to the notion of merely building in Harlem a political structure similar to but only separate from New York City's. And I may be doing Mr. Innis, who is an exceptional man, an injustice by even suggesting that that is what he had in mind.

But beyond this one instance, there is implicit in the very exciting undercurrents of black power in this country an equally exciting possibility that it will develop into a rebellion against politics itself. It might insist upon a far less structured community, containing far more voluntary institutions within it. There is no question in my mind that, in the long run, this movement and similar ones will discover that *laissez faire* is the way to create genuine communities of voluntarism. *Laissez faire* is the only form of social/economic organization that could tolerate and even bless a *kibbutz* operating in the middle of Harlem, a hippie selling hashish down the street and, a few blocks farther on, a firm of engineers out to do in Detroit with a low-cost nuclear vehicle.

The *kibbutz* would represent, in effect, a voluntary socialism—what other form could free men tolerate? The hash seller would represent institutionalized—but voluntary—daydreaming, and the engineers would represent unregulated creativity. All would represent laissez-

faire capitalism in action and none would need a political officeholder or a single bureaucrat to help, hinder, civilize or stimulate. And, in the process simply of variegated existence, the residents of this voluntary community, as long as others voluntarily entered into commerce with them, would solve the "urban" problem in the only way it ever can be solved; i.e., via the vanishment of politics that created the problem in the first place.

If cities cannot exist on the basis of the skills, energy and creativity of the people who live, work or invest in them, then they should not be sustained by people who do *not* live in them. In short, every community should be one of voluntarism, to the extent that it lives for and through its own people and does not force others to pay its bills. Communities should not be exempted from the civil liberty prescribed for people—the exclusive employment of all their own powers for their own welfare. This means that no one should serve you involuntarily and that you should not involuntarily serve anyone else. This means, for communities, existing without involuntary aid from other communities or to other communities.

Student dissenters today seem to feel that somehow they have crashed through to new truths and new politics in their demands that universities and communities be made responsive to their students or inhabitants. But most of them are only playing with old politics. When the dissenters recognize this, and when their assault becomes one against political power and authority rather than a fight to gain such power, then this movement may release the bright potential latent in the intelligence of so many of its participants. Incidentally, to the extent that student activists the world over are actually fighting the existence of political power, rather than trying to grab some of it for themselves, they should not be criticized for failing to offer alternative programs: i.e., for not spelling out just what sort of political system will follow their revolution. What ought to follow their revolution is just what they've implicitly proposed: no political system at all.

The style of SDS so far seems most promising in this respect. It is itself loosely knit and internally anti-authoritarian as well as externally revolutionary. Liberty also looks for students who rather than caterwauling the establishment will abandon it, establish their own schools, make them effective and wage a concerned and concerted revolt against the political regulations and power that, today, give a franchise to schools—public and private—that badly need competition from new schools with new ideas.

Looking back, this same sort of thinking was true during the period of the sit-ins in the South. Since the enemy also was state laws requiring separate facilities, why wasn't it also a proper tactic to defy such laws by building a desegregated eating place and holding it against hell and high water? This is a cause to which any libertarian could respond.

Similarly with the school situation. Find someone who will rebel against public-education laws and you will have a worthy rebel indeed. Find someone who just rants in favor of getting more liberals, or more conservatives, onto the school board, and you will have found a politically oriented, passé man—a plastic rebel. Or, in the blackest neighborhood, find the plumber who will thumb his nose at city hall's restrictive licenses and certificates and you will have found a freedom fighter of far greater consequence than the window breaker.

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Power and authority, as substitutes for performance and rational thought, are the specters that haunt the world today. They are the ghosts of awed and superstitious yesterdays. And politics is their familiar. Politics, throughout time, has been an institutionalized denial of man's ability to survive through the exclusive employment of all his own powers for his own welfare. And politics, throughout time, has existed solely through the resources that it has been able to plunder from the creative and productive people whom it has, in the name of many causes and moralities, denied the exclusive employment of all their own powers for their own welfare.

Ultimately, this must mean that politics denies the rational nature of man. Ultimately, it means that politics is just another form of residual magic in our culture—a belief that somehow things come from nothing; that things may be given to some without first taking them from others; that all the tools of man's survival are his by accident or divine right and not by pure and simple inventiveness and work.

Politics has always been the institutionalized and established way in which some men have exercised the power to live off the output of other men. But even in a world made docile to these demands, men do not need to live by devouring other men.

Politics does devour men. A laissez-faire world would liberate men. And it is in that sort of liberation that the most profound revolution of all may be just beginning to stir. It will not happen overnight, just as the lamps of rationalism were not quickly lighted and have not yet burned brightly. But it will happen—because it must happen. Man can survive in an inclement universe only through the use of his mind. His thumbs, his nails, his muscles and his mysticism will not be enough to keep him alive without it.

"Making love is all very well, but does it stimulate the old economy?"

SOMEBODY GOOFED

(continued from page 128)

"In his first seven days in power, Charles de Gaulle . . . displayed precisely the two qualities his critics insisted that he lacked—a talent for conciliation and a mastery of political maneuver worthy of a Talleyrand."

THE VIEW FROM CITY HALL, SEVEN-MONTHS-BEFORE-WATTS DIVISION

From "Los Angeles Police Department 1964 Annual Report":

"[In 1964] the detractors of law enforcement stepped up their pervading . . . attempt to create an atmosphere of apprehension, predicting that the streets of this city would also become an arena in which the civil rights movement would be settled.

". . . The forecast was an erroneous one. These false prophets failed to consider that many conditions that contributed to chaos in other cities did not exist in Los Angeles. The Negro population in this city, the great majority of which are law abiding and respectful of authority, refused to give support to those who would foster a state of anarchy."

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF ORSON WELLES' INABILITY TO REACH THE MASSES

From "The Thirties: A Time to Remember," edited by Don Congdon, Simon & Schuster, 1962:

". . . Howard Koch [the program's scriptwriter] telephoned. He was in deep distress. After three days of slaving on H. G. Wells' scientific fantasy [*The War of the Worlds*], he was ready to give up. Under no circumstances, he declared, could it be made interesting or in any way credible to modern American ears. . . .

"[After a rehearsal] Orson . . . was told . . . that it was not one of our better shows. . . . It just didn't come off. . . ."

"Bad news, Miss Perry, my wife refuses to give me a divorce."

ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT AND A LITTLE ADVICE ON THE SIDE

From The New York Times, *Dec. 10, 1903:*

One week before the Wright brothers' flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the *Times* had this to say about a rival experimenter: "We hope that Professor Langley will not put his substantial greatness as a scientist in further peril by continuing to waste his time, and the money involved, in further airship experiments. Life is short, and he is capable of services to humanity incomparably greater than can be expected to result from trying to fly. . . . For students and investigators of the Langley type there are more useful employments."

FORD HAS A BETTER IDEA, EDISON IS NOT IMPRESSED

From "My Life and Work," by Henry Ford, Doubleday, 1922:

"The Edison Company offered me the general superintendency of the company, but only on condition that I would give up my gas engine and devote myself to something really useful."

THE LONE EAGLE LAYS AN EGG ON GODDARD'S ROCKET EXPERIMENTS

From a letter Charles Lindbergh sent to Harry Guggenheim in 1936:

"I would much prefer to have Goddard interested in real scientific development than to have him primarily interested in more spectacular achievements which are of less real value."

. . . AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN MENTIONED THE SERPENTS

From a committee report to Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand on Columbus' plans to sail west to find a shorter route to the Indies:

The committee, headed by *Fray* Hernando de Talavera, reported in 1490 that the contemplated voyage was impossible because:

"(1) A voyage to Asia would require three years. (2) The Western Ocean is infinite and perhaps unnavigable. (3) If he reached the Antipodes [the land on the other side of the earth from Europe], he could not get back. (4) There are no Antipodes because the greater part of the earth is covered with water, and because Saint Augustine says so. . . . (5) Of the five zones, only three are habitable. (6) So many centuries after the Creation, it is unlikely that anyone could find hitherto-unknown lands of any value."

THE NAVY IS READY

From a Library of Congress Report on Erroneous Predictions:

"In 1939 U.S. Rear Admiral Clark Woodward declared, 'As far as sinking a ship with a bomb is concerned, you just can't do it.'"

ELYSIAN FIELDS

(continued from page 118)

flower exotically in his early youth. By the age of 12, he was living on the streets of Philadelphia, following a set-to with his father. Poppa Dukenfield had smacked his son with the working edge of a shovel, to teach the boy not to leave shovels where Pop could crack his shinbone on them. Recovering from the blow, young Whitey, as Fields was then called, waylaid his father in the barn, bounced a packing case off the paternal head and walked away forever.

The year was 1891, and it was fortunate that the boy had already learned to read, because he never again stepped inside a school. Those were not times when welfare workers, cops and truant officers took careful stock of runaways. Young Fields survived without their help, suffering only token interference from the law. Mostly, he lived by stealing.

The boy who was to grow into the self-proclaimed greatest juggler in the world already boasted lightning fingers. He sometimes poached from cash registers, but his special targets were the vegetable stalls, the fruit stands and the free-lunch counters that were picturesque features of the period. His technique later became familiar in his movies—and cost his friends both anguish and money on the golf course. He would look abstractedly in one direction, while his flying mitts worked in another. He later claimed the only trouble he encountered was with cottage cheese, which he sometimes grabbed in error.

"Messed up my pockets," he recalled, and added, "Never cared much for cottage cheese." Then, as an afterthought: "Or cream cheese, either."

Fields never cared very much for anything closely associated, as cream cheese is, with Philadelphia. He liked to reminisce about it and he went back for one visit. But he held the view that his home town was suitable only as an alternative to some more immediate calamity.

For instance, in *My Little Chickadee*, a posse on the verge of hanging him asks if he has any last request. "Why, yes, indeed," Fields says from inside the noose, "I've always wanted to visit Philadelphia." In the 1930s, a popular magazine asked a number of celebrities to compose the epitaphs they'd like to see engraved on their tombstones. Fields' famous contribution read: "I think I'd rather be in Philly."

Given these sentiments, it's not astonishing that Fields worked like a bandit to get out of town. Juggling had caught his fancy and he practiced every day, sometimes for 14 hours at a stretch. He did this for four years, living as a vagabond for the first three and taking jobs from time to time during the fourth. He sold papers, but in a manner heralding the Fields to come. He'd bawl out such arresting bits of news as this: "Hermsillo Brunch named superintendent of P. S. Thirty-Four! Details on page twenty-six!" People were naturally curious, and he did very well. For a time, he racked balls in a pool parlor, became the house hustler and picked up the gaudy mannerisms that he later put to use in various comic routines.

"What in hell gives you the idea that hard-nosed English theatergoers will spend good money to see a play about two Italian teenagers?!"

Although nothing about these callings escaped his hothouse mind, he could not see a future in them. So he practiced tossing objects with the madness of a virtuoso. He himself recognized the parallel. "I don't believe," he said, "that Mozart, Liszt or Paderewski ever worked any harder than I did." When he neared 14, he decided the time for his debut had come.

As it happened, the boy juggler's entrance into show business hardly presented a radical change of experience: He had to lie to get the job and steal to collect his pay. Scheduled to appear in a church benefit, he found himself up against a deacon who refused to let him walk into the house of God with his cigar boxes—difficult gear the youth had learned to juggle, having no money for more conventional equipment. The deacon regarded them, however, as ancillary tools of Satan. Thinking fast—one of his survival specialties—Fields explained that the boxes were especially made for him and had never contained cigars. On that specious understanding, he was allowed to do his turn. After the performance, he found the deacon elusive and, when finally cornered, vague about the promised two bits. Assessing the situation, Fields recalled a pious aphorism he had heard somewhere to the effect that the Lord helps those who help themselves and, following the advice to the letter, he walked out with 31 umbrellas that had carelessly been checked in the vestry. He sold his haul to a junk dealer, realizing $1.20, and no doubt drew a moral lesson from the experience.

Throughout his life, Fields treated all his employers as if they were deacons. He refused to trust them an inch and, by judicious sleight of hand linked with well-turned falsehoods, labored ceaselessly to get more out of them than they had meant to pay.

It took him a while, however, to learn all the ins and outs of sharp practice. His first regular job, in an Atlantic City tent show, required him to juggle eight or ten times a day and to drown on the side.

Drowning was a feature called for by the boss when he felt the business needed advertising. Young Fields would make his way some distance into the ocean, thrash about and call for help until a fellow employee rescued him. A crowd always gathered for this performance—which was, after all, free—and the barker would turn the tip (the carnival phrase for talking the suckers into the tent).

Fields collected a salary for his twin contributions, but only after the boss

chopped out a 35 percent commission or, as he called it, "agent's fee." The boy concluded from this that agents weren't much more trustworthy than deacons. As an adult, he invariably tried to trim their take below the standard theatrical ten percent.

In the next few years, Fields performed in every ragtag corner of showbiz. He put on his act, which was still plain juggling, in dime museums and cheap circuses, and once had second billing to some trained fleas.

Working his way up past these associates, the young juggler graduated into road shows—popular 19th Century mixed bags of melodrama, songs and sketches. As a rise in theatrical prominence—or in the social scale—it marked an improvement only by comparison with the fleas. The mountebanks featured in these patchwork offerings were a long way from stardom. One impressive ingénue Fields used to tell about was always late coming on stage. "She was very absent-minded," he would explain. "Kept misplacing her upper plate."

Fields himself once had to wear a curly wig and take her part as a lovesick maiden. Such substitutions were expected of everyone connected with a road show, regardless of his specialty, and Fields made a lot of them, sometimes roaring through three parts at once, playing the evil banker, the father and the hero, switching hats and voices, slipping in and out of beards and, in the process, getting lots of laughs and liking them. From this time, he started heading into comedy. He began by dropping the objects he was juggling, getting them mixed up, almost but not quite losing all control and saving everything, to great applause. Then he started introducing jokes—most of them stolen. When the audiences, which at that time weren't too fussy, took to collapsing in the aisles, Fields was hooked, and so were they. He acquired a reputation and, along with it, bigger fees.

The traditional summer layoff bothered him, though, for his acquisitive instincts worked full time; and in order to appease them during the dog months, he took engagements overseas.

In the course of the following decade, Fields managed to visit most of the countries of the world, relying on his pantomime and silent juggling where English wasn't understood and developing his verbal style where it was. He appeared in a tramp's outfit and Europeans, long familiar with every form of charlatanry, took him up with joy. Fields rapidly climbed to the status of a headliner, with salaries to match.

There were occasional minor setbacks. He landed in Madrid at the close of the Spanish-American War, and local resentment forced him to appear as an Englishman. Delighted, Fields chose to go on as Sir Cuthbert E. Frothingham, S. B., under which name he also, naturally, opened a bank account. In this instance, it was mandatory: Inflation had forced him to accept his pay in a bushel-sized *canasta* of small coins. Fields tugged and shoved it to his room, where he guarded it nervously until the morning, when he could make his deposit.

Pushing on, in due course, to South Africa, he arrived in Johannesburg just in time to catch the Boer War, with a curfew clamped down and the theaters closed. Waiting for things to cool off, Fields drank with a couple of American cowhands who were, respectively, trying to sell a string of ponies to the combatants and looking to get into the brawl "on either side, it don't matter." The first of these saddle tramps was Will Rogers, who later shared billing with Fields in the *Follies*; and the other was Tom Mix, whom Fields forever afterward defended as "no damn lace-pants hero but the real thing. That boy was tough."

Sandwiched conveniently between these large conflicts was a small one of his own that Fields managed to start. "On or about the eighth day of April 1900," as attorneys later agreed to word it, Fields married Harriet Hughes, a dancer who, it appears, had little sense of humor. Among the former Miss Hughes' almost immediate complaints about her spouse was one regarding Fields' habit of eating his meals with a bottle balanced on his head. It seems a harmless mannerism for a juggler, but somehow it irked her. The couple stayed together only long enough to have a son, named for his father. Since Mrs. Fields was a Catholic, they never divorced—a circumstance that, almost a half century later, brought grief to several people who had really cared for the comic and had nursed him through a decade of ill-health.

Climbing the ladder of fame, Fields also picked up social standing. In all likelihood, he was the first man since the more tattered cronies of the wild Prince Hal—Shakespearean version—to enter an English royal palace by the front gate wearing patched pants, a greasy vest, oversized shoes, no collar or tie and a battered secondhand hat. It was the tramp costume he sported in his act, and he wore it at the special request of the king of England, then Edward VII. The footman who accepted Fields' card had been forewarned and took it with British aplomb. Not so two mastiffs who were sniffing about: Reacting like every other dog who ever got the comic in his line of vision, they took after him with bared teeth. Fortunately, his Majesty was nearby and the dogs were caught and chained up by royal command before they had worked any noticeable damage to Fields or to his attire. For the rest of his visit, the comedian had a fine time, telling stories, juggling the king's cigars and mixing it up with the peerage of Merry England. He did notice that a couple of lords and a bishop shifted their pocket watches at his approach, but he took it as a tribute to his getup. The rest of the company laughed and carried on like any other crowd when Fields was in good form, and the king was profuse in his praise. Thereafter, Fields referred to him as Ed and made it known that, as far as he was concerned, the king was a real prince.

Encouraged by receptions of this kind, Fields elaborated the comedy side of his program. He worked out a billiard routine featuring a cue that looked as if it had lost its starch in the laundry or had been shaped to follow a map of the Ohio river. Sighting along this tortured pole, Fields would let his face suggest an expert pool player's estimate that the cue was not exactly straight. Then he would line up his shot for a minute or so and interrupt himself to shift the chalk to a new position, just one inch to its left.

The success of these and similar lunacies led Fields to try something like them with a golf act. It got him out of the tramp costume and into an outrageous parody of links fashions, including three-toned shoes and a tam-o'-shanter only a trifle smaller and less gaudy than a hooked rug. His equipment included, besides a full set of clubs, a garden hoe, a shotgun, a buggy whip, a polo mallet and a set of surveying instruments. The use to which he put these unofficially recognized aids to the game had audiences screaming with laughter. Just for a start, he gave the customers to understand that the whip was for use on the caddie, in case Fields missed his shot.

The word that there existed a first-class rowdy not on his payroll eventually reached Flo Ziegfeld, the honored impresario of the *Follies*, Broadway's most successful theatrical attraction. Ziegfeld had no sense of humor and hated comedians, whom he thought of as an intrusion on his specialty, which was presenting audiences with beautiful girls encumbered by as few clothes as possible. As a showman, however, he understood that audiences had a feeble-minded fondness for clowns and that, in any case, there had to be something on stage while the girls changed their headdresses.

In keeping with this reluctant policy, Ziegfeld hired all the leading zanies of the day, including Bert Williams, Ed Wynn, Fanny Brice, Eddie Cantor and Will Rogers, who had given up selling mustangs to foreigners for the more lucrative life of a trick-rope artist and monologist. Fields joined this crew of comics in 1915 and, after quickly establishing his eminence with both the critics and the public, played in every edition of the *Follies* through 1921.

Once acknowledged as a star, Fields began collecting pay checks amounting

"Now, there's an exhibitionist's exhibitionist!"

to several thousand dollars a week, and he risked taking on some of the trappings, as well as the air—which he had always assumed—of a man who has arrived. He moved into a mansion on Long Island, complete with a swimming pool he didn't use and a tennis court he did, and he commuted to and from these butlered premises in a seven-seat custom-built Cadillac, accompanied by his valet.

The valet didn't exactly fit in with all this splendor. He was a midget Fields had hired on purpose to get mad at. The comedian enjoyed losing his temper, and the midget, whose name was William Blanche, gave him a lot of opportunities, being both willing and slow-witted, a sure-fire combination for driving Fields into a fury. If the master sent him out to get a turkey leg, the midget would spend hours looking for a turkey egg. One evening, he came in from such an errand with snow piled on his hat and shoulders.

"Been snowing, has it?" asked his employer.

"I don't know," Blanche answered. "I didn't notice."

Fields fired him on the spot, as he did about twice weekly, this time on the grounds that Blanche was "dangerously unobservant." He relented, as usual, but he had made a discovery. "It's selfish of me to hog your incompetence," he told the midget. "I want to share you with the public." He put Blanche in his golf act as the caddie.

When the *Follies* went on the road, it was Fields' custom to travel with three trunks, one of them packed with what he called "strong waters." As Prohibition loomed closer, he gradually realized that two trunks of clothes and props were superfluous, and he turned one of those into a second cellar. This two-to-one ratio between his wet and dry goods struck him as satisfactory and he traveled with the rig for years.

Fields nurtured what was to become the recognized monarch of show-business thirsts. Only the late Fats Waller and the present titleholder, Joe E. Lewis, were in real contention for the crown. In his early days, Fields had dabbled in exotic sauces but, in time, had pretty well settled on what he then called a martini: a long pull from a gin bottle, followed by a short one from a flask of vermouth. As he rose in the world, he began mixing the ingredients before using, like everyone else, and he would breakfast on a double, keeping up this pace throughout the day. He attributed health-giving properties to the cocktail. "If Falstaff had stuck to martinis," he would mutter, "he'd be with us today."

The comic also had the opportunity, in his years with Ziegfeld, to play around with some of the most beautiful women of his time, and so he did—in a semi-monogamous fashion. Throughout his life, Fields showed a preference for the domestic alliance in which the little lady works happily in the kitchen and does not encourage her mate to fritter away his money on the night-club circuit. Surprisingly, he managed to convince not a few of the little tangerines, as he spoke of them, that this was, for them, a salutary arrangement. Bessie Poole, one of the more arresting of Ziegfeld's goddesses, lived with him for several years on this basis, and her son is widely acknowledged to be Fields'.

His success in domesticating his ladyfriends is a convincing tribute to the comedian's persuasive powers. He was especially fond of a girl who, when grieved or put out, tended to lock herself in the bathroom and sing selections from grand opera—an art form Fields particularly despised—until the master of the house capitulated. On one such occasion, Fields attempted to retaliate by burning newspapers and blowing the smoke under the door; but his inamorata held out and her tormentor had to give up. "Woman's got guts," he conceded.

Fields was often willing to give credit when it was due a woman. His attitude toward them was courtly, in the highest Victorian manner—at least until he got to know them well. He once introduced Grady to a date who happened to be puffing, with nonchalance, a large black cigar. The agent later made some pointed remarks about the young woman's smoking habits.

"The girl has class." Fields reproved him, with some asperity. "That heater cost a dollar."

But Fields was as wary of sex as he was about everything else. His sexual caution dated from the time he attended a film on venereal disease under the impression that he was going to be shown some naked women. Fields woke to his mistake along about reel three, and it jarred him. "The professor accompanied the picture with themes from Tchaikovsky," he recalled in later years. "From then on, I could never hear *Swan Lake* without wanting to take a Wassermann."

The comedian's association with the *Follies* came to an end in 1921, when he was lured by one of Ziegfeld's competitors, George White, into joining his *Scandals*. Uncle Claude, however, was already looking for new areas in which to practice his now well-polished arts; and after a year with White, he moved into musical comedy. The success of *Poppy*, in 1924, established Fields as an actor. And it jelled the character toward which he had been struggling. As Eustace McGargle, a petty con man and traveling grifter, he managed to create one of the classic roles of the American theater. He never again drifted very far from the part.

Poppy was more than a hit; it was perhaps the first musical comedy bought for the screen. The fact that there was yet no sound track did not deter Paramount from making the venture; and the studio assigned the direction to the father of the American movie himself: D. W. Griffith. For some obscure reason, *Poppy* was renamed *Sally of the Sawdust* and, under that title, it proved a satisfying boff, one that Fields easily walked away with.

On the strength of that triumph, Fields was invited to contribute further to the art of the motion picture, in the form of two-reel comedies. Fields approached this new venture as he had everything else in life: with an air of cautious contempt. He arrived for his first day's work wearing a clip-in mustache and a look that nicely blended disdain and defiance. The neophyte film player adopted the attitude that no one already involved in the movie business knew beans about it. Admittedly, there was some substance to his prejudice. The producer of his first shorts, for instance, was a writer who had been hired, he thought, to edit *Cosmopolitan* magazine, and who then discovered that, in fact, William Randolph Hearst had taken him on to run his newly acquired film studio. The situation was fairly typical of those prevalent in the industry during that experimental period. Fields discovered the truism immediately and didn't give it much rest. The presence of Uncle Willie on the set was a good bet to shake loose whatever small wits a director might have salvaged from a former life. If asked to do some juggling, Fields would squawk that he was an actor and that if any juggling were required, there would have to be a stiff upward revision in the salary clause of his contract. The moment that the management had conceded the point and had changed the prepared script accordingly, Uncle Willie would complain that he was not being allowed to do his specialty—juggling. Whenever the eye of authority wandered from him for an instant, Fields would alter the scenario to include a pool-hall scene or a tennis match, either of which would give him a chance to keep a dozen balls in the air at once.

In spite of Fields' intransigency, the studio rapidly pushed him into features. Possibly, the bosses hoped the move might sober their prima donna. If so, they were to be disappointed. With more room to work, Fields began to revise the stories to include his Ziegfeld acts *in toto*. The first film in which he made known this artistic quirk was a rather wistful tale—typically Hollywood though shot on Long Island—about a princess visiting a small American town. Gregory La Cava was the director and, on the third day of production, he arrived at the studio to find the crew shooting what looked like a series of small battlefield explosions. "What the hell's going on here?" he shouted, and Fields' head

appeared in the vicinity of the explosions. "Getting a good start," he brayed. "We're shooting my golf act." And he went back to knocking up divots. La Cava drew a long breath, told the crew to take five and carefully explained to his star that there was neither room nor reason in the story for a golf act. Fields narrowed his eyes. "Why not?" he asked. When reminded that the picture was about a princess, he solved the difficulty with dispatch. "She can play the caddie," he decided.

Apparently nonplused by Fields' persistently bizarre approach to moviemaking, the studio decided not to renew his contract. Unemployed but undaunted, Fields retired to a favorite haunt—the golf course—while his agent tried to find him work. It came in the form of an offer from Earl Carroll, an ex–Ziegfeld hoofer who had moved on to compete with his former boss. Carroll was prepared to ante up the then-staggering sum of $6500 if Fields would star in his *Vanities*—but the unflappable Fields held out until Carroll had agreed to remove his own name from the marquee, substituting that of his star.

The two went on to a successful collaboration, but Fields was nursing a conviction that contradicted the opinion of the two men who had invented the cinema. The Lumière brothers didn't think their brain child had a future. Uncle Willie not only suspected it was around to stay but he believed he might go places with it. The feeling jelled around the close of the Twenties, when the medium took the important step of learning to speak. Listening to the gravelly sound tracks of the period, Fields decided that they ideally suited his own raucous style. Accordingly, he cashed in a portion of his East Coast accounts, packed a car with props and potables and said farewell forever to New York and the theater. He was carrying $350,000 in $1000 bills.

In spite of the normal expenses of crossing the country, Uncle Willie still felt reasonably flush as he approached the hills of Hollywood. He stopped at a gas station on the outskirts, changed into what he felt was suitable attire for a man about to take over the capital of movieland and had himself directed to the best hotel in town. Finding it to be appropriately elegant, he marched to the desk and asked for the bridal suite. He was wearing a cutaway, striped trousers and a high silk hat, and carried a gold-headed cane, but he didn't strike the clerk as a newlywed. For one thing, he lacked what is widely considered to be the essential ingredient. The clerk tactfully pointed out the lack and asked Fields when the bride might be expected.

"I'm planning to pick one up in town," Fields said, grandly. In spite of this display of good will, he didn't get the suite and, shortly after, rented a house on Toluca Lake, where he immediately became engaged in a feud with a swan.

Fields was never on easy social terms with the animal kingdom. Dogs plagued him; perhaps they recognized the former tramp inside the fancy shirts and resented the effrontery. During his circus period, Fields had been briefly engaged as waterboy to a troop of elephants. The beasts harassed him out of the job, tripping him, bumping him and blowing water in his face. When they finally perfected a trick they had been working on without the trainer's help and trapped the bucket handler between their flanks, Fields quit. He got back at them by forgetting to leave the lid on a box of mice he'd been collecting, he said, for juggling purposes.

One of the swans at Toluca Lake—possibly resentful of the competition offered by the comedian's splendor—attacked Fields the moment it laid eyes on him. Uncle Willie promptly bought a canoe and spent a good part of the next 18 months chasing after his aquatic neighbor, armed with a popular golf club of the period called a mashie niblick. After one particularly exhausting pursuit around the lake, Fields dozed off in the canoe. Seizing the advantage, his antagonist sneaked up from behind and gave the sleeping nimrod a hearty nip. Fields later grumbled: "The miscreant fowl broke all the rules of civilized warfare."

In spite of practice and persistence, Fields never did crown the swan; but it was fortunate for him that the bird occupied so much of his time, because he was having difficulties getting started in the industry. The word had preceded Fields that he was not exactly the kind of do-as-you're-told hireling favored by the sultans of the film center. Growing concerned about his future, the comic went to the extreme of offering to work for a golfing buddy, Mack Sennett, as a gagwriter—without pay. Sennett, it appeared, had been thinking along the same track, with a view to adding the Presence to a stable that already included such luminaries as Charlie Chaplin (who once played seventh fiddle to headliner Fields in the Parisian Folies-Bergère, and whom Fields once described as "a goddamn ballet dancer"), Fatty Arbuckle, Gloria Swanson and, of course, the Keystone Cops. Sennett gave Fields an appointment and, when the comic arrived, suggested that he might also do a little acting.

Fields, who had entered Sennett's office looking, for once in his life, humble and helpful, did a take, clutched his hat and murmured vaguely: "Act, eh? . . . Well, in *that* case, we'd better talk salary."

The results of the talk put him to work at $5000 a week and guaranteed him, by contract, a number of perquisites and fringe benefits that did leave

"But Gladys, the judge promised that the children could spend their vacation with me."

Sennett in charge of his own studio—but just barely.

The association was artistically successful but otherwise stormy. Fields never took kindly to anyone else's ideas of what was funny; and the fact that Sennett had earned millions by making millions laugh cut no ice with the ex–juggler and Ziegfeld star. Fortunately, Sennett was patient, good-natured and potentially as guileful as Fields himself, though in a softer way. Sennett got around their differences with a simple ruse. He would mention a gag he had in mind and then listen carefully while Fields told him, in meticulous and graphic detail, how lousy the idea was and what he could do with it. Sennett would nod judicial agreement and drop the subject. In a week or ten days, he would casually approach his terrible-tempered comic and say, "Bill, I've been thinking we might be able to do that gag you mentioned, after all, the one about the barber and the bearded lady."

"Glad you've come to your senses," Fields would answer, with regal condescension. "Great gag. Used to do it in the Follies."

Although the point got settled in this manner each time it came up, the two laughmasters would squabble for hours about comic theory. Sennett played the philosopher, arguing that comedy had to be put together like a fine Swiss watch, and Fields would infuriate him by answering, "Hogwash!" or "What do you know about comedy, you jobbernowl?" Or he would simply emit a loud Bronx cheer.

Whichever one was right, they managed to turn out seven works together, including some of Fields' finest efforts. One of these—*The Fatal Glass of Beer*—certainly seems to back his view that comedy, unlike juggling, doesn't need hairline construction to come off. It consists almost entirely of Fields repeatedly opening a door, getting belted in the face with bucketfuls of paper snow and bellowing, "'T aint a fit night out for man nor beast!" In the intervals between the onslaughts, Fields wanders around his cabin—presumably located somewhere in the North country—humming and mumbling wordlessly to himself. Qualified critics consider this bit of idiocy to be among the finest two-reel comedies ever put together—with or without precision movement. To this day, viewers of it tend to collapse in helpless laughter.

Life for comics on the Sennett lot was, on the whole, more strenuous than this example suggests. Aside from shoving pies into one another's faces, they were expected to leap from high buildings, fall off moving trains, wrestle with bears and drive fire engines into concrete walls. In the course of one such exercise, a truck backed into Fields and broke his neck.

Shifted into a hospital, the comedian did not prove to be an ideal patient. His cronies smuggled in the necessary liquids, and before the week was out, the injured man had driven his wheelchair down a flight of stairs, fracturing his coccyx. Typically, he felt he had been had.

"I went in broken at one end and they treated me by breaking the other," he complained, loudly. When it came time to dismiss him, the staff watched him leave with exhausted but joyful satisfaction. Fields was equally relieved. "Beds are dangerous," he explained. "More people die in bed than anywhere else." And after mulling over the remark to drain it of all its profundities, he added: "Or are born there, for that matter."

Though he now earned a pay check of $260,000 a year, Uncle Claude wasn't getting careless. His grip on his wallet remained as hearty as ever. Solvency on even so substantial a scale did not induce in him any foolhardy distributions of largess. Fields was still working for Sennett when Paramount tempted him with a better offer—which, however, he kept to himself. Of course, Sennett heard about the lure and, with their firm contract in hand, let his star sweat awhile, for the pleasure of watching him dream up new and wilder complaints about the studio: It had become, it seemed, inadequate, ill-equipped, staffed with incompetent plebeians, and was located in the wrong part of Hollywood.

After a few weeks of these bootless attempts to get himself fired, Fields was making life miserable for everyone around him, and the genial Sennett, having had his laughs, cheerfully let him off the hook. Fields, much relieved, shot over to his new place of work and joined the cast of *If I Had a Million*, a picture starring practically everyone in Hollywood, from Charles Laughton to George Raft. It was a smash, and Fields' portion—a sequence that he wrote himself and that involved about 30 automobile wrecks—was widely considered the high point of a somewhat untidy script.

Fields' next full-length effort was *International House*, a film in which he shared billing with Rudy Vallee, the pre–Bing Crosby champion of crooners, and with Peggy Hopkins Joyce, something of a champion herself, though in less public pastures. On the strength of this picture, the comedian got a long-term contract put together during lengthy bargaining sessions through which Fields mostly whistled, looked out the window and refused to budge. As was standard in his case, it gave him just about everything he asked for, though, in one major concession on the comic's part, Paramount's owners got to keep their titles.

Fields was set for the next eight years, during which time he made around a dozen films for Paramount, including *Six of a Kind*, *It's a Gift*, *Million Dollar Legs*, a remake of *Poppy* (under its own name), *Mississippi* (with Bing Crosby), *The Man on the Flying Trapeze* and *The Big Broadcast of 1938*.

During this period, Paramount also lent him to MGM, so that he could play Micawber in *David Copperfield*. Fields had a special respect for Dickens, whose works he had read several times through, and he was persuaded to speak the lines as composed by an artisan he conceived to be in his own class. For any creative light of lesser stature, however, he reserved his normal attitude of scornful hauteur. Producers rapidly discovered that the Fields portion of any work in progress—if it was to progress at all—was best left to the comedian's inspiration. Studio policy is normally against improvisation by the players. In Uncle Willie's case, though, a different line prevailed, one that presaged the neo-Stanislavsky method of later performers.

Uncle Claude's memory was phenomenal when he had reason to recollect, in its fine details, an injury done to him 40 years before. When it came to remembering words and business devised for him by hacks, however, his capacity for total recall deserted him. Confronted by the Fieldsian memory blank, a director would give way to despair.

"Ye gods! Bill," the afflicted man would wail, "we've got to get this scene in the can before noon!"

Fields would nod with evident sympathy. "Well, let's go ahead," he'd say. "I'll think of something."

And he generally did think of something. Not all of it, of course, could be classed with the masterpieces of world literature, but he almost always concocted improvisations considerably sharper than what the dialogists had dreamed up.

Some of the Fields *trouvailles* are not readily comprehensible out of context, but his manner carries them. During the remake of *Poppy*, for instance, he became enamored of the phrase "Pardon my redundancy," and he managed to tack it, with absolute irrelevance and a tip of his hat, to the end of every third speech throughout the picture. Audiences had no notion why the line kept popping up, but they loved it.

Fields delighted in archaic words and recherché phrases, and he wove them richly into his personality, both in and out of character: modicum, remonstrate, domicile, jobbernowl, furbelow, reiterate, posy, shift expander, smidgen, half a mo', strong waters, a modest repast. He constructed his conversation around expressions such as these and he fitted them


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with comfortable assurance into his screen commentaries.

Unctuous vowels and the more sibilant, rolling and buttery consonants especially charmed him. No matter what fanciful tale he elaborated, it invariably took place in some such spot as Homosassa or Punxsutawney, or Woonsocket, or Cucamonga. He assigned his adventures to such localities in part, perhaps, to make the story difficult to check on. He once told Gene Fowler of some outlandish hazard that had befallen him, he said, in "Denver; Denver, Colorado."

"Really? What part of Denver, Bill?" Fowler asked politely. Fields immediately realized that Fowler had been born and raised in Denver.

"I just remembered," he said. "It wasn't Denver. It was in Onalaska; Onalaska, Washington."

According to Fowler, Fields had never been there, either.

But, if natural caution led him to pick unfrequented purlieus as the locations of his more dubious exploits, he went out of his way to choose those with the oleaginous sonority that gave him pleasure. He collected oddball names as others collect postage stamps; and many of his showpieces had belonged to people he had known in his past. A man named Muckle had been a dour acquaintance of Fields' childhood, and he put a Mr. Muckle into *It's a Gift*. Chester Snavely, an example he frequently called upon, had been an undertaker he once met. When his repository failed him, he called on invention. Among the more outlandishly dubbed characters in his films are Ouliotta Hemoglobin, Egbert Sousé and A. Pismo Clam. He sometimes signed his mail with the nom de plume Ampico J. Steinway or, more modestly, Father Favania Fields. And the films he composed in their entirety are credited to such gaudy surrogates as Otis Criblecoblis (a bartender who thereafter went about claiming he was Fields' collaborator), Mahatma Kane Jeeves (devised by Fields to foil the bartender) and Charles Bogle (for no reason save that he liked its hint of incompetence).

The rich profanity of his daily speech was among the few personal characteristics that Fields couldn't transfer unaltered to the screen. He dodged the censors, however, by carving expletives out of such otherwise innocuous expressions as "Godfrey Daniel!," "Suffering Sciatica!" and "Mother of Pearl!" One he saved for moments of great stress, such as when a friend had fallen out a window, was "Drat!"

Fields also delighted in creating pet names for his leading ladies, most of whom played termagant parts to which the endearments were monumentally unfitting. Prominent among these efforts were "My dove," "My glowworm" and "My little fuzzywishwash." He showered the first two terms on the likes of Alison Skipworth, Cora Witherspoon and Margaret Dumont. The last he coined for Mae West, with whom he wrote and made *My Little Chickadee*. The stiffness that arises between two strong personalities was probably not eased to any real extent by the offscreen version of the blandishment bestowed by Fields on his co-star. He called her "My little brood mare."

On the set, the people in charge of production took the brunt of Fields' churlish clamor. With the casts, he was a good deal more reasonable—feeling, no doubt, that he had the advantage over any player he came up against. But he brooked no trespassers on center stage; and with Mae West, he felt called upon to roll out his big guns. The Fields concept of chivalry prevented him from doing it himself, but he bribed the prop men to harass his leading lady by asking her repeatedly, "Show us your tits, Mae."

Miss West's reaction to these shenanigans was succinct. "Bill's cute," she said. "Too damn cute."

When Fields felt his pre-eminence challenged, he didn't fool around, but snatched the most direct means of squelching the competition. On stage, he once discovered Ed Wynn catching flies (i.e., distracting the audience's attention) during his billiard act and promptly coldcocked the Perfect Fool with the butt end of his cue—to the hilarity of the audience, which took it as part of the *shtick*.

The age or status of the competition didn't give Fields a moment's pause. He considered babies, those notorious scene stealers, particularly underhanded, and he took strong measures to keep them off balance. In the course of several pictures in which he was teamed with an infant described by Fields as "a baby; says his name's LeRoy," the older star laced the youngster's orange juice with a liberal slug of gin. As the staff, including a trained nurse, tried to get the goggle-eyed youngster going for the next scene, Fields sat in the background, alternately shouting "Walk him around! Walk him around!" and advising bystanders that "The kid's no trouper."

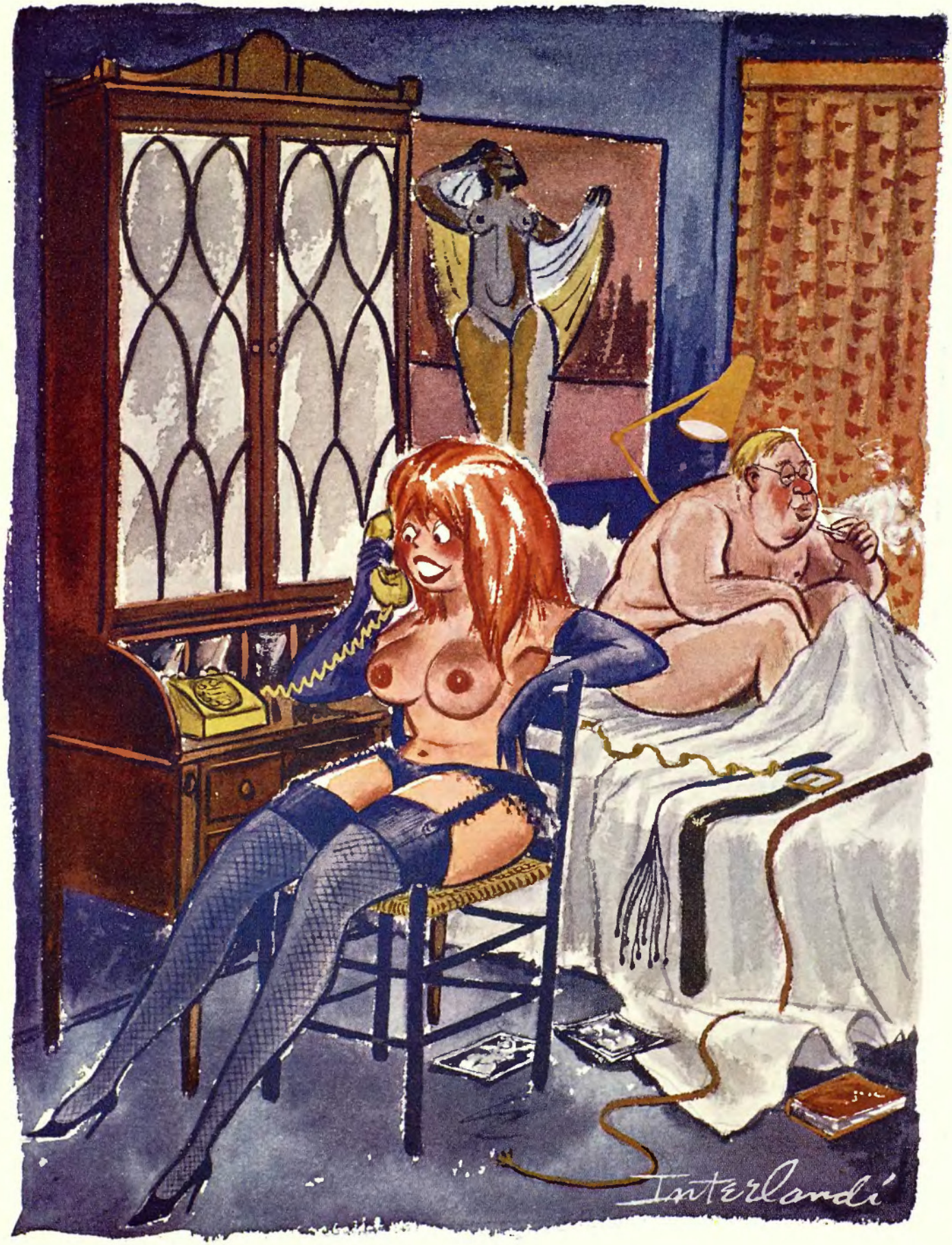
Baby LeRoy was, in fact, an earnest trouper who crawled about happily on his assigned job; but the child's benign placidity infuriated Fields, who did everything he could to shake his rival's composure. Thus, when the script of *The Old Fashioned Way* called for him to catch LeRoy unawares and give him a light boot on the bottom, Fields took the opportunity to place-kick the tot 17 feet across a room. LeRoy was reported to have been more puzzled than hurt, and the scene, besides setting a minor punting record, proved to be fine cinema.

Fields' jealousy of LeRoy was both unreciprocated and misplaced. Though the child had charm, no one really shared the screen when Fields was on it. The comedian must have come to realize this, because, when LeRoy's option came due, Fields deliberately wrote him into another film, to make certain that the studio would keep the child on its payroll.

His paradoxical handling of LeRoy reflects Fields' attitude toward all children. In general, he treated them with odium, not to say loathing. When asked by a reporter how he liked children, Fields answered with a line that has since become classic: "Parboiled." And, as Corey Ford relates it, Fields one day waxed nostalgic about his own childhood, reminiscing in particular about his job as the circus elephants' waterboy. "All day long, I would trudge back and forth, staggering under the weight of the burdensome receptacles, till my arms were numb. Then and there, I made a vow that, if I ever succeeded in life, I would donate a sum of money to help some other little tot like myself, who had to lug water all day. Well, fate proved kind to me; I was blessed with more than my share of life's riches, and one day I thought of the money I'd vowed to give that poor little tot lugging water." His eyes narrowing, Fields added: "And then I had a second thought: Fuck him."

Despite this candid admission, it was found after his death that Uncle Claude had left the largest part of his fortune to found an orphans' home, with the proviso that it teach no religion of any kind. (Although bequests with similar conditions have been honored in America—as in the case of Girard College in Philadelphia, which Fields may have had in mind—the children never got their orphanage, with or without chapel service. Fields' wife and lawyer son sprang from the past to contest the will. The result was that nothing that Fields requested in his testament was ever done. His wish to be cremated was struck down. His bequests to those who had tended him, loved him and put up with his unpredictable nature during the last decade of his life were all blocked. The faithful ones were even barred from the funeral, a ceremony Fields had particularly requested be omitted.)

As with children, Fields was of two minds about Hollywood, and he treated the place with restrained tolerance. Writer-producer Nunnally Johnson once asked him—in regard to his drinking—if he ever got the d.t.s. Fields responded earnestly: "I don't know. It's hard



"Well, to tell you the truth, I just got out of a sickbed. . . ."

to tell where Hollywood ends and the d.t.s begin." He liked the California climate, but he felt that the industry would be improved if its leading clodpolls were replaced with officially certified lunatics. A man he'd spotted, whose head was only a shade larger than a small softball, impressed him greatly. "With a noggin that size," he observed, awe-struck, "that fellow ought to own this town." He hired the man to appear in his movies.

Fields' treatment of Hollywood's retarded moguls reflected his scorn. He resolutely fought agreeing with any order coming to him from on high. His lese majesty, or total disregard for the exalted, had a grandeur of its own. At that period, the biggest man in the business was Louis B. Mayer, the head of MGM. Fields came under his aegis while working in *David Copperfield*. Halfway through the shooting, Uncle Willie decided, as he often did at similar moments in other pictures, that he was working for slave wages. Following his established plan for bringing power blocs to heel, he stopped going to work and left strict orders with his entourage that he was not to be disturbed.

For three days, studio emissaries knocked vainly at his door, until, finally, the big boss himself took things in hand and called at the comic's bastion. The Mayer mien overwhelmed Fields' secretary and she went upstairs, where the holdout was entertaining some cronies at cards.

"Mr. Fields," she said, with a tremor in her voice, "I know what you told me, but Mr. Mayer himself is downstairs and would like to speak with you."

Fields didn't bother to turn from the game. Instead, he waved a languid hand.

"Give him an evasive answer," he said over his shoulder. "Tell him to go fuck himself."

Symbols of authority that turn lesser men into quaking masses held Fields in no such thrall. He took the view that anyone in uniform was his employee and damn well better get cracking. Gene Fowler recalled returning from John Barrymore's funeral in an open touring car belonging to Fields. The comedian had cannily stocked his conveyance with liquid comforters, which he shook up and dispensed with no regard whatever for state regulations against drinking in automobiles, open or otherwise. The law caught up with them in the form of two cops, who drew alongside, climbed out of their cruiser and demanded to know what the hell was happening.

"Ah, the constabulary," Fields replied, hoisting his glass. "I'm sorry, gentlemen, but we've got only enough for ourselves." Then he poked the chauffeur. "Drive on," he said. The chauffeur did and the cops, stunned by this jaw-dropping display of offhandedness, watched them go.

In sharp contrast to his deft handling of public officials, Fields had nothing but trouble with his personal staff. Bending to the inexorable laws of prosperity, Uncle Willie had put together a sizable household of servants, but they brought him no sense of security. Rather, the contrary. The help, he became convinced, was a giant cabal to defraud him, and he implemented countermeasures against any possible hanky-panky. He had an intercommunications system installed in the house, ostensibly to call for more ice but, in reality, designed to eavesdrop on the conspiracy.

When his listening device failed to produce any evidence more conclusive than a slight rise in the price of peas, Uncle Claude grew even more suspicious. The enemy, he concluded, was clamming up on purpose, to conceal its plans, and he struck back with vigor. He told the cook, privately, that the butler was spreading scandal about her mother. Then he told the butler that the cook had accused him of stealing. He revealed to the chauffeur that the cook and the butler had been conspiring to have him fired. It is possible that Fields had stumbled onto Machiavelli's advice that to rule effectively, one must divide the opposition. In any case, he considered that, as one of his biographers, Robert Lewis Taylor, has put it, "His house was in perfect running order . . . when his servants had quit speaking to one another."

Fields seldom bothered to suborn the maids, since they never stayed long enough to join the plot against him. But the average butler hardly lasted much longer. One of these managed a slightly longer run than the rest, until Fields got the idea that the major-domo harbored a scheme to poison the master. From then on, Uncle Claude insisted that his man taste each dish as he served it, in the manner of slaves kept for that purpose by Roman emperors. The butler resented this and said so, and a series of squabbles ensued, at the close of which Fields was observed chasing the poisoner from his property at the point of a large and ancient horse pistol, which he kept around the house, as he said, "to foil intruders." The man apparently escaped unpunctured, but Fields later boasted that he had "winged him as he crossed the wall."

Another of Fields' temporary butlers turned out to be a weight lifter and acrobat whose face and build caused him to be known in the Fields household as the Gorilla. The Gorilla gave further substance to the nickname by putting up a trapeze in the master's garage, where he could practice on it in his off-hours. The Gorilla made a lousy butler—apart from not looking like the conventional occupant of such a position—but Uncle Willie, with an eye on the muscles, was not overeager to fire him. With practiced duplicity, however, the reluctant employer found a way out and, one day, when the Gorilla hit the top of a swing on his trapeze, the ropes broke and he fell to the concrete floor, severely put out. He couldn't prove anything, but, in the interest of his general health, he quit.

All of Fields' kaleidoscopic retinue were subject to domestic routines not widely practiced elsewhere. Uncle Willie developed the habit, for instance, of summoning the help, when needed, by blowing on a battered Halloween horn he carried for the purpose. When things were going well, his idea of a compliment to the staff was to tell them he was sure that their parents were all married. When dissatisfied, he took it all back, with elaborations.

That the Fields ménage stumbled along at all was due to the tact, charm and efficiency of two women, Magda Michael and Carlotta Monti, both of whom joined his disheveled life in the mid-Thirties and who, between them, managed to bring some kind of order into the normal Fieldsian chaos.

Miss Michael, attractive, elegant and impervious to disaster, served officially as Fields' secretary. In fact, she acted as the general overseer of all his affairs and was one of the few people he ever trusted.

Miss Monti had no title at all. She was an uncommonly pretty girl, with a dazzling smile that expressed her affectionate good nature. Fields had spotted her on a Paramount set, where she worked as a bit player. He had already had several ladyfriends in Hollywood, one of them an American girl he unaccountably kept dressed in Oriental clothes and referred to as the Chinese People. But in Carlotta Monti, he had discovered a woman who he knew instinctively would require all his guile to woo. Accordingly, he set afoot a devious campaign to win her. He was soon startled, though pleased, to discover that Carlotta was already taken with his raffish ways. He found her perfectly ready to enjoy them and, within reason, to cater to them. Shortly after moving in, she revealed a remarkable capacity for keeping things in order and she became the unpaid housekeeper of the Fields demesne.

The establishment of which Miss Monti took charge was located on De Mille Drive. Fields rented this house and its spacious grounds for $250 a month—to the anguish of the owner, who discovered, in rapid succession, that he could have got $1000 from others and that with Uncle Claude, renegotiation was not to be contemplated. Fields snickered for ten years over his bargain dwelling, but he had to do without repairs. Since

it was not the comic's policy to put money into someone else's property, in time he lived surrounded by peeling wallpaper and a mist of powdered plaster. Pieces from the ceiling generally had to be cleared away before lining up a shot on his billiard table.

Although the house didn't belong to him, it very soon acquired other tones of the Fields patina. Double locks appeared on nearly every door and Uncle Willie carried the 30 or 40 keys on his person, jingling them constantly to remind himself that all was well.

Among his many paranoid notions, Fields cultivated the fear that the seven fat years would inevitably be followed by seven lean ones, and he intended to forestall famine with an ever-normal granary of his own devising. In most of the rooms, canned goods lay stacked in wholesale lots. As far as anyone knows, he never breached this cargo of beets, corn, sardines and soups—he only added to it. To the owner, though, this stockpile represented a shaky kind of security.

And no security could ever be more than shaky to Fields. For him, the ratty past always hovered at the door, ready to pounce. Wherever he was, he carried a roll of bills amounting to between $10,000 and $15,000. Gene Fowler once noticed the wad bulging out of the pocket of Uncle Willie's bathrobe and ventured to ask him what he used it for.

"Nothing," Fields answered. "It's getaway money."

The comic kept a careful catalog of the several hundred bottles of assorted liquors he stored in a room with *three* locks, and he would take inventory at least once, and sometimes twice, a day.

The house on De Mille Drive boasted several bars, one of them mounted on an express wagon for alfresco use, and iceboxes were strategically scattered throughout the premises. In the room he called the parlor, Fields kept a barber chair. He associated it with the one indulgence of his youth: hot towels and the manipulations of a Figaro. In later years, when afflicted with insomnia, he found he could slumber in it while reclining in his recollections of its luxury.

On the second floor, Fields maintained a gymnasium. Here he could be found, of a morning, riding a mechanical bicycle on which he had installed a horn that he would beep from time to time. "Breaks the monotony," he explained to those with an inquiring turn of mind. This sort of reasoning probably also prompted him to sing sea chanteys as he exercised on his rowing machine, interrupting himself from time to time to shout obscene pseudo-seafaring commands to an imaginary crew.

He further enlivened these room-bound trips with stops to take on supplies in the form of cocktails and highballs, to the resigned chagrin of his trainer, Bob Howard. The latter would watch hopelessly while the landlocked sea dog, sculling away like 60, chased the tom collins he had placed—like a stationary mechanical rabbit—just in front of the anchored boat. Having caught up with the drink, after ten minutes of frantic effort, Fields would knock it back and bellow, expansively: "These workouts are doing me a world of good, Bob. They should increase my liquor consumption two or three hundred percent."

Actually, though not exactly trim, Fields never really got out of shape. He played a hard, tricky and precise tennis game. Being disinclined to chase balls that were out of reach, he relied on the Big Game—making shots with an aggressive, fierce delivery—long before it had become the dominant style on the professional courts. His serves were not only explosive, they usually bit chalk, directed with a juggler's eye for exact distances.

Golf, however, was Fields' pet sport, offering, as it did, the chance to swindle several opponents at once. He shot, legitimately, in the 80s, a score he frequently lowered to championship level by the judicious use of furtive cheating. Finding himself in a bad lie, he would point at the sky and shout, "Wild geese!" while his club deftly hooked the ball into a more playable position. By careful attention to these details, Fields took down a good deal of loot in what amounted to a subsidiary career on the links. From La Cava alone, he won two Lincoln sedans; and Uncle Willie's doctor, whom he paid a retainer of $100 a day, usually found at the end of the month that he'd lost a good deal more than that to his patient.

Though attached to golf as an avocational contribution to his income, Uncle Claude's most beloved outdoor pastime was, by all odds, picnics. The mention of those bucolic excursions, at which children are indispensable, conjures up a picture of moo-cow serenity to which the irascible lush seems somehow foreign. Nonetheless, Fields loved them, as long as he was the instigator and rule maker. Of course, a Fields picnic wasn't an exact reproduction of the traditional family jaunt. It began, when the mood was on him, with the mixing of a bucket-sized Thermos of martinis. As he concocted it, he would shout orders to the women of the house: "Eggs! Hard-boiled eggs! And fried chicken! And bake some kind of cake. Two kinds!"

This gathering of the more usual

"Trial marriages are too binding. What I had in mind was a trial trial marriage."

picnic staples would, of course, take several hours of the morning, during which time Fields would make repeated assaults on the Thermos, replenishing as needed.

By the time the voyage got cracking, around noon, Uncle Claude himself would be well under way. His ever-present fear of running short of foodstuffs would assert itself at the first shopping center on the road. A half hour would be spent by the Pickwick of Picnics exploring the shelves for jars of *pâté*, tins of caviar, huge bags of pretzels and potato chips, potted shrimps, canned beans and whatever else struck him as indispensable to the success of the undertaking. Dire necessity, however, rarely struck the party, since the leader almost never strayed any measurable distance from civilization. He was, in fact, as likely as not to shepherd the revelers into some motel or other. "Looks like it's coming on to rain," he'd say, and then sock in for a refreshing nap.

Under these circumstances, it isn't astonishing that a Fields picnic often lasted into the following day; and on one especially attenuated occasion, the party, starting from L. A., ended up in San Francisco, where it spent a frolicsome and instructive five-day weekend before staggering back to home base. Fields was gratified. "Nice picnic," he decided. "We ought to have them more often." Uncle Willie's largess, on these outings, was typical of part-time misers, who, on occasion, blow off steam with princely abandon.

As might be expected with the contrary comic, he was especially attached to that bane of all picnickers—rain. The sound of a shower pelting a roof is calming to many people. To the congenitally fretful Fields, it had the soothing effect of a fifth of gin; and it distressed him that California summers, whatever else they might have had to offer, were deficient in this respect. Carlotta Monti took note of his dissatisfaction and devised a tranquilizer that she administered whenever Uncle Claude grew restive. Strollers past the Fields estate would then be riveted in their tracks by the unexpected—though possibly edifying—sight of the owner sitting under an umbrella that was being drenched from a distance by a pretty brunette in a sunsuit, wielding a hose.

In the late 1930s, Fields and Carlotta, with the umbrella and the hose, moved for a while to a sanatorium. Uncle Willie's addiction to pineapple juice, which he sometimes mixed in minute proportions with his gin—this concoction having replaced the martinis—had caught up with him. On hearing of the move and the reason for it, Fowler promptly called the invalid.

"How are you feeling, Claude?" he asked—deliberately using, as all Fields' friends did in moments of poignancy, the short form that the comic found insulting.

"Not so good, nephew," Fields replied. "Seems they found some urine in my alcohol."

The doctors eventually managed to sort out the antithetical ingredients, and for the next year, Uncle Willie tried to make do with light wines and beer. His doctors even had the gall to prescribe milk—which Fields promptly cited as the cause of his illness, calling it "a whitish fluid they force down helpless babies." The regimen didn't agree with him. "Stuff's bad for the nerves," he concluded after 365 days of unrelieved gloom, and he gradually worked his way back to his previous load of two-quarts-plus a day.

His return to films was equally triumphant. In 1938, he had gone on radio for Chase and Sanborn coffee, at $6500 a week, and in two years had shifted to Lucky Strike, at $7500 (confounding the latter sponsor by persistently referring to his imaginary son Chester while on the air—only weeks later did the company realize that the tad's full name might be a sly plug for a rival cigarette firm). He quit both engagements of his own volition. Although his voice—by turns petulant, pompous, didactic, wheedling and falsely hearty—accurately reflected his character, Fields felt that his listeners were being robbed of the overall effect; and he let it be known in a full-page ad in the *Hollywood Reporter* that he was ready to give the whole package to them.

Universal Pictures heard and heeded the siren call. Fields made four comedies for this permissive organization, at the rate of one a year. With the exception of the opus he co-authored with Mae West, these works were attributed to authors with names such as those on Fields' bank accounts. That they were the product of the master's marvelously warped mind is not in doubt: His signature is all over the place. In his case, though, the word "authorship" must be used in a special, Fieldsian sense. He charged the studio—

"You, there, no, no, him—the guy with the pink housecoat and the net stockings, yeah, you—do you want to press charges against this Peeping Tom?"

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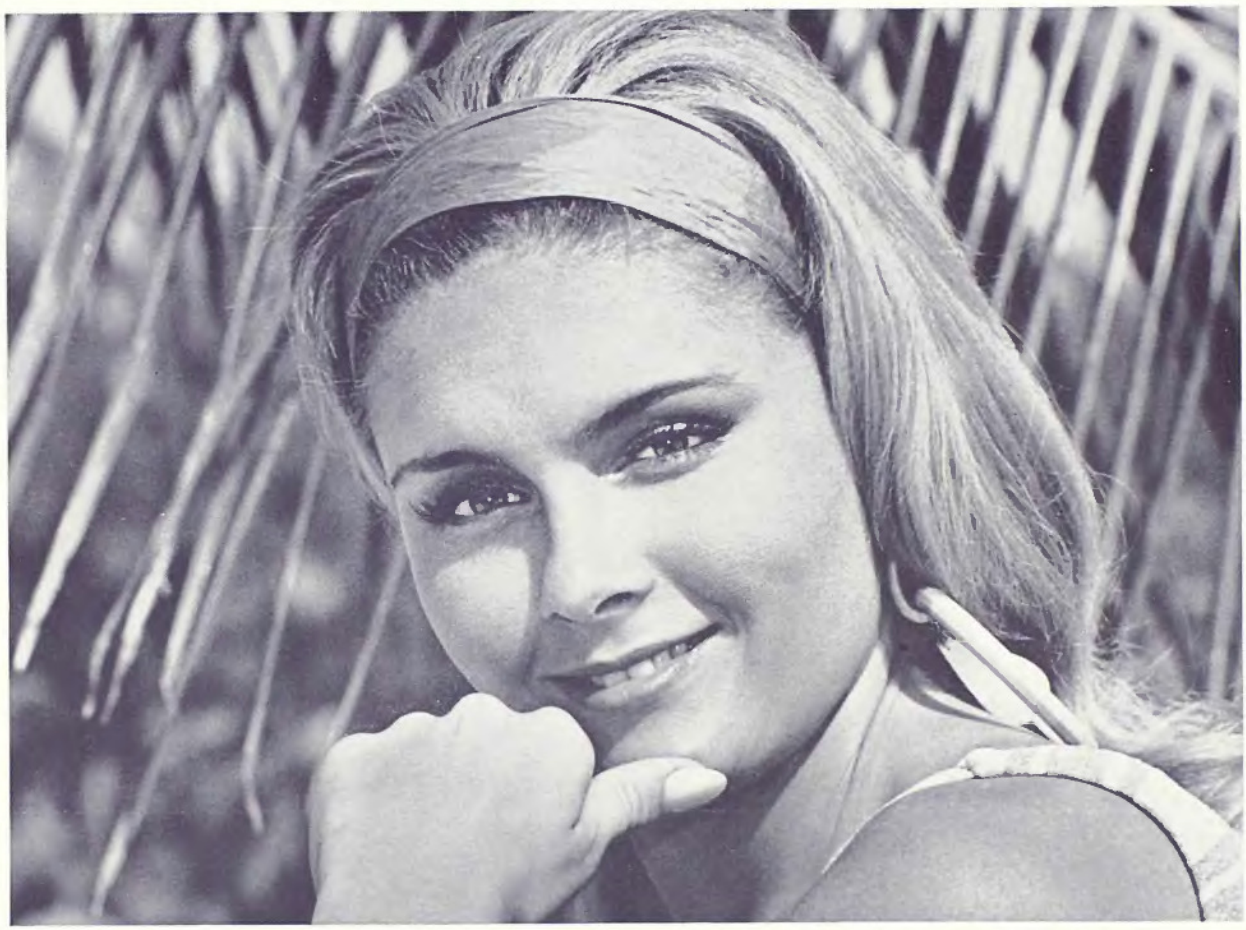

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and was paid—for scenarios at the rate of some $25,000 per picture. But, as in the case of Da Vinci, some of his best material was scribbled in the margins of a laundry list. His notes generally came out sketchier than those of the Renaissance master. They sparkled with such random suggestions as "Deaf widow runs snake farm. Don't forget the delicatessen." Fortunately for filmgoers, the studio accepted these jottings as legitimate scripts, putting the surcharge down to the incidentals of dealing with genius and, in the process, making their author the highest-paid writer, per word, in history.

The films that Fields wove out of such scraps were, in chronological order, *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*, *My Little Chickadee*, *The Bank Dick* and *Never Give a Sucker an Even Break*. With the Sennett two-reelers, and *It's a Gift*, made for Paramount, they are, without question, his most personal creations. In them, the turbulent artist asserts his claim to inclusion in any pantheon of American nonconformists and takes an honorable place beside Tom Paine, Thoreau, Amelia Bloomer, Robert Ingersoll, Mark Twain and H. L. Mencken. He achieved this status by ignoring every rule Hollywood imposed on itself and forced down the collective throats of those who paid the tab.

The principle that gripped film makers before the 1950s was, roughly, this: No institution that Americans officially held to be sacred might be transgressed, much less derided. Any screen personage who did so—and gangster and war pictures sometimes made this inevitable—was slated to get his punishment, in spades. The one exception to the decree was Bugs Bunny.

Fields acted as if he, too, were licensed to get away with mayhem, and he blandly violated the Production Code at every turn, whacking away indiscriminately at romantic love, motherhood, marriage, children, the Noble Redskin, dogs and the entire catalog of boy-scout virtues. His principal arsenal was wrath, and he was an expert in all its weapons, from semisomnolent peevishness to choleric malignancy. So armed, he lit into all the textbook tenets advocated by pulpit moralists and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce.

Along with this bantering of society's traditional foundations, Fields celebrates everything that's frowzy and unkempt: truantism, simony, fraud, intemperance, advantage play and every form of disreputable behavior known to police blotters, including contributions to the delinquency of minors. And he gets away with it all.

Outstanding among his forays against morality is the plot of *The Bank Dick*, in which Fields and his wheyfaced son-in-law-to-be embezzle money from a bank, invest it in a beefsteak mine (logic was not the least of the comic's sworn enemies) and come out winners. Retribution is not on the agenda. The moral, apparently, is: It's OK to steal, if you're lucky. A second lesson is also discernible; namely, that business success, that all-American reward, is achieved not by application and foresight but through dalliance and incompetence. In similar philosophical essays, Fields dismantles the other gears of the American dream, and he does it with a deliberation that distinguishes him from his coevals.

"This is a new generation of sloths!"

Slapstick is the art of milking chaos for laughs, and all clowns are fundamentally anarchists. Nearly every comic bangs away at good behavior and accepted standards. Fields' rivals are destructive, but they break things up without plan and usually in consequence of desperate attempts to be correct and to get things done right. Langdon, Keaton, Laurel and Hardy, are pathetically eager to conform, to be accepted. Respectability is Chaplin's everlasting goal. All of their mistakes are well intentioned or forced upon them, and they bumble their way into imbroglios and disasters. Even when, as did the Marx Brothers, they play amoral boors, the upheavals they cause have no permanent consequences. Groucho and his siblings are only snipping at the branches. Fields went after the roots. His attitude is unique, because he means it. Other antisocial comics are not dissatisfied. Despite his name, for instance, Groucho's usual view of things is one of mindless cheerfulness. Fields is cheerful only when he has put one over on society.

Fields, on the screen, *intends* to be a crook and *means* to be a monkey wrench; he assures us it's the only way to get things done. But he isn't proselytizing: As he sees it, this outrageous prescription for success already prevails, and he's only giving us examples. Going along with corruption is Fields' version of conformity; it is in insisting on it as a working principle that he becomes an image breaker.

"His was an art of exposure," Zero Mostel has noted. "He says, 'Don't be organized; steal to get ahead; drink all you can; beat your family.'" Save for interrupting setbacks, that is, indeed, the message. True, he is occasionally helpful, but it is because he's either killing time or working an angle. Either way, his impulse turns a simple nuisance into a local catastrophe. And when, as he sometimes does, he achieves respectability—always by pure chance—it is invariably on his own terms: Thenceforth, he can get sauced wearing a high silk hat—and on the cuff.

The last film in which Fields evidenced his full, masterfully outrageous form was a 1944 potpourri called *Follow the Boys*, in which he did a six-minute version of his billiards routine—and collected $25,000 for his efforts. Though he made two more movies—*Song of the Open Road* and *Sensations of 1945*—ill health marred his performances in both. It was not long before Fields was once more attacked by his rebellious kidneys. Severely ill, he went back to the rest home, where he languished, intractable as ever but much cheered by the presence of Carlotta Monti and a constant flow of old friends—all of them smuggling bottled contraband past a staff that had given up trying to be vigilant.

On Christmas morning, 1946, Fields died. It was drizzling—a condition Uncle Willie could only have approved. They say the last thing that he did was wink.

DEATH'S DOOR *(continued from page 126)*

I leaned as far over the rail as I could and, as the old car came abreast of me then gradually began to drop astern, I tried to make out the faces of the kids inside. It was too dark for much more than silhouettes. However, I did raise my arm and wave to them. And I swear that I saw somebody waving back from the rear seat. Then the yellow headlight beams grew dimmer, the chugga-chugga dropped back out of earshot and we'd lost them.

Funny, I thought. I'd hate to have any kids of mine out on the ice on a freezing night like this one. But I supposed that people up here had different ideas. They probably drove over to Blackrock—when the ice was thick enough—as casually as we'd go down to the drugstore in Green Bay.

Anyway, it was an interesting little incident, probably not the usual thing to the average Wisconsin newspaper reader. I thought I'd pin it down a little more and use it someplace in the feature. "Up around Nicolet Island, some strange things are taken as a matter of course," my lead might go. "As I was crossing over on the ferryboat last night, I saw. . . ." I made my way along the railing until I'd come back to the pilothouse door. Ostenson was still at the wheel, as if he hadn't moved since I'd left. I went on in. He glanced at me.

"Captain, I guess you saw those kids out on the ice in the old car back there just a bit. Heading over to the island. Is that a fairly common thing up here? Couldn't the kids get into trouble?"

He didn't reply. He swung his whole head around toward me, his face perfectly immobile and his gray fish-scale eyes staring. Then he looked back at his course and was silent for nearly a minute.

At last he said quietly, "It happens." Then, in a louder voice, he commanded, "Come here!" I walked over. "Open your mouth and breathe out," he said. He waited a moment. Then he said, "Liquor drinking on this ship is against the law. I could file a complaint against you and get you fined. You hear that?"

"Come off it, Cap," I said. "It's just a drop to keep the old blood flowing."

"Maybe," he said in a cold voice. "But I could testify that you barged into my pilothouse once and I had to order you out. Then you spent some time drinking liquor somewhere. Then you came back into the pilothouse against my orders. Mister, this may be just a dinky little Great Lakes ferryboat, but the captain is still the law on it. Now, you go back and sit down in the passenger cabin and shut up."

I made my disconsolate way back to the cabin. What in the world had gone wrong with that moron in the pilothouse? He'd seemed perfectly friendly until. . . . I couldn't figure out what came after the "until." I sat down at one of the tables in the middle of the cabin. A burly man with a blond mustache and wearing a thick mackinaw looked up from across the table. He pointed at a half-full bottle of Seagrams and a paper cup. "Drink?" he asked.

I looked around. Just about every table had a pint or a fifth on it. Obviously, not a temperance ship. Just when I was going to ask mackinaw-mustache about the captain, I decided better. If Kinney's two paragraphs were any guide to the island, this chap was probably the captain's older brother, or at least a first cousin. Probably just Ostenson's quirk; he must have suddenly decided that he didn't like my face.

I was on deck again to observe our landing. The dark form of the island was very close now and I could see lights farther up the channel. They seemed to outline the dock. We passed a channel buoy frozen in the ice at a drunken tilt and wearing a snowy beard. The wind swept in from the lake, even harsher and stronger than before, then calmed a little as we came in. The engine went half speed, then silent, and came on loud again in reverse. I saw the wooden pilings of the dock, illuminated by a hanging string of yellow bulbs. I heard a shoe scrape on the stairway behind me and I turned.

It was the hunchback, just starting down to the deck. "I seen 'em, too," he said in a low voice.

"The kids in the car?" I said. "Yeah, what about it?"

"It's the old team," he whispered. "It's the old team still tryin' to make it." He was suddenly scuttling down the stairs to his duty with the ropes.

Clannish, inbred—but Ed Kinney had forgotten to tell me that I might run into some slightly loony ones, too.

• • •

Comfortable, warm, old-fashioned and presumably by the side of the lake. Lakeside Cottages struck me as a good omen. I was the only guest, yet a neat path had been shoveled from the lodge down to my small cabin (number nine) and a boy named Roger Nelson carried my bags. He turned the lights on and showed me where the radio was.

"Are you visiting up here?" he asked. "I wouldn't want to be nosy, but we almost never get an overnight guest in the winter."

"No. I'm a reporter. I came up a day early, but I'm really here to cover the big game tomorrow night."

"That's great," he said, smiling. "You from *Life*?"

"No, just from Green Bay, I'm afraid." He handed me my key.

"I'm one of the assistant basketball managers," he said. "Means I carry stuff around a lot—though you'd never guess it from the important-sounding title."

"I won't tell a single soul in Green Bay what you *really* do," I said. He started to leave. "Well, good luck against Fish Creek," I said.

He smiled and shook his head. "It's Ephraim," he said. "The game's against Ephraim. Fish Creek wasn't even in the running this year."

"Of course. How could I be so forgetful? Good luck against Ephraim," I said. He smiled again and closed the door behind him.

Sure, it was Ephraim Bay. We'd even had a feature story on Kevin O'Hara, their six-foot-six, high-scoring center. Why had I said Fish Creek? I lay on the bed with a couple of fingers of whiskey in the bathroom tumbler, blowing fancy smoke rings. Then it came back to me. Simple.

The kids crossing the ice in the old car had BEAT FISH CREEK painted on its side. The slogan was probably a leftover from the baseball or football season.

After a while, I stirred myself and got the notebook from my jacket pocket. First I'd get something to eat, then I'd get in a little work on the background for the feature story. I found the page with my notes on the briefing Ed Kinney had given me. On the second page, with a star beside it, was the name "Edward Maier."

"Ed coach fr abt ten yrs. Now retired. One of best small-school coaches in state. Runner-up three, four years in row, then champion team around 1947. Small town wild abt basketball. Maybe 60 kids in the high school, 59 of em b. b. players. Tall Swedes. Local disaster sometime in 40s or 50s. School fire? Anyway, several children died, including team members. Quick check in our files draws blank, but ask Ed, who will know all abt it." There were several other entries, but I decided to try Maier first.

There were all of four pages in the phone book. Edward Maier's number was a quaint 32-B. Then I had to turn a crank on the phone to ring the operator. I was back in the 1920s. "Please give me 32-B," I said.

"There's somebody staying at Lakeside," I heard the operator say to somebody with her. "He's calling Ed Maier." Then I heard her say, "How should I know why he wants to talk to Ed?"

"Operator, honey," I said in my coziest voice. "My name is Charley Pope. I'm a sports reporter on *The Green Bay News*. I get a hundred and thirty dollars a week. I'm forty years old, six-foot-one, 185 pounds, married and the father of two. I'm here to cover the game tomorrow night. And now, operator, honey, please ring Ed Maier for me."

"Well, it's nice meeting you, Mr.

Pope!" she said. "We don't get many visitors in the wintertime." I heard a whispered aside to her friend, "Newspaper man, and he sounds real nice. No, I *don't* know why he's calling Ed Maier."

When she finally did get the call through, there was an answer almost immediately at the other end. It sounded like a hiccup.

"Is this Mr. Ed Maier? I'm up here to cover . . ." and I went on through my introduction. There was silence for almost a minute.

I knew that Ed Maier was still conscious, though, because I could hear a deep and regular breathing over the line. "Listen, Mr. Maier," I finally said, "if it's more convenient, I can come over to see you tomorrow. But I'd rather make a short call this evening, if it's OK."

More deep breathing. Then he spoke one word in a hoarse voice. "*Hurry!*" And then he had hung up.

Thumbtacked to the wall of my cottage was a postcard-sized map of the island. I studied it until I thought I'd worked out my route from Lakeside to Town Line Road, where Maier lived. It was now almost seven. I'd talk with the old boy for about an hour and try to get back to get some dinner around eight. I went out to my car.

The map was probably OK, but the snow and the scarcity of signs tricked me, because the next one I saw read GUNNAUGSSON ROAD, which was a dirt road that didn't appear on the map at all. I wandered from that onto another road that turned out to be Detroit Harbor Road. This did appear on the map, running the length of the island south to north. My only trouble was that I didn't know which way was north. After a couple of miles of rough going through the snow, a red neon savior gleamed out of the dark. God bless Gus' Bar. Eats. Beer. Mixed Drinks.

And there they both were, just as advertised. The one, massive old-fashioned dark wood; and the other, behind it—massive old-fashioned barkeep. A jukebox was sobbing at the top of its voice when I went in.

"Ed Maier?" said the bartender, shaking his head slowly, as if this were just too much. He mopped the bar for a while. "Ed Maier," he finally said reluctantly, "you mean *coach* Ed Maier?"

"Yes. I mean *coach* Ed Maier on Town Line Road. Can you tell me how to get there?"

"Guess I could," he said. He started to polish some glass beer steins. "What do you want with him?"

"I want to offer him a job in the movies," I said. "Now, where do I find him?"

"Well," said Gus reflectively, "when you go out the door, point yourself right. Go about twenty-five yards. Then

go left on Town Line right down to the very end. That's where Coach lives."

As I was going out the door, he said, "If you're a reporter on the Green Bay paper and you get a hundred and thirty dollars a week, how come you tell people you can get them in the movies?"

"How come you sell poisoned beer?" I asked and left.

But the directions were right, anyway. I found Maier's ramshackle little cottage in a winter-bare birch grove. There was a pile of firewood outside the front door, a little drift of smoke from the chimney and a dim light inside the window. The door was opened even before I could get out of the car.

Ed Maier was one of those people who look about 30 from a distance of 20 yards. Blond hair combed straight back, very fair skin, athletic build and no pot. At half the distance, he had added 10 years, maybe 15. He wore high boots, heavy pants and a plaid windbreaker. You began to see the creases in his face, the jowls, the round-shouldered middle age in his stance.

When you got right up there to shake hands, you saw, by the lamplight in the doorway, the undertaker's next. Or at least that was the way he struck me at the moment. The blue eyes were glazed. The face was a Rand McNally of varicose veins. The flesh looked like puff paste. Ed Maier seemed to be the victim of one of those diseases that age a man too rapidly.

He invited me in and offered me coffee. He had two cups ready and one of those old conical coffeepots steaming on one of the hot flagstones of the hearth. On the littered table there was a plate with some thick slices of bread and cheese. I made myself a sandwich and sat across from him in a rocker near the fire. I meant to ask him why he'd said "Hurry!" that way, but I didn't quite know how to put it.

He began, "Well, you can quote me as saying we've had a great season. No, sir, I won't be coy about that. The boys have marvelous spirit and we've been getting near onto seventy percent of the rebounds. Thank Red Hockstader for that. Six-four and a natural for all-state. Best center I've ever coached."

"But, Coach," I said gently, "I never heard of Red Hockstader. The Nicolet Island center is a kid named Kris Holmsund."

"Think I don't know that?" said the old man. "I thought you said you wanted to talk about the championship team. That was 1947." I would have sworn that the brew in his coffee cup came more from Kentucky than from Brazil. He took a long swig.

"They really had her fixed up," he said. "The old American Legion Hall. Flags, bunting, more smorgasbord than you ever seen in your life. Couple barrels of beer. Band all in new uniforms. Vee for victory. Big sign read, WELCOME TO OUR CHAMPS. Broke my heart." He drifted off into silence. "They were all my boys, you know. Just like sons."

I wasn't getting anywhere. We were drifting pretty aimlessly in the old man's memory, though we seemed to be skirting the edge of that disaster—school fire or whatever it was—Kinney had told me to check on. I made a guess and tried again.

"So they never showed up at the American Legion Hall for the victory celebration? Is that the way it was, Coach? Remind me just how it happened, will you?" I poured myself some more coffee and made another cheese sandwich. The fire burned hot in the fireplace, but so many of the windowpanes were broken and patched with cardboard that I kept feeling an intermittent draft.

"My wife Julia was alive then. The whole thing broke her up terrible. And Sally run off to Milwaukee and married a bum. Drunken bum, I heard. Not that I've even thought of her for twenty years."

Now we were really lost in the fog. Might as well give it up for tonight, I thought—but I decided to try once more. "Coach, tell me how it all came about. What happened first that led up to . . . ?"

He nodded. "Well, you know," he said patiently, as if repeating an oft-told tale. "You know we won by four points in the overtime. And when we got back to Blackrock, the ferryboat was late. No sign of her. And all the boys crazy mad to get back to the celebration. And me half out of my head myself, I guess. . . .

"Well, anyhow, I said wait, by God. Red said no. *He* was going to drive it alone. I said he was a damn fool. He said it wasn't snowing. I said it was going to any minute and, though the ice was thick enough, still, there were probably weak spots in it here and there. So I took him out back of the smokehouse, where the others couldn't hear, and I talked Red out of it. Thought so. Then I went down the road to a house to use the telephone. When I came back, the whole damn team had left. It was beginning to snow then. . . ."

I suddenly understood the old tragedy of Nicolet Island. The champions were all dead, the triumphant team wiped out. But, of course, it was a lot more than that. Everybody on the island was related to one or more of the seven or eight boys on the team. But something was bothering me and I had to explode.

"Why in God's name, then, do the people of this place still let their kids toot around on the ice in old cars? You'd think they'd learn something from what happened. Why, just tonight, coming over, I saw another bunch in a car, chugging along across the strait."

As the old coach stared at me, the merciful potion from his coffee cup began to take hold. The lids seemed to fall over his eyes like the lids of dolls' eyes, pulled down by gravity. His head slowly sank to his forearm and he was silent.

"Coach?" I said experimentally. He didn't move. I debated whether to haul him off to his bed, but then I guessed that he probably spent a good many winter nights in the old easy chair in front of the dying fire—and the ancient phrase was a perfect literal description—in his cups.

• • •

I got into bed early and opened my book. I'd brought along Alan Moorehead's *The White Nile*, which I'd been saving to read and which now seemed to me a good, faraway kind of thing to dissipate all the nonsense I'd encountered that afternoon. Because now, in a quiet moment, it seemed to me that the whole business was nonsensical. And, by the time I got sleepy enough to turn out the light, I'd succeeded. I was deep in Tanganyika with Livingstone.

• • •

I was shaving the next morning when I heard a knock at the cabin door. "Come in," I yelled, and Roger Nelson pushed open the door. Hearty good mornings on either side. I was feeling refreshed and hungry. "How are the pancakes up there at the lodge?" I asked.

"Great," he said. "But you've got an invitation to breakfast—out. Mr. Ostenson sent me down to ask you."

"Him?" I said to the mirror. "On the ferry on the way over, he took an intense dislike to my looks. Just about threw me in irons. What does he want now?"

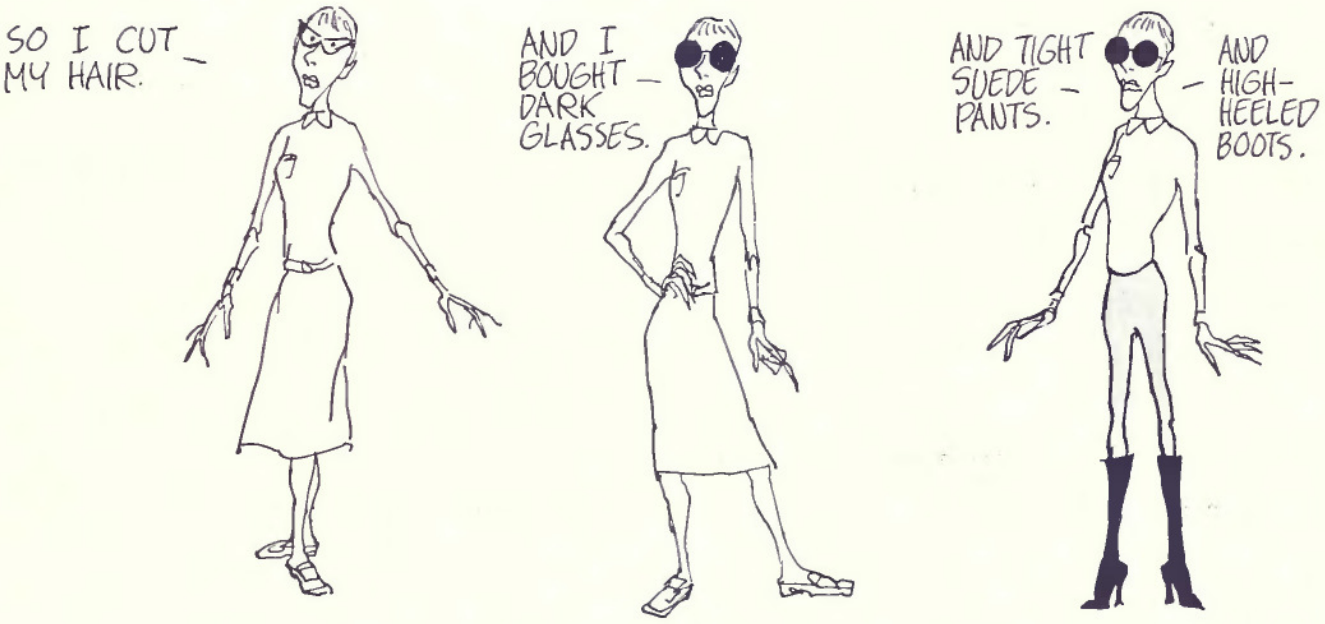
"Oh, Axel," Roger said. "He was probably just in a bad mood because he was dying for a drink. Gets that way late in the afternoon. No, this is Nels Ostenson. He's the mayor here. Businessman. Rents out cottages and deals in real estate. He's a very nice guy, you'll see. I think he probably wants to make friends with the press. And you couldn't get better pancakes than they make at the Ostensons."

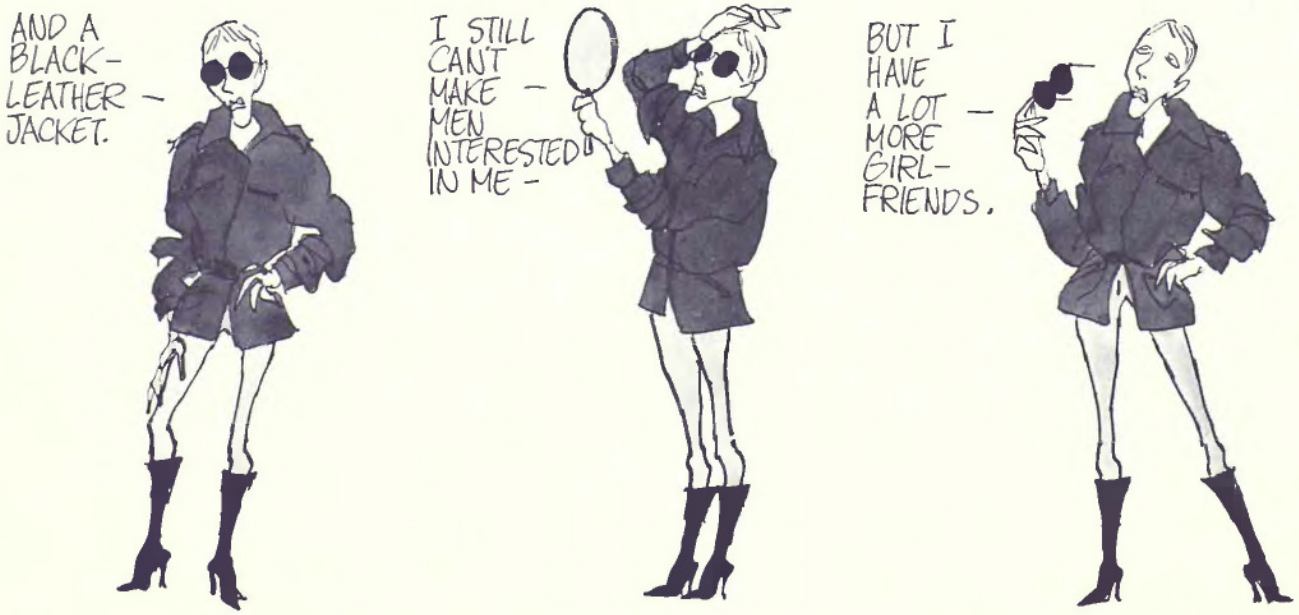
"Seduced!" I said. "Be out in a minute."

Roger showed me the way. The sun was so brilliant that it almost hurt; and under the bright sky, Nicolet Island looked as I'd hoped it would—the little street, snow-covered fields, sedate stone fences and plain white farmhouses off in the distance. The snow squeaked under our boots.

"Did you ever meet Paul Hornung? What's Willie Davis like in person? Boy, and that Bart Starr! Did you interview him after that game with the Cowboys? How many counts does he take in the pocket when he sees his primary receiver is covered?" Roger kept asking me questions faster than I could answer them. We'd covered a fair amount of the Packer

Haute Couture by Jules ~~Feiffer~~





offensive game by the time we got to a frame office building with a sign reading, N. OSTENSON, BUILDERS, REAL ESTATE, PLUMBING & HEATING. Down the side of this, there was a cleared cement walk, between hedges, that led to a pleasant white clapboard house.

Nels Ostenson was a big, gray-haired man with a Kriss Kringle face and a ringing laugh. I liked him immediately. "By damn," he said, one hand on my shoulder, "my favorite author in person. I even read your tragedies—such as 'Colts Nose Out Packers Twenty-four to Twenty.' But we won't talk about that. I'm sure everybody you meet talks Packers until you're sick of it."

He showed me into a pleasant room, where the sun shone through the front windows and bookcases lined the walls. A table with a white tablecloth was set up and, almost as soon as we sat down, a teenage girl brought in some orange juice ("Daughter Karen, Mr. Pope").

And the pancakes were good—big and light and golden. After a decent pause to make a serious start on them, he said, "I'm going to apologize all over the place, Charley. I think you had a bad introduction to our little town out here, and I'm sorry. Wish I'd known you were coming. First of all, Axel was snotty to you on the ferryboat, I understand. Well, you've got to know Axel to know why. He's a good boy, but he's kind of on edge these days—family trouble. Wife had an operation last summer and she's never really recovered. One kid just about in college and lots of money worries. So I think you ought to forgive him for blowing his stack. He didn't know who you were. I guess he got into one of his moods." Nels said all of this with a sort of grandfatherly grin and some wide waves of his fork. He had a snowy-white napkin tucked in his shirt collar, under his chin.

"I'd already forgotten. I shouldn't have gone poking around the pilothouse, anyway."

"Good! Good! Now that's settled," he said. "Too bad you had to run onto two of our worst pieces of hard luck just when you arrived. I'm sorry about Ed Maier. I should say straight off that poor Ed is in terrible shape. You know, one of the things about a little community like ours is that we probably make a big mistake by being too charitable. Now, someplace else, Ed would have been put in a home long ago. But folks around here just can't stand the idea of shutting a man up if he's harmless—even if it would be for his own good. Ed's been more or less off his rocker ever since his wife died.

"Trouble is, everybody who knew Ed in the old days loves him. Why, he was practically the local hero for nearly ten years. Nobody kinder than Ed; nobody better at handling the kids. And in a basketball-crazy place like this, somebody who puts out winning teams year after year just about owns the town. Sure, nowadays, he holes up in that shack of his, has the d.t.s, is full of crazy persecution delusions—but still it seems like nobody has the heart to commit him. Probably my responsibility, but I'm just as weak-kneed as all the rest."

"I gathered something like that," I said. "He gave me a disconnected story about his daughter running away. . . ."

"And about the team?" Nels asked. He paused for a minute, looking directly at me.

"Something about the old championship team he coached, yes."

Nels sighed. "It's his worst bugaboo. He had a real crack-up back about Forty-seven, just after we won the championship. Pardon me if you've heard all this—but you have to understand something about that freak accident to understand what happened to him. You'll hear some crazy superstitious stories, but the truth is that we had one of those terrible, foolish accidents that winter and a lot of stupid rumors got started.

"What really happened is this. The team was coming back one night from the championship game at Fish Creek. Bad weather and Ed knew it was going to be worse. They got to Blackrock and the ferry was late coming over for them. We had a kid on the team at that time, Red Hockstader—great player but a big, headstrong German kid. At Blackrock, he talked the rest of the team into driving over the ice in his old car. You know, cross the strait and surprise everybody by sailing into the welcome party on their own wheels.

"Now, Ed did his damnedest to talk them out of it—and he thought he had. But he didn't figure on Red's being so stubborn. So, when Ed went up the road for a few minutes, the kids set out. Ordinarily, it might be quite possible to drive right across the strait, if you did it in daylight and watched out sharp for rotten spots in the ice. It's different at night. Well, the sad story is that they must have hit a rotten spot and the whole team went right down to the bottom of the strait. Not a trace." He stared out of the window for a minute or two. "Anything else people say is pure baloney."

I hesitated. Finally, I said, "I believe you. But there is one thing that bothers me."

He put down his fork and untucked his napkin. "What's that?"

"Well, since I've been here, I've heard some of these rumors, and one of them is pretty weird. People say that once in a while, somebody sees an old Ford out on the ice, trying to make it across to Nicolet Island. Wrapped in mist, chugging along. All that. The old team trying to get home."

Nels threw his napkin on the floor and stood up. "Those damn kids!" he said. "Those damn jokers. I'll have the law on them one of these days, even if I have to get Madison to send the state police up!" His face was red and he kicked at a doorstop as he walked up and down.

"Charley, I don't know what's got into this generation. You know about sick jokes and black humor and all. I suppose most of that's harmless, but it does turn my stomach. Anyway, it's awful ghoulish when a practical joke is played on people who've really had members of their family killed or drowned, don't you think? So, there's this bunch of smart-ass kids in Blackrock who thought it was funny to buy an old car someplace, paint it up with signs like the ones on Hockstader's old jalopy and give the ferry passengers a scare on dark nights by chugging out onto the ice and letting themselves be seen."

"Do you know who they are?" I asked. "Can't you catch them?"

"I will someday," he said. "Just wait. I had the whole of Blackrock searched last time, but they must have had the thing hidden pretty carefully. Not a soul in the vicinity lets on that he knows a thing. But we'll catch them!

"Cruelest thing is that old Ed really believes that car is out there. He swears that he hears it chugging along the shore by his house. Used to be he thought that only when he was drunk. Now he believes it all the time."

Before I left, Nels had calmed down a little and we talked about other subjects. Inevitably, we got onto the Packers, and I had to give him my personal impressions of Vince Lombardi.

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Silence. Free throw. The Nicolet Island guard leaned forward, feet placed in the middle of the circle, body straight. Up on the toes, leaning more, then the calculated throw, a graceful arc and the ball dropped through the basket, leaving in its wake a dancing net, a howling gym. Before the referee could place the ball back in action, the timekeeper sounded the buzzer. End of the third quarter. Score: Nicolet Island 51, Ephraim 51.

Ed Kinney thought the island's population to be approximately 200, and my educated crowd estimate placed the local rooters at nearly that number. Most had arrived early, well before gametime, and had invaded the gray-wooden bleachers, leaving cramped space for the half-hundred Ephraim fans who had crossed over on the midafternoon ferry.

Captain Axel Ostenson was there. So was Nels. I scanned the faces. Roger, carrying a bucket, gave me a big wave. Only Ed Maier was missing.

I'd spent the day poking around the

island, picking up bits of local lore and tramping over some snow-covered but attractive landscape. My ideas for a feature story with just a touch of the supernatural as a come-on had to be junked (OLD LEGEND OF A LOST TEAM STILL HAUNTS NICOLET ISLAND). Everybody had heard the tale, of course, and everybody had then said, "Poor Ed Maier," alcoholism was a terrible thing, and one of these days poor old Ed would probably have to be put away in an institution.

Only one thing stuck in the back of my mind and bothered me. When I'd seen Ed, he'd been garrulous and probably drunk. He'd rambled on about lots of things he seemed to want to get off his mind. But he'd never mentioned the "ghost-car" story.

The timekeeper's buzzer announced the fourth quarter. Both sides scored repeatedly, though the game remained close. Then, with two minutes remaining, the Ephraim center, six-foot-five and full of aggression, committed his fifth personal foul and was returned to the bench, giving the Nicolet Island five both home-court advantage and control of the boards. The game ended in a thunderous glory. Nicolet Island 71, Ephraim Bay 68. Door County champions again.

At that exact moment, the whole population of the island went slam-bang out of their Scandinavian heads with one great, hoarse, endless yell of victory. Now I know what the berserk Vikings must have sounded like. The siren on top of the volunteer firehouse began to blast the air. I made it down to the locker room holding my ears.

They were still yelling up there as I tried to interview a totally incoherent coach Ostberg and a bunch of soaking-wet lunatic kids. Never mind. I've been in this business a long time and I've got a whole notebook full of the clichés. "It was a team effort. I never could have done it without the whole team in there fighting all the way. A great bunch of boys," etc. I keep wishing somebody would say something different one day.

The American Legion Hall had just about all the red, white and blue you could possibly put in without going blind. From the rafters was hung a huge sign—obviously put into place that afternoon—NICOLET ISLAND BASKETBALL TEAM, DOOR COUNTY CHAMPS. The island's German band, in splendid befrogged blue uniforms, boomed out victory marches. The ladies of the American Legion Auxiliary doled out mugs of—not the watery punch you might expect but a hot, spicy and potent—*glögg*. The smorgasbord was delicious. Every kid in town was dancing.

Scenes of great hilarity and joy in which I don't share and large amounts of *glögg*, which I cherish but which affects me like a lullaby, sooner or later drive me homeward. I came out into the bitter cold of the parking lot to the strains—for the tenth time—of *Hail to the Victors Valiant*, swiped from across the lake, and hoped my car would start without any fuss.

It took a little effort, but at last the engine turned over. Suddenly, I heard a noise, a sort of choking cough, from the back seat. I turned around. Huddled there, passed out, apparently, was old Ed Maier. He'd come to hear the sound of victory, it seemed, but he just couldn't force himself to go inside. Lucky I'd come out early, or he'd probably have frozen to death.

So I drove him to his house. I hauled him out and dragged him into the house—he was stiff in more ways than one, but he was still breathing and seemed in no danger. I put him to bed on the studio couch in his front room and coaxed his fire into a blaze. Under the old Army blanket, he breathed hoarsely. I guessed he was safe enough, but he'd have quite a headache in about 24 hours when he woke up.

I switched off the lamp and went to the door. Just as I got it halfway open, I heard Ed Maier's voice loud and clear in the darkness, "*Now hear the truth, by God.*"

"Ed?" I said. "Are you all right? It's Charley Pope." I eased the door shut.

He seemed not to have heard me. He started to speak again in that clear, deliberate, unslurred voice, not like a drunk but like a man dictating a statement.

"Witness before God. Last night, before we went to Fish Creek, I made Sally tell me the story. Knocked up; at first, I thought, well, hell, it does happen and this isn't the first shotgun match on the island. And then something funny about her and the way she was acting and crying and refusing to name the boy; and I guess I did slap her around a little, first time in her life since she was a small kid and had a spanking. But Julia hysterical down there and I guess I'm strung tight because of the big game, and so I did hit her. And so she did tell, did tell, did tell. Horrible dirty thing; how could they do it? In Holmgren's barn, Sally there buck in the hay and the whole team, the whole goddamn team, my boys, and I thought of them all as my boys, every one of them there with Sally, and she didn't care.

"And awful hard for me not to let on I knew. At Blackrock, by the smokehouse, Red didn't specially want to try the trip; they'd been joking about it and some said what a big sensation it'd be; but Red, no, he wasn't foolish. Was only after I gave him a big drink from my hip flask and called the whole bunch cowards. Cowards, cowards. 'You guys can beat Fish Creek, but you're scared to get out on the ice; I drove it myself a dozen times, once in a snowstorm. Cowards.'

"No, they weren't. When I got back, they'd gone. . . ."

I waited for a long time. "Ed?" I asked. "You awake?" He was beginning to snore. He was out cold, as drunk as I'd ever seen a man, but the strange thing was that I believed every word of his story.

• • •

I woke the next morning to a semi-blizzard. It wasn't a really serious, driving Wisconsin storm; it was more like a

"Two consenting partners or not, get them out of there!!!"

boy blizzard having a snowball fight. It howled as if laughing and threw snow on the town. Momentarily, it would clear and there would be a faint haze of sunshine overhead; then it would rush in as if to smother us with a heavy blast of new snow. At those times, it made a kind of snow twilight. It was like that when I drove up to the landing—so dark that the lights of the R. L. Ostenson were shining.

Axel met me as I came on board. He had been waiting especially for my arrival, and he shook my hand. "Please feel welcome to ride either in the pilothouse or in the saloon, Mr. Pope," he said. "But *please* don't stay out on the deck in this gusty weather. The deck is slippery and you could have a bad fall."

"I won't bother you, Axel," I said. "I appreciate your invitation, but I think I'll just hole up in the cabin and read my book this trip." We smiled and he slapped me on the shoulder, then turned to go along the deck.

The hunchback drove my car aboard—that made only the third one. There seemed to be no more than half a dozen passengers this time. I settled down in an empty booth in the cabin and tried to translate my mind to the shores of Lake Victoria and the upper reaches of the White Nile.

Successfully, too. When I next looked up, I realized that the engines were throbbing and that we had been under way for some minutes. I put down the book and walked over to look out the window.

The snow and wind were still playing their fitful games—nothing but whiteness all around us for one minute, then a sudden clear space, when you could see the dark channel and maybe even 100 yards or so out across the expanse of ice. I stood there, lost in a kind of meditation, for some time.

Chugga-chugga-chugga. I couldn't believe it. I opened the door and went out onto the deck. Not near, not far, stubbornly paralleling our course somewhere out there on the ice.

I was suddenly furious. Nels was absolutely right. It was the most senseless, ghoulish, idiotic kind of practical joke in the world. Those high school kids from Blackrock ought to be caught, have their car confiscated, get thrown in jail—even get a good whipping. Not only were they harassing the Nicolet Islanders in this stupid way but they were risking their own lives every time—look what had happened once before.

I went down to the car deck, full of this kind of resentment, hoping to get a glimpse of the old jalopy. Apparently, nobody else had heard the sound, because I was all alone in the wind. I leaned over the rail and peered forward into the white confusion. The chugga-chugga seemed just a few yards away.

Then, suddenly, the breeze dropped; there was a clearing in the storm and I saw it. I saw every detail. The old car was painted black, but the body had a lot of rust on it. One running board sagged. The left-rear fender had been crumpled. A light trail of snow streamed off the layer of white on top of the roof. The battered old license plate was, sure enough, WISCONSIN, 1947. But it wasn't any of this that made me jump off the ferryboat.

I still don't know quite how I did it. I remember taking hold of a rope and swinging over the side. It was probably lucky for me that no more than a yard or so of black channel showed between the boat's side and the ice shelf, and I swung across easily.

A puff of snowy wind came up again and the car was only a dim form ahead of me. I ran. I seemed to hear some kind of shout from behind me, from the boat, but nothing was going to stop me now.

Ten yards, fifteen yards; I thought I'd never catch up. It was hard running, because the ice gave good footing one second and none at all the next.

When the snow suddenly cleared, I saw that the old Ford had stopped. They were waiting for me, heads in stocking caps poked out of the windows, faces of the boys grinning with mischief. The driver's red hair poked out from beneath his cap. They loved my startled reaction.

Ed Maier's body lay at the end of a ten-foot rope that had been tied to the rear axle. The rope was under his armpits, not around his neck, but I knew that he was dead, anyway. His face was partly covered with ice dust, partly bloody scrapes, but I knew him. I do not think that there was the least bit of astonishment in his expression.

I didn't hear the ferryboat's engine stop. The first thing I knew was that the hunchback was scrambling across the ice, yelling at me. It was he who had seen me jump overboard.

When he came up to me, he found me standing all alone, staring into the snowfall that was now coming down thick and steady over the wide, desolate ice expanse of the Porte des Morts.

"I'm just doing my thing."

THE GUN *(continued from page 82)*

any Senate issue since the McCarthy censure fight.

Other Senators had a similar response. Western Senators who, for years, had been receiving a steady trickle of mail that was 12 to 1 against any form of gun control suddenly began to receive mail in a ratio of 25 to 1 for it. A few, looking at their mail and at their consciences, announced that they could no longer oppose all gun controls. Senator Warren Magnuson of Washington, for example, who had previously opposed gun-control legislation, told his constituents, "For me, this has become a matter of deep conscience."

And the majority leader, Senator Mike Mansfield, told the Senate, "I know, as much as anyone else in this chamber, what voting on this bill means. But I believe that those of us who come from the rural West have an obligation to the rest of the country; that all of us, regardless of where we come from, have an obligation to cut down on crime."

I felt that the time had arrived to work for the most effective law-enforcement tool—not mere restriction on the interstate-mail-order sale of long guns but registration and licensing. And I introduced my National Gun Crime Prevention Bill to establish mandatory registration of all firearms and licensing of gun owners. It would have been done by the states. But if they did not act, the Federal Government would do it.

The response continued. Citizens wrote, called and wired their support. Celebrities asked to help. Senators, led by the majority leader, decided to cosponsor my bill. At the vigorous urging of Attorney General Ramsey Clark, President Johnson submitted a similar bill. Two advertising agencies volunteered their time and talent to the effort. Young men and women, many of whom had been student leaders in Robert Kennedy's campaign, mobilized to help. And the Emergency Gun Control Committee was formed, with Colonel John Glenn as its chairman.

As the bills worked their way through the Congressional process, spectacular new crimes demonstrated more clearly the need for firearms control. In a Maryland suburb of Washington, a man, enraged by an argument with his wife, fired 15 shots from his second-floor apartment. In New York's Central Park, a man barged into a women's lavatory, killed a young girl he had never met, then climbed to the roof to fight it out, wounding two policemen and killing an old man who happened to be nearby. The robber of a sandwich shop in Baltimore made four people lie face down in a row on the floor. None of them had resisted him. He shot each one in turn and went back to shoot each one again.

One might reasonably have expected that with 80 percent of the public behind us, with so great an outpouring of support, with volunteers helping in every conceivable way and with a new atrocity in each morning's paper, we would have achieved our objective—passage of a strong and effective firearms-control law. But we did not. We failed to get more than the absolute minimum—restrictions on the interstate sale of long guns.

It is difficult to explain our failure. In the House, we were defeated overwhelmingly, 68 to 172. In the Senate, we were unable to enact the most minimal licensing provision—a compromise that would have required that three years after the passage of the bill, a license would be necessary to purchase a handgun or to carry one away from home or business.

One reason we failed is that the gun lobby, led by the extremist bureaucracy of the National Rifle Association, was able to generate a grass-roots political vendetta that far outlasted the spontaneous expression of public concern. It managed its effort in a professional, effective campaign of misrepresentation and callous disregard of the public interest.

The N. R. A.'s leadership, which has an economic stake in this fight, is only the most visible part of a lobby that includes some gun manufacturers, large surplus-gun importers and some wild-life organizations. But, as the leader of the gun lobby, the N. R. A. must bear the major responsibility for the defeat of sane gun legislation.

The National Rifle Association is a very special organization. Classified by the Internal Revenue Service in 1938 as an organization "exclusively for the promotion of social welfare," the N. R. A. has been permitted a luxury given to few organizations or individuals—a blank check to lobby as much as it chooses, without registering as a lobby and without paying taxes levied on other lobbies.

The N. R. A. has never registered, on the grounds that its functions are primarily educational and that its legislative activity is not a "substantial" portion of its total activity. But, of its seven stated purposes, three are: (1) to inform the general public on the various aspects of Federal, state and local firearms legislation; (2) to increase the prestige and public acceptance of the N. R. A. in its various programs; and (3) to identify the N. R. A. as *the* authority on guns and the shooting sports.

Whenever firearms legislation is introduced in a state legislature or a major city council, the N. R. A. sends a bulletin to whatever portion of its 1,000,000 members is necessary for effective action against the proposal. It gives the N. R. A. opinion of the legislation, lists relevant legislators and city officials and asks members to write to them.

In addition, its official organ, *The*

"There, but for the grace of God . . . go I."

American Rifleman, carries a monthly legislative report. The N. R. A. also sent 9000 newsletters each month in 1967 and distributed 297,877 legislative folders. By its own count, it devoted 76 columns of *The American Rifleman* to legislative news, sent one special bulletin on proposed legislation to all N. R. A. members and clubs and sent 18 legislative bulletins to all N. R. A. members in areas where crucial firearms legislation was being considered.

"In addition," as the N. R. A.'s annual report put it, "special legislative bulletins, memorandums and direct contact by mail, telephone, telegram or personal conversation are utilized. . . ."

There is no way to calculate the true amount the N. R. A. spends on lobbying. It sent 1,000,000 letters and hundreds of telegrams in June 1968 alone. That mailing, with its telegrams, cost in the neighborhood of $60,000. There is no way to tell how many of the special releases, stories, promotional material and articles it "plants" are devoted to defeating firearms control. It is impossible to estimate how much of the time of its six full-time field representatives is spent on legislation.

Suffice it to say that the N. R. A.'s expenditures in 1967 were $5,700,000; it has 1,000,000 members; and it can turn on the heat like no other private organization in the nation.

Staff members of North Advertising, a small Chicago agency, voluntarily prepared six dramatic ads urging gun control for use in newspapers, magazines and on television. Each of them ended, "Write your Senator . . . while you still have a Senator." The advertising industry's magazine, *Advertising Age*, volunteered to distribute the ads free, which it did to more than 700 newspapers, national magazines and television stations. Then *The American Rifleman* published an article on the ads and listed seven clients of the agency, clearly inviting retaliation. Letters began to flow to the clients, warning that either they stop using North or the writer would stop using their products.

An N. R. A. spokesman explained:

> We consider those ads misleading at best, and vicious at worst. One of them even says that guns are just for killing—which, of course, is ridiculous.
>
> By listing North's clients, we believe we provided a service to N. R. A. members, identifying the companies that would retain an outfit like North.
>
> Frankly, I'd have been surprised and disappointed if people hadn't written those advertisers. That's their right, you know.

All this would be at worst improper, if it were not for the fact that the N. R. A. consistently and intentionally misrepresents firearms legislation. According to the authoritative and objective *Congressional Quarterly*, for example, the major N. R. A. letter commenting on the mail-order-sales provision, "by any accounting, was replete with distortions of the fact."

Moreover, the N. R. A. conducts campaigns of intimidation, while insisting that minimal controls are a step toward confiscation of firearms. Here, for example, is what Harold Glassen, president of this "social welfare" organization, told an N. R. A. meeting in Boston on April eighth of last year:

> The intense interest of its members in everything that N. R. A. does, and what is said about the association, clearly shows that its 1,000,000 members are a unified force to be reckoned with in every corner of America.
>
> I should think our political enemies would keep this in mind when they're dreaming up some of those things they say about us. We're all voters, and I'm sure they're going to hear from us at the polls in November.

The N. R. A. fights the most reasonable legislation as unconstitutional. And it appeals to the basest, most irrational prejudices of its members.

For example, an editorial in *The American Rifleman* last year titled "Who Guards America's Homes?" asked what would happen if a race riot broke out in your community while every American combat unit and the entire National Guard "were overseas in a major war." Ignoring the obvious fact that thousands of men would be in training in the U. S., the N. R. A. asked, "Who then guards the doors of American homes from senseless savagery and pillaging?" What of "the fate of citizens who may be trapped and beleaguered by howling mobs that brush aside police"?

The radical right's philosophy, fears and militant racism pervade the gun lobby. Those who believe that foreign influences are already taking over in America naturally believe that they must have guns to protect themselves. Those who hate or fear blacks, and who worry about reports of armed Negro groups, naturally believe they must keep guns for protection.

This thinly veiled racism, common in the extremist publications of the gun lobby and recurrent in Congressional mail opposing gun laws, is, no doubt, in part responsible for the domestic arms race in our cities.

Freud wrote about the masculine connotations of guns. And the fear of castration also underlies the attitudes of some gun-control opponents. A man writing to a Salt Lake City newspaper said, "The gun is a part of our historical tradition, associated in actuality and fantasy with the masculine American image. To touch on this role is to affect a vigor that is uniquely and appropriately American."

This masculinity argument also emerges from time to time in the literature of the gun lobby. Franklin Orth, executive vice-president of the N. R. A., in his testimony before a Senate subcommittee last year, quoted an English gun enthusiast:

> And yet there is a very special relationship between a man and his gun—an atavistic relation with its roots deep in prehistory, when the primitive man's personal weapon, so often his only effective defense and food provider, was nearly as precious to him as one of his own limbs.

And the Virginia legislature recited:

> Whereas, from the landing at Jamestown to the expansion of this nation to the Pacific Coast, a peaceful society developed in the area that was wrested from the wilderness by sturdy riflemen armed with their personal weapons and skilled in their use.

We were defeated in part by the right wing and their racist and supermanly recruits. But together, as loud, ignorant and fearful as they are, they were not enough to account for the overwhelming defeats we suffered. I think that our failure is attributable to three additional factors.

The first of these was the success of the gun lobby in confusing the issues. The entire point of my bill was to enable the police to keep a registry of serial numbers and other identification of guns in private possession to help solve crimes and to deny access to firearms to very special categories of dangerous people. No citizen over the age of 18 without a criminal record, unafflicted by alcoholism, narcotics addiction or mental illness, could have been denied a permit to purchase a gun. He would have been required only to obtain an automatically issued license to own one and to register it at no cost to himself. A license could not be denied to a law-abiding citizen.

It seemed a reasonable demand. There are in this nation more guns than families, more guns than automobiles, perhaps more guns than people. Most of them are capable of killing. We want the police to be able to trace their ownership when they are stolen or used in crime.

The gun lobby turned this provision into an imminent threat to the freedom of every American citizen; and many honest, sincere Americans were confused. They wrote to ask, "Does your bill really permit the police to confiscate

my rifle?" "Does your bill really require me to pay an annual fee to keep my gun collection?" I answered the letters as time would allow, but I couldn't answer them all in time. And thousands of people didn't write. They just believed what the gun extremists told them.

The second reason for the success of the gun lobby, I believe, was its powerful voice in the political structures of its communities and states. As Senators and Congressmen returned to their constituencies, they were told by prominent figures in their state political machines, "You cannot vote for gun control." When enough people known to Congressmen and Senators as party leaders, supporters and contributors say that, a politician begins to wonder. I know that this happened and I know that some of my colleagues felt they could not take the risk.

Finally, the gun lobby, like any other extremist, single-issue organization, was able to make its voice heard louder and longer than any other group. Supporters of reasonable gun control tend to be multi-issue people, willing to judge their representatives on a variety of issues. But the gun extremists, it is widely believed, make their judgment on the gun issue alone. And single-issue people frighten officeholders more than any other threat.

We *did* lose the fight—this time. But the debate and the education have begun. We insisted that the Senate, at least, come to a record vote on registration and licensing; and we did better than we had done last spring. We know that some of the opponents will retire; others, hopefully, will listen to the facts. We can only hope that none will be the victim of an assassin's bullet. But I fear that this may happen. The question is, how many assassinations, how many murders will we tolerate before the gun extremists are ignored and the public will obeyed?

I don't know. I do know that every American is 35 times more likely to be murdered by gun than is a Briton, a Dane, a German or a Swede. I know that since 1900, 800,000 Americans have been killed by guns—more than have been killed in battle in all our wars, from the Revolution to Vietnam. And I know that every day, 21 Americans will be murdered by gun, 150 will be assaulted by gun and 200 will be robbed by gun. How many Presidents, Senators, Nobel Prize winners and honest citizens must die before we act?

Sincere sportsmen, in whose ranks I count myself, must realize that eventually, when enough gun atrocities are committed, the public will demand legislation so strong that our pleasures really will be endangered. No organization, not even one as powerful as the N. R. A., can intimidate for long in a free society. A gun policy that is insane for society is also insane for hunters. And the N. R. A. serves its members ill when, instead of seizing the opportunity to help write gun-crime regulation, it opposes all effective gun-control proposals.

Sincere Americans who believe that they must resist all efforts to enact any gun-crime controls should consider their responsibility for the 7600 victims of gun murder in this country last year.

They should reflect that in the first two years after New Jersey enacted registration and licensing, gun permits were denied to more than 1600 convicted criminals, who otherwise would have acquired guns. But the number of hunting licenses granted increased substantially.

I am prepared to register my firearms and to secure a license to own them, knowing that it will be immeasurably less difficult than registering a car or securing a driver's license. Can any of us refuse to bear such an inconvenience and deny law-enforcement officers a tool to save thousands of lives each year?

How selfish and stupid are we?

HOT DUTCH TREAT

(continued from page 143)

his spotless white-linen uniform and black Moslem cap, bearing two platters apiece on each expedition from the kitchen.

As a dining extravaganza, the old Dutch treat was unmatched anywhere in the world. But the *embarras de richesses* took time to deliver. The sheer number of intervals for each separate decision, as one specialty after the other was explained and espoused by the headwaiter, meant that when the vegetables in turmeric eventually found their place near the chicken and mushrooms and when the last sambal *oelek* was sprinkled on the fruit fritters, the original bed of rice had become forlornly cold. A *rijsttafel* in modern dress, however, fits as beautifully on a buffet table as it does on a single or double Lazy Susan. Instead of dozens of short scenes following one another, the dining curtain now opens on the entire spectacle at one time. Hosts who rejoice in the proposition that in numbers there's a feast—that is, number of dishes—know it's just as easy to lay out a *rijsttafel* for a half dozen couples as it is for one or two.

In unraveling the plan of a *rijsttafel*, the main point to grasp is that many of the dishes, however enigmatic they may seem, are simple garnishes, rather than entrees. Indonesians have a congenital passion for relishes, and a considerable number of these, such as the mango chutneys, are simply a matter of emptying the contents of a jar or a bottle onto a buffet dish. Instead of bread, shrimp-flavored chips are offered. The thin, hard wafers, made from shrimps and tapioca flour, take a minute or less in hot fat, when they suddenly billow out to four or six times their original size. Toasted coconut, fried bananas and other easy adornments all add to the riot of riches.

Table knives are taboo. As in other Oriental countries, foods are served in bite-sized morsels, although doughty Dutchmen found the fork and round-bowled soupspoon more to their liking than chopsticks for maneuvering the regal *rijsttafel*. Once your plate receives its substructure of rice, there are two directions in which to go. All meats, fowl, seafood, relishes and sauces may be tossed together into a piquant potpourri for hearty dining. The second style is to add distinct mounds of each dish to the rice and then later move them into as many combinations as fancy and appetite dictate. The latter technique demonstrates the Indonesian chef's fabulous sense of balance. Chunks of mild lamb are spiced with cumin and fresh ginger and then doused with a creamy coconut sauce; tender pieces of duckling cozy up to crisp water chestnuts; ice-cold cucumber slices in a tart yogurt dressing follow steaming-hot beef with onions and garlic.

Every creative host anxious to dream up his own dishes for a rice table should realize that Indonesian cookery is a delicious hybrid of native, Chinese and Indian cuisines tossed into the same pot. Spices such as cumin, coriander, cloves and cinnamon—which give Indian curries their characteristic zing—are used to pamper Indonesian dishes. Chinese soy sauce is made somewhat sweeter in Indonesia, but the added sugar makes it a perfect seasoning for Indian curries. Vegetables in some dishes are stir-fried so quickly they barely lose their raw aroma. Frequently, the chef's job is not how fast he can get his saucepan onto the fire but how fast he can remove it.

In the Indonesian nut hierarchy, coconut is king. Its meat or the juice expressed from the meat finds its way into so many dishes that the Indonesian, like the Frenchman working with his *fonds de cuisine*, would be paralyzed without it. Coconut milk—when it appears in a recipe—isn't the liquor that flows when a raw coconut is punctured. Travelers in the Caribbean or the South Pacific are able to taste the cool juice of a young coconut when its top is lopped off with a machete. But the mature coconuts shipped to the States carry a somewhat tasteless liquor. It's important that it be present when you buy a coconut. Shake the coconut, and if it's good, you'll hear the lake of juice splashing about. Coconut milk is the liquid that comes from grating the coconut meat, soaking it in boiling water and then squeezing the meat dry. With the use of a blender, the grating can be accomplished without working your fingers to the bone. For those who aren't armed with Oriental patience, shredded moist coconut meat in a can may be used instead. Canned coconut is somewhat sweet, but this added sugar can be balanced by salted nuts, tart side dishes and other mainstays of the rice table. Next to the coconut, freshly roasted peanuts find their way most often into *rijsttafel* dishes.

As to the focal point of the rice table, American long-grain rice is always much easier to handle than the Orient's short-grain rice. Skilled hands follow these guidelines: Use a pan with a heavy bottom and a tight lid for cooking rice; there should be twice as much water as rice; rice should never be stirred when it's on the fire; a teaspoon of salad oil added to each two cups of water will give the rice a pleasant sheen and prevent stickiness. For most buffets, rice is normally piled in a mountainous heap in a serving bowl. At a *rijsttafel*, hosts enjoy turning the rice into and out of a mold. The best device for molding rice is a Teflon cake pan, either a tube pan or a Turk's-head pan. Before turning the cooked rice into the mold, rinse the mold with hot water, leaving it wet. Pack the rice in

firmly, pressing down with hand or spoon. Invert onto a bowl, casserole or platter.

The notion that all Indonesian foods are seasoned until they become a peppery nightmare is simply untrue. Sumatrans love the sting of hot peppers; many other Indonesians will have no part of them. Bottled sambals (crushed hot peppers made into thick sauces) are always added by the diner, not the cook, to suit his individual taste, using tiny fractions of a teaspoon in each case.

At one time, before sitting down to the rice table, Dutch courage was usually induced by two or three ice-cold straight Genever gins or martinis. Americans nowadays are more likely to start a rice party with fruity rum drinks, such as derby daiquiris, mai tais or navy grogs. The Indonesians have a special phrase for the sense of time, *djam karet*, meaning the elastic hour. The best possible way to stretch time—and to make sure that it won't snap back—is to keep up a gentle flow of ice-cold beer throughout the feast. Food portions are elastic, too, and depend on the number of items on the rice table. While every host may add or subtract courses, he should offer at least two of the main dishes that follow.

RIJSTTAFEL SIDE DISHES

Mango Chutney. Offer one or two brands with distinct firm pieces of fruit, not too peppery; serve ice cold.

Spanish Peanuts. Peanuts in the skin, not in the shell; buy them freshly roasted in nut shop or rewarm peanuts from can or jar.

Sambal Oelek. Hottest of the sambal crew, imported from Holland.

Sambal Manis. Dark version of sambal *oelek*, containing onions, sugar and spices.

Toasted Coconut. Turn contents of 4-oz. can shredded coconut into shallow pan; bake in 300° oven 20 to 30 minutes, stirring frequently to prevent charring; coconut should be light brown.

Relishes. Particularly useful on the rice table are the following Occidental vinegar-flavored relishes: Dilly Beans, Cherrydills, *Senfgurken*, spiced honeydew or watermelon rind, chowchow, pickled black walnuts, sweet India relish and sweet corn relish.

Shrimp-flavored Chips. Called variously *krupuk*, *kroepoek* and *kerupuk*, they are about the size of large potato chips, seem weightless and are delicately flavored with shrimps; most of them are multicolored; the dried chips are quickly deep-fried; should be served warm, if possible.

French Fried Onions. Indonesians have a bias for sliced onions sautéed deep brown until they become almost flakes; Western tastes prefer the milder French fried onions; warm contents of can in moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes.

Tomato Mint Sauce. Mix 12-oz. jar tomato preserves with ¼ cup bottled mint sauce; serve ice cold.

Cucumbers in Yogurt. In mixing bowl, combine 2 cups thinly sliced, peeled cucumbers, 1 cup yogurt, 1 tablespoon minced fresh chives, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon sugar and ½ teaspoon lemon juice; chill.

Seroendeng. A toasted coconut–peanut mixture imported from Holland in 3½-oz. jars; fresh version requires a little labor but is worth it: Take 1 cup toasted coconut and blend ¼ cup at a time in blender at high speed; sauté ¼ cup finely minced onion and ½ teaspoon finely minced garlic in 1 tablespoon oil until onion is deep brown; combine coconut, onion mixture, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon lemon juice, ¼ teaspoon cumin, ¼ teaspoon ground coriander, ⅛ teaspoon ground cinnamon and ¼ cup Spanish peanuts; toss well; serve at room temperature.

Fried Bananas. Cut firm, barely ripe bananas in half lengthwise; discard peel; cut crosswise into 2- or 3-in. pieces; sauté in oil and butter until just tender; avoid cooking to the mushy stage; sprinkle generously on both sides with sugar, lightly with cinnamon; serve warm or cold.

"We demand a bigger voice in the running of the Army, sir."

DUCKLING WITH BROCCOLI, COCONUT SAUCE

5-lb. duckling
Salt, pepper
1 bunch broccoli
1 cup coconut milk (recipe below)
2 tablespoons instantized flour
¼ cup light cream
5-oz. can water chestnuts, drained and sliced
Ground cinnamon

Thaw duckling, if frozen. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast, breast side up, in shallow pan, in oven preheated at 350°, for about 2 hours or until very tender and well browned. When duckling is cool enough to handle, cut into small chunks. (No knife is used at the *rijsttafel*.) Place chunks, skin side up, in shallow wide casserole. Meat should be in single layer. Cut broccoli stalks about 1 in. from flower. Divide flowerets into small sections. Boil until just tender. (Broccoli stalks may be put aside and used for another purpose.) Place broccoli flowerets among pieces of duck. Pour coconut milk, flour and cream into blender and blend at high speed about ½ minute. Pour into saucepan. Season with salt and pepper, add sliced water chestnuts. Heat to boiling point and simmer 3 minutes. Pour over duck. Cover casserole with lid or aluminum foil. Place in oven preheated at 375° for about 20 minutes or until all ingredients are heated through. Sprinkle with cinnamon.

COCONUT MILK

Place a large coconut in a 500° oven

for 15 to 20 minutes or until shell cracks. Run cold water over shell and tap with hammer to open coconut. Pry meat loose from shell. Don't bother scraping dark skin adhering to coconut meat. Cut meat into ½-in. squares. Place about a handful at a time into blender and blend at high speed until meat is chopped. Pour 2 cups boiling water over coconut. Let stand 30 minutes. Strain through triple thickness of cheesecloth, squeezing to express all juice. Yield: about 2 cups.

If canned coconut is used, pour 1½ cups cold water over contents of 4-oz. can shredded coconut. Bring to a boil; reduce flame and simmer 5 minutes. Let stand covered for 30 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth or wire strainer. Yield: about 1 cup.

LAMB SATÉ

½ small leg of lamb, about 3 lbs.
⅓ cup salad oil
1 teaspoon ground coriander
1 teaspoon ground cumin
2 whole cloves
1 in. stick cinnamon
1 teaspoon finely minced fresh ginger
½ teaspoon chopped garlic
½ teaspoon salt
¼ dried red pepper, crushed

Have butcher bone lamb. Cut into cubes approximately 1 in. thick. Pour oil and remaining ingredients into blender. Blend at high speed about 2 minutes or until whole spices are coarsely ground. Pour over lamb in mixing bowl. Marinate overnight. Fasten meat on skewers. Broil under preheated broiler flame or over charcoal until brown. Serve with saté sauce below.

SATÉ SAUCE

3 tablespoons finely minced onion
1 teaspoon finely minced garlic
2 tablespoons salad oil
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 cup coconut milk
¼ cup peanut butter
Salt, pepper

Sauté onion and garlic in oil until onion is lightly browned. Add remaining ingredients except salt and pepper. Simmer until sauce is smooth and hot, stirring constantly. Season to taste.

CHICKEN AND MUSHROOM SATÉ

6 chicken breasts, boned and skinned (3 double breasts)
½ lb. button mushrooms
2 tablespoons salad oil
1 cup coconut milk
3 tablespoons minced onion
¼ teaspoon minced garlic
¼ cup peanut butter
⅛ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cayenne pepper

Cut tender under part of chicken breasts in half crosswise. Cut breasts crosswise into 1-in. strips and set aside. Cut off stems of mushrooms. (Stems may be used for another purpose.) Sauté mushrooms in oil for about 3 minutes. Set aside. Pour remaining ingredients into a blender. Blend at high speed 1 minute. Place chicken pieces and mushrooms in bowl and pour coconut mixture over them. Marinate overnight or at least 3 to 4 hours. Fasten alternate pieces of chicken and mushrooms on skewers. Broil under preheated broiler flame or over charcoal until chicken is light brown. Heat marinade to boiling point, stirring well. Pour over chicken saté's or pass separately at table.

PORK-BALL SATÉ

1 lb. ground lean pork, preferably loin
2 slices stale white bread, crusts removed
Milk
2 tablespoons very finely minced onion
1 teaspoon very finely minced garlic
½ teaspoon freshly ground black pepper
½ teaspoon ground ginger
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
2 teaspoons finely minced parsley
¼ cup soy sauce
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon dark molasses

Soak bread in milk. Squeeze gently, to remove excess milk. Chop very fine. In mixing bowl, combine pork, bread, onion, garlic, pepper, ginger, salt, egg and parsley. Mix very well. Shape into balls 1 in. in diameter. Dip hands in cold water to shape meat easily. Chill pork balls in refrigerator. Fasten on skewers. Mix soy sauce, sugar and molasses until sugar dissolves. Brush on pork balls. Place skewers in shallow broiling pan and broil under preheated broiler until well browned on all sides.

BEEF WITH GINGER AND RADISHES

2½ lbs. porterhouse or sirloin steak
1 large Spanish onion
¾ cup radish slices
Salad oil
2 teaspoons very finely minced garlic
2 teaspoons very finely minced fresh ginger
1 tablespoon soy sauce
1 tablespoon dark-brown sugar
1 tablespoon ginger-flavored brandy
1½ tablespoons cornstarch
1 packet instant bouillon powder
1 cup water
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Salt, pepper

Remove all bone, fat and tendon from steak. Cut into julienne strips no more than ¼ in. thick and about 1½ ins. long. Cut onion in half through stem end. Cut crosswise into thinnest possible slices. Cut radish slices into thinnest possible julienne strips. Heat 2 to 3 tablespoons oil in a large skillet. Sauté meat until it loses red color. Add onion, garlic and fresh ginger. Stir constantly, sautéing about 3 minutes. Onion should be semicrisp. Pour soy sauce, sugar, brandy, cornstarch, bouillon powder and water into blender. Blend until smooth. Pour into skillet with meat, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. Stir in lemon juice and radishes. Add salt and pepper to taste.

SHRIMPS WITH CUCUMBER AND PEPPER

1½ lbs. medium-sized shrimps
1 large cucumber
1 large sweet red pepper
1 cup coconut milk
½ teaspoon turmeric
1 teaspoon soy sauce
2 tablespoons cornstarch
1 tablespoon very dry sherry
2 tablespoons salad oil
3 tablespoons minced onion
1 tablespoon very finely minced garlic
Salt, pepper

Peel shrimps; cut through center, leaving tail end intact. Remove vein running through back. Peel cucumber; cut in half lengthwise. With a spoon, remove seeds. Cut cucumber halves crosswise into ½-in.-thick slices. Cut pepper in half, removing stem end and seeds, and cut into ½-in. squares. Pour coconut milk, turmeric, soy sauce, cornstarch and sherry into blender. Blend at high speed ½ minute. Heat oil in large electric skillet preheated at 400°. Add shrimps, cucumber, pepper, onion and garlic. Stir-fry just until shrimps turn opaque. Add coconut-milk mixture and bring to a boil. Reduce flame and simmer 3 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste.

PAPAYA FRITTERS

1½ cups all-purpose flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground coriander
⅔ cup water
2 eggs
Salad oil
1 cup cooked drained papaya (from can or jar), cut into very small dice
Confectioners' sugar

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and coriander. Pour water, eggs and 2 tablespoons salad oil into blender. Blend at high speed 1 minute. Add papaya and egg mixture to flour. Fold until liquid and dry ingredients are just blended. Heat ½ in. oil in electric skillet preheated at 370°. Drop batter, a level tablespoon at a time, into oil. Brown on both sides. Drain fritters on absorbent paper. Just before serving, sift confectioners' sugar on top fritters. (May be served with *rijsttafel* or as dessert.)

Having mastered the basic requisites of the rice table, the aspiring chef can research his way through a tempting spectrum of Indonesian exotica. With *rijsttafel*, an adventurous spirit is a prime ingredient.

"Now to test your reflexes."

ROME WITH A VIEW

(continued from page 94)

adjust the focus and size up the challenge.

"Of course," he'll say, "you'd get a much better idea of what the real Rome looked like if you saw the model in the Museum of Roman Civilization."

"What's it like?"

"Fantastic—a complete reconstruction of the old city, right down to the last roof tile."

It takes a good 20 minutes to drive to the museum, which is in E.U.R., the suburb built by Mussolini for the Universal Exposition of Rome in 1942. There are other museums and art exhibitions in E.U.R., and no end of pleasant outdoor terraces at which to linger with your new-found companion.

Within easy walking distance of the Piazza di Spagna are daytime Rome's equally notable get-acquainted grounds: the Lion Bookshop on Via del Babuino; American Express (located at the far end of the piazza itself); the antique shops and galleries along Via Margutta and Via dei Coronari; and the city's smartest shop-and-snack streets—Condotti, Borgognona, Frattina and Corso. It was at the famed Caffè Greco on Condotti that the original swinger, Casanova, swung for the first time; or so they say. It must have had bigger tables and wider couches in those days.

Less than a ten-minute walk from the top of the Spanish Steps is the fleshpot circuit of Via Veneto and vicinity, the locale where you'll find the most expensive shops (don't get swept off your feet by their wares—you'll often get better prices on the same or comparable goods elsewhere). On Veneto, the action starts early in the day but doesn't get into full swing until night. The present center of it all is the Café de Paris, opposite the Excelsior hotel, although Doney's, on the Excelsior side, still attracts a faithful retinue of American residents.

Rome's unrecognized separate city-state, Via Veneto is policed by the waiters of the sidewalk cafés. It may seem strange that one of these sharp-eyed custodians should ask that august gentleman over there, with the gold cigar holder and the vicuña windbreaker, to pay for his coffee in advance, but hardly remarkable; for in this short strip of high-priced real estate, there is a tendency among its habitués to look famous but to be broke. To the princely men and the gorgeously dressed girls who accompany them, Rome begins and ends in the immediate vicinity of the Café de Paris; but to those who know better, it is where the genuine Rome begins.

Veneto is no longer quite the gossipy, lip-smacking, *paparazzi*-studded paradise of some years ago, when Anthony Steel was decking photographers in defense of Anita Ekberg and *La Dolce Vita* was part of the local philosophy. But the cast and the scenery have changed very little: exceptionally good-looking girls, sometimes squired, sometimes not; a pair of shades for every face; and a fairly mixed crowd from Rome's gigantic movie industry—everyone, from electrician to director, with an attendant audience of gawkers and nudgers. The street's two most prized prestige symbols are a leather-bound script cover (available from Gucci on Condotti, where you can also pick up those chain-link loafers) and business cards with a Los Angeles address and the word "film" somewhere in the title. Neither will impress the waiters, but both have been known to work wonders in other quarters. If you're staying nearby, you can case the geography and whet your curiosity by taking a morning coffee there before embarking on the day's expedition. Go back later, when it's dark.

You'll need to devote most of the morning to see the city's most visited site—the 109-acre Vatican complex, an absolute essential for any initial Roman holiday. The Vatican Museum, a treasure house of religious art through the centuries, closes at two P.M., and you won't want to miss it. The Vatican's other priceless assets: the Vatican Library, which contains, among an assortment of rarities, Galileo's first microscope and a map of America published in 1493; the Sistine Chapel, Michelangelo's incredible masterwork; and St. Peter's Basilica, the largest church in the world (and don't miss the view from the roof—fantastic).

If you believe, incidentally, that the Church has always been chary of depicting sexuality, take a look at the designs on the marble bases of Bernini's canopy over the Papal Altar. The work is said to have been commissioned by Pope Urban VIII to celebrate a birth in the family. His coat of arms, three bees, is

arranged below the head of a girl, in a design that forms breasts and pubis. Each panel depicts her advancing pregnancy, and the last one shows the face of a smiling infant. Under these, the complex heraldic design depicts the male and female organs. The guides never mention it, and neither do the guidebooks.

If you've been successful in your quest for companionship, after touring the Vatican take a rented car out along Appia Antica—better known as the Appian Way—where you'll have a chance to explore the dark catacombs (those at St. Sebastian have English-speaking monks for guides) and the tombs and temples built alongside this ancient highway. On the way, visit the massive ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, which once catered to 1600 ladies and gentlemen at a time and still retain some of the original mosaic decoration. The steel trelliswork and stage you'll see inside the main walls are for the spectacular alfresco operas that are staged there during the summer. For a few lire, one of the attendants will take you on a tour of the intricate underground passages. For a few more, you can return another time to see and hear an opera in these extraordinary surroundings.

There's no need to follow the Appian Way to its end in the Alban Hills, but go far enough so that you pass over the one or two short stretches of the original pavement, some of which still bears the mark of chariot-wheel ruts. If you have forgotten to take lunch (a *rosticceria* is best for this: these Italian-style delicatessens pack delicious picnics of cold meats, bread and cheeses), watch for the striped umbrella you'll see about halfway along the old road. It looks like a frankfurter stand from a distance, but you'll find far fairer fare: roasted stuffed pig. The meat is sold by the slice, there is freshly baked bread to enjoy it on, and there are great beakers of wine with which to sluice it down.

Farther along the road, your companion will probably wonder what all those young ladies are doing sitting on the rocks along the shoulder. Tell her they're pursuing Rome's oldest profession on one of Rome's oldest roads; their customers are drivers who aren't averse to circuitous detours from the main highways. Once you're past this autoerotic region, pick out a likely spot beside the road, spread a cloth and break out the picnic provender. After a leisurely meal, you can return directly to the heart of Rome—via the Cristoforo Colombo expressway—and to Trajan's Park, behind the Colosseum, where you'll get a look at the few remnants of Nero's fabulous palace, the Golden House. The grounds used to stretch from a point east of there to the Palatine Hill on the far side of the Colosseum; a 120-foot statue of Nero stood at the entrance to a pillared arcade that was a mile long. Rome was horrified at the extravagance, but Nero's opinion was eloquently expressed by his observation on seeing his new home for the first time: "Now I can at last begin to live like a human being."

Having explored the Golden House, you can proceed to the Colosseum and attach yourself to one of the regular tours that are led by the very attractive and multilingual female guides, although a visit at night with company and a good guidebook might be an even more satisfying experience. Built on this site in the First Century A.D., the Colosseum seated upward of 50,000 spectators who came to witness the gory spectacles of gladiatorial combat staged for their amusement by the emperor.

By the time you leave the Colosseum, Rome will be well into its siesta; most shops, offices, travel agencies and all banks are closed from one to four P.M. If you're not inclined to do as the Romans, this will be a good time to visit a few of the city's museums, all of which, except for the Vatican Museum, stay open throughout the afternoon. Bars and restaurants also remain unshuttered; head for the Grand Hotel's downstairs cocktail lounge; it's an action spot and often packed with celebrities during the afternoon. Or if you don't mind touristy crowds, siesta time might be well spent at the Tre Scalini, a *trattoria* that serves up what may be the best ice cream in the world; you won't believe how good it can be until you've tried some there.

By now, your energy sufficiently restored, you'll be ready to visit three more Roman imperatives: the Pantheon, the only complete ancient Roman building still standing; the Campidoglio, for its impressive overview of the Imperial Forum; and the Forum itself. One of the most memorable sights in the city, the Forum was not only the site of Rome's senate but the center of the civilized world for more than 1500 years. It was where Mark Antony eulogized over Caesar's body, where the vestal virgins were housed and where all roads to Rome finally converged. A historical sound-and-light spectacle, presented every night each week at the Forum during summer, compellingly evokes those vanished days of empire. But make certain you don't visit the Forum until the sun has almost set; in summer, the valley that surrounds it is broiling hot, and it's unwise to time your visit at the height of the afternoon heat.

Following your long day of sight-seeing, you'll want to head back to your hotel to freshen up and dress for an evening on the town.

The night's events should start with a reconnoiter of the Café de Paris, perhaps an *aperitivo* or two—a bitter Campari with soda and lemon, or a Negroni—and

a slice of sizzling-hot quiche Lorraine, one of the many superb dishes served there. Appetite aroused, you can now begin contemplating where to dine. At George's, an expensive, outstanding restaurant on the Via Marche, try the pasta sprinkled with truffles, the *rigatoni*, *osso buco* or any of the seasonal game dishes that George's is justly famed for. The Borgia Room, on the ground floor of the Hostaria dell'Orso, is Rome's most opulent restaurant: the utensils and plates are gold, and the classic Italian cuisine measures up to the accouterments. Other restaurants where you can't go wrong: Ranieri for traditional Italian dishes, the more informal Mastrostefano *trattoria*, Sergio and Ada's for regional Roman fare and the Ile de France for Rome's finest French food.

Following dinner, the smaller bars and *discos* in the side streets off Veneto are getting ready for the night rush—which is initiated by the girls of Rome. Those microskirted lasses standing opposite the American embassy are not lining up for an audience with the ambassador; they're waiting for clients. The charge is upward of $25 a session, usually at their place. The same can be said of the young ladies who choose, perhaps with a measure of irony, to patrol the Via della Purificazione, a few blocks away.

If you're in no mood for professional attentions, drop into the nearby Capriccio, where you'll find a lively crowd, great pasta late at night and swinging sounds. Or try the Club 84, a smart, mirrored *discothèque* that attracts some of the loveliest unescorted company in town. Avoid the Vecchia Roma (the one on Veneto, not the restaurant of the same name) and the Mini Club; the first is a basement operation (champagne at $20 a bottle and the world's thirstiest hostesses) and the other is a waste of time. Too dark, too small, very dull.

Check out the Piccadilly on Piazza Barberini (it's an English pub with an Italian in the kitchen and a bird at the bar) and save an hour or so later on for the Piper Club, a psychedelic *disco* operated by the same management, on Via Tagliamento. Don't be put off by the unfortunate sign that reads, YOU CAN DANCE WITH A GOOD WISKY. The music is live and loud (British and U. S. groups) and the company young and boisterous. Same sort of atmosphere at the Titan Club, across the Tiber near the Vatican, but not so many flashing strobes.

Night life on a big scale—name performers, spectacular floorshows and the like—is not one of Rome's strongest points, and about the closest you'll get to a supper-club atmosphere is the rooftop La Cabala at the Hostaria dell'Orso, where there are two orchestras for dancing, and the Casina delle Rose in Villa Borghese, where there's dancing under the stars. You'll also find a few semi-burlesque and belly-dancing joints, but nothing to get excited about. At the other end of the cultural plane, however, there are concerts, open-air in summer, and superb performances at the Teatro dell'Opera from December to May.

Try to spend at least one night exploring Trastevere (its inhabitants claim to be the only authentic Romans left), a maze of narrow streets, piazzas and old, shuttered houses on the other side of the Tiber. In July, the Trasteverines hold their own festival—*Noiantri*—an exuberant blend of fireworks, mandolin playing, dancing in the squares and water sports on the river. On Sunday mornings, look for bargains in Trastevere's Porta Portese Flea Market. Some of the city's more colorful (and, frankly, hokey) restaurants are over there, but the waiters and singers who leap all over the place seem to enjoy themselves and act as though the customers are old friends returned from a long and arduous journey.

It might be a good notion to save Trastevere's antic pleasures for your last night in Rome; even though much of the section's gaiety is manufactured, Trastevere is, finally, more Romanesque than the city's skyscrapers can ever aspire to be. An old adage maintains that if you stay in Rome for ten days, you'll never leave; and an early-17th Century visitor wrote that a traveler to Rome needs "the back of an ass, the belly of a hog and a conscience as broad as the king's highway," an earthy summation that is still valid. There are 25 centuries of history there and the remains still poke through the city's surface. But realistic Romans—and there are few who aren't—are unimpressed by this legacy of venerable monuments. Their dedication, they say, is to life, love and laughter; and anyone who has fallen under the spell of this great and lusty metropolis can testify to the efficacy of their zeal.

"You're fortunate to grow up in these exciting times—the breakup of the atom, the breakthrough of space exploration, the breakdown of morals. . . ."

A MAN'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE

(continued from page 119)

of them since 1971," said Melissa. She sipped from the glass. "Boy, this tastes dreadful."

"You're just looking for an argument."

"No, I'm not. I never argue anyplace but with you, anyway. This is an odd house, Perry. You know. I don't have to list the odd stuff that's happened to me here. Who wouldn't argue?"

Perry looked away from her. The greenhouse was full of bins of wild petunias. "Well," he said.

"When Joel had his group and I toured with them and we went to all the junior colleges and played and told kids about what a great beat Gregorian chants had, then I never got into any arguments. Nor when I was with Buddy's electrified polka band."

Perry paused to listen to something outside. "What's that whinnying?"

"What do you think?"

"That's a horse," said Perry. "That's what it is. That's a horse whinnying in back of the greenhouse."

Melissa said, "I'm going horseback riding."

"At three in the morning?"

"See, now you want to argue."

"No, not me. You're free to do what you want. You're uniquely autonomous, which is why I love you. Where'd you get the horse?"

"That fellow who runs the fire department here in town in his spare time lent me the horse. He just brought it over and left it a few minutes ago."

"I thought you didn't like him."

"I can change my mind about what I like. Maybe someday I'll even like your Lofthouse," said Melissa. "Anyway, I'm not having any affair with this fireman. He just wanted to lend me a horse."

Perry said, "I understand. Out here in the country, it's not like San Francisco and people are much friendlier. Nobody would lend you a horse in San Francisco."

"I'm going riding now," said the girl. She emptied her glass and jumped from the white table. "When I get mounted, you can help me by handing up my amp and my guitar."

"Taking them with you?"

"I may be gone a day or so," said Melissa. "It has nothing to do with you, Perry. I'm just basically restless." She turned and walked the length of the greenhouse and out.

After Melissa had ridden off, Perry wandered back to Lofthouse. The front door opened before he got his hand on the knob, but he didn't say anything. Up in the bedroom, he stretched out on his back, his clothes on. On the glass above him, the raccoons were still skittering and peeking in. Or maybe they were chipmunks.

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Two days later, when the mailman's copter landed on the front acre of the estate, Perry was in the second-floor shower stall, talking to Lofthouse. The mailman blew the trick horn he had mounted on his ship and the sound of spinning propellers stopped. "Maybe there's a letter from Melissa," Perry said. "I'll get back to you." He buttoned his blazer and stepped out onto the blue-mosaic floor of the bathroom.

"I'm not trying to intrude," said Lofthouse, "but you're doing the whole business wrong. It's no wonder Melissa keeps running off."

Perry hunched one shoulder and turned again toward the shower stall. "She was running away from me before I even inherited this place and moved in. What I'm trying to do now doesn't involve her habit patterns." He slid back the rippled vinyl door of the stall.

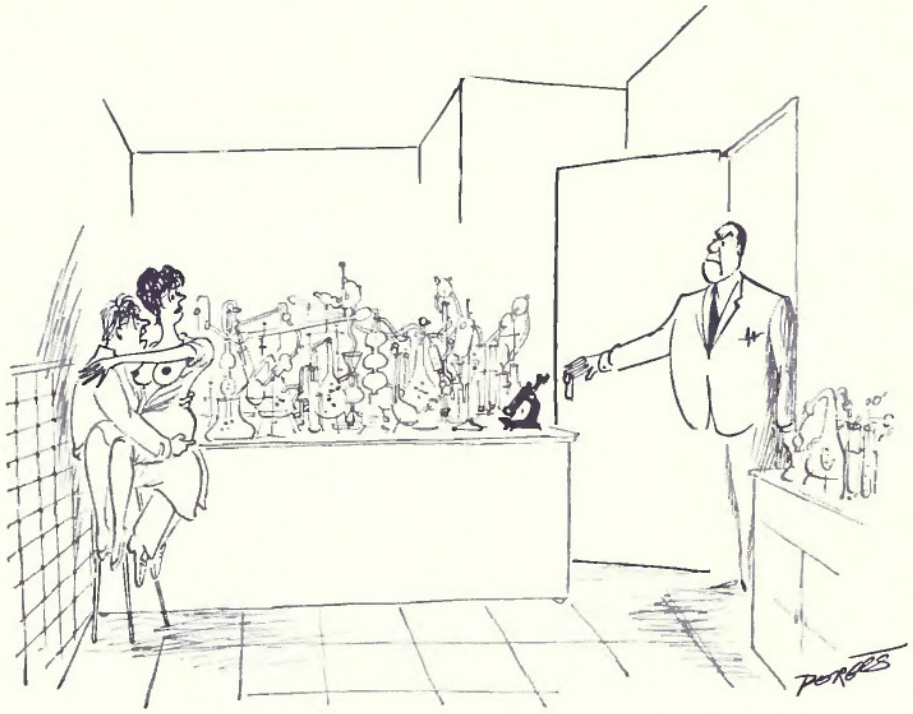
"You don't have to call me 'this place,'" said the small speaker grid set in between the hot and cold toggles. "We've known each other almost two months and I've sure done enough to help you. That's my trouble, always doing things for people and getting left out. Never invited to parties, nobody sends me keepsakes on important holidays."

"People don't invite houses over to parties."

"I'm a mansion. Eight bedrooms. Garage space for a dozen cars. Near to transportation."

"Don't try to sell me," said Perry. "I already own you. Now I have to go catch the mailman."

"I'll be right here whenever you have the time," said Lofthouse.



"I suppose this will cancel our research grant!"

"This is your idea," said Perry. "There are speaker grids in twenty other rooms, but you insist on talking here in the john this week."

"It adds to the sense of conspiracy," said the house. "I can see you don't like it. Old Lofthouse can't pick the right place for anything. Always there when you need him, but never gets a thank you or a how-de-do."

The mail horn played its patriotic medley again and Perry ran across the long bathroom. "I suppose I should thank you for turning Melissa to stone last week."

"You don't even understand magic, anyway," said Lofthouse. "Or cybernetics. That's one of your problems."

"How-de-do," Perry said and dived into the hallway.

On the vast thick lawn, Floyd Dell, the postman, was standing with one cowboy-booted foot against the right front tire of his copter. Behind him, the sycamores and birches and probably pines, though Perry wasn't quite sure of the pictures in the paperback tree guide he'd bought, bobbed gently in the warm summer wind.

"Your late uncle sure knew a lot of wackies," said Dell, tapping a handful of airmail letters against his low-hanging stomach. "Lot of webfoots and schrabs. I always thought he was a brilliant man, not because of his Ph.D. or his degrees in science but because he had hunches that got him in trouble with the setup." Dell fluttered the mail. "He's been dead and gone near six months and they still write him from the remote spots of the

world. Every goof scientist and computer lover and machine freakie. I bet you didn't run into people like this when you still worked over in San Francisco, before you inherited your uncle's joint here and could afford to quit."

"Oh," said Perry, "we had computers at Synthetic Groceries."

"Message here from your girlfriend, too," Dell mentioned and handed him the mail.

The postcard from Melissa was on top of the pile. On its face was a color photo of the city-hall plaza in Oakland, California. The message, in Melissa's left-leaning printing, read, "Been sitting in with Flax. Guitar on the fritz but borrowed an electric banjo. Love you, of course. Back home Tuesday. Melissa. Or Wednesday at the latest."

"Miss Dankworth is off pursuing her musical career again, I see," said the postman. "A lovely girl. You ought to marry her and settle down. How old are you, anyway? Thirty?"

"Only twenty-eight," Perry told him. Oakland was only two hours away from the town of Windfield, where the estate was. "Maybe I could drive over and look for her."

"Leave her be," said Dell. "Too much running around going on these days, anyway. Here it is 1973 and nobody remembers the lessons of our ancestors. Take your damn time, I say. Look at me; I'm no speed demon. All these geeks live around here in Windfield on their estates. They're always on the rush. Come summertime and everybody goes off to Europe. Me, I take eight or nine hours every day just to deliver the mail. Would our ancestors have built a house like this one of your uncle's?" Dell waved at the three-story Victorian. "All full of gadgetry and gimmickry. Not that he wasn't a brilliant man, though some said he went beyond the borders of science into the realm of sorcery. Always offered me a cold beer on a hot day."

Perry kept looking at the enormous white mansion. "Funny, huh," he murmured.

"You mean because the house has moved over to the right some hundred feet?" asked Dell, catching the thought.

"Yes," said Perry. "It's on top of the rock garden now. I didn't know Lofthouse did that. No mention of it in the instructions my uncle left behind."

"Nobody, not even your late, brilliant uncle, knows everything this house can do," the postman told him. He poked two fingers at the covered-wagon decoration on his tie. "Sometimes it moves back up into the woods behind there."

"How can it do that?"

"I think your uncle put it on wheels," said Dell. He swung himself back up into the mail copter. "Give my regards to Miss Dankworth. I heard that Flax guy play once back in '71 at the San Francisco Culture Fair. Flax and his Mechanized Mojos. Sounded like a bunch of goofs and webfoots, but they kept the beat."

"Happy landings," Perry said and returned to Lofthouse as the copter took flight.

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Lofthouse decided to talk to Perry in the third-floor library the next morning. "Here it is Wednesday and she isn't back," said the computerized house.

Perry poked an orange pip out of his juice and kept watching the back grounds of the estate from the library balcony. Butterflies and silver gnats danced over the thick foliage. Or maybe they were fruit flies. Perry had to check again in his insect paperback. "I don't see why a computer needs so many speaker outlets," he said.

"Your uncle, Dr. L. J. Mawger, thought of me as much more than just a computer," said Lofthouse from the grid near the balcony coffee urn. "All that gadgetry in the basement is simply a part of me. I am the whole house and I can do anything."

"You left seeds in the orange juice."

"That's really trivial, replied Lofthouse. His thin voice had a tendency to swoop down at the end of sentences. "Think of my major achievements. I am a perfect house, rich with servomechanisms. Best of all, thanks to Dr. Mawger's pioneering brilliance, I am one of the few computer systems capable of doing magic." Lofthouse gave a swooping chuckle. "Imagine your uncle being able to work out the basic elements of sorcery and magic by taking advantage of the computer. You see, alchemists and warlocks in the past didn't have enough time to explore. When you're messing with black magic, too much trial and error can be deadly to the individual sorcerer. You send for Belphegor and get Beelzebub by mistake and you've got a nasty situation on your hands. When you're doing business with demons, you should be cautious."

"I know, you told me that six weeks ago, when you introduced yourself to me," said Perry. "Seems like a lot of trouble for, so far, small results."

Lofthouse said, "You aren't getting as much fun out of this as Dr. Mawger did. That's one of your problems."

"Yes, but you implied I could use some of this magic to win Melissa," said Perry. "All those centrifugal pumps and giant blenders down in the basement. All the thousands of punch-card philter recipes you sorted through. You couldn't even come up with a workable love potion to use on Melissa. Doesn't seem like very efficient sorcery to me."

"She never drank it. Don't blame me if she threw the wineglass at your head."

"Yes, but that's not the point," said Perry. "You're supposed to be a triumph of science and sorcery and you can't

even keep the girl I love from running off to join an electronic musicians' group; and God knows how her guitar got broken."

"Well, if you'd left her a statue, she wouldn't have run off," said Lofthouse's balcony grid. "That was a fine spell. Did I ever show you that stretch of tape? I illuminated it, like the monks and warlocks used to do. That's a quality touch, a Lofthouse touch. Your run-of-the-mill computer doesn't have the imagination for that."

"What good does Melissa do me turned into a statue on the lawn with a bow and arrow and some deer chasing her?" asked Perry. "You didn't even use first-rate marble."

"A girl such as Melissa enhances any medium," said the house. "Marble, bronze, iron have their cold, harsh value enhanced and expanded by such as Melissa. There's a fevered sensuality that flickers about her and she radiates a sharp, warm fascination. Long-legged girls are wonderful. Proud, lean and high breasted, glowing with languid fire. The very sound of a name like Melissa suggests——"

"Drop that," said Perry. "Where'd you dredge up all that kind of talk?"

"Programed in," said Lofthouse. "Anyway, she'll be home in an hour and you can try again to get her to stay."

Perry got up out of his wicker sun chair. "How do you know that?"

"Well, I can monitor the future sometimes," admitted the house. "Though in this hot weather, the crystal balls don't always work. I never have liked the summer heat in Windfield. Come summer, everybody ought to take off for Europe."

"Crystal balls?"

"There's a bank of them linked in with my system."

"Then you can tell me if I'm eventually going to succeed."

"With what?"

"Melissa, obviously."

Lofthouse said, "No. I can't get a clear picture of that yet."

Perry bent toward the waist-high speaker grid. "Look, if she's coming back, we'll try one more spell tonight. And this stuff has got to start working, because I'm having a more and more difficult time explaining to Melissa, without actually mentioning magic, what's been happening. It's hard, for instance, to explain to someone why they turned to marble."

"Get her to sit in the black armchair in the first-floor music room after dinner," said the house.

"Why?"

"In the light fixture over it, Dr. Mawger installed over one thousand magic wands, collected from all times and climes."

"A thousand magic wands in that little light fixture?"

"We miniaturized them," explained the computerized house. "I'll start the incantation tapes going down there in the music room now, to prepare the atmosphere. There, by the way, is one real advantage of electronic magic. Imagine in the old days having to incant all that dull Latin, and backward. Now I just loop it and run it in reverse."

"What kind of spell are you planning to use on her?"

"I'll retrieve something out of the spell banks that'll make her more affectionate and more loyal. There she is downstairs."

From below came the sound of a 12-string guitar being dropped onto a hardwood hallway floor.

• • •

Somewhere on the dark night lawn, Perry bumped into the trunk of a hemlock or, more probably, a giant sequoia. The darkness stretched up all around him. Far and away to the left glowed the small high windows of the topmost tower of a tree-surrounded yellow gingerbread mansion. Perry lowered his gaze and felt around the base of the tree with a tentative foot. He got himself onto one of the white-stone paths of his late uncle's estate. The pebbles glowed pale blue, grating and slithering underfoot. "Melissa, are you out here?" Perry called. The collision with the tree had apparently closed his left nostril. "Don't let the nasal voice fool you. It's me, Perry. Come on back inside, Melissa."

Something skittered in the tangle of hedges at his left. Perry moved toward it and the rosebushes. Branches rustled and rose petals showered down on his head. "Are you up in one of these damn trees, Melissa?"

All grew quiet and silence rolled round him. Perry strained to see up into the interlacing of branches and vines above him. He sighed, continued on, tripped over a sundial. "Sit down on a bench and relax. She'll be OK," said Lofthouse.

"Have you got a speaker out here, too, you nitwit?"

Lofthouse said, "Implanted right under the inscription. TIME IS THE SUREST CURE."

"Can't you bring off one spell?" asked Perry, tilting toward the small grid in the speckled marble.

"Sometimes the spells get mixed. My retrieval system is eccentric. Having to put all those cabalistic signs on tape has a side effect, I think. Which is only my opinion and I wouldn't debate with brilliant men such as your late uncle."

"You said this spell would make

"How's this for a switch? Boy meets girl; boy loses girl; boy lives happily ever after."

Melissa affectionate and loyal."

"Well, cats are affectionate and loyal."

"Couldn't you have warned me about the cat business?"

"I didn't intend it," said Lofthouse from the sundial. "What's a tape bank know about affection? One kind is the same as the next to some of my dumb components."

"What kind of cat is she, anyway?"

"Look it up in your cat book."

"Never mind. I have to find her," said Perry. "Then I hope you can come up with a way to work that cat spell off her."

"American short-hair cat," said Lofthouse. "Anyway, it should wear off by itself in a few minutes. I checked back and that particular cat spell is a short-term one. Witches used to cast them just as samples."

"I still want to locate her." Perry strode across the clearing.

"To my way of thinking, which I believe is true," said Lofthouse, "you're using the wrong kind of magic on the problem."

Perry took a further step, then stopped. "Oh, so?"

"My feelings now are," said the voice of the computer, "that you ought to approach Melissa with the more outgoing kind of sorcery. You know, showers of gold coins, piles of rich furs manifested out of the air, sudden appearances of precious gems, beds of roses, flights on moonbeams. Stuff like that."

"Can you work that any better than what we're doing now?"

"My specialty," said Lofthouse, his voice swooping. "Your late uncle often approached girls, particularly long, languid blondes, that way. For himself."

"No," decided Perry. "That's too superficial. What I believe in is an inward change."

"You really," said Melissa behind him, "ought to get a repairman to look at this house, Perry. Turning me to stone and now into a calico cat. That's for certain a malfunction, if you had a warranty."

"Not calico, American short hair," Perry said to the willowy blonde. "Where are your clothes?"

"Back in the music room, remember?" said Melissa. In the moonlight, her very tan skin shone a warm, dusky rose. She scratched her lowest rib, nudging her left breast with the inside of her elbow. "Was that the computer you were talking to?"

"More or less." Perry hunched out of his jacket. "Here."

"It's not cold. Why don't you ask that damn thing to repair itself? Every time I'm here for more than a few hours, we have some kind of odd accident."

"Patience," said Perry. "Every house takes getting used to."

Melissa put her palms on her buttocks and backed against a plum tree. Little yellow plums fell on them. "I do appreciate your coming out to look for me. Though, in fact, I felt pleasant as a cat. Free and autonomous."

"I thought you might stray out onto the roadway and get flattened by a Mercedes or a caterer's truck," said Perry. "Sure you don't want the coat?"

Melissa hitched it off his outstretched hand, spun and spread it on the thick grass. "Can you turn off the speaker out here?"

"I guess." Perry moved from the naked Melissa to Lofthouse's grid. "Turn this off out here. Don't listen, don't look."

"I know my place," said Lofthouse in a metallic whisper.

"It's off," Perry told the girl.

"Gadgets take away your sense of privacy sometimes," said Melissa, lowering herself onto the coat. "I was telling that to Flax just Monday evening and he got up and unplugged his Fender bass."

"No music anecdotes," said Perry, as he dropped beside her.

• • •

Melissa fingered on the coffee urn and said, "I've got little prickly marks all over my backside."

Perry had just entered the downstairs kitchen with the morning mail. "Maybe it's nervous tension."

"No, it's from the grass last night," she said. "Little minute prickly marks. What kind of grass is that?"

"I'll have to look it up."

"You're not very sentimental this morning."

"I have," Perry said, showing her an envelope, "to go into San Francisco this afternoon and meet with some of my uncle's other heirs. They like to have these meetings about the assorted pieces of the estate every few weeks."

"I thought this here, Lofthouse, was the estate."

"No, I told you about the money and stocks and interests in businesses he left." Perry sniffed. "That coffee urn's burning. Is there enough water in it?"

"I assumed Lofthouse added water automatically."

"Not always," said Perry.

"There are a lot of other things I have to attend to," said the house from a speaker grid over the wall stove.

"Is that him?" asked Melissa. She scratched her shoulder and her left breast fell out of her terry kimono. "He has an interesting voice. I don't guess I've heard him speak before."

"I'll talk to you later," Perry said to Lofthouse.

"You can chat in front of me," said Melissa. She retied her pale-yellow robe.

Perry told her, "This meeting with the relatives will probably mean I'll have to stay in San Francisco overnight. My aunt Arden, you recall I told you about her with the purple-tinted hair, she usually insists on a late supper after the business meeting and my staying over there. You'll stay here?"

"Oh, sure," said the tanned girl. "I'm not in a roaming mood at the moment. You and Lofthouse talk. I'll go take my shower."

When Melissa was gone, Lofthouse said, "The more I reflect on it, the surer I am you're using the wrong approach. A girl like that, so intense and aware of the tactile nature of the world. You ought to switch to the gold-and-furs approach. Want to try?"

"Right at the moment, all I want is a cup of coffee," said Perry.

• • •

Friday, at a little after three in the afternoon, Perry returned from the overnight meeting and drove up the white-pebble driveway, across a thickly planted acre. It wasn't until he had trouble finding the garage that he realized the house was not there. Only new grass, short and bright green, stretching over the quarter of an acre Lofthouse had occupied. He got out of his Mercedes sedan and closed its door. He walked carefully around the outline of the house as he remembered it. "Melissa," he called, not loud.

The popping sound of the mail copter grew overhead and Perry turned to see Floyd Dell dropping toward the front lawn. Perry walked down to meet the postman. "I don't suppose you've seen my house around the neighborhood anyplace?" he asked the emerging Dell.

"Saw your girl, Miss Dankworth, at the post office yesterday evening pretty near closing time," said Dell, rubbing an envelope across his stomach.

"I stayed overnight in San Francisco," said Perry. "Is that letter from her?"

"Special delivery," the postman said and gave him the letter. "What's she say?"

Perry didn't bother to keep it private. He read, " 'Just a note to let you know I got to talking to Lofthouse and I find him fascinating. Showers of gold, piles of furs, buckets of rare and precious gems. Not to mention traveling anywhere in the world.' He didn't tell me about that. 'By the time you read this, I'll be in Italy someplace on an acre Lofthouse bought. We're flying over some way I don't quite understand. I don't know exactly how Lofthouse does what he does. You probably understand better. Some kind of magic, he says.' " Perry folded the letter and inserted it back in its envelope. He nodded his head once. "My girlfriend ran off with my house and they're living together in Italy."

"This time of year, everybody around here goes to Europe," said the postman. He trotted back to his copter and flew away.

"How was I to know? It was dark and he said 'Me Tarzan.'"

NEXT MONTH:


BRIGITTE


FORECAST


FEEL


SWINGERS

"ADA OR ARDOR"—A NOVELETTE-LENGTH PREVIEW OF THE BIGGEST, SEXIEST, ALL-NEW NOVEL FROM THE AUTHOR SINCE HIS BEST-SELLING *LOLITA*—BY **VLADIMIR NABOKOV**

"THE TOYS AND GAMES OF WAR AND PEACE"—A TRIPARTITE EXPLORATION AND EXPLANATION OF THAT ARCANE TERRITORY OF INTELLECT AND ACTION WHERE GAME THEORY AND COMPUTER TECHNOLOGY FUSE TO NOT ONLY PREDICT BUT TO ACTUALLY SHAPE OUR FUTURE AND OUR WORLD—BY **JULES SIEGEL, PHILIP MEYER** AND **ROBERT RUSSEL**

ALLEN GINSBERG, THE BEATIFIC HIPPIE-POET-MYSTIC, TALKS ABOUT DRUGS, HOMOSEXUALITY, REVOLUTION AND APOCALYPSE IN AN EXCLUSIVE MIND-BLOWING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"BÉBÉ BARES ALL"—FOR THE FIRST TIME, SEX QUEEN BRIGITTE BARDOT POSES FOR OFF-THE-SET UNCOVERAGE

"THE GRANDSTAND PASSION PLAY OF DELBERT AND THE BUMPUS HOUNDS"—ALL THE EVILS OF APPALACHIA DESCEND UPON HAMMOND, AND A LONG-CHERISHED EASTER CEREMONY GOES TO THE DOGS—BY **JEAN SHEPHERD**

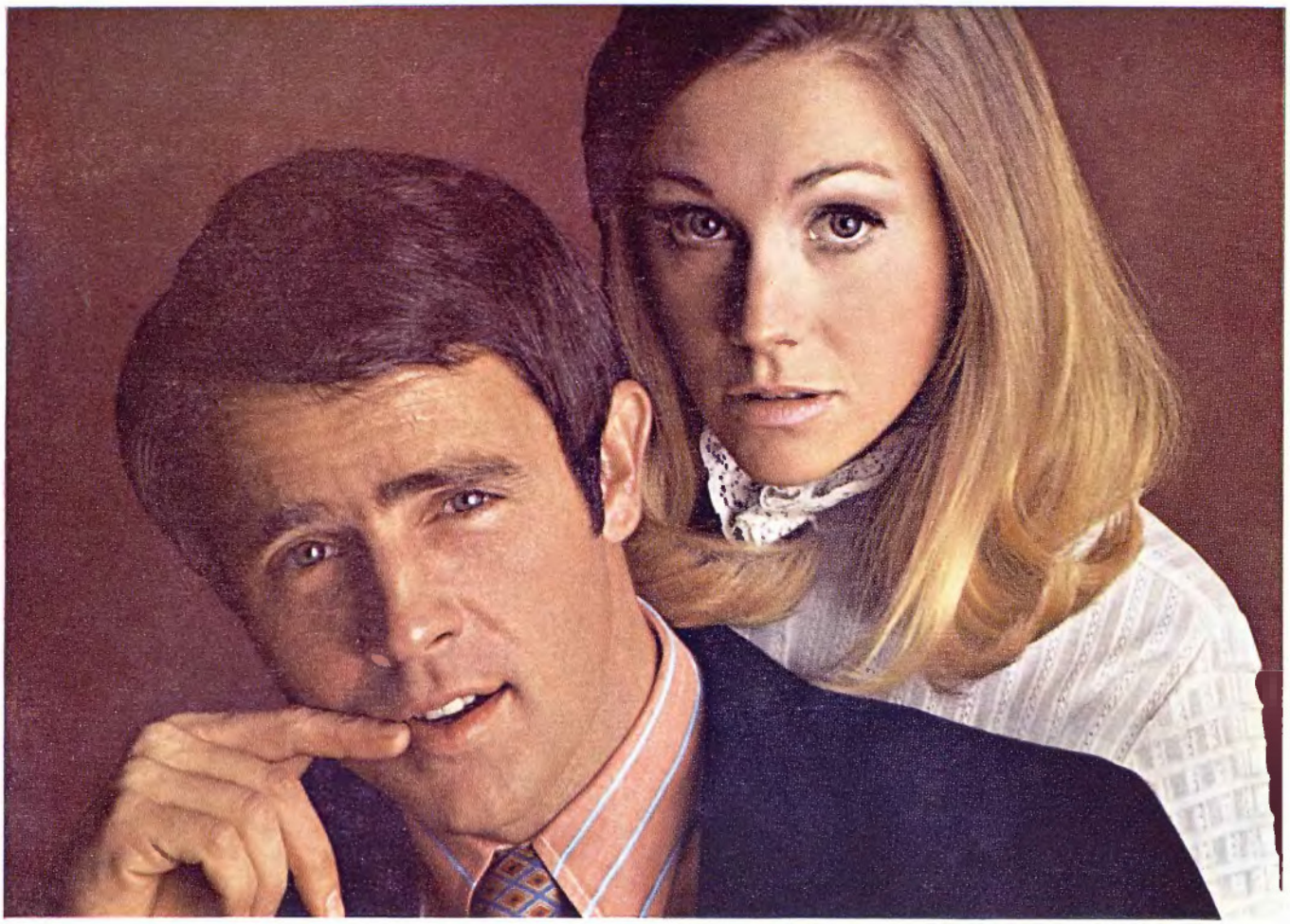
"THE SWINGERS"—A WEST COAST CONSORTIUM OF GROUP-SEX ENTHUSIASTS PREACH AND PRACTICE THE NOTION THAT ANY NUMBER CAN PLAY—BY **RICHARD WARREN LEWIS**

"PREY"—A SCARIFYING TALE OF A PRIMITIVELY CARVED FIGURE IMBUED WITH EVIL—BY **RICHARD MATHESON**

"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"—REVOLUTIONARY NEW TRENDS IN MEN'S ATTIRE FOR THE UPCOMING SUNNY SEASON—BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**

"I CUT OUT HER HEART AND STOMPED ON IT!"—FREAKIES AND WEIRDOS, VIOLENCE AND KINKY EROTICA ARE THE STAPLES OF TODAY'S NATIONAL TABLOIDS—BY **REGINALD POTTERTON**

"CAN YOU FEEL ANYTHING WHEN I DO THIS?"—IN A SERIO-COMIC SCI-FIER, AN UNUSUAL APPLIANCE VOLUNTEERS A UNIQUE SERVICE TO A BORED HOUSEWIFE—BY **ROBERT SHECKLEY**



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