ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

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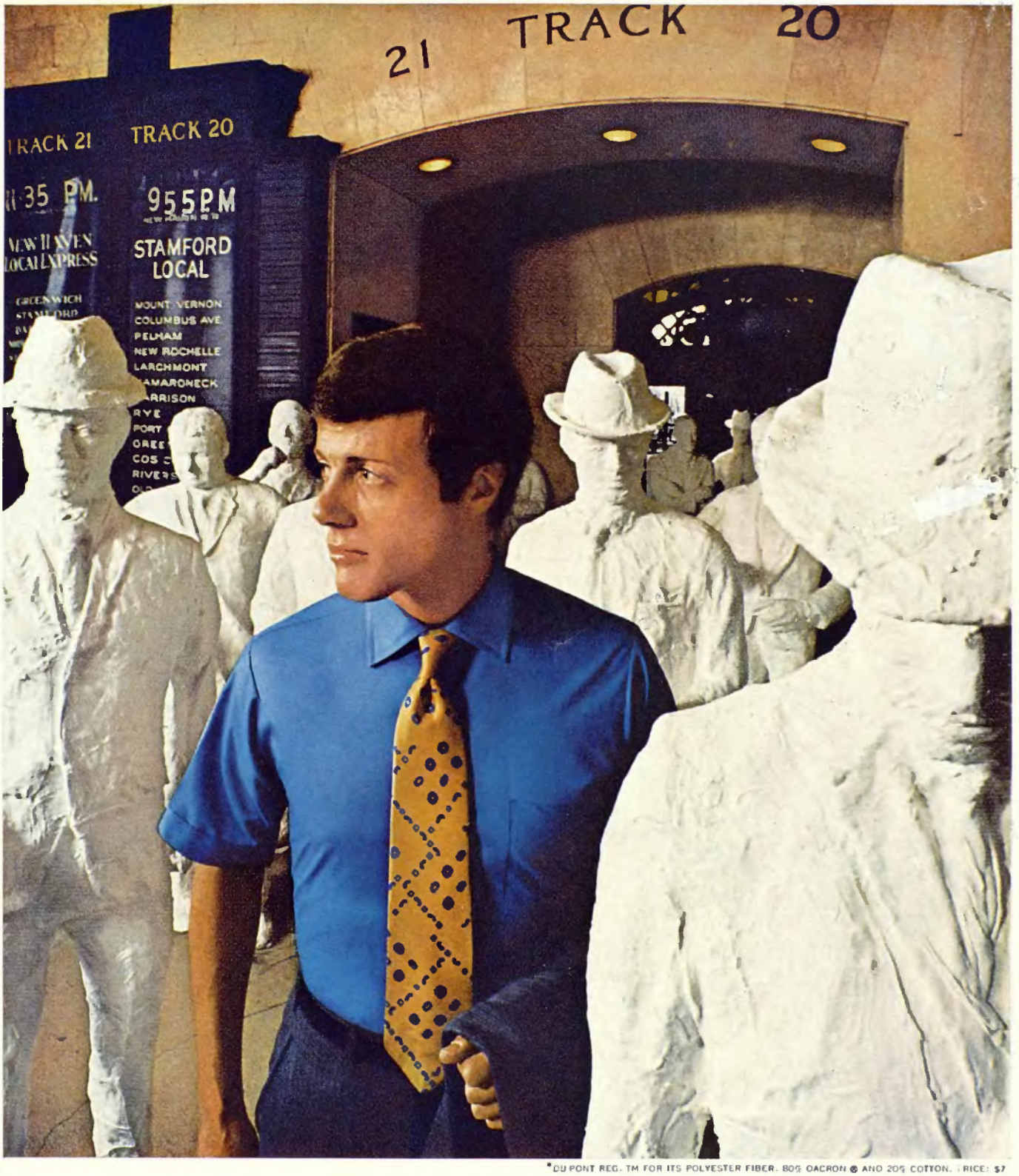

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the rest come off like a bunch of stiffs.

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The people who unstuffed the shirt

PLAYBILL CROWNING an issue as sunny as the season is Connie Kreski—whose appearance on this month's cover heralds her selection as 1969's Playmate of the Year. A regal photographic portfolio of Connie awaits within—along with a kingly abundance of entertainment for men, as befits the month that boasts the year's longest day.

Leading off the issue's fiction—with an eerie tale of an extraordinary assassination—is master fantasist Ray Bradbury. "*Downwind from Gettysburg*," he says, "grew out of a visit to a Disney robot factory in Glendale. As I watched them putting together the Lincoln robot, the thought of Booth and the Ford Theater on that April night in 1865 came to me, and I wrote this story. It is very personal: My hero speaks for me in the midst of the emotions and confusions that followed the King and Kennedy assassinations." Upcoming from the Bradbury pen are an anthology of stories, *I Sing the Body Electric!*, and *When Elephants Last in the Dooryard Bloomed*, his first book of poems.

Ray Russell's tale, *Gemini*, is a story of ultimate sibling rivalry. His latest novel, *The Colony* (reviewed on page 34), has just hit the bookstores; and *Naked in Xanadu*, his November 1964 PLAYBOY story, has been acquired for feature filming—his third PLAYBOY effort to be adapted for the screen. At the moment, Ray is well into his sixth book, a novel with a subject he describes as top secret.

A satirical story of medical intrigue and a comic glimpse at West Coast hip life round out this month's fiction. In *I Do Not Like Thee, Dr. Feldman*, Henry Slesar posits the predicament of a well-liked surgeon whose life is inexplicably threatened; and in *A Life in the Day Of*, Frank M. Robinson wittily dramatizes the cultural shock that occurs when pseudo-hip meets superhip. Slesar is president of his own advertising agency but moonlights regularly as chief writer for TV's suspense daytimer *Edge of Night*. He also has a new mystery novel forthcoming, and his short fiction is included in more than 75 anthologies. A free-lance writer and managing editor of the news magazine *Censorship Today*, Robinson lives in San Francisco, where his contact with the Bay Area underground led to *A Life*. "I was impressed," he told us, "with the differences between those who are supercool and those merely acting a role. With the latter, it's the thing to do: if wearing lamp shades and swallowing goldfish were considered hip, the unsure ones would be doing that."

Fresh from a one-man comedy triumph at New York's Town Hall, Jean Shepherd returns to print with *Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories*, a bittersweet paean to that glorious teenage institution, the junior prom. Jean has recently been hitting the college trail—giving S.R.O. performances around the country—and between trips he's furthered his love of flying by working for his instrument rating as a private pilot. His novel *In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash*, much of which appeared first in these pages, is now under consideration by a major moviemaker.

Once dismissed by the liberal community as a harmless side show of oddball right-wing hatemongers, groups such as the Minutemen are currently changing that opinion by entering a new phase of virulence and violence. In *The Paramilitary Right*, reporter Eric Norden objectively examines the growth and goals of these self-appointed saviors of liberty—and relates his excursion with several Minutemen to blow up a bunker; we are also privy to an exclusive interview with Minutemen chief Robert Bolivar DePugh, hours before he disappeared to avoid a jail term. A frequent PLAYBOY interviewer and free-lance writer, Norden is in London researching a new book.

The keen edge of Gore Vidal's celebrated wit—applied ruthlessly to everyone from Bill Buckley to Ted Kennedy—is vividly evident in this month's *Playboy Interview* with the author, critic, politician and polemicist. But the central focus of the far-ranging discussion is on Vidal's fears for the social drift of America, and his radical proposals to reverse it. Little, Brown published Vidal's latest collection of essays, *Reflections upon a Sinking Ship*, in March, and the writer promises another novel after three new Hollywood projects, including film versions of his own *Julian* and *Myra Breckinridge*.

In *Playboy's Guide to Mutual Funds*, Senior Editor Michael Laurence, our prize-winning investment writer, unravels the complex threads of investment-company finance in a way that renders it not only comprehensible but eminently useful and rewarding as well. Although this is only Mike's third financial article for us (the two others: *Playboy Plays the Commodities Market* in August 1967 and *Beating Inflation: A Playboy Primer* in March 1968), he's already winning an enviable reputation for incisive lucidity combined with a delightfully sprightly style—a feat that might well make Mike unique among today's financial scribes: we're pleased to report that more such articles are in the works. He also mated his sound knowledge of finance with a lively imagination to produce a murder yarn involving international monetary skulduggery and some ghostly goings on (*The Legacy*, November 1968).

Also on hand this month: Essayist Seymour Krim, author of *Views of a Nearsighted Cannoneer*, discusses the influence of Thirties fiction on his generation in *The American Novel Made Us*; Robert Morley and Robert Daley opt for the nomadic and the daredevil life, respectively; in *The Grand Hotels*, Morley pays homage to his favorite lodgings the world over; and in *The Risk Takers*, Daley presents a coterie of men who repeatedly put their lives on the line—and analyzes their motivation. LeRoy Neiman—who's been in the pits at countless international races—takes an artist's look at the automotive sporting life in *Le Mans*; and Robert L. Green dips into the fashionable subject of swim- and *après*-swim-wear in *High Water Marks*. Without further ado, everybody into the pool!


BRADBURY


MORLEY


KRIM


SHEPHERD


DALEY


NEIMAN


LAURENCE


SLESAR


NORDEN


RUSSELL


ROBINSON

vol. 16, no. 6—june, 1969

PLAYBOY

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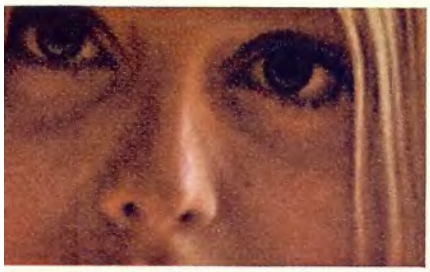

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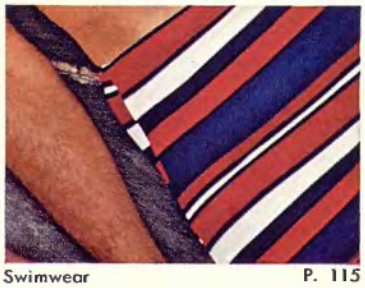

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PLAYBOY, JUNE, 1969, VOL. 16, NO. 6. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMH PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., $10 FOR ONE YEAR.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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LIBERTARIANISM

Highest praise to Karl Hess for coming back from the left to write *The Death of Politics* (PLAYBOY, March)—a fresh breeze of reason for the smoke-filled rooms. Highest praise as well to PLAYBOY for braving the fury of the power holders and power seekers by publishing it.

Morgan Eiland
Los Angeles, California

The Death of Politics was the best article I have ever read in PLAYBOY and I hope to see more like it. The libertarian views of Karl Hess are totally consistent with the PLAYBOY philosophy of mutual consent between individuals.

Bill Sheppard
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

I found Karl Hess' article interesting, but I also found myself disagreeing with most of what he said. His reassertion of the traditional and outmoded American ideals of individualism and laissez-faire capitalism, which he maintains is the only *truly* revolutionary stand that one can take, seems simply reactionary. Maybe this is just another indication of how fine a line separates revolution from reaction, but it also reveals a fundamental flaw in Hess' thinking. All sincere reform movements in American history have succeeded only to the extent that they have attempted to break free of the old ideals —such as *laissez faire* and individualism —to substitute more contemporary doctrines, such as collective responsibility and government regulation. The modern industrial economy has become so interdependent that the old laws of classical economics—free competition, for instance —no longer work. I think Hess could spend his time more profitably if he worked to improve politics, instead of merely pointing out contradictions on today's right and left.

Douglas F. Watt
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

You've really done it. In *The Death of Politics*, by Karl Hess, the one idea that really works has been put into the most potent magazine article ever published. For a number of years, I have respected similar ideas of Ludwig Von Mises, Tom Paine and others; but never before have the ideas of archaic modern governments been so thoroughly put down, in one concise article. Even the interesting contemporary personalities—the Kennedys, Goldwaters and McCarthys—are saddled with their own political lameness. They are hung up, man, on politics. And as Hess says, just like Linus, they don't want to give up their blanket. The blanket of politics has, throughout our modern history, been destroying society, despite the positiveness, creativity and productiveness of most human beings.

Peter Fleming
Los Angeles, California

Thanks for the article by Karl Hess. It put into print what many of us have been thinking about for years. A few Californians recently attempted to make the principles of libertarianism a reality by forming a completely new political party called the Peace and Freedom Party. Sad to say, radicals from the New Left soon took control and mismanaged the party into oblivion. Our republic seems to be headed toward disaster. One alternative might be the formation of a new national political party based on the concepts of libertarianism and laissez-faire capitalism. This new movement could obsolete one of the two existing political parties; take your pick, as they are the same.

Ed Wills
La Mesa, California

As a product of the University of California at Berkeley and the Harvard Law School, I have been exposed to what Karl Hess would call the politics of both the radical and the reactionary. Like Hess, I have developed a philosophy that draws from the thinking of Barry Goldwater, Ayn Rand, Norman Mailer and Lenny Bruce. Unfortunately, my educational background, which many would find enviable, has left me isolated and frustrated, confused and abused. Faced with the political left-and-right polarization so socially acceptable in today's America, I have found myself incapable of bringing together a philosophy that has, heretofore, been strewn in bits and pieces within my mind. I cannot

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truly say that either Berkeley or Harvard has prepared me to communicate the ideas I have developed. Fortunately, Hess has now done so for me. So, to all my friends on both the right and the left: Read Hess. Then come and let us reason together.

Marc P. Fairman
Harvard Law School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Hess may not have all the answers, but at least he has declared his independence of the hypocritical clichés, both left and right, that have long made me become almost physically ill every time I read the latest rehash by a William Buckley or a Tom Hayden. The world would benefit if Hess and others of similar thinking were to become the basis of a new political movement.

John J. Pierce
The Daily Advance
Dover, New Jersey

After reading a steady stream of collectivist writing in PLAYBOY, I found *The Death of Politics* by Karl Hess a refreshing change. I agree with many points in Hess' persuasive arguments, but I disagree with his rejection of political action. Believing as I do in a government of explicitly limited powers, I also believe in *government*, and I recognize that it has the unique role of providing the orderly environment within which *free* men may live. It follows that I disagree with the author when he calls for the dismantling of the nation-state.

Hess, in an otherwise admirable enthusiasm for liberty, looks for allies where he will find none. He finds hope for libertarians in Students for a Democratic Society, yet it is obvious that the organization is authoritarian. SDS does not accept laissez-faire capitalism but posits variations of socialism. In addition to this key difference between SDS and Hess, the organization, as demonstrated repeatedly and conclusively on the nation's campuses, is intent on *coercing* individuals and institutions with whom it disagrees. In his disenchantment with the establishment, a feeling shared by libertarian and not-so-libertarian conservatives, Hess looks for revolutionaries and, having found them in SDS, he is happy. But SDS is not really revolutionary at all. It proposes, explicitly or in effect, greater government action: an advancement of contemporary liberalism, the statism that Hess found so objectionable.

As editor of *The New Guard*, the magazine of Young Americans for Freedom, I am in constant contact with the conservatives whom Hess finds so hypocritical and authoritarian. Bill Buckley, singled out in the article, began his assault on the establishment 20 years ago. The phony businessman conservative and the WASPish anti-Semitic conservative exist; but from Hess' article,

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one would conclude that they dominate. Their influence within the conservative movement is minuscule. A poll of YAF's membership, for example, showed almost no support for George Wallace. YAF may not have a revolutionary image, because we do not engage in destroying private property (as SDS does) nor in otherwise engaging in violent or coercive activities. But to a pronounced antiestablishmentarian like Karl Hess, I suggest that YAF is, indeed, the revolutionary wave of the future. It is YAF, not SDS, that for years has favored a volunteer military. It is YAF's "Sharon Statement," not SDS' "Port Huron Statement," that embraces laissez-faire capitalism.

Arnold Steinberg, Editor
The New Guard
Washington, D. C.

Karl Hess tells us that "ultimately . . . politics denies the rational nature of man." Nonsense. When rational men revered and engaged in politics, societies flourished: in Greece for a time and in the formative period of our own country. The problems we face today will not be solved by the abolition of politics. They can be solved only by recognizing the overriding importance of politics in this era of ultimate weaponry. Hess is right when he says: "Man can survive in an inclement universe only through the use of his mind." He is wrong in not recognizing that survival depends upon the best minds' addressing themselves to the improvement rather than the destruction of politics.

Harold Willens, President
Factory Equipment
Supply Corporation
Los Angeles, California

Willens is cochairman of the Business Executives Move for Vietnam Peace, a group credited with influencing Lyndon Johnson's decision to de-escalate the war and not to seek re-election.

Hess is suspect in his assumptions about human aggression. Perhaps he would do well to recall the words of the French anarchist Proudhon: "Liberty—the mother, not the daughter, of order." If Hess really wants a free world, he must stop pussyfooting around with "governments for defense only." After all, to carry his reasoning a step further, a government strong enough to defend everything you've got is big enough to destroy all you've got, too. It's time to put our faith entirely in the hands of man.

Lowell Ponte
Los Angeles, California

Ponte is a libertarian-anarchist radio commentator in Los Angeles.

PILLOW TALK

I think it was irresponsible of you to publish Woody Allen's piece on the delights of *shindai*, the Japanese art of pillow fighting (*Shindai!*, PLAYBOY,

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February) without warning the reader of the concomitant dangers. Pillow fighting without a nose guard leaves the novice vulnerable to a feather infestation of the nasal passages that can cause discomfort or even temporary insanity. The presence of a little foreign body (I am referring to the feather, not to Woody Allen) in the nostril, in at least one instance on record, caused the collapse of the Japanese Diet when a berserk *shindai* novice crashed through the rice-paper walls of a geisha house to discover . . . but perhaps we should not nourish such scandal by repetition.

Jonathan Routh
London, England

Author Routh speaks with some authority, as he wrote "Shindai: the Art of Japanese Bed-Fighting," a Dell paperback and the only published source of information on shindai.

DOOR MEN

What would America do without writers like Robert McNear and short stories like *Death's Door* (PLAYBOY, March)? And what would we do without a magazine like PLAYBOY that has the space and the taste to publish a true literary tour de force such as this? It's encouraging to find, in the most contemporary of magazines, recognition of the literary values of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Bernard Geis
New York, New York

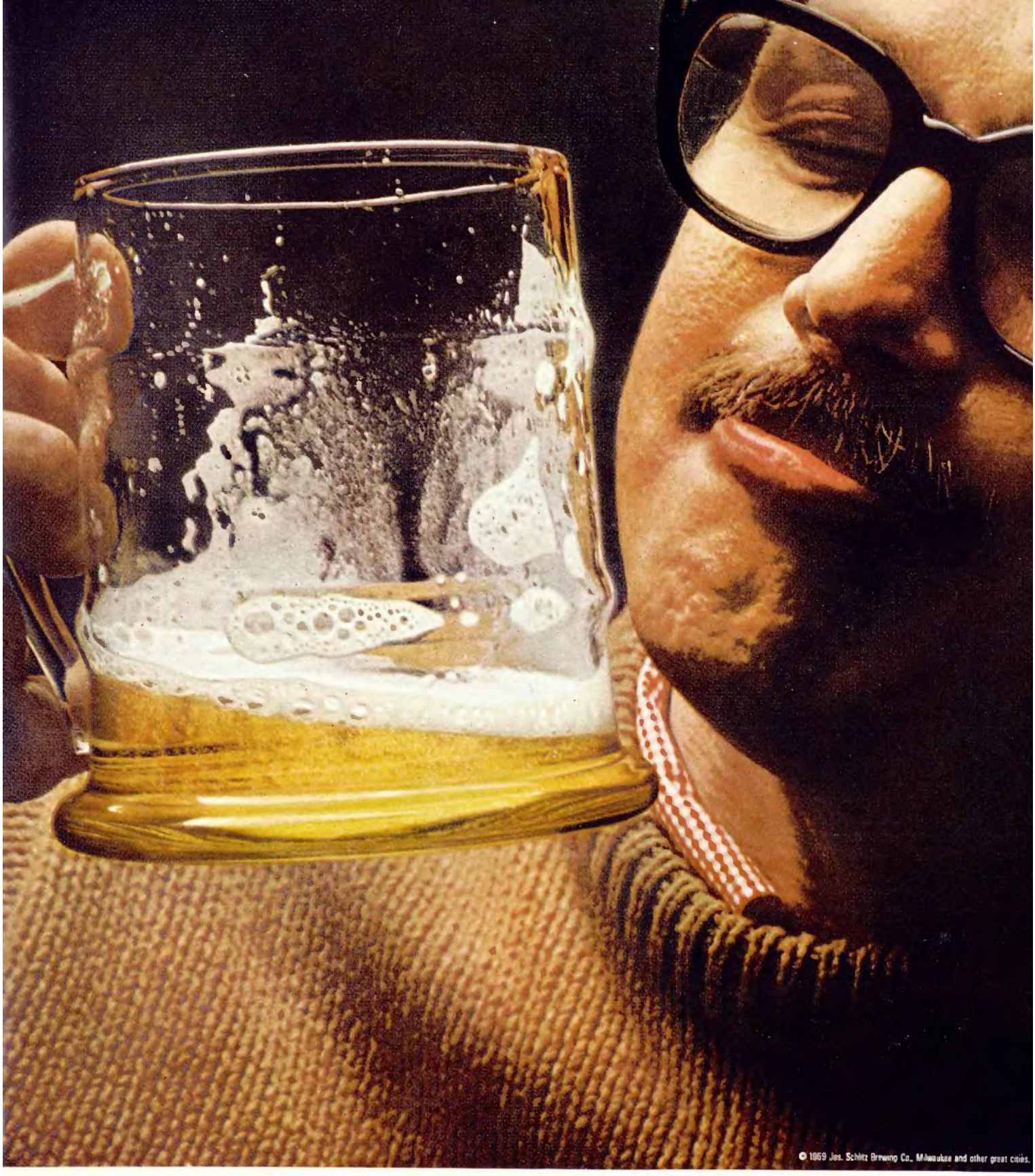
A former editor of Coronet *and editor in chief at Grosset & Dunlap, Geis now heads his own highly successful publishing house.*

Very often in speeches, I mention the fact that there are two important outlets for original short-story writing today: PLAYBOY and *The New Yorker*. You are carrying the banner high, giving a lot of talent needed exposure, and producing some wonderful short stories in the process. I do not consider *Death's Door* successful as a short story, but I do think that McNear develops an eerie quality that lends a wonderful sense of foreboding to the tale he tells. I feel that after that marvelous scene in the diner, much of the rest is contrived. The newspaperman falls onto pieces of information in a way that is too artificial. What the story's about is grim and terrible. The mood is pretty well sustained throughout, but what really bothers me is the fact that the mechanics of the story are weak. Fortunately for the author, one can learn mechanics but one can't learn mood. I predict a finer effort from McNear in the future.

Ken McCormick, Editor in Chief
Doubleday & Company
New York, New York

MARSHALL PLAN

Your March interview with Marshall McLuhan was impressive. His theories



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regarding the communications media are more often fascinating than understandable—but interviewer Eric Norden managed to ask him questions that provoked some very cogent responses, and the result was a lucid summary of the media-mastermind's major ideas. Anyone the least bit interested in McLuhan will thank you for publishing it.

Bruce Baker
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

For a periodical that has achieved notable success because of "hot" photographs, your publication of a splendidly "cool" interview with Marshall McLuhan could be considered a paradox. Congratulations.

Donald Y. Wakefield
Fort Lee, Virginia

Thank you very much for the interview with Marshall McLuhan. PLAYBOY arrived the day before I was to write a final examination for my college composition class. Included in our studies this term was the work of Marshall McLuhan. During the final exam, we were able to use reference materials. The students, and especially the instructor, were surprised to see, among my reference citations, the March issue of PLAYBOY.

Terry W. Tilton
Anamosa, Iowa

PLAYBOY's McLuhan interview was, indeed, an interesting collection of data. The mountain quakes and out comes the little mouselike revelations: So McLuhan joined the Roman Catholic Church, so McLuhan's eldest son is becoming a literary critic. . . . I think I'll join the Church and become a literary critic, instead of following the train of thought given in *Understanding Media*.

Eric Bentley
New York, New York

CHEERS FOR UNCLE CLAUDE

Jan Kindler's personality sketch, *Elysian Fields* (PLAYBOY, March), was the most interesting and enjoyable article about a film or stage personality that I have ever read. I most certainly agree that W. C. Fields far outclassed other comedians of his time and will continue to do so as long as his films are viewed. Although Fields died 22 years ago, his popularity is great and seems to be increasing. I hope the sponsors of television take heed of "I'd rather be in Philadelphia" and "Who put pineapple juice in my pineapple juice?" and present us with a special about the great misanthrope.

Fred Hahne
Warren, Ohio

A cornucopia of accolades should be bestowed upon Jan Kindler for enlightening the masses about our idol, W. C. Fields. Without the comedy films of Uncle Claude, this mundane sphere of ours would be barren, bleak and dank. But amid all his present-day popularity, old Willie is still being slighted. I urge every Fields fan to write his local television stations and demand that they show more of his movies. Let us all lift a martini and drink a toast to the memory of the funniest man who ever lived: W. C. Fields. Pardon my redundancy.

Andrew Jaysnovitch
W. C. Fields Fan Club
South River, New Jersey

PLANETARY MOVEMENT

My gratitude to PLAYBOY for again exposing its readers to the thought-provoking, mind-blowing experience of Arthur C. Clarke. His March article, *Next—the Planets*, was a masterpiece.

Larry Milo
Manchester, Connecticut

Arthur Clarke's article on the future promise of planetary exploration was a most eloquent affirmation of the direction American space efforts ought to be taking. I say "ought" because it seems that NASA has no solid plans beyond the soon-to-expire Apollo lunar program: while the Russians, perhaps sensing that simply having a human being tromp about the barren lunar surface is not the be-all and end-all of space exploration, are making concerted efforts to get on to where the action is: the other planets in our solar system.

Harold Stone
Chicago, Illinois

Arthur Clarke neglected to mention a speculation perhaps more important than the possibility of life on Jupiter. That speculation is a hypothesis, first advanced by Russian astrophysicist Dr. I. S. Shklovsky, that one of the moons of Mars is of artificial origin. In 1945, American astronomer B. P. Sharpless detected what astronomers call a secular change in the orbit of Phobos, the nearer Martian moon. Phobos is less than 12 miles in diameter and circles Mars once every 7 hours, 39 minutes at an altitude of a mere 3700 miles. Sharpless noticed a very small but discernible acceleration in Phobos' orbit. This speed-up is simply not assignable to any natural cause, unless, as Shklovsky supposes, the satellite is *hollow* (and therefore artificial). It is also probably dead, since it is rather quiet as a radio source. Shklovsky's hypothesis may be playing a significant part in the Soviet Union's continuing commitment to planetary probes. Confirmation of the hypothesis would certainly be a discovery without precedent, and direct human study of Phobos might be comparable, in the level of excitement generated, to turning Aristotle loose in the Smithsonian. If Shklovsky is right and if the

Johnny Carson, star of NBC's "Tonight" Show.

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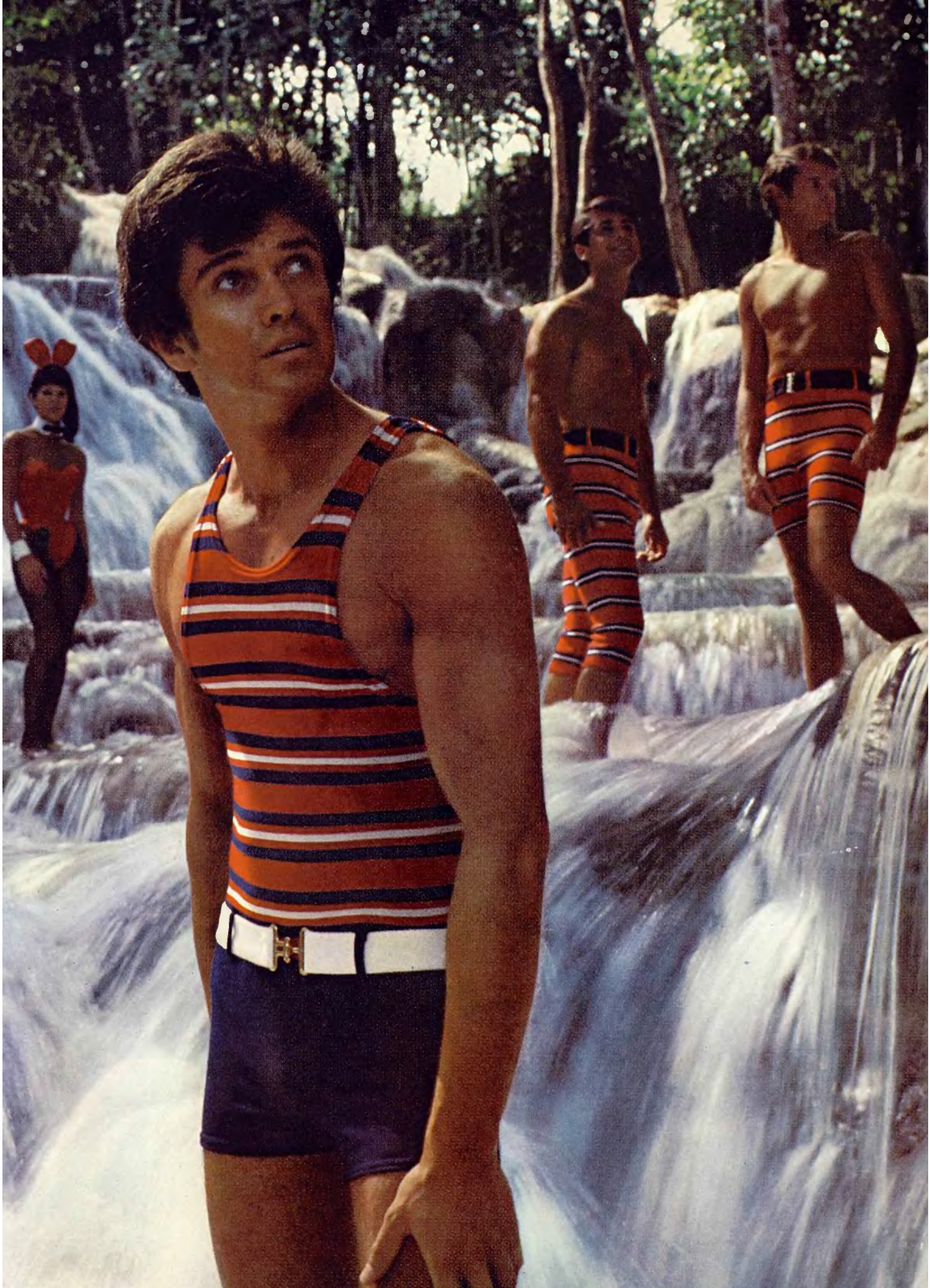

Photographed at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel

The wet-set is making waves in the Kings Road Collection.

Out with trunks. In with swinging swimstuff. That's what's making waves right now. In The-Men's-Store.

The truth of the matter is, we still have boxer-type swim trunks for guys who like to play it safe.

But if you'd rather play it for style, we have the belted one-piece (looks like two) tank suit. The 28-inch calf length Long John with belt. And the great John L. suit, belted and 17-invincible-inches long.

The material is cool, fast-drying nylon. The colors are red, white and blue. And as for the prices, they're each under $10.

Add an extra long beach shirt in cotton Jersey, under $6. And join the swinging wet-set now. In The-Men's-Store.

P.S. Charge all your swimstuff on Sears Revolving Charge.

KINGS ROAD COLLECTION

Sears The·Men's·Store

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

Russians get there first, they might end up with the whole pie in a shorter time than we can imagine.

Jerome Sullivan
Dothan, Alabama

In reading Arthur C. Clarke's lucid article, I took exception only to the superoptimistic editorial blurb that introduced Clarke's excellent account. The blurb began: "With conquest of the moon virtually accomplished. . . ."

I hate to be picayune, but in one clause of one sentence was encompassed —by analogy—the discovery of the New World beginning in the 15th Century, a thousand voyages of exploration, the first, second and umpteenth laborious crossings of North and South America by intrepid explorers, and who knows how many skirmishes and battles between and among competing great powers.

Clarke protected himself with a few well-chosen, hedging remarks. But your editors should be more cautious. For Arthur C. Clarke: four stars. And for that blurb writer: one day on a black sun.

A. E. van Vogt
Hollywood, California

Van Vogt is the creator of such sci-fi classics as "Slan" and "The World of Null-A."

GREAT GUNS?

Thank you for publishing Senator Joseph Tydings' article, *Americans and the Gun*, in your March issue. Let's hope his clear and rational message reaches our Senators and Congressmen, so that strong gun-control legislation—registration and licensing of all guns—will soon be passed.

Karen Turnbull
Lahaina, Hawaii

Senator Tydings has clearly spelled out the issue. I applaud his courageous statement of the facts—as they are, not as the gun lobbyist imagines them. As former commissioner of Internal Revenue, I am proud to have played a part in obtaining the Gun Control Act of 1968, with Tydings' tremendous help.

Sheldon S. Cohen
Washington, D. C.

I appreciate full well Senator Tydings' intense frustrations over the defeat of the measure that would have required the licensing of gun owners and the registration of firearms. In October 1963, my office began work on a bill to control the sale of all firearms in the state of New Jersey. After an extremely difficult effort, we emerged victorious in June 1966, with the passage of a law that has been hailed as the best gun-control law in the nation. It does not appear likely, however, that many other states will overcome the pressure of the National Rifle Association and enact controls such as we have in New Jersey. This being the case—if the public desires gun control, and I believe it does—Congress will have to enact a program of Federal licensing and registration. The concept of gun control is regulatory, not confiscatory. We believe that the sanest approach to preventing gun crimes is to prevent guns from falling into the hands of undesirable persons. With all of the fear about crime and violence today, one would think that every American would be willing to bear the slight inconvenience involved in a gun-control program. The proliferation of guns may not be desirable, but at least the law-abiding citizen who thought he needed a gun would know that he could get one legally, while those with the obvious propensity for crime and violence could not. If this society must have guns, then let us ensure that only decent people can get them.

Arthur J. Sills
Attorney General, State of New Jersey
Trenton, New Jersey

I consider myself a concerned and devoted sportsman-hunter, like Senator Tydings. I am also a member of the condemned National Rifle Association. However, I agree with the Senator on the need for effective gun-control legislation. Registration of firearms seems, to me and to other members I have spoken to, a reasonable answer.

The good Senator says that no registration fee would be charged. Many New York sportsmen find this laughable. We were fed the same line last year in New York. Many of us supported the gun-registration bill—not realizing that the money-hungry administration would slap a registration fee on us. The fee is only three dollars, and this isn't bad for the average gun owner. But for the collector, it is a real burden. There is now talk of gradually increasing the fee—perhaps to as much as $25 per gun. Looking to New York as an example, how can Senator Tydings expect support from a group of people being so tyrannized?

Frank Joy
Uniondale, New York

Tydings glosses over the importance of enforcing existing laws. I doubt if passing another law against breaking the law would be an effective solution to the crime problem. Gun control alone would probably have little effect on the increasing crime rate in the U. S. Permissive court decisions favoring the rights of the criminal over those of the victim do more damage. And the lack of law enforcement most assuredly is an important factor. How many unenforced laws did Sirhan Sirhan violate in California when he used a concealed handgun to kill Senator Robert F. Kennedy? Two, three, five, ten? How much better would

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Because it's twice the tire. Polyester cord body. Reinforced with two fiberglass Sup-R-Belts. Belts stabilize the tread—keep it from rubbing side to side. This gives you up to twice the mileage you'd get from a regular-ply wide tire. WIDE OVAL FIRESTONE T.M.

Extra protection.

Inside every fiberglass cord are over 3,000 fibers. In early fiberglass tires, these fibers rubbed against each other, weakened themselves. We found a way to add more protective coating. Result: Cord stays strong.

the situation be if two, three, five or ten additional unenforced laws were added to the existing body of unenforced laws.

I am not a gun nut. I am not even a gun buff. I am just sick and tired of proliferating, ineffective and expensive Governmental controls. Let's kick this little-old-lady hysteria, remove the criminal from his privileged pedestal and preserve a touch of "live-and-let-live" for the law-abiding majority.

I. D. Quillin
Camp Springs, Maryland

Your article on gun controls was the final impetus to set me doing something I've been meaning to do for a long time. Today I sent in my application to the National Rifle Association.

Robert W. Mausolf
Salt Point, New York

*OVER*WHELMED

I wish to thank you for publishing Gahan Wilson's March cartoon feature, *Overkill*. Wilson's offbeat humor is the first thing I look for in your magazine.

W. Scott Thornsley
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Gahan Wilson's *Overkill* transforms the cartoon into eloquent, trenchant social satire. His portrayal of the violence-loving American society is as revealing (and humorous) as it is frightening.

Harry Agensky
McGill University
Montreal, Quebec

KOOK'S TOUR

C. Robert Jennings' *Cultsville U.S.A.* in the March PLAYBOY was so penetrating and convincing that any hopes I ever harbored about moving my family to the Golden State were shattered. I previously thought that the genuinely sick, schizophrenic lunatics in this country were those students who were demonstrating, or protesting, or whatever, at our University of Wisconsin. But after learning of California's pathetic psychopathic weirdos, *kinhin* practicers, Satanic Masses, *Kama Sutra* posters, Mephistophelean beards, dirty-white loincloths, spontaneous prajna, Esoteric Qabalistic Healing Services, Vedanta, Zen, Sufism, Astarianry and their ludicrous beliefs and practices, I have firmly resolved to raise my sane, intelligent and normal family right here.

John Gueinzius
Appleton, Wisconsin

Do you realize that you are practically the first publication to even mention the existence of Sufis? There are more Sufis in the world than all other mystical groups combined. The presidents of both Pakistan and India, not necessarily friendly toward each other, have both been involved in this movement. The country of Iraq, now in turmoil, was organized largely by Sufis.

The fact that you have mentioned Sufism (and me) at all is to me so important that I can overlook Jennings' entering the field of medical diagnosis to say I wheeze when I talk. I do not recall having wheezed once since infancy. I can also overlook Jennings' saying that a beautiful blonde lady who was attracted to me was an acidhead. Did he try kissing her to find out? This is a language readers of PLAYBOY could understand. But mystics don't necessarily decry humor: We are far from being dualistic puritans. Thanks and God bless you.

Samuel Lewis
Sufi Ahmed Murad Christi
Los Angeles, California

I was appalled to read that a certain bald-headed man claimed that I am a Satanist. I know that when one is a public figure, one's name is used without veracity by various groups to lend credence to their causes; and generally, said causes are innocuous enough to require no rebuttal. However, being labeled a Satanist is a degrading accusation, as this cult represents the opposite of my belief. I want to state here that I have never been, nor considered being, nor ever would consider being, part of a Satanist cult. My bag is love, not hate.

Barbara McNair
Los Angeles, California

I am saddened that Jennings failed to mention the Paratheo-Anametamystikhood of Eris Esoteric (POEE). About a decade ago, the goddess Eris revealed herself to the Keepers of the Sacred Chao (namely, Lord Omar Khayyám Ravenhurst and myself) and at that time, she explained that not everybody would understand her glory at first glimpse. But she did not prepare me for the disappointment I encountered in Jennings' article. Your hopefully inadvertent omission of the world's first true religion has only succeeded in furthering popular ignorance of the most profound metaphysical revelation to hit the holy market since the Bo Tree Episode. Please make amends by printing this letter and disclosing that the world could not be so messed up without a reason. Somebody had to put all this confusion here. Her name is Eris (known to the Greeks as the goddess of strife and renamed Discordia by the Romans) and she did it because she *likes* it this way. Understanding this simple fact is absolutely all anyone has to understand about anything. Don't let those fanatic nuts mislead you. Just beware: Big Mother is watching.

Malaclypse the Younger, K. S. C.
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Fullerton, California


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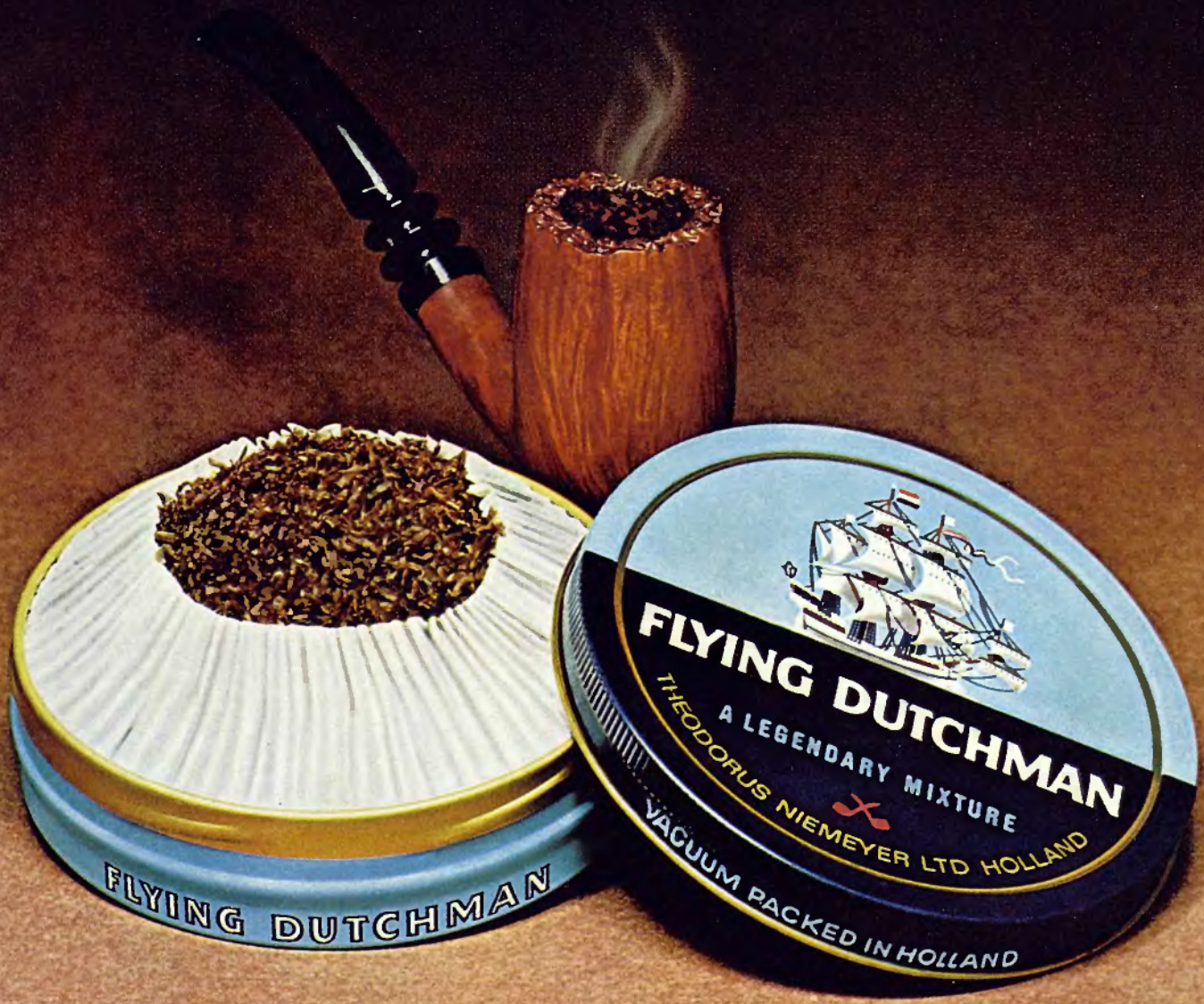
LEAD WOMEN AROUND BY THE NOSE.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

In April of 1966, we took note in these pages of the trend toward exotica in the naming of rock groups and predicted that future pop charts might well list such odd aggregations as Thom McAn and the Loafers, Jack Daniels and the Four Roses or Judas and the Shekels. The unchecked proliferation of rock groups in the three years since then, we're happy to report, has spawned a flock of names even farther out than those we conjured up. While this bizarre nomenclature initially seems to defy categorization, exhaustive study reveals several common formulas for rubbing rock fans the right way. One of the most popular ploys is an appeal to infantilism —i.e., the subliminal suggestion that the item on sale is not merely a group of musicians but also something good to chew, cuddle or suck. Hence, we have Bubble Puppy, Lollipop Shoppe, The Candymen, the Apple Pie Motherhood Band, the Peanut Butter Conspiracy, the Peppermint Trolley Company, the Marshmallow Highway, the Chocolate Watchband, the Cake, the 1910 Fruit Gum Company, Ultimate Spinach and Vanilla Fudge. Other group names employ imagery reminiscent of childhood fables, such as the Tuneful Trolly and the Wozard of Iz. Yet others try to capitalize on the enduring allure of the traveling side show; this tinsel-bedecked genre includes Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band, Circus Maximus, Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band and the Salvation Army Gypsy Carnival Caravan.

In stark contrast to such lighthearted cognomens are the names used by those groups who elect to put on the establishment by seeming to represent it. Such ensembles include the National Gallery, the Corporate Body, the American Revolution, Mount Rushmore, Mother Love, Big Brother and the Holding Company, the Sound Investment, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Status Cymbal, the Electric Flag, the C.T.A. (Chicago Transit Authority), the King James Version and even the United States of America. As one might expect, there is also a sizable coterie of combos who prefer to advertise their alienation and aberration: the Velvet Underground, the Deviants, the Petal Pushers and the Asylum Choir. Some, like the Churls, the Fugs and the Outlaw Blues Band, are manifestly bellicose in proclaiming their antiestablishmentarianism. Other groups, weary of earthly tribulation, are apparently looking forward to the new millennium: the Godz, the Act of Creation, the Mighty Redeemers, Salvation and Tomorrow.

Since not everyone is content to wait for divine deliverance, it's not surprising that mysticism, the occult and the various symbols of offbeat religious factions also have prominent places in the rock lexicon, as the Sacred Mushroom, Nirvana, the Druids of Stonehenge, the Devil's Anvil, the Prophets, the Pentangle and the Seventh Sons can attest. Not all mystical quests end up in the stratosphere, however; others focus on the fertile soil of our planet, and groups such as Mother Earth, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and the Grateful Dead appear to be as groundbound as rock 'n' roll can get. An even larger percentage of rock groups have followed the example of the Beatles by totemistically declaring their affinity with particular animal species: the Iron Butterfly, the Moray Eels, Rhinoceros, the Yardbirds, the Elephant's Memory, the Insect Trust, Steppenwolf and Serpent Power, among many others. Some especially antisocial assemblages, such as Pearls Before Swine, even go as far as to hang the animal imagery on their potential patrons. A few vegetarian groups eschew animals entirely in favor of plants, especially those with reputedly mind-bending powers: the Giant Sunflower, the Swamp Seeds, Morning Glory, the Flower Pot Men and the Grass Roots.

While rock groups depend on audible or visual stimuli to move their audiences, there are a few aggregations of this postliterate age whose names—such as the First Edition, the Graffiti and Rainbow Press—emphasize the reluctance of print culture to roll over and play dead. One group has even seen fit to use as their own, *in toto* and without modification, the name of author H. P. Lovecraft. And there's a separate stratum of groups whose appellations have been culled from the vocabulary of William Burroughs; foremost among them are Canned Heat and the Soft Machine.

In light of our 1966 predictions and the subsequent avalanche of even more improbable group names, we'd rather not risk predicting the top rock attractions of 1970. It seems safe to say, however, that the basic formulas will not change substantially; indeed, they seem to have been handed down intact from the ancients, who organized such weirdly named musical groups as the Ink Spots, the Cliquot Club Eskimos, Harry Horlick and the A&P Gypsies, Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians and Phil Spitalny and His All-Girl Orchestra.

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To Whom It May Concern: RCA has developed a kind of intra-uterine early-warning system for ladies who don't want babies. It's a contraceptive coil, with electronic components built in, that responds to the waves of a nearby transmitter by resonating and giving off a signal of its own. When in proper position, the coil broadcasts an electronic all clear; if it's dislodged or misshapen, however, the wireless operator gets an electromagnetic S O S. The inventor recommends monthly checkups; but to be completely secure, the cautious swain might be well advised to have one of the transmitters built into his mattress and the receiver hooked up to a siren. Or better yet, have her take a pill.

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Unearthing a veritable treasure chest, the *Chicago Tribune* reports that "Customs officials at Djakarta's Kemayoran airport became suspicious of a woman because of the extraordinary size of her bust. In fact, she was so top heavy she tottered when she walked. They searched her and found 62 pounds of gold hidden in her bra. She was held for smuggling."

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Herb Caen notes in his *San Francisco Chronicle* column that "*Target Smut*, an antismut film made by a Los Angeles

'clean literature' group, has been banned in Minneapolis as too smutty for audiences there."

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In a deplorably subjective item on the Oxford poetry chair, the London *Times* stated, "W. H. Auden and Cecil Day-Lewis, the poet laureate, are expected to nominate Roy Fuller, the much respected poet . . . whose recent slimy volume *New Poems* was received with something approaching rapture."

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HAD A PIECE LATELY? is the question asked by neon signs for California's Piece O' Pizza chain.

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The Boston Globe recently published a recipe for French dressing that was omitted somehow from the Alice B. Toklas cookbook; among other ingredients, it called for "¼ cup acid."

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Sexual Revolution, Department of Motor Vehicles: An ad in the Florida State University student newspaper offered for sale a "1965 Honda 50. Excellent running condition—just overhauled. Must sell—I'm pregnant. (You meet the nicest people on a Honda.)"

•

The last word on equality for women comes to us from Ontario, where Mrs. Laura Sabia, alderwoman and outspoken champion of women's rights, told the Federation of Women Teachers Associations: "If nothing comes out of the Royal Commission on the Status of Women, then let's pray to God and hope She will help us."

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The following graffito was spotted in a New York subway station scrawled—perhaps by the dirty old man from *Laugh-In*—on an ad for the film *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang:* IT'S NOT AS GOOD AS A NITTY-GRITTY GANG BANG.

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Department of Jurisprudence, Evolution Division: An article in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* read, in part: "Under challenge was an Arkansas law which forbids teaching 'that mankind ascended or descended from a lower order of animals.'" The item continued: "The court agreed to hear arguments in the case, probably next fall, then rule whether such a man is constitutional."

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Sign of the times seen in the window of a Chicago draft board: WE HONOR ALL DRAFT CARDS.

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That Ought to Teach 'Em: Until 175 years ago in England, anybody convicted of attempting suicide was hanged.

•

We applaud the candor of the frustrated fellow who placed the following ad in the Bartlesville, Oklahoma, *Examiner-Enterprise*: "Part–full time. I need three

Express Yourself.

Do it. Take off down the road to Freedom. Alone. Or with someone else who wants to go someplace else as much as you do.

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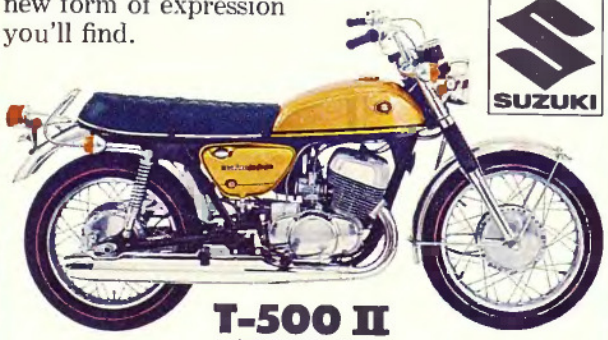

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Suzuki '69

girls who will to replace three girls who won't. Call Mr. Vermillion, Room D."

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Unnecessary Footnotes Department: On Route 17 between New Bern and Jacksonville, North Carolina, a sign stuck in a field proclaimed, UNITED KLANS OF AMERICA—MEETING TONIGHT—8:30 P.M.—PUBLIC WELCOME. Underneath, squeezed in as an afterthought, were the words WHITE ONLY.

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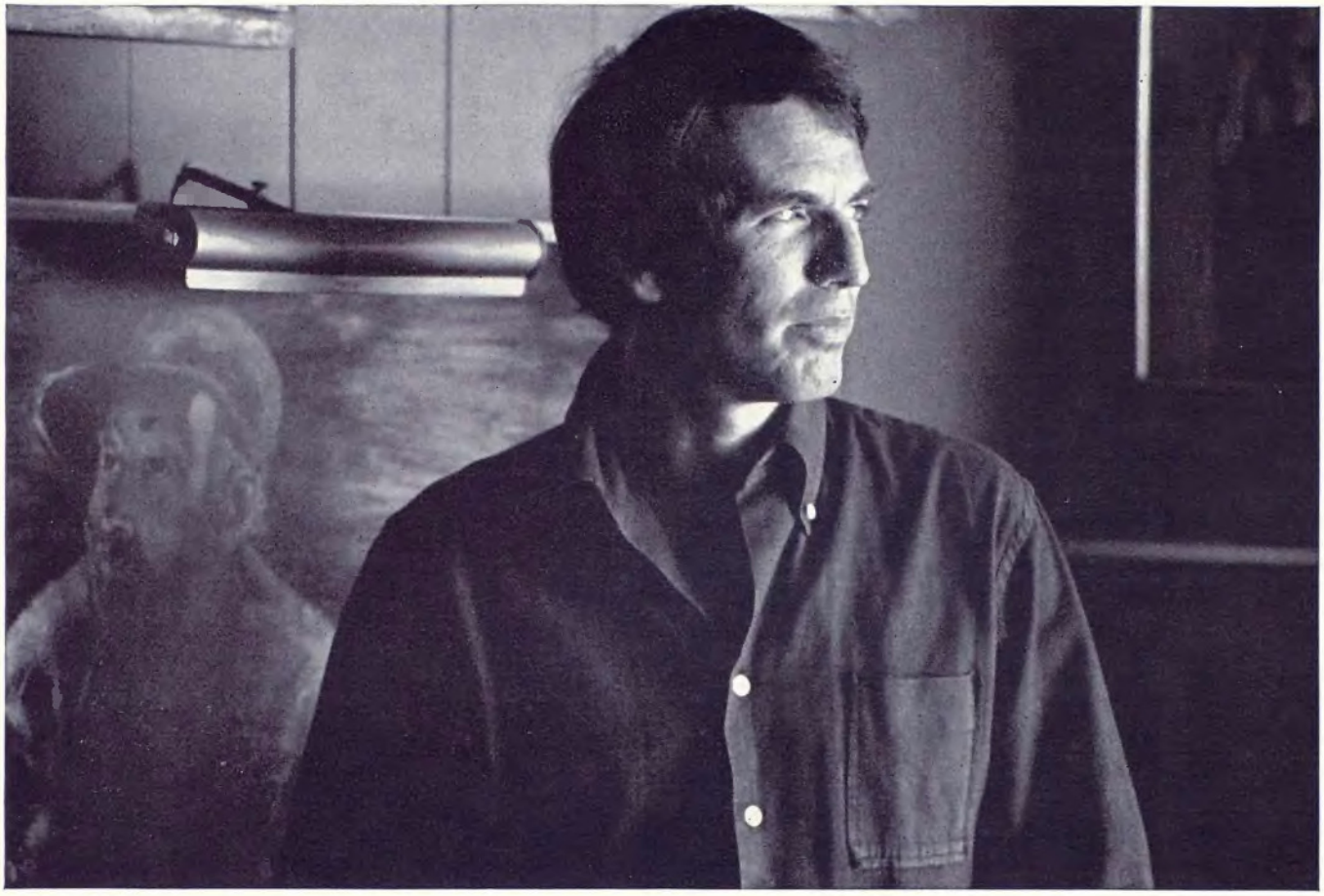
A men's outfitter in Greenwich Village is aptly offering see-through slacks "For the Man Who Has Everything."

BOOKS

Cuban dictator Fulgencio Batista insisted that Fidel Castro was dead and that his guerrilla force in the Sierra Maestra had been wiped out. But in February 1957, Herbert Matthews of *The New York Times* published an interview with Castro. He was not only alive and well but quite formidable, as *Señor* Batista was soon to discover. Matthews has visited Cuba and Castro often since then, and he has read widely about the Cuban Revolution. In ***Fidel Castro*** (Simon & Schuster), he has written a history and analysis of that revolution and a study of the complicated man responsible for initiating and sustaining it. An experienced, empirical journalist—he was 57 when he met the 30-year-old Castro—Matthews is no propagandist. He does not attempt to euphemize the absence of free speech and a free press in Castro's Cuba, nor does he agree with all the works of the revolution. On the other hand, Matthews makes clear what the benefits of the revolution have been to the mass of Cubans and rebuts several prevailing misjudgments about the Cuban phenomenon. The country has, indeed, gone Communist, for example, but it is Castro who remains in charge; as both the Russians and the Chinese have found out, Cuban communism is bristlingly nationalistic, exploratory and self-defining. To consider Castro a pawn of either Communist bloc shows a fundamental misconception of the man and of a revolution that, Matthews feels, cannot be reversed, no matter what happens to Castro. It is deeply rooted in Cuba not because the masses have become ardent Marxist-Leninists but because this has been a radical *social* revolution, one of the most remarkable in history, considering the odds against it: Castro never had more than 800 guerrillas before coming to power in January 1959; and his worst enemy, the most powerful nation on earth, is only 90 miles away. This is a lucid guide to Castro's decade; and, along with Lee Lockwood's 1967 book, *Castro's Cuba, Cuba's Fidel*, it is essential reading for those who would understand this

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



RON BUCK

HOME: Malibu, California

AGE: 39

PROFESSION: Lawyer, writer, entrepreneur.

HOBBIES: Painting, writing screen plays.

LAST BOOK READ: A Lost King.

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Brought The Factory into being, Hollywood's discothèque for the important people who like to swing.

QUOTE: "Frankly, I hate the snobbery and the pretense; it's how to lose friends and not influence people. But if you're going to be in the game you might as well play as best you can."

PROFILE: Confident, successful, but still struggling for an important way to express his feelings about a frail world and its people.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Forty fine whiskies from the hills and glens of Scotland are blended into every drop of Dewar's "White Label."

Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender of Perth.

The 280SL is the grand total of everything Mercedes-Benz engineers have learned about high-performance sporting machinery.

Mercedes-Benz—greatest name in auto racing.

To some in the younger generation, that may seem a put-on.

It's not. No other car maker has come close to the Mercedes-Benz record of over 4,400 competition victories—a glittering heritage that stretches back to the winner of history's first auto race in 1894.

Mercedes-Benz sped to supremacy through the decades with a variety of mighty machines. The Blitzenbenz—record holder for 24 years. The immortal SSK. The W125, awesome 646-horsepower Grand Prix car.

In the background, you see a Mercedes-Benz standard-bearer of the 50's: the invincible "Gull Wing." Like Mercedes-Benz cars before and since, it bristled with sophisticated engineering innovations. First tubular-frame chassis. First fuel-injection engine.

The Gull Wing soared to legendary triumphs, sometimes obliterating the checkered flag in a blur of silver three cars deep.

Close descendant of the Gull Wing, the 280SL possesses an almost identical snout—and similarly shattering abilities. Yet many experts balk at calling it a true sports car. "It's just too comfortable," they say.

And that's the genius of this aristocrat. It's the one thoroughbred sporting machine that isn't cramped or hard-riding. That doesn't make you pay with ringing ears for a driving experience that can stir your soul.

(Price: $7,000 to $9,000, depending on options, taxes, etc.)

When Mercedes-Benz retired from competition in 1955 on the heels of two World Championships, American auto makers were growing more active in racing.

The results are ironic. Many U.S. cars now sport the trappings of racers—the stripes, the contours, the names—but little of the basic engineering. And today's Mercedes-Benz cars, though classically simple on the outside, are endowed with the hearts of champions.

Where no domestic sedan has the tenacious road-holding of a racer's all-independent suspension, every Mercedes-Benz does. Where no domestic sedan has the heroic stopping power of a racer's 4-wheel disc brakes, every Mercedes-Benz does.

If you appreciate the joys—and safety—of superb handling, arrange to test a Mercedes-Benz.

Whichever of 15 models you choose, from $4,500 to $27,000, pause as you slip inside. Grasp the wheel. Listen.

See if the whisper doesn't come: "Gentlemen, start your engines."

Background: 300SL "Gull Wing." Foreground: new 280SL, its descendant.
For a free, 2' x 3' wall poster of this photograph in full color, visit your nearest Mercedes-Benz showroom.

singular man and the portents of his revolution for the rest of Latin America —and for the United States.

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Jean Genet, so the story goes, wrote his first and perhaps greatest novel, *Our Lady of the Flowers*, on brown paper supplied prison inmates in France to make bags in their "free" time. His latest book to be published here, actually written 25 years ago, ***Funeral Rites*** (Grove), seems to have been inscribed on a flimsier surface. Genet's usually powerful combination of intense homosexual-criminal gossip, exacerbated Catholic imagery and existential anguish—all set forth in a poetic rhetoric that never loses touch with a weird psychological truth—somehow doesn't ignite in this novel. Ostensibly a lament over the death of a young lover killed fighting in the Resistance battle for Paris, it is really an exploration of power and its manifold corruptions and betrayals. But the magic world of the prison—magical at least in Genet's imagination—has here been replaced by the very real world of French politics, when French patriots of all classes and parties were united in combating the Nazis. In this situation, Genet's hang-up with bourgeois hypocrisy leads him into elaborately absurd efforts to shock his countrymen by depicting Joan of Arc (symbolically, Charles de Gaulle) as a bedraggled slut and by hailing Hitler as the master queer who gets his kicks by sending handsome young men to the slaughter. What is often intriguing in Genet suddenly becomes callous and, more fatally, boring and banal. Certain kinds of reality, such as the tragic reality of Nazi power and its criminal abuses, cannot be fitted into Genet's private vision of the tortured dialectic between brute strength and compliant passivity. *Funeral Rites* was written in 1944, in the heat of the moment; by 1958, when he completed his play *The Blacks*, Genet had found a way to deal with a highly charged political question that was moving and true to both himself and history.

•

The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson (Knopf), according to historian Eric Goldman, is that of "the strong man overwhelmed by forces from within and without." Goldman ought to know. He spent nearly three years in the White House as L. B. J.'s intellectual in residence, a position that seems to have yielded few rewards beyond the material he collected for this memoir. Life with L. B. J. was always tense, often chaotic and sometimes humiliating. Goldman is not entirely clear as to which forces from within finally defeated the President. Was it his mania for secrecy? His suspicion, verging on paranoia, of all criticism, even when it was friendly and constructive? His spread-eagle patriotism, which caused him to leap before he

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looked wherever some small, benighted nation affronted the American flag (in Panama, in the Dominican Republic, in Vietnam)? Mainly, Goldman seems to be saying, it was L. B. J.'s failure to understand the manners and motivations of "Metroamericans," Goldman's compound coinage for that rising class of suburbanites who cherish style, status and the memory of John F. Kennedy. The Metroamerican, he says, is "liberal without ideology . . . flexible, pragmatic and a devotee of the ironic edge." The ill-starred White House Festival of the Arts, which Goldman organized, was in part a device to enthrall Metroamerica. Beginning as a pseudo event, it grew into an unmitigated disaster when Robert Lowell refused a White House invitation on the grounds that his presence would imply an endorsement of the war in Vietnam. Other luminaries followed suit, and some of those who showed up circulated antiwar petitions. The futility of the festival seems symbolic. Despite his loyalty and forbearance—until the publication of this book—Goldman himself never won the President's confidence. L. B. J.'s suspicion of Eastern intellectuals was lodged deep in his Texas heart. "These people," he kept muttering. "What do they want from me?" He never found out.

•

"Fidelman, a self-confessed failure as a painter, came to Italy to prepare a critical study of Giotto. . . ." Thus begins ***Pictures of Fidelman*** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Fidelman, born in the Bronx, wearing a pair of oxblood shoes, owing much to an archetypal sister by the name of Bessie, comes as a pilgrim, experiences ecstasy and defeat, undergoes metamorphosis, gives up art and emerges the masterpiece of his creator, Bernard Malamud. *An Exhibition*, the subtitle, is perfect for this work, a portion of which has illuminated PLAYBOY's pages. It doesn't have the construction that a novel is supposed to have but is, rather, a series of vivid frescoes. Part real, part allegorical, the exhibition depicts man—Fidel-man, the faithful one—who begins his pilgrimage fairly pure in heart and ends blasted and betrayed, but still faithful in his fashion. During the journey, Fidelman learns humility through Shimon Susskind, a constipated prophet who sells religious trinkets in Roman plazas and embodies more Giotto in a shrug than Fidelman manages to incorporate into his entire manuscript. Everybody puts Fidelman down—an Italian girl painter with whom he lives and sometimes loves; pimps and prostitutes; the public; and always Fidelman himself, who knows in his bursting, questing heart of hearts that when it comes to the real thing in art, he is a *schlimazel*. Malamud, however, is the real thing. To take one's gift to the borders of the possible, and then beyond, courting absurdity in the abstractions of the spirit, is a risk few dare to take. Malamud dares. And here he succeeds. Hilariously funny, colorful as Chagall, sad as history, profound as art, and always with its tenacious roots deep in Jewish soil, *Pictures of Fidelman* fulfills the dream of every artist: by his art, to transform man into myth.

•

There have been many bad novels about Hollywood, but Ray Russell's ***The Colony*** (Sherbourne) is not one of them. A bristly black comedy of the movie biz, it is, by turns, funny, erotic, tragic and macabre. Although Russell denies that the novel is autobiographical, he cannot deny that it is about an ex–magazine editor from Chicago who defects to Hollywood to pursue a writing career and that its author is an ex–magazine editor from Chicago—PLAYBOY's former Executive Editor, as a matter of fact—who defected to Hollywood for the same purpose. It is a reasonable assumption that the book is based, at least in part, on personal experience, and truth is proverbially stranger than fiction. Constructed like a mosaic, of many colorful tesserae, the book tells not one story but several: that of Rudy Smith, for example, who harbors a vendetta against a Rolls-Royce; of Robin Craig, a superstar bizarrely done in by a vengeful woman; of Lovey Dovey, the beautiful, bed-hopping young actress who rises from total obscurity to stardom in the course of the book and whose frankness and resilience make her one of the novel's most believable and engaging characters. Many other dramatis personae populate the novel, and though some of them come dangerously close to being stock types, they are saved from this fate by Russell's unflagging humor and 20-20 insights. Several chapters first appeared, in somewhat different form, in PLAYBOY.

•

Somewhere between pulp and Proust, in the transient land of Best-sellerdom, there's a $400,000 gold mine. It belongs to Mario Puzo, who has hit the mother lode on his third novel, ***The Godfather*** (Putnam), a swift, sure narrative about the rise, fall and recovery of a Mafia family in New York. In one blow, the book establishes Puzo as a *pezzonovante*, a .44-caliber big shot, along with Helen MacInnes and James Michener—writers who are too good to be put down but not good enough to be put up for the National Book Award. Puzo's talent is for pacing and authenticity. Assembling a cast of characters as large as Cosa Nostra informer Joe Valachi's (several, in fact, seem outright steals), he leads them through labyrinthine intrigues, lucrative rackets and bloody wars, without pausing for breath. No matter that the characters (including a popular male singer who loses his voice, wins the Academy Award

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This leads to excellent steering control.

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Now let's go to the rear tire.

First of all, it's a wider tire than the front. So to start out with, you have the benefit of more rubber on the road.

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and goes on to become a producer) never quite make it off the printed page. Never mind that the godfather himself, Don Vito Corleone—a combination of the more warmly remembered qualities of Vito Genovese and Joe Profaci, the olive-oil king of Brooklyn—comes across as a man whose persuasive reasonableness and probity might be favorably compared with the nine Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court. Be grateful that Puzo is vastly knowledgeable about the workings of the Mafia and writes of his conspirators *con spirito*.

•

One day last August, a Democratic county chairman in Pennsylvania called up the aforementioned best-selling author James Michener and asked if he would like to be a Presidential elector from that state. When Michener answered "Sure," he embarked on an eye-opening journey into an electoral wonderland, a politico-delic trip that has left him convinced that the American method of electing Presidents is a "time bomb lodged near the heart of the nation." In ***Presidential Lottery*** (Random House), Michener combines his personal experience as a member of the archaic electoral college with a historical overview to produce a surprisingly fascinating and disquieting report on the complex subject of electoral reform. Members of the electoral college, selected by cronyism or chance and legally free to cast their votes for whomever they wish, regardless of how the people of their state vote, have the capabilities of turning any close election into a horse-trading shambles. The system of passing the decision to the House of Representatives if no candidate wins the majority of the college's votes—the upshot that George Wallace so desperately hoped for last November—holds the potential for a host of unpredictable possibilities. It was quite possible last November, for example, by a series of adroit moves, for Muskie or Rockefeller (or even Michener, for that matter) to have wound up as Chief Executive. Michener surveys alternative systems that might defuse the electoral time bomb—such as changing the winner-take-all aspect of state-by-state voting to a form of proportional weighting, or instituting a direct popular vote for the Presidency. His personalized handling of this usually dry subject brings the seriousness of the problem home with chilling effect.

•

Some years ago, a young writer made a surprise success with a novel called *Mrs. Bridge*—a scrubbed mosaic of wry and touching episodes about a Midwestern lawyer's wife. Since then, Evan S. Connell, Jr., has written other novels (*The Patriot, Diary of a Rapist*), prize-winning stories and curiosities such as *Notes from a Bottle Found on the Beach at Carmel*, a sort

of Zen incrustation of thoughts and quotations, and *I Am a Lover*, an effulgently romantic coffee-table item saved from creamy saccharinity by the author's astringent wit. Now, with a most unpromising subject, Connell has come up with his most successful novel, ***Mr. Bridge*** (Knopf), which tells the other side of the story in his first book, the wry and touching history of Mrs. Bridge's husband. Again, he uses the mosaic method—rapidly accumulating vignettes that masterfully surround the subject, the hero and the world. With admirable control, he cuts the comic episodes just short of the stylish punch line, and therefore aces out the reader. It's a peculiar and idiosyncratic technique but, more important, an absolutely appropriate one. An unlikely sympathy for Mr. Bridge is the style's secret weapon. If Connell insisted on his fondness, the reader would hate Mr. Bridge; but what he does not ask is therefore freely given. The reminder that humanity exists in odd places is a necessary one, and the reader's discovery that he shares this recognition is one of the deep and disturbing satisfactions of this book. Besides, there is no better recent text about what it was like to own stocks, dislike Jews, fret about bohemians, noncommunicate with children, practice law in a small town, resent the big city, distrust foreigners, repress sexuality, buy property and fret about the neighborhood, ignore history and own the world in the late Thirties and early Forties. In other words, Connell's *Mr. Bridge* is a brilliant dissection of the quintessential small-town WASP—performed under the light of high art, with irony, insight and a bleak pity.

•

The annual mass migration of Americans to the Continent is about to begin. If you decide to pick up a guidebook before you embark—and we so recommend—here are four of the best and most popular to consider:

Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe (Morrow) is America's most painstakingly prepared, consistently accurate and enthusiastically written European travel tome. A chap with demanding taste, Temple Fielding is superb when the subject is great hotels and restaurants, which he describes lovingly; when they're not up to his considerable standards, he strikes while his ire is hot. The book's only minor fault is its near dearth of sight-seeing information, which Fielding apparently feels the reader can get elsewhere and which happens to be correct.

Now in its tenth year of publication, ***Let's Go: The Student Guide to Europe*** (Harvard Student Agencies), researched, written and edited by Harvard University undergraduates, is by far the best European guidebook for the under-30 generation. The emphasis is on budget value: In addition to a solid base of student

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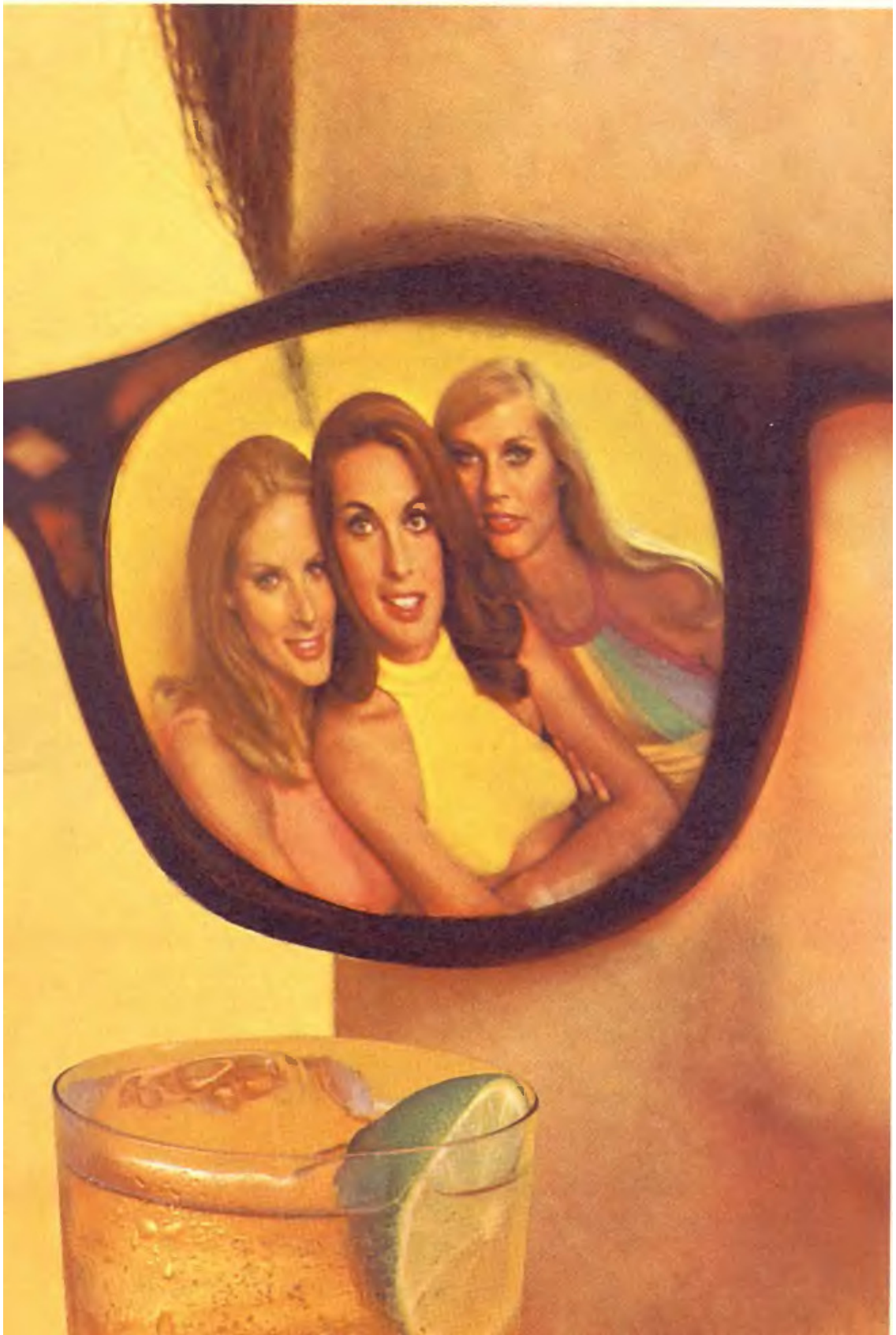

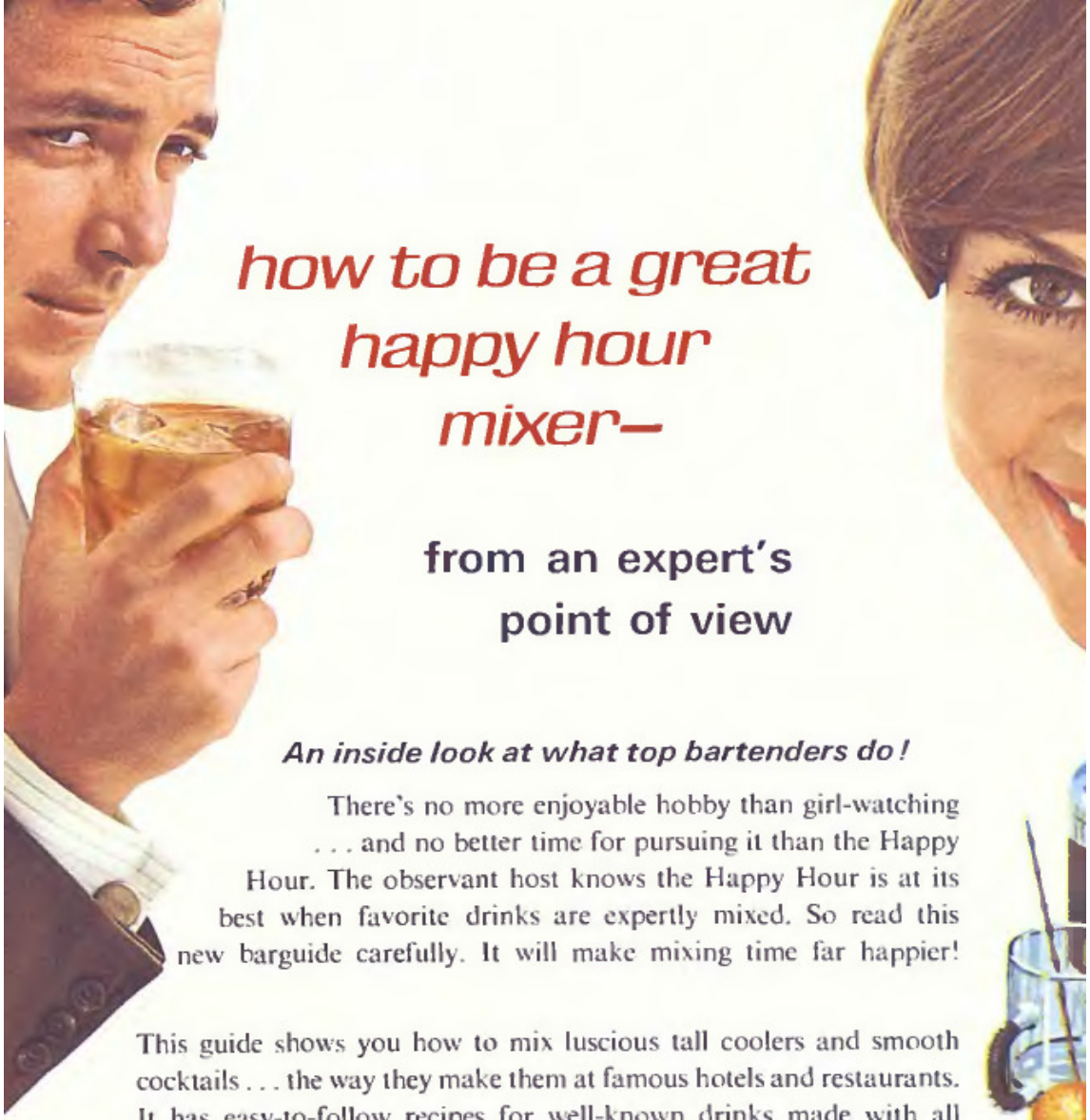

how to be a great happy hour mixer—

from an expert's point of view

An inside look at what top bartenders do!

There's no more enjoyable hobby than girl-watching . . . and no better time for pursuing it than the Happy Hour. The observant host knows the Happy Hour is at its best when favorite drinks are expertly mixed. So read this new barguide carefully. It will make mixing time far happier!

This guide shows you how to mix luscious tall coolers and smooth cocktails . . . the way they make them at famous hotels and restaurants. It has easy-to-follow recipes for well-known drinks made with all of the popular basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum, Southern Comfort. There's more to mixing than meets the eye. But once you learn the basic *principle* of drink mixing, you'll even be able to *improve* many drinks. Just remember this: (1) Most drinks are *based* on a single liquor; (2) other ingredients are added to enhance that base. (3) But, no matter what you add . . . the taste of the basic liquor *still* comes through! Because this is so, it's easy for you to improve a wide variety of drinks . . .

Just learn the experts' secret for improving drinks

Knowledgeable barmen simply "switch" the basic liquor called for in the recipe . . . to one with a more satisfying taste. A perfect example is their use of Southern Comfort instead of ordinary liquor as a smoother, tastier base for Manhattans, Old-Fashioneds, Sours, etc. The same switch improves the taste of tall drinks like the Collins and Tonic, too. The difference, of course, is in the unique flavor of Southern Comfort. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can*. Mix one of these drinks the usual way; then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. Compare them. The improvement is remarkable. But to *understand why* this is true, make the taste test in this guide.

have a HAPPY HOUR party

Tips for better drinks

Don't guess: Measure! The best drinks are made by exact measurements of the finest ingredients. Basic measures are: pony = 1 oz.; jigger = 1½ oz. dash = 4 to 6 drops.

Shake or stir? In general, *stir* drinks made with *clear* liquors. *Shake* those with hard-to-blend ingredients like fruit juice. For a "frothy collar," add a tablespoon egg white before shaking.

Ice is important! Always use freshly made ice. Change for each round, and don't skimp. Nothing's worse than a lukewarm cold drink. For best results, buy packaged ice. It's free of chemicals, air bubbles, impurities. It's crystal clear, slower melting. Makes drinks taste and look better.

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Although it's used like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! And there's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients, to create this superb, unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. Thus Southern Comfort was born! Its formula is still a family secret . . . its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. Try it on-the-rocks . . . then you'll understand why it improves most mixed drinks, too.

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LEARN HOW TO IMPROVE MOST DRINKS

Make this simple "on-the-rocks" test

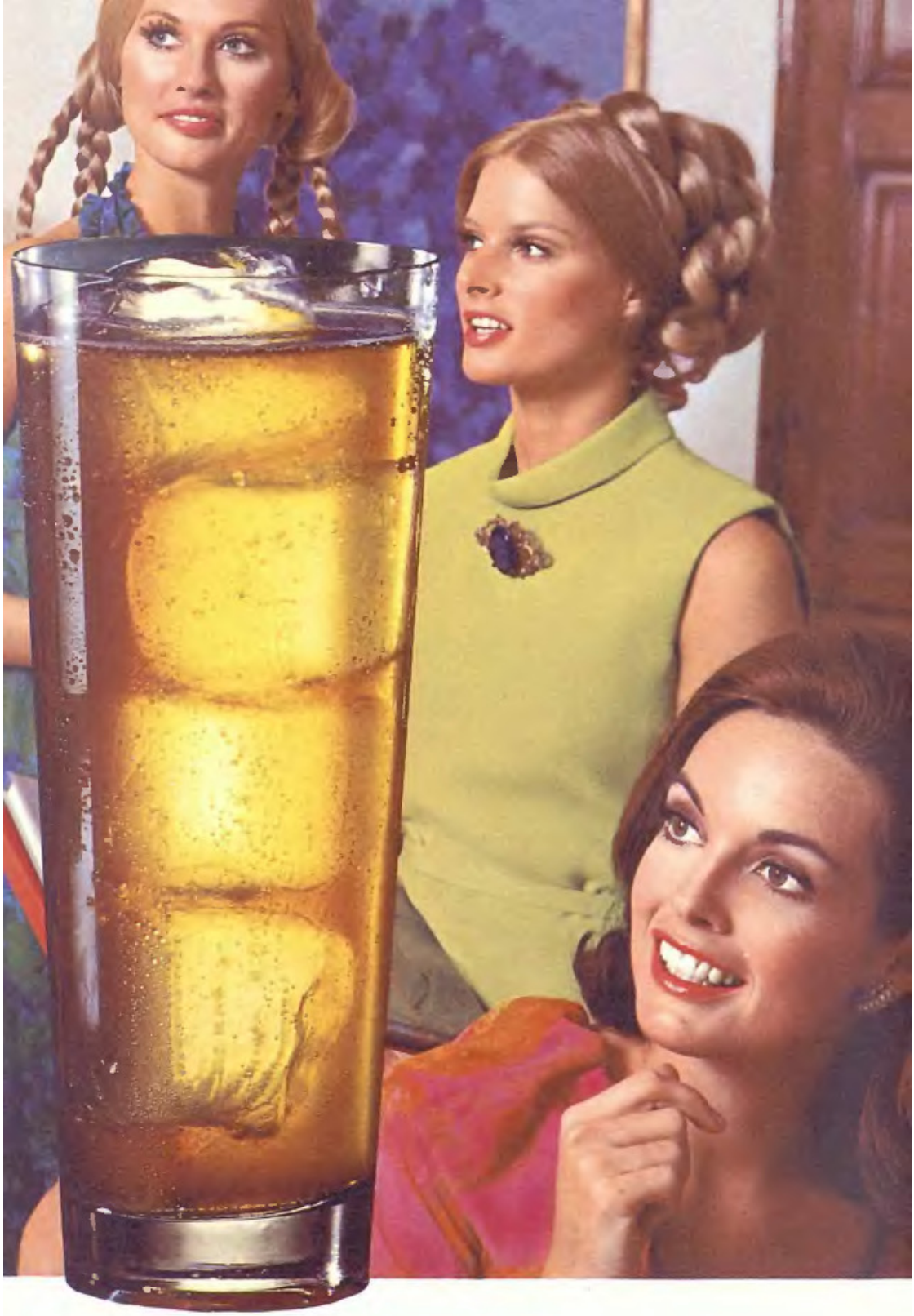
Your choice of a *basic liquor* influences the taste of any drink you mix. Prove it to yourself with this test . . . and learn the real secret of making better drinks. Fill three short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, a jigger of gin into another, and a jigger of Southern Comfort into the third. Then . . .

First — sip the whiskey, then the gin. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely different basic liquor — one that actually tastes *good* with *nothing* added. No wonder so many experts use it instead of the conventional whiskey called for in many recipes . . . this "switch" improves most drinks tremendously.

Incidentally, on-the-rocks is among the most popular ways to drink all liquors today. Southern Comfort is at its best this way (add twist of lemon peel). It has a *deliciousness* no other liquor can match.

But the amazing thing about Southern Comfort is its mixing ability. It improves not only drinks traditionally made with whiskey, but even tall coolers usually using gin, vodka, etc. This guide shows you how to mix many drinks *both* ways. Select one. Compare both recipes. See how Southern Comfort gives the same drink a far better taste.

First, try the best – and easiest – of all Collinses



Comfort* Collins

Cool companion of champion girl-gazers at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach

Try it. See how a simple switch in basic liquors makes this the best-tasting, easiest-to-mix Collins by far.

Jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • juice ¼ lime • 7-UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in a tall glass. Add ice cubes and fill with 7-UP. It's delicious!

*Southern Comfort®

Comfort* 'n Tonic

See-worthy mate of skippers who land at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston

Tall, smooth, and terrific! Make it with Southern Comfort, and you'll hoist the best tonic drink of all.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice, rind ¼ lime (optional) • Quinine water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass; add rind. Pour in Southern Comfort; fill with tonic and stir.

*Southern Comfort®

Play it cool with Happy Hour drinks like these!

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger gin • Quinine water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in a tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin; fill with tonic and stir.

TOM COLLINS

1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin • sparkling water

Use tall glass; dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir.

John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin.

RUM 'N COLA

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger light rum • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add rind and rum. Fill with cola and stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S. C. is to cola.

LEMON COOLER

As served at El Mirador Hilton, Palm Springs

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Bitter Lemon

Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in a tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon and stir.

PLANTER'S PUNCH

Juice of ½ lemon - juice of ½ orange
4 dashes Curacao • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Jamaica rum

Shake; pour into tall glass filled with cracked ice; stir. Decorate with fruit; add straws.

WHISKEY SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ jigger fresh lemon juice • 1 tspn. sugar

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry.

The smoother Sour, as mixed at Hotel Mark Hopkins, San Francisco

Comfort* Sour

1 jigger (1½ oz.)
Southern Comfort
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. The switch in basic liquor makes this the smoothest, most delicious sour you've ever tasted.

Comfort* Julep

Eyed with pleasure when they gather at the Brown Hotel, Louisville

Here are the perfect measurements for the perfected julep, as mixed in the city where juleps were born.
4 sprigs mint • dash water • 2 oz. Southern Comfort

Use a tall glass; crush mint in water. Pack with cracked ice; pour in S.C. and stir until frosted.

Bourbon julep: Add 1 tspn. sugar to mint; Bourbon replaces S. C.

*Southern Comfort®

Perfect measurements for swinging favorites!

BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice • 1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
⅓ jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce

Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice until chilled, and strain into 6-oz. glass.

MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) white Cuervo tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec • 1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice. Strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka • orange juice

Put ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice and stir.

A new twist: Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.

GIN RICKEY

1 jigger gin • juice, rind ½ lime • sparkling water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind, gin; fill with sparkling water; stir.

To really "rev up" a rickey, use Southern Comfort instead of gin.

MANHATTAN

Jigger Bourbon or rye • ½ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice and strain; add cherry.

Dry Manhattan: Use dry vermouth and a twist of lemon peel. Rob Roy (Scotch Manhattan): 1½ oz. Scotch, ¾ oz. sweet vermouth, bitters; mix as above. Serve with a twist of lemon peel.

Improved recipe used at The Mayflower's Town & Country Room, Washington, D.C.

Comfort* Manhattan

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. dry vermouth
Dash Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add cherry. The delicious taste of Southern Comfort gives this drink a remarkably smoother flavor.

Honolulu Cooler

Bikini-watchers' delight at Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu

Watch this exotic drink become your great summer love! It's the most refreshing cooler under the sun.

Juice ½ lime • 1½ oz. Southern Comfort • pineapple juice

Pack tall glass with crushed ice. Add lime juice and Southern Comfort. Fill with pineapple juice; stir.

**Southern Comfort®*

Easily mixed drinks for guys and their dolls . . .

DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka • 1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice; strain into chilled cocktail glass. Serve with a green olive or twist of lemon peel.

For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth; serve with pearl onion.

SCARLETT O'HARA

This famous drink's as intriguing as its namesake.

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • juice ¼ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail

Shake with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.

COMFORT* OLD-FASHIONED

A favorite at the Hotels Ambassador, Chicago

Dash Angostura bitters - ½ oz. sparkling water
½ tspn. sugar (optional) • 1 jigger Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, S.C. Top with twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry.

Regular Old-Fashioned: Stir 1 tspn. sugar with water and bitters, and replace Southern Comfort with Bourbon or rye.

DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon • 1 tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake with cracked ice until the shaker frosts. Strain into cocktail glass.

To give your Daiquiri a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of rum, only ½ tspn. sugar.

GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass.

ALEXANDER

½ oz. fresh cream
¾ oz. creme de cacao
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort or gin or brandy

Shake with cracked ice and strain.

GRASSHOPPER

¾ oz. fresh cream
1 oz. white creme de cacao
1 oz. green creme de menthe

Shake with cracked ice or mix in electric blender; strain into glass.

That's all, men . . . now watch yourself become the best mixer in your crowd!

Want to join the American Society of Girl Watchers?

To get complete Girl Watcher's Membership Kit—lapel emblem, wallet card, and 96-page Girl Watcher's Guide—send your name and address with $2.50 to: ASGW, 250 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10001.

accommodations, *Let's Go* also offers an excellent list of inexpensive, friendly hotels. The book's prime asset is its nightlife coverage, for Harvard kids drift into European cities looking—as do most young Americans—for informal evening action. Regardless of how much bread you have to spend, if you're young, *Let's Go* is worth a long look.

Fodor's Guide to Europe (McKay), the heart of Eugene Fodor's travel-publishing empire, unfortunately has no soul: Employing 140 "area specialists" as contributors, Fodor edits their copy into leaden prose even weightier than the 1045-page book. But if Fodor is a yawn to read, he does see fit to supply the reader with more comprehensive sight-seeing information than anyone else in the European-guidebook game today. And unlike his competitors, Fodor covers eastern Europe in detail.

Aboard and Abroad: Olson's Complete Travel Guide to Europe (Lippincott) is an amiably written, useful guide to the Continent's pleasures. Harvey Olson is far from comprehensive in his touring information and unspecific as to which hotels and restaurants in his lists are the best to patronize. Yet, the volume (now in its 13th revised edition) is the most literate of popular guidebooks, and Olson's chapters on suggested itineraries, travel hints and wines make it worth the $7.95 price tag.

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For a number of years, former University of Chicago prexy Robert Maynard Hutchins (now head of California's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions) has amused himself and befuddled the more gullible members of his lecture audiences by expounding on the imaginary life and work of one Alexander Zuckerkandl, M. D., Ph. D. The lecture is a wickedly straight-faced put-on of all the philosophical dissertations ever conceived to befog the mind of man. Lest Hutchins' scholarly joke be lost to posterity, a taped version of it was lifted out of the think tank and cut down to size as the basis for a whimsical animated film short by the team of John and Faith Hubley. Under the same title, ***Zuckerkandl!*** (Grove), the text has now been pressed between hard and soft covers, along with the Hubleys' witty illustrations, and makes wonderful nonsense as a kind of children's book for any postgrad grownup who has a tongue in his cheek. According to Hutchins, he first encountered the great Zuckerkandl behind a goatee in Baden-Baden, learned that he was a onetime student of Freud and a native of the Austrian village of Adl (populated by a hardy breed known as Adlescents). Living without guilt is the stated goal of Zuckerkandlism, which means living as little as possible. To be happy, man must avoid questions of conscience and such outdated concepts as the doctrine of

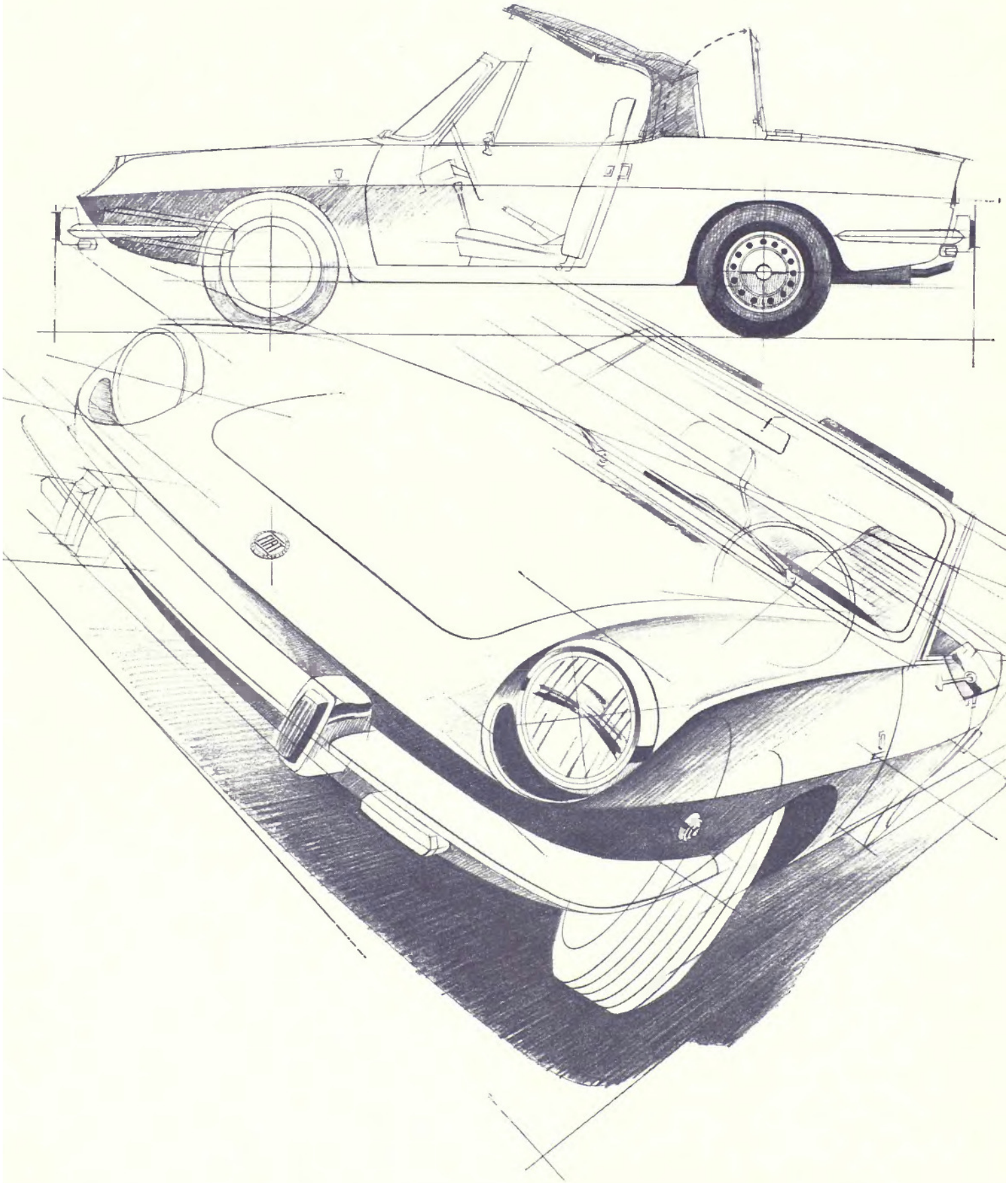
original sin, or what Freud called the superego: "The superego turns out to be nothing but Adam and Eve in costumes from *Die Fledermaus*." Sprinkled with pearls of wit and provocative inversions—not to mention sly references to such thinkers as Emerson, Aristotle and Alfred North Whitehead—the professor's spoof has an air of easy intellectual authority and should be required bedside reading for all those ossified educators who habitually put young minds to sleep.

•

The Love Machine (Simon & Schuster). Jacqueline Susann's latest gift to the world of letters, is an item of such vapid vulgarity as to cast discredit immediately and forever on anyone and everyone who had anything to do with it, including the printer, his apprentice and the boy who went for coffee. If only Amanda died beautifully of leukemia in the arms of her husband while calling the name of her real lover in her final breath, it would be enough. If Robin became the supersuccessful ruthless-tycoon head of a TV empire without knowing anything about the business, it would be enough. If Maggie set the apartment on fire when she caught Robin in the living room with Diana, it would be enough. If Judith were beaten up by two homosexuals in the presence of her lover, it would be enough. If Robin went to Hamburg, Germany, and had a sexual encounter with a girl who used to be a boy, it would be enough. If Maggie's society husband knocked her down the stairs after she refused to go to Paris with him to buy a baby so they could inherit money, it would be enough. If Ethel. . . . But that's enough.

DINING-DRINKING

The women of the Greek island of Mykonos, you may not know, are famous for their cultivation of domestic virtues. So determined are these gritty ladies to preserve hearth and home that, legend has it, they once sent letters to Napoleon demanding that should he or his randy troops chance through Mykonos in their pursuit of empire, there were to be no rapes—repeat, no rapes—either of them or of their beautiful dark daughters. Dalliance, perhaps, but no rape. When they were not writing antirape letters to dictators or weaving bright tapestries, the *mykonaitis* developed a native cuisine that contains probably the most tastefully elaborate variations ever turned out on the standard Greek theme of lamb. ***Mykonos,*** a white-stucco *taverna* that you might expect to find on a sunny quay on that fabled isle instead of at 349 West 46th Street in Manhattan, has a varied menu that boasts lamb in nearly ten guises. *Exohiko*—"country style" lamb—is probably the most popular. It is cubes of lamb mixed with cheese, eggs, carrots, peas, celery and olives and



Fiat 850 Spider $2136.

Suggested price p. o. e. New York.

incased in feather-light pastry. Arni Sauté à la Mykonos are medallions of rack of lamb sautéed with Greek port wine. The lamb itself is very tender and obviously has never had to suffer the indignity of waiting on a steam table in the kitchen. Mykonos is one of the few foreign restaurants in New York that preserves its ethnicism from top to bottom: Even the bus boys are Greek, and the waiters in white turtlenecks look like male extras from *Never on Sunday*. The smashing, movie-set decor is by Vassilis Photopoulos, who won an Oscar for his art direction of *Zorba the Greek*. The tables and chairs are artfully "rustic" and seem the proper complement for glasses of the resinous native wine, *retsina*, which, depending on your taste, can smack of either paregoric or nectar of the gods. This is not to say that Mykonos is too homespun for the *eleganti*. Greek shipowners are frequent diners at Mykonos. Niarchos has been known to dance with *ouzo*-oiled abandon in the aisles to Mykonos' exciting bouzouki orchestra. Onassis has made the Mykonos scene with the missus, and Ari and Jackie aren't in the habit of dropping in on mere joints. Those who would rather leave their lamb than take it will find that the Mykonos menu stands ready to please them, too. Hellenized beef and farinaceous dishes are delicious. The hot appetizers are a hearty meal in themselves; a combination platter of these includes country sausage, tiny meat balls, *mousaka* (eggplant) and light little cheese pies. The postprandial star is *galactoboureko*, a magnificent milk, butter and farina custard in a strudel-leaf pastry roll (*filo*) covered with honey and chopped pistachio nuts. Mykonos is at its most lively and interesting after theater, and you should, of course, make reservations. Open 12 noon to 3 A.M. Monday through Saturday.

MOVIES

Ten years ago, Philip Roth's *novella* **Goodbye, Columbus** won a National Book Award and established its author's literary reputation. A film version should have been made then, not now, for the movie faithfully adapted (by Arnold Schulman) from Roth's first best seller somehow looks like what it is—one of the ten best of another decade. While the music, the dances, the advertisements and the skirt lengths that flash across the screen tell us the time is today, *Columbus* seems dated in several crucial ways—particularly in the hero's deep concern over his girl's being fitted for a diaphragm, an important point of the plot but a point made obsolete by changing sexual attitudes and the prevalence of the pill, no matter how adroitly scenarist Schulman tries to side-step it. So all right. Grant that young people today swing to

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You'll find George Dickel has everything the other has except one thing. Fame.

But, soon?

Only George Dickel is filtered—cold—two separate times. Once before aging. Once after.

This makes us gentler whisky.

It's called George Dickel.

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MAY 1969
The Friendliest Place in Town

a headier, more insistent rhythm. Grant, even, that director Larry Peerce, in his third film (following *One Potato, Two Potato* and *The Incident*), makes a few heavy-handed attempts to update Roth with fashionable camera gimmickry. Peerce also flagrantly sentimentalizes the relationship between the hero, a young Jewish misfit trying to figure out which way to jump from his job at a public library in the Bronx, and a little Negro kid who appears to represent the author's instinctive identification with losers. Notwithstanding those considerable objections, *Columbus* still works as a movie about 80 percent of the time. It has the wit, spirit and pungency of Roth's original and preserves much of his dialog, which is savagely funny ethnic comedy lifted from the mouths of modern, upwardly mobile Jewish-Americans. They are the *nouveaux riches* who occupy Colonial homes on expensive acreage in suburbia, who pay thousands to have their children's noses bobbed and who otherwise aspire to all the trappings of white-Protestant snobbism. Into the heart of this social milieu comes a perfect Roth hero, the quizzical Bronx bookworm whose steaming loins and sarcasm captivate the daughter of a prosperous sink manufacturer. They are a terrifically bright and believable romantic couple, as played by Richard Benjamin (of the TV sitcom *He & She*), so wry and Rothlike that he seems to be secretly amusing himself with the substance of a disenchantment destined one day to become *Portnoy's Complaint*; and movie newcomer, former model Ali MacGraw, provocative as a Botticelli angel who has picked up some four-letter words at Radcliffe. The acting is superior throughout, from Nan Martin and Jack Klugman as a pair of eternally watchful Jewish parents, to Michael Meyers as the girl's schnooky brother, an Ohio State basketball star with a record collection that includes all the works of André Kostelanetz and Mantovani. The film's put-down of middle-class manners, climaxed by a Jewish wedding scene to end them all, occasionally leans toward outright cruelty. But his unfailing humor and compassion add up to a belated triumph for Roth, who can hardly be blamed that the movies took so long to discover him.

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To be young, hip and Indian in modern Bombay means swinging with the rhythms of Western pop culture, from Beatlesong to *Home on the Range*. To be a young Westerner in search of spiritual satisfaction or sitar lessons means finding oneself learning strange ways in unimaginable places. From that potential conflict of cultures, ***The Guru*** flings out filaments of silk-spun satire, as delicate in texture as that of *The Householder* and *Shakespeare Wallah*, two earlier films by the producer-director team of Ismail Merchant and James Ivory in collaboration with novelist Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Theirs is graceful moviemaking in a style uniquely balanced between the sensibilities of East and West, tipped Westward this time by the presence of Britain's plucky Rita Tushingham, as a transient bird broadening her outlook in Bombay, and Michael York, as a pop singing idol taking time out (haven't they all?) to learn the sitar from a master. Authentic backgrounds in Bombay, Benares and Bikaner are an inestimable asset to *The Guru*, because director Ivory—an American with a sensitive eye for discovering the points at which Mod and ancient civilizations intersect—rarely lets the dusty beauty of travelog cities becloud his view of the human comedy. Ivory's India has room for hysterical autograph hunters at an airport, the sari-clad smart set grooving at a party, the bizarre spectacle of a Miss Teen Queen contest in downtown Benares. As a complement to low-key performances by Michael and Rita, the film is enhanced by a skilled native cast representing various defenses of tradition; particularly fine is the guru himself (Utpal Dutt, a ringer for Ravi Shankar), torn between impatience with his celebrated disciple's undisciplined life and scarcely concealed envy of the rewards that materialistic decadence can bring. The guru's two wives (played with lilting discord by Madhur Jaffrey and delectable Aparna Sen) seem amusingly attuned to the ambivalence of their roles—in the context of a gentle comedy that explores ambivalence as a way of life today.

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Fight fans will stand up and cheer, and even nonenthusiasts will applaud ***The Legendary Champions***, a documentary about boxing that compresses a concise history of the American ring into 77 unforgettable minutes of manpower, guts and glory. Praise is richly deserved for producers William Cayton and Jim Jacobs, the latter chiefly responsible for assembling a treasury of rare stills, engravings and seldom-if-ever-seen movie footage into one of the finest sport films anyone has ever made. Thanks to writer-director Harry Chapin, it is also a compelling slice of social history from the year 1882, when mighty John L. Sullivan began his decadelong reign as world heavyweight champ, until 1928, when Gene Tunney (looking amazingly like New York's Mayor Lindsay) went into retirement undefeated. From the years between, *Champions* brings to life a score of legendary figures and revives a couple of arguments that have troubled boxing fans for decades—such as the famous "long count" of the second Dempsey-Tunney match, which may have cost Dempsey his chance to regain the title in 1927. Still more fascinating is a filmed sequence of the controversial 26-round battle between Jess Willard and defeated black champion Jack Johnson,


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who later claimed to have dumped the fight as part of a deal to clear up his debts and a bad jail rap. The pictorial evidence suggests a clean win for "Great White Hope" Willard, though Johnson's entire story remains a shameful episode in the history of racism in America. *Champions* also offers such rarities as the first known fight movie—filmed in 1894 by Thomas Edison himself, who hired Gentleman Jim Corbett for a display of the manly art—and a much later, delightfully irrelevant snippet of silent-movie slapstick starring Dempsey, Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. On all counts, a knockout.

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Whips and chains are omitted from **2**, but they've got a little of everything else in this rank slice of cheese Danish, a sequel to *I, a Woman* and subtitled *I, a Woman, Part II*. The heroine, Siv Holm, bears the name of the authoress on whose novels both films are based, and is played by sultry Gio Petre. Poor Siv is married to a cultivated, sadistic antique dealer (Lars Lunde) who worships *objets d'art*, uses nude photographs of his wife to peddle her favors to his clients, then, as an after-dinner diversion, likes to watch while wife and client couple. That sort of thing soon drives Siv to resume her nursing career and her affair with a married doctor, leaving hubby to his own peculiar pleasures, which are apt to fasten upon anything from Chinese vases to nude Lesbian wrestlers. Why would a man behave so shamefully? According to *2*, it's because he's a fascist who collaborated with the Nazis during the War and has a locked trunk full of flags and swastikas to prove it. Such a heavy-handed political note rather takes the steam out of the explicit sex that is often thought to be Scandinavia's contribution to *joie de vivre*. But *2*, when it isn't merely laughable, smacks less of freedom than of gothic sexual guilt—cold as ice and made to measure for either snickering subteens or old men who sit at movies with coats on their laps.

•

100 Rifles is climaxed by a big, bare, black-on-white bedroom scene between co-stars Jim Brown and Raquel Welch in which Hollywood finally allows that there's more to integration than drinking out of the same cup. Otherwise, *Rifles* takes little time off for love, because the outdoor action is sizzling, spectacular and nonstop, once Brown rides into town as a black gringo whose mission to Mexico in the early 1900s is to bring back a half-breed bank robber (Burt Reynolds). He finds that his prisoner has robbed banks only to buy guns for a minor revolution, and Brown himself reluctantly becomes its leader, fighting beside the beleaguered Yaqui Indians against the government's mounted

federales, who are ruthlessly carrying out a policy of genocide. Echoes of contemporary events are insinuated rather neatly—particularly in the portrait of a U.S. railroad representative (Dan O'Herlihy) who suffers minor discomfort at witnessing the massacre of helpless Indians but feels terrible in the presence of a damaged train. It's clear by now that director Tom Gries knows how to make movies; his *Will Penny* was last year's finest Western and a long shot better than *Rifles*, which will undoubtedly prove a bigger financial success. Here, the characters written by Gries (with coscenarist Clair Huffaker) have little depth and the hero's clothes hardly ever look soiled, because he's big Jim Brown and born to be beautiful. But even in an otherwise quite conventional shoot-'em-up, Gries gets actors to act and works in some lively surprises en route to a wham-zap finish. One of his liveliest is Raquel, as a volatile revolutionary, full of fire and feeling, looking very dirty, indeed, and giving the first altogether admirable performance of her career.

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The love-hate triangle of ***La Prisonnière*** is occupied by a lusty young pop artist (Bernard Fresson), his live-in mistress (Elisabeth Wiener) and a perverse Parisian art exhibitor (Laurent Terzieff) who spends his spare time paying girls to act out his sadomasochistic fantasies in front of a camera. "The shame is part of the pleasure," says the amateur pornographer as he ruthlessly explores his conviction that most "normal" people are voyeurs as well as hypocrites, secretly getting their kicks from bizarre tales in the daily press of lechery, violence and bestiality. While clearly questioning where the line should be drawn between normal and abnormal behavior, *La Prisonnière* is no case study. It is, in fact, what used to be called a woman's picture, here given a diabolical new twist by French writer-director Henri-Georges Clouzot, creator of such psychological chill-hangers as *Wages of Fear* and *Diabolique*. Behind the darkly glittering surfaces of Clouzot's first film in eight years lies a classic female dilemma, for his heroine—sexually straight and seemingly well satisfied—struggles with the ambivalent desires shared by millions of women. On the one hand, she wants a fairly conventional brand of security with her steady man; yet she hungers for more dangerous fun with the kind of cruel, fascinating bastard who never plays for keeps. By trying to have both worlds, she is degraded and nearly destroyed for love of the sadist who persuades her to join one of his paid trollops (Dany Carrel) in orgies of Lesbian exhibitionism. It is a tribute to Clouzot's artistry that he handles his sensational theme with devastating cinematic skill, creating a cool op-art world where characters rush to and fro like

puppets lost in a maze of their own design. All experience somehow looks fragmented, kaleidoscopic—whether it's a feverish nightmare, an electronic gallery display or the bizarre sight of a photographer laying out the tools of his trade with surgical precision. Where Clouzot falters, at last, is in coaxing his audience to respond emotionally to his mismatched lovers. However much they suffer (and *Mlle.* Wiener, who looks like a teenaged Jeanne Moreau, finally suffers quite a lot), they don't inspire deep sympathy, because the tone from the very start has been almost too coldly detached, the sense of alienation too total. The shocks of *La Prisonnière* are intellectualized, yet there hasn't been a more hypnotic portrait of wickedness on film since *Belle de Jour.*

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Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness? is an all-but-indescribable movie musical. Call it Fellini-à-go-go and you won't be far wrong, for Anthony Newley's semi-autobiographical one-man show decidedly owes something to *8½.* "A really erotic romantic movie," is Newley's own description of his work (the truth of that statement was voluptuously illustrated in the March issue of PLAYBOY); but *Heironymus Merkin* also happens to be a portrait of the artist looking at himself—with the Fellini sensibility replaced by a totally theatrical b'end of grease paint, gall, girls and loads of spirited showmanship. As producer, director and star, the protean Newley (with outside help from Herman Raucher on the script and Herbert Kretzmer on the score) has his head in the clouds and his heart forever tied to Mother England's raffish music halls. His hero, Merkin, certain that life itself must be a musical comedy-fantasy, is a famous singing star, age 40, who gathers his children, his old mum, his wives, countless mistresses and other artifacts on a splendid beach in Malta, where they are joined by a film crew, writers, producers and a trio of savage movie critics. Savagely satirizing the last ("We've seen all this before—the pathetic search for identity, wrapped up in pseudo pornography," sneers one) and indulging his own enormous vanity, Newley makes the picture's faults practically inseparable from its impudent charms. "It isn't the best thing ever written," he cracks. "*Birth of a Nation* was better . . . but can you remember one good song?" *Heironymus* has several good ones, notably *Oh, What a Sonofabitch I Am,* and also boasts some oddly inspired notions about casting—George Jessel under a white umbrella, as a kind of deathly Presence barking out old comedy routines; and Milton Berle, as a flesh-peddling devil named Good Time Eddie Filth, both grandly at ease in their roles. Joan Collins (Mrs. Newley) as one of two wives, yclept Polyester Poontang, and Playmate of the Year Connie Kreski (see page 156) as Heironymus' ideal of innocence, Miss Humppe, complement the film's eye-filling decor. Those improper nouns should clue you, however, that there's little subtlety afoot. Newley even inclines to such excesses as a talking-to-God scene and a literal life-is-a-game-of-chess bit. Not everyone admired the tragicosmic pretensions of Newley's stage musicals, *Roar of the Greasepaint* and *Stop the World—I Want to Get Off,* and not everyone will warm to *Merkin.* But it is one of a kind—a razzle-dazzle musical, as well as an authentic personal statement by a formidably gifted fellow.

RECORDINGS

The Jefferson Airplane really socks it to an appreciative audience—at the Fillmores, East and West—on ***Bless Its Pointed Little Head*** (RCA; also available on stereo tape). The 50-minute program consists mainly of up-tempo, raucous rhythm numbers that generate lots of vitality; our only complaints are that the Airplane's group vocals are confusing and that Grace Slick—who is in fine form—gets to do her thing on only *Somebody to Love* and the suspenseful *Bear Melt.*

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Astrology and witchcraft may be burgeoning, but the cults worshiping Bobby Short and Mabel Mercer seem always to have been legion. The troops got together for ***Mabel Mercer and Bobby Short at Town Hall*** (Atco; also available on stereo tape), now a two-LP vinylizing of that historic concert. Bobby is a master of the songs everyone seems to have forgotten, for no good reason, apparently—*I'm Throwing a Ball Tonight, That Black and White Baby of Mine, Bojangles of Harlem*—while Mabel is the high priestess of the fey and the sophisticatedly sentimental, with a penchant for Cy Coleman ditties. As the capper to the concert, Miss Mercer and Mr. Short team up for *The 59th Street Bridge Song* and *Here's to Us,* which ranks as one of the great two-for-one bargains of the day.

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Recorded in Nashville under Chet Atkins' supervision, ***Guitar Sounds from Lenny Breau*** (RCA) is nonetheless a jazz set all the way—and a superlative one at that. Tastefully echoing all the great jazz guitarists from Django to Wes, Breau swings lightly on *King of the Road* and *Cold, Cold Heart,* shows his mastery of harmonics on *My Funny Valentine* and offers some classically influenced musings on *Taranta.* As the accompaniment was wisely limited to bass and drums, Breau's cascading overtones and cleanly picked arpeggios are unimpeded by extraneous sounds.

•

Themes Like Old Times (Viva) overcomes the atrocious pun in the title by the

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XKE topless

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sheer weight of its content—90 of the most famous original radio themes. Nostalgianiks will bathe in a sea of audio algae—tiny bits and pieces from the likes of *Easy Aces, Life Can Be Beautiful, Stella Dallas, Chandu the Magician, Gang Busters, First Nighter, Lum and Abner*, and on and on. Oh, frabjous joy!

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The Thorn in Mrs. Rose's Side (Tetragrammaton; also available on stereo tape) is her high-spirited son Biff, who can't really sing but proves himself artful at socking home his satiric fables of the hip life, such as *Buzz the Fuzz* and *It's Happening*. The syrupy string arrangements aren't on Rose's wave length, and their inclusion is incomprehensible, because he accompanies himself ably at the piano.

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This year's anniversary man is Hector Berlioz, who died in Paris a century ago; and to mark the occasion, Philips is currently recording most of the composer's major works. British conductor Colin Davis—generally considered the world's leading Berliozian—has been tapped for the assignment. For openers, he leads the London Symphony Orchestra and assorted choristers and soloists in ***Roméo et Juliette***, a longish "dramatic symphony" brim full of passionate yearnings and mercurial fantasy. It easily supersedes all previous recorded versions of this fragile, rapturous music. Despite the stormy course of his personal life, Berlioz was essentially a cool composer, and Davis rightfully plays him with an appropriate blend of intensity and understatement.

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Soul '69 (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) finds Aretha Franklin bowing slightly in the direction of jazz, with the assistance of an all-star cast led by King Curtis and David "Fathead" Newman. Aretha rocks the blues on *Ramblin'* and *River's Invitation*, changes the pace with a reflective *Crazy He Calls Me*, then puts several pop tunes—such as *Elusive Butterfly*—through some stunningly soulful changes.

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It is just possible that George Benson will pick up the mantle dropped by the late Wes Montgomery as the jazz scene's premier guitarist. ***Shape of Things to Come*** (A&M; also available on stereo tape), an apt title, finds Wes' old recording company giving George that lush backup treatment that provides the intriguingly paradoxical counterpoint for Benson's basic soul approach. The tour de force of the session is Benson & Co. turning *Chattanooga Choo Choo* into a rocker that really moves. That's talent.

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The Versatile Impressions (ABC; also available on stereo tape) is, perhaps, the last joint venture by arranger Johnny Pate and the mellifluous trio, who are now operating their own record label. *This Is the Life, Oo You're a Livin' Doll* and *Sermonette* have plenty of spring in their swing; and Pate provides suitably lush settings for Curtis Mayfield's soaring countertenor on *Just Before Sunrise* and *The Look of Love*.

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James Cotton and Buddy Guy are both gifted blues men, but ***Cotton in Your Ears*** (Verve Forecast; also available on stereo tape) has a definite edge on Buddy's ***Left My Blues in San Francisco*** (Chess; also available on stereo tape). Guy is in good vocal form on *Keep It to Myself, When My Left Eye Jumps* and *Mother-in-Law Blues*, but his guitar doesn't get enough exposure and his accompanists sound uninspired. Cotton's charts leave plenty of space for his energetic harmonica, and his band is always with it—as on *The Mule*, an up-tempo ditty that exemplifies the charm of rock 'n' roll at its unpretentious best.

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There are no Beatles songs on the M. J. Q.'s first Apple release, ***Under the Jasmin Tree***. All four compositions are, happily, by John Lewis, and the predominant influence is Oriental; there are numerous passages in which Percy Heath lays down a chantlike foundation and Connie Kay adds Near Eastern percussive effects while Lewis and Milt Jackson exchange melodic ideas with their customary taste and precision. *Three Little Feelings*, a triptych of balladic themes that are given brief but exhaustive development, contains far more jazz than jasmin.

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Electric acid-rock has lost its shock and seems to be at a musical impasse, as shown by ***Led Zeppelin*** (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape), the Cream's ***Goodbye*** and the Iron Butterfly's ***Ball*** (both Atco; also available on stereo tape). Zeppelin, the much-heralded new group from Britain, has a fine guitarist in Jimmy Page, but the compositions are musically vacuous and singer Robert Plant tries too hard to sound black. The Cream LP, which has little new material, displays the group's spirited interaction but also highlights their insensitivity to dynamics and tone colors. The Butterfly is the least ambitious group of the three, but as *In the Crowds* and *Belda-beast* show, they are also the most musically articulate.

•

Lenny Bruce / The Berkeley Concert (Reprise; also available on stereo tape) fills two LPs with the revelatory musings of the late comic turned social conscience. The liner notes proudly announce that there has been no editing, which means that the producers probably equate editing with censoring. The two, of course, are not synonymous and the album could have profited from a judicious pruning of a number of off-target

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segments. As has been said before, Bruce, in his last years, was shedding more and more of his comedic skin in order to hold up a melancholy mirror to the foibles of an America mired in a morass of moralistic hypocrisy. From this poignantly perceptive album alone, it should be abundantly clear to any but the most prejudiced that Lenny fervently believed in the basic legal structure of America; his attacks were always directed at those who had debased it.

THEATER

Sherman Edwards, a high school history teacher turned songwriter, gets this season's prize for nerviness. He has had the effrontery to write *1776*, a musical comedy about the signing of the Declaration of Independence, in which the hero is a stuffy prig named John Adams, the heroine the United States of America and the climactic scene—the closest this modest show comes to a production number—is devoted to the line-by-line signing of the document itself. Amazingly, Edwards, helped enormously by Peter Stone's intelligent book and a strong, in-character cast, actually brings off that last moment, which is blatantly, outrageously patriotic but undeniably stirring. Even more amazingly, Edwards and his collaborators almost bring the whole show off. Impossible as it sounds, this is a likable little musical about an enormous subject, as admirable for what it doesn't do (no brassy overture, Broadway chorus line, obvious anachronisms and few melodramatics) as for what it does do. By placing America's founding in perspective, *1776* makes a credible case for Adams' being the real father and Benjamin Franklin the foxy uncle of their country. As played by William Daniels and Howard da Silva, the "obnoxious and disliked" Adams and the charming but self-satisfied Franklin are not comic cutouts from an I Am an American Day pageant but very human, flawed individuals. The characters testify to the truth of one of the many aphorisms delivered by Franklin: "Revolutions come into the world like bastard children. Half compromised, half improvised." But for all its merits, *1776* does have its silly side. Sample sillies: *Piddle, Twiddle and Resolve* (not Walt Disney animals but an Adams ditty describing the inaction of the Continental Congress) and another number in which Adams tries to convince someone, anyone, finally even that lanky Virginian named Thomas Jefferson, to write the Declaration for him, with each candidate dancing out of Adams' reach and singing, "But, Mr. Adams," a repartee that rings of Gallagher and Shean. Even some of the lapses into corn, however, are ingratiating. Try to keep a straight face when John Hancock, the president of the Congress, writes his name first on the Declaration and an old

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codger from Rhode Island cackles like Granny Frickert, "That's a pretty large signature, Johnny!" At the 46th Street, 226 West 46th Street.

•

Why do ***Hamlet***? There are at least two good reasons: to give a great actor a crack at the part and to give a great director a chance to discover some new relevance in the old play. But Ellis Rabb, the artistic head of the APA Repertory Company, as both Hamlet and director, offers more of a noninterpretation than a new interpretation. Rabb seems to succumb to whatever pops into his head at the moment: He weaves neurasthenically through Elsinore; he breaks lines into harsh rhythms ("Get thee! To a nunnery!"); he collapses on his knees like a rag doll; he races through soliloquies. He is athletic; he is whimsical; and in the Osric scene, he outfops Osric. One novel touch: Polonius is in front of the stage curtain when he is stabbed, so that the audience can watch him die. Since this is the first *Hamlet* on Broadway since *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, those two school chums are greeted by laughter of recognition from the audience when they first wander out on stage. They are now fully enshrined, like Dolly, as David Merrick characters. Taking its text partly from the weak First Quarto, this is a cut-down, small-scale *Hamlet*; but with starkly contrasted blacks and whites, James Tilton's scenery and lighting make less speak for more. Strongest of the actors is Richard Easton as Claudius, an ignoble part that emphasizes the versatility of Easton, who also plays the lead in ***The Misanthrope***, APA's most uniformly enjoyable production of the season. This is not sparkling Molière, but it is quite funny, a *Misanthrope* for those who have no better *Misanthrope* with which to compare it. The APA is still not an ensemble company, just a group of actors, some very good (Easton, Brian Bedford, Donald Moffat and, usually, Ellis Rabb), some less good. The success of each production depends on the choice of play. The better the play, it appears, the less effective the company, and vice versa. How else can one explain the disaster of *Hamlet* and the surprise success of ***Cock-A-Doodle Dandy***? Generally considered one of Sean O'Casey's distinct failures, *Dandy* proves to have some charming assets in the hands of the APA. The ingrown backbiting and tight sexual repressiveness of a small Irish community are harshly revealed with ironic glints of humor. The use of a fantastical giant cock as *provocateur* is mischievously metaphoric. The chicken is struttingly essayed by Barry Bostwick, the APA's odd-bird specialist this year (he also plays an exceedingly creepy, feathery ghost as Hamlet's father). Best in the cast are Frances Sternhagen's sexy Loreleen, Easton's judicious Messenger and the animated scenery contrived by James Tilton. As the cock stirs up the town's passions, trees twist, a fence writhes, a house quakes. The scenery, literally, takes a bow at the final curtain and earns its most well-deserved applause. At the Lyceum, 149 West 45th Street.

•

Successful musicals often have peculiar ancestry, being adapted from novels, plays, movies, Sebring haircuts and sweat shirts; but San Francisco's musical contribution to black art, ***Big Time Buck White***, has behind it one of the most convoluted tales of all. A theater workshop in Watts improvised an enraged play on the theme of a ghetto revival meeting (imagine Beckett plus Brecht plus the corner-boy humor of insult); then Joseph Tuotti, a white man, put the text together. The Watts and off-Broadway New York productions (the latter reviewed in the March PLAYBOY) provided ferocious theater, appealing in equal measure to experimental-theater buffs and white-guilt buffs. The new San Francisco producer hired a new director, Oscar Brown, Jr., a gentile Sammy Davis Jr., who says he has grown weary of playing Tonto in the white man's world. He narrowed his eyes and decided the play needed songs, and he wrote some kicky, clever and bitter music with such titles as *Mighty Whitey*, *Head Nigger in Charge* and *We Came in Chains*. In some of the music there are also hints of show tunes and one fine old-fashioned hymn. Result? A less ferocious, more bittersweet and comical stage experience that has attracted both the black and the white communities of the Bay Area. An analogy in the tradition is the evolution of Brecht's Three-Penny Novel, stuffed with murder, crime, extortion, pimpery and greed, into a *Threepenny Opera* characterized by grace and even a kind of romance. Oscar Brown here performs the task that Kurt Weill performed for Brecht, but the evening is still hardly a loving, nostalgic tour of Ye Aulde Race Hatred. White guilt and black self-hatred might become a little icky on the prosy naked stage, but Brown's timing, words and music add the leaven of wit that gives coherence to a powerful experience and, therefore, staying power. The actor who calls himself Big Black, famous as a conga drummer with Dizzy Gillespie, endows Big Time himself with a sleepy, sad, generous soul. He has the stage miracle known as presence—style, size, heft and reserves of power—and no one else could do the subtle things he does with his deft and discreet drums. Now this musical version will eventually go on the road and to Broadway, and then to an original-cast album, a movie and—who knows?—maybe even onto a Watts sweat shirt. At the Committee, 836 Montgomery.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Till now, I've been in complete control of every relationship I've had with women; but, at 26, I find myself deeply involved with a girl of an entirely different background than my own and it is making woeful problems. She comes from a family that feels that, with maturity, one must break away from close parental ties, and she objects to my living at home and maintaining a close relationship with my parents and siblings. I don't see it that way, so she cries whenever we discuss it and urges me to move out on my own. We are deeply in love, but our engagement has been put off several times over this conflict. I was away from home for two years—in the Army—which proves I can manage without my parents, and I do not intend to give them up merely to prove my love. I feel the problem is of her creation and is, therefore, hers and not mine. I desperately need your advice.—M. K., Newark, New Jersey.

We don't think your fiancée expects you to give up your family as proof of love, but she has every right to expect you, at the age of 26, to cut the cord and begin structuring your own life. In other words, if keeping your family requires both your physical presence and your emotional dependence, then they are keeping you. In most successful marriages, the man stops identifying as a son before he becomes a husband.

The other day, some friends and I were discussing the bottles in which alcoholic beverages are sold. We wondered why distillers commonly use fifths instead of quarts, the more usual liquid measuring unit. Will you please explain?—B. T., Merom, Indiana.

Quarts predominated in the U.S. until World War Two, when new taxes were levied on distilled spirits. Then, fifths (one fifth of a gallon, that is)—which are smaller—were used in order to stretch available stocks and to make the price rise seem less painful. Nonetheless, quarts are widely used today.

A friend of mine has given me a barometer. Can I expect accurate readings by just hanging it on my apartment wall, or is some adjustment necessary?—J. M., Arcata, California.

After you've decided on the barometer's location, call the Weather Bureau for the precise atmospheric pressure and then adjust your instrument accordingly. No further correction is necessary unless you change locales. Also, before reading, tap the glass once or twice, to make sure the needle isn't stuck.

My fiancé is a one-man antitipping league. When he takes me out to dinner, he absolutely refuses to leave a lousy 15 percent to a good waiter or waitress. Any day now, I expect to have coffee "accidentally" spilled on my dress. How can I make him stop with this nonsense?—Miss B. J., Cleveland, Ohio.

Tell him what you told us.

In my youth, "hickey" was a word for a pimple or similar skin irritation, but my teenage children seem to have a different—and secret—meaning for it. Can you make me hep?—B. W., New Orleans, Louisiana.

We'll do our best, old fellow. A hickey is also a red blossom on the skin caused by suction from an outside source (usually a mouth). This concentrates blood in the intercellular spaces of the area and enlarges the capillaries of the skin.

Please settle an argument between a friend and me. He says that King Kong was a giant machine with five men inside it; but I say that the big fellow was actually an ordinary gorilla suit, with one man inside, and that trick photography was used to make him appear gigantic. Who's right?—H. P. L., New York, New York.

Neither of you. For a few special shots, a gigantic mechanical gorilla head was used, which had three men inside it, operating the eyes, nose and mouth; and a huge imitation foot was created for one or two scenes. But almost all the time he was on camera, the hero of the greatest love story of the 1930s was nothing but a hand puppet, not much bigger than a fist. Ingenious camerawork by cinemagician Merian C. Cooper turned this mobile molehill into the mountainous monster on the screen.

My girl and I have all but signed the papers in preparation for the trip to the altar. But before I take the final step, there is one change I would like to make in this otherwise near-perfect person. What can I do about her snoring?—J. S., Portland, Oregon.

Assuming you don't want to begin your married life in separate rooms, there are various expedients that either silence the offender or temporarily deafen the victim. Since sleeping on the back is generally the cause of snoring, an Anti-Snore Ball (attached to the pajama

top below the shoulder blade) restores quiet by making the supine sleeper turn to one side. If she sleeps in the raw and is nonclaustrophobic, an Anti-Snore Cuff (linking one wrist to a cord tied to the bed) serves the same purpose. For the victim, there's a Noise Neutralizer, a device that produces a lulling sound. Finally, a Noise Muff can be worn over the ears, or earplugs may be inserted. Or, you can garrote her.

I know that the chesterfield coat was named for the famous 19th Century earl. Did the blazer also get its name from a notable person?—R. L., Pasadena, California.

No. But the captain of the British ship H. M. S. Blazer gets the credit. This sartorial salt inadvertently brought about a new fashion wave when he ordered his crew to spruce up their appearance by wearing blue jackets with metal buttons.

Because I am shy, every date of mine turns into a silent stare-out-of-the-window match. Would you please give me some tips? It's getting to the point where I can't stand either the situation or myself much longer.—B. L., St. Louis, Missouri.

You've got to work with what you have, so take your adversary, shyness, and use it as a tool to defeat itself. You might try something like, "Let's talk about the difficulties of being shy, then we can get to the things we'd be saying to each other if I weren't so shy." The important thing is that talking about it helps and, once you do this, you'll find the problem less and less difficult to deal with. In addition, there are obvious icebreakers—such as plays and movies—that give you a chance to spend a large part of your date silently yet provide something to talk about toward the end of the evening.

Lloyd's of London reputedly is unique in the field of insurance. What makes it different from other companies?—Mrs. S. D., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Founded in the 17th Century, Lloyd's is game to insure almost everything from sailing boats to salient bosoms. Moreover, it is a world center for shipping information. The corporation does not itself transact insurance business but acts as a governing body. The actual coverage is provided by "underwriting members," individuals who accept a portion of the risk for their personal account. They are formed into syndicates composed of from a few to several hundred members. Thus, large sums are available and the risk is spread. Candidate underwriters must be sponsored by six members and are elected only after they have proved they can meet their liabilities. They must also deposit approximately $50,000 in cash or securities with the company and are subject to strict regulation. Although membership has heretofore been restricted to British subjects, Lloyd's rules have recently been relaxed to enable citizens of other nations to participate.

My mother will soon be coming to visit me. I've arranged to have her meet my latest girlfriend by acquiring three tickets to a local concert. My sports car has the traditional bucket seats, with compact accommodations in the rear. Who gets the front seat?—M. H., Lincoln City, Oregon.

Your mother, of course. Good manners dictate that any older person be offered the front seat, so that he or she can avoid the task of scrunching into the cramped back one. But why not take a cab, so you'll all be more comfortable?

After 23 years of marriage and two sons (I'm 17 and my brother is 19), I think my father is having an affair with another woman. I'm pretty sure my mother doesn't know about it. If my thoughts are right, what should I do?—M. S., San Leandro, California.

Nothing. Plan your own life so that you profit from the mistakes you think are being made around you.

When checking into a hotel without luggage, should I tip the bellboy who shows me to my room? If so, how much?—P. P., Baltimore, Maryland.

Yes—at least a half dollar.

I've been told that there's some significance in the placement of horses' hooves in equestrian statues. Is this so?—J. R., Dayton, Ohio.

According to the Infantry Journal, *it's traditional that "when all four [hooves] are on the ground, which is rare in statues commemorating a hero, the rider died a normal death. One hoof in the air signifies that he died of wounds sustained in action. But if two are raised, it means that the rider was killed on the field of battle."*

Neither my husband nor I is a prude regarding nudity and small children, but we totally disagree about his constantly running around the house stark-naked in front of our two sons, ages five and seven. I feel that one should not hide the body but ought to be natural about it in circumstances where it is normal to be nude. Would you be kind enough to give us your opinion?—Mrs. L. G., Syracuse, New York.

What makes nudity natural or unnatural in the privacy of the home is the attitude of the people who practice it. Thus, if you felt uncomfortable exposing your body to your children and acted self-consciously about it, nudity would be unnatural for you, even if the kids saw you coming out of the shower. Your husband, on the other hand, may be unself-conscious enough to have his nakedness seem natural even at the dinner table; and particularly since the potential audience consists of his own sons, we'd suggest that you settle the argument in his favor.

Is it possible for me to attend the delivery of our baby? I'm the father, not the mother.—W. D., New York, New York.

That makes it a bit more difficult; but some progressive hospitals do allow a husband to be present during childbirth, depending upon state or board-of-health regulations in the area. Consult your wife's obstetrician.

My sexual experiences, which were numerous prior to meeting my fiancée, have been on my mind a lot since I became engaged. I love her very much and don't particularly want to tell her about my past if it would upset her or damage our relationship. Do you think honesty demands that I bare all?—G. L., Cleveland, Ohio.

If you think your sexual past reveals anything about your present character that your fiancée ought to know, then tell her. If you feel the past is irrelevant and you'd rather not muddy the waters by stirring them up, you're not obliged to say anything.

Should a turtleneck sweater be worn inside or outside slacks?—C. D., APO Seattle, Washington.

Outside, just like other sweaters.

Is it true that the druidic religion of ancient Ireland still exists and even has chapters in the United States?—S. M., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Yes. The United Ancient Order of Druids exists as a secret society in our country and claims that its teachings embody the mystical knowledge of Merlin and the other great Celtic wizards. Like all such brotherhoods, they claim that their hidden wisdom is astral; but outsiders tend to regard it as mostly half-astral.

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"

PENAL-CODE REFORM

Texas is in the process of revising its penal code and materials are being gathered to be used in drafting the new statutes. One of my areas of responsibility is obscenity. Would you please forward appropriate installments of *The Playboy Philosophy* and *The Playboy Forum*?

Cameron M. Cunningham
Texas Legislative Council
Austin, Texas

Done.

12 PLAYMATES FOR THE VICAR

A friend sent me your 1969 Playmate Calendar with this note on the envelope: "I dare you to put this on your wall." And that's where it is, which may surprise—to put it mildly—certain of my parishioners, should they drop in on their vicar.

I lost one member of my congregation not long ago, after I objected to her wholehearted condemnation of PLAYBOY. I doubt that many of my regular parishioners read your magazine; those who remain in our small community and attend church services are the older generation. PLAYBOY's world seems remote from their experiences. The young leave home, reject church doctrine and church life and aren't very interested in reading the Bible. If PLAYBOY's articles can give some meaning to their lives, more power to you.

Eugene B. E. Botelho
Clear Lake, Wisconsin

PRAISE FOR PLAYBOY

As a psychologist and teacher, I must express my great appreciation of PLAYBOY. It has been an invaluable aid in my classes in psychology and in marriage and the family at Suffolk County Community College, where I try to use its liberating sexual attitudes as an antidote to the often stifling conservatism of some of my middle-aged students. I think Hugh Hefner deserves honorary degrees from every psychology department in the country.

Thanks, and keep up the terrific work.

Daniel L. Araoz
New Hyde Park, New York

PLAYBOY IN THE CLASSROOM

I recently obtained copies of *The Playboy Panel: Religion and the New Morality* and Harvey Cox' article *God and the Hippies* for use in my American social history class. I now need 50 more copies of each; the enrollment is almost double what we had anticipated. I suppose the word got around that we have been dealing frankly with many current issues and utilizing much of *The Playboy Philosophy* material.

I want to express my appreciation not only for these classroom aids but also for the continuing excellence of PLAYBOY. For the first time, many of the girls here have been able to explore current problems fully.

Edward D. Jervey
Professor of History
Radford College
Radford, Virginia

DEVOUT CRITIC

Being a devout Christian, I seldom agree with *The Playboy Philosophy* or with the attitudes of most of your contributors. But I read PLAYBOY because it expresses ideas directly opposite, in my opinion, to the traditional Christian philosophy. It thus helps me in my attempts to think objectively.

The February Playmate, by the way, is the most attractive you have presented in some time. Let's see more like her in the future.

Michael W. McClintock
Waco, Texas

GUARDIANS OF MORALITY

I felt like throwing up after reading an article in the Brevard County, Florida, edition of the *Orlando Sentinel*: A woman reporter described her participation in the police harassment of a man whose only offense was a desire to take female-nude photographs. This happened near the nation's space center, where one would think relatively intelligent and forward-looking views would prevail. Not so. The journalist answered a classified ad in another newspaper, which read, "Amateur photographer wants amateur model. Your picture free." The police had investigated the ad and found out the man's name and his job. When the reporter went to meet him in a hotel room, the cops had bugged the room and the Eau Gallie chief of police, a detective and the security chief from the amateur photographer's company were in the room next door.

The man took a few pictures of the clothed woman and made some feeble attempts to persuade her to pose in the nude. Then the guardians of morality

burst in like the Gestapo and collared the photographer. What crime had he committed? The article read, "The only plausible charge that could be placed against 'Johnson' was that he rented a Federal Post Office box to receive answers to his ads under a false name."

If he committed no serious crime, why did the police bother him? Apparently, they think a desire to photograph female nudes is evidence that a man is capable of *anything*. " 'What if he got with some 16-year-old kid and raped her,' the chief said. 'The end justifies the means in these cases. Even if we can't press charges.' "

Furthermore, criminal or not, the amateur photographer's activities cost him his $10,000-a-year job. That was why the security chief participated in the raid—to tell him he was fired.

All this was presented as perfectly aboveboard, unexceptionable conduct by the girl who helped in the persecution of this man. In this entire account of sneaking, bugging, spying and depriving a man of his livelihood, the only indication that any of the participants had a momentary pang of conscience occurred when the reporter admitted she couldn't look the unfortunate man in the face. What convincing proof that the conventional notion of morality is totally sick! The vilest kind of immoral behavior is that which is committed in the name of decency.

Unfortunately, I require a security clearance to hold my job and I must ask that you withhold my name to protect me from reprisals.

(Name withheld by request)
Satellite Beach, Florida

THERAPY AND MORALITY

We wish to respond to some of the comments made by Larry R. Littlejohn and Dr. Franklin E. Kameny in the March *Playboy Forum*. Mr. Littlejohn is incorrect in accusing behavior therapists of making value judgments with respect to heterosexual and homosexual activities. It is not our opinion, nor is it that of any other behavior therapist we know, that there is anything *wrong* with being a homosexual. Mr. Littlejohn and Dr. Kameny should be aware that a minority of homosexuals do not want to remain that way, and it seems inappropriate to characterize this desire to change as immoral, as Dr. Kameny suggests. This is as senseless as characterizing homosexual behavior itself as immoral. If, indeed, it is the prerogative of the homosexual to remain homosexual, it is equally his right to change.

Finally, with respect to Mr. Littlejohn's question about the behavior therapist's responsibility when confronted with a client told by a court that he must change his sexual proclivities or face imprisonment, we can speak only for ourselves. We would exercise our

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

RELIGION AND EMOTIONAL PLAGUE

Ecclesiogenic neurosis—a form of mental disturbance caused by certain kinds of religious upbringing—is so widespread in our society that two of its principal forms, frigidity and impotence, can be called "emotional plagues," according to psychiatrist William S. Kroger. Writing in The Journal of Sex Research, *Dr. Kroger reports that in one study of 186 neurotic clergymen, 90 percent of them were found to be suffering from the ecclesiogenic neurosis, whereas only 27 percent of the representatives of other professions suffered similar emotional illnesses. In another study, 39 percent of the first 1000 patients reporting to a suicide-prevention center had the specific symptoms of the ecclesiogenic form of mental instability. These symptoms usually include chronic depression, guilt feelings, insomnia, loneliness and —in women—such psychosomatic physical dysfunctions as menstrual abnormalities, severe pelvic congestion, vaginismus and frigidity. In many cases, the religion-induced neurosis can also take the form of fetishism or perversion; the patient generally feels utterly helpless and typically seeks hypnosis, believing that no other method can relieve his compulsions.*

This disease, says Dr. Kroger, is most prevalent where children "are subject to the 'fire-and-brimstone' type of strict religious upbringing," and the cure seems to require a barrage of different therapeutic techniques—ranging from behavior therapy, tranquilizers, yoga and orthodox psychoanalysis to the hypnotic suggestion the patient craves.

SEX-LAW REFORM

Efforts are under way in three states to modernize criminal laws involving private moral offenses. In Connecticut, a sweeping revision of the criminal code being presented to the general assembly will scrap such charges as lascivious carriage, fornication, seduction and adultery. In New York, the Correctional Association of New York, a private agency authorized by the state to examine prisons, has recommended that the state legislature abolish the abortion law and the criminal statutes against prostitution and homosexual conduct between consenting adults. The association's secretary declared that government power should concern itself not with "moral or religious standards" but with "matters of public order, public safety and public law." In California, Assemblyman Willie L. Brown, Jr., is sponsoring a bill to legalize certain homosexual acts between consenting adults in private, oral copulation between men and women and sexual intercourse between unmarried adults. "What I'm attempting to do," said Brown, "is knock out the blackmail and the public condemnation, and free the cops from being Peeping Toms in rest rooms, so they can go out and do some honest criminal investigation."

PUTTING UP WITH THE JONESES

POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK—*"I just can't see why an unmarried girl would want to have a male guest all night," Mrs. Edna Jones of Poughkeepsie told the press, explaining why she and her husband Robert had filed suit against Vassar College to prevent a new "open visiting" policy from going into effect. The Joneses, parents of a sophomore at the coed college, sought to overrule a student vote that had abolished the old 11* P.M. *curfew for male visitors and allowed them to stay the whole night through; but Vassar officials quickly worked out a compromise with the Joneses, before the case came to court. Under the new new rule, each corridor in each dorm will vote individually whether it will keep the old 11* P.M. *curfew or accept the new all-night visitation system. Left unanswered: What happens to a boy who gets into the wrong corridor by mistake?*

NEW YORK TV CENSORSHIP

NEW YORK—*Local television station WCBS canceled a part of "The Mike Douglas Show" in which William R. Baird, crusader for birth control, appeared as a guest. During the program, Baird briefly displayed a plastic model of a uterus and a coat hanger to illustrate the lengths to which present abortion laws drive desperate women. The segment was aired in many other cities across the country, including Boston, where Baird is currently fighting a ten-year sentence for displaying a birth-control pill and handing out contraceptive samples during a lecture.*

Baird challenged WCBS' ruling that his exhibit was not in good taste for an early viewing hour by pointing out that much more grisly material is shown regularly on the six o'clock news. He told PLAYBOY *that a WCBS official replied, "Any parent who is responsible would not let his kid watch the six o'clock news."*

VARIABLE OBSCENITY

ST. LOUIS—*A person's opinions about obscenity are often determined by his occupational, educational and economic background, says Marshall B. Katzman, an instructor in psychiatry at St. Louis University. As part of a test, Katzman showed photographs of women in varying*

poses and degrees of nudity to 314 persons, 29 of them women. Policemen and psychiatrists labeled the fewest number of pictures as obscene, while small businessmen, laborers and probationary policemen produced the highest number of obscene ratings. Pictures usually regarded as obscene tended to be black and white, of poor quality, possessed little artistic value, had less attractive models and showed a greater degree of nudity. In general, the study indicated that those in the higher socioeconomic groups declared fewer pictures obscene than did the less economically and educationally privileged persons in the test group.

CITIZENSHIP FOR BISEXUALS

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK—*A Federal Court judge granted U. S. citizenship to an immigrant who described himself as "bisexual with homosexual tendencies." The judge declared that the man's "private deviate sexual practices with consenting adults" did not prevent him from being "of good moral character" under the Immigration and Nationality Act. "The court may not function as a freewheeling censor over public morality," the judge went on. "True, petitioner is an individual whose secret actions are unpleasantly peculiar when measured against what is incompletely known of conduct generally, but he would not be fairly dealt with were there added to the burden of his involuntary sickness the characterization that he lacks the good moral character the statute demands." The ruling defies numerous precedents in which persons have been denied citizenship on moral grounds because of their sexual propensities, and the Immigration and Naturalization Service announced it would appeal the decision.*

WHAT TREES DO THEY PLANT?

SAN FRANCISCO—*The Trees for the City committee organized a "Plant-a-Tree Week" including a poster contest—then recoiled in anguish when they discovered that one of the winning posters, which they had taken for a picture of a palm tree, was actually a depiction of a pothead's dream: a super, king-size marijuana plant. Removing the poster from its place of honor with the other winners, officials tersely told the* San Francisco Chronicle, *"They're not the sort of trees we recommend for street planting." Disqualified winner Alex Allen, 17, interviewed by the newspaper, commented, "I did it to find out where people are at. . . . I wanted everybody to enjoy it."*

TEXAS JUSTICE *VS.* CANDY BARR

BROWNWOOD, TEXAS—*Stripper Candy Barr has been arrested for possession of marijuana, with bail set at $25,000. In Dallas in 1959, Miss Barr was hit with a 15-year sentence for a first conviction of pot possession.* San Antonio News *columnist Paul Thompson wrote: "This enormous rap [Candy got out after serving three years at Goree] is still discussed in hushed tones among students, here and abroad, of anomalies and hideous flukes in the administration of Texas justice." Thompson compared Miss Barr's huge bail in her latest case with the few thousands of dollars normally required of persons accused of anything from burglary and robbery to murder and rape and concluded, "Candy Barr never has professed to be a lady. But at the rate some law-enforcement agencies are going, they'll make something bigger out of her—a martyr."*

MONSTER FACTORIES

PHILADELPHIA—*Judge Raymond Pace Alexander says that it would be highly desirable for wives to pay conjugal visits to their husbands in jail "and would make a convict's future life worth living. Otherwise, a prisoner won't be worth a damn. We'll be sending monsters out into the community." Judge Alexander occupies the bench in a community seriously disturbed by the problem of sex in prisons; according to the district attorney's office, homosexual rapes are "epidemic" in the jails of the City of Brotherly Love. The judge would also permit sex for unwed inmates "if they have legitimate long-term common-law relationships." He thinks that "in five years, normal sexual relations in prisons, properly supervised, will be the practice in many states."*

THE DYING DEATH PENALTY

The mounting assault against the death penalty continues to gather momentum. In recent events:

• Conservative William F. Buckley, Jr., blew the minds of some of his followers by coming out squarely for abolition of capital punishment.

• The National Urban League called for abolition of the death penalty, on the grounds that it has manifestly failed to deter criminals and is discriminately applied against blacks and the poor.

• The NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, Inc.—which last year won the Supreme Court decision abolishing the prosecutor's traditional right to dismiss jurors who have qualms about the death penalty—is now preparing a new case for the highest court, which challenges the death penalty on three technical constitutional grounds. If successful, this will further impede capital punishment and necessitate new legislation in all states. But the fund intends to continue the fight even then, seeking "total abolition of capital punishment in the United States," according to a spokesman.

The effectiveness of the campaign against the death penalty can already be measured: 1968 was the first year in which no person was executed in this country.

professional privilege of refusing the case for therapy. We feel that other behavior therapists, in keeping with the standards typical of professional conduct, would concur.

David C. Rimm, Ph. D.
Richard J. Morris
Department of Psychology
Arizona State University
Tempe, Arizona

BIOLOGICAL PREDESTINATION

Your editorial reply to Dr. Kameny states that "the available evidence indicates" that homosexuals show "a compulsion based on phobic reactions to heterosexual stimuli." This is open to question. While one is always unhappy at having to contradict so sexually liberal a publication as PLAYBOY, your statement—"The sexually inverted male finds himself rejecting his biological role"—is so wrong that it must not go unchallenged. Neither males nor females are inescapably programed to follow particular biological roles. What can safely be said is that males and females do have certain biological potentials, but to believe that nature has purposes of some sort would be to fall into the trap of teleology that every freshman philosophy student learns to avoid like the plague. Biologists report observed behavior; they do not impute purposes to the phenomena.

It remains for the sociologist, among others, to interpret such behavior in its social implications. Today we are giving careful study to the ambiguous "vast complex of relationships, values and social structures" that, despite your denial of its existence, does, in fact, make of the homophile population a true minority. It is through their sharing of "a single attribute"—their emotional orientation toward members of their own sex—that homosexuals are molded into a community of sorts, in spite of social pressure aimed at preventing any such result.

Let us drop unscientific legacies from the past that would insist men and women must be shackled to some sort of biological predestination, and let us accept instead the picture of multiple potentialities that modern research is revealing.

W. Dorr Legg, Director
One Institute
Los Angeles, California

HOMOSEXUALITY AS A COMPULSION

I was elated by Dr. Kameny's letter and depressed by your answer to it, because you spoke the tragic truth I have to live with. I am a 20-year-old homosexual who was introduced to this way of life when I was seduced in the rest room of a train station at the age of ten. I had my first real affair two years ago with a man old enough to be my father. We truly loved each other, but I had to leave him in order to continue my education. At times I do not feel I will be

Some people like it for what it is.

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We give you a bigger standard engine *and* a bigger trunk than Mustang and Camaro.

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Of course, you can get options like the 390 engine, a 4-speed transmission with Hurst shifter, disc brakes and mag wheels.

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Just the way it is.

Recently, however, word has gotten back to us that some people are making our hot sporty Javelin even hotter.

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able to live any longer with my emotional stresses. I see for myself a life of fleeting affairs, loneliness and despair—a living hell.

I have succeeded in establishing a platonic relationship with a girl. I wish a thousand times over I could be a heterosexual. I envy every happy straight couple I see. I am willing to undergo anything to become straight.

(Name withheld by request)
St. Louis, Missouri

PENALIZING HETEROSEXUALS

I feel that your answer to the letter from Dr. Franklin E. Kameny gives an excellent and complete exposition of the point of view of the most liberal and progressive thinkers now working in this field. However, there is one point I would like to emphasize in regard to your statement that the homosexual "gains no greater good through his relations with males than the heterosexual gains in relations with females." Intrinsically, this is certainly true; but in our sexually frustrating society, the homosexual must be, of all groups, the least sexually frustrated. Compare the homosexual in a strange city separated from his sex partner with the heterosexual away from his wife or girlfriend. The latter has much more trouble making a casual pickup than the former. The homosexual knows from the grapevine the bars where he can make contacts; if he uses the Turkish baths or saunas, he can find sex relations right on the spot. These places are inexpensive, perfectly safe and provide partners of a very different type from the women the heterosexual can find commercially. This is a great practical advantage of the gay life and I think it should be faced squarely. I would go as far as to say that this is one of the areas in which our society seriously penalizes the heterosexual.

Myra A. Josephs, Ph. D.
New York, New York

COMPULSIVE HETEROSEXUALS

As a woman and a Lesbian, I wish to take issue with your reply to Dr. Kameny's letter. You assume, without proof or argument, that homosexuals are under a compulsion to engage in sexual acts with their own kind. Haven't you also noticed that so-called normal people are in the grip of phobic reactions to homosexuals? In fact, this is a serious neurotic symptom suffered by nearly all heterosexuals and evidences the sexual immaturity and insecurity of most of them.

Are you confusing love with compulsive sexual attraction and saying that heterosexual males love and marry not people but sexual stimuli emanating from females? Does love, in your view, involve phobic reactions to one or the other sex?

When you say the homosexual rejects "his biological role," I presume you mean reproduction. My conservative guess is that 95 percent of sexual activity has nothing to do with reproduction and half of what does is too much. If Mrs. Stimulus is on the pill, where is the biological role for her or Mr. Stimulus? As human beings, it is time we got away from our fixation on imitating animals. We can do much better than animals; love can transform mere lustful compulsion and make of sexual intimacy an experience of lasting beauty.

I am surprised at your advocacy of sexual conformity. I, for one, do not care to inhabit the belly of the bell-shaped curve where the great, dull average lives. We ought to learn to delight in diversity: male and female, black and white, old and young, heterosexual and homosexual.

Rita Laporte, President
Daughters of Bilitis, Inc.
San Francisco, California

We don't assume that all homosexuals are under a compulsion to engage in sexual acts with their own kind; our answer to Dr. Kameny referred only to the exclusive homosexual. Obviously, a person who can respond to both heterosexual and homosexual stimuli does not feel compelled to have relations solely with his own sex, nor is he phobic toward the opposite sex. It is true that some—but not "nearly all," as you claim—heterosexuals have strong phobic reactions toward homosexuals; however, such feelings of revulsion are in no way intrinsic to heterosexuality.

Sexual love, in our view, involves more than a simple neurological response to stimuli, and it does not necessitate phobic reactions to either sex. Heterosexuals often respond positively, occasionally even erotically, to the attractiveness of members of their own sex.

Our remark about the "biological role" of heterosexuality did not refer to reproduction necessarily, but to the simple—animal, if you will—fact that the male and female bodies have been structurally adapted to each other by millions of years of evolution and (for all the delights of varietism) heterosexual coitus still is one of the fundamental satisfactions of a full human life. The exclusive homosexual, who does himself the disservice of never experiencing this kind of satisfaction, is practicing self-deception, we think, if he argues that this avoidance is something he prefers rather than something he feels compelled to do.

We feel that possession of a heterosexual capacity is "average" in the same sense as possessing two eyes, say, or four limbs or a functioning set of genitals. There is nothing dull about having the ability to participate in the full range of human experience. However, let us be absolutely clear once again that we raise these points only to defend those homosexuals who seek psychotherapy and were condemned as "immoral" by Dr. Kameny for violating the group solidarity he feels homosexuals should share. We are not pressing therapy upon anybody, male or female, homosexual or heterosexual, if they are happy in their present circumstances. But we suspect that those who are secure in their happiness would not be so quick to misunderstand our neutral words as a threat to them or a put-down of their personal dignity.

PSYCHIATRIC INJUSTICE

I read with interest the letter of William McDonough (*The Playboy Forum*, February) on psychiatric injustice and, as a student of psychology, I feel I should point out a few things you overlooked.

If you would consult any competent psychologist, you would soon learn that some of the symptoms of paranoia are delusions of persecution, chronic suspiciousness and long tales of mistreatment. I might add that compulsive letter writing may show itself as a neurotic symptom.

It is, of course, difficult to tell from so little evidence, but if Mr. McDonough's letter is any indication of his normal thought processes, he definitely exhibits some of the symptoms of paranoia.

Do not forget that Mr. McDonough has not been committed for eight years for a simple assault-and-battery charge. Over these years, he has been under constant psychiatric observation, and it is apparently the decision of specialists—professional psychiatrists—that he is not well enough to conduct a normal life within our society.

Alas, gentlemen, you have been taken in by a typical letter from an adjudged paranoid.

I'm afraid that rather than pass new laws to protect people like McDonough, we'll just have to accept the judgments of professionals instead of patients, until God shows us a way to really cure the mentally ill.

Kenard B. French
Summerville, South Carolina

While God will certainly get around to solving this problem eventually, He has not been in any particular hurry about it; and, in the meantime, such reform is the responsibility of man himself.

The need for such laws should be evident from a simple fact: If you are accused of stealing from a store, the opinion of one supposed expert from the police department (on fingerprints, let us say) is not enough to convict you. You have a right to counsel; to produce opposing experts to testify on your behalf; and to have your guilt demonstrated beyond a reasonable doubt before you can be sentenced. Those accused of the "crime" of mental illness have, in most states, none of these rights and can be locked up for life on the testimony of two individuals

who are not challenged or contested by opposing authorities in the same field. This is manifestly unfair, especially since psychology and psychiatry are not yet exact sciences like mathematics and physics.

As for your perceptive diagnosis of the paranoid symptoms of McDonough, he frankly admitted in his February "Playboy Forum" letter that this was the official diagnosis of himself ("paranoid schizophrenic with a sociopathic reaction"). Whether these symptoms—or those of any inmate—are necessarily indicative of mental illness, however, is disputed by Dr. Thomas Szasz in his book "Law, Liberty and Psychiatry":

> *Inasmuch as there are no clear or generally accepted criteria of mental illness, looking for evidence of such illness is like searching for evidence of heresy [during the Inquisition]: once the investigator gets into the proper frame of mind, anything may seem to him to be a symptom of mental illness.*

A man who is locked up against his will generally feels persecuted, frequently is suspicious of those who locked him up and often writes numerous letters to those he thinks may help him get out. Sometimes, such a man is paranoid. Sometimes, he is just reacting normally to a horrible situation—you might develop all of Mr. McDonough's "paranoid" symptoms if you were indefinitely sentenced to a prison-hospital. (See the account of two psychologists who voluntarily underwent this experience, in the May "Forum Newsfront.") If you haven't yet learned how difficult it is to distinguish between the normal resentment of the involuntarily imprisoned and the complicated delusions of the true paranoid, you've been dozing in class.

PSYCHIATRIC POLITICS

The February *Playboy Forum* letter from William L. McDonough brings to mind a related situation that occurred in my family. My older brother, now 29, became ill with what was eventually diagnosed as paranoid schizophrenia and, after a series of dealings with psychiatrists and local clinics over a period of several years, voluntarily committed himself to Napa State Hospital, near Sacramento.

Hospital conditions then, as now, were deplorable: crowded wards, often sadistic attendants, lack of adequate medical staff, low budgets by the state government. My brother's ward, for example, had a single psychiatrist, who had time to see each patient about once a month. Patients also were counseled by psychiatric social workers, each of whom had about 75 cases.

My brother was fortunate. A psychiatric social worker took an interest in him and devoted considerable time to working with him. Eventually, the social worker helped him to a point where my brother felt he was ready to leave Napa and attempt an adjustment to normal life. The social worker, therefore, recommended that he be released.

At this point, however, my brother's freedom became a political issue. The psychiatrist in charge of the ward, who had seen my brother perhaps half a dozen times during the previous year, recommended against his being released. The social worker, who had less authority but had worked with my brother nearly every day for a year, argued for release. The social worker suggested that I join the conflict; I did, by writing a letter suggesting that I would attempt to publicize the board's procedures if something was not done. Shortly after that, my brother was released.

This occurred over two years ago, and my brother has made a successful—though, at times, of course, difficult—adjustment to society. He has suffered at least one relapse; but through the help of state aid and outpatient clinics, he now lives in a cooperative house with other ex–mental patients and plans eventually to finish his schooling and seek a career. Yet, while it is obvious his release was the right thing, the decision could have easily gone the other way two years ago. As with thousands of other mental patients, he had virtually nothing to say about his future at a crucial point in his life. Legal safeguards are needed for all of the mentally ill, including those in Mr. McDonough's situation.

James K. Willwerth
Novato, California

MILITARY INJUSTICE

Men in this nation's Armed Forces lose their rights as human beings and their constitutional rights to fair treatment when they enter the Service.

In October 1968, 27 men at the Presidio stockade staged a sit-down strike and refused to obey an order to go to work. They were protesting the fatal shooting of a fellow inmate who had tried to escape. When they refused to obey orders, they were arrested, but they offered no resistance to arresting officers.

They were then charged with mutiny instead of the usual charge of disobeying an order. Lieutenant General Stanley R. Larsen, Sixth Army commander, disregarded the pleas of other high-ranking officials and Army counsel and refused to lower the charges, although he kindly conceded that the maximum penalty of death would not be sought upon conviction. The first three men convicted have received sentences of 14, 15 and 16 years at hard labor, forfeiture of all pay and dishonorable discharges.

These men showed great courage in their display of conscience; they deserve a much better fate.

Henry Jensen
Ferndale, California

When 27 young men at the Presidio stockade were charged with mutiny, the North American Broadcasting Corporation, a nonprofit educational radio association of some 800 stations, attempted to cover their courts-martial. We were prevented from doing so. Everyone in the media rapidly became aware that the U. S. Sixth Army—from the commanding officer of the Presidio and the inspector general down to the stockade guards—was making an example of these 27 men. The prisoners allege that they have been intimidated by the guards; certainly, these guards have been uncooperative in helping us to gather the news. The NABC decided to devote its attention to the background of the case and to the prison conditions themselves.

What we uncovered at the Presidio could not be conveyed in one or even two radio broadcasts. Private Richard Bunch was apparently killed without justification. When we examined the official Army records, we found that Bunch was of unsound mind and had no business being put into the stockade. The officers at the Presidio tried, as best they could, to cover up the case. Fortunately for our Government, the public and the press, the 27 men in the stockade put the spotlight on the situation.

Our taped interviews with prisoners make it clear that the facts in the Presidio mutiny are being concealed. Here are excerpts from a statement by an eyewitness to the killing of Private Bunch:

PRISONER: I was with Bunch the day he was murdered, and I saw exactly what happened, and to my eyes it was murder. . . . I was standing there when it actually happened, and he was in the middle of the street, and I was about ten feet away, and I heard the footsteps and heard the gun click as the rounds were chambered and the sound of the shot; and I saw exactly what happened, and there was no call of "Halt" given, and there was none of the procedure that they are supposed to follow. The guard cracked up after he did it. He started having the shakes and saying, "Oh, God, what did I do?" and things like that.

ANNOUNCER: It was declared justifiable homicide immediately afterward?

PRISONER: Yes, as far as I know, it was declared so two hours afterward that they had said "Halt" and they had done all those things that they hadn't.

ANNOUNCER: What was this young man, Richard Bunch, like?

PRISONER: Well, I only knew him the one day. I had just met him that day, but as far as I could tell, he was very unlike many of the prisoners that I have been with on details,

like myself. He didn't seem scared and withdrawn, and he had some kind of purpose. He was bothering the guard constantly, like, "If I run, will you shoot me?" And just before he did run I heard him say, "If you shoot, aim for the back of my head."

Besides the shooting of Private Bunch, the 27 men who staged the sit-down were protesting conditions in the stockade. Here is what a prisoner had to say about them:

ANNOUNCER: What are the conditions there like in terms of crowding, food, sanitation, toilet facilities, these matters?

PRISONER: When I was in the stockade, it was inadequate completely. The toilet situation was ridiculous and the whole bathroom situation was—it was unsanitary—it really was weird.

ANNOUNCER: How would you describe this?

PRISONER: Well, there were four toilets for almost a hundred prisoners. The toilets didn't have toilet seats and they leaked. When we flushed them they leaked all over the floor. They were constantly stopped up—at least one of them, usually two or three—and quite a few times there was stuff from the toilets all over the floor.

ANNOUNCER: Would this include human excrement?

PRISONER: Yes, and there was always a few inches of water on the floor. And the food was completely inadequate. A few weeks before the mutiny, it had been getting worse and worse, until we were getting hardly anything to eat. And what there was tasted shitty.

Another prisoner, asked to describe the stockade, said:

PRISONER: The food problem was really bad, nobody was getting enough to eat, and everybody was always left hungry, and we were really crowded. We didn't really have room to breathe. The air seemed like it was always stuffy, and you always had to wait in line for a couple of hours to take a shower. . . .

ANNOUNCER: Were you ever in one of the disciplinary or administrative segregation cells?

PRISONER: Yes, I was. They are about six feet long, just room enough for you to lay down, and about nine feet tall and four and a half feet wide. There is a steel rack to sleep on, and there's nothing else to sit down on besides the floor or this rack.

ANNOUNCER: Are there any toilets in these cells?

PRISONER: No, there's not. You have to call the guard.

ANNOUNCER: Do the guards always respond to the call?

PRISONER: Not always. They sort of get tired of opening doors and closing doors.

ANNOUNCER: What do you do when the guards won't respond?

PRISONER: Just suffer, mostly.

As for the mutiny itself, here's how one of the participants described it:

PRISONER: In the morning as everybody was getting ready to get in formation, a group of us, actually 28 of us, walked over and sat down in a kind of a bunch of people, supposed to be a circle, but it was just a bunch of people. We started singing stuff like *We Shall Overcome, Freedom. This Land Is Your Land,* things like that. We had a fellow who had made up a list of grievances, there were six altogether. The whole idea was just to get these grievances across to somebody. It doesn't take very long in the Army before you realize that the system works best when somebody's watching you, especially like a civilian. We were kind of hoping that maybe somebody would notice and maybe put a bug into the Army's ear to do things like they were supposed to be doing, anyway. Maybe clean up the scene a little bit. And so this fellow stood up, and when Captain Lamont, the correction officer, the guy who's in charge of the stockade, came over, we stopped singing and this fellow stood up and read the six grievances and tried to explain things. The captain walked away, which was really frustrating, and we really didn't know what to do, so we just started singing again, and pretty soon Captain Lamont came back. They brought a fire truck and we thought for a while they were going to squirt us, and we were really kind of scared, and they brought over all these MPs, and we were still singing. We didn't know what to do. So the MPs came in, and they all had gas masks on. We were scared for a while they were going to try to gas us; we didn't know. Pretty soon, they just came over and picked us up, carried us inside and that was it.

ANNOUNCER: This was after Captain Lamont had read Article 94 of the Military Code, which defines mutiny, to you?

PRISONER: Well, I guess he did. We were sitting there, not looking anywhere, and he came back and they claim he read Article 94. I guess he did. I don't know, I didn't hear it.

ANNOUNCER: Did anybody have any realization that what they were doing there might possibly constitute a capital offense?

PRISONER: Oh, no. I guess none of us knew what we were getting into when we walked out there. One guy got scared, I guess, and just left. We just knew something had to be done. Nobody even thought of that. That's just too insane. I mean, this is America, and things like that are supposed to happen in Russia or some bad place like that. So when we walked out there, we really didn't know what to expect. We didn't know what to do. We really hadn't thought out this situation, other than to figure that we'd sit down, and surely somebody would come over and listen to us, because that's such an unusual thing for a bunch of prisoners to do. Unfortunately, nobody listened to us, nobody did anything too much, except try and screw us, I guess.

We have got our teeth firmly into this matter, and despite the harassment, threats, intimidations and MP escorts provided every time one of our vehicles enters the Presidio, we are going to take this case to its conclusion and report on it until we get the kind of action needed from the politicians in Washington. In the Territorial United States, there is no reason why we should afford one or two men the power of life and death over our youngsters by virtue of having a separate system of judicial procedure for the Army. We feel that if the Army is unable to conduct itself properly, then those judicial rights should revert to the civil courts supervised by the civilians.

I want it plainly understood that I am not out to hurt the Army, which has a great number of conscientious and dedicated men in its ranks. The people we must weed out, so that the Army can once more become a proud Service, are the people who abuse their authority and neglect their duties and their responsibilities to the enlisted men in their charge. What is being fought is injustice, not a branch of the Armed Forces. I feel, as I'm sure others do, that we can give the 27 men the exoneration they deserve without disrupting the stability of the biggest Army in the world.

Michael Erickson, Chairman
North American
Broadcasting Corporation
San Francisco, California

As we go to press, the sentence of the first soldier convicted of mutiny at the Presidio, Private Nesrey D. Sood, has been reduced on review from 15 years at hard labor to two years. Other reviews are pending.

THE OLEO STRUT

Justice, small-town Texas style, is illustrated by the experiences of the staff of the Oleo Strut coffeehouse during the past eight months. Some of their troubles were reported by Thomas M. Cleaver in the February *Playboy Forum*. The

coffeehouse is one block south of the city hall and police station and half a block east of the main fire station. Despite its location on the main street of town, the Oleo Strut's plate-glass windows have been broken at least eight times, soldiers and civilians have been physically attacked inside and outside the premises and gangs of local toughs known as "cowboys" have ripped plumbing from the walls, broken furniture, glasses and dishes inside the building and (sometimes openly and sometimes anonymously) threatened death to persons connected with the coffeehouse. Members of the staff have been followed home by local citizens waving hatchets and other weapons, are continuously threatened with violence and have been arrested and jailed for minor violations of the law (for which others are merely warned), such as driving an automobile with out-of-state license plates.

The local police department has been unable to solve and prosecute one single crime committed against the Oleo Strut's staff, although it is a better-than-average department and can perform an excellent professional job in other areas of crime prevention and detection. The local "cowboys," some of them sons of the better families in this area, openly boast that they have been encouraged in their criminal activities by certain police officers who have promised them immunity from prosecution.

The manager of the coffeehouse was arrested and held on $50,000 bail for possession of marijuana after .002 of an ounce was found (under curious circumstances) on the front seat of his car; at the same time, bonds for murder and assault with intent to kill were set at $1500 in this county. The circumstances surrounding the manager's arrest were a comedy of errors and included a member of the city council appointing himself a judge and taking part in the legal ceremonies. A semblance of sanity returned and the grand jury decided not to indict the manager on the possession charge.

In nearly 20 years of law practice, I have not seen our double standard—the difference between what we say we believe and what we actually do—practiced so obviously in this locality. I only hope that some reform results, in the long run, from the abuse of law, utter hypocrisy and actual criminal conduct of local citizens during the past months.

Davis Bragg
Attorney at Law
Killeen, Texas

STRANGER IN HIS OWN LAND

As an Indian, I have noticed several references to my people in your magazine. The dialog between white and black goes on, yet few people give a passing glance to the red man. Of course, the red man is scattered all over the country and numbers only about 500,000 to 1,000,000—the much-documented policy of extermination took care of that. But who can tell you more about the ethical system of the white man than the Indian? He has run the entire gauntlet of justice and injustice as applied by soldiers, politicians, missionaries, lawyers, judges and—the final blow—the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Lucky for the immigrants who came to this country that they didn't have a Bureau of Immigrant Affairs to help them "adjust" to society; we might still have Irish, Italian and Jewish reservations.

Here in Oklahoma, although the majority of whites claim Indian blood and profess respect for the Indian, the whites actually own everything; and the Indian suffers from lack of education, is racked by disease and has seen his culture virtually wiped out—he is a stranger in his own land.

Dean Daney
Norman, Oklahoma

MARIJUANA MARTYR

Having been convicted of selling five dollars' worth of marijuana seeds and stems to an informer, I am currently serving a 20-to-30-year sentence in the State Prison of Southern Michigan, near Jackson.

My case is unusual because this penalty, the mandatory legal minimum sentence in Michigan, is generally regarded as too harsh even by judges. The customary practice is to allow the accused to plead guilty to a lesser charge. Furthermore, my bail was set at $45,000—an impossible sum for me to raise—so I sat in jail for four months before being tried. There were 25 other marijuana arrests in Grand Traverse County in the past two years, but I am the only one who has been sent to the penitentiary.

Why this special treatment for me? The authorities will probably say that it is because I am a "habitual criminal." Actually, I have one previous conviction (for unarmed robbery when I was very young) and an arrest (which did not lead to a trial) for being in a house where pot was being smoked. Is this habitual criminality? I believe that my real crime was a column I wrote for a Detroit underground newspaper, the *Warren Forest Sun*. The column was called "Dope-O-Scope," and in it I presented scientific facts about marijuana to counter the mythology circulated by the narcotics bureau. This angered the local officials, and I am being punished as a symbol of the Detroit hippie community and of others who urge more realistic marijuana legislation.

Incidentally, the Michigan House of Representatives recently received a report from a subcommittee formed to study the use of drugs among youth in the state. Accompanying the report was a letter from subcommittee chairman Representative Dale Warner, which stated, "The key implication from this study for lawmakers is that a total re-evaluation and reform of our drug-control laws is needed."

Larry L. Belcher
State Prison of Southern Michigan
Jackson, Michigan

MARIJUANAPHOBIA

The *Akron Beacon Journal* reports the case of a go-go girl who was sentenced to a term of two to fifteen years for the possession of marijuana. The judge imposed this stiff sentence even though two court-appointed psychiatrists and the assistant county prosecutor himself had urged clemency.

The article goes on to state that:

> [Mr.] Gabalac [the assistant county prosecutor] had proposed probation after [the girl] pleaded guilty to two counts of possessing marijuana. He said that he was satisfied by the psychiatric reports that she had given up drugs for the past eight months and was showing rehabilitative progress.
>
> [She] even volunteered to work with the prosecutor's office in giving talks to students about the dangers of drugs. It's extremely hard to find ex-addicts in this town who are willing to talk about this problem.
>
> "But everybody was willing to cooperate on this except the judge," Gabalac declared. . . .
>
> What also is puzzling to court observers is the court's past record of granting probation. Court records show that no less than on 51 occasions did [Judge] Reed grant probation in 1968. The crimes include shooting with intent to wound, shooting to kill, stabbing to wound, possession of narcotics and a host of other felonies.

Is there such a thing as justice in the United States today when people who shoot to kill can be released on probation and this girl gets up to 15 years for merely possessing (not selling) marijuana?

Robert A. Blunk
Streetsboro, Ohio

A careful reading of the news story indicates that even the enlightened prosecutor—and, apparently, the indignant reporter who wrote up this travesty of justice—believed that marijuana is addicting and that the girl is an "ex-addict." With such misinformation in the minds of those who were in favor of clemency, we can only wonder what weird beliefs about marijuana may have inspired the judge.

THE HAPPY WARRIORS

I am part of a communications outfit, which is one of the various support units that comprise the majority of our troops in Vietnam. Ours is quite an elite group, by Marine Corps standards, being selected for training from the top ten percent

of all Marine recruits based on general-aptitude tests administered during basic training. All are planning to work for at least a B. A. Many of us come from upper-middle-class families and are known as respectable citizens in our home towns. By all rights, we should be classed as all-American boys—but our preference for marijuana brands us as criminals living under constant threat of a five-year prison sentence.

Every month, we see the local momma-*san* and pay her $150 for ten pounds of pot. Day in and day out, we sit around stoned, but we still maintain a higher efficiency rate than most of the socially acceptable booze drinkers around here. We smoke upon awakening, on watch, before bed and during off hours. To add a touch of civilization, we've turned our hut into a home that now serves as a meeting place for all the potheads in the area. Here, we listen to tapes, read a lot and discuss politics. We've even gone Communist, sharing all expenses, clothes and miscellaneous gear. For this type of living to work, every man must do his share; but for us, it has worked, without straining relationships and creating hassles.

We prefer grass to alcohol, because pot induces a subtle relaxed state from which one can effectively come down on short notice to play soldier, if necessary —a feat not possible if you're drunk. Although we don't claim that pot smoking gives one an infallible insight, we're convinced that it can open your mind to new points of view, heighten your awareness and appreciation of aesthetics and bring to prominence some of the more peaceful aspects of man's nature.

(Name withheld by request)
FPO San Francisco, California

A REAL MORAL ISSUE

Late last year, a 21-year-old student at Oakland University gave a lecture on poet William Butler Yeats' concept of freedom; he stripped naked to dramatize Yeats' meaning. As a result of this event (and of the current unrest on a number of state-college campuses), the Michigan senate, led by state senator Robert J. Huber, decided to undertake a HUAC-like probe into education in Michigan.

An editorial then appeared in the *Lapeer County Press*, addressed to the investigation in general and to Senator Huber in particular. The conclusion of that editorial is quoted below:

> "It's a disgrace to tolerate something like this," he [Senator Huber] said. "I can't understand why the community is tolerating it and not standing up in open indignation. There are so many priests in the area who are quick to stand up with open-housing placards, but they're silent on a real moral issue like this."

Yeah, take that you stupid priests. You're wasting time demanding such silly things as an end to discrimination in housing. Who cares if a black man's money won't buy the same house a white man's money will buy? Forget it and join with Senator Huber in debating this *real moral issue*. . . .

But seriously, folks, Senator Huber obviously wouldn't recognize a real moral issue if he woke up in bed with it.

The Rev. Earle R. Ramsdell
The Rev. Thomas E. Sagendorf
The Rev. David Yordy
Interfaith Action Council
of Greater Flint
Flint, Michigan

COLORADO SPRINGS FACES LIFE

Reality came to Colorado Springs when Colorado College held its annual symposium. Last year, the topic was the Presidency; this year, the students chose to study violence. Various persons came to expound on the subject: Michael Klonsky, national secretary of SDS; Ivanhoe Donaldson, cofounder of SNCC; John Sack, war correspondent for *Esquire*; and comedian Dick Gregory. Other events included a Black Panther film titled *Huey* and a presentation of Euripides' *The Bacchae* called *Dionysus in '69*.

Klonsky began the week by explaining what he thought was wrong with American society; he made some very valid points. Colorado Springs' contribution to American journalism, the *Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph*, covered the event and criticized Klonsky for employing "vulgarities"—as if the most important thing about his speech was the fact that he used words such as "bastard" and "bullshit." Throughout the week, the *Gazette* reports stuck to the trivialities, missing whatever the speakers said and making the swearwords the focal point of each account. The *Gazette* lifted sentences out of context in Dick Gregory's speech, leaving out his thoughts, concentrating on his "bad words" and, in many cases, entirely misquoting him.

The climax of this local idiocy followed a presentation of *Dionysus in '69* in which eight cast members were nude during two scenes. The play was a moving, perplexing portrayal of the human condition, the violence inherent in people, the questions of justice and vengeance and the type of mind that has built our sick, racist society. The newspaper, of course, fixed its attention on the nudity. The *Gazette* managed to find a girl who said, "It was the most immoral, completely insane thing I've ever seen in my life. . . . I bawled. I was physically sick." Despite the implication that this was a typical reaction, when the play ended, the aisles were still filled with people who had no seats. One minister exhorted his congregation to punish the college by withdrawing their accounts from a bank owned by a member of the college's board of trustees. He called Colorado Springs a modern Sodom and Gomorrah. Our enlightened mayor issued a statement that read, in part, "I cannot and will not condone, under any circumstances, unpatriotic statements, filth, nudity or obscenity of any kind. . . . There are two sides to all questions; but when one side becomes distorted and disfigured to the point that only with obscenity and filth can it be described, I say that it has no right to be heard."

This is Colorado Springs 1969, populated by men and women who are enslaved by the unrealistic morality that has destroyed so many lives in the past, perverted our nation and caused untold frustration, impotence and guilt. The whole episode served to remind me how very badly PLAYBOY is needed.

Mike Delong
Colorado Springs, Colorado

REASON FOR PORNOGRAPHY

Would-be censors do not understand that much of the demand for pornography springs from its being forbidden. This gives it a scarcity value that it wouldn't possess if it were freely available. Much pornography is low in artistic quality, and if the false importance it has acquired by being suppressed were removed, the poor quality of this material would immediately become apparent. This has been the experience of the Danes.

In any case, what right does anyone have to stop an adult from choosing his own entertainment, so long as this entertainment does not infringe on the rights of others? If the individual had an unrestricted right to make free decisions in this area, I'm sure his conscience would answer for his own behavior.

Joseph Kulik, Jr.
Chicopee, Massachusetts

SHAME AT NOTRE DAME

A violation of my human rights occurred during the ill-fated Pornography and Censorship Conference at the University of Notre Dame, where I am a student. The conference was planned as an academic discussion by a legitimate student group. The administration pressured the student leaders of the conference into canceling the screening of a film that had been labeled hard-core pornography by the New York State Supreme Court. When it developed that the film would be shown on campus by a group that would not submit to the administration's ban, the local Citizens for Decent Literature demanded that the county prosecutor swear out a warrant to confiscate the movie. The film was seized by a dozen officers using physical violence and chemical Mace.

I am disgusted with administrative, student and civil authorities for their lack of regard for the right of students to view this film, a right supported by any number of established schools of thought from the Bill of Rights to the existentialist philosophers. The arbitrary, moralistic decision to confiscate the film was exactly the sort of travesty on justice our conference was set up to investigate. After a private screening, the county prosecutor solemnly asserted that the film was "definitely pornographic." Amazing! Did he expect us to ventilate the issues of pornography and censorship with Walt Disney travelogs?

Any justification for this act of repression, especially within the context of an academic conference, is certainly questionable. A callow minority has used brute force to impose its verdict. And now, to make the situation even sicker, several students are awaiting a grand-jury decision about prosecution for their part in the conflict. The charge will be showing a pornographic film at a pornography conference!

James E. Metzger
University of Notre Dame
Notre Dame, Indiana

JINGLING JUDGE

"Malice in Maryland," a letter in the February *Playboy Forum*, told of several people arrested in Baltimore because actor Mark Isherwood was allegedly nude during one scene while making an underground film. I am their lawyer. After reviewing other films made by these young people, our state's attorney, Charles Moylan, decided not to press charges. However, before they could be dropped, permission had to be obtained from a judge of the supreme bench of Baltimore. The case came up before Judge Solomon Liss, who dismissed the charges with an artwork of his own in three stanzas:

Old Baltimore is in a spin
Because of Isherwood's display of skin.
She cannot bear the shame and cracks
Brought on by showing the "bare" facts.

Charlie Moylan was in a sweat.
O'er his decision, he did fret.
On the judge's discretion—should he bet?
No! Instead he entered a "stet."

And so—go thou and sin no more.
Disrobe, if need be, behind the door;
And if again, you heed the call of art,
Rest assured, the judge will do his part.

There may be malice in Maryland, but there's benevolence in Baltimore.

Fred E. Weisgal
Attorney at Law
Baltimore, Maryland

REDS AND BEDS

A neighbor has given me a pamphlet titled "Is the School House the Proper Place to Teach Raw Sex?" written by a Dr. Gordon V. Drake and distributed by Christian Crusade Publications of Tulsa, Oklahoma. I copied down the adjectives and descriptive phrases used by Dr. Drake to describe sex educators, and I think readers of *The Playboy Forum* might find the list amusing. This is what sex educators are and do, according to Dr. Drake:

They "wallow in sex-sationalism" and "in the mire"; they "reclassify forbidden fruits of the past into juicy sexual plums for today"; they may either "claim to be religious" or admit a frank "hatred of religion"; they "peddle Freudian analysis," use "warped logic" and contribute nothing "but sheer degeneracy to the education of our youth"; they remind Dr. Drake "of Karl Marx, who declared that 'religion is the opiate of the people'" and who knew "that religion had to be destroyed before communism could hope to maintain control of a nation by reducing it to slavery and dumb obedience"; they promote "garbage theology" and "an animalistic viewpoint of sex which is shocking"; they "indulge in class discussions which, though given the supposed dignity of the classroom, is [*sic*] still just plain dirty talk"; they "are in league with sexologists—who represent every shade of muddy gray morality, ministers colored atheistic pink, and camp followers of every persuasion—offbeat psychiatrists to ruthless publishers of pornography"; and, of course, they are "degenerates."

What does PLAYBOY know about this publication?

Janet Hermosa
Chicago, Illinois

See the answer to the following letter.

I recently came across an attack on sex education by a group called MOTOREDE (Movement to Restore Decency). Among other things, MOTOREDE says:

> It is our ambition in time to do battle with these forces of evil on every front. But our first concern is with our school-age children. For it is a matter of record that the Communists are behind a massive effort to destroy the moral character of the upcoming generation, in order to make us helpless against their strategy of conquest.
>
> By far the most dangerous and disastrous step in this whole program to promote degeneracy is the present increasingly widespread effort to introduce continuous "sex education" into our schools, all the way from kindergarten through high school.
>
> [We] do not believe that the current drive for sex education is even

(concluded on page 183)

Can you spot the druggist from Toledo?

Of course not.

That's the point.

Somewhere in our picture is what appears to be just another Italian playboy sitting in his expensive Italian sports car.

But somewhere up there is a very dependable druggist in his very dependable Karmann Ghia.

It looks like a racy sports job because it was designed by the Ghia Studios of Turin, Italy.

It runs like a Volkswagen because, underneath, that's exactly what it is.

Complete with 4-wheel independent suspension, front disc brakes, 4-speed synchronized gear-box, oil cooler and rear-mounted air-cooled engine.

To put an end to the suspense, the Karmann Ghia is the snappy number just left of center.

And for a snappy $2,575*, it's yours.

So you can look like the kind of person to whom price is no object.

And with the money you save, it won't be.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GORE VIDAL

a candid conversation with the acerbic social commentator, political polemicist, playwright, producer and author of "myra breckinridge"

One of the few happy developments of 1968—a year disfigured by police riots, student rebellions, political assassinations and a rancorous Presidential campaign—was the emergence into the national consciousness of Gore Vidal. "Myra Breckinridge," Vidal's controversial 11th novel, which appeared in February of last year, has sold some 4,500,000 copies—an almost unheard-of success for a serious literary work in America. And Vidal reached an even larger audience six months later. At both political conventions and on election night, he appeared opposite William F. Buckley, Jr., as a commentator for ABC. Except for one vituperative exchange between the two authors on the bloodiest night of the disturbances at the Democratic Convention in Chicago—an exchange that neither man really won—many observers agreed that the pugnacious polemicist and editor of the National Review *had finally met his caustic match in Vidal. At least the television audience discovered that there was someone on the left with a tongue and a mind as sharp as Buckley's on the right.*

Vidal's mixed-media breakthrough as a first-magnitude celebrity was neither a surprise nor an overnight success. Though he's only 43, he has been excelling in a remarkably disparate number of careers for close to a quarter of a century. Often concurrently, he has been a novelist, a writer of television dramas, a Hollywood scenarist, a theater critic, a playwright, a member of inner White House social circles, a political columnist, a television personality and even a political candidate.

Literary success came early. Graduated from Philips Exeter Academy in 1943, Vidal served out the War on a ship transporting men and supplies from island to island in the Aleutians. His first novel, "Williwaw," was based on these Wartime experiences. Written when he was 19, it was followed in 1947 by "In a Yellow Wood," and Vidal found himself in contention with Truman Capote for lionization as America's brightest young literary light. But both books are marred by a tendency to mime the styles of Stephen Crane and Ernest Hemingway. "I was," Vidal conceded later, "easily the cleverest young fox ever to know how to disguise his ignorance and make a virtue of his limitations." In his third novel, "The City and the Pillar," Vidal wisely forsook the flat realism of the first two—but he also abandoned convention. A frank and sympathetic homosexual romance, it cast him out of literary favor with readers and critics alike.

Five more novels followed in quick succession. About three of them—"Search for the King," "The Judgment of Paris" and "Messiah"—Vidal says, somewhat bitterly, "These works resembled hardly at all the books that had gone before, but unfortunately, I was by then so entirely out of fashion that they were ignored." In 1954, thoroughly discouraged and in need of money, Vidal turned to writing for television. A score of scripts through the next two years—some originals, some adaptations—earned him as much money as had the previous near decade of novel writing. The most successful of his television plays, "Visit to a Small Planet," presaged Vidal's deepening political concerns. The visitor of the title—a sophisticate from outer space—comes to earth to see a war, even if he has to start one himself, because, he explains, "It's the one thing you people down here do really well." Vidal adapted the show for Broadway, where it enjoyed a two-season run. In the late Fifties, he wrote two more plays for the tube (in one of which he played a minor role) and worked on a number of filmscripts, including "Ben-Hur" and Tennessee Williams' "Suddenly, Last Summer." His second Broadway play, "The Best Man," followed in 1960—and also ran for two seasons.

By 1960, in fact, it began to seem as if Gore Vidal was the collective nom de plume of a half-dozen equally gifted men. Three movies written or inspired by Vidal, as well as the play, were appearing simultaneously in New York; Jack Paar and David Susskind had discovered in him a provocative new guest; and his theater criticism was appearing regularly in The Reporter. *To top it off, Vidal was the Democratic candidate for Congress in New York's 29th District.*

The writer's active interest in politics came even earlier than his commitment to writing. ("I have, since childhood," Vidal told The New Yorker, *"said that I would rather be President than write.") His parents were divorced when he was ten, and his mother married Hugh D. Auchincloss, who is also the stepfather, through another marriage, of the present Mrs. Aristotle Onassis—the link that was*

"If we survive long enough to evolve a rational society, there will be a trend toward bisexuality. For one thing, bisexuality is, quite simply, more interesting than monosexuality."

"The people recognized themselves in L. B. J. and recoiled. He was the snake-oil salesman, just as Nixon is the realtor intent upon selling us that nice development land that turns out to be swamp."

"It is quite true that 'Myra Breckinridge' has earned me a great deal of money. If I were to say that I had written it in order to make money, I would be understood and absolved of sin."

to make Vidal a frequent White House visitor in Camelot's first years. Vidal spent much of his childhood in the company of his maternal grandfather, Thomas Pryor Gore, the blind Senator from Oklahoma, guiding the fervidly isolationist old man around the Capitol and reading newspaper editorials, the Congressional Record *and works on monetary theory to him. At Exeter, still very much under his grandfather's influence, he organized a group that propagandized against American participation in World War Two. By the time he decided to run for Congress in 1960, the conservatism of his youth had evolved into a tough, if not radical, liberalism—favoring recognition of Communist China, Federal aid to education and a decrease in defense spending. Vidal lost the race but garnered more votes than had any Democratic candidate in the district since 1910.*

Committing himself again to writing—and to the novel, with "Julian," a fictionalized biography of the Fourth Century Roman emperor who tried in vain to turn back the tide of Christianity—Vidal rejected two subsequent offers to run for office in New York. And in March 1963, he broke his links with the Kennedy White House in a magazine article called "The Best Man—1968." "There are flaws in his persona hard to disguise," he wrote of then–Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy. "For one thing, it will take a public-relations genius to make him appear lovable. He is not. . . . He has none of his brother's human ease; or charity." Vidal's opinion of Robert Kennedy changed as Kennedy himself did in the following years, but the possibility of a conventional political career for the writer was closed.

His fascination with the ways of power, however, remained very much alive. In "Washington, D. C.," which was published in 1967, Vidal shifted novelistically from Roman to American imperial politics, tracing the fortunes of a number of archetypal figures who, in the years from 1937 to 1952, helped transform the American republic into what Vidal calls "possibly the last empire on earth." Like "Julian" before it, the book was an instant best seller.

In "Myra Breckinridge," Vidal moved from the surgical dissection of political venery to a broader and bloodier attack on America's social and sexual mores. The book's title character participates in orgies, an interminable anal rape and a sadomasochistic coupling that ends in a broken neck for one ecstatic partner, all in the course of what Vidal considers "a mad hymn to bisexuality." Most critics found the book's theme less affirmative. In the words of The Reporter, *"Others, including . . . Mailer and Albee, have declared war on the American Dream, but no one so far has disposed of it in quite such a nightmare fashion."*

With his fiction becoming increasingly polemical, Vidal has often turned to the critical essay in recent years to promote his ideas. About "Rocking the Boat," the first of his hardcover collections of nonfiction, New York's Mayor John V. Lindsay wrote: "Vidal is the most ingratiating of iconoclasts. For while he is leveling the household gods with a devastating sally, he has disarmed you with the sliest grins." The second anthology—and Vidal's most recent book—is "Reflections upon a Sinking Ship," published this spring by Little, Brown. Its 25 pieces of literary and social comment fully justify the Manchester Guardian's *pronouncement that "Vidal has an acute and impish intelligence which makes him the nearest thing imaginable to a new-model Bernard Shaw."*

Vidal divides his time between homes in Rome, where he does most of his writing, and in New York City—although a number of projects have made him a frequent Hollywood visitor this year. Shooting began a few weeks ago on his adaptation of Tennessee Williams' "The Seven Descents of Myrtle," and he is both writing and producing big-budget film versions of "Julian" and "Myra." He satisfies his interest in politics by working for the New Party, which he helped found after the defeat of Senator Eugene McCarthy and the bloodshed of the Democratic Convention. Our interview began with the political turmoil of the past year and a half—and the outlook for the new Administration.

PLAYBOY: As one who was intimately involved in last year's electoral process—first as an early supporter of Senator Eugene McCarthy's candidacy, then as a political commentator for ABC at the Republican and Democratic Conventions—what do you see as the probable impact of the Nixon Administration on this country and on the world?

VIDAL: "People are what they are," as Eleanor Roosevelt used to say, more in sorrow than in triumph. Nixon is what he is and—again, Mrs. Roosevelt—"You can't change people." There is, of course, a popular myth that people do change; but in real life, they don't. With age and experience, they simply become more adroit at selling themselves. Nixon has never been interested in issues or ideas, only in self-promotion. His Congressional career was a perfect blank—nothing accomplished, no one represented except an occasional favor for those who contributed to his famous slush fund. He did fight the Commies, however, and so became known. Reports on his Vice-Presidential years show that at Cabinet meetings, he seldom had anything to say about issues but a good deal to say about promoting the party.

PLAYBOY: Soon after the election, *Newsweek* suggested that Nixon's qualifications as a complete political technician are among his redeeming Presidential assets. Do you feel there's any truth to that?

VIDAL: If the technician were interested in solving real problems, we would all be in his debt. But if Nixon has ever had any ideas about the American empire or the situation of the blacks, he has been careful not to confide them to us. More to the point, since he is interested only in self-promotion, he is not about to jeopardize The Career by taking a strong position on any issue. The ghettos will be "solved," he tells us, by giving tax cuts to private industry for doing business with the blacks. Well, it doesn't take a profound student of the human heart to know that the tax cuts will be accepted gladly and that the ghettos will be no better off. It is a proof of his banality not only that he thinks we don't know how inadequate what he proposes is but that the very way he puts his "solution" shows that to him the ghetto is something incurable—to be improved, not eliminated. But then, of course, he is a conservative as well as an opportunist, and conservatives believe that the poor are always with us, that the human heart is unchanging—"Basically, we're all rascals," as Barry Goldwater used to say—and, finally, that slaves should obey their masters. It is the liberal disposition that things can be made better than they are. I am liberal, and so unfashionable at present.

PLAYBOY: Why? Because the conservatives are in power?

VIDAL: Yes, and because they mean to do nothing, while the lively new radicals of the left have given up. The only thing left and right have in common is a disdain for the liberals. The conservatives are now tending toward fascism—crack down on dissent, support your local police, disobey the Supreme Court—while the New Left wants to destroy the entire system. Emotionally, I'm drawn to the New Left. I would certainly go to the barricades for any movement that wants to sweep away the Pentagon, *Time* magazine and frozen French fried potatoes. But what is to take its place? The New Left not only have no blueprint, they don't *want* a blueprint. Let's just see what happens, they say. Well, I can tell them what will happen: first anarchy, then dictatorship. They are rich in Tom Paines, but they have no Thomas Jefferson.

PLAYBOY: Nixon has announced that after an era of confrontation, we must now begin an era of negotiation. Do you see this as a hopeful sign?

VIDAL: He enjoys taking trips abroad and thinks himself an international expert because, over the years, he has met a great many heads of state with whom he has spoken through an interpreter for as long as 30 minutes. I think he'll do a lot of traveling, but nothing much will change. You know, empires have their own dynamic, and individuals don't much affect

their progress. Take the American empire. Up until the end of the 19th Century, we were confined to our own continent, seizing land from Mexico, trying to invade Canada and, of course, breaking every treaty we ever made with the indigenous population, the Indians, as an excuse for slaughtering them as well as expropriating their land. By 1899, the continent was full up. We were at the edge of the Pacific Ocean, dressed to kill, with no place to go. The result was a serious national depression—emotional as well as economic. Fortunately, that master therapist, Teddy Roosevelt, was able to contrive a war with Spain that put us into the empire business in a big way: Not only did we "free" Cuba but we took on Puerto Rico and, most significant, the Philippines. Westward the course of empire flowed and still flows. When Teddy's cousin Franklin maneuvered the Japanese into attacking us at Pearl Harbor—so that he'd have an excuse to go to England's aid against Hitler—we became the greatest power in the Pacific. Now America's white hordes are on the mainland of Asia sustaining a much-deserved defeat.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, you feel that the U. S. should withdraw from its commitments in Asia.

VIDAL: If we continue, not only shall we go bankrupt, we are quite apt to be destroyed in a nuclear war with China. But can we stop? I doubt it. Empires are like cancers. Perhaps there will be a remission in our case, but it's not very likely. Meanwhile, the biopsy report is malign. Happily, we will at least have been the shortest-lived empire in history.

PLAYBOY: Do you think public sentiment for peace is sufficiently strong to influence the new Administration in the direction of a negotiated settlement in Vietnam?

VIDAL: Certainly the war is hurting the economy, and the people don't like that. But at a deeper level, I think our people revel in war and blood, particularly if the victims belong to "inferior" races.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound like the statement of a man who identifies himself as a liberal.

VIDAL: The sad paradox of liberalism is to want majority rule while realizing that the majority is instinctively illiberal. The Bill of Rights was the creation of the educated few, not of the ignorant many, who would have rejected it—and in practice *do* reject it, quite as firmly as Mayor Daley did last August in Chicago. Watching the police attack the educated, the odd, the nobly intentioned, I found myself admiring—if only briefly—Stalin's treatment of his kulaks. The police represent the same class in this country, as its most bitter and ignorant. At Chicago, they had a chance to revenge themselves on their economic and intellectual betters. The result, as the Walker Report said, was "a police riot." At the moment, the real danger to America is not anarchy but repressive police power. The fact that we recruit our police from the same class that provides us with our criminals makes them even more dangerous to us, because the true criminal at least has their respect; he is their brother, while the college professor represents all that they fear and detest.

PLAYBOY: Is there such a great difference between the values of the "educated few" and the "kulaks" of this country?

VIDAL: The difference between civilization and the Dark Ages. One Chicago cabdriver told me: "You know what those hippies want? They want to show people *fucking*. They want everybody to do it all over the place." After some probing, I discovered that he'd heard one of the dissenters say in an interview that there was something sick about a society that preferred its children to watch people being murdered on TV instead of making love. I said I thought this a reasonable point of view. Sex is good. Murder is bad. Wouldn't he prefer his kids to watch love being made to violence and killing? Voice shaking with rage, he said, "I'd rather have them watch Custer's last stand than some degenerates fucking! The cops should kill them all!" It was as if Max Lerner and Dr. Rose Franzblau had never lived.

PLAYBOY: Though it's certainly repugnant, there's little really new about the violence and intolerance you abhor, and the nation has survived periods of even more intense right-wing hysteria in the past; the Joe McCarthy era is a case in point. Is there any cause for more than the usual degree of pessimism about our current prospects?

VIDAL: Yes. The strain of violence that has always run deep in our society has been exacerbated by two race wars: the one at home against the blacks and the one abroad against the yellows. It is not a sign of pessimism to suspect that a series of showdowns is at hand. The tensions have been building up, of course, ever since the Puritans arrived on these shores. Incidentally, it is part of our tribal lore that the Puritans came here to escape persecution. In actual fact, they were driven first out of England, then out of Holland, because of their persecution of others. We had a bad start as a country. But then things improved in the 18th Century, and we had a good beginning as a nation, with a rich continent to sustain us. Unfortunately, our puritan intolerance of other races and cultures, combined with a national ethos based entirely upon human greed, has produced an American who is not only "ugly" but, worse, unable to understand why he is so hated in the world. The social fabric is disintegrating. We face the prospect of racial guerrilla warfare in the cities, institutionalized assassinations in our politics, suppression of dissent in our Chicagos and a war in Asia that can at any moment turn nuclear—and terminal. Yet the white majority is blind to all that is happening. Violence is still our greatest pleasure, whether on television or in the barroom.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of violence on television, one of the most memorable moments in last year's Presidential campaign was your shouting match with William Buckley on ABC during the Democratic Convention. In retrospect, how do you feel about that episode?

VIDAL: I was reluctant to appear with him at all. For one thing, I knew it would reduce me to his level—I'd look like a left-wing entertainer, balancing his right-wing clown act. But the size of the audience finally tempted me: as a polemicist, it was too good an opportunity to miss.

PLAYBOY: From your point of view, were the debates a success?

VIDAL: As debates, yes—though poor Bill was not at his best. I've never seen anyone sweat as much as he did on camera. Finally, on election night, he refused altogether to debate me—or even meet me—and so we worked with a velvet curtain between us, answering Howard K. Smith's questions separately. I can't think where Bill got such a reputation as a debater. I found him a bit of a birdbrain, unable to pursue any train of thought logically, no doubt because he doesn't want to let on to what extent he really *is* fascist-minded, as I implied he was on the air—"fascist," by the way, is not a word I use often—and is therefore uninvitable even to Nixon's White House. Unable to be honest, he is forced to be personal, accusing Norman Mailer of wife stabbing and so on. Needless to say, this sort of *ad hominem* attack is very much admired by the kulaks.

Remember his response to my suggestion that he was a "crypto-Nazi"? He was no Nazi, he shrieked, because he had been in the infantry—*non sequitur*—and he would punch me in the nose: *hubris*! It was a fascinating display of girlish temper, with eyes rolling, tongue flicking, lips moist and, as always, the spontaneous dissimulation: The only action he ever saw was in a classroom, teaching Spanish. For the record, I was in the Pacific with the Army during the War. Thus, to make—or avoid—a point, he will say *anything*. Contrary to his usual billing, Buckley is not an intellectual: He is an entertainer and self-publicist, and since the far right have practically no one they dare display in public, he has been able to make a nice niche for himself as a sort of epicene Joe McCarthy.

PLAYBOY: Though you say you don't usually use the word "fascist," you've already used it twice.

VIDAL: It's on my mind, obviously. Pressures from students, New Left and militant blacks could cause the conservative majority of the country to counterattack, to create what would be, in effect, a fascist society behind a democratic façade.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Americans, at this

point in time, are more susceptible to fascism than other people?

VIDAL: Traditionally, we are less susceptible. But we are not what we were in the 18th Century. The 19th Century waves of immigration from slave societies like Ireland, Poland and Sicily have not yet been absorbed, and these new Americans, by and large, do not take easily to the old American values. It is unkind to mention this, but nonetheless true. Look at the success of George Wallace in the Irish and Polish communities of the North. Our new Americans are profoundly illiberal. They hate the poor, the black, the strange. To them, life's purpose is to conform to rigid tribal law. A conception like the Bill of Rights is alien to them. Until they've been here a while longer, they will always be susceptible to Wallace-style demagogs—unless, of course, *they* change *us*, which is always a possibility.

PLAYBOY: If you really believe a fascist take-over is in the works, what do you propose to do about it? Do you intend to continue living abroad, as you have for several years, or have you considered staying in this country to help organize a liberal opposition?

VIDAL: I am of two minds—my usual fate. For some years I've divided my time between Rome, where I write, and New York, where I—what's the word?—politick? Dissent? But I'm losing heart. For one thing, I'm convinced that man is biologically programed for war; and now that we have the means to end human life on the planet, is there anything in our past record to give one cause for optimism? But assuming I'm wrong and we avoid what editorial writers refer to as "nuclear holocaust," how are we to survive on an overpopulated planet? Even if we fully exploit our food resources—including sea farming—and develop effective and equitable international systems of distribution, it still won't be possible to feed the coming generations. So there will be famine and disorder. Meanwhile, we are destroying our environment. Water, earth and air are being poisoned. Climate is being altered. Yet we go on breeding, creating an economy that demands more and more consumers to buy its products—an endless, self-destructive cycle. But though most thoughtful people are aware of what we are doing to ourselves, nothing is being done to restore the planet's ecological balance, to limit human population, to create social and political and economic institutions capable of coping with—let alone solving—such relatively manageable problems as poverty and racial injustice. Who will tell Detroit that they must abandon the fossil fuel–burning combustion engine? No one. And so the air goes bad, cancers proliferate, climate changes.

PLAYBOY: Do you think drastic reform is likely to be effected by our present system of government?

VIDAL: No. And I find that hard to admit, because for all of my adult life I've generally accepted what we call the democratic process. But it no longer works. Look at Congress. Last year, 81 percent of the people wanted strong gun-control legislation. But 70 percent of the Congress did not, on instructions from the National Rifle Association. Congress, President, courts are not able to keep industry from poisoning Lake Erie, or Detroit from making cars that, aside from the carbon monoxide they create, are murderous weapons. To this degree, at least, the New Left is right: The system cannot be reformed. I part company with them on *how* it's to be replaced. They are vague. I would like to be specific—"programmatic," to use a word they like even less than "liberal."

PLAYBOY: And what is your program?

VIDAL: I would like to replace our present system with an Authority—with a capital A—that would have total control over environment. And environment means not only air, earth and water but the distribution of services and products, and the limitation of births. Where the Authority would have no jurisdiction would be over the private lives of the citizens. Whatever people said, wrote, ate, drank, made love to—as long as it did no harm to others—would be allowed. This, of course, is the direct reverse of our present system. Traditionally, we have always interfered in the private lives of our citizens while allowing any entrepreneur the right to poison a river in order to make money.

PLAYBOY: Isn't what you're proposing—a dictatorship demanding absolute control over the most vital areas of our lives and yet granting absolute social and political freedom—a contradiction in terms? Isn't it inevitable that the power of your Authority would sooner or later circumscribe the private life of every citizen?

VIDAL: Though the Authority would, in its own sphere, be absolute, it would never be the instrument of any one man. There would be no dictator. The thing should be run like a Swiss hotel, with anonymous specialists going about their business under constant review by a council of scientists, poets, butchers, politicians, teachers—the best group one could assemble. No doubt my Venetian ancestry makes me prone to this sort of government, because the Most Serene Republic was run rather like that and no cult of personality ever disturbed those committees that managed the state with great success. It can be done.

PLAYBOY: Would you explain what you mean when you say the Authority would be able to limit births?

VIDAL: I mean just that. Only certain people would be allowed to have children. Nor is this the hardship that it might at first appear. Most people have no talent for bringing up children and they usually admit it—once the damage is done. Unfortunately, our tribal propaganda makes every woman think her life incomplete unless she has made a replica of herself and her loved one. But tribal propaganda can be changed. One can just as easily convince people that to bring an unwanted child into the world is a social crime as grave as murder. Through propaganda, the Japanese made it unfashionable to have big families after the War and so—alone of the Asian countries—kept their population viable.

PLAYBOY: Your ends may be commendable, but let's discuss the means. What would happen to the citizen who didn't wish to live in your brave new world—to the devout Roman Catholic, for example, who refused to accept your population-control measures?

VIDAL: If he didn't want to emigrate, he'd simply have to accept the Authority's restrictions. The right to unlimited breeding is not a constitutional guarantee. If education and propaganda failed, those who violated the birth-control restrictions would have to pay for their act as for any other criminal offense.

PLAYBOY: With imprisonment?

VIDAL: I don't believe in prisons, but there would have to be some sort of punishment. Incontinent breeding endangers the human race. That is a fact with which we now live. If we don't limit our numbers through planned breeding, they will be limited for us in the natural way: famine and war. I think it more civilized to be *un*natural and voluntarily limit population.

PLAYBOY: What would become of the family if only a few people were allowed to have children?

VIDAL: The family is an economic, not a biological, unit; and once the economic need for it is gone—when women are able to get jobs and support themselves—the unit ceases to have any meaning. In today's cities, it is not possible to maintain the old American idea of the family—which was, essentially, peasant: a tribal group working together to create food. For better or worse, we are now on our own, and attempts to revive the ancient family ideal—like Daniel Moynihan's proposal for the blacks; apparently he wants to make Irish villagers of them—will fail. As for the children that we do want, I'd like to see them brought up communally, the way they are in certain of the Israeli kibbutzim. I suspect that eventually, the whole idea of parenthood will vanish, when children are made impersonally by laboratory insemination of ova. To forestall the usual outraged letters declaring that I am against the "normal" sexual act, consider what I'm talking about: the creation of citizens, *not* sexual pleasure, which will continue, as always. Further, I would favor an intelligent program of eugenics that would decide which genetic types should be

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continued and which allowed to die off. It's within the range of our science to create, very simply, new people physically healthier and intellectually more competent than ourselves. After all, we do it regularly in agriculture and in the breeding of livestock, so why not with the human race? According to the somber Dr. William Shockley—the Nobel Prize–winning physicist who once contravened liberal doctrine by suggesting that we *should* look for genetic differences among the races—our preservation, through advanced medicine, of physically and mentally weak strains is now making the race *less* fit with each generation.

PLAYBOY: Your critics would charge that the utopia you propose is actually a nightmarish world reminiscent of Nazi Germany and of George Orwell's *1984*. How would you answer them?

VIDAL: Most things human go wrong. The Authority would probably be no exception. But consider the alternatives. Nuclear war to reduce population. World famine. The coming to power of military dictatorships. The crushing of individual freedom. At least the Authority would guarantee more private freedom to its citizens than they now enjoy.

PLAYBOY: Realistically, do you see any chance of such an "enlightened" dictatorship coming to power?

VIDAL: Dictatorship, no; enlightened, yes. Could it happen? Probably not. It takes too long to change tribal thinking. The majority will always prefer a fiery death, howling tribal slogans. A pity—but then, it is not written in the stars that this peculiar race endure forever. Now may be a good time for us to stop. However, since I believe that one must always act as though our affairs were manageable, I should like to see a Party for Human Survival started on an international scale, to try to persuade people to vote willingly for a life-enhancing as well as life-preserving system.

PLAYBOY: Your detractors, on both right and left, would argue that the proposals you've just made reflect a characteristic Vidal trait: intellectual arrogance and a basic elitist contempt for the people and their ability to govern themselves. Do you think they have a point?

VIDAL: I do not admire "the people," as such. No one really does. Their folk wisdom is usually false, their instincts predatory. Even their sense of survival—so highly developed in the individual—goes berserk in the mass. A crowd is a fool. But then, crowds don't govern. In fact, only in America do we pretend to worship the majority, reverently listening to the herd as it Gallups this way and that. A socialist friend of mine in England, a Labor M. P., once said, "You Americans are mad on the subject of democracy. But we aren't, because we know if the people were given their head, they would bring back hanging, the birch and, of course, they'd kick the niggers out of the country. Fortunately, the Labor Party has no traffic with democracy." I want the people to be happy, but more than that, I want them to be *humane*—something they are not, as everyone from Jesus to Karl Marx has had occasion to notice.

PLAYBOY: Despite your cynicism——

VIDAL: Realism is always called cynicism. I am a pessimist—who tries to act like an optimist.

PLAYBOY: All right—despite your pessimism about the future of America and the world, and your disenchantment with the democratic process, you campaigned actively last year on behalf of Senator McCarthy's nomination and were subsequently active in the movement to launch a fourth party, the New Party. If everything is so bleak and hopeless—short of the accession to power of the Authority—why did you bother?

VIDAL: It's better to be futile than passive. I supported McCarthy because he mobilized the youth of the country and acted as if the national institutions might still be made to work. But he failed; *they* failed. The next move, to my mind, was the New Party, which came into being at Chicago. It is a place for the activist young, an alternative to the system that has made Richard Nixon emperor of the West.

PLAYBOY: Despite your long-standing animosity toward the late Senator Kennedy, you were ready to support him for the Presidency before McCarthy announced his nomination. Supporters of Kennedy still argue that, despite the tardiness of his entry into the race after McCarthy's New Hampshire primary victory, Kennedy was the only peace candidate with a real chance of victory, and that McCarthy's failure to withdraw in his favor —allegedly prompted by personal pique —merely played into the hands of Hubert Humphrey and made his nomination inevitable. If Kennedy had lived, do you believe that McCarthy's role would have been that of a spoiler?

VIDAL: I believe just the opposite. I think Kennedy was the spoiler and that *he* should have withdrawn in favor of McCarthy. After all, it was McCarthy who went into New Hampshire and destroyed L. B. J., something Bobby did not have the courage to do. For all of Bobby's renowned toughness and abrasiveness, he was politically conventional and timid. He wanted to be President in the "normal" way. He wanted "to put it together." Well, it isn't together anymore. It was his bad luck to be caught in a revolution he didn't understand, though he did like its rhetoric. Yet the conservative majority of the country hated him and thought him a revolutionary. I wonder what will happen when the *real* thing comes along. The two Kennedys were charming, conservative politicians, nicely suited for the traditional game but hardly revolutionaries or innovators.

PLAYBOY: Would you have preferred Kennedy to Johnson?

VIDAL: Certainly. Although Bobby had been very much involved in getting us into Vietnam—he once said we had "every moral right" to be there—toward the end, he saw the light, or the votes, and became a peace candidate. Also, though I don't believe in character changes, I do have a theory that if you keep giving a conservative politician liberal speeches to read, he will eventually become a liberal, and vice versa. Friends of mine who were close to Kennedy tell me that in the last months of his life, he really seemed to believe his own rhetoric, had come to identify with the poor and the dispossessed. If so, good. Strangely enough, I always found him a touching figure under the bad manners. He was obsessed by his relative inferiority to his older brothers. As a result, he had to be twice as tough as everyone else, have twice as many children. What a tense life it must have been—and, finally, sad.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel when you learned of his assassination?

VIDAL: Depressed. In a strange way, you come to like your enemies rather better than your friends. I will say I wasn't surprised. It seemed inevitable. Not long ago, something like 30 percent of those living in one Manhattan neighborhood were found to be in need of psychiatric help. At the same time, there are 200,000,000 guns in private hands in the United States; that's one for every citizen. Were it not for fear of J. Edgar Hoover, we would all be dead.

PLAYBOY: In this kind of society—with that many guns—do you think that public men can effectively be protected from assassination?

VIDAL: No. Anybody can murder a President. Once, sitting next to Jack Kennedy at a horse show, I remarked how easy it would be for someone to shoot him. "Only," I said, "they'd probably miss and hit me." "No great loss," he observed cheerfully and then, beaming at the crowd and trying to appear interested in the horses for Jackie's sake, he told me the plot of an Edgar Wallace thriller called *Twenty-Four Hours*, in which a British Prime Minister is informed that at midnight he will be assassinated. Scotland Yard takes every precaution; 10 Downing Street is ringed by guards; midnight comes and goes. Then, the telephone rings. Relieved, the Prime Minister picks up the receiver—and is electrocuted. The President chuckled. He often spoke of the risk of assassination, but I doubt if he thought it would ever happen to him. His virtue—and weakness—was his rationality. He had no sense of the irrational in human affairs.

PLAYBOY: Do you?

VIDAL: I think so. But then, the artist is always more concerned with the moon's dark side than the man of action is. However, I am not prone to mysticism

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or Yeatsian magic. Only once have I ever had a—what's the word?—presentiment. In 1961 I dreamed, in full color, that I was in the White House with Jackie. Dress soaked with blood, she was sobbing, "What will become of me now?" Yet I don't "believe in" dreams, and I certainly would not believe in this dream if someone else told it to me.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that the assassinations of John and Robert Kennedy were the work of lone lunatics—or of a well-organized conspiracy?

VIDAL: I tend to the lone-lunatic theory. Oswald. Sirhan. They are so typical, as anyone who ever served in the Army knows. We are a violent country with a high rate of mental illness, much of it the result of overcrowding in the cities, where—like rats under similar conditions in a laboratory experiment—we go insane. To allow any nut to buy a gun is a folly no other country in the world permits. During last year's French revolution, involving millions of people, there were fewer casualties in two weeks than there were in the first hour of Newark's ghetto riot.

PLAYBOY: To return to the Kennedy assassinations, don't you feel there may be some evidence to support the conspiracy theory, particularly in the Oswald case?

VIDAL: Like everyone else, I believe the last book I read: "Zapruder Frame 313, J. F. K. pitches backward, not forward." It does seem as if Oswald might have had help; and if he did, then there was, indeed, a conspiracy. I realize that a generation brought up on horror comics and *Gunsmoke* is convinced that the MacBirds did in our Prince, just so they could make the White House their aviary; but I think it not very likely. The villains, if they exist, are probably Texas oilmen, fearing a Kennedy repeal of the oil-depletion allowance: in other words, a conspiracy as unserious politically as the John Wilkes Booth caper. Nevertheless, just as a phenomenon, it is curious that a nation that has never experienced a *coup d'état* should be so obsessed by conspiracy—but then, a fear of "them" is a symptom of paranoia. Look at Joe McCarthy's great success. Look at Mr. Garrison in New Orleans. Incidentally, I used to know Clay Shaw; and if there is anyone less likely to have been involved in a political murder, it is that charming apolitical man. As I predicted, Mr. Garrison's case against Shaw was nonsense.

PLAYBOY: Whoever assassinated John Kennedy, and for whatever reasons, do you believe that if Kennedy had lived, he could have reversed, or at least arrested, the social decay you decry?

VIDAL: No. But then, no one could—or can. These things are cyclic. By and large, Kennedy drifted. When he did act, the results were disastrous. Consider the Bay of Pigs, which took for granted that the United States has the right to intervene militarily in the affairs of other nations; and Vietnam, where he—not Eisenhower—committed us to active military support of a corrupt regime. There are those who believe that had he lived, he would have got us out of Asia. But I doubt it. The week before his assassination, he told an associate, "I have to go all the way with this one"—meaning that after Cuba, he did not dare look "soft" on communism, particularly with an election coming up.

PLAYBOY: Apart from foreign affairs, how would you assess the Kennedy Administration?

VIDAL: Mediocre. Presidents are supposed to be made in their first 18 months. That's when they're able to push through their programs. Kennedy's first 18 months were a blank. Nothing happened. And by his third summer, it was plain even to him that he was botching the job. In private, he was full of complaints and excuses. He felt that he could do nothing with the Congress, and so he did nothing with the Congress. Re-elected in 1964 with a proper majority, however, he thought he would do great things. But, again, I doubt it. For one thing, he would have been holding the franchise for his brother and that would have meant a second Administration as cautious as the first. More to the point, the quality that gave him his great charm was not of much use to him as Chief Executive: an ironic detachment about himself and others. I remember once he was complaining about how the "Pentagon just throws money around, and there's no way of stopping them." It didn't seem to occur to him that even at this late date in the reign of the military-industrial complex, the Administration was *his*, not theirs.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think Kennedy laid the groundwork for genuine social progress by giving the nation a new momentum in peace and civil rights that could have come to fruition in his second term?

VIDAL: On almost every subject, he made at least one splendid speech, and left it at that. Domestically, he was simply carrying forward the program of the New Deal. It was left to Johnson to complete the New Deal. He rounded out not only Kennedy's interrupted first term but Roosevelt's fourth.

PLAYBOY: In the foreign-policy area, many political historians cite Kennedy's handling of the Cuban missile crisis as an undeniable and major accomplishment—perhaps the greatest of his career. They point out that it set the stage for a subsequent thaw in the U. S.–Soviet relations and thus substantially reduced the danger of nuclear war. Do you agree?

VIDAL: In 1963, when asked whether or not Soviet missiles in Cuba really jeopardized the security of the United States, Kennedy said, "Not really. But it would have changed the balance of political power. Or it would have *appeared* to, and appearances contribute to reality." Kennedy's handling of the crisis was a public-relations masterpiece, which changed nothing at all except his own image; he had made himself seem forceful. Yet when the matter ended, the Soviets were still in Cuba, 90 miles away, and we were neither stronger nor weaker, despite all the theater.

PLAYBOY: Is your hostility to the Kennedy family prompted exclusively by political considerations, or is there an element of personal animus in your opposition?

VIDAL: Personally, I didn't like Bobby but I did like Jack. The others don't interest me. As for my opposition—is it likely that, with my view of what needs doing in the country, I would ever be much pleased with the works of such conservative and conventional politicians?

PLAYBOY: What was it you liked personally about President Kennedy?

VIDAL: He had a fine dry kind of humor, not very American, coupled with a sort of preppish toughness that was engaging. I remember once giving to a particularly bright magazine writer a very guarded report about my childhood, which was much the same as Jackie's. We were both brought up in Hugh Auchincloss'—our stepfather's—house in Virginia. I lived there from 10 to 16. Then Jackie's mother married Mr. Auchincloss and Jackie moved into my room, inheriting several shirts of mine, which she used to wear riding. I don't remember her in those days—I enlisted in the Army at 17—but our lives overlapped: We have a half brother and a half sister in common. I was unaware of her, however, until the Forties, when I began to get reports from friends visiting Washington that she had introduced herself to them as my sister; I was, pre-Kennedy, the family notable. In 1949, we finally met and I allowed her claim to be my sister to stand. Anyway, I certainly know what her childhood was like, since it was pretty much the one I had endured. So I told the interviewer something about life in that world, described how sequestered it was, how remote from any reality: Great money is the most opaque of screens.

During the Depression, which was unknown to us, the Roosevelts seemed Lucifer's own family loose among us; the American gentry liked to call them the Rosenfelds, on the fragile ground that they were really Dutch Jews and, therefore, Communist, since all Jews were Communists except the Rothschilds, who didn't look Jewish. You have no idea what a muddled view of things the American aristocracy had in those days, with their ferocious anti-Semitism, hatred of the lower orders and fierce will to protect their property from any encroachment. Liberal hagiographers will always have a difficult time recording the *actual* background of our Republic's Gracchian princes.

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away, I made a vague reference in that interview to what I thought was an unreal "golden season" and let it go at that. One night while playing backgammon at Hyannis Port, Jack Kennedy said, "Gore, what's all this golden season shit you've been peddling about life at Merrywood?" I thought him ungrateful. "You hardly expect me to tell the truth, do you?" He ignored that and chose instead to mount, as Jackie listened, a fine tirade against our family, how each of us was a disaster, ending with, "Merrywood wasn't golden at all. It was . . . it was . . ." he searched for a simile, found one and said triumphantly, "It was the little foxes!" But, of course, he was a cheerful snob who took a delight in having married into what he regarded as the American old guard—another badge for the Kennedys, those very *big* foxes who have done their share of spoiling in the vineyard. But the Kennedy story is finished. The age of Nixon has begun.

PLAYBOY: Edward Kennedy might not agree that the Kennedy era is over.

VIDAL: When Teddy Kennedy first ran for the Senate, there was a great cackling from even the most devoted of the Kennedy capons: He was too young, too dumb—in fact, they were so upset that a number of them openly supported his opponent in the primary, Speaker McCormack's nephew. At about that time, I asked a member of the Holy Family why the President had allowed his brother to run. The member of the H. F. admitted that it was embarrassing for the President, even admitted that Teddy was not exactly brilliant, but added, "He'll have wonderful advisors and that's all that matters."

Politics today is big money. X can be stupid or a drunk or a religious maniac, but if he has the money for a major political career and enough political flair to make a good public impression, he will automatically attract to himself quite a number of political adventurers, some talented. With luck, he will become the nucleus of a political team that then creates his speeches, his positions, his deeds, if any—Presidential hopefuls seldom *do* anything—until, finally, X is entirely the team's creation, manipulated rather than manipulating, in much the same way that the queen bee is powerless in relation to the drones and workers.

At the moment, the Teddy Kennedy hive is buzzing happily. There's honey in the comb and perhaps one day the swarm will move down Pennsylvania Avenue to occupy the White House. But, once again, I doubt it. For one thing, there are too many other swarms at work —Humphrey, Muskie, McCarthy, not to mention the possibility of a Nixon second term, followed by a good bee like Lindsay, or a bad bee like Agnew. The future is obscure. But one thing is certain: The magic of the Kennedy name will have faded in four years, be gone in eight years. By 1972, E. M. K., as he's now being touted, will no longer be a Kennedy as we have come to think of that splendid band of brothers. Rather, he will be just another politician whom we have seen too much of, no doubt useful in the Senate but nothing more—and so, familiar, stodgy, cautious, trying to evoke memories that have faded, he will have to yield to new stars, to a politically minded astronaut or to some bright television personality like Trudeau. By 1976, Camelot will be not only forgot but unrestorable, if for no other reason than that Arthur's heir will by then be—cruelest fate of all—unmistakably fat.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the Age of Johnson?

VIDAL: Sad. He did so much in his first 18 months. He was able to force through the Congress all sorts of constructive legislation, ranging from public health to civil rights. He was something of a wonder, in marked contrast to his predecessor, who treated him with contempt; the Kennedy courtiers, in fact, fled at his approach. He had every reason to dislike them. It's been argued that Johnson's programs were inadequate, but then, what *is* adequate in times like these? At least he did what he could do, given the kind of Government we have, and that is the most any conventional party politician can be expected to do.

PLAYBOY: What might a radical politician accomplish?

VIDAL: The word "radical" comes from the Latin word meaning "root." A radical politician could go to the root of things—something no conventional politician dares do, for fear of what he'll find. But, of course, there *are* no radical politicians close to the top of our system, nor are there apt to be until—a paradox—it's changed. Our politicians—like our people—are about equally divided between conservatives and reactionaries, with very few radicals of any kind.

PLAYBOY: Would the leadership of your Party for Human Survival be radical?

VIDAL: By definition, yes. After all, they would be creating a new social order to save our old race.

PLAYBOY: Since the idea for such a party is yours, do you see yourself as a radical?

VIDAL: In thought, certainly. I'm not so sure in deed. Given the power, would I also have the faith in my own rightness to pull down the house and then the energy, as well as the wisdom, to build another? Tall order. But then, Voltaire, safe among his Swiss lakes, made possible the French Revolution—and Bonaparte—just as Bernard Shaw prepared the way for Harold Wilson. Analogies are pointless, thank God. Each case is different. Each life is different. All that can be said of this time is that radical action is necessary if we are to survive.

PLAYBOY: In your opinion, did L. B. J.—though by your definition a conventional politician—have any sense of what the times required? Or was he merely shoring up what you consider the old, outmoded social and political institutions?

VIDAL: Like Kennedy, he simply continued the New Deal—which, in his youth, had all the glamor of radicalism, without its substance. Roosevelt saved capitalism by accepting a degree of welfarism. Johnson applied the same formulas, with less dramatic results. When Roosevelt's experiments began to go sour, the Second World War disguised their inadequacy. I've often wondered if Johnson instinctively hoped to repeat the Roosevelt career: domestic reform, followed by the triumphant prosecution of a war. Poor man! He was doomed from the beginning. After Kennedy, he was the wrong age, the wrong class, from the wrong region. I always thought the fact that he wasn't a bogus Whig nobleman was a point in his favor—but his public manner gave offense, and I could never understand why, since his sort of folksy hypocrisy is the national style. But perhaps that *was* why: The people recognized themselves in him and recoiled. He was the snake-oil salesman, just as Nixon is the Midwestern realtor, gravely intent upon selling us that nice acre of development land called Shady Elms that turns out to be a swamp. We're used to these types and prefer something grander as our chief of state, a superior con man, preferably of patrician origin, who can disguise with noble phrases who and what we are; to euphemize, that is the Presidential task. God knows they all do it. Take Latin America. In that sad continent, we support a wide range of military dictatorships that our Presidents, invariably, refer to as necessary links in the bright chain of freedom with which we are manacling the world. In our way, we are as predatory as the Russians, and every bit as maniacal in our confusing—and debasing—of language: Free means slave, democratic means oligarchic, liberated means slaughtered. A fine pair of superpowers, suitable for history's wastebasket!

PLAYBOY: Do you think the various superpower confrontations in Asia or the Middle East might lead to a nuclear showdown that would end just that way?

VIDAL: It certainly would seem so, though I personally see the last struggle for men's minds, the ultimate blow for freedom, struck in Latin America, with us confronting the Soviet in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, while the Chinese hover in nearby Montevideo. Brazil is much too important to lose, the way we "lost" China. Finders keepers, as they say. But since I'd like to see the world's people survive the destruction of these two political systems, I don't look with much pleasure on what will probably be a war only a few survive, their genes significantly altered by radiation. It could very well be that intense atomic radiation

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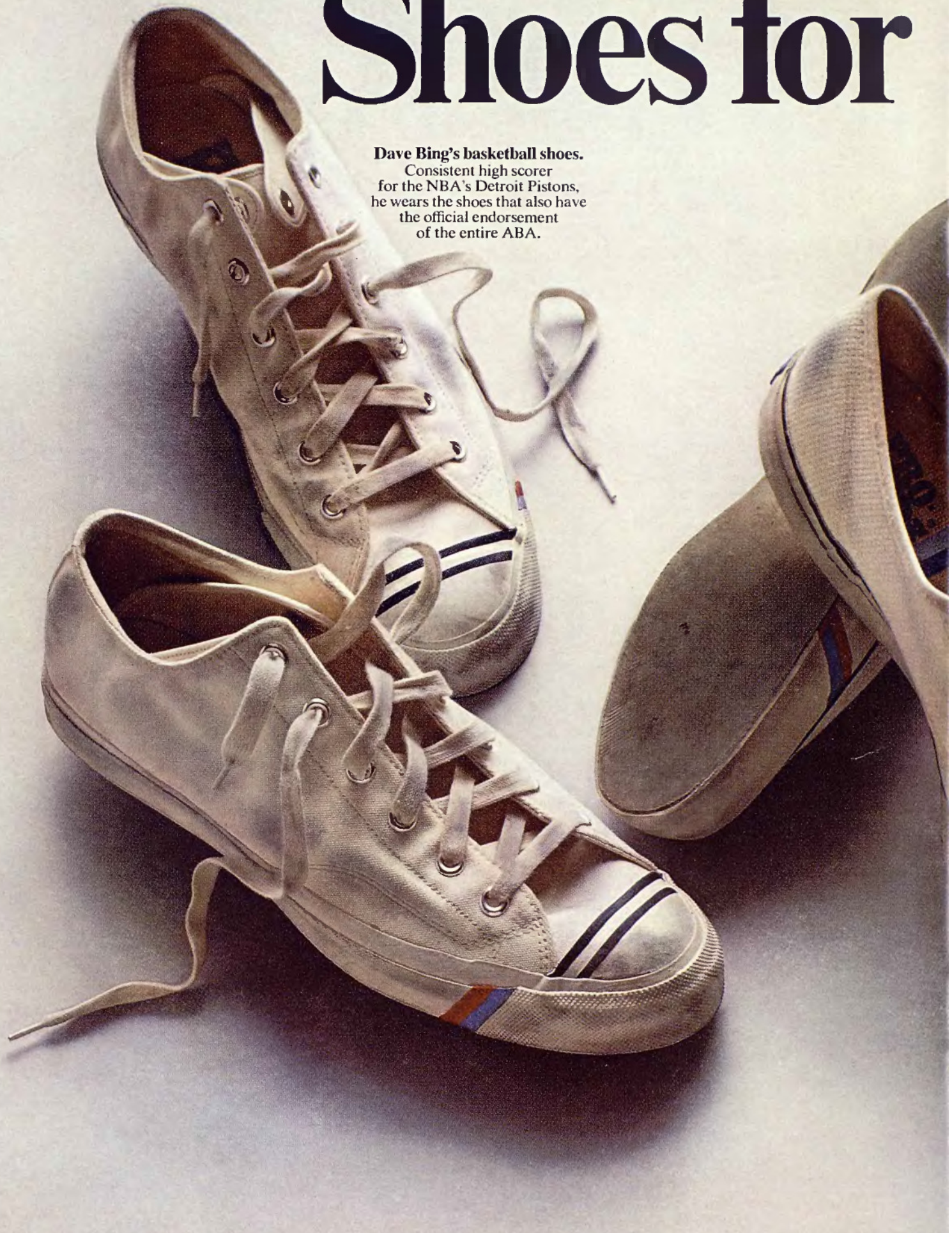

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might cause the remaining human survivors to mutate, to change biologically. There is now a theory that the various radical changes that have occurred on earth—the extinction of dinosaurs, the evolution of man from ape—were the result of shifts in the magnetic pole that momentarily removed our usual outer envelope, causing the earth to be exposed to intense radiation. But to strike a cheerful note—and it is my constant desire to make happy my fellow gibbons—the handful of survivors of an atomic war would be so irradiated that their offspring, though perhaps rather odd-looking, might make possible the next great twist in that biological spiral that has brought us from amoeba to Spiro Agnew. I find the thought of a dramatic change in our physical and intellectual structure most exciting. Certainly we've come about as far as we can with these ugly, weak bodies adorned with feathery tentacles and soft protuberances; as for our minds—well, the less said about those primitive instruments, the better!

PLAYBOY: To get back to politics——

VIDAL: A subject I've yet to stray from. Shaw said that the only topics worthy of an adult's attention were politics and religion, both in the largest sense.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe it matters much who the President is? You seem at times to take the Spenglerian view that individual men don't really affect history.

VIDAL: A good ruler in a falling time falls, too, while a bad ruler at a time of national ascendancy rises. That is the long view. But, men certainly affect events. In physics, there is no action without reaction. Therefore, *any* action matters. And that is why the only moral life is to act as if whatever one does is of great moment. Though the American empire may be collapsing and none can stop its fall, I would still rather have seen McCarthy as President than Nixon or Humphrey. Yet even in McCarthy's case, one cannot be certain how effective he might've been. I suppose the most we can demand of a conventional President is that he have some understanding of what is going on and a willingness to confide in us. Johnson was a compulsive liar, rather like Roosevelt, but without that master's High Episcopal charm. Worse, Johnson did not, does not and never will understand the nature of the American empire and its consequences to us and to the world.

PLAYBOY: What about Eisenhower? He certainly indicated in his farewell speech that he understood the military-industrial complex, which many people now think dominates our foreign policy.

VIDAL: Eisenhower understood the military-industrial complex better than any other man for the simple reason that he was its chairman of the board for eight years and a loyal branch manager before that. What is puzzling is that he decided to bring up the subject just as he was retiring. Bad conscience? Who will ever know? All in all, a fascinating man, and a master politician. I've heard a good deal about him over the years: My father was at West Point a few years after Eisenhower and they shared many friends. In fact, Eisenhower's doctor, General Snyder, delivered me some 43 years ago in the cadet hospital at West Point, when a star shone over the Hudson Palisades, and shepherds quaked.

Eisenhower's career demonstrated how it is possible to fool all the people all the time. He was a highly intelligent, cold-blooded careerist who was determined—much like a Stendhal hero—to rise to the top, and did. "I may be stupid," he once said at a press conference, "but at least I'm sincere!" Actually, he was neither, but it suited his purpose to play the part of the bumbling man of good will who was "not an expert in these matters" but somehow would do his best. The people loved the performance and, of course, The Smile. Intimates report that until the great promotion, he was a gloomy, scowling officer who was miraculously transformed when he arrived in England where, said an admiring general, "he learned to smile."

The proof of his political genius is that he left the White House almost as popular as when he entered it. His secret? He never committed himself to any cause or to any person. All that mattered was the single-minded conserving of his own popularity. I once asked General Snyder if he thought Eisenhower would campaign actively for Nixon in 1960. He shook his head—and discussed at some length the care with which Eisenhower separated himself from others. Loyalty to others was never his weakness.

Nor is this kind of selfishness a bad quality in a politician. That other General, De Gaulle, has flourished in a similar way. But then, army staffs are the same everywhere, and those who rise to the top, particularly in peacetime, are usually master politicians of Byzantine cunning. It is true that a lifetime spent in the military hierarchy makes one totally unfit to respond to the needs of a civilian population, but that is another problem. Even so, had Eisenhower been less lazy and self-loving, he might have done some good. But, unfortunately for us, he regarded the Presidency as a kind of brevet rank, a sign of the nation's gratitude, involving no fixed duties to disturb his golf game.

PLAYBOY: Yet, in foreign affairs, Eisenhower managed to keep the peace more effectively than his two Democratic predecessors.

VIDAL: Political generals hate real wars. That is an axiom. Or, as the laundry-minded General Powers says in *Visit to a Small Planet*, "If there is one thing that destroys an army's morale and discipline, it is a major war. Everything goes to hell. Lose more damned sheets and pillowcases." Although John Foster Dulles pursued what seemed to be a militant foreign policy, full of massive retaliations, agonizing reappraisals and calls for captive nations to throw off the Red yoke, in actual fact, Dulles was just another "good American"; that is to say, a spontaneous hypocrite who was able to say one thing, mean another and do a third, yet genuinely be indignant if he was thought inconsistent or insincere. While Dulles spouted Scripture to the heathens, Eisenhower resolved to do nothing—and I must say, those years look positively golden in retrospect. A State Department friend of mine once gave a briefing to Johnson. The subject was a Latin-American country where it looked as if one of our military juntas was about to be replaced by a liberal non-Communist regime. Johnson was distraught. "What, *what*," he cried, "can we *do*?" To which one of his advisors —whose name must be suppressed, though his wisdom ought to be carved over the White House door—replied, "Mr. President, why not do nothing?" That was the Eisenhower genius. When come such another? Or has one come already?

PLAYBOY: You feel it better for our Presidents to do nothing, yet your Authority would do everything.

VIDAL: Let us say that, ideally, it is probably better for conventional politicians to do as little as possible, since their actions tend to make worse whatever it is they're dealing with. Even Eisenhower managed to begin the Vietnam war by not following his normal instinct of staying out of mischief. In his memoirs, he tells us why we didn't honor the Geneva accords and hold elections in Vietnam: because some 80 percent of the country would have voted for Ho Chi Minh. This is very candid. The sort of thing one might have found in Stalin's memoirs, had he not made ghosts even of ghosts. But at least Eisenhower did not commit the troops. That was for Kennedy to do, acting on the best military advice. Eisenhower at least knew that our generals are not warriors but bureaucrats, dreaming of expanded T. O.s, promotions, graft—all things that small wars make possible. Getting back to your question, the Authority *would* be activist, in those areas of crisis that conventional politicians refuse to face.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that under your Authority, the average citizen would find himself more or less happy?

VIDAL: More. After all, he would be denied only one "pleasure"—the unauthorized bringing into society of a new citizen. Otherwise, he would be freer in his private life than he is now. At present, nearly every form of sexual activity outside marriage is forbidden him by laws that vary in their medieval exuberance from state to state. Even within marriage, certain acts are forbidden him, as that legendary cunnilinguist in California discovered when he was sent to Alcatraz for

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an act of extreme—indeed, positively Christian—unselfishness performed upon his legal mate. Of the countries of the West, the United States is the only one to have laws against fornication as such. Though these laws are spottily enforced, they still exist—a joy for blackmailers, particularly those who are entrusted with the power to enforce them: the police.

One of the reasons for the great rise in crime in recent years is that most police departments are more concerned with cracking down on prostitutes, gamblers and homosexualists than they are with what should be their proper function: the protection of life and property. The Authority would make it very clear that morals are not the business of the state. If a woman can get $100 from a man for giving him an hour's pleasure, more power to them both. She is a free agent under the Authority and so is he. In any case, she is no worse than the childless wife who insists upon alimony once a marriage ends.

That various religious establishments might find certain kinds of behavior sinful is their business, not the state's. Nor will that Baptist minister or Christian brother be allowed to impose his primitive superstitions upon a secular society, unlike the past—and even the present—when whatever the churches thought to be sin was promptly made illegal by state legislatures: whiskey, gambling, sex. The result has been a society of peculiar corruption in which the police, more than any other group, have been literally demoralized. The Authority would guarantee everyone the right to do as he pleases, as long as his activities are not harmful to the general welfare.

PLAYBOY: And who will interpret "the general welfare"?

VIDAL: The Authority. I don't think it will be a particularly difficult task. Take cigarette smoking. Cigarettes kill and cripple many of those who smoke them. That is a fact. Yet cigarette advertisers are allowed to spend millions of dollars a year to convince young people that cigarette smoking is a glamorous, status-enhancing thing to do—and so the young are hooked early and made addicts. I think this sort of advertising is against the general welfare and should be forbidden. After all, the survival of the race is slightly more important than the market listing of the American Tobacco Company. But since the Authority guarantees personal freedom, anyone who wants to smoke can. He will be duly warned on the cigarette package, however, as to the lethal dangers of smoking. Naturally, I realize it will be difficult to convince the average American of the morality of this. From childhood we have been taught that whatever makes money must be good. Further, whatever is expensively and ingeniously advertised is inevitable and worthy. And, of course, to the consumer American, immorality means just one thing: sex. I suspect we are in for a drastic upheaval—a long overdue revision of the nation's ethical standards, and that would be the Authority's work.

PLAYBOY: Could it succeed?

VIDAL: Why not? The worst sort of dictatorships now have the means to maintain themselves in power as a result of advanced communications. So why not use those same means toward good ends? The preserving of the human race, the hammering out of a new code of ethics.

PLAYBOY: Would your Authority legalize pot?

VIDAL: Certainly. In the private sphere, everyone has a perfect right to kill himself in any way he chooses—gin, cigarettes, heroin, a bullet through the head. As I said before, it is not for the state to decide whether or not he is to live or die, what he is to eat, drink, smoke, make love to. Obviously, it would be inconvenient if everyone decided to stay drunk or stoned; but the point is, everyone won't. I remember when the Wolfenden Report first came out in England and proposed that homosexuality between consenting adults be made legal. There was an enormous outcry. The baby supply would be endangered, the fabric of society disrupted, the streets crowded with young men selling their bodies. There was a marvelously insane premise at work here: If homosexuality were legal, heterosexuality would wither away! A state of affairs that not even the most militant pederast has ever dreamed of. Since England finally made legal whatever consenting adults choose to do, not only has the oversupply of babies continued, as usual, but there has been no noticeable decline in heterosexual relationships.

In the debate before the laws were changed, however, one heard the tribal voices loud and clear, calling to us from the Stone Age, when our lives were short and our natural enemies many and, to protect the tribe, it was a duty to breed. Now, 50,000 years later, the tribal mind is still programed in the same way: Make as many babies as possible and try to discourage any sort of behavior that might curtail the supply. Yet we live with daily evidence that the human race is committing suicide through overpopulation. This sort of double-think is usual with us. A perfect example was the astronaut who saw fit to read to us from the moon a barbarous religious text, disproved by the very fact it was being read from the moon.

PLAYBOY: Do you foresee a drug culture if everyone is free to turn on in any way he pleases?

VIDAL: We are a drug culture already. Sleeping pills, aspirins, the nightcap that too often becomes an Indian war bonnet. Ideally, reality should be so interesting that we don't need tranquilizers and stimulants. But since there are too many people in the world and not enough for them to do—certainly very little that is interesting—the American majority serve their 40 hours a week in order to stun themselves with beer, television, whatever, come the weekend. Fewer people with more interesting things to do is as good an aim as any for a society.

PLAYBOY: Do you speak from experience with drugs?

VIDAL: Yes, and mostly from unpleasant experience. Marijuana has no effect on me, possibly because I've never smoked cigarettes. But I've tried hashish and mescaline and found the results physically depressing. One attempt to smoke opium made me ill. But I'm fortunate; my life is sufficiently interesting to make me want to keep alert what senses I have. That's why I gave up whiskey two years ago and now drink only wine, a slower and more graceful way of heightening and then pleasantly losing reality. But if I had to choose between the aggressive drunk who smashes up a car and the passive marijuana smoker who bores me to death at a party, I'd take the pothead any day. Incidentally, those who oppose drugs because they breed crime should realize that if all drugs were made legal and sold at cost—as would be done under the Authority—there would be no criminal trafficking in drugs and, hence, no desperate hopheads committing murders in order to get money for the next fix. Unfortunately, this solution is much too intelligent for our people ever to accept. Punishing others is one of the great pleasures of the tribe, not easily relinquished.

PLAYBOY: What new horizons do you foresee for that other great tribal pleasure, sex? Under the Authority, do you believe the trend would be toward the type of polymorphous transsexuality you exalted in *Myra Breckinridge*?

VIDAL: I exalted neither Myra nor her views. But I do think that if we survive long enough to evolve a rational society, there will be a trend toward bisexuality. For one thing, bisexuality is, quite simply, more interesting than monosexuality. And we are bisexual by nature. The tribe, however, has done its best to legislate our behavior, and this has done an enormous amount of damage. Homosexual behavior is as natural as heterosexual behavior. That it is not the norm is irrelevant. Blue eyes are not the norm in Mexico. If we really insisted that everyone try to conform to that sexual activity that is most practiced at any given moment, then we should have to admit that the statistical norm is neither hetero- nor homosexual but onanistic. Myra found group sexuality intriguing, and so do I. It was something our pre-Christian ancestors recognized as a part of man's religious life, as well as a means of pleasure.

PLAYBOY: So far, you've earned more than $1,000,000 from *Myra*—almost as much as Jacqueline Susann and Harold Robbins

have made from the sexy soap operas you satirize in your book. Some critics have charged that you have emulated and exploited that which you purport to condemn. Is there any validity to that?

VIDAL: It is quite true that *Myra* has earned me a great deal of money. If I were to say that I had written it *in order* to make money, I would be immediately understood and absolved of every sin. But at the risk of shocking everyone, I must point out that if I wanted to use writing for making money, I would have settled in Hollywood long ago and bought a chain of Encino supermarkets. I write to make art and change society. That I do either is certainly arguable, but money is not an interest.

PLAYBOY: Your late father reportedly told you that with *Myra Breckinridge* you had gone "too far." How did you answer him?

VIDAL: My father did wonder if, perhaps, I had gone too far, to which I replied that only by constant skirmishing on the frontier are new territories opened up. Being an inventor and an aviation pioneer, he saw the point to that. Twenty-one years ago, *The City and the Pillar* created a much larger scandal than *Myra*. Now it is wistfully alluded to as a delicate, sensitive book. The scandal of 1948 has become the worthy book of 1969. But the judgments of those who write for newspapers are generally worthless, because journalists are paid to anticipate and exploit the moral prejudices of their readers. If you want to know what the stupider members of the tribe are thinking, read the *Chicago Tribune* or the New York *Daily News*. Their attitudes reflect every sort of ancient superstition and bear no relevance to the world we live in. That's why I enjoy the various underground newspapers. They are dizzy and often dull-witted, but they reflect the living aspects of our civilization as opposed to our tribalism, which is decadent and hopefully, dying.

PLAYBOY: *Newsweek* charges that *Myra Breckinridge* "becomes, in the end, a kind of erotic propaganda" for homosexuality. Is this true—and, if so, is it intentional?

VIDAL: Myra favors *anything* that would limit population, but there is considerable evidence that she dislikes homosexuality. Why else would she have become a woman and fallen in love with Mary Ann? Certainly her depressing reports on the activities of Myron, her alter id, can hardly be called erotic propaganda. Despite her temporary view of herself as a messiah, Myra was never strict; anything goes, she maintained, as long as it doesn't further crowd the world.

PLAYBOY: In Oscar Wilde's day, homosexuality was known as "the love that dare not speak its name," but today it has become, in Mike Nichols' words, "the vice that won't shut up." Do you consider the growing candor of homosexual spokesmen and homophile organizations a healthy sign, or the price one pays for social progress?

VIDAL: I'm in favor of any form of sexual relationship that gives pleasure to those involved. And I have never heard a convincing argument to the contrary. Our problem is semantic. Tribalists have taught us to view male and female homosexuality as a form of disease, instead of what it is: a term used to describe not personality but a specific sexual act. Properly speaking, the word is an adjective and ought not to be used as a noun at all. To say that Richard Nixon is a heterosexualist tells us nothing at all about him as a politician or even—fascinating thought—as a lover. Since there is no such thing as a heterosexual personality, there can be no such thing as a homosexual personality—though it's certainly true that homosexualists often develop a rich variety of neuroses as a result of persecution; but then, so do Negroes, Jews and—in some cultures—women. In any case, to try to alter the sexual nature of an adult is a lunatic—and hopeless—business. Unfortunately, it is also a very profitable one for quacks like the late Dr. Bergler.

PLAYBOY: The charge was recently made by *Ramparts* magazine and critic Stanley Kauffman, among others, that a homosexual coterie—the "Homintern," as some melodramatically term it—has a strangle hold on American culture and advances its own values, and the fortunes of its fellows, at the expense of the heterosexual artist. Do you believe there's any substance to these claims?

VIDAL: No. As far as I know, there exist no protocols of Sodom. All that matters in the arts is excellence; and though the sex life of the artist no doubt affects to some degree his moral tone, the final work must be judged as a thing in itself. Do Saul Bellow's heterosexual preoccupations undermine his considerable art? The question sounds silly, because it *is* silly. True art is rooted in the common human condition.

PLAYBOY: After your first two novels, *Williwaw* and *In a Yellow Wood*, you were hailed, with Truman Capote, Norman Mailer and John Horne Burns, as one of the brightest literary lights of the post-War era. But in 1948, your third book, *The City and the Pillar*, created a literary scandal, as you pointed out, because of its explicit account of a young man's homosexual disintegration, and you were abruptly consigned to literary limbo. What emotional effect did this have on you?

VIDAL: Fortunately, even at 22, I thought that what mattered most was not the world's view of me but my view of the world, and so I survived. Others did not—like Burns, the best of us "War novelists." After the press attacked his *Lucifer with a Book*—in much the same way as they attacked *The City and the Pillar*—Burns fled to Europe and deliberately drank himself to death at 36. One must be very tough to endure as a writer in America. Since I've endured for almost a quarter century, I must be tough.

PLAYBOY: You wrote once that "In a sense, I'm not an 'American' writer. My whole attack—my wit and irony—is distasteful to Americans." Would you elaborate?

VIDAL: Wit and irony are distasteful to Americans, who believe that to be serious is to be solemn. This is not only a hangover from our Puritan beginnings but also a stage through which second- and sometimes third-generation Americans go as they try to make their own the language and the customs of a country still somewhat alien to them but to whose flag and prejudices they feel they owe a passionate commitment. In absorbing a new culture, the ironies are the last thing to be noted, and those who indulge in them are the first to be condemned.

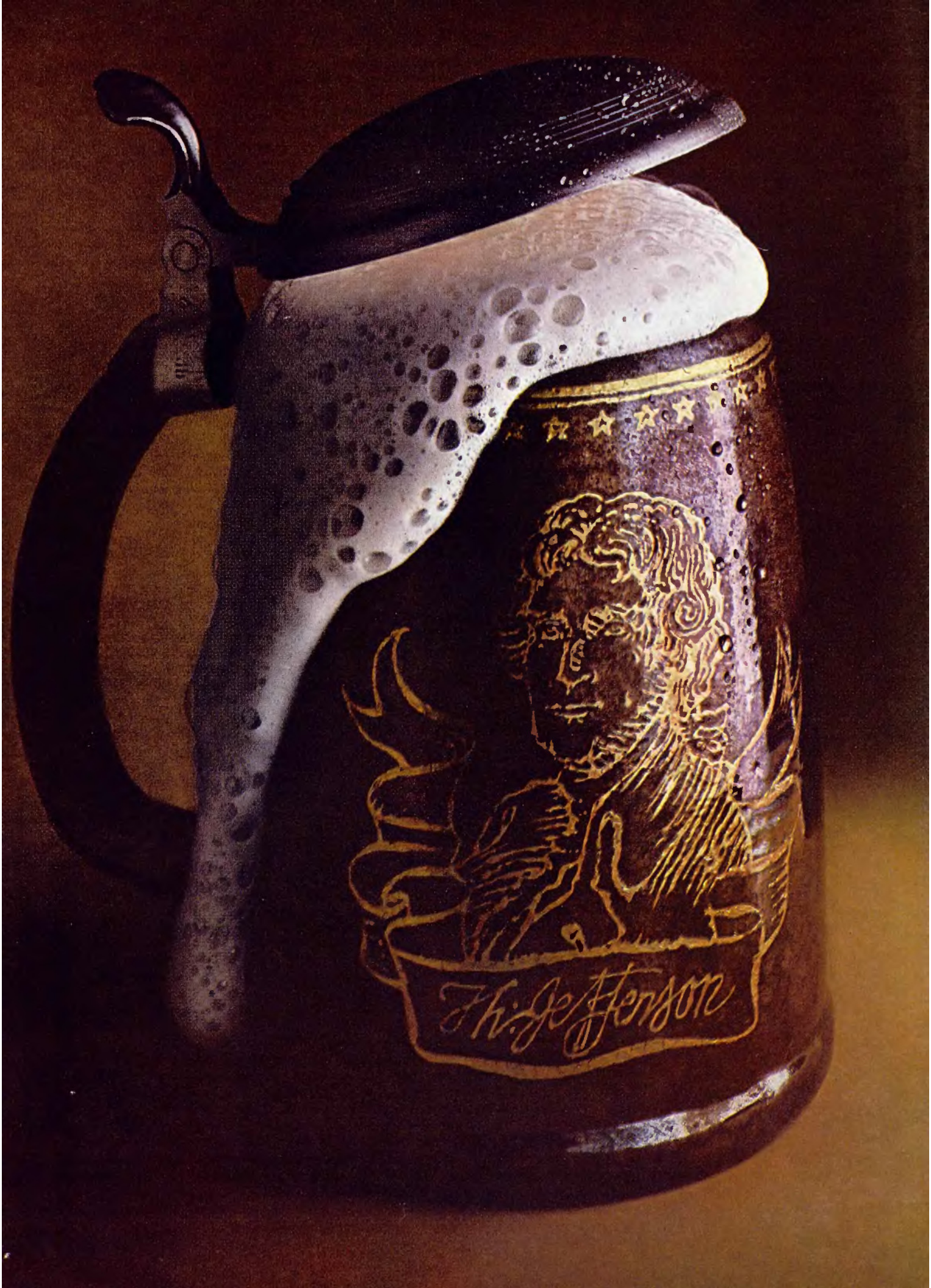
PLAYBOY: You have written, "That wide graveyard of stillborn talents which contains so much of the brief ignoble history of American letters is a tribute to the power of a democracy to destroy its critics, brave fools and passionate men." How is this done?

VIDAL: De Tocqueville predicted that a society organized like ours would prove to be hostile to the original man. He believed that a terror of public opinion was an essential characteristic of democracy. Well, we are not truly a democracy—nor have we entirely fulfilled De Tocqueville's grim prognosis—but no one can say that we are not resourceful in our ways of dealing with dissidents. We turn them into show-business characters, not to be taken seriously. The clumsy exhortations of Paul Goodman, the shrill dialectic of Dwight MacDonald, the visceral rhetoric of Norman Mailer are all rendered small by television, by magazine profiles and—yes!—by interviews. But that is no reason to stop. Something is bound to break eventually—other than one's self or art.

PLAYBOY: You have admitted that, as a young writer, your "competitive instincts" were very intense and you deeply resented the success of other writers. Are these competitive instincts still strong—or have you mellowed over the years?

VIDAL: Does one mellow or does one rot? The two processes are perhaps the same. Unlike most writers, my competitive instinct—though highly developed—was never personal. That is to say, I have never begrudged another writer his success, but I have sometimes deplored the taste of the moment that has made what I thought bad work successful. Happily, since injustice is the rule, one is quite as apt to be its beneficiary as its victim.

PLAYBOY: You have characterized Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead* as "a clever, talented, admirably executed fake" and said of his subsequent work,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"I am not sure, finally, that he should be a novelist at all, or even a writer, despite formidable gifts. He is too much of a demagog." Are the roles of writer and demagog really mutually exclusive?

VIDAL: I think in the ten years since I wrote that piece, Mailer has borne me out: He has almost ceased to be a novelist and has become a superb journalist, with himself as subject, pluckily taking on the various occupants of the American pantheon, from Sonny Liston to the Pentagon. Yet to be a novelist is not to be more worthy than a journalist of the highest order, particularly one with a messianic desire to change society. We may not need Norman's novels at this time, but we certainly need his rhetoric.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the central political concern of writers such as yourself and Mailer a relatively new development in American letters?

VIDAL: Yes and no. In the Thirties, writers were much involved with politics. Yet there has always been a high romantic view of the serious, dedicated artist as being a sort of divine idiot—like William Faulkner mumbling he was just a farmer and didn't know much about them things. For most of the country's history, our serious—as well as our solemn—writers were terrified of being thought politically engaged. For one thing, few of them knew much about politics, ideas or even the actual everyday life of the country. For another, in this century, they were much attracted to the Flaubert-Joyce-Eliot sacerdotal tradition: the writer as holy man, too pure for the agora. This attitude was useful to Flaubert, who was actually not all that apolitical, but I don't think it has done Mr. J. D. Salinger much good. Of course, if political novels mean Allen Drury and social engagement means Dalton Trumbo—in other words, artless work—then one can see why the ambitious writer would steer clear of that sort of commitment or genre. He would be making a mistake, however; much of the best writing has been passionate and worldly, and most of the worst, in our time, private and proud—those dread exercises, usually taking place on campus, where last summer's adultery turns out to have been a re-enactment of *Alcestis*.

PLAYBOY: You acted on your political concern in perhaps the most direct way possible in 1960 by running for Congress in New York's 29th Congressional District. Do you still have political ambitions, despite your defeat?

VIDAL: No. But in that election, I took some pleasure in carrying the cities of Poughkeepsie, Beacon, Hudson and Kingston, and getting the most votes of any Democrat in 50 years. Two years later, I could have had the nomination for the Senate against Javits. I was then faced with the sort of choice that seems to have haunted me all my life. If I were to be a serious politician, it was quite plain that I could not be a serious writer. Not only is there not enough energy for the two careers, they are incompatible. The writer is forever trying to say exactly what he means and the politician is forever trying to *avoid* saying what he means. In 1962, I had returned to novel writing after almost a decade's absence, and so the specific choice for me that year was between writing *Julian* and making a race for the Senate. I chose to be a novelist. In 1964, I was asked once more to run for Congress. For the last time, I said no, and with very little regret watched the man I had selected to take my place win the election in the Johnson landslide.

Also, to be practical, if one wishes to influence events, the Congress is hardly the place to do it. A writer with an audience has more power than most Congressmen. If he is also able to use television, he is in a splendid position to say what needs to be said. Best of all, in wanting nothing for himself, he is more apt to be listened to than the man who lusts for office. But no matter how I try to rationalize my situation, I *am* split between a private and a public self. I was trained from childhood to be a politician, but I was born a writer. From time to time, I have tried to bring together the two selves, but it has not been easy. Example: I have a gift for being effective on television, something every politician longs to possess and few do; yet I am compelled to candor of a kind that is not permissible in a conventional politician. So I constantly undo myself, making impossible that golden age, the Vidal Administration. No doubt just as well. For me.

PLAYBOY: Looking back on your career, you've written, "It's sad. Sometimes I think I've misplayed it." How?

VIDAL: I was speaking ironically. I simply meant that by doing all the things I do, I have avoided being taken seriously by middle-brow academics. I don't fit any known category, so they are unable to make judgment. But, slowly, it is beginning to seep down that there may be someone quite different on the scene whose career can eventually be made a touchstone for others. Not that what I am or what I do will ever be very attractive—or easy to imitate. Mailer is more in the main tradition than I; any young man who wants to be a writer can identify more easily with him than with me. Or James Agee: a small talent who sold out in a small way and took it hard: any Princeton English major can live out *that* legend. But each of us is what he is, and the only sin is to pretend to be what one is not.

Neither Mailer nor Capote nor myself —to name three writers of very different gifts—came into his own until he found his proper voice. Mailer spent years trying to write timeless masterpieces, and the time of that time was disastrous for him. Capote was not quite so ambitious —or literary. He simply wanted to be famous through writing, and so he copied the works of writers who were currently in fashion. He plundered Carson McCullers for *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, abducted Isherwood's Sally Bowles for *Breakfast at Tiffany's*: in short, was ruthlessly unoriginal. Then he turned to reportage, the natural realm of those without creative imagination, and began to do interesting work. In other words, he'd found his own voice, and that is what writing is all about.

PLAYBOY: Reviewing your 24 years as a writer, do you think you've realized your full creative potential?

VIDAL: I have sometimes wondered what would have happened if, in 1954—having just published *The Judgment of Paris* and *Messiah*, two books that I think are among my best—I had had the money to continue writing novels. But those books failed and I was forced to do other things; contrary to legend, I have no income; I've supported myself since I was 17. And so, from 1954 to 1964, I worked in theater, television, movies, criticism and politics. It was a very interesting time and I don't in the least regret it. Nevertheless, with *Julian*, I had to begin all over again. But had I spent those ten years after *Messiah* just writing novels, I sometimes wonder what the result would have been.

PLAYBOY: You seem to feel that in Mailer's and Capote's case, the novel wasn't really for them. Perhaps it's not for you either.

VIDAL: Perhaps it's not for anyone. It is certainly no longer the regnant art form. Films occupy the attention of the young. The day of the important audience for the novelist is past—and before anyone writes in to say what a large audience the Book-of-the-Month Club has, "and look at all those paperbacks," may I say, having had three best sellers in a row, that only a very small percentage of the country reads novels, and that percentage is declining. Twenty years ago, there was great excitement when a new book by Hemingway or Faulkner was published. Today, there is little general interest in anyone's new novel, outside of the world of publishing, where best sellers continue to be manufactured in a dispirited, mechanical way.

PLAYBOY: One of those best sellers was your *Julian*. In writing it, did you discover any similarities between Rome's decline and fall and contemporary American society?

VIDAL: No. But some of the problems the book poses are relevant to both times. For instance, Christianity, with its hatred of the flesh, was repulsive to the civilized

(concluded on page 238)

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fiction By RAY BRADBURY some boys don't dream of growing up to be president—they dream of pulling the trigger

DOWNWIND FROM GETTYSBURG

AT 10:15 THAT NIGHT, he heard the sharp crack from the theater down the hall.

Backfire, he thought. No. Gun.

A moment later, he heard the great lift and drop of voices, like an ocean surprised by a landfall that stopped it dead. A door banged. Feet ran.

An usher burst through his office door, glanced swiftly about, as if blind, his face pale, his mouth trying words that would not come.

"Lincoln . . . Lincoln. . . ."

Bayes glanced up from his desk. "What about Lincoln?"

"He . . . he's been *shot*."

"Good joke. Now——"

"Shot. Don't you understand? Shot. Really shot. For the second time, shot!"

The usher wandered out, holding to the wall.

Bayes felt himself rise. "Oh, for Christ——"

And he was running and passed the usher, who, feeling him pass, began to run with him.

"No, no," said Bayes. "It didn't happen. It didn't. It couldn't. It didn't, couldn't. . . ."

"Shot," said the usher.

As they made the corridor turn, the theater doors exploded wide and a crowd that had turned mob shouted or yelled or screamed or, stunned, simply said, "Where is he?" "There!" "Is that him?" "Where?" "Who did it?" "He did? *Him?*" "Hold him!" "Watch out!" "Stop!"

Two security guards stumbled into view, pushed, pulled, twisted now this way and that, and between them a man who struggled to heave back from the bodies, the grasping hands and now the upflung and downfallen fists. People snatched, pecked, pummeled, beat at him with packages or frail sun parasols that splintered like kites in a great storm. Women turned in dazed circles seeking lost friends, whimpering. Men, crying out, shoved them aside to squirm through to the center of the push and thrust and backward-pumping guards and the assaulted man, who now masked his cut face with splayed fingers.

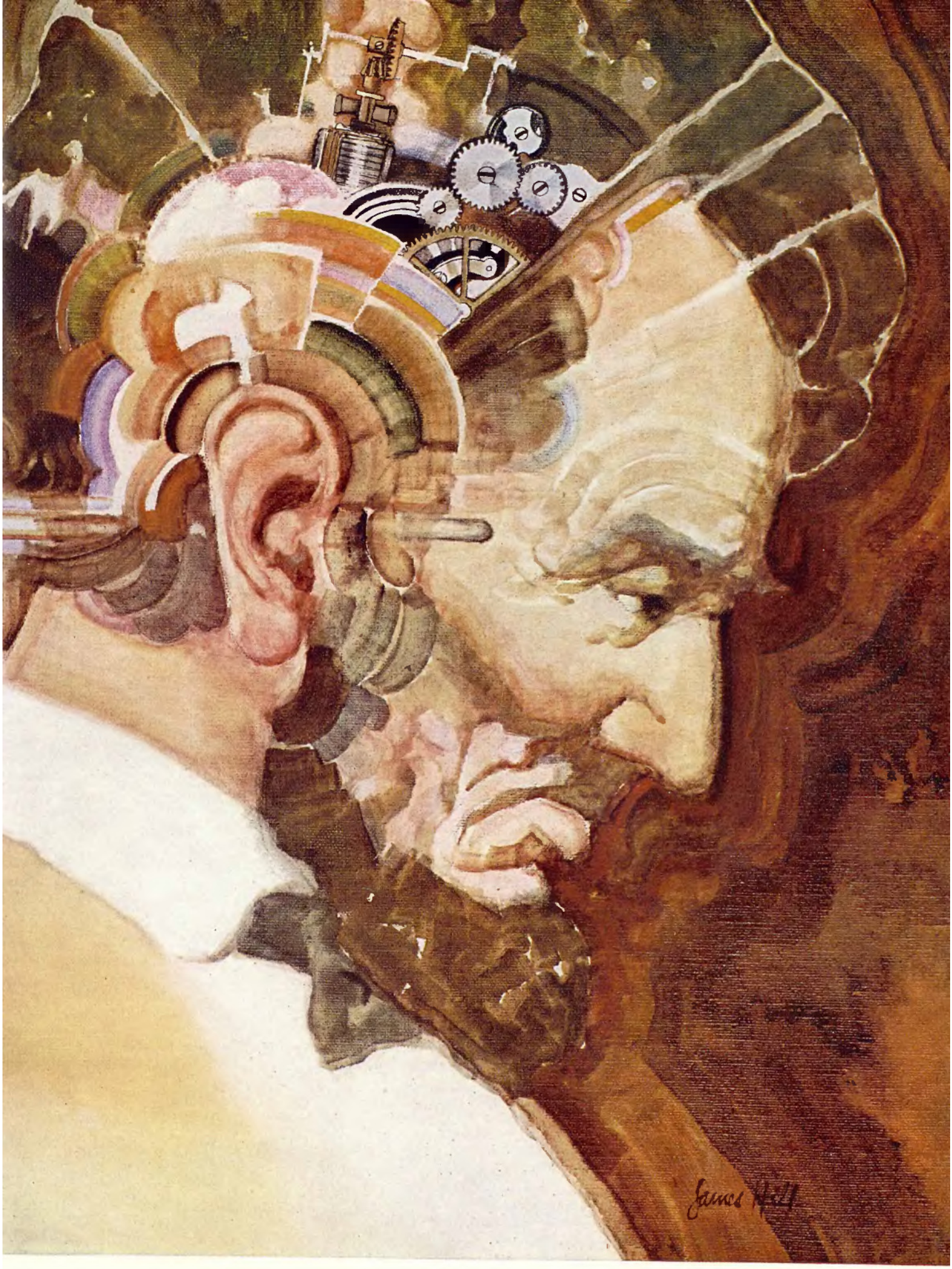
"Oh, God, God." Bayes froze, beginning to believe. He stared upon the scene. Then he sprang forward. "This way! Back inside! Clear off! Here! Here!"

And somehow the mob was breached, a door cracked wide to shove flesh through, then slammed.

Outside, the mob hammered, threatening damnations and scourges unheard of by living men. The whole theater structure quaked with their muted wails, cries and estimates of doom.

Bayes stared a long moment at

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES HILL


James Hall

the shaken and twisted doorknobs, the chattering locks, then over to the guards and the man slumped between them.

Bayes leaped back suddenly, as if an even fresher truth had exploded there in the aisle.

Dimly, he felt his left shoe kick something that spun, skittering, like a rat chasing its tail, along the carpeting under the seats. He bent to let his blind hand search, grope, find the still half-warm pistol, which, looked at but disbelieved, he shoved into his coat pocket as he backed down the aisle. It was a full half minute before he forced himself to turn and face the inevitable stage and that figure in the center of the stage.

Abraham Lincoln sat in his carved high-backed chair, his head bent forward at an unfamiliar angle. Eyes flexed wide, he gazed upon nothing. His large hands rested gently on the chair arms, as if he might momentarily shift weight, rise and declare this sad emergency at an end.

Moving as under a tide of cold water, Bayes mounted the steps.

"Lights, damn it! Give us more lights!"

Somewhere, an unseen technician remembered what switches were for. A kind of dawn grew in the dim place.

Bayes, on the platform, circled the occupant of the chair and stopped.

Yes. There it was. A neat bullet hole at the base of the skull, behind the left ear.

"*Sic semper tyrannis*," a voice murmured somewhere.

Bayes jerked his head up.

The assassin, seated now in the last row of the theater, face down but sensing Bayes' preoccupation with Lincoln, spoke to the floor, to himself:

"*Sic*——"

He stopped. For there was an outraged stir above him. One security guard's fist flew up, as if the man had nothing to do with it. The fist, urgent to itself, was on its way down to silence the killer when:

"Stop!" said Bayes.

The fist paused halfway, then withdrew to be nursed by the guard with mixtures of anger and frustration.

None, thought Bayes, I believe none of it. Not that man, not the guards and not . . . he turned to see again the bullet hole in the skull of the slain leader.

From the hole, a slow trickle of machinery oil dripped.

From Mr. Lincoln's mouth, a similar slow exudation of liquid moved down over the chin and whiskers to rain drop by drop upon his tie and shirt.

Bayes knelt and put his ear to the figure's chest.

Faintly within there was the whine and hum of wheels, cogs and circuitries still intact but malfunctioning.

For some reason, this sound reared him to his feet in alarm.

"Phipps . . . !?"

The guards blinked with incomprehension.

Bayes snapped his fingers. "Is Phipps coming in tonight? Oh, God, he mustn't see this! Head him off! Tell him there's an emergency, yes, emergency at the machine plant in Glendale! Move!"

One of the guards hurried out the door.

And watching him run, Bayes thought, please, God, keep Phipps *home*, keep him off. . . .

Strange, at such a time, not your own life but the lives of others flashed by.

Remember . . . that day five years past, when Phipps first slung his blueprints, his paintings, his water colors out on a table and announced his grand plan? And how they had all stared at the plans and then up at him and gasped:

Lincoln?

Yes! Phipps had laughed like a father just come from a church where some sweet high vision in some strange Annunciation had promised him a most peculiar son.

Lincoln. That was the idea. Lincoln born again.

And Phipps? He would both engender and nurture this fabulous ever-ready giant robot child.

Wouldn't it be fine . . . if we could stand in the meadow fields of Gettysburg, listen, learn, see, hone the edge of our razor souls and *live*?

Bayes circled the slumped figure in the chair and, circling, numbered the days and remembered years.

Phipps, holding up a cocktail glass one night, like a lens that simultaneously proportions out the light of the past and the illumination of the future:

"I have always wanted to do a film on Gettysburg and the vast crowd there and far away out at the edge of that sun-drowsed impatient lost thick crowd, a farmer and his son trying so hard to hear, not hearing, trying to catch the wind-blown words from the tall speaker there on the distant stand, that gaunt man in the stovepipe hat who now takes off his hat, looks into it as into his soul rummaged there on scribbled letter backs and begins to speak.

"And this farmer, in order to get his son up out of the crush, why, he hefts the boy up to sit upon his shoulders. There the boy, nine years old, a frail encumbrance, becomes ears to the man, for the man indeed cannot hear nor see but only guess what the President is speaking far across a sea of people there at Gettysburg and the President's voice is high and drifts now clear, now gone, seized and dispersed by contesting breeze and wind. And there have been too many speakers before him and the crowd all crumpled wool and sweat, all mindless stockyard squirm and jostled elbow, and the farmer talks up to his son on his shoulders in a yearning whisper: What? What's he *say*? And the boy, tilting his head, leaning his peach-fuzz ear to the wind, replies:

" 'Fourscore and seven years——' "

"Yes?"

" '—ago our fathers brought forth ——' "

"Yes, yes!?"

" '—on this continent——' "

"Eh?"

" 'Continent! A new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are——'

"And so it goes, the wind leaning against the frail words, the far man uttering, the farmer never tiring of his burden of son and the son, obedient, cupping and catching and telling it all down in a fierce good whisper and the father hearing the broken bits and some parts missing and some whole but all fine somehow to the end. . . .

" '. . . of the people, by the people, for the people . . .

" '. . . shall not perish from the earth.'

"The boy stops whispering.

"It is done.

"And the crowd disperses in the four directions. And Gettysburg is history.

"And for a long time the father cannot bring himself to ease his translator-of-the-wind down to set him on the earth, but the boy, changed, comes down at last."

Bayes sat looking at Phipps.

Phipps slugged down his drink, suddenly chagrined at his own expansiveness, then snorted:

"I'll never make that film. But I will make *this*!"

And that was the moment he pulled forth and unfolded the blueprints of the Phipps Eveready Salem, Illinois, and Springfield Ghost Machine, the Lincoln-mechanical, the electro-oil-lubricated plastic India-rubber perfect-motioned and outspoken dream.

Phipps and his born-full-tall-at-birth Lincoln. Lincoln. Summoned live from the grave of technology, fathered by a romantic, drawn by need, slapped to life by small lightnings, given voice by an unknown actor, to be placed, there to live forever, in this far-southwest corner of old-new America! Lincoln and Phipps!

"We must stand, all of us, downwind from Gettysburg. It's the only hearing place."

And he shared out his pride among them. To this man he gave armatures: to that, the skeleton; another must trap the ouija-spirit voice and sounding word: yet others must grow the precious skin, hair and fingerprints. Yes, even Lincoln's *touch* must be borrowed, copied, the same!

Derision then was their style of life. Abe would never really speak, they all knew that, nor move. It would all be summed and written off with taxes as a loss.

But as the months lengthened into

(continued on page 110)

"Roger, exactly what in the hell do you think you're doing?"

THE PARAMILITARY RIGHT

those paranoid patriots —the minutemen—plot to save america by assassinating their enemies and taking over the country themselves

article By ERIC NORDEN

". . . See the old man at the corner where you buy your papers? He may have a silencer-equipped pistol under his coat. That extra fountain pen in the pocket of the insurance salesman that calls on you might be a cyanide gas gun. What about your milkman? Arsenic works slow but sure. Your automobile mechanic may stay up nights studying booby traps. These patriots are not going to let you take their freedom away from them. They have learned the silent knife, the strangler's cord, the target rifle that hits sparrows at 200 yards. Only their leaders restrain them. Traitors beware! Even now the cross hairs are on the back of your necks."

THE MULTILITH LETTER, bordered in black and headed "In Memoriam," was addressed to a small group of liberal Congressmen who had voted to deny appropriations to the House Committee on Un-American Activities for the fiscal year 1964–1965. It was one of thousands run off by superpatriots accusing HUAC's foes of aiding and abetting "the international Communist conspiracy"; but few of the letter's recipients were inclined to dismiss it as the work of a commonplace political crank. The warning was issued by the Minutemen of America, an underground paramilitary organization of right-wing extremists heavily armed and itching for action. One Congressman on the Minutemen hate list, Representative Henry Gonzalez of Texas, took the threat seriously enough to urge then–Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy to launch a Justice Department investigation of the Minutemen. "In the light of recent developments," he wrote, "I have become decidedly more sensitive about some of the hate material that is so widely distributed." By recent developments, Gonzalez explained to a newsman, he meant the assassination of President Kennedy. A week later, Gonzalez formally urged the Warren Commission, then initiating its probe of the President's death, to investigate the possibility of Minutemen involvement in the assassination. Attorney General Kennedy replied that he could find no proof the Minutemen had violated any Federal laws, and there was, consequently, no action the Department of Justice could take, "unless there is sufficient evidence to establish that these acts are beyond the protected areas of speech, press and assembly guarantees of the First Amendment to the Constitution." Kennedy's position failed to mollify Minuteman "maximum" leader Robert Bolivar DePugh, who charged that the Attorney General had, in fact, been covertly harassing the organization since 1961. "If Robert Kennedy can't find anything that we've done illegal," said DePugh, "it certainly is not because he hasn't tried." DePugh subsequently called Kennedy "the most dangerous traitor in American public life."

Despite their early public image as gun-happy but relatively harmless kooks—"the first World War Three buffs," as one observer dubbed them —the Minutemen in recent years have evinced a tendency to translate their threats into action. Senator J.

PAINTING BY HERB DAVIDSON

William Fulbright, the bête noire of the ultraright ever since his exposure of General Edwin A. Walker's indoctrination of his troops with Birchite propaganda in 1961, has received hundreds of threats from Minutemen and their supporters. In 1962, one fanatic Minuteman put aside his pen and reached for his rifle. The plot to assassinate Fulbright was the brain child of "John Morris," the *nom de guerre* of a Dallas Minuteman activist and former recruiter for George Lincoln Rockwell's American Nazi Party, who was convinced that the systematic liquidation of leading liberals could "purify" the country, terrorize the opposition and enable the paramilitary right to "gain control of the Government." Morris persuaded a number of fellow Minutemen in Kansas City that Fulbright would make an ideal first victim. A former aide to DePugh, Jerry Milton Brooks—nicknamed "the Rabbi" because of his virulent anti-Semitism—claims that "Morris' plan was to knock off Fulbright during one of his speaking tours in Arkansas. One Kansas City Minuteman put up the money for Morris and another loaned him a 1952 Buick to get to Little Rock. A Texas man was supposed to hire a private plane and fly him out of the state after Fulbright was zapped."

According to Brooks, "Morris purchased a rifle with a telescopic sight; but on the day he was to depart for Little Rock, news of the plot leaked to DePugh, who blew his top. At this stage, he was still preaching his principle of deliberate delay, which means all the emphasis is on recruiting and propaganda and stockpiling arms, so you don't zap anybody till the outfit's ready to function fully underground. DePugh met Morris on a bridge in Lexington, Missouri, and told him he had to call off the plan because, whether it succeeded or failed, all that would happen was that the authorities would be sicked onto the Minutemen. DePugh made it clear that if Morris went ahead, *he*'d be the one who'd end up six feet under. The poor guy panicked and beat it out to Oklahoma."

DePugh has since denied that there was ever a serious plan to take Fulbright's life, but admits having "talked" with Morris. "The whole thing was blown up out of all proportion," he asserts, adding: "But just because I've exercised a restraining influence in the past, that doesn't mean I'll always do so. There is *no* act too brutal or illegal for us to take if it will help save this country from communism—including assassination. There'll be a lot of dead s.o.b.s before this fight is over."

Minuteman wrath is not restricted to "subversive" Senators. In the fall of 1966, three Dallas Minutemen, led by a night-club owner who served as a local official of the organization's political arm, the Patriotic Party, hatched a plot to assassinate Stanley Marcus, millionaire owner of the Neiman-Marcus department store and one of the city's few outspoken liberals. An informer present at the planning sessions told journalist William W. Turner, an ex–FBI agent, that snipers intended to ambush Marcus on one of his out-of-town trips, since "another assassination in Dallas would be too much." Once more, however, DePugh got wind of the plot and aborted it at the last moment.

A more grandiose and imaginative Minuteman effort was the attempt to introduce cyanide gas into the air-conditioning system of the United Nations Building during a General Assembly session. Minuteman defector Brooks claims that the plan was initially approved by DePugh, who then developed cold feet and backed out. "He got the idea at our training session in Independence, Missouri, in the summer of 1965," says Brooks. "A bunch of us were sitting around in a bull session and somebody wondered how you could wipe out everybody in the UN all at once, and one of the guys suggested mortars, but I said, 'No, even with a direct hit, you'd only zap a few, despite those glass walls.' And then Bob [DePugh] says to me, 'Do you think you could get hold of any cyanide?' He asked me because I was working for an extermination outfit at the time, and I said, 'Sure, as much as you want.' So he told me to get him some, and I bought twenty gallons and took it back to headquarters. Some of it went out to Ken Goff [the Reverend Kenneth Goff, leader of an affiliated paramilitary organization, the Soldiers of the Cross] and Bob said we'd keep the rest for the UN. He told me he'd select one of our New York guys to put it into the air-conditioning ducts, and I found out later they'd picked a member who's with the New York state police and who could use his credentials to get into the UN basement. But then Bob decided he wanted to wait, and some of the guys who'd gotten all excited about the idea were really pissed off and decided to go ahead on their own."

This activist faction, chafing at DePugh's "moderation," secreted the cyanide and prepared to act independently, in defiance of DePugh's instructions. According to political historian George Thayer, who scrutinized the Minutemen closely in his book *The Farther Shores of Politics*: "DePugh loyalists were outraged at this development and made plans to shoot the faction's leader in a room lined with butcher paper. To obliterate any trace of the crime, the bloody paper was to be burned, the body buried in a deep grave somewhere in Missouri and the gun smelted down. Both the plot and counterplot fell apart when the authorities got wind of them and stepped into the picture."

Brooks, who blew the whistle on the cyanide plot in Kansas City's U.S. District Court during DePugh's trial for violation of the National Firearms Act—and who is now hiding out in the Alaskan tundra to escape his former comrades' retribution—believes that the Minutemen are biding their time for a fresh attack on the UN, with or without cyanide gas. "That place is a symbol of everything they hate," he explained to a journalist. "They're bound to take another crack at it someday."

Real or imagined Communists—in and out of the UN—have been a favorite target of Minuteman terrorist attacks in recent years. In the predawn hours of October 30, 1966, 19 heavily armed Minutemen, divided into three bands, were intercepted by staked-out police (tipped by an FBI informant) as they zeroed in on left-wing camps in a three-state area. Targets of the coordinated forays were Camp Webatuck at Wingdale, New York, where fire bombs with detonators had already been set in place; Camp Midvale in New Jersey; and a pacifist community at Voluntown, Connecticut, established by the New England Committee for Nonviolent Action. According to Queens district attorney Nat Hentel, who helped coordinate the roundup, the Minutemen, disguised as hunters, intended to burn the camps to the ground—along with their inhabitants. A state police official added, "I don't know what they thought they were going to accomplish, but they had plenty of hardware available to get the job done."

As the Minutemen were being herded into custody, raids on secret munitions bunkers and basement arms caches by 110 state, county and city police officers netted a huge arsenal of Minuteman combat matériel: 1,000,000 rounds of rifle and small-arms ammunition, chemicals for preparing bomb detonators, considerable radio equipment—including 30 walkie-talkies and shortwave sets tuned to police bands—125 single-shot and automatic rifles, 10 dynamite bombs, 5 mortars, 12 .30-caliber machine guns, 25 pistols, 240 knives (hunting, throwing, cleaver and machete), 1 bazooka, 3 grenade launchers, 6 hand grenades and 50 80-millimeter mortar shells. For good measure, there was even a crossbow replete with curare-tipped arrows.

Arrested in the roundup was the man District Attorney Hentel identified as the East Coast coordinator of the Minutemen: Milton Kellogg, a wealthy Upstate businessman. Police announced that in raids on Kellogg's two homes, in Syracuse and Brewerton, they had confiscated—along with 11 hypodermic needles, 6 syringes, 4 handguns, 4 rifles, 2 shotguns, gunpowder and 5000 rounds of ammunition—files disclosing that the extent of Minutemen activities in the New York/New England area was far greater than local authorities had hitherto suspected,

(continued on page 146)

DE SADE

that long-haired whippie is now a movie marquis in a flesh-colored film based on the 18th century's classic eroticist and his kinky pastimes

"NO KIND of sensation is keener or more active than that of pain," wrote Count Donatien Alphonse François de Sade, who chose to call himself the Marquis de Sade. "It is simply a matter of jangling all our nerves with the most violent possible shock." Born in 1740 to titled parents, then educated in the spirit of the libertine by his uncle, a profligate Benedictine abbot, the Marquis came to believe in the right of the individual to abuse and exploit any privilege, without regard to moral or legal restrictions. "Crime is the soul of lust," he hypothesized. "It is not the object of debauchery that excites us but, rather, the idea of evil." Consequently, from 1763 to the French Revolution, his life was plagued by an almost uninterrupted series of arrests, prosecutions and incarcerations for offenses ranging from flogging and sodomy to aphrodisiac poisoning. His bizarre compulsions also inspired the seduction of his wife's sister and a number of household orgies with a bisexual harem of servants. While in prison in 1782, he turned to writing, for want of other diversions; the wildly imaginative sexual atrocities that fill his works are testimony to his bestial appetites. "Every man wants to be a tyrant when he fornicates," he claimed. But while he favored all forms of personal violence, he was repelled by the impersonal mass cruelty of the Revolution. Ironically, it was not his sensational sexuality but his criticisms of Napoleon that finally confined him to an asylum in 1803, where he remained until his death in 1814. Now, in *De Sade*, an American International film starring Keir Dullea, director Cy Endfield offers a surrealistic chronicle of the personal excesses and public disgraces of the man who gave sadism a bad name: his own.

In Richard Matheson's original screenplay, reality and illusion fight for control of Sade's deranged mind—represented cinematically through impressionistic fantasies. In prison, he is tortured by a hallucination (opposite, top) of his sister-in-law, Anne (Senta Berger), being seduced by his uncle, the dissipated abbot (John Huston). The scene is an agonizing parody of the Marquis' own carnal cravings for her (opposite, center). In another bizarre episode (above), he relives an orgy in his baronial home with a male secretary (Rolf Eden) and four cooperative housemaids—a riot of sexual vandalism that climaxes in his wife's bedroom. Recalling an almost legendary orgiastic exploit (sequences below), the Marquis is surrounded by costumed prostitutes and midgets—whipping and then begging to be whipped by the company to whom he has proffered candy treated with Spanish fly. This outrageous incident in Marseilles in 1772 resulted in the death penalty for poisoning and sodomy; though the sentence was overruled in 1778, he was returned to jail again that same year for yet another sexual offense.

Sade's gratesque recollections also include a Rabelaisian ramp in a theater (above), where the arnately attired and revealingly unattired guests gorge themselves on the myriad pleasures af libertinage. Scenes of the Marquis in one of his tamer brothel escapades reveal his peculiar fandness for strawberry jam (above, center), as well as his awn unique version of blindman's buff (below, left) and same rather

untidy but exuberant drinking habits. When other, more violent goings on were reported to the gendarmes, the luckless Marquis was not only arrested and imprisoned but barred from the nation's brothels for many years by official edict. While his way-out proclivities never equaled the abuses recounted in his copious writings, the screen life of the infamous Sade more than justifies his claim to erotic notoriety.

years, their outcries of hilarity turned to accepting smiles and stunned wild grins. They were a gang of boys caught up in some furtive but irritably joyous mortuary society who met midnights in marble vaults to disperse through graveyards at dawn.

The Lincoln Resurrection Brigade prospered. Instead of one mad fool, a dozen maniacs fell to rifling old mummy-dust news files, begging and then pilfering death masks, burying and then digging up new plastic bones.

Some toured the Civil War battlefields in hopes that history, borne on some morning wind, might whip their coats like flags. Some prowled the October fields of Salem, starched brown with farewell summer, sniffing airs, pricking ears, alert for some lank lawyer's unrecorded voice, anxious for echoes, pleading their case.

And none more anxious nor paternal-proud worrying than Phipps until the mouth when the robot was spread out on delivery tables, there to be ball-and-socketed, voice-box locked in, rubber eyelids peeled back to sink therein the deep sad eyes that, gazing out, had seen too much. The generous ears were appended that might hear only time lost. The large-knuckled hands were hung like pendulums to guess that time. And then upon the tall man's nakedness they shucked on suiting, buttoned buttons, fixed his tie, a gathering of tailors, no, disciples now on a bright and glorious Easter morn.

And in the last hour of the last day, Phipps had locked them all out as he finished the final touches on the recumbent flesh and spirit and at last opened the door and, not literally, no, but in some metaphoric sense, asked them to hoist him onto their shoulders a last time.

And in silence watched as Phipps called across the old battlefield and beyond, saying the tomb was *not* his place; arise.

And Lincoln, deep in his cool Springfield marbled keep, turned in his slumbers and dreamed himself awake.

And rose up.

And spoke.

• • •

A phone rang. Bayes jerked. The memories fell away.

The theater phone on one far stage wall buzzed. Oh, God, he thought, and ran to lift the phone. "Bayes? This is Phipps. Buck just called and told me to get over there! Said something about Lincoln——"

"No," said Bayes. "You know Buck. Must have called from the nearest bar. I'm here in the theater. Everything's fine. One of the generators acted up. We just finished repairs——"

"*He*'s all right, then?"

(continued from page 100)

"He's great." He could not take his eyes off the slumped body. Oh, Christ. Oh, God. Absurd.

"I—I'm coming over."

"No, don't!"

"Jesus, why are you *shouting*?"

Bayes bit his tongue, took a deep breath, shut his eyes so he could not see the thing in the chair and said, slowly:

"Phipps, I'm not shouting. There. The lights just came back on. I can't keep the crowd waiting. I swear to you——"

"You're lying."

"Phipps!"

But Phipps had hung up.

Ten minutes, thought Bayes wildly. Oh, God, he'll be here in ten minutes. Ten minutes before the man who brought Lincoln out of the grave meets the man who put him back in.

He moved. A mad impulse made him wish to run backstage, start the tapes, see how much of the fallen creature would motivate, which limbs jerk, which lie numb. More madness. Time for that tomorrow.

There was only time now for the mystery.

And the mystery was enclosed in the man who sat in the third seat over in the last row back from the stage.

The assassin—he *was* an assassin, wasn't he? The assassin, what did he look like?

He had seen his face, some few moments ago, hadn't he? And wasn't it a face from an old, a familiar, a faded and put-away daguerreotype? Was there a full mustache? Were there dark and arrogant eyes?

Slowly Bayes stepped down from the stage. Slowly he moved up the aisle and stopped, looking in at that man with his head bent into clutching fingers.

Bayes inhaled, then slowly exhaled a question in two words:

"Mr. . . . *Booth*?"

The strange faraway man stiffened, then shuddered and let forth a terrible whisper:

"Yes. . . ."

Bayes waited. Then he dared ask:

"Mr. . . . John *Wilkes* Booth?"

To this the assassin laughed quietly. The laugh faded into a kind of dry croak.

"Norman Llewellyn Booth. Only the last name is—the same."

Thank God, thought Bayes. I couldn't have stood the other.

Bayes spun and paced up the aisle, stopped and fixed his eyes to his watch. No time. Phipps was on the freeway now. Any moment, he'd be hammering at the door. Bayes spoke rigidly to the theater wall directly in front of him:

"Why?"

And it was an echo of the affrighted cry of 300 people who had sat there not ten minutes ago and jumped to terror at the shot.

"Why!?"

"I don't know!" cried Booth.

"Liar!" cried Bayes, in the same breath and instant.

"Too good a chance to miss."

"What?!" Bayes whirled.

"Nothing."

"You don't dare say that again!"

"Because," said Booth, head down, half hid, now light, now dark, jerking into and out of emotions he only sensed as they came, went, rose, faded with barks of laughter and then silence. "Because . . . it's the truth." In awe, he whispered, stroking his cheeks. "I did it. I actually *did* it."

Bayes had to keep walking up, around, down the aisles, circling, afraid to stop, afraid he might rush and strike and keep on striking this killer.

Booth saw this and said:

"What are you waiting for? Get it over."

"I will not——" Bayes forced his yell down to a steady calmness. "I will not be tried for murder because I killed a man who killed another man who wasn't really a man at all but a machine. It's enough to shoot a thing that seems alive. I won't have some judge or jury trying to figure a law for a man who kills because a humanoid computer was shot. I won't repeat your stupidity."

"Pity," mourned the man named Booth: and, saying it, the light went out of his face.

"Talk," said Bayes, gazing through the wall, imagining the night roads, Phipps in his car and time running out. "You've got five minutes, maybe more, maybe less. Why did you do it, why? Start somewhere. Start with the fact you're a coward."

He waited. The security guard waited behind Booth, creaking uneasily in his shoes.

"Coward, yes," said Booth. "How did you know?"

"I know."

"Coward," said Booth. "That's me. Always afraid. You name it. Things. People. Places. Afraid. People I wanted to hit but never hit. Things I always wanted, never had. Places I wanted to go, never went. Always wanted to be big, famous, why not? That didn't work, either. So, I thought, if you can't find something to be glad about, find something to be sad. Lots of ways to enjoy being sad. Why? Who knows? I just had to find something awful to do and then cry about what I had done. That way, you felt you had accomplished something. So, I set out to do something bad."

"You've succeeded."

Booth gazed down at his hands hung between his knees as if they held an old

"Hey, it's bad luck to see your bride just before the ceremony."

but suddenly remembered and simple weapon:

"Did you ever kill a turtle?"

"What?"

"When I was ten, I found out about death. I found out that the turtle, that big dumb rocklike thing, was going to live long after I was dead. I figured if I had to go, the turtle went first. So I took a brick and hit him on the back until I broke his shell and he died."

Bayes slowed in his constant pacing and said, "For the same reason, I once let a butterfly live."

"No," said Booth, quickly, then added, "no. Not for the same reason. A butterfly lit on my hand once. The butterfly opened and shut its wings, just resting there. I knew I could crush it. But I didn't, because I knew that in ten minutes or an hour, some bird would eat it. So I let it just fly away. But turtles?! They lie around back yards and live forever. So I went and got a brick and I was sorry for months after. Maybe I still am. Look. . . ."

His hands trembled before him.

"And what," said Bayes, "has all this to do with your being here tonight?"

"Do? What!?" cried Booth, looking at Bayes as if *he* were mad. "Haven't you been *listening*? Do? Here? Great God, I'm jealous! Jealous of anything that works right, anything that's perfect, anything that's beautiful all to itself, anything that lasts. I don't care what it is! Jealous!"

"You can't be jealous of machines."

"Why not, damn it?" Booth clutched the back of the seat in front of him and slowly pulled himself forward, staring at the slumped figure in that high-backed chair in the center of the stage. "Aren't machines more perfect, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, than most people you've ever known? I mean *really*? Don't they do things right? How many people can you name do things right one third, one half the time? That damned thing up there, that machine, not only looks perfection but speaks and acts perfection. More, if you keep it oiled and wound and fixed, it'll be looking, speaking, acting right and grand and beautiful a hundred, two hundred years after I'm in the earth! Jealous? Damn right I am!"

"But a machine doesn't *know* what it is."

"*I* know, *I* feel!" said Booth. "I'm outside it looking in. I'm always outside things like that. I've never been in. The machine has it. I don't. It was built to do one or two things exactly on the nose. No matter how much I learned or knew or tried the rest of my life, no matter what I did, I could never be as perfect, as fine, as maddening, as deserving of destruction as that thing up there, that man, that thing, that creature, that President——"

He was on his feet now, shouting at the stage 80 feet away.

Lincoln said nothing. Machinery oil gathered, glistening, on the floor under the chair.

"That President," murmured Booth, as if he had come upon the real truth at last. "That President. Yes. Lincoln. Don't you see? He died a long time ago. He can't be alive. He just can't be. It's not right. A hundred years ago and yet here he is. He was shot once, buried once, yet here he is going on and on and on. Tomorrow and the day after that and all the days. So, his name being Lincoln and mine Booth . . . I just *had* to come. . . ."

His voice faded. His eyes had glazed over.

"Sit down," said Bayes, quietly.

Booth sat, and Bayes nodded to the remaining security guard. "Wait outside, please."

When the guard was gone and there was only Booth and himself and the quiet thing waiting up there in the chair, Bayes turned slowly at last and looked at the assassin. He weighed his words carefully and said:

"Good but not good enough."

"What?"

"You haven't given all the reasons why you came here tonight."

"I have!"

"You just think you have. You're kidding yourself. All romantics do. One way or the other. Phipps when he invented this machine. You when you destroyed it. But it all comes down to this. Very plain and very simple. you'd love to have your picture in the papers, wouldn't you?"

Booth did not answer, but his shoulder straightened, imperceptibly.

"Like to be seen coast to coast on magazine covers?"

"No."

"Get free time on TV?"

"No."

"Be interviewed on radio?"

"No!"

"Like to have trials and lawyers arguing whether a man can be tried for proxy murder——"

"No!"

"That is, attacking, shooting a humanoid machine——"

"No!"

Bayes waited. Booth was breathing fast now, in and out, in and out, his eyes moving wildly in his face. Bayes let more out:

"Great to have two hundred million people talking about you tomorrow morning, next week, next month, next year!"

Silence.

But a smile appeared, like the faintest drip of saliva, at the corner of Booth's mouth. He must have felt it. He raised a hand to touch it away.

"Fine to sell your personal true real story to the international syndicates for a fine chunk?"

Sweat moved down Booth's face and itched in his palms.

"Shall I give you the answer to all the questions I have just asked? Eh? Eh?"

Bayes waited. Booth waited for more, more pushing, more driving, more questions, more shouts.

"Well," said Bayes. "The answer is——"

Someone rapped on a far theater door.

Bayes jumped. Booth turned to stare.

The knock came, louder.

"Bayes, this is Phipps! Let me in!" a voice cried outside in the night.

Hammering, pounding, then silence. Booth and Bayes looked at each other like conspirators.

"Let me in. Oh, Christ, let me in!"

More hammering, a crazy drum and tattoo, then silence again, the man outside panting, circling, perhaps, to seek another entrance.

"Where was I?" said Bayes. "Oh, yes. The answer to all the questions I asked? Do you get world-wide TV-radio-film-magazine-newspaper-gossip-broadcast publicity?"

Booth held his breath.

"No," said Bayes.

Booth's mouth broke open but stayed silent.

"N," Bayes spelled it simply, "O."

He reached in, found Booth's wallet, snapped out all the identity cards and handed the empty wallet back.

"No?" asked Booth, stunned.

"No, Mr. Booth. No pictures. No coast-to-coast TV. No magazines. No columns. No papers. No advertisement. No glory. No fame. No fun. No self-pity. No resignation. No immortality. No nonsense about triumphing over the dehumanization of man by machines. No martyrdom. No respite from your own mediocrity. No splendid suffering. No maudlin tears. No renunciation of possible futures. No trial. No lawyers. No analysts speeching you up this month, this year, thirty years, sixty years, ninety years after, no stories with double spreads, no money, no."

Booth rose up as if a rope had hauled him tall and stretched him gaunt and washed him pale.

"I don't understand. I——"

"You went to all this trouble? Yes. And I'm ruining the game. For, when all is said and done, Mr. Booth, all the reasons listed and all the sums summed, you're a has-been that never was. And you're going to stay that way, spoiled and narcissistic and small and mean and rotten. You're a short man and I intend to squash and squeeze and press and batter you an inch shorter instead of force-growing you, helping you gloat nine feet tall."

"You can't!" cried Booth.

(concluded on page 241)

THE GRAND HOTELS

not one to suffer lightly the bitter with the suite, our globular globe girdler raps on the myriad pleasures and occasional pitfalls of the world's best caravansaries

article By ROBERT MORLEY

WHEN I DIE, I should like to do so in the foyer of the best hotel in the world. For one thing, I feel most confident in hotel foyers; and for another, disposing of my corpse would be a final test for the hall porter. I have always been a snob about hotels—about people, too, I suppose—but that need not concern us. For me, the best hotel in whatever place I happen to be is a must. Ensconced in any other establishment, I tend to sulk. Once, on a steamer to Capri, I was examining the luggage tags of one of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen, when I discovered to my dismay that she was bound for a different hotel from the one I had selected. I decided there and then to adjust my itinerary, to stay where she stayed. Yet it was not the child's beauty that prompted my action but the obvious wealth of her companion. He was, I decided, an Indian princeling and, as such, could be relied upon. When we landed, I followed hard on their heels, up the mountain to Anacapri and through the revolving doors of their Shangri-La, only to be dismissed by an obdurate reception clerk. Forced to return to the hotel of my original choice, I spent my holiday in jealous despair.

Each new hotel has for me the excitement of an untried mistress. I am impatient with the preliminaries, eager to register and afterward to rid myself of the attentions of the bellhop who has preceded me with my key along the corridor and unlocked my room. I watch him demonstrating the central heating, the closet light, the television remote controls, and long for the moment when he will withdraw and leave me in possession. I know from experience it will be a considerable time before my luggage arrives; and meanwhile, my room and I will be getting to know each other. As soon as the bellhop collects his fee and withdraws, I hurry into the bathroom to inspect the plumbing, to admire the tumblers wrapped in cellophane and the lavatory pan decorated as if for a marriage. Is there a bidet? How large are the soap bars? How many towels? I listen to the noise of the toilet flush, make sure I understand how the lavatory taps function. These grow more complicated with every year. I hurry back into the bedroom to inspect the thickness of the drapes, the pile of the carpet. I adjust the lights, toy with the television, take in the view. This is the moment of truth, and I must ask myself whether this is really the best bedroom I can expect—for the price. Am I on the right side of the building at the right height? Do I want to look out over the swimming pool or the garage? Now is the time for action, if I decide to change. I must pick up the phone and demand to be connected with the desk clerk; get into the poker game and be prepared, if necessary, to have him call my bluff. My

decision as to whether to accept the original accommodation proffered or to try and improve on my hand depends largely on the *ambiance* I have already encountered at the reception desk. I can usually tell whether I am being given the bum's rush. One day, I will accept a small back room over the dustbins; on another, even a penthouse suite is inadequate. Having decided to stay put, I start to explore the closets, paying particular attention to the way the doors are hung and how the drawers slide. I assess the writing paper, read the breakfast menu and the other brochures provided. I like to know that I can write letters on all kinds of differently shaped paper and that there is a wide choice of breakfast cereals, bars and restaurants. I am always ready to sample Grape-Nuts Flakes, to plan an evening in their Sapphire Room or the House of Genji, to have a cocktail in the Eagle's Nest or the Imperial Viking, a nightcap in Nero's Nook. I avoid coffee shops and grillrooms, believing that if a man has taken the trouble to find a name, however bizarre, he may also have taken the trouble to find a decent chef.

I have always believed in myself as a world jurist where hotels are concerned. I still hope that even now, in the afternoon, the early afternoon, of my life, I may be invited to serve. How pleasant it would be to travel the world in the company of a few others like myself, sampling the delights of extravagances provided by great hoteliers and to award the annual Roberts. There would have to be several, naturally; for the hotel that had the best wine cellar, the hotel with the best plumbing, the one with the best hall porter, the best hotel built in the past year, the hotel with the most beautiful setting, or simply the most beautiful hotel. If actresses are entitled to Oscars, why not hotels? The latter are more exciting, more unpredictable and, with notable exceptions, better behaved. Moreover, hotels, except those in the very top class, have to show off. I am never intimidated by ostentation; being in the entertainment business myself, I understand it.

Once, while staying at a hotel in Fez where the uniforms of the staff were the most magnificent I have ever encountered, I approached a lackey even more gorgeously attired than the bellboys, whom I imagined to be the hall porter, and made some trivial request about procuring a fleet of camels for the afternoon. "I think you are making a mistake," remarked my accosted. "I have the honor to be the personal aide-de-camp to His Majesty the King of Libya." I shook him warmly by the hand but did not apologize. In selecting what are, in my opinion, the seven great hotels of the world, I am tempted to include this beautiful Moroccan caravansary; but things have changed in Morocco since I was there; besides, a simultaneous visit of myself and the King of Libya may have ensured an unnatural and temporary standard of excellence. An even more potent reason for not including it in my list is that I have forgotten its name.

I am not in favor of the Roberts Award Committee, when it is formed, arriving anywhere incognito. Let us see the *best* you can do—not the worst—should be our admonition. Personally, I am careful, when arriving at any hotel where I suspect I may—initially, at least—be unrecognized, to employ a gamesmanship ploy of which I and not Stephen Potter am the inventor. "I think," I remark casually, leaning across the reception desk and addressing the clerk, "you may be expecting me. My secretary has made the reservation: Robert Morley." I speak the last two words slowly and loudly. The impression I wish to give is that I am far too modest to believe that my name will mean anything to him; and if, as sometimes happens, the idiot hasn't, in fact, heard of me, he will begin to check his list. "Nothing here," he will remark after he has done so. I take care to appear thunderstruck. "Are you quite certain? My secretary has been with me a number of years and this is the first time anything like this has happened."

After this, I play it by ear. If, as sometimes, there is plenty of accommodation available, I like to believe that I will be offered something a little better than would have been the case if I had not established that I had a secretary. If the hotel is full, well, the reception clerk may feel a little uneasy and manage to find me a niche, providing that I am not traveling with my mother-in-law, Dame Gladys Cooper.

We were in Las Vegas together the last time I employed my gambit and had the clerk on the ropes and about to produce the accommodation. Suddenly, Gladys spoke. "You know perfectly well, Robert, you haven't reserved anything. You are only confusing the poor young man; and, in any case, I don't want to stay here. I am sure we shall be much happier in that nice motel next door." That would have been the end of that, except that the nice motel next door was full and we were obliged to crawl back ten minutes later. "Another time, perhaps you'll leave it to me," I told her, surveying the inadequate accommodation with which I had eventually been provided. "Another time," replied Gladys, "I will have *my* secretary handle the reservations. We stand a better chance with her; at least *she exists*!"

The reason I am so well qualified to serve on the Roberts Committee is that I have a nose for good restaurants. Put me down anywhere in a strange city and, like a truffle hound straining at the leash, I will lead my party to the most delectable morsels. Where hotels are concerned, my perception is equally uncanny.

Half-a-dozen steps across the threshold and I can tell whether a hotel is fully adjusted. If not, then I prefer to put my polo sticks back into the boot of the Rolls-Royce and drive on. However imposing the façade, splendid the foyer, extravagant the furnishing, gorgeously costumed the bellboys and luxurious the beds, unless a hotel is "adjusted," neither you nor I will be happy there. In a restaurant, one can return the beef Stroganoff to the chef with a courteous request that he try again and, while he is doing so, continue to toy with the caviar. The meal can be salvaged. But there is nothing to be done with a hotel that is ill adjusted except pack and leave. It won't be difficult for you to do so early on your first morning, because the chambermaid will already have made an entrance, or at least knocked loudly on your door, demanding to know if you rang. She does this to ensure that you will not oversleep and fail to give her a chance to do your room when it suits her fancy. In an ill-adjusted hotel, you will not be able to enjoy breakfast in bed. If you persevere with the telephone, you will eventually be able to contact room service; but, having done so, you will be well advised to allow for the inevitable time lag and order luncheon. The last time I stayed at a hotel in New York, I was amazed to find the breakfast cart being trundled to my bedside a bare 20 minutes after I had put down the phone. "This can't possibly be *my* breakfast," I told the waiter. "I ordered it under an hour ago." The waiter shrugged his shoulders sympathetically and started to wheel the individually gathered, sun-drenched blueberries with pasteurized double cream and thin hot cakes out of the door and back along the corridor. After a struggle, I regained possession. "Finders keepers!" I told him.

The best room service in the world is enjoyed by guests of the Westminster Hotel in Le Touquet-Paris-Plage. There, one can reach out and press the bell push (suitably decorated with a picture of a waiter) and, within two minutes, the breakfast tray is resting lightly on one's stomach. The Westminster is, as I have noted, a supreme example of efficiency in this respect; but all over Europe, unlike the U. S. A., there are hotels that expect their guests to order breakfast around nine o'clock and are prepared to serve it within five minutes of their having done so. The simple secret is to have a kitchen on each floor; it is a secret that, except in rare instances, you Americans have not yet discovered.

For my money, and I admit a good deal of it is required whenever I am a guest there, the greatest hotel in the world is the Ritz in Paris. It is really two hotels, one situated in the Place Vendôme and the other in the Rue Cambon. I have never quite understood the

(continued on page 122)

HIGH WATER MARKS

fresh ideas for making a fashion splash at pool or beach

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

THIS YEAR'S long hot summer will find water-wise surf sports and able-bodied shoremen cooling it in see-worthy beach garb. Such bold styles as tank-type one-piece suits and vertical-striped mid-thigh trunks, by Oleg Cassini for Sea Mark, $12 (shown below), are making fresh fashion waves. Broad self-pattern or solid-color web belts keep the suit—but not the wearer—up tight. From Malibu to Miami Beach, *après-sea* aquaneats are donning pullover caftans, velour shirts and raja robes. In short, it's a buyer's market for the sand-and-sun set—so deep-six out-dated duds and hit the beach in high style.

Clockwise from opposite page, top: Attentive wader likes a cotton and stretch-nylon terry tank suit with a zip front, by McGregor, $25. Brawny man prefers floral-patterned cotton trunks, by Brentwood, $6. Sportive sun bather keeps his monokinied mermaid close at hand while basking in horizontal-striped stretch-nylon mid-thigh trunks, by Brentwood, $12. Poolside player relaxes in a cotton terry jacket, by Jones, $22, worn with terry knit trunks, by McGregor, $7. Great outdoorsman goes for stretch-nylon knit below-the-knee trunks, by Himalaya, $7. Romantically entwined chap wears stretch-Lastex belted trunks, by Oleg Cassini for Sea Mark, $12.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON ORNITZ

Below: Dashing young beachnik, with his date in tow, is turned on by a multicolor striped cotton velour hooded caftan with a rawhide neck closure, by Oleg Cassini for Sea Mark, $75. Above center: Stylish overseer keeps casual in striped cotton duck beach pants, by Paul Ressler, $7.

Below center: Cool, clearly contemporary fellow in see-through chair wears a cotton knit tank top, $5, over stretch-nylon knit horizontal-striped trunks, $7, both by Catalina-Martin. Opposite page: Fashion man of leisure cottons to a Roman-striped full-length raja robe with button front, by Alexander Shields, $50.

"There's nothing wrong with premarital sex, as long as it doesn't hold up the ceremony."


Vargas

GRAND HOTELS *(continued from page 114)*

geography of this beautiful building. To walk from the Place Vendôme to the Rue Cambon takes me at least five minutes and I have to cross several streets in order to do so; and yet if I make the same journey through the Ritz itself, along the elegant arcade, with its showcases glittering with diamonds and *broderie anglaise*, I am there in half the time. A simple explanation may occur to the reader—one way is circuitous, the other direct—but what happens to the streets? They certainly don't run through the Ritz itself; indeed, in the center of the hotel, there are only a number of mysterious secret gardens, gravel-pathed and silent. I haven't the least idea how many bedrooms there are in the Ritz, only that in proportion to its size, there are very few. It is the extravagance of the building that attracts me; I do not care for hotels that conserve space. I do not approve of batteries for hens or humans.

I am essentially a Rue Cambon man myself, although I often enter the hotel from the Place Vendôme and admire the vast foyer, peopled at teatime by elaborately bewigged archduchesses and exmonarchs waiting with well-bred boredom for their cucumber sandwiches. In the evening, a small string orchestra plays in the restaurant and an indescribable and reassuring melancholy hangs in the air. The diners have, for the most part, eaten all the caviar they are ever likely to actively enjoy on this earth, but the spoon still travels to the mouth loaded with the little black grains and returns stained to the plate.

In the Espadon, which is the restaurant on my side of the hotel, the pace is altogether brisker. Caviar is eaten, but on toast. There is no vast entrance hall and a comparatively narrow passage leads from the Rue Cambon up a short flight of steps to the reception desk immediately opposite the hall porter's. Farther on, where the passage ends and the glass doors of the Espadon open invitingly, is a small foyer usually cluttered with tables overflowing from the restaurant, and with French windows opening onto one of the gardens where, on summer evenings, it is also possible to dine.

But it is with its bedrooms that the Ritz really scores. The timeless elegance of the furnishings, the gilt and the glitter, the huge wardrobes, the small sofas, the brass bedsteads—and the golden clocks. I can never look at the last without a twinge of conscience; for once, long ago, I stopped all the clocks in the Ritz by yanking out a wire from one over my daughter's bed when she complained the ticking was too loud and kept her awake. "I'll soon fix that," I told her, and I did. The trouble was that the next morning, no one would believe I was the culprit. In vain, I telephoned the hall porter to confess my guilt. "Impossible, monsieur, you are not to blame," he assured me. "We are searching for the fault. It is the same in all the rooms. Be patient." "At least," I begged him, "send someone up to my suite to investigate." "Useless, *cher* monsieur," he protested, "the fault is with the electricity supply. Our engineers are in conference with the minister." In the end, I climbed onto a chair and poked the wire back into its socket. At once, my clock, like all the others in the Ritz that morning, started again. But, for me, the Ritz is the best hotel in the world not because of its electric clocks, or even despite them, but simply because it is the most comfortable to stay in. A guest in the Ritz is a guest of the Ritz, and no member of the staff ever forgets this simple fact for a single moment.

If you walk out of the Ritz into the Place Vendôme and turn left into the Rue de Rivoli, you will come in a moment to a teashop. Last summer, seated inside, I found an old friend and joined her for an éclair. It is sad how éclairs have almost entirely vanished from the tea table; in my youth, they were obligatory, like conversation and visiting cards. In any case, my friend, a lady of enormous wealth, was lamenting the passing of the teacake. "It is something I miss," she remarked, "like Baden-Baden."

"But surely," I urged, "Baden-Baden remains."

"Not for me," she replied. "And even if you were right, I don't suppose I should care for it nowadays. I used to go there when I was a little girl, and what I remember most about Baden-Baden is the grand dukes and their enormous trunks. The porters at the Baden-Baden railway station were the strongest porters in the world; they had to be.

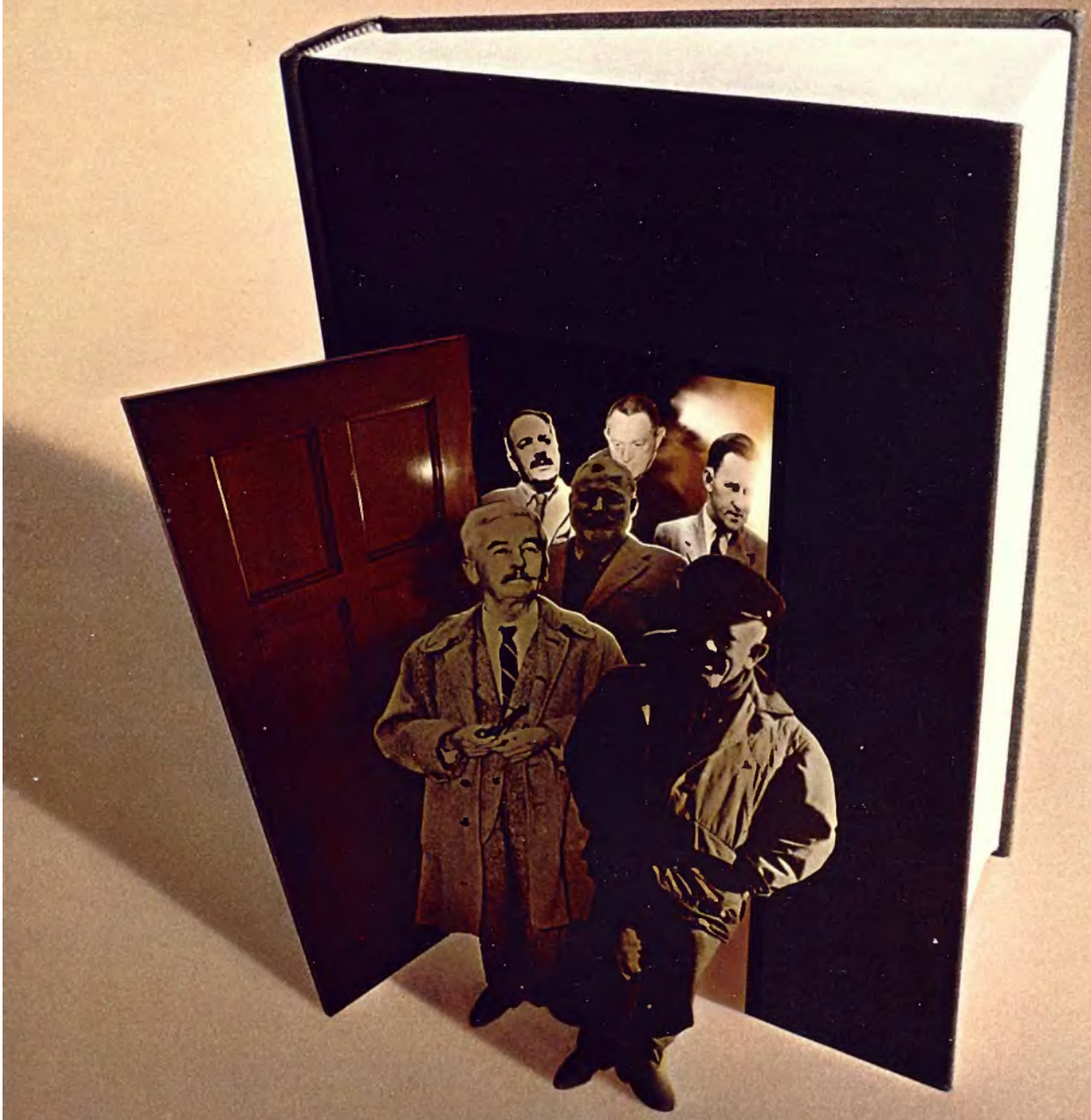
"Today," my friend continued, "one seldom sees a trunk as large as those; and when one does, one has to be on one's guard. Last year, I saw one at the Ritz, of all places. It was late at night and they were wheeling it along the passage. I happened to open my bedroom door and there it was. Behind walked the owner. I am certain he wasn't a grand duke. He looked," she stabbed the air thoughtfully with her fork, "as if he might have been a traveling salesman. One couldn't be sure, naturally. As you know, Robert, dear, I am not a snob; moreover, I am a very simple woman. I have a suite of rooms at the Ritz, another at the Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo and a small house in London. With these, unlike most women I know, I am content. But if I am right about that traveler—and I hope very much I am not right—why, then, I may have to consider reopening my apartment in Versailles; at any rate, during the summer months. The danger, I imagine, would hardly arise in the winter; at that time of the year, I prefer Monte Carlo."

"So do I," I told her; and, indeed, I do. I am drawn to Monte Carlo like a pilgrim to Mecca or an art lover to Florence, because Monte Carlo still represents, for me, the center of gambling in the world. In the center of a whirlwind, although I have never proved this theory personally, there is said to be a vacuum. I *can* prove, however, that at the heart of Monte Carlo, in the great entrance hall of the Hôtel de Paris, nothing stirs. There in the entrance hall, arranged possibly by some fabulous interior decorator, sit the ladies and gentlemen in waiting. In gigantic hats and wearing great quantities of jewelry and eye shadow, or blue-blazered and occasionally toupeed, they sit in the hotel as to the manner born. Elegant, resourceful, infinitely patient, they neither fidget nor fuss. Their purpose is to reassure the ordinary traveler that he, too, has arrived. Every now and then, one of them will rise and make his or her way to the elevator or out onto the terrace. It is not for us to inquire where they are going. They are going off duty, and that must suffice us.

The Hôtel de Paris has more to offer even than its clientele. It moves with the times and now has a superb roof restaurant and an indoor swimming pool. It also has the prettiest breakfast china in Europe and the unique advantage that people never stay there on business or because they want to look at churches or trudge round picture galleries. They go to put their feet up and to enjoy themselves. There are not nearly enough places where one can simply put one's feet up in Europe; but just on the edge of it, just before you cross the Bosporus and find yourself in Asia, there stands in a small Turkish village called Yesilköy, 20 miles from Istanbul on the Sea of Marmara, my third great hotel—the Cinar.

There is something very attractive about the Sea of Marmara. I would not care to stay on the Bosporus, which is surprisingly narrow, so that the Russian tankers finding their way up the channel occasionally lodge fast in some unfortunate Turk's front parlor. No such danger presents itself to guests of the Cinar, which passed all the tests to which I subjected it and one that had not occurred to me—an earthquake. I am not fond of earthquakes, and this one caught me, as is their custom, unawares and about to step into a bath. I draped myself in a towel and hurried into the passage. A few doors opened and one or two guests made for the elevators, while others returned to their rooms as the tremors subsided. I hesitated, uncertain which course to pursue, and then I happened to glance out of a window. What I saw persuaded me to hurry down the stairway and rush pell-mell into the garden, where I joined the dozen or so chefs

(continued on page 218)



THOSE LITERARY GIANTS WHO TURNED OUT THE LANDMARK FICTION OF THE THIRTIES HELPED MOLD THE LIVES OF YOUNG PEOPLE SENSITIVE TO ITS MESSAGE, BUT THE WRITERS MOST RELEVANT TO OUR CURRENT GENERATION ARE THE CHRONICLERS AND CRITICS WHO DEAL WITH REALITY

THE AMERICAN NOVEL MADE US

article By SEYMOUR KRIM I WAS LITERALLY MADE, shaped, whetted and given a world with a purpose by the American realistic novel of the mid- to late 1930s. From the age of 14 to 17, I gorged myself on the works of Thomas Wolfe (beginning with *Of Time and the River*, catching up with *Angel* and then keeping pace till Big Tom's stunning end), Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, James T. Farrell, John Steinbeck, John O'Hara, James Cain, Richard Wright, John Dos Passos, Erskine Caldwell, Jerome Weidman, and William Saroyan, and knew in my pumping heart that I wanted to be such a novelist. To me, an isolated, supersensitive New York Jewish boy given the privacy to dream in the locked bathroom of middle-class life, these novels taught me about the America "out there" and, more than anything, I wanted to identify with that big gaudy continent and its variety of human beings who came to me so clearly through the pages of these so-called fictions. I dreamed Southern accents, Okies, bourbon and branch water, Gloria Wandrous, juke joints, Studs Lonigan, speeding trucks and big highways. Bigger *(continued on page 126)*

LE MANS, a small French town nestled about 200 kilometers southwest of Paris, each spring explodes with a roar as 400,000 auto-racing enthusiasts come to watch the grueling 24-hour test of stamina and skill officially titled *Le Grand Prix d'Endurance*. Begun in 1923, the Le Mans race has also given its name to the famous (safety experts call it infamous) running start. At Le Mans, half-a-hundred drivers sprint to their cars and take off in a cacophonous symphony of shifting gears and howling exhausts (right). Top speeds around the 8.3-mile course are reached on the three-mile Mulsanne Straight, where Mario Andretti's Mark IV Ford topped 211 mph in 1967. Last year's race, postponed until late September because of the French student riots, was won by the team of Pedro Rodriguez and Lucien Bianchi piloting a private-entry Ford GT40. In overcoming an early lead set by four hard-charging Porsches, Rodriguez-Bianchi made it three in a row for Fords at *l'Endurance*. "Le Mans' off-track area," says peripatetic artist LeRoy Neiman, "is as colorful as the French flag. Music blaring from loud-speakers mixes with the drone of the racing cars. Long-haired girls emulating Françoise Hardy's laconic look crowd around Coney Island–type stands offering Grand Marnier crepes suzette, *soupe de poisson*, *parfum*, vermouth and *brut* champagne. The race starts in the late afternoon, and as the Monet-blue sky turns black and the lights of the race cars blink on, the excitement mounts. To enjoy the pageantry of Le Mans, knowledgeable spectators check into a nearby hotel a day or two in advance, so that they can watch the time trials, mingle with drivers and mechanics at an outdoor café and feel the prerace tension that develops as the starting hour draws near. The true devotee of the *vingt-quatre heures* stays trackside—and awake—for the entire event; cat napping breaks the mood and lessens the flavor. The box seats over the pits are the ideal vantage point, but a blanket by the course—shared with a *jolie fille*—can be exciting and perhaps more rewarding."

man at his leisure

leroy neiman captures the carnival color and epic competition of le mans—the world's hairiest 24-hour race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MARTINI

THE AMERICAN NOVEL

(continued from page 123)

Thomas, U. S. A., U. S. A.! Nothing to me in those crucial, irredeemable years was as glamorous as the unofficial seamy side of American life, the smack, brutality and cynical truth of it, all of which I learned from the dynamic novels that appeared in Manhattan between 1936 and 1939.

They were my high school, my religion, my major fantasy life; instead of escaping into adventure or detective fiction—there were no groovy comic books then, such as Pete Hamill wrote about ten years later, when Batman flew into his head over in Brooklyn; or, if there were, I was already a kid snob tucked into my literary American dream scene—I escaped into the vision of reality that these fresh and tough pioneering writers were bringing to print from all corners of the country. In an odd way, even though most of these books ended bitterly or without faith, they were patriotic in a style that deeply impressed my being without my being able to break down why: They had integrity to the actual things that people did or said, to the very accents of frustration or despair voiced by their characters; they were all truthful in re-creating American life. This was a naked free show about my real national environment that I damn well did not receive at home—a home full of euphemisms and concealments, typical, with the death of one parent and the breakdown-suicide of the other hanging over the charade of good manners—or in the newspapers, on the radio or at the movies. Except for the fairy tales read to me as a big-eyed child and an occasional boy's classic such as *Robinson Crusoe* or *Treasure Island* or the Tom Swift books, this was the first body of writing that had ever really possessed me; and apparently I was never to (and will never) get over it.

How can I communicate the savage greenness of the American novel of 30 years ago as it was felt by a keenly emotional teenage boy?—or girl, I guess, although it was primarily a man's novel, but certainly not totally. I and the other members of my generation who were given eyes and ears and genuine U. S. life style by it knew nothing about Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson—its father and his beautifully pensive younger brother—until we became intellectually smart-assed and history-minded ten and fifteen years later. We lived in the perpetual present created by those men named in the first paragraph and were inspired to become prose writers because of them. It wasn't really a question of talent; if you responded to the leaping portrait of American life that these craft-loving realists (superrealists, in actuality) were showing with professionally curved words, you created the talent out of yourself: at first, in imitation of what you creamed over in their style, point of view and impact; then, later, in painful effort to do equal justice to your own personal test tube of experience.

The deservedly legendary American novelists of this raw-knuckled period before the War (they were *our* celebrities, on high!) encouraged an untested, unformed young guy to dig into his own worst personal experience and make something exciting out of it in the form of a story. The whole movement was, in the finest and least self-conscious sense, the story of myriad personal lives in this country; it encouraged everyone caught in its momentum to look hard at the unique grain of his or her life and its interweave with other lives. None of us who in the late Thirties were swept up into the romantic-heroic fantasied career of wanting to be novelists were in any sense fated for this role, in my opinion; we were baited beautifully by the gusher of skilled novels—Maritta Wolff, John Fante, Dorothy Baker, Bessie Breuer, Daniel Fuchs, Pietro di Donato, Josephine Herbst, the early Robert Paul Smith, Tess Slesinger, Frederic Prokosch, Gladys Schmitt, Irving Fineman, Gale Wilhelm, Albert Halper, Nathanael West, Oakley Hall—that seemed to be goosing each other to shine more truly than the next. To a young, hungering mind once hooked by the constantly fresh stream of national lives that made their debut in these novels—characters from all parts of the country, waitresses, fishermen, intellectuals, Lesbians, truck drivers, salesmen, alcoholics, nymphomaniacs, jazzmen, generals, athletes, everything—it was impossible to call it quits; once the "real" American scene entered your imagination through the eyes of these stand-up individual recorders and native consciences who seemed to loom up, suddenly, hotly, with a rush before the Thirties decade ended in World War Two, there was nowhere else for the youthful truth maniac to go but to the new novels hurrying each other out of the New York publishing womb. New fiction was the hot form, contested, argued, encouraged from *Story* to the *New Masses* to *Esquire* to the (then) *Saturday Review of Literature* to *The New Yorker*; the city buzzed with the magazine unveiling of any new talent; it was news that traveled with enthusiasm (Irwin Shaw in *The New Yorker*, Di Donato in *Esquire*, James Laughlin telling it like it was down at his family's Pittsburgh steelworks in *Story*, before he became publisher of *New Directions*).

It is very true that as the Thirties drew to a vicious close with the Spanish Civil War and Hitler's preparations for the new blood-and-iron stomping of Europe, the politicalization of the U. S. novel became more acute and the bleak international scene seemed to throw its heavy shadow over our comparatively virginal literary pine thrust and make it suddenly wearier. But all of this is seen from the cool view of later years; whereas if you were just coming alive as a human being in the late Thirties, it all seemed like one nonstop fictional ball. As a high school boy, although I bought my *New Masses* every week because the Communists were truly involved with fresh fiction (O Meridel Le Sueur, where are you now?), no matter how slanted their typewriters, I found the political-propagandistic implications of the new novels much less important than the powerful concrete punch they delivered. Each of the exciting Thirties novelists, it seemed to me inside my comet-shooting young head, was a pioneer; they were tackling unrecorded experience in each hidden alley and cove of the country that I wanted to be a part of, bringing it to ground for the first time, binding it up and sending it East for exhibition before the rest of the citizenry. Certainly their moral flame was ignited and burning steadily or they would not have gone to the huge labor of making almost the entire country and its people accessible to fiction; but apart from the explicitly political base of men like Farrell and Wright (and the poignant Odets in drama, although his politics was a left cartoon strip compared to the flashing originality of his voice), this flame was used to warm their faith in the value of writing truly rather than held aloft as a defiant gesture.

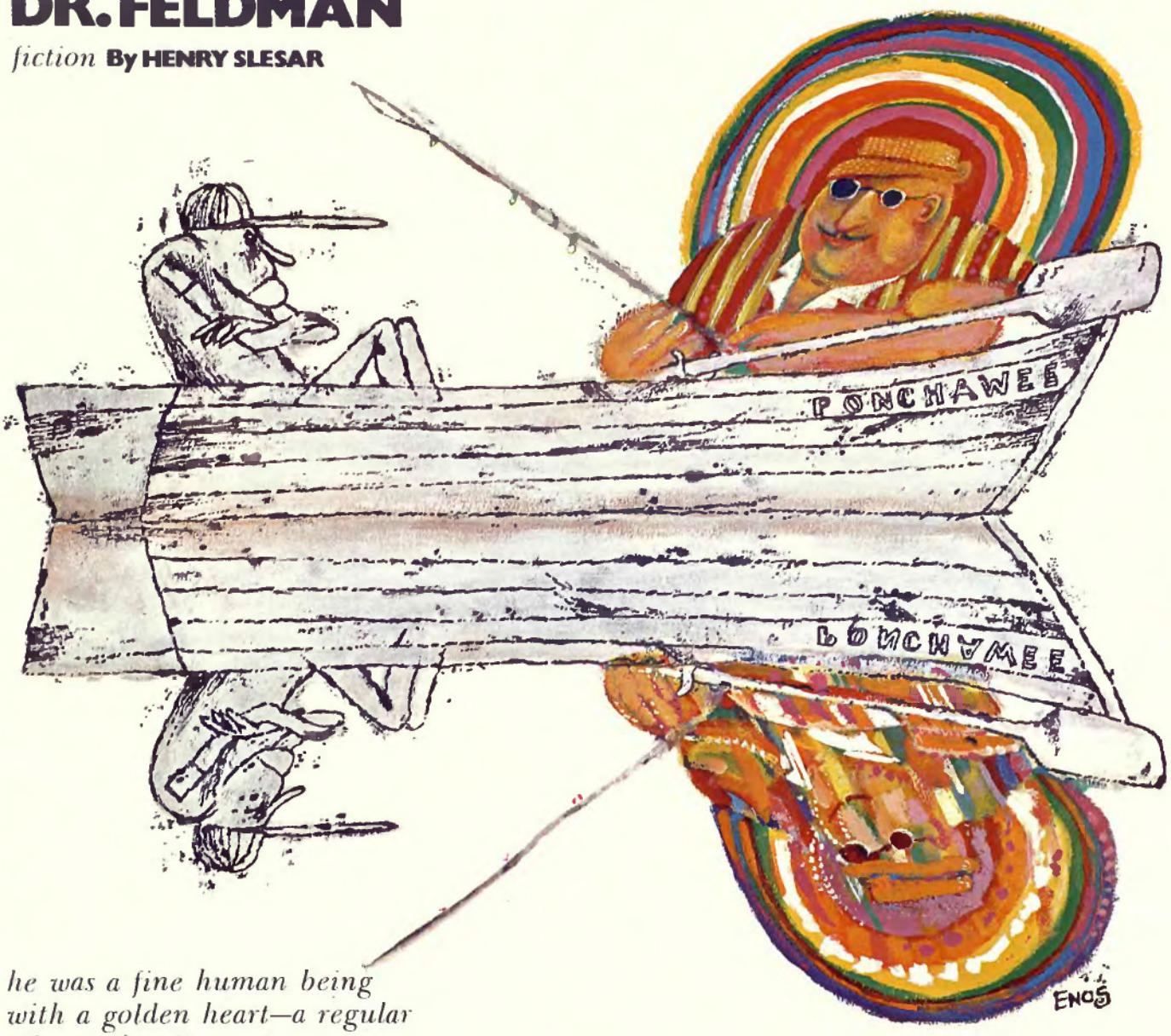
Their moral integrity—Weidman to his New York garment center, Saroyan to a Fresno pool hall, Faulkner to his luxuriant decaying cottonwood swamps (of the soul)—was more concerned with how to verbally break the back of unarticulated and unacknowledged truth, that which has been seen, smelled and suffered but never before written. They were to my imagination outriders, advance scouts; and what they brought back from the contemporary American frontier was as rare and precious to all of us who were waiting as the information now hugged to earth by an astronaut.

I saw it in even more private terms. As a boy of ten or eleven, I had wanted to be an explorer, my fantasy life taking off in the magic snow tracks made by Robert Peary and F. A. Cook, who fought over discovering the North Pole, and Robert Falcon Scott and Roald Amundsen, who jointly reached the Southern one. It was no accident, I believe, that the American novelists of the Thirties took over the explorer's role in my mind after the merely geographical aspects of exploration had faded into the bottom drawer of childhood. Who else but these self-elected, self-taught, self-starting, gutsy men and women with the sniff of glory in their proud nostrils were

(continued on page 202)

I DO NOT LIKE THEE, DR. FELDMAN

fiction **By HENRY SLESAR**



he was a fine human being with a golden heart—a regular albert schweitzer—so who would want to kill him?

DR. HORACE FELDMAN arrived at Ponchawee Manor with every expectation of being liked. The boy who handled his luggage liked him and admired the Feldman Mercedes. The lady in Registration beamed the moment the Feldman paunch touched the front desk. The resort manager, Mr. Glassmacher, shook the Feldman hand, but gently, gently, in consideration of those surgeon fingers. A gratifying entrance, but no surprise to Dr. Feldman, a man accustomed to admiration, liking and respect.

There were two married couples and a widow lady at his assigned table in the dining room. Her name was Mrs. Shear, and 60 isn't so old when an unmarried 50-ish doctor with a healthy round face and a cute mustache breaks bread beside you. "So you're a surgeon, Dr. Feldman?" she said coyly and nudged Stanley, the bus boy, in the ribs. "Stanley, tell the cook he don't have to carve the roast beef tonight, we got an expert." Dr. Feldman chuckled and ingested his soup. Before the coffee, he admitted to being a specialist, performing the only operation of its kind on the iliolumbar artery, on cases that would otherwise prove fatal.

"Fortunately," he said, "not many people need the operation; but when they do, they come to me."

Mrs. Shear clapped her hands and crowed: "A monopoly!" But money, the monopolist said, didn't matter; half his patients were charity cases. At this assurance, everyone liked Dr. Feldman even more. Not only was he a life-giving surgeon with golden fingers, he was a human being with a golden heart. And a fine gin-rummy player. Later that evening, he won $14 from Mrs. Shear, her friend Mrs. Elkins and two men, both named Harry. Everybody liked him. It looked like a good week at Ponchawee Manor.

The next day, another new arrival was placed at the table (it quickly became known *(continued on page 216)*

HARE APPARENT

since starting bunny training, this once-shy miss from the garden state is blooming with new-found poise

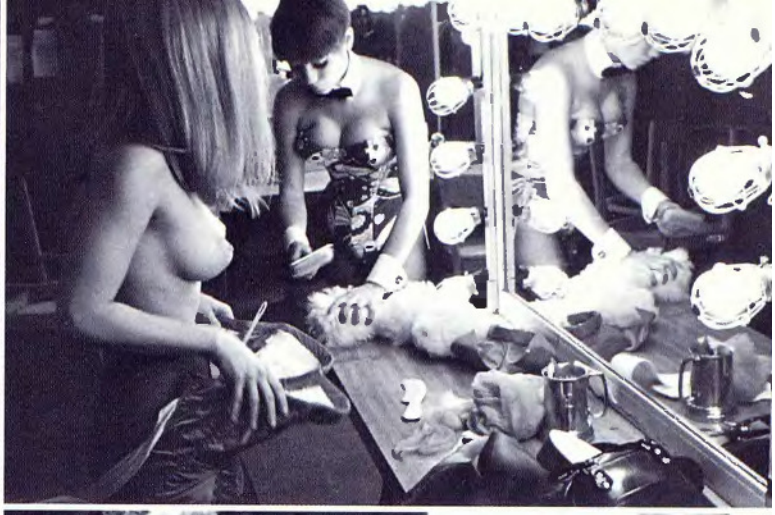
WHEN YOU meet Helena Antonaccio for the first time, she has a charmingly modest habit of lowering her eyelashes—a persistent holdover from her bashful teens. "I was always a shy type," she admits, "but since becoming a Bunny, I've learned to be more outgoing. Looking back on it, though, I don't know how I ever got up the courage even to apply for the job." Our New Jersey miss had gone to New York to try out for a wig-modeling assignment. "I'd done some face modeling," she says, "so I had a little confidence in myself. But when I didn't get picked for the wig layout, I was really depressed. Not ready to go home and admit defeat, I just started walking around—and I found

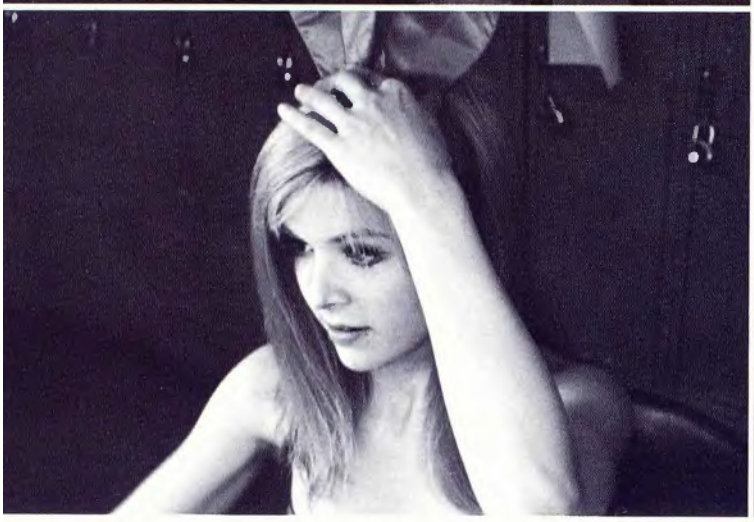
myself in front of The Playboy Club. I had often wondered what it was like, so I went in and, on an impulse, asked the Door Bunny what it took to qualify. She directed me to the Bunny Mother, who interviewed me, had me try on a costume, and then—just like that—told me I was accepted for training. So instead of being a failure, I went home with an exciting new career. My folks were as happy as I was. And now to be a Playmate, too—I'm sure glad I didn't get that wig-modeling job." So are we.

After visiting briefly with her stuffed-animal menagerie, Helena readjusts her eyelashes for the first day of Bunny training.

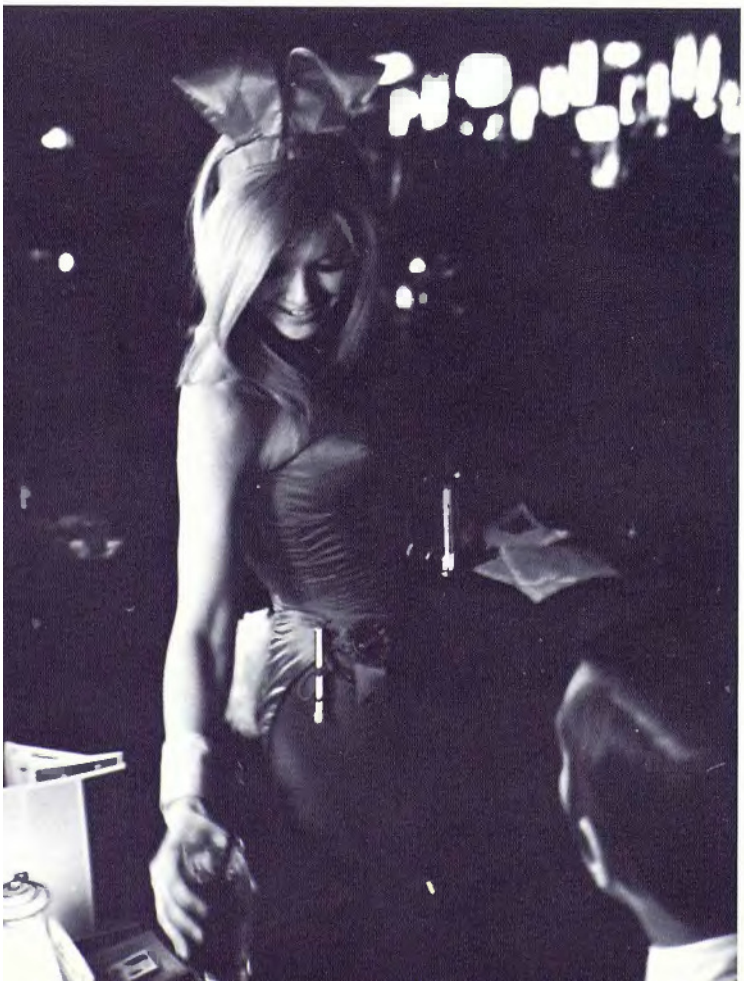
Top, left to right: Mrs. Antonaccio drives her daughter to work. "I get nervous about new things," Helena says, "but talking to Mom always manages to calm me down." At the Club, Helena is greeted by the experienced Bunny who will guide her through the training session. Opposite page, top: While her new friend shows her how to comb and fluff the cottontail, Helena tries on her costume and (above) receives an official welcome from the Bunny Mother.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR





Above: Bunny ears securely in place, Helena reports to the Training Bunny for her first class. "There's so much to learn," our trainee says. "Which glasses for which drinks, how to set up the tray, how to serve, making out bar checks —it's hard to keep everything straight." Below, left to right: Helena pauses for some last-minute advice from her Bunny buddy, then practices her lesson (with her Room Director playing the customer) and proves to be a quick study.




PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS JUNE

Back home, Helena uses her father's wineglass to demonstrate the famous Bunny Dip. "It's nat that difficult," she says, "but if you do it wrong, it looks pretty silly." Below: With the *Bunny Manual* clase at hand, our fledgling Bunny takes to bed.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"I always worry when you leave on a business trip," sobbed the salesman's lovely young wife.

"Don't worry about me, honey," he answered soothingly. "I'll be back before you know it."

"I know," she said. "That's what worries me."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hula* as a shake in the grass.

During her annual checkup, the well-constructed miss was asked to disrobe and climb onto the examining table.

"Doctor," she replied shyly, "I just can't undress right in front of you."

"All right," said the physician, "I'll flick off the lights. You undress and tell me when you're through."

In a few moments, her voice rang out in the darkness: "Doctor, I've undressed. What should I do with my clothes?"

"Your clothes?" answered the doctor. "Put them over here, on top of mine."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sex survey* as a pubic-opinion poll.

Then there was the neophyte nudist who, despite his efforts to appear inconspicuous, stuck out like a sore thumb.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *centaur* as the world's cheapest hooker.

The precocious teenager returned late from school one afternoon and confessed to his mother that he made love to his girlfriend on the way home. "I'm disappointed in you," his mother scolded. "But for telling the truth, you may go to the corner for a milk shake."

The next day, the boy came home late again, and this time he confessed to making love to one of the neighbors' wives. "Well, at least you're still honest," he was told, and again he was rewarded with a milk shake.

On the third day, the boy strode into the house and proudly announced to both of his parents that he had stayed after school to make love to his teacher. As his mother began to scold him, the father picked up a frying pan. "Don't hit him," she pleaded. "At least he told the truth."

"Hit him, hell," his father exclaimed. "I'm going to cook him a steak. How long do you expect him to keep this up on those lousy milk shakes?"

'Twas the night before the nuptials and the bride-to-be's father was unmercifully teasing his future son-in-law. "Are you going to be a man and do it tonight, or are you going to be a mouse and wait until tomorrow night?" he smirked.

Before he could stop himself, the nervous young man blurted out, "I guess I'm a rat, sir —I did it *last* night!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *asphyxiation* as a fanny fetish.

Young lady," the football coach asked, "what are you doing with that varsity letter on your sweater? Don't you know that it's against campus rules to wear a letter unless you've made the team?"

"Yes, sir," she said.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *orgasm* as the gland finale.

A fat man was seated on his front steps drinking a can of beer when a busybody spinster from down the street began to berate him for his appearance.

"What a disgusting sight," she said. "If that belly was on a woman, I'd swear she was pregnant."

To which the man simply smiled and replied, "Madam, it *was* and she *is*."

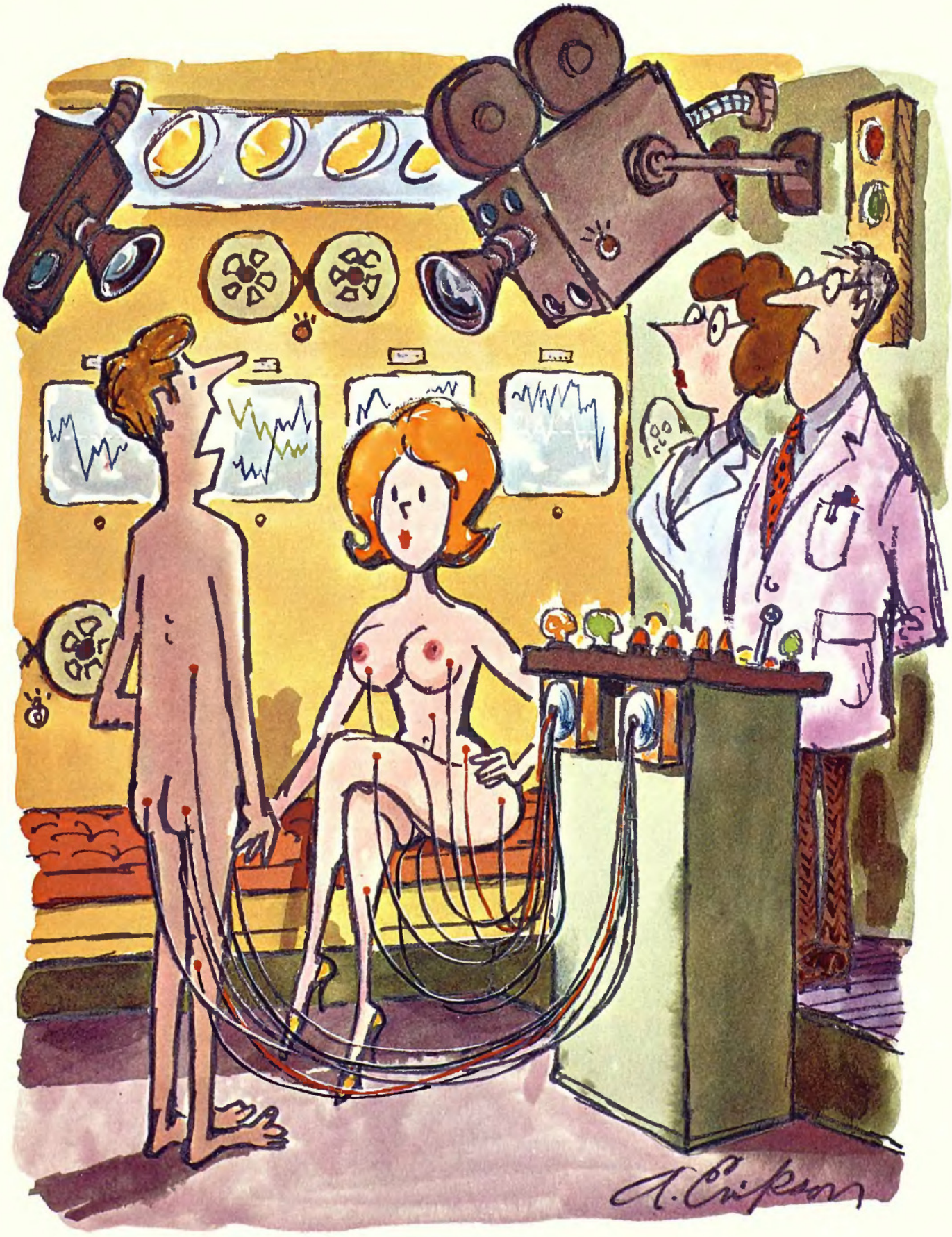
Grrr," said the wolf, leaping at Little Red Ridinghood. "I'm going to eat you."

"For God's sake," Red replied. "Doesn't anybody screw anymore?"

The draft-board examiners eyed the swishy young man with suspicion. They had orders to watch out for potential draft evaders feigning homosexuality. After subjecting the chap to an extensive physical and psychological examination, one of the board members declared: "Well, fella, it looks to me like you're going to make a good little soldier."

"Fabulous," replied the young man. "When can I meet him?"

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, I'm sorry, but I just don't happen to feel like it anymore."

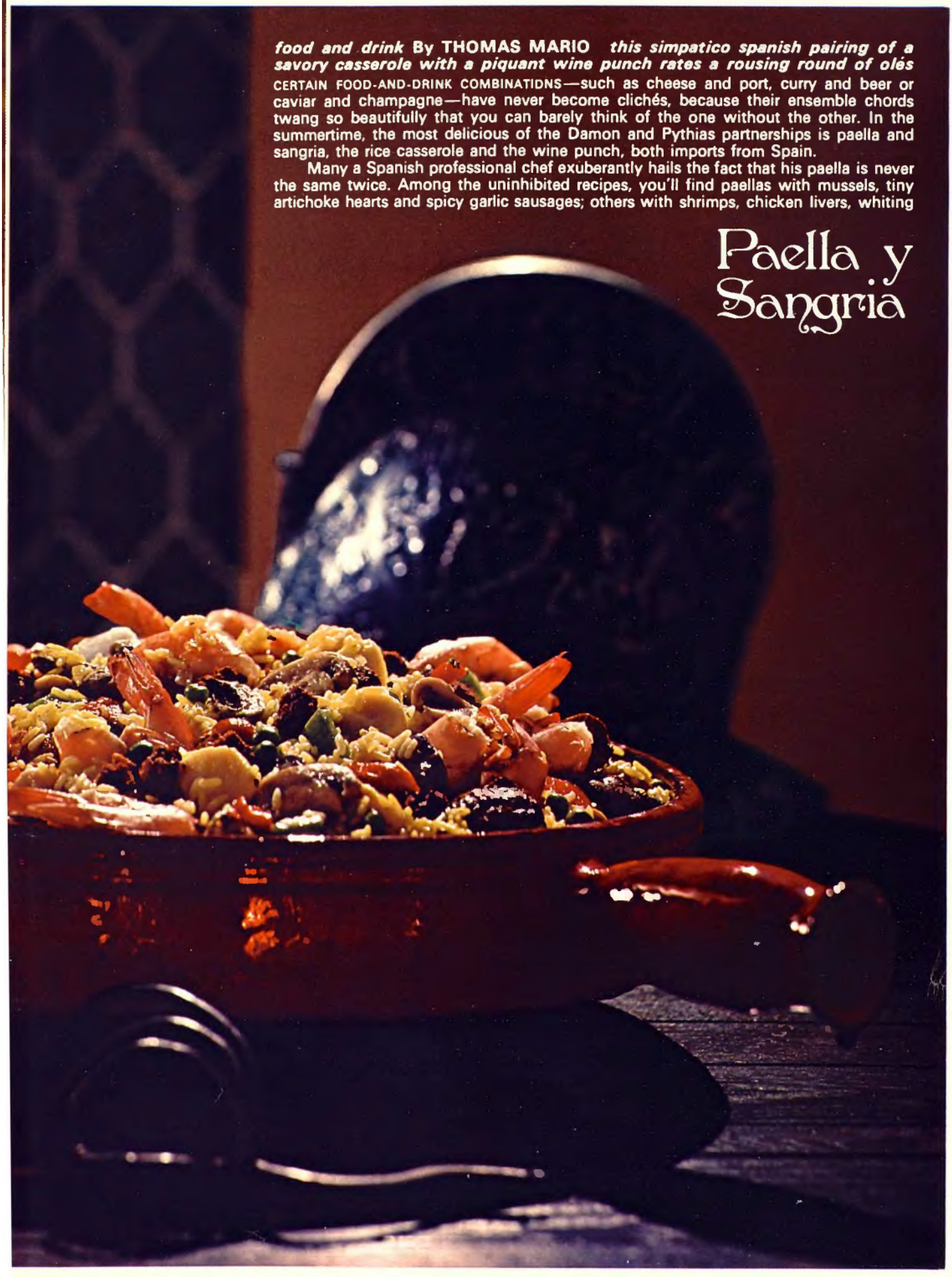
PHOTOGRAPH BY OAVID CHAN

Paella y Sangria

food and drink By **THOMAS MARIO** ***this simpatico spanish pairing of a savory casserole with a piquant wine punch rates a rousing round of olés***

CERTAIN FOOD-AND-DRINK COMBINATIONS—such as cheese and port, curry and beer or caviar and champagne—have never become clichés, because their ensemble chords twang so beautifully that you can barely think of the one without the other. In the summertime, the most delicious of the Damon and Pythias partnerships is paella and sangria, the rice casserole and the wine punch, both imports from Spain.

Many a Spanish professional chef exuberantly hails the fact that his paella is never the same twice. Among the uninhibited recipes, you'll find paellas with mussels, tiny artichoke hearts and spicy garlic sausages; others with shrimps, chicken livers, whiting



and stuffed eggplant; yet others with ham, chicken, quail and squid. On the French side of the Spanish border, refugees are even more unrestrained, offering paellas studded with veal, partridge, eggs, mushrooms, salt pork and tongue and, as though these weren't enough, a rare *filet mignon* or two tossed atop the whole voluptuous pile.

Undoubtedly, the first paellas were cooked up by peasants who, having rice and little else to eat, gathered into the pan scraps of pork, bits of onion, a wild mushroom or two and any stray pimiento that could be obtained. But today's paella masters—individualists to their core—follow a more advanced guideline: Every morsel of flesh or fish that goes into the pan must be supremely delicious in its own right. In Valencia, you may find your paella chock-full of fresh mountain snails and baby eels thinner than your finger. But if you live in an area where fresh snails and eels are hard to come by, you shouldn't be content to settle for such carbon copies as frozen eels or canned snails. Certainly, in this country, it makes sense to include in the paella the tenderest of baby broiler breasts and the tightest hard-shell clams from the nearest shore. Giant Spanish onions should be used, for their sweet and mellow flavor. Your garlic, even though you may not buy it by the yard, as they do in Spain, should be stony hard and fresh, spurting juice the first moment the point of your knife penetrates it. Your olive oil must be virgin or first pressing; it may come from France or Italy, but if you're going to strive for authenticity, you'll want to use the best Spanish olive oil obtainable.

You can make paella in a huge restaurant-size skillet or saucepan or in a big Dutch oven. But the particular host insists on the authentic Spanish paella pan, sometimes called a paellera—a shallow utensil at least 14 inches across, with two short handles on opposite sides. Don't buy one made of tin; it will tend to scorch the food quickly. The heavier aluminum pan is more practical and is now available in American gourmet kitchen shops. Incidentally, it has many other uses: for browning or glazing fish or eggs or crepes at a party buffet, for making king-size omelets at party brunches or for serving huge summer seafood salads.

There's no lid on a paella pan, and this is the key to perfection. From the cook's viewpoint, paella is a horizontal rather than a vertical creation. Unlike a deep stewpot built for long slow simmering and the smallest possible evaporation, the paella pan permits the cook to work quickly in his wide shallow crater, where heat hits every ingredient almost instantly. On a small studio stove, two flames may be necessary to keep the paella simmering.

The first cooking step is to generously coat the bottom of the pan with olive oil. It may seem like a lot of oil, but in the finished paella, with its wealth of solid food, there will be no hint of an oil-laden dish. Meat and poultry are quickly sautéed and then set aside. Chopped onion, garlic and rice spring into action only long enough to make the rice opalescent when stock is poured into the pan. Meat, poultry and seafood are plunged into the bubbling lake while the rice slowly swallows the liquid—and the medley in full view reaches its sumptuous finale. When the paella is done, the rice should be half dry, half dewy, neither desiccated like Chinese rice nor buttery-wet like *risotto alla milanese*. The entire performance moves in such double time that occasionally the rice will become tender while a small pool of liquid still lingers in the pan. If this occurs, the paella should be gently stirred and allowed to rest over a low flame until the rice soaks up the remaining stock. There are partisans who insist that the best paella is one that is made one day and reheated the next; it may violate the purist's code, but the rich marriage of flavors, after a day's living together, is not only consummated but sanctified.

The ingredient that gives rice its luscious lemon color and its herb flavor, both faintly bitter and sweet, is saffron —current American price, $407 per pound, a highflying figure until you realize that saffron is simply another word for the dried stigmas of the flower known as the *Crocus sativus* and that it takes approximately 225,000 of these individually hand-picked stigmas to make a single pound of saffron. But a sixth of an ounce of saffron threads will provide enough of the golden stigmas to flavor at least four paellas. The unpulverized saffron in Spain is usually heated in the oven for a few minutes to release its aroma and then pounded in a mortar before it goes into the paella. Saffron powder, a more convenient form and one that can be more accurately measured, is available on most gourmet spice shelves.

Like the matador and his bull, every paella must have its sangria. A good sangria goes down so easily and in such healthy quantities that even the most fastidious château-wine specialists find themselves taking long draughts rather than sips. Spanish hosts like to marinate the wine and the fruit peel at least an hour before serving, to give the sangria its fruit-flavored overtones. But its basic wine taste shouldn't be awash with noticeable quantities of other fruit juices; even the brandy and liqueurs that sometimes go into sangrias must not be overpoured. The best Spanish red wine is rioja, a frequently heavy-bodied red table wine; but the amount of rioja that flows into the States is rather limited. Actually, any good dry red wine with a light fruity flavor—a beaujolais, a California gamay or a gamay beaujolais—will help make a superb sangria. White sangria made with dry white wine seems like a contradiction in terms, since the word sangria means bloodletting. But white sangria appears frequently at parties, and it's beautiful for recharging the flamenco spirit with each swallow.

Speaking of words, etymologists believe that the Spanish word paella was derived from the Latin *patella*, a platter in which food offerings were once presented to the gods. We prefer the Spaniards' own explanation, which tells how all the effort is really directed toward a certain *doncella* (Spanish for maiden) and how the finished dish is therefore pa-ella—for her.

The word for the following paella and sangria recipes is delicious. Each will serve six to eight.

PLAYBOY PAELLA

- 1½ lbs. pork loin, center cut
- 2 chicken breasts (4 halves), boneless and skinless
- ½ lb. chorizo sausage, ¼-in. slices
- 1 lb. sliced leg of veal, pounded thin, as for scaloppine
- ¼ lb. chicken livers
- ½ lb. bay scallops
- Olive oil
- 2 sweet red peppers or canned pimientos
- 2 green peppers
- ¼ lb. fresh mushrooms, sliced thin
- 1 lb. raw shrimps
- 1 lb. fresh peas or 10-oz. package frozen peas
- 3 large cloves garlic, minced extremely fine
- 1 large Spanish onion, minced extremely fine
- ¼ teaspoon saffron powder
- ½ teaspoon oregano
- 2 cups long-grain rice
- 4–5 cups chicken broth, canned or fresh
- Salt, pepper

Remove bone and fat from pork. Cut into 1-in. squares, ¼ in. thick. Cut chicken crosswise into 1-in. chunks. Cut veal into 1-in. squares. Cut chicken-liver pairs into halves. Cut peppers into ½-in. squares, discarding stem ends, seeds and membranes. Using a scissors, cut shrimp shells through back and underside, leaving shells on shrimps and tails intact. Shell fresh peas. Heat ½ cup oil in paella pan. Sauté pork until deep brown; remove from pan. Sauté chicken, chorizo, veal and chicken livers until light brown; remove from pan. Sauté peppers and mushrooms until just barely tender, adding more oil to pan if necessary; remove from pan. Wash and dry pan. Add ½ cup oil and heat over low flame. Add garlic, onion, saffron, oregano and rice

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ROGER HANE

THE RISK TAKERS

is it the wish for fame, fortune or death that drives men to seek danger and lay their lives on the line?

article
By ROBERT DALEY

WATCH THE DEATH-DEFYING high-diving daredevil clinging to his tiny platform near the ceiling of the arena. His toes grip the edge. Drums roll. He dives into the void. The mob gasps.

He plunges five stories before the rope around his ankle stops him short and yanks him back part of the way he has come. Upside down, he swings back and forth, his head only eight feet from the ground. He then unhitches himself, stands and accepts the crowd's tumultuous applause. He is a grinning 24-year-old Pole named Sitkiewicz, and he is the featured aerialist with this year's Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. He is a very amiable chap, always laughing. He says good morning to people, even at night. He speaks no language anyone else around speaks, the last word in alienated man. By learning one trick no one else will try, he has set himself apart from the rest of the world; and for performing this trick 13 times a week, he earns something over $200. The elephants are not the only circus performers who work for peanuts. Sitkiewicz' career is good for about ten years, if the rope doesn't break. After ten years, if he wants to stay employed, he had better find a new and more dangerous trick.

Watch the death-defying, snake-wrestling daredevil. His name is Kurt Severin. He calls himself "author . . . world traveler . . . photo journalist . . . adventurer." His specialty is snakes. In the past, it has also been sharks, crocodiles and the puberty rites of Latin-American jungle tribes. Today, wading through the Amazon jungle, he comes upon an anaconda thicker through the middle than a man's thigh. About 18 feet long, the anaconda dangles from a tree. Severin decides to grab it by the head while his guide photographs him and it, both grinning.

An instant later, the huge constrictor has flung Severin to the ground and is coiled around him, crushing the life out of him.

"Keep snapping," gasps Severin, who sees a great series of photos in this.

He has the anaconda by the throat with both hands, but the anaconda has him by the throat, too. Its tail is wrapped around Severin's windpipe and is sliding around in a second loop. Severin, contemplating how long the series of photos should be, fights for time. But soon his face goes red. He can't breathe or talk. He manages to pry the anaconda loose enough so that he can say, "Remove the necklace."

Three men, struggling, at last get the snake off Severin.

"Did you get a lot of photos?" gasps Severin, fingering his swollen throat.

Yes.

Severin is happy. "I've had much closer calls than that with cobras," he says.

Watch the death-defying daredevil José Meiffret pedaling a special bike in a windbreak behind a racing car at speeds of over 108 miles per hour, the former world record, which was set in 1941. In the Sixties, Meiffret first raised the record to 109.6, then to 115.9. These are records no one gives a damn about. They are worth absolutely nothing commercially. Each attempt costs Meiffret—a short, bald, 50ish gardener with a concave dent in his skull from an earlier crash—thousands of dollars of his own money.

Now watch Meiffret on an autobahn in Germany leaning forward over the handle bars, straining to make the oversize sprocket go around. Somewhere close to 60 miles an hour, he ducks in behind the windbreak jutting upward from the rear of the racing car. The mob tensely leans forward along both sides of the measured kilometer. The spectators stare down from the overpasses. Now the racing car, with Meiffret tucked into the windbreak, is speeding along at 100 miles per hour . . . 115 . . . 125. Inside the windbreak, Meiffret is straining to keep his front wheel one inch from a roller bar. If he touches the roller bar, he knows it won't roll, it will fling him off his bike and kill him. If he drops back out of the windbreak through loss of a pedal, or fatigue or a heart spasm, the wind will throw him off the bike and kill him. If he hits a crack in the road, or a pebble, he is a dead man.

Out of the measured kilometer rockets the racing car. José Meiffret is still in the windbreak, upright, alive. Ladies and gentlemen, a new absolute speed record for miles per hour pedaled in a windbreak behind a racing car: 127.98 mph, by the death-defying José Meiffret, daredevil of international cycling!

• • •

This article is concerned with death and with those who risk it deliberately, gratuitously and perhaps compulsively.

But that's not fair, you say. Each of the three men mentioned so far sounds like some kind of nut. The Pole is in a circus, exactly where he belongs, indistinguishable from the other freaks there. Severin has gone to the Far East to see some snakes. Good, because we don't want him around here. Meiffret is frantically and unsuccessfully trying to find backers for a new record attempt, for he has no money left to pay for it himself. Glad to hear it. We are not interested in crackpots acting out death wishes.

But wait. I have some more daredevils for you. The boundary line gets fuzzy.

Watch the war photographer at Khesanh. His name is David Douglas Duncan and he is famous for photographing the art treasures of the Kremlin and Picasso's secret hoard of his own work. Duncan does not have to go to war. He is over 50 years old and he has been to too many wars already: World War Two, Palestine, Greece, Korea, Indochina. But he recently went into the

Marine outpost at Con Thien, got his photos and came out alive. Now he flies into Khesanh, runs from the plane, which is being bombarded on the landing strip, and begins snapping a grim record of everyday terror and death. A C-130, machine-gunned while landing, skids the length of the runway and blows up. Duncan, running, braves the heat, the recurring explosions, and photographs live Marines pulling charred dead ones out of the blaze. A direct hit blows up part of the main ammo dump, leaving hundreds of scorched but unexploded artillery shells to be disposed of. Duncan photographs Marines gingerly handing scores of live, damaged shells down into a hole to be buried. An enemy rocket explodes fuel hoses that lead like fuses to the main gasoline dump. Marines fight the blaze; Duncan's cameras click. A single stray spark and they will all be instantly immolated. Duncan, at his age, knows the danger better than they do.

After nine days, Duncan flies out of Khesanh. In New York, he shepherds his pictures into *Life* magazine and onto ABC television. Then he turns around and flies back to Vietnam, back into the middle of bursting shells, terror and death. He might be photographing artsy scenery for *McCall's*, which once paid him $50,000 for some shots of Paris. But he chooses to go back into combat. Why?

"Death wish?" snorts Duncan. "I have no death wish. I have too much going for me. But it's the most important story of our time, perhaps in the entire history of our country."

Watch the ironworker fastening ribs to the skeleton of a skyscraper 30 or more stories above the street. His name is Edward Iannielli, Jr. Watch him, if you can stand to watch him, scamper across the void on an eight-inch beam, to get to a cup of coffee someone has sent up on an exposed dumb-waiter. Watch him scamper back across the eight-inch beam while studying the coffee carefully so as not to spill it. Listen to Eddie Iannielli talk.

"You're more of a crazy man up there at first, then it gets to be habit. You only focus on your feet, never on the ground. You have to have a sense of speed. You always start out on a beam at the same speed you're gonna finish. You can't change speeds in the middle. Of course, big beams you can walk out on with your eyes closed. You never start out on a beam unless you inwardly have said to yourself you can make it."

The son of an ironworker, Eddie once visited his father on a job, saw a ladder and climbed it, higher and higher: "Finally, I'm on the top, standing on this steel beam way up there, and I'm all alone and looking all around up there, looking out and seeing very far, and it was exciting; and as I stood there, all of a sudden I am thinking to myself, 'This is what I want to do!'" Eddie was then 13 or 14.

When he was an apprentice, climbing a ladder while balancing about 20 cups of coffee for the men, he fell backward two flights, landed on some canvas and got scalded and nearly drowned by the coffee. Working on the First National City Bank Building in New York, he fell into the void but landed on a beam three stories down and, though hurt, held on. The older workers told him he'd never live to see 30.

Working on the Verrazano-Narrows bridge approach, he got one finger crushed and another amputated—the surgeon removed the crushed finger but sewed the amputated one back on in a crooked position, so Eddie could use it to hold onto beams. One day, high on the bridge, he turned to find a buddy clinging to a wire, feet dangling into emptiness, voice pleading, "Help me, Eddie."

Eddie had a grip on the man's clothes but couldn't hold him. The man fell 350 feet to his death. Eddie watched him fall, naked back showing as the shirt flapped in the wind.

"I nearly got killed three times since the bridge," says Eddie. "Sure, I've been thinking about it. But I couldn't quit it. I love it too much. I wake up thinking today might be my last day. But that doesn't mean I'm going to stay in bed."

Watch the diver 140 miles east of Miami—and 432 feet below the surface of the sea. His name is Robert Stenuit. Inside the capsule that has taken him to the bottom, he takes a deep breath of pressurized gas, holds it and swims down into the water. Across from him in the gloom is the rubber house in which he will live for two days. Above him is 432 feet of water. Wearing only a swimsuit, holding his breath, he pauses to look straight up toward the sun he cannot see and to realize that, at that depth, if anything goes wrong, he will have no chance of reaching the surface—none.

So he swims over to the rubber house and climbs in. The gas in there tastes to him as fresh as mountain air. "What calm in this other world," he thinks. "What silence. What peace."

He hurries to connect the gear. His colleague, Jon Lindbergh, swims in. They find that their dehumidifying apparatus doesn't work. Their lights implode, spraying slivers of glass into the rubber walls. In dark and cold, they wrestle into place the four-foot aluminum cylinders that will purify their rubber house of the rapidly accumulating carbon dioxide. But one cylinder is flooded and the other has the wrong cover on it and is useless. They are panting from exertion and the carbon dioxide level in the rubber house is already dangerous.

So they wait while a new cylinder is sent down. When it comes, they wrestle it into the rubber house. They work frantically. At last they hear it working—gas rushes in the way it is supposed to. They are, momentarily, safe. That night, on the bottom of the sea, they eat corned beef, drink canned water and carrot juice. In the morning, they work outside on the bottom.

After 49 hours on the bottom—the longest deep dive ever—and four days decompressing, they come out into the sunlight again.

"Our successors," exults Stenuit, "will stay in the depths that long or longer. They will colonize the sea floor, cultivating its resources instead of pillaging them."

You are against nuts, you say, but you tend to be for war photographers, ironworkers and divers, if they don't take too many chances. You are for bravery, where it seems to pay off, though you are not entirely clear on what bravery is or how much pay-off is necessary. Maybe you would like to believe that the daredevils you approve of display a higher quality of bravery than the ones you don't, or that you can measure the meaning of risk in terms of the good it may do—for someone else. You are against the death wish, whatever that is. You think nobody has a right to risk his life very much. We have a lot of laws against suicide and that kind of thing.

So let us see what you think about certain athletes.

Watch the daredevil bullfighter, El Cordobés, in Madrid. His first bull of the day gores him three inches deep under the arm. He springs up, ignores both his own wound and the bull's horns and plays and kills it so skillfully that, in the general delirium, he is awarded both ears.

Ducking into the infirmary, he allows his armpit to be sewed up without any anesthetic, then hurries outside to face his second bull. This one hooks him at once. He springs to his feet, runs back to it and it spears him again, throws him, wheels and is on top of him. Its horn rips part of his costume off, he lies with his back bloody and exposed and the horn digs for him. His men drag him free and try to carry him off, but he breaks loose, scoops up his bloody cloth and gives the bull a hair-raising series of *molinetes*, passing the animal behind his back. His costume is half gone, he is covered with blood, his eyes are as glazed as a fanatic's and he is passing the bull again and again behind him.

People are screaming, "No, no, no!" A man near me is shouting, "Get him out of there. He doesn't know what he's doing." El Cordobés is being paid over $16,000 today to give us thrills, but such

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gemini

he was so taken with this beautiful, loving girl that he no longer brooded over the genetic twist of fate that had made him an identical twin

fiction By RAY RUSSELL EVERY TIME 81 people are born, two of them are twins. Some of these twins are identical. Like the twin I am. And my brother. We've been asked: *How does it feel to be a twin?* Or: *How does it feel to be twins?* By everyone we ever knew, anywhere, any time. We always had a standard answer: The same as anyone else, I guess. Sometimes, they'd be insistent: *But it must feel different.* We had a standard answer for that, too: No, for us it's natural. We think it's different *not* to be a twin. This made some of them angry: *You're just trying to be smart—most people aren't twins, and they're not the ones who are different, you are.* When we were

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF COHEN

together, they stared at us. They always stared at us. When we were very little, we liked that. Later, we hated it. Now they don't stare anymore, because we're never together anymore. We put space between us. Miles and miles of geography. We live in two different cities.

Who's older, you or him?

Me! I'm older! He was born at three in the afternoon and I was born ten minutes before three.

He was so glad to get rid of you, he shoved you out!

Or: *He was greedy even then. He wanted the whole place to himself.*

Some teachers thought it was funny to make mistakes with our names. Why not? It was always good for a laugh. *Now, let me see. How will I tell you apart? I can put you in the first row and your brother in the last row, but then I might forget who I put where, I mean whom I put where. Class, any suggestions?*

Teacher? Why doesn't one wear a scarf around his neck every day and the other doesn't, and that way we'd always know which is which.

Class, if you keep on laughing while someone is reciting, how do you expect me to hear that person recite?

We tried getting into different classes. It couldn't be done. Everything was alphabetical. Once, one mystical time, the class list actually split between our names.

But: *Oh, no. I'm sure you boys want to be together. I don't think anybody will skin me alive for putting one extra in a class this time.*

That time we took a stand. Right up to the principal.

But: *What's the matter with you fellows? Are you antisocial with each other or something?*

How do you explain to a principal that you'd like to be in a different class than your own God-given identical twin? Especially when they've already kindly stretched a rule to keep you together?

We did what we could. For instance, we never walked to school together.

So: *Where's your twin brother?*

We never walked home together.

So: *Why didn't you wait for him?*

Clothes. After a certain age, we never dressed alike. It was nice not to have to wait around while salespeople searched their stocks for two alike (imagine, in your own house, having to look for a mark in your own clothing). But that didn't work, either. There were arguments as to who should get which color when; and if I got red last time, I got blue this time. And: *What are you guys trying to do, be different? Who ever saw twins who weren't dressed alike?*

Or: *You guys could really work a racket. One of you stays home and the other answers the roll twice and she'll never know the difference, because there aren't two guys dressed alike anymore.*

Who hasn't lived for the first pair of long pants? But long pants made us more twins than we already were. My brother had this birthmark, sort of, above his right knee. I didn't. As long as we wore short pants, you could tell us apart. But when we got our first longies. . . .

How the heck do you expect us to tell you apart now?

Roll up your pants and prove it. Roll up the underwear, too.

Want me to get undressed in the street?

It's no fun being with someone when you don't know who it is.

And always, of course, there was: *Do it like your brother did it.* Or else: *Don't do it like your brother did it.*

We had the best luck with our friends. Our close friendships were with different people, we didn't share our friends; perhaps it was the only freedom, the only individuality we ever had. We never even heard the word "identity" until we were much older.

Well, what's past is prolog, they say.

End of prolog.

• • •

I met Joan at a party. She was a redhead, a natural redhead, I found out later, and she was very feminine, she glowed with femininity, and yet she had this almost masculine directness that I admired. I went to the party looking for someone like Joan. I've been looking for someone like Joan all my life, and there she was. It sounds corny when I say it, but from the first moment I saw her, I knew I would love her to the day I die.

She had these big green eyes in this pale, milk-white face, a real redhead sort of face, the skin so vulnerable one touch of the sun would burn it. And all this red, *red* hair, a mass of it, a wilderness of it, crashing down her shoulders like a waterfall of molten copper. Finely chiseled features, delicately modeled nostrils. Small bones. But, with all this delicacy, a refreshing, big, almost raucous laugh when she was genuinely amused. Not a phony girlish giggle. Not an inhibited titter. A big, loud laugh! I loved that.

I loved her.

And, what was really wonderful, she loved me. How lucky can a guy get? I ask you.

We liked a lot of the same things, which helped. For instance, we both liked Japanese food, hated Chinese food, and our first real "date" (funny, old-fashioned-sounding word) started with dinner in a Japanese restaurant. We shared dislikes, too, such as an aversion to strenuous sports, a tendency to physical laziness and mental alertness, and we both detested Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Antonioni and Utrillo; and when we knew each other better, we mutually confessed that, no matter how hard we tried, we were bored with Mozart.

We ate sashimi and teriyaki and drank sake.

We listened to Bach, Verdi, Mahler, Ellington.

We went to Kubrick movies and Lumet movies, and we avoided movies by Antonioni and by Losey.

We went for long drives, and those were the only occasions on which we had a minor difference of opinion: I liked to drive with the top down, but I had to close it because of the sun and what the sun does to redheads.

"You're the only man in the world I could ever love," she would say.

She would say, "I can't even remember what the others were like, it's so wonderful with you."

"Darling," she would say, "you're so different from other men. I didn't know it could be such fun just sitting and talking to someone."

"My wonderful, different darling," she would say.

And one day she said, "Tell me about your family."

"Not much to tell," I said. "My mother and father died years ago. I have a sister and three brothers who don't live here. One of them is my twin brother."

"Really? Your twin? Tell me about him."

"Nothing to tell. He lives there and I live here."

"There are really two of you?"

"Yes."

"Are you identical twins?"

"Yes, identical."

"That means you look exactly alike?"

"Well, it doesn't mean that, really; biologically, the word 'identical' simply means—but, yes, in our case, we look alike."

"Exactly alike?"

"Exactly alike."

"But that's so fascinating! And you never told me!"

"Why should I have told you? It's nothing."

"How marvelous! To be a twin! One half of a pair! Tell me, what does it *feel* like?"

"Look, honey, not from you. I've had that every day of my life, and I don't want it from you."

"I'm sorry, darling. It's just that I can't see how there can be two in this world as sweet as you are. You're not angry with me?"

"No. Of course not."

We dropped the subject.

That is, we dropped the subject, but I didn't; my own mind kept bringing up the subject. I kept hearing the voices of those kids at school, years before:

Here comes the Gold Dust Twins.

Mike and Ike, they look alike.

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"If there are no more finishing touches, I've got housework to do."

PARAMILITARY RIGHT *(continued from page 104)*

and that the paramilitary activists had even succeeded in infiltrating the state police. Hentel announced in the aftermath of the raids that for two years, an unnamed state policeman—one of three state troopers comprising a Minuteman "action squad"—had looted heavy weapons from armories for the organization and had tipped off Minuteman leaders on pending state and Federal investigations. According to Hentel, the trooper had also served as an organizer for the Minutemen and had recruited National Guardsmen as possible leaders of Minutemen cells. The three state policemen were subsequently cashiered, but no criminal action was taken against them.

The Minutemen arrested in the raids were drawn from a cross section of lower-middle-class America; in addition to the state troopers, there were a cabdriver, a gardener, a subway conductor, a fireman, a mechanic, a plasterer, a truck driver, a heavy-equipment operator, a draftsman, several small businessmen, a horse groom and two milkmen. Most were respectable family men in their late 20s or early 30s, known to their neighbors as solid, church-going pillars of the community—but they inhabited a world far removed from the P. T. A. and the Rotary Club. One of the milkmen, nicknamed "Nathan Hale" because of the inscription LIBERTY OR DEATH on the stock of one of his semiautomatic rifles, carefully stored highly volatile plastic bombs in the refrigerator. One of the leaders of the group, Jack Lynn Boyce of Katonah, New York, a former Madison Avenue copywriter and more recently a sophomore at Danbury State College in Connecticut, stockpiled his own private arsenal; in a six-A.M. raid on his home, police seized an undetermined number of bazookas, 10 machine guns, 3 mortars, several handguns, an antitank missile launcher, 12 walkie-talkie sets, a sawed-off shotgun, automatic rifles and a large quantity of ammunition. Outside Boyce's spacious two-story farmhouse, a Betsy Ross flag with 13 stars fluttered proudly in the breeze, and his porch door was flanked by two upright howitzers. Buried in the back of a hill behind his house was the neighborhood's only fallout shelter; Boyce was a regional Civil Defense officer. In his spare time, he sharpened his marksmanship by lobbing cans of peas from a modified mortar at cows grazing in a nearby pasture, while his brother, equipped with a walkie-talkie, served as forward artillery observer. Bemused neighbors recorded no direct hits. Another of the band, a Long Island gardener, held recruiting sessions for the Ku Klux Klan in his greenhouse; and one of the most dedicated members, a Reserve master sergeant in the Green Berets, taught unseasoned recruits the rudiments of jungle warfare in his back yard.

Despite appearances, this group was viewed by New York authorities as anything but ludicrous. "Kooks they are, harmless they're not," said one officer of the Bureau of Special Services, the undercover intelligence unit of the New York City police force. "It's only due to their own incompetence, and not any lack of motivation, that they haven't left a trail of corpses in their wake."

In the aftermath of the roundup, a high New York City official revealed to *The Washington Post* that if the orchestrated raids on the leftist camps had proved successful, the Minutemen's next move was to have been an assassination attempt on former CORE leader James Farmer, marked for death as a "top black Red." Hentel adds that during the raids, hundreds of copies of a forged pamphlet, purportedly issued by a black nationalist group, were discovered in the Bellmore, Long Island, home of Minuteman leader William Garrett. The leaflets —which Hentel characterized as part of a plot to foment racial violence—had been thrown from speeding cars in racially tense areas of Queens and Long Island, urging Negroes "to kill white devils and have the white women for our pleasure." Hentel feels that a racial conflict was only narrowly averted through the cooperation of local newspapers and radio stations, which clamped a news blackout on the incident. William H. Booth, chairman of the New York City Commission on Human Rights, contends that there was a "tie-in" between the Minutemen and rumored attacks on whites by Negroes that led to racial disturbances in the East New York, Bushwick, Lafayette, Bensonhurst-Gravesend and South Ozone Park areas of the city in 1966.

The raids put a temporary crimp in Minuteman plans, but they failed to break the back of the organization, even in the New York/New England area. In June 1967, five New York City Minutemen organized an assassination attempt against Herbert Aptheker, director of the American Institute of Marxist Studies and a member of the national committee of the U. S. Communist Party, whose Brooklyn campaign headquarters had already been the target of an abortive Minuteman fire-bombing. The conspirators this time planted a homemade pipe bomb on the roof of the Allerton Community and Social Center in the Bronx, directly above an upstairs room where Aptheker was scheduled to address an audience on Marxist dialectics. Due to a defective timing mechanism, the bomb exploded after the meeting, shattering a skylight above the speaker's stand and causing considerable damage to the empty auditorium. The Minutemen plotters were swiftly apprehended and their leader was sentenced to two years in prison; his four codefendants—one of them the owner of a Bronx sporting-goods shop —were let off with lighter sentences.

The six Minutemen who launched a second attack on the pacifist encampment at Voluntown late last summer fared no better. Once again, FBI infiltrators in their ranks had tipped off local authorities—but this time the warning almost came too late. State troopers, alerted by Federal agents to the impending raid, had stationed themselves in force at the entrance to the 40-acre farm two miles north on Route 165, but the Minutemen slipped through the cordon and surprised two women residents of the camp outside the main farmhouse. (None of the pacifists had been apprised by police of their danger.) According to one of the women, the six masked Minutemen, dressed in combat fatigues and carrying rifles with fixed bayonets, "spoke quietly, moved quietly and seemed very self-assured." The Minutemen shoved the women inside the farmhouse, bound them securely and taped their eyes and mouths, before setting forth to ransack the ground floor.

The scenario was abruptly interrupted by the belated arrival of the state troopers. The Minutemen opened fire and a brief gun battle ensued before they threw down their weapons and surrendered. Six people were shot in the melee —one state trooper, four raiders and one of the women residents, who was wounded in the hip when a trooper's shotgun discharged as he side-stepped a Minuteman's bayonet thrust. The six men were charged with conspiracy to commit arson and assault with intent to kill. One of them was identified as chairman of his home town's Wallace for President organization; another served as cochairman of the Wallace campaign in Norwich, Connecticut.

Minuteman chief DePugh invariably denies responsibility for such terrorist raids and claims they are carried out by local leaders without his approval. But in recent years, DePugh has encountered his own share of difficulties with the law. He was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for violations between May 1963 and August 1966 of the National Firearms Act, which makes it illegal to possess unregistered automatic weapons; he is appealing the conviction. And on March 4, 1968, a Federal Grand Jury in Seattle indicted DePugh and his chief aide, Walter Patrick Peyson, on charges of masterminding a conspiracy to dynamite the police and power stations in Redmond, Washington, as a diversionary tactic preparatory to robbing the town's three banks—all part of a bizarre plan to swell Minuteman coffers in the tradition of the early Bolshevik terrorists. Redmond's

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PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS

Gyroscopic binoculars can be used at 10 or 20 power; image is stabilized despite holder's erratic motion, by Mark Systems, $4500.

Gut-strung tennis rackets in brass over steel, $60, and all steel, $52, both by Tensor.

Circraft fiberglass hydroplane that's steered by body English, from Hana, $550, is shown with a 20-hp outboard, by Kiekhaefer Mercury, $480.

Elmo Super 104 movie camera accepts all standard super-8 film cartridges, has 8.5mm to 34mm zoom lens, by Honeywell, $169.50.

Studio II battery-powered headphone set houses an FM radio, by Panasonic, $99.95.

Maverick, a peppy six-cylinder newcomer to the small-car market, sports a 105-hp engine, comes with three-speed manual gearbox or optional semiautomatic or Cruise-O-Matic transmission, by Ford, about $2000.

Eternal Calendar comes with blocks that are turned to correct date, from Edwin Jay, $5.

Swinger portable typewriter comes with a transistor radio mounted in the carrying case, earphone jack, by Royal, $69.95.

Smokeless and spatterproof vertical broiler with dual heating elements, by Presto, $30.

Swiss-made watch with 17-jewel movement has a nylon sail-line band, from Destino, $40.

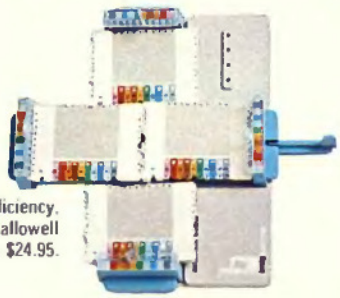
Booze Buoy plastic floating bar comes with glasses, ice bucket and metal stand (not shown), by Red Coat, $129.95.

Sea-Doo propellerless jet-stream aqua-scooter that's powered by an air-cooled engine, will do up to 25 mph, operates in a minimum of three inches of water, by Bombardier, $995.

Bookshelf miniature railroad from West Germany includes cars, locomotive and oval track, from Rockefeller Industries, $33.

Solid-state AM/FM clock radio with five-inch speaker, by Arvin, $64.95.

Acetate golf umbrella houses a glass flask for a linksman's favorite beverage, from Rigaud, $10.



Bridgeveryone game can be used by bridge players at all levels of proficiency, by Robert H. Hallowell Industries, $24.95.

Taperflex psychedelic slalom water ski of redwood has hard-gloss Melamine coating, from Superior Sports Specialties, $79.95.

Gerald McCabe–designed glass and steel 20-inch cube table, by Eon, about $160.

Electric clock with rotating decorative sundial, from Ted Arnold Ltd., $27.50.

Groove Tube solid-state portable TV with seven-inch screen operates on A.C., 12-volt system or optional battery pack, by Emerson, $125.

Super-8 and 8mm silent and sound reprints of Hollywood film classics, from Sears, Roebuck, ranging from $5 to $100.

Honda Mini Trail motorcycle that's designed for off-the-road roughriding features a three-speed transmission, telescopic front suspension and large knobby tires, folds to fit in trunk of car, by American Honda Motor Co., about $250.

Psychedelic strobe light puts out one to fifteen flashes per second, by Polymedia Group, $125.

Switch-Able sunglasses come with four pairs of interchangeable lenses, by Rayex, $5.

Board Chairman, a chessboard-topped walnut record cabinet filled with tins of caviar, pheasant pâté, smoked trout, etc., from S. S. Pierce, $100.

Cotton robe that's ideal for late-evening lounging, from Alexander Shields, $50.

RISK TAKERS *(continued from page 142)*

insane bravery as this is not pretty to watch. "Get him out of there," we scream.

At last the fearful passes end. He kills the bull with a stroke. Now we cheer ourselves hoarse for him and award him an ear. Men jump down to parade him out the main gate on their shoulders.

Watch the daredevil racing driver, Jackie Stewart, on the 14-mile, 175-curve Nürburgring. Listen to his reaction to the Fuchsröhre, a windy downhill plunge into a dip, then a steep uphill climb into a sharp left-hand turn, followed by a right, a left and another right.

Stewart says: "The first time you go down that hill, you're in fourth gear, and you decide you should be able to make it in sixth gear flat out. So the next time around, that's what you try: you go downhill in sixth gear at a hundred and sixty-three miles an hour, switching back and forth from one side of the road to the other, the trees and hedges going by. You can't see anything but greenery and you think: 'Christ, I'm going too fast. It's bloody terrifying.' You think: 'I'm not going to have enough time to do everything.' In the dip at the bottom of the hill, the g forces are tremendous; you're squashed down in your seat, the suspension isn't working and you realize you can't control the car anymore. You think: 'It is going to take its own line up the hill, whatever that line may be.' You can't get your foot off the accelerator onto the brake accurately—you only get a corner of it, and the car is going up the hill like on tram tracks. You're struggling to steer it and, at the same time, you're trying to come down two gears and get it slowed enough for the left-hander, and then there is a right, left, right coming—I tell you, it's bloody terrifying.

"But the second time you do it, your mind and body are synchronized to the elements you're competing against, and it is all clear to you, like in slow motion.

"It won't terrify you again until next year, when there will have been some improvements to the car and tires, and you go down there a little bit faster."

Or watch the daredevil mountain climber, Walter Bonatti, the Superman of the Alps, whose specialty is climbing sheer north faces in winter—alone. See him on the north face of the Matterhorn, climbing without gloves for a better grip, while the helicopters and light planes buzz about him all day. Every year or so up to now, he has made one of these fantastic climbs, selling his story and photos in advance to various European magazines. Every climb is much the same. Leaving his 70 pounds of gear behind, he climbs a little way up some sheer rock wall, hammering in *pitons*. Then he climbs down to get his gear and climbs up again, removing the *pitons* as he goes, for he will need the same *pitons* again higher up.

Each night, he hooks his sleeping sack to *pitons* planted more or less solidly in a fissure in the rock, curls himself into it in a fetal position, lights his spirit heater on his knees and cooks himself some bouillon or tea out of chunks of ice broken off the wall. He eats some dried chamois meat and some nougat candy. Then he hangs there all night, trying to sleep but kept awake, usually, by cold and terror.

Meanwhile, back in their warm, safe homes, Europeans watch that day's part of the climb on television, thank God they are not Walter Bonatti and ask themselves what the hell he is doing up there alone.

He has been up there as long as seven days in the past. The Matterhorn climb takes only four. There is a huge cross atop the Matterhorn, raised there long ago by climbers who came up the easy way; and on the final afternoon, Bonatti at last spies the cross, with a halo of setting sun behind it. The cross seems incandescent and miraculous all at once, and Bonatti feels blinded. He climbs the final meters between himself and safety and approaches the cross with open arms. When he feels it against his chest, he embraces it, falls on his knees and begins to weep.

Do these people have a vision of life that is denied to most of us? Or are they all crazy? And what about the lives of spectators killed by stray racing cars or rescuers killed trying to get climbers off mountain walls? We also don't want to pay for any of the risk taking via tax dollars. When a guy puts to sea in a ten-foot canoe, we don't want the Coast Guard going after him on our money. Should they be stopped? I don't know how you can stop most of them: you can't put police lines around every mountain or every sea. But would you want to stop them, if you could?

And let's look at this so-called death wish. Is there such a thing and, if so, is it everywhere and always deplorable? Or do we merely paste an easy label (because we do not understand) on what is really something else: courage, ambition and technique of such awesome perfection that it removes most of the danger we, from a distance, think is there? Is it possible, most of the time, that most of these people are safer than you and I are walking to work? Is it further possible that they have a perfect right, regardless of society's approval or disapproval, to risk their lives as much as they please? Is it also possible that you and I have an absolute need of such men around us, the useless as much as the useful, those who get away with it as much as those who, misjudging the length of the rope, regale us with brains upon the floor?

Let us look more closely.

You ask what kind of men are these who regularly choose to risk their lives. A few of the ones I have known appear to be what the world calls weirdos. I think José Meiffret, the speed cyclist, is a bit strange, and I think this principally because his insanely dangerous record attempts are worth nothing to anyone else and nothing to him commercially. He does it strictly for glory: "At such speeds, I belong no longer to the earth and not yet to death. At such speeds I am—me!" Meiffret, small, poor, stepped on all his life, suddenly found a way to make people take notice. In the windbreak, crossing into the measured kilometer at 127 miles per hour, he says his head was filled with only one thought: "Twenty seconds more and the *record* is mine anew. The record will be my revenge on life, revenge on the misery I have suffered." To get to that moment, he practiced strict chastity, slept on a board, ate only health foods. He had written hundreds of letters, trying to line up backers and cooperation and he had spent every sou he owned. His life was not important to him, compared with the *record*.

I think Donald Campbell, the former land- and water-speed record holder, was a bit strange. Campbell had all sorts of fetishes and superstitions and also believed he could communicate with the dead. Just before setting his final record, as he sat in his cockpit quivering with fear, his face suddenly went calm, and in a moment, he rocketed safely down the run at 403 miles per hour. He explained that his dead father's face had appeared to him, reflected in the windscreen, his dead father's voice had assured him he would be safe.

Other racing drivers claimed Campbell reeked of death. Stirling Moss once told me he was absolutely certain Campbell would shortly kill himself. Moss was right. Campbell's boat blew up as he tried for the water speed record.

And talking to Florida-based Kurt Severin about snakes and about fear is certainly an unsettling experience. "I don't know fear," he says. "It is one thing I am not acquainted with. I get an uncomfortable feeling at times, but it is not fear." Was he not frightened with the anaconda coiled around him? "No. There were three people around to get it off me. I only wanted to have a picture of myself with the anaconda to send to my wife."

Severin has been in the water with sharks and with crocodiles. He has been in three wars and about 20 revolutions. He claims to have been the first

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PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO MUTUAL FUNDS

article **By MICHAEL LAURENCE**

THE MUTUAL-FUND business came of age last summer when a New York industrialist purchased $7,000,000 in mutual-fund shares. This transaction (which, incidentally, generated about $75,000 in commissions for a happy Long Island fund salesman) epitomized a trend that Wall Street insiders had already noted: Big money, not just small change, is flowing into mutual funds. When very rich people make an investment, the rest of us should take notice.

Traditionally, mutual funds have been the bailiwick of the less-than-wealthy, and the vast majority of fund investors are still relatively unrich. At last count, 4,500,000 Americans—with an average annual income of $11,000—owned some 9,000,000 fund accounts. The value of the average account is somewhere between $4000 and $6500, but the size increases almost every year, which presumably means that the typical fund holder is prospering. And well he ought to be. Today, mutual funds are worth more than ever before; new funds are cropping up at the fastest rate in a generation; funds are attracting more investors than ever before and, in some cases, making money for their shareholders at a rate that wasn't thought possible a few years ago. So much is going on in the mutual-fund game these days that virtually every investor—current or prospective—should know the ground rules. He may want to play—for fun as well as profit.

Mutual funds are companies that specialize in investing other people's money. They are managed by professionals who supposedly know a great deal about the stock market. They use the pooled cash of many investors to purchase a broad array of stocks, bonds and the like. The individuals who provide the money own the fund's shares, having purchased them through their stockbroker, through a mutual-fund salesman or directly from the fund itself. Each share represents a fraction of all the securities that the fund owns, so that the share owners benefit from a widely diversified investment portfolio. The theory here is that diversification, by spreading the proverbial eggs among many baskets, lessens the risk of having them all broken. Professional management provides top-notch market expertise, and diversification adds an element of safety because the fund managers are prevented by law from blowing all the fund's assets on one hot tip. The Securities and Exchange Commission requires that funds have no more than five percent of their assets in any one stock—which, for all practical purposes, means that funds invest in a minimum of 30 or 40 situations simultaneously. If such caution were forced on individual investors, they would probably profit from it.

While it might be profitable, they probably couldn't afford it. For an individual to invest his relatively small stake in so many stocks would run up a fortune in stockbroker fees. At the brokerage house, every different stock you buy is counted as a separate purchase, and commissions are assessed on each purchase. Brokerage fees, in fact, are a sort of inverted income tax: The larger your purchase (i.e., the wealthier you are), the lower your bracket. Not only does the broker's percentage grow as purchases get smaller but there's a minimum charge of around $5 per $100 transaction. To spread $1000 among 30 stocks would thus run up substantial commissions. Mutual funds, by combining the money of many investors, get to buy stocks at rich people's rates: The commission on a large stock

for those who know little about the stock market—and don't have time to learn—owning shares in an investment company can prove an enriching and challenging experience

transaction can be as low as one fifth of one percent.

Of course, professional management and diversification both have their drawbacks. Professional investors, even if they are paid six-figure salaries for devoting their waking hours to tedious corporate reports, are not necessarily better investors than anyone else. And to the extent that diversification reduces risk, it also lessens the chances of large profit. But professional investors do, in the aggregate, perform better than amateurs; and the people who invest in mutual funds, in the aggregate, are not out to make a killing. They just want to see their money grow: slowly, perhaps, but steadily and in relative safety, year after year. For this type of person, mutual funds over the years have proved an excellent investment. For the man who couldn't care less about the intricacies of high finance but still appreciates wealth and all the freedom it implies, mutual funds may be the best investment of all. And even the market-wise young pro, confident he can run a few thousand into a small fortune without the aid of outside assistance, might do well to sink a small portion of his hard-earned speculative profits into a well-chosen fund; it won't provide him many thrills, but neither will it break him.

Until a few years ago, a strong recommendation for mutual-fund investment was its convenience. There were so many stocks that the chap who was unwilling to spend more than five minutes each Sunday with the financial pages couldn't hope to make an intelligent choice. Investing in a mutual fund, on the other hand, was a paragon of simplicity. All one had to do was fill out a coupon in a magazine or newspaper and a salesman would soon be calling to talk about the fund he represented. Often it wasn't even necessary to fill out the coupon. Especially for the youngish investor—or anyone else seeking large but relatively distant gains—the funds were all vaguely similar, making the decision even easier. You just bought one and forgot about it.

But nowadays, picking a fund seems almost as difficult as selecting a first-class stock. In fact, the number of funds is increasing faster than the number of listed stocks. In 1968, owing mainly to the astonishing rate of corporate disappearance through mergers, the number of different shares available on the New York Stock Exchange actually diminished. Mutual funds, which are not sold on the stock exchanges, increased in number by about 100. Fund assets have multiplied a hundredfold since 1940 and now total some 53 billion dollars. Within the past decade, the number of mutual funds has almost doubled; there are now over 500 active and readily available funds, which means that the investor's choice is anything but limited.

There's a fund for doctors and dentists (Pro Fund); for farmers (Farm Bureau Mutual Fund); for teachers (N. E. A. Mutual Fund); for airline pilots (Contrails Growth Fund); and even for cemetery owners (Cemetery Care Investment Fund). There are funds that invest only in other funds (Pooled Funds, and First Multifund of America) and funds that invest only in specific industries. Oceanographic Fund and Ocean Technology Fund, for example, are pledged to invest almost exclusively underwater; International Investors, among others, keeps a fixed percentage of its assets in gold-mining stocks; Life & Growth Stock Fund offers a portfolio of growth stocks and life-insurance companies; Century Shares Trust concentrates on insurance and bank stocks; and Conglomerate Fund of America and Convertible Securities Fund concentrate on —you guessed it—corporate conglomerates and convertible bonds. Corporate Leaders Trust holds only the biggest and best-known companies, making it similar to Founders Mutual Fund, which is rather arrogantly pledged to "full investment at all times in 40 common stocks selected because of dominance in their own industrial classification." There's a fund that specializes in the sophisticated investment technique called arbitrage (First Prudential Arbitrage Fund), a fund open only to $20,000-a-year-and-over employees of General Electric (it's called Elfun Trust and has 10,000 shareholders); and there's even a fund for German subscribers to *The Reader's Digest*. Since this is available *only* in Germany, American *Digest* fans might want to investigate Vanderbilt Mutual Fund, which "does not invest in liquor, tobacco or drug stocks"—or Provident Fund for Income, which "does not invest in liquor, tobacco, gambling, drug or foreign securities." Mates Fund, the top performer for most of 1968, shuns tobacco and booze, and also avoids firms in any way connected with the munitions industry; it may or may not be significant that the fund found itself in grave financial trouble around the end of the year and was forced to curtail operations. Followers of Jeremy Bentham's economics will be delighted to see the free-enterprise ideal apotheosized in Competitive Capital Fund, which pits five managers in an intramural battle for investment performance; the fund is barely a year old and already one underachieving management team has been thrown out of the ring. Among the 175-odd funds awaiting SEC clearance at this writing was one that would enjoy all the usual fund prerogatives, as well as the ability to buy controlling interest in other businesses, to develop real estate and to speculate in commodities. And yet another fund now in registration plans to concentrate solely on companies in the environs of Rochester, New York.

Besides the bewildering array of mutual funds, each fund offers a variety of ways in which the investor can purchase it, an equally perplexing number of tricks to be played with the profits whenever they arrive, and a surprisingly broad spectrum of charges that the investor must pay for the privilege of getting into the fund in the first place, for supporting those professional managers year after year and—in some cases—for ultimately getting out. The annual management charge and the getting-out cost are not terribly significant to the small investor (in the mutual-fund dictionary, that's anyone with under $10,000 invested), but the entry fees—which consist largely of salesmen's commissions—can be formidable. Most funds charge an initiation fee amounting to 9.3 percent of your investment; some charge less (between one and eight percent) and around 60 funds charge nothing at all. (Examples will be discussed later.) The funds that charge no fee have no salesmen to pay; this makes them all the more attractive to the investor who likes to make his own decisions; but it also means that these self-service funds are more difficult to learn about, though often it's worth the extra effort.

To invest in a fund, you can simply put up as much cash as you care to (though most funds demand a minimum); you can put up some money and declare your intention to pay more within a relatively short time; or you can sign a contract committing yourself to fixed payments over a much longer period, perhaps five or ten years, sometimes with the fillip of an elaborate insurance program to assure that the money will be there even if you are not. There are a few people for whom such contractual agreements may be a good bet, but most investors would do well to avoid them. The funds themselves like to emphasize that the future is unpredictable, and such contract plans will penalize the investor if, when the time comes, he doesn't care to fulfill his commitments. And no matter what the funds say, no investor should sign a mutual-fund purchase contract in which most of the salesman's commissions for the entire term of the contract will be extracted from the first year's payments. In such arrangements, about half the first year's "investment" goes not into stocks but into a salesman's pocket; the SEC—with some justification—is trying to make such deals illegal.

If this range of choices doesn't seem wide enough, there's also a broad panoply of fundlike institutions—discussed in detail later—that serve the same general purposes but can't call themselves mutual funds because they are differently constituted; unlike mutual funds, these are sold on the stock exchanges, just like

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everything was changing so fast, you had to be a real phony to keep up

fiction By FRANK M. ROBINSON

A LIFE IN THE DAY OF

IT WAS GOING TO BE A GREAT PARTY, Jeff thought, inspecting himself in the bathroom mirror, even if it had been a pain in the ass to get ready for. He'd had his sideburns professionally trimmed, but the mustache and beard he'd had to do himself, shaping the beard carefully so it curled under just *so* and working on the mustache literally hair by hair, to get it to lie right. But the effect was worth it—far *out*, but not too far.

He smiled at the mirror and his image smiled back: long brown hair falling to his shoulders, with the bangs over his forehead curling away just above the eyebrows, blue eyes shining, teeth even and white, skin a smooth healthy tan —say what you wanted to about WASPs, man, but they weren't hard to look at. He smiled again and the smile caught him and he tried a few other expressions. The Sincere look, which could move mountains or, at least, a chick from the living room into the bedroom; the youthful Anything Is Possible If You Only Believe look; the Help Me! look, for the older creeps; and, finally, the turn-off one of Irritated Uninterest. Not bad, not bad at all.

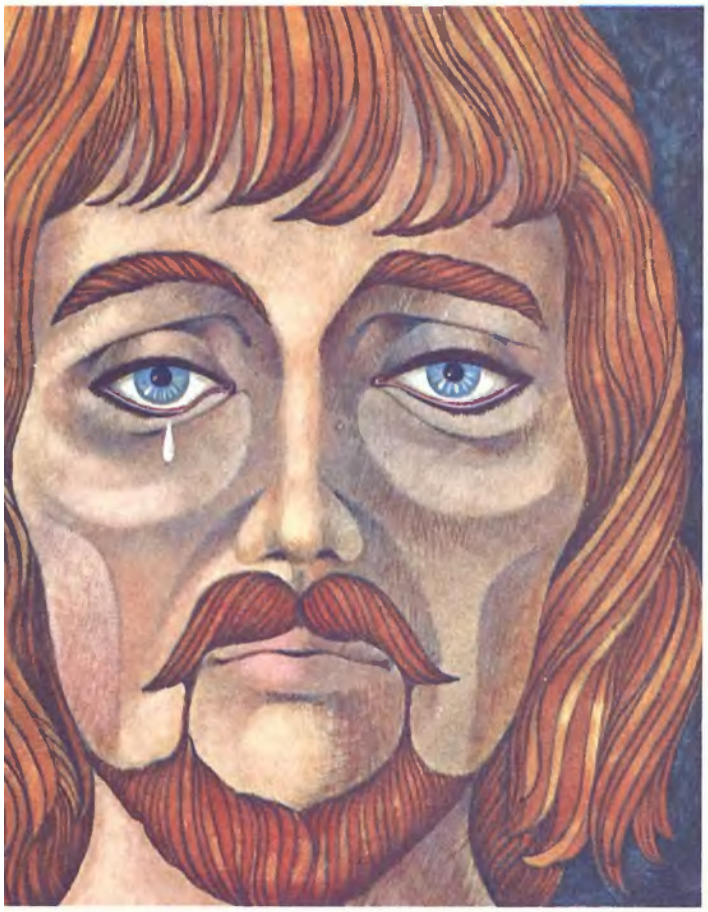
One last smile and he shook his head in pleased amazement. *Damn*, he was a good-looking bastard! God bless genetics or whatever.

He stepped back from the mirror and smoothed his togalike garment, carefully draped over his left shoulder and caught just above the ankle. *Great, just great!* He'd picked it up from the Hare Krishna people, but in another month or so it'd be the "in" thing, *his* thing. He splashed a little lime lotion on his face, flashed a congratulatory look

at the mirror, then padded into the living room for a final check.

The stereo had been programed for early Glenn Miller at the start—good for mood music as well as a laugh—then an old Beatles tape, plus some country rock around midnight, when everybody was stoned out of his gourd on grass or wine, and to finish up with some harpsichord tracks when people wanted to make out.

Chips and dip, salami and cheese on the coffee table under the Saran Wrap (risky, but a great ploy—"It's just to remind us, man"—and *he* could get away with it). The new *Barb*, an old copy of *Crawdaddy* and especially Tuesday's issue of the *Times*. The one with the photograph showing him clutching his STUDENTS FOR FREEDOM sign just before the pigs waded in. The photographer had caught him just right—nobody could look at it without feeling for him—but he liked the caption even better. "*Youth in anguish.*" Youthful innocence, the hope of tomorrow (all summed up in himself) being crushed by the fascist state. What was the name of the kid who had really been hit? The ugly kid with glasses? He couldn't remember, but it really didn't matter.



And then the front-door buzzer was blasting away and he straightened up, smoothed the wrinkles from his toga and let The Smile flood his face like light from the morning sun.

By ten o'clock, the party was going full blast, the stereo blaring, couples sprawling out on the rugs and couches, people rapping in little groups, a few huddling in corners, turning on—only God knew who had brought what, but there were a lot of glazed looks floating around. Politically, it was pretty well balanced. A few old-line activists, but mostly second echelon, all of whom had seen the *Times* and really fell out when he flashed on them. Some over-30s, but that only made for contrast, so what the hell.

And then a chick was plastered up against him and it took him a second to place her. How long had it been since he had done a number with Sue? Jesus, she had been forgettable. He wondered who she had come with; he sure as hell hadn't invited her.

"It's a great party, Jeff, really great," she breathed, and he felt like telling her to go brush her teeth. There was a brief lull in the music and for a moment, the background noises came crashing through—cubes tinkling in glasses, a chick giggling, some kid coughing, who hadn't been able to hold in the smoke, the overloud talking of people not yet adjusted to the sudden silence.

There had been a sticky moment earlier in the evening, when an older type had shown up, with a guitar yet; there was nothing for it but to accompany the square on a battered 12-string Jeff kept hidden in the closet, then do a solo number before flashing a smile and saying, "This is a party, not a performance," and turning the stereo back on. Mr. Guitar Man was pretty well out of it by then and was now sitting on the big beat-up couch by the window, staring moodily out at the night.

". . . Been so long," Sue was saying, trying to sock it in. He was only half aware of her; all he wanted to do was get away, get a drink and rap with the little blonde in the living room who had been so awed by him earlier.

Accusingly: "You're not listening!"

Oh, God. . . . He peeled her hand off his shoulder and felt her stiffen. The light from the kitchen was pale, but he could make out the faint veins pulsing in her neck and the fine network of lines starting to firm up around her eyes. "I'm sorry, Sue, you were saying something?" Messy bit, but if he didn't let her know the score, somebody else would—you get to be 25, man, you're a stone drag. Then he had pulled loose, mumbling a bland " 'Scuse, Sue, gotta fill my cup," and she fled past him into the living room, to fold up on the couch next to Mr. Guitar Man. Maybe they deserved each other, he thought. *American Gothic*, up to date.

And then he had refilled his paper cup from the jug of rosé on the coffee table and the party was picking up again and it was great, just great.

"Gee, Mr. Beall, I saw your picture in the *Times* with the pig clubbing you."

A freshman, the warm wine sweat glistening on his smooth cheeks—Jeff had seen him hanging around the edges of the sit-in at the Poly Sci lecture hall. "It didn't hurt—the pigs are all queer, they don't hit too hard."

"It must've been a really inside trip," the kid said sympathetically, then drifted off, while Jeff frowned after him and wondered uneasily just what the hell the kid had meant to say, and reflected, but only for a moment, how great it would be to be 17 again. Then he started sipping at the wine and let the conversations in the room close over him like soapy water over dishes in a sink.

". . . *The synthetics are really a bummer.* . . ."

". . . *Trustees are out to kill the third world.* . . ."

". . . *Sure, but Dylan copped out, man.* . . ."

". . . *Soul food, that's an issue.* . . ."

"Fuck the establishment," Jeff said amiably to nobody in particular, then ducked into the kitchen for a refill on the salami. The blonde was in a corner with a short-haired squeaky-clean wearing a Nehru jacket and beads—the poor slob had been stuck with hand-me-downs. He was also very stoned and the chick looked like she badly needed rescuing.

He picked up a couple of plates of lunch meat and said, "Hey, chickie, how about a hand?" and she slipped away and flashed him a grateful smile. She was maybe 17, with waistlong hair and green eyes—she *definitely* made the other chicks at the party look like old hags.

"Look, man, she came with me, she's mine!"

The Level, Reserved look, eyes slightly narrowed. "You some sort of reactionary, man? You don't own *any*body!" And then he had shoved the chick into the living room and he was dumping the plates onto the table. Somebody offered him a joint and he took a toke and passed the roach on to the girl. Always take a puff for social standing, but never get stoned; too easy to let down the old guard.

The girl was looking up at him big-eyed and he nodded to himself; she was *the* one, all *(continued on page 212)*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE SZAFRAN

satire By ROBERT CAROLA

WORD PLAY

more fun and games with the king's english in which words become delightfully self-descriptive

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ATTENTION

magnify BOOBS

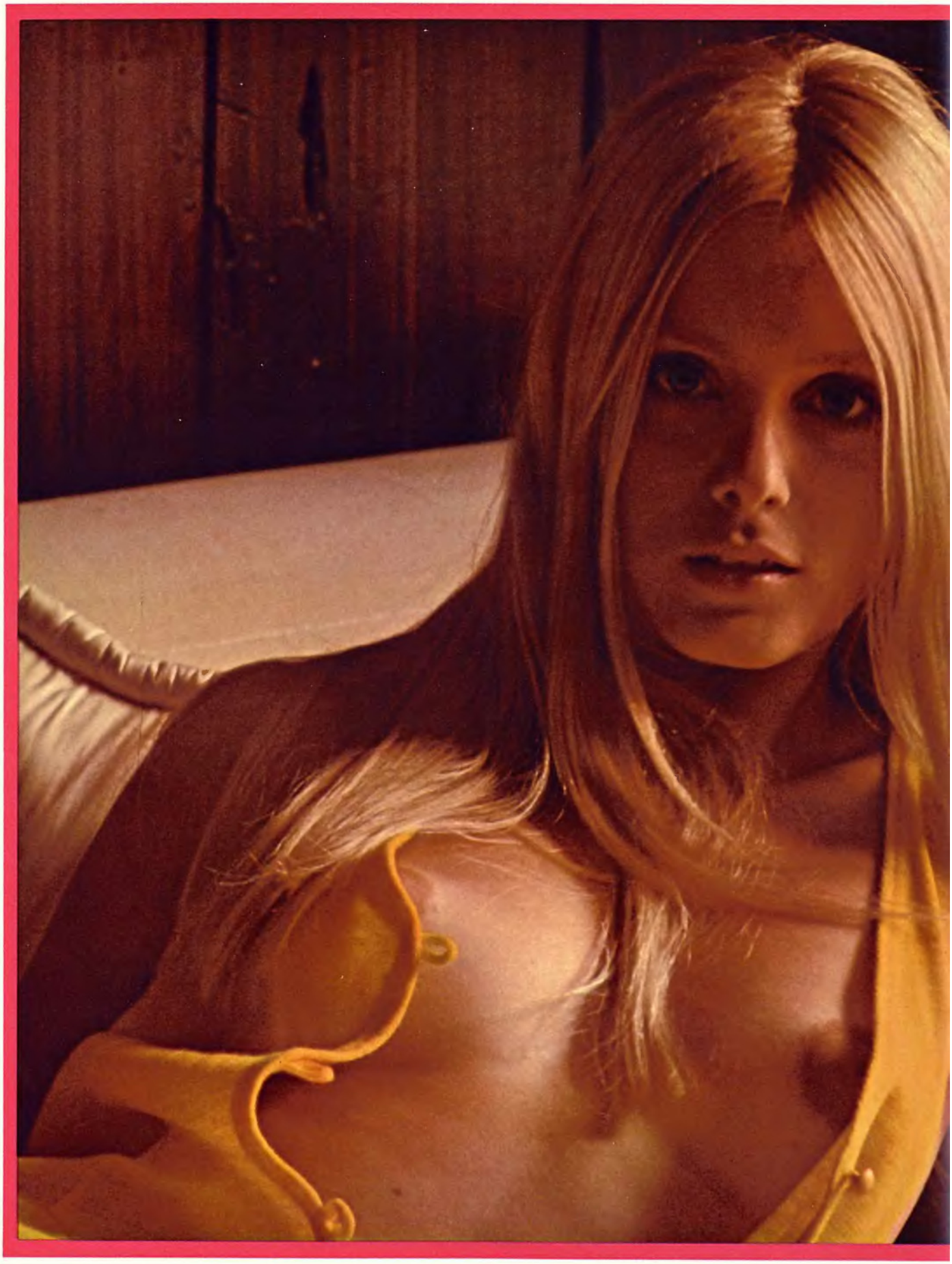
GARGLE

STOWAWAY

RABBIT DETONATE

detached

millionaire

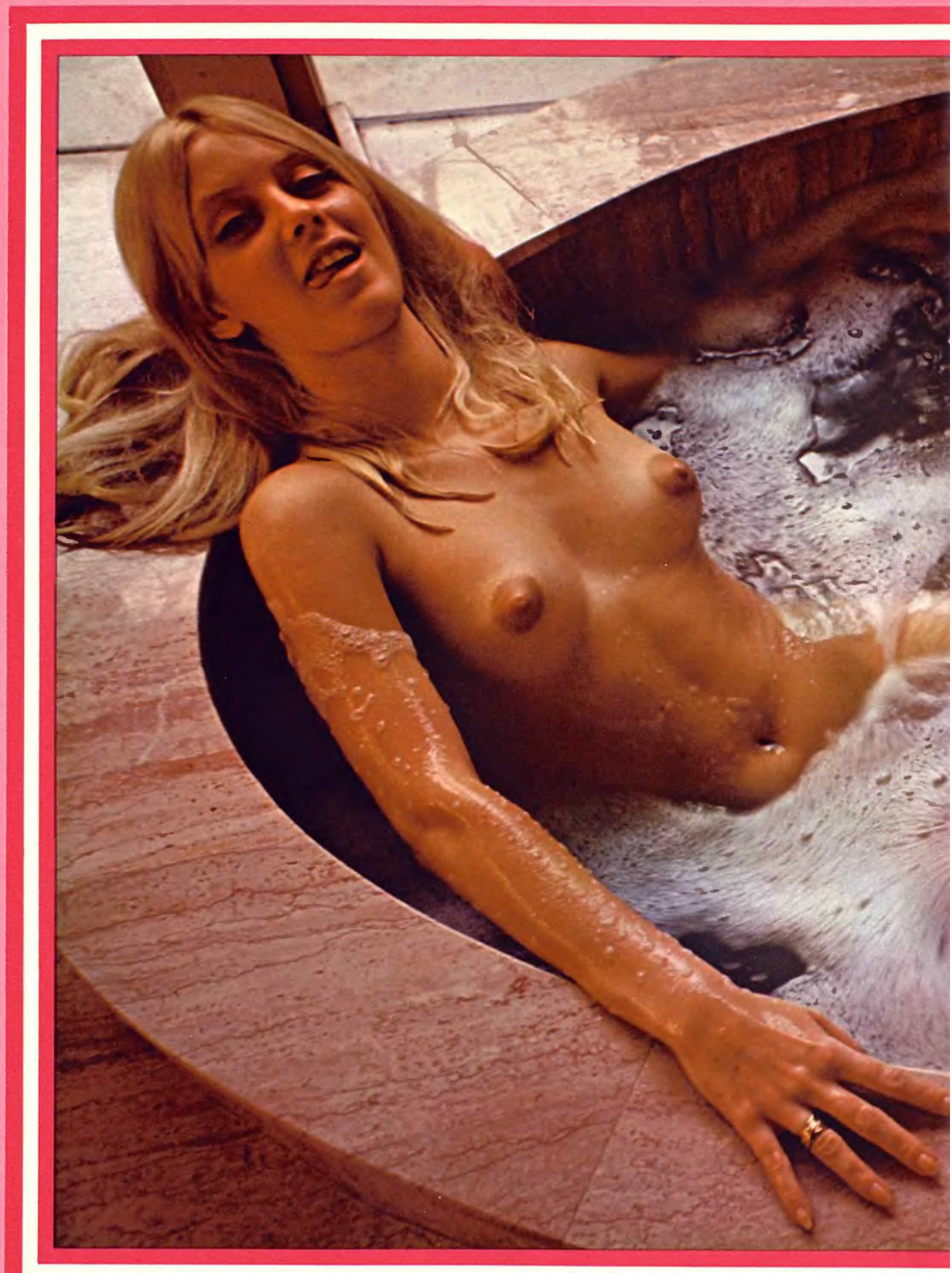


PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

JANUARY'S CURVACEOUS CONNIE KRESKI, WELL ON HER WAY TO CINEMATIC STARDOM, NOW REIGNS AS THE PREMIER GATEFOLD GIRL OF THE PAST TWELVEMONTH

BEAUTY AND TALENT, particularly of the cinematic variety, abounded among 1968's delightful dozen Playmates. But editors unanimously concurred that our first was also foremost and hailed January's Connie Kreski as undisputed Playmate of the Year. Her ingenuous freshness and femininity, so apparent in PLAYBOY's photographic uncoverage, was immediately recognized by England's Anthony Newley as well. The actor-author-producer-director literally bumped into her in the elevator of our London Club a little more than a year ago; he screen-tested her the next day and signed her within the week for a title role in *Can Heironymus Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?*—the Freud- and fun-filled fantasy previewed in PLAYBOY last March. Connie remained in London after her debut before the cameras on the island of Malta. "I should have been born in London," says 1968's choicest centerfold. "I love the people and especially the feeling of openness and space. There's grass all *(text continued on page 160)*

"CIRCUMSTANCES HAVE PUSHED ME INTO ACTING NOW AND I LOVE IT," CONNIE TELLS US. HER NEW PLAYMATE PINK SHELBY GT 500 SHOULD PROVIDE ATTENTION-GETTING TRANSPORTATION TO AND FROM THE UNIVERSAL SOUND STAGES.



"THE BEST PART OF FILM WORK IS MEETING REALLY CREATIVE PEOPLE," CONNIE SAYS, RELAXING BEFORE A STUDIO CALL.

"BEING A PLAYMATE, BEGINNING AN ACTING CAREER AND NOW GETTING ELECTED PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—IT'S ALL HAPPENED SO QUICKLY THAT IT DOESN'T SEEM REAL TO ME," CONNIE SAYS. "WITH ALL THOSE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN COMPETITION, I FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE." CONSIDERING MISS KRESKI'S MANIFEST ASSETS, HER SUCCESS SEEMS NOT ONLY BELIEVABLE BUT INEVITABLE.

over the city. It's so much prettier than Detroit, my home town." Connie's favorite relaxation in the capital of Mods and miniskirts was predictably pedestrian—walking in Hyde Park with her two Pekingese, Emil and Fang ("When somebody knocks on the door, Fang hides under the bed"). Now back in the States under contract to Universal, she is improving her acting skills through intensive study with the studio's excellent drama coach, Vince Chase. "I guess I'll be playing teenagers for quite a while," says Connie. "I look about fourteen in most shots, but that's fine with me, because I know I can handle little-girl roles. Of course, I hope to get good enough soon to try my hand at more demanding parts." Despite her sudden immersion into the film industry, she hasn't forsaken the live-for-today philosophy she espoused 18 months ago in her Playmate premiere. To guarantee some diversions from her work, her material rewards as Playmate of the Year will include a Ford-powered fire-breathing Shelby GT 500. As alternate transport, she may elect to use either her custom-built ten-speed Schwinn Varsity bicycle or her Harley-Davidson M-65 motorcycle—both, of course, like her new car, in Playmate Pink. "I'm an outdoor girl and I intend to always stay that way," she told us last year, so she'll be given Hart skis, Henke *(text concluded on page 200)*

"TOO MANY PRODUCERS EMPHASIZE LOOKS OVER ACTING ABILITY," SAYS CONNIE. "I HOPE TO COMBINE BOTH IN MY CAREER."

MUTUAL FUNDS *(continued from page 152)*

common stocks. You incur ordinary stockbroker costs to buy or sell them, but market fluctuations sometimes make these special shares available at bargain-basement prices. Like their no-commission cousins, these outfits also lack salesmen, so they, too, are more difficult to learn about.

Somewhere in this forest of alternatives, there's a fund for almost every type of investor and for almost every investment goal, but the search isn't made any easier by the fact that most information about funds is riddled with jargon and obscure phraseology. The term "mutual fund" itself is part of the jargon, and in some ways it's an unfortunate term, since it excludes a whole class of investment companies that shouldn't be excluded. "Mutual fund" is the popular term for what are properly called open-end investment companies, as contrasted with *closed*-end investment companies (the ones sold on the exchanges, just like stocks). From the investor's point of view, there are two types of open-end investment companies: those that charge commissions and those that don't. The commission funds far outnumber the noncommission funds, and the two comprise about 90 percent of the investment-company business. Mutual funds are "open-ended" because they create new shares on demand for any investor who is willing to pay for them; then they use this money to make more investments. They will cash in shares (redeem them, in financial jargon) whenever shareholders request it. The shares that are turned in simply cease to exist, and the fund's capitalization shrinks accordingly. In other words, the number of shares in an open-end investment company is not fixed; it rises as new shares are sold and diminishes as unwanted ones are redeemed.

Ordinary corporations could never get away with this, because they can't place an accurate value *on* many of their assets —such as real estate, whose worth depends largely on how eager someone might be to buy it, or good will, which is about as tangible as virtue. This is why corporate shares are sold in the various stock markets. The markets permit the investing public to set its own value on what it thinks each share is worth. However, since mutual funds' assets consist solely of stocks and bonds (and usually some cash), and since all these investments have a specific stock-market value at any given moment, mutual funds can compute their net asset value instantly, right down to the last penny. Usually, the funds make these computations once or twice each business day, and the figures are published in most daily newspapers. On one afternoon, for example, all the investments and cash in a fund's portfolio might be worth $10,000,000—quite modest for a fund these days—and the fund might have 2,000,000 shares in the hands of the public. The net asset value of each share (assuming the fund has paid all its bills) would then be precisely five dollars. Any of the fund's investors could redeem his shares and receive five dollars for each; and anyone who wanted to buy into the fund could purchase shares at five dollars each—plus (in most cases) the commission, which, doubtless because of its size, is called a load. The funds that charge commissions at or near the legal maximum rate of 9.589 percent are called load funds. Those that charge somewhat less than the full rate are called low-load funds, and those especially interesting ones that charge nothing at all are called no-load funds.

A good knowledge of how mutual-fund commissions actually work is extremely useful to anyone who hopes to make an intelligent investment. Unfortunately, a discussion of commissions touches so closely on the funds' self-interest that reliable information is extremely hard to come by. We will consider the commission question at some length; but for the nonce, it's sufficient for the reader to understand that the commission money he pays when he buys into a fund does not go to the people who run it. It goes to those who sell the shares, usually stockbrokers or salesmen, who often have no connection with the fund itself. The people who run the fund are paid not from commissions but from the fund's investment income. Typically, the fund management takes an annual fee equal to one-half percent of the fund's total asset value. That doesn't sound like much, and for most investors it isn't. If you own $5000 worth of a fund, for instance, you're being charged about $25 a year for all that diversification and professional management. For smallish investors, this is certainly a bargain—less, in fact, than the cost of a year's subscription to *The Wall Street Journal*. But if the fund has assets totaling one billion dollars (there are currently ten funds over that mark), management fees can come to $5,000,000 a year—which ought to buy most of the experts in the country. Some funds have belatedly recognized that management costs do not rise directly with the size of the assets supervised, and these enlightened funds reduce the management percentage as the fund grows. Other funds reward management not just according to size but on the basis of how well the fund performs; such an arrangement is commendable not only because it rewards excellence but because it provides the fund managers with an incentive to do more than just lure in new shareholders.

Mutual funds make money for their shareholders in two ways: from dividends (or other income from their investments) and from selling their investments at a profit. Like most companies, funds pay dividends to their stockholders, usually quarterly. Each investor in the fund gets his portion of all the dividends the fund receives from the various investments in its portfolio, after operating expenses (including management's cut) have been deducted. Tax law all but compels the funds to pass such dividend income along to shareholders. The fund pays no taxes on this money, because it simply acts as a pipeline channeling the dividends to its investors, who then pay taxes on it. (Under current tax law, however, each taxpayer's first $100 in dividends—including dividends passed on by mutual funds —is tax-free, a point well worth the consideration of those who don't currently receive dividend income. Interest income—such as the interest from savings bonds or bank accounts—is fully taxable.)

From time to time, a mutual fund will also run up profits or losses when it sells investments from its portfolio. If the fund has held such investments for more than six months, the profits are long-term capital gains. Long-term capital gains, as every investor should know, are taxed at lower rates than ordinary income: at half the taxpayer's ordinary rate or 25 percent, whichever is less. The mutual-fund shareholder must pay this lower tax on his portion of the fund's capital-gains profits each year. Though the fund has the option of retaining the profits (and paying the tax on the investor's behalf), it usually returns the money to the shareholders in what is called a capital-gains distribution, which is made annually.

However, funds strongly urge shareholders to accept capital-gains distributions—and even dividends—not in cash but in additional shares of the fund. This provides the fund managers with more money with which to make new investments, and it also gives them an ever-larger pie from which to extract their cut. More important, however, are the advantages that reinvestment provides for the shareholders themselves. Funds usually permit shareholders to reinvest all their profits without paying additional commissions. Mutual-fund profits can thus compound in a most rewarding manner, and the fund share owner who reinvests all his profits is reasonably assured that inflation will not erode the value of his original investment. More than 70 percent of all fund shareholders elect to take their capital gains in additional shares; the percentage of investors taking their dividends in shares is lower.

(continued on page 186)

WANDA HICKEY'S NIGHT OF GOLDEN MEMORIES

humor

BY JEAN SHEPHERD

in which the proust of the indiana plains recalls a heart-rending celebration of that most american of adolescent rituals, the junior prom

"PUBERTY RITES in the more primitive tribal societies are almost invariably painful and traumatic experiences."

I half dozed in front of my TV set as the speaker droned on in his high, nasal voice. One night a week, as a form of masochistic self-discipline, I sentence myself to a minimum of three hours viewing educational television. Like so many other things in life, educational TV is a great idea but a miserable reality: murky films of home life in Kurdistan, jowly English authors being interviewed by jowly English literary critics, pinched-faced ladies demonstrating Japanese brush techniques. But I watch all of it religiously—I suppose because it is there, like Mount Everest.

"A classic example is the Ugga Buggah tribe of lower Micronesia," the speaker continued, tapping a pointer on the map behind him.

A shot of an Ugga Buggah teenager appeared on the screen, eyes rolling in misery, face bathed in sweat. I leaned forward. His expression was strangely familiar.

"When an Ugga Buggah reaches puberty, the *(continued on page 168)*

"Why don't you bug out now and I'll call you Friday."

the lady in green slippers

from "Monsieur Nicholas" by Restif de la Bretonne Ribald Classic

IN THE YEAR 1756, I was living in Paris and working as a journeyman at the printing house of Claude Hérissant in the Rue Notre-Dame. I was just 22, bold, good-looking and attractive to the fair sex—or so I thought. It was May 27, Ascension Day, on which a humiliating adventure befell me.

With my friend Boudard, I had gone out one morning to dine at the lodgings of another friend, Renaud. Just as we were crossing the Pont Saint-Michel, we met a very pretty woman with her husband, a man dressed in black, wearing a square wig with three bobs, who looked like a lawyer. I had never seen a lovelier face than that of the lady, a more provocative and elegant dress than the one she wore, but—most particularly—never more charming feet, shod in a beautiful pair of green slippers. I thought I would never stop looking, and Boudard had to call me several times.

During dinner, I could think of nothing but this encounter, and I spoke about it a great deal. Afterward, we walked in the Tuileries gardens and I was far from calm. I was inflamed by a restless desire and passion aroused by the sight of that delicate nymph in the green slippers. Finally, I made my excuses to the others and went away. About eight o'clock in the evening, I found myself in my own district and, in fact, near the end of the little Rue des Prêtres, where lived La Macé, one of my compatriots from Nitry. She was a fairly well-known procuress.

She was stationed on her doorstep; when she caught sight of me, she threw up her hands with joy and asked me how I was keeping. "Very well," I said.

"What brings you here?" she said.

"Oh, just strolling," I said.

"How long has it been since you had a girl?" she said.

"A long, long time!" I said.

"Good. I am in a position to provide you with a delightful adventure, a unique adventure that won't cost you a penny," she said.

I was intrigued. "Gladly—because I have been on fire ever since midday, when, crossing the Pont Saint-Michel, I met the prettiest woman a man ever set eyes on."

"Whoever she is, even Madame de Pompadour herself, the one I have for you is her equal. Come in and I'll give you a book with some very clever pictures to amuse you while you are waiting."

It was rather cold that evening. I settled down on a sofa by a blazing fire and picked up the book. It was *Dom Bougre* and I had just reached the part where Saturnin and little Suzette are looking through a crack to see what is going on in Toinette's bedroom when the door opened and La Macé came in with a torch. A young nymph was following her. To my utmost astonishment, it was my beautiful lady of the Pont Saint-Michel, dressed in the same clothes, even down to the dainty green slippers!

Without ado, she threw her arms about my neck and began to play the whore to the best of her ability. At 11 o'clock, La Macé came in with a tasty supper and some liqueur that inflamed me even more. The lady was so ravishing that she was ravished many times. I had never seen such nobility, assurance and passionate wantonness before. At one o'clock, I could plow no more and I fell asleep.

I woke in bed with one of La Macé's prettiest whores beside me. "Where is the lady?" I shouted to La Macé.

"Right beside you," she said. "It is the same."

"It is not the same," I said. "This is Spirette Laval, one of your prettiest whores."

"You drank too much wine and liqueur last night," said La Macé. "It is the same."

Exhausted and depressed, I went out and wandered to the Pont-Neuf, where I sat down on a stone bench. After a long time, I raised my head to watch a large carriage full of ladies going by. They were gaily dressed and seemed to be returning from some ball. Then, to my great bewilderment, I saw my lovely companion of the night before sitting in a place of honor among them. She did not notice me. I ran after the carriage, hoping that fate would permit me to discover the identity of the lady; but my strength failed me and at last I had to stop.

Over a year later, while walking near the Théâtre Français, I saw the same carriage again. The lady descended from it and entered the box of the Gentlemen of the Chamber. I inquired her name and was told it—a name of such exalted rank that the thought took my breath away. I was afraid to pursue any further. Shortly after this, I pointed out to Boudard—who knew all the Paris gossip—that gentleman in the square wig who had accompanied the lady on the Pont Saint-Michel. Boudard assured me that he was not the lady's husband but a lawyer employed by her; he often served as her escort when she made trips to various parts of the city.

Still the anguish of that mystery remained. I could never forget the astonishment of those circumstances on the night of my life's greatest pleasure.

It was nearly three years after this that the revelation, in all its horror, came to me. I was drinking wine with a company of acquaintances in a house in the Rue de la Harpe when a certain gentleman happened to mention the name of the *Comtesse* d'E——. This was the same mysterious lady. "And what do you know of her?" I asked.

BRAD HOLLAND

"It is a most curious story," he said. "The lady has an unfortunate history, though she is at heart a person of modest and virtuous character. She is the daughter of a duke and was married, as a young girl, to the *Comte* d'E——. The *comte*'s excesses are notorious—not only did he betray his wife many times but he actually refused to sleep with her. The poor lady, given over to a mania for revenge, conceived the idea of lying with another man, then getting *Monsieur le Comte* drunk and into her bed for once—which would explain the child that ensued nine months later. It was a matter of contempt repaying contempt, injustice for injustice."

"But," I protested, "if the *comte* were really under the impression that the child was his own, how, then, would he feel the sting of the lady's revenge?"

"Ah," said the lawyer's clerk in the square wig imitated from that of his master, "that is very simple. The *comte*, for the rest of his life, must lament the shortcomings of 'his' son. So, to accomplish this, the lady went God knows where and found some wretch to serve as the real father. His only qualification, in the lady's eyes, was that he be as ugly, crookfaced, ill-favored, ignorant and degenerate-looking as a man who had been hanged on the gallows and left seven days in the sun. Somewhere she found such a man."

—Retold by Jonah Craig

NIGHT OF GOLDEN MEMORIES

(continued from page 165)

rites are rigorous and unvarying for both sexes. Difficult dances are performed and the candidate for adulthood must eat a sickening ritual meal during the post-dance banquet. You will also notice that his costume is as uncomfortable as it is decorative."

Again the Ugga Buggah appeared, clothed in a garment that seemed to be made of feathers and chain mail, the top grasping his Adam's apple like an iron clamp, his tongue lolling out in pain.

"The adults attend these tribal rituals only as chaperones and observers, and look upon the ceremony with indulgence. Here we see the ritual dance in progress."

A heavy rumble of drums; then a moiling herd of sweating feather-clad dancers of both sexes appeared on screen amid a great cloud of dust.

"Of course, we in more sophisticated societies no longer observe these rites."

Somehow, the scene was too painful for me to continue watching. Something dark and lurking had been awakened in my breast.

"What the hell do you mean we don't observe puberty rites?" I mumbled rhetorically as I got up and switched off the set. Reaching up to the top bookshelf, I took down a leatherette-covered volume. It was my high school class yearbook. I leafed through the pages of photographs: beaming biology teachers, pimply-faced students, lantern-jawed football coaches. Suddenly, there it was—a sharply etched photographic record of a true puberty rite among the primitive tribes of northern Indiana.

The caption read: "The Junior Prom was heartily enjoyed by one and all. The annual event was held this year at the Cherrywood Country Club. Mickey Iseley and his Magic Music Makers provided the romantic rhythms. All agreed that it was an unforgettable evening, the memory of which we will all cherish in the years to come."

True enough. In the gathering gloom of my Manhattan apartment, it all came back.

• • •

"You going to the prom?" asked Schwartz, as we chewed on our salami sandwiches under the stands of the football field, where we preferred for some reason to take lunch at that period of our lives.

"Yep. I guess so," I answered as coolly as I could.

"Who ya takin'?" Flick joined the discussion, sucking at a bottle of Nehi orange.

"I don't know. I was thinking of Daphne Bigelow." I had dropped the name of the most spectacular girl in the entire high school, if not in the state of Indiana itself.

"No kidding!" Schwartz reacted in a tone of proper awe and respect, tinged with disbelief.

"Yep. I figure I'd give her a break."

Flick snorted, the gassy orange pop going down the wrong pipe. He coughed and wheezed brokenly for several moments.

I had once dated Daphne Bigelow and, although the occasion, as faithful readers will recall, was not a riotous success, I felt that I was still in the running. Several occasions in the past month had led me to believe that I was making a comeback with Daphne. Twice she had distinctly acknowledged my presence in the halls between classes, once actually speaking to me.

"Oh, hi there, Fred," she had said in that musical voice.

"Uh . . . hi, Daph," I had replied wittily. The fact that my name is not Fred is neither here nor there; she had *spoken* to me. She had remembered my face from somewhere.

"Ya gotta go formal," said Schwartz. "I read on the bulletin board where it said ya gotta wear a summer formal to the prom."

"No kiddin'?" Flick had finished off the orange and was now fully with us. "What's a summer formal?"

"That's where you wear one of those white coats," I explained. I was known as the resident expert in our group on all forms of high life. This was because my mother was a fanatical Fred Astaire fan.

"Ya gotta rent 'em," I said with the finality of an expert.

Two weeks later, each one of us received a prim white envelope containing an engraved invitation.

The Junior Class is proud to invite you to the Junior Prom, to be held at the Cherrywood Country Club beginning eight P.M. *June fifth. Dance to the music of Mickey Iseley and his Magic Music Makers. Summer formal required.*

The Committee

It was the first engraved invitation I had ever received. The puberty rites had begun. That night around the supper table, the talk was of nothing else.

"Who ya gonna take?" my old man asked, getting right to the heart of the matter. Who you were taking to the prom was considered a highly significant decision, possibly affecting your whole life, which, in some tragic cases, it did.

"Oh, I don't know. I was thinking of a couple of girls." I replied in an offhand manner, as though this slight detail didn't concern me at all. My kid brother, who was taking all this in with sardonic interest, sneered derisively and went back to shoveling in his red cabbage. He had not yet discovered girls. My mother paused while slicing the meat loaf.

"Why not take that nice Wanda Hickey?"

"Aw, come on, Ma. This is the prom. This is important. You don't take Wanda Hickey to the *prom*."

Wanda Hickey was the only girl who I knew for an absolute fact liked me. Ever since we had been in third grade, Wanda had been hanging around the outskirts of my social circle. She laughed at my jokes and once, when we were 12, actually sent me a valentine. She was always loitering around the tennis courts, the ball diamonds, the alleys where on long summer nights we played kick the can or siphoned gas to keep Flick's Chevy running. In fact, there were times when I couldn't shake her.

"Nah, I haven't decided who I'm gonna take. I was kind of thinking of Daphne Bigelow."

The old man set his bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon down carefully on the table. Daphne Bigelow was the daughter of one of the larger men in town. There was, in truth, a street named after her family.

"You're a real glutton for punishment, ain't cha?" The old man flicked a spot of foam off the table. He was referring to that unforgettable evening I had once spent with Daphne in my callow youth. "Oh, well, you might as well learn your lesson once and for all."

He was in one of his philosophical moods. The White Sox had dropped nine straight, and a losing streak like that usually brought out his fatalistic side. He leaned back in his chair, blew some smoke toward the ceiling and went on: "Yep. Too many guys settle for the first skirt that shows up. And regret it the rest of their lives."

Ignoring the innuendo, my mother set the mashed potatoes down on the table and said, "Well, I think Wanda is a very nice girl. But then, what I think doesn't matter."

My mother had the practiced turn of phrase of the veteran martyr, whose role in life is to suffer as publicly as possible.

"I gotta rent a summer formal," I announced.

"Christ, you gonna wear one a' them monkey suits?" the old man chuckled. He had never, to my knowledge, worn anything more formal than a sports jacket in his entire life.

"I'm going down to that place on Hohman Avenue tomorrow with Schwartz and see about it."

"Oh, boy! La-di-da," said my kid brother with characteristically eloquent understatement. Like father, like son.

The next day, after school, Schwartz and I went downtown to a place we both had passed countless times in our daily meanderings. Hanging out over the street was the cutout of a tall, cream-faced man dressed to the nines in high silk hat, stiff starched shirt, swallow-tailed

(continued on page 220)

BREEZY DOES IT

attire By ROBERT L. GREEN

see the shirt. see the man under the shirt. cool, man, cool

HEAT-BEATING SEE-THROUGH SHIRTS with tapered body and full sleeves are shaping up as this warm-weather season's airiest attraction. To succeed with this adventuresome fashion—a look that's right out of a 19th Century romantic novel—the wearer should be a bit of a sartorial grandee, preferably with the lean build of a first-rate fencing master. If you fill the bill, try an elegant combination of a comfortable and contemporary white, black or brown open-weave shirt with a pair of velvet or tricot flared slacks and a loosely tied scarf. The man here keeps matters well in hand while making the most of a delightfully ticklish situation; he's donned a cotton lace shirt that features a long-pointed collar and button cuffs, by Mike Weber for Boutique Sportswear, $16, with an *art nouveau*–patterned silk neck scarf, by Handcraft, $8.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXAS URBA


HOSTILEMAN
SYNOPSIS:
HOSTILEMAN, OUT TO DESTROY LYDIA MAIM BECAUSE SHE IS OUT TO DESTROY BERNARD MERGENDEILER, IS FOXED INTO THE LAIR OF AN ENEMY SO UTTERLY VICIOUS SHE GIVES PROMISE OF DESTROYING HIM: MANLYWOMAN!
by JULES FEIFFER
SO YOU'RE THE GREAT HOSTILEMAN! UNDERNEATH THAT SURLY EXTERIOR, ALL I SEE IS A FRIGHTENED LITTLE BOY!
SO YOU'RE THE GREAT MANLYWOMAN! UNDERNEATH THAT FORMIDABLE EXTERIOR, ALL I SEE IS A FRIGHTENED LITTLE BOY.
BUT WAIT! BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY BEGINS — WHO IS MANLYWOMAN?
FOR THAT ANSWER, WE MUST GO BACK INTO TIME...
WEALTHY, YOUNG SOCIALITE BRUCE MAIM HAS JUST WED INNOCENT LYDIA COMPLIANT...
OH, BRUCE, NOW FOR OUR HONEYMOON.
SORRY, LYDIA, THE HONEYMOON WILL HAVE TO WAIT. ROBERT, MY MALE SECRETARY, AND I HAVE SOME VITAL BUSINESS TO TAKE CARE OF.


NIGHT AFTER NIGHT LYDIA SPENDS ALONE...
EVERY NIGHT, TILL FOUR IN THE MORNING, BRUCE DOES BUSINESS WITH ROBERT, HIS MALE SECRETARY.
MONTHS LATER...
BRUCE I HAVE WONDERFUL NEWS! I'VE TAKEN A SECRETARIAL COURSE! NOW I CAN REPLACE ROBERT, YOUR MALE SECRETARY!
-UM- LET'S TALK ABOUT IT WHEN I GET BACK FROM MY SHORT BUSINESS TRIP.
MONTHS LATER...
LYDIA, THIS IS BRUCE. ROBERT AND I ARE STILL HELD OVER IN TANGIER. IS THERE ANYTHING YOU NEED?
WHAT I NEED I CANNOT GET FROM TANGIER, BRUCE.
AS THE YEARS PASS, LYDIA GROWS EMBITTERED...
WHAT'S WRONG, YVETTE?
FORGIVE MY TEARS, MADAME. MY LOVER, PIERRE, THE FOOTMAN, WHO HAS MADE ME HEAVY WITH CHILD... TODAY I DISCOVER HE IS MARRIED!
OH, HOW I DESPISE ALL MEN! WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR THE POWER TO RUIN THE LOT OF THEM!
ABRUPTLY...
SLASH
LYDIA MAIM, YOU HAVE SAID THE MAGIC WORD "RUIN"
R FOR REDUCE
U FOR USURP
I FOR INTIMIDATE
N FOR NULLIFY...
WHAT TH-
FROM THIS DAY ON, YOU SHALL BE KNOWN AS
MANLY-WOMAN!
DEADLY NEMESIS OF THE MASCULINE PREROGATIVE. ARCHFOE OF EFFECTUALNESS. STRIKING TERROR IN THE VITALS OF VIRILITY EVERYWHERE!


AND NOW: ROUND 1 IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY!
HOSTILEMAN vs. MANLYWOMAN
:CLANG:
YOU'RE A LOT SMALLER THAN I IMAGINED!
YOU'RE A LOT MORE FEMININE THAN I IMAGINED.
SO ARE YOU.
A LOT MORE SOFT- A LOT MORE VULNERABLE- WHY, MANLYWOMAN- IN SOME WAYS, I FIND YOU VERY ATTRACTIVE!
ANY MAN ATTRACTED TO ME IS A FAG!
:CLANG: MANLYWOMAN'S ROUND!
:CLANG: ROUND 2
YOU CLOSET QUEENS ARE ALWAYS NOSING AROUND DOMINANT WOMEN!
IT MUST BE QUITE A NUISANCE TO YOU AND THE OTHER LESBIANS!
UNDERNEATH ALL THAT COOL, YOU'RE SCARED TO DEATH OF BEING SWALLOWED ALIVE. ADMIT IT!
UNDERNEATH ALL THAT HEAT, THERE'S PURE ENVY. ADMIT IT!
YOU WEAKLING! YOU WORM! YOU MOUSE! YOU INSECT! YOU NOTHING!
YOU PATHETIC, FRUSTRATED, OVERWEIGHT, SELF-HATING BALL BUSTER!


WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE TO GET YOU FIVE MINUTES ALONE IN A BEDROOM.
FIVE MINUTES WITH YOU IN A BEDROOM WOULD BE FIVE MINUTES ALONE.
CLANG
HOSTILEMAN'S ROUND!
CLANG ROUND 3
I'D TAKE YOU APART IN BED!
I'D CRIPPLE YOU IN BED!
I'D DESTROY YOU IN BED!
I'D BREAK YOU IN BED!
I'D CRIPPLE YOU IN BED!
I'D TAKE YOU APART IN BED!
AFTER YOU-
AFTER YOU-
AFTER YOU-
AFTER YOU-
CLANG - ROUND EVEN!
CLANG ROUND 4
YOU'RE SO SMALL, I CAN'T EVEN FIND YOU.
IF YOU'D LET GO OF YOURSELF FOR A MINUTE, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE.
DOES THAT HURT?
NO. DOES THAT HURT?
HOW ABOUT THAT!
THAT! THAT! THAT!
HOW ABOUT THIS!
THIS! THIS! THIS!


I DON'T FEEL A THING, YOU FAGGOT! FAGGOT! FAGGOT! FAGGOT! FAGGOT!
I DON'T FEEL A THING, YOU SLUT! PIG! DOG! DYEEEK!
OOOOOOO
EEEEEEE
CLANG- ROUND EVEN!
CLANG- ROUND 5
I-I DIDN'T HURT YOU, DID I?
NO, DID I HURT YOU?
HURT ME? OH, NO, IT WAS- I DON'T KNOW- IT WAS-
BEAUTIFUL!
OH, YES. SO BEAUTIFUL- SO- SO-
HEAVENLY!
ABSOLUTELY HEAVENLY!
NO ONE MUST EVER FIND OUT.
TOO MUCH OF MY LIFE IS INVESTED IN DESPISING MEN TO GIVE IT UP JUST FOR SEX.
I'VE BEEN AT HOSTILITY FOR TOO MANY YEARS TO SELL OUT AT THIS LATE DATE FOR FULFILLMENT.
BESIDES, WHAT SORT OF RELATIONSHIP COULD WE POSSIBLY BUILD?
IT WOULD HAVE TO BE SICK.


EXTREMELY SICK.
MUCH HEALTHIER TO STICK TO THE HATE WE KNOW.
HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE!
HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE! HATE!
OHHHH...
F-FAREWELL, HOSTILEMAN. FOR THE SAKE OF BOTH OUR FUTURES, MAY OUR PATHS NEVER CROSS AGAIN.
UP, UP AND AWAY!
ONE MONTH LATER...
NO MATTER HOW STRONG THE PROVOCATION, I CAN'T SUMMON THE WHEREWITHAL TO DESTROY MEN. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?
AND ACROSS TOWN...
IT WORKED!
end

RISK TAKERS *(continued from page 150)*

parachutist to photograph himself in flight. He did that in 1934.

But I do not know if I believe him about lack of fear. To get a photo of a cobra striking, he decided, he would have to give it something to strike. Why not himself? Why not, indeed. He built a plastic shield around his camera, provoked the cobra and it came right through the shield and hit his hand, missing a grip on the hand but pumping out enough venom to kill approximately 22 people. Severin dropped the camera, which broke open, spoiling the film. Another, stronger shield was built, and this time, Severin got the shot he wanted.

"I'm not afraid of snakes or sharks or animals. I'm afraid of bugs, though. I'm afraid of disease. I once slept in the bed of a guy who had just died of yellow fever. I didn't know it at the time, of course. Later, I was scared for eight days. It is not a funny feeling to think something might be encroaching on you."

Severin speaks five languages, plays the violin and is interested in painting, ballet and classical music. When he talks, he makes excellent sense; it is only when you mull over, later, what he has said that you become awed, or appalled.

"Fear of snakes is all in the mind," he says. "Snakes are not slimy. As a matter of fact, they have a very pleasant touch. It's like plastic. It's really quite nice."

Whatever Severin may think about fear, most other habitual risk takers are often terrified, and they admit it. In fact, what most separates them from the rest of us is not that they risk death but that they subject themselves to frequent terror, an emotion most of us struggle to avoid at all costs.

Every racing driver, every time he loses control of a car and waits for it to hit whatever it is going to hit, is terrified. Every matador, when he is down and the bull is on him, is terrified. El Cordobés, gored by the first bull he ever faced in Madrid, lay on the sand with the horn rooting about in his intestines: "It wasn't the pain I was worried about, it was the fear. When I felt the horn inside me, I was so scared I thought my heart would stop and I would die of the fear."

José Meiffret on his record bike is scared—he carries his last will and testament in his jersey pocket. The ironworker, Eddie Iannielli, is scared by every accident: "When something happens, all your fear comes back, but you suppress it. You just put it out of your mind." He talks about his most recent accident. He was sitting on top of a beam about two stories up, and the bolts at the base of the uprights broke or pulled out and the whole thing fell over sideways. Eddie suffered a back injury that kept him out of work for many weeks. "No matter how much you're prepared for something like that to happen, it happens so fast you're not prepared for it. A lot of guys get killed, and I'm still alive and I'm very grateful."

The climber, Bonatti, has known as much terror as any man alive, perhaps more. Climbing K2 in the Himalayas, he was unable to find two other climbers higher up, as night fell. At 27,000 feet, unable in the darkness to go up or down, without any food, heat or shelter of any kind, he was forced to spend the night in the open on an ice shelf, beating himself with his arms all night to keep himself awake and alive. That was prolonged terror.

Innumerable times, Bonatti has found himself clinging to some sheer wall, certain (for the moment) there was no possible way to go either up or down. On the Lavaredo in Italy, he had to inch across a fragile ledge of snow. On the Dru in France, he had to lasso a jutting projection and swing across the void like Tarzan, while wondering if the rope would slip off or the projection snap. Once, he was caught in a storm with six other men on a narrow ledge on Mont Blanc. Lightning was attracted by the group's sack of *pitons*, ice axes and such. Bolt after bolt blasted and crackled around the group. The air was saturated with electricity. They could not get rid of the cursed sacks of steel—without them, they could get neither up nor down the mountain. They simply had to huddle there, terrified, waiting to be fried or blasted off the ledge. Again and again, lightning crashed about them. Bonatti found himself screaming. Everyone was screaming.

I have known a good many people who habitually take risks; and although I have heard a number of them say they enjoy the danger, I have never heard one say he enjoyed the terror.

Habitual risk takers are able to do what they do, first because they suppress (or, in some cases, eliminate) certain fears that are normal in all of us: fear of height, fear of the depths of the sea, fear of excessive speed, fear of bullets and bombs, fear of wild beasts, fear of snakes. All of these fears, in them as in us, are basically fear of the unknown. Once all the facts and details are known, the fears become much less fearsome and a reasonable man is often able to ignore them. As Severin says, snakes are not slimy, and once you know that, there is no reason to be afraid. In fact, he says, almost all feared creatures "will scram out of there at the approach of man. If sharks were as dangerous as written, most of our beaches would be unsafe."

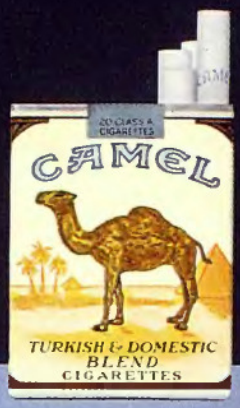
In other words, at least part of Severin's bravery is only knowledge. Similarly, the bullfighter is not normally afraid of the bull, because he has spent years learning how to handle bulls, just as the racing driver has spent years learning how to control speed that would frighten most of us. The mountaineer knows rocks, knows which fissures will hold a *piton* and which won't; and he also knows that once anchored to a *piton*, he is absolutely safe, no matter what the height. David Douglas Duncan goes in to photograph wars knowing in advance approximately what he will find there—he was once a U. S. Marine trained for combat. He knows he won't be surprised by anything, he knows he won't panic and he knows instinctively now how to recognize places and moments that he judges overly dangerous; these he avoids. In other words, he knows when to stick his head up and when not to; he obeys certain rules, and these rules keep him alive. Occasionally, he will expose himself to get a picture; but by moving fast, he cuts the risk to a minimum. He is, of course, a brave man, but he is not a foolish one, and he accepts risk only when certain he understands it exactly and has put all odds in his favor. I once heard him tell Guy Lombardo that he would never drive one of Lombardo's speedboats: "I would be terrified. I'm not trained for that. I don't know anything about it." In combat, Duncan is obviously as vulnerable as each GI to some stray shell; but while in combat, he runs no risk of being sideswiped by a taxicab, or mugged in the park, or hit on the head by a suicide on his way down from the roof. The odds can be said to come out almost the same, once you realize, as Duncan does, that life is not very safe.

In addition to possessing knowledge and technique, most of these risk takers approach each dangerous place only after having taken every possible precaution in advance. Bullfighters always have a surgeon present in the arena infirmary (indeed, surgeons are required by law in Spain) and the richer bullfighters often travel with their own personal horn-wound specialists—just in case. Sitkiewicz hangs around for an hour after his act; then, when the show ends and the audience empties out, he goes up and rerigs his rope himself for his next dive. No one else is allowed to touch it.

The racing driver, Jackie Stewart, feels that the modern, *monocoque* Grand Prix car is so strong that the driver can survive almost any crash. The only danger then is fire—so Stewart wears fireproof long underwear, fireproof coveralls, fireproof gloves, socks and shoes and a fireproof bandanna covering all his face except his eyes. Inside all this in a three-hour race he nearly suffocates, but he wears it. "I'm very safety conscious, as perhaps you've noticed," he told me once. "But in a fire, a man ought to be safe for thirty seconds, dressed

"I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

This message is strictly for smokers who never tasted a Camel cigarette. Camel smokers, you know what we mean. You other guys, start walking.



that way; and by that time, somebody ought to be able to get him out. Thirty seconds is quite a long time, actually." That was the day of the 1966 Belgian Grand Prix. Stewart crashed in a rainstorm and the car crumpled around him so tight it was 15 minutes before they got him out. The fire suit wouldn't have saved him. The next year, he turned up for the same race wearing, in addition to his fire suit, a patch over his breast, giving any eventual surgeons his blood type. Precautions, Stewart feels—all risk takers feel—are important.

Why do men such as these seem to search out danger?

Psychologists will tell you that each of them first selects a difficult profession in order to separate himself from the mass of men. Later, each raises his stake up to and beyond the danger line, in order to separate himself further from other men within the same profession. Psychologists will give you many such explanations, overlooking what are, in most cases, the two basic ones: Most men who search out danger do it for money and for the pure pleasure of it. For the standouts, the money comes only one way: big. The pleasure usually comes big, too, sometimes even orgiastic, stupendous.

Start with money, the simplest of all human motives. Car racers and, even more so, bullfighters earn fantastic sums. Sitkiewicz may earn only a bit over $200 a week, but what else could he do, in Poland, to earn so much? Some photographers earn good pay also; but David Douglas Duncan, having taken the precaution (that word again) of selling his photos in advance to both *Life* and ABC television, will earn ten times as much by going into sticky combat zones most others want no part of.

By working high up on narrow beams where not many other men will go, Eddie Iannielli earns (counting bonuses and extra vacation time) roughly $20,000 a year, almost twice what laborers like himself earn below. He risks a quick death, yes, but his special skill is so rare that he never risks being out of work, a possibility that haunts—and terrifies—much of mankind all the time.

There is money in most danger and sometimes, paradoxically, even a little security. And there are pleasures, many pleasures. Start with the simplest of these.

To control anything—anything at all—delights man. He is delighted to control the way a plant grows or the shape of a bush or a dart thrown at a dartboard, or a car driven fast and well. So do not be surprised to hear that there is pleasure in controlling a very hot car, indeed, or a raging bull or one's feet on a beam. The controlled forces are tremendous, unpredictable, and therefore the pleasure of control is that much greater. A man thinks: "Look at me, fragile and puny human being that I am! Look what I am controlling!" This is never said aloud, because the fragile and puny human being in question would much rather have you believe him a hero. But this is the way he feels. He gets a kick out of controlling something hardly anybody else can control. It's nice that you down there are watching him and cheering his control, but he would feel pleasure whether you were there or not, for the principal applause he is listening to is his own.

There is pleasure in accepting challenge. At a world convention held in London, on undersea activities, the inventor Edwin Link spoke of sending a man to live at a depth of 400 feet. Listen to the diver Robert Stenuit: "All heads turned to me. Four hundred feet! The very idea made my insides itch. Did I really want to descend to that awful depth, to shiver night and day and perhaps to furnish headlines for the journals that specialize in catastrophe?

"I really did. Always I have found joy in danger lucidly accepted and prudently overcome. And when a reporter put the question to me, I heard myself answer: 'Of course. Yes.'

"To me, it was the most extraordinary adventure of which a diver might dream."

There is pleasure in provoking terror in others, too. The gasp Sitkiewicz hears when he dives from the roof is pure pleasure to him. Most of the risk takers I have known delight in talking about danger, delight in mentioning death casually, delight in watching listeners' eyes go wide. Eddie Iannielli says: "Windy days, of course, are the hardest. Like, you're walking across an eight-inch beam, balancing yourself in the wind, and then, all of a sudden, the wind stops—and you temporarily lose your balance. It's some feeling when that happens." Eddie always enjoys the admiration, the near worship, when he talks like this. All of these men are aware from such reactions, from the questions they are constantly asked ("But why do you do it, why?") and from the hypothesizing psychologists in the background that so-called normal people don't understand who they are or how they can accept such risk, and this is very pleasant. It is nice to feel so singular. The desire to feel singular is basic to the human personality; but the timid clerk at his desk may have to do without fulfilling this basic need every day of his long, safe life, subsisting on his Mitty-esque fantasies.

There is also the simple pleasure of physical activity. All of the risk takers are easily bored. They go crazy in static situations and normally they go on taking risks however long they may live. Duncan and Meiffret are over 50. Kurt Severin is over 65 and on Medicare, and on a trip, as has been said, to the Far East to see more snakes: "I have always had an urge to do things, to be in all sorts of funny situations. It's curiosity, it's—I don't know. I want to see things others haven't seen, and that involves danger, because one goes into the unknown. I'm a senior citizen. People tell me I should sit on my big fat ass and digest what I have seen and not expose myself anymore. But I can't do it. I have to go out."

There is pleasure as well in the belief of most risk takers that they are contributing to the world by doing something dangerous that has to be done. Stenuit believes one day men will colonize the continental shelf, thanks to his pioneering dives. If he is wrong, he may be accused of having risked his life for nothing. Nonetheless, at the time, he believed he was contributing his best and most important talent to the world. So does Duncan believe he is contributing by bringing back photos that may throw some light on the awful struggle in Vietnam. So does Walter Bonatti believe that he and all mountaineers contribute: "We demonstrate in the most stunning way of all—at the risk of our lives—that there is no limit to the effort man can demand of himself."

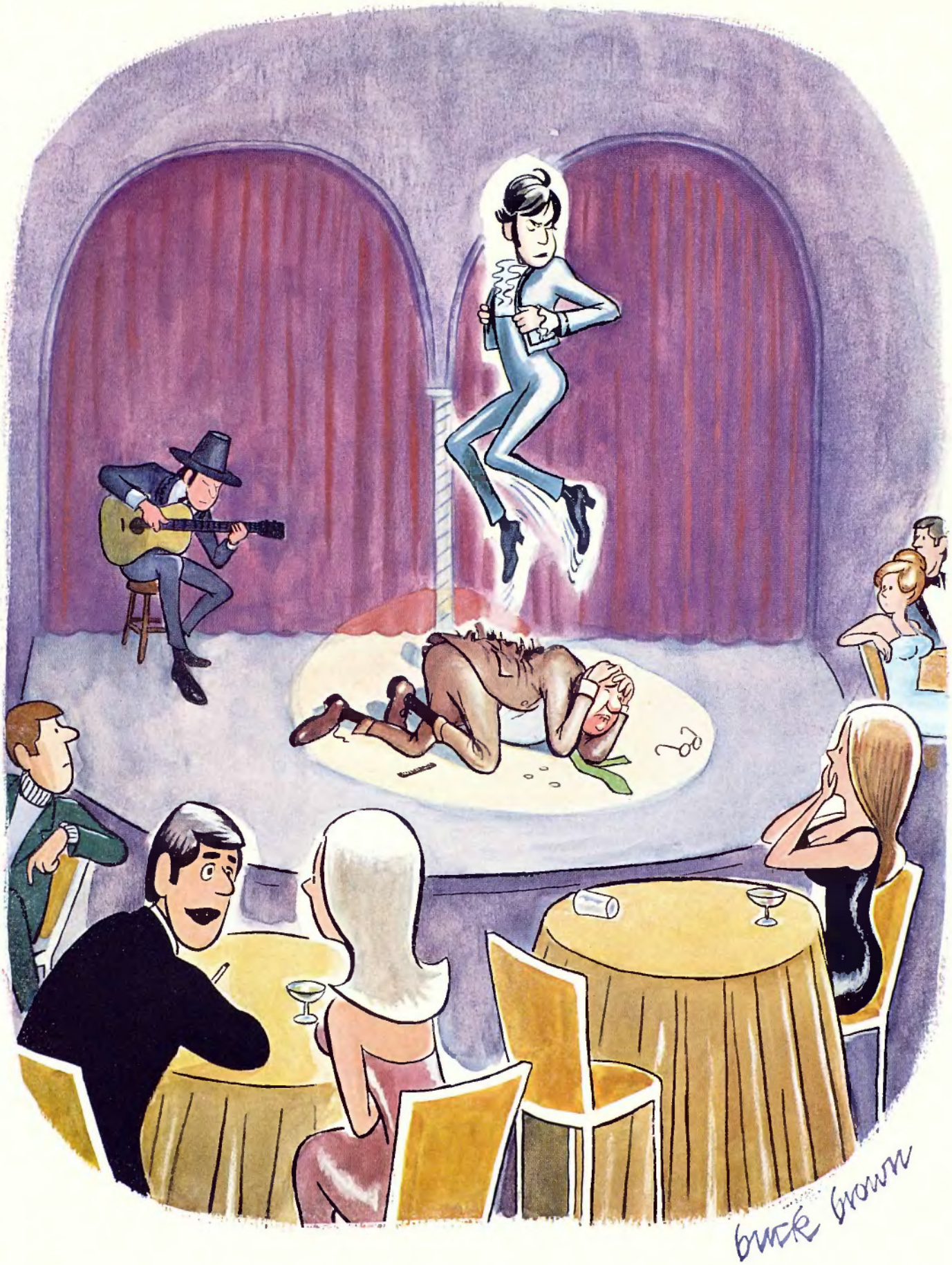
Now we come to pleasures that are not so simple and, therefore, not so easy to describe.

"I think we appreciate life better, because we live closer to death," the late Marquis de Portago once wrote of racing drivers. Does this make any sense to you? Danger heightens all the senses. A man feels extraordinarily alert and alive. Up to a certain point, alcohol does this, too, and I suppose drugs do, although I do not know this personally. But I firmly believe that nothing stimulates a man as much as danger does, and it doesn't even have to be very much danger.

One extremely hot day last January, I was hunting quail on the King Ranch in south Texas. There were other shooters, most of whom I did not know, and I was worried about possibly getting my head blown off by accident, or blowing off someone else's, and this made me alert. I was watching everybody very carefully, and then the girl nearest me jumped back and blasted a rattlesnake.

She stood there trembling, unable to move. The rattler, tail buzzing, writhed brokenly near her feet, and I ran over and shot its head off.

At lunchtime, we gathered in a grove of oaks and dined on a stew made from kid goat and on broiled baby lamb chops and drank cold Rhine wine, and talked of rattlesnakes. There were nine of us shooters in all, hunting in groups, and the total score in rattlesnakes so far was four. Much of the King Ranch was



"There's a moral here—never heckle a flamenco dancer."

still under water from the fall hurricanes and the rattlers seemed to have come up onto the higher ground from all over; the sun had brought them out of their holes and it was plainly very dangerous to continue shooting. But nobody wanted to go home yet. Our excitement was too high.

In the afternoon, hunting through a grove of mesquite trees, I did not see what turned out to be the biggest rattler of the day, a six-footer, until I was within a stride of it. The diamondback rattler in that kind of country is almost impossible to see.

I gave it both barrels. This disturbance set off a bevy of quail, which flew all about me. People were shouting "Shoot!" but I was quivering too much even to reload.

But this emotion passed and we went on hunting, often through high, hummocky grass. "Some chance of seeing a rattler in here," I thought, but I plowed through it, anyway, eyeballs working over every blade, every shadow. I have never felt so alert in my life, presumably because my life depended on my alertness. I also have never felt so keenly aware of the sun on my back, or the smell of gunpowder, or the color of birds, or the buzzing of insects. I felt hungry and thirsty and tired in a very pleasant way, enjoying food and drink and rest in advance, while still slogging through fields, trying to flush quail.

When night fell, the groups came together at a dirt crossroads in the dark and drank gin and tonic mixed out of the trunks of the shooting cars. The total score was seven rattlers. We all agreed it was madness to have hunted in there that day. We were all glad we had done it. Ice tinkled in glasses. They were the best gin and tonics I have ever tasted. I was excited, alert, aware of all of the sights, sounds and smells of the night. This lasted until I fell asleep later back at the ranch, and even until the next morning, when I lay awake in bed, listening to the dew drip off the roof and feeling good all over.

This is one level of the excitement that exists in danger. There is another that is perhaps impossible to describe to someone who hasn't experienced it.

Years ago, in the streets of Jerusalem, Jewish terrorists waved David Duncan to take cover, then mowed down the three Arabs he was with. Duncan raced after the terrorists' car, photographing the whole show as police and bullets came from all directions. Later, Duncan cabled *Life*: "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL DAY TO BE STILL ALIVE."

Now, some will assert that danger is a drug, that a man gets so he can't leave it alone; and this is true, though not in the way the speaker usually means. I have never heard a habitual risk taker articulate what the "drug" is, or what the sensation feels like; but to me, it is purely and simply the extraordinary exhilaration a man feels to find the danger gone and himself still alive. I have felt this exhilaration.

For many years, I have gone to the *fiesta* at Pamplona each July and run in the streets with the bulls most mornings, and this is not particularly dangerous. There are many tricks for keeping well clear of the horns, and normally the bulls, obeying their strong herd instinct, run flank to flank and ignore the runners completely. The only real danger is a bull separated from the herd. A bull alone will gore anything it sees.

There was one morning I ran in front of the bulls and, when they were close, I leaped high up onto a window grating, hoisting my derrière out of danger. When the herd had gone by, I dropped down into the street again and sauntered between the barriers toward the arena into which the herd had disappeared. There were other men in the street with me and mobs of people crowding the barriers along both sides of the ramp that goes down to the tunnel under the stands.

Suddenly, the men on the fences started shouting: "*Falta uno!*" There was one bull still loose in the street.

The men in the street scattered and there I stood, face to face with the bull,

who, for a moment, could not decide what to do.

I searched for an empty spot on the fence. There was none. What to do? Where to run? I remember thinking: Be calm. Think it out carefully. If you panic, you are lost. I saw I was the only man in the street. The bull was ten yards away. In the other direction was the ramp under the stands and the arena floor beyond. I thought: Can I beat the bull into the arena? If I could get into the arena, I could perhaps hurdle the *barrera* to safety. But I saw that the bull would catch me in the tunnel or before. I thought: It's the only chance you have; start running.

I ran.

The tunnel was 20 yards away . . . ten. I could hear the bull.

Suddenly, I spied a gap atop the fence. I leaped up there. The bull rushed by under my feet. A moment later, the wooden door slammed behind it. I was safe.

I felt none of the quivering one feels after losing control of a car or nearly stepping on a rattlesnake. Instead, I felt a flood of exhilaration. I did it! Look at me, I'm still alive!

It was one of the most stupendous feelings of my life, accompanied by much of the wonder of first sexual intercourse: So this is what all the talk has been about.

It wasn't a feeling of relief nor of gratitude. It was exhilaration. I had faced real danger and got out of it on my own two feet and I was still alive and I felt great, absolutely great.

Then I thought: This must be the drug they speak of. It is a sensation I could get to love entirely too much; and the next day, I was afraid to run with the bulls (though I have run many times since), fearing that I might go for that extraordinary exhilaration again and this time, possibly, do something really stupid.

And so some of the habitual risk takers go for this feeling sometimes and some of them find it occasionally, but it must be rare. A feeling as glorious as that can't be common, and I suppose you can call it a drug, if you want to.

On a more practical level, you can't have a safe world *and* a progressive one. (Probably you can't have a safe world under any circumstances, so you might as well try for the progress, whatever the cost.) And you must admit that most progress comes from risk. This has always been the case. Five hundred years ago, Columbus risked his life and his ships and crews to discover a new world he didn't know was there, and that's why all of us are where we are today. The men of his time later called Columbus a hero. But there must have been a hundred other captains who never found the new world, because they looked in the wrong place; and some of them didn't come back, and no doubt "normal" people of the time called such men daredevils obeying some stupid death wish.

Or think of Edison fooling around with high voltage he didn't understand, high voltage that had killed several men before him and would kill many after him. Edison was obviously a daredevil. Was he acting out a death wish as well?

All of progress comes from pushing a little closer to the edge than the guy before you, and this involves risk. The world *needs* risk takers, needs an oversupply of them, and the spillover becomes the circus performers and daredevil athletes, all of whom have the same temperaments, basically, as all explorers and most inventors.

Cut off the right to risk one's life, and progress would end and society would atrophy and die. The right to *watch* men risk their lives on mountains, in car races, bullfights and circuses is equally important. We need to know where death is, if only to avoid it; and such men show us that and much more. Often accused of having a death wish, they make careers out of staying alive. And that is the simplest, most singular thing about them. It should not be overlooked.

Meet the man who makes an honest bourbon– but with manners.

Bourbon came out of the hill country. Honest but unmannered. How to make an aristocrat out of it was a challenge to I. W. Harper. He started by keeping the true honest taste of bourbon but polishing off the rough edges. Which explains why Mr. Harper's whiskey is known as honest bourbon– but with manners.

And which explains, too, why winning medals all over the world got to be a habit with I. W. Harper.

One of the medals won since 1872 for being honest bourbon— but with manners.

intended by its originators and promoters to provide a needed and beneficial service in the schools. It is their sinister objective, instead, to create an unceasing and dangerous obsession with sex in the minds of our children.

As a psychologist, I have long admired PLAYBOY's efforts to combat some of the genuine ills of our society—such as the ignorance and neurotic self-righteousness expressed in the above passage. I hope you will see fit to comment on the MOTOREDE movement.

Virginia Lee Bender, Ph. D.
San Francisco, California

The quality of Dr. Drake's allegations speaks for itself. It might add perspective if we pointed out that the publishers of Christian Crusade Publications had a record of finding a Communist under every bed, long before they began to discover that there was a Communist in every bed: Two of their previous publications, "Communism, Hypnotism and the Beatles" and "Rhythm, Riots and Revolutions," are attempts to prove that rock music is a Communist plot.

MOTOREDE is a front for the John Birch Society, which every sane conservative from William Buckley, Jr., to Barry Goldwater has by now repudiated. It was the Birch Society that for several years circulated a book, "The Politician," which declared, without a shred of evidence, that former President Dwight Eisenhower was a "conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy." After Eisenhower's departure from office, the Birchers spread other fairy tales, like the following (from the Birch magazine, American Opinion*):*

> *In the mid-1930s . . . there were reports that experimental stations in Asiatic Russia had pens of human women whom the research workers were trying to breed with male apes in the hope of producing a species better adapted to life under socialism than human beings.*

As columnist Frank Meyer pointed out in the conservative National Review*:*

> *The false analysis and conspiratorial mania of the John Birch Society has moved beyond diversion and waste of the devotion of its members to the mobilization of that devotion in ways directly anticonservative and dangerous. . . . However worthy the original motivations of those who have joined it and who apologize for it, it is time for them to recognize that the John Birch Society is rapidly losing whatever it has in common with patriotism or conservatism—and to do so before their own minds become warped by adherence to its unrolling psychoses of conspiracy.*

The Birchers' "unrolling psychoses" have advanced quite far since then. Many Birch-run bookstores are now carrying two books, "World Revolution" and "The Federal Reserve Hoax," which claim that the Communist conspiracy is only a front for another, even more diabolical conspiracy—the Bavarian Illuminati. (See the April "Playboy Advisor" for details about this fantasy.) According to the Los Angeles Free Press*, some of the California Birchers believe that there is yet an older, and even worse, conspiracy behind the supposed Illuminati—a conspiracy of snake men who pass as humans but are actually descendants of Cain, who was unnaturally conceived by Eve and the serpent. These chimeras involving cross-fertilizations between women and apes or snakes are a telling comment on the kind of sex education the Birchers themselves have received.*

In announcing the formation of MOTOREDE to its members, the Birch Society declared, according to The Review of the News*:*

> *Estimating from past experience, some ten percent of the membership of these committees will be members of the [John Birch] Society. The remaining 90 percent will consist of good citizens, drawn from every level and division of American life, who are seriously concerned about the future of their children and of their country.*

Parents who are, indeed, concerned about the future of their children and their country will welcome honest criticism and discussion of sex education, which is still in its infancy and, admittedly, imperfect. But irresponsible charges of subversion hurled at those members of the community who are sincerely trying to develop programs in the schools contribute only to an atmosphere of fear and ignorance. The professional demonologists who use the magic word "communism" are engaged in a medieval witch-hunt, the only motive of which is to destroy, not to correct. A precise picture of their tactics, in context with another group, was given in The Sacramento Bee*:*

> *A group of 110 persons gathering here from 42 California localities has vowed to fight sex education in schools and has formed a new organization, California Families United, to tackle the issue.*
>
> *James Townsend, who described himself as a "professional fighter" against communism since 1934 and as founder of the Citizens Committee of California, offered tips to the group on how members could be most effective in heading off school classes in sex education.*
>
> *"When you go back to your communities, if you're not already a member of an organization, start one—and don't hesitate to join ten more. Go to school-board meetings in your town and in other towns—applaud and groan at the right times and, if necessary, stomp your feet and scream. . . . The more brazen you are, the more attention you'll get.*
>
> *"Our main objective is to stop sex education throughout the state of California—and I don't mean change it, I mean stop it completely," he declared.*

The following letter, from another community, indicates additional press exposure of those who confuse sex education with subversion.

Congressman Larry Winn, Jr., asked the House Un-American Activities Committee for information about the membership of the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States, thereby implying that he thought sex education might be some sort of subversive plot. Here is what *The Kansas City Star* had to say:

> From what we have heard, [SIECUS] is composed of responsible, concerned individuals. Certainly the people in the Kansas City area who have been interested in sex education in the schools could never be characterized as radicals trying to undermine the morals of America.
>
> But however you quibble over words, the damage has been done. We are not sure how the term "un-American" can be applied to sex education. Sex is a function of existence that concerns organisms from the amoeba to mankind, and whether it can be defined in terms of Americanism seems doubtful.
>
> And most certainly the answers are not likely to be found in a Congressional committee that is supposed to deal with subversion and sabotage. Committees that are concerned with education and health would seem more appropriate. Unless you happen to believe that sex is a diabolical plot invented by the Communists.

Michael L. Sippy
Berkeley, Missouri

"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.

TOM JONES
prince of wails

IT'S A LONG WAY from the Welsh coal-mining town of Pontypridd to the ABC-TV studios in Los Angeles; but Tom Jones, 29, has gone the distance, selling 24,000,000 records en route and signing the biggest night-club and television contracts ever offered to a British entertainer. The Flamingo in Las Vegas will pay him $840,000 for one month's work; and ABC, in combination with England's ATV, will televise five years of his booming baritone and high-powered hip swinging at a total package price of $21,500,000—a safe investment, considering the popularity of his current ABC variety series. To avoid the unusually burdensome English income tax, Jones recently became a corporation—Management Agency and Music—sharing control with pop singer Engelbert Humperdinck. "I really don't take much notice of the money part of it," Tom says, but his $150,000 home in Surrey, along with the Bentley Continental and the Rolls-Royce limousine, represents a noticeable change from his far less affluent days in Wales. Inspired by such Stateside balladeers as Billy Eckstine, Billy Daniels and Ernie Ford, Tom sang for years in church choirs, then graduated at 16 to singing in the local pubs. Working days as a building laborer and performing wherever he could, he finally was heard by Gordon Mills, a hit songwriter, who decided on the spot to manage his career. Tom's first international hit, *It's Not Unusual*, was recorded in London in 1965, and such subsequent smashes as *What's New, Pussycat?*, *Green, Green Grass of Home* and *Delilah* have earned him a variety of honors—including a Grammy and a Royal Command Performance. Now, four years and eight *Ed Sullivan* appearances later, he looks forward to stints at New York's Copacabana and the Flamingo, concerts from Australia to Hawaii and renewed production of his TV series in Los Angeles later this summer. "It's fine once you've made it in America," Jones reflects. "But it's difficult to maintain staying power." In his case, we doubt it. With a yearly income that should soon reach £1,000,000 and with the promise of continued video and record success, Tom Jones has more than enough going for him to guarantee a long and lucrative stay in the limelight.

ARTHUR ASHE *courting success*

A RARE DEGREE of poise under pressure plus a demoralizing serve have made 25-year-old Arthur Ashe the nation's top-ranked tennis player—and the only black star in an otherwise lily-white sport. Ashe's celebrated cool reflects the steadfastness of his father, who was caretaker of the Richmond, Virginia, playground where Arthur first swung a tennis racket. The elder Ashe, who had kept his family together on faith and a shoestring, wept with pride last year as his son whipped Tom Okker in the U. S. Open finals at Forest Hills. There had been little opportunity for Ashe, Jr., to master his game in segregated Richmond, but seven seasons under the tutelage of R. Walter Johnson, a Lynchburg doctor who guides young black tennis hopefuls, helped him develop a serve powerful enough to win several major tournaments and a scholarship to UCLA. Though the Dallas Country Club canceled its 1966 invitational tournament rather than let Ashe compete, he found himself accepted—indeed, lionized—throughout the circuit. It was during his two-year Army hitch, as a systems analyst at West Point, that Ashe—conditioned in childhood to maintain silence in the face of insult—began to speak out against discrimination. As his social consciousness matured, so did his court style; the previously mercurial Ashe, whose inconsistency had been attributed by critics to lack of the killer instinct, won more than 30 straight matches and, last December, helped the U. S. win the Davis cup for the first time since 1963. Recently sprung from the Service, he can now envision a well-paid pro career, possible film roles, additional business affiliations (he already represents Philip Morris, Coca-Cola and Wilson Sporting Goods, among others) and a continued assault on American apartheid. Ashe considered leaving the cup team in sympathy with the Olympic boycott but decided that "People don't listen to losers." Now working for the Urban League, he favors an approach to equality that is "admittedly slow, but coordinated and sure." Militants may disagree—but everybody listens to a winner.

BUCK HENRY *hitwit*

THESE DAYS, Buck Henry enters laughing. In the wake of *The Graduate*—which he scripted—he suddenly became one of Hollywood's hottest screenwriters. "*The Graduate*," he says, "was one long ball to work on. Mike Nichols is a hell of a director." *Candy*, Henry's next effort as scenarist, was a different story, however. "I was writing the film as it was being shot," the New York–born writer recalls. "I was also writing to accommodate actors who would suddenly appear and be put in the picture. Which is all right, I suppose, but it's not the way to make a film." Henry, 39, has just completed his most difficult screen assignment to date—an adaptation of Joseph Heller's antic World War Two novel, *Catch*-22, in which he again teams up with Nichols. "It was quite a challenge to rework Heller's sense of structure without appearing to do so. I also had to cut down the number of characters, from about 75—too many for a film—to 30," Henry said upon returning to his home in Hollywood Hills after nearly three months near Guaymas, Mexico, where part of *Catch*-22 was filmed. In addition to writing the script, Henry (who played the hotel desk clerk in *The Graduate*) portrays *Catch*-22's Colonel Korn. "I started out in show business as an actor," he says. "Just after I was graduated from Dartmouth, the producers of an ill-fated off-Broadway play needed a young man who could convey innocence, fear, corruption, handsomeness and sexual appeal. Instead, they got me." A busy—if little-known—actor during the late Fifties, Henry then spent two years as a gagwriter for TV's *The Garry Moore Show* before joining *That Was the Week That Was* as a writer-performer. Following that, he co-authored (with Mel Brooks) the pilot of NBC's *Get Smart*, which soon led to his career as a filmwriter. "I've only adapted novels so far," says Henry, "but next year I intend to write my first original screenplay." Judging from his satiric success thus far, it seems certain that rival screenwriters will have to strive mightily, indeed, if they intend to pass the Buck.

MUTUAL FUNDS *(continued from page 164)*

but increasing. Fund shares, incidentally, are not purchased in round numbers, nor even in whole numbers, but in dollar amounts. After deducting the applicable commission (if any), the fund simply credits the investor with however many shares the remaining money will buy—computed down to four decimal places. If the shareholder elects to reinvest his dividends and capital gains, these, too, will be converted into shares to the nearest ten thousandth, guaranteeing that every penny of the investor's money is always working for him.

Despite such advantages, many younger investors have tended to shun the funds, in the oft-mistaken belief that they can fare better on their own. In the short run, they possibly can. Given a pinch of savvy, almost anyone could conceivably pick a stock that would outshine a mutual-fund investment—for a month, a year or even longer. Not a single mutual fund so much as doubled its investors' money in 1968, but literally hundreds of stocks did. In fact, on the over-the-counter market alone (it's not really a market but a collection of them, where brokers buy and sell little-known stocks), 52 stocks advanced by more than *1000 percent* in 1968. At least a few investors must have been fortunate enough to own the year's best performer, Diverco Inc., a company so obscure that diligent research has failed to unearth the nature of its operations, other than that it was "formerly in the swimming-pool business." The company doesn't seem to have so much as a telephone, but it does have lots of tax losses, and these were sufficient to propel it from 1 cent a share (January 2, 1968) to $2.12 (December 31, 1968), for an impressive gain of 21,100 percent. The odds against picking a winner such as this are formidable: Who in his right mind would buy a stock in a company that doesn't even have a phone? And if the odds against making one such investment are steep, the odds against making a series of them—taking the profits from the first stock and sinking them all into a second, taking the proceeds from the second and investing them all in a third, and so on—are impossible. It would be easier to pick a 12-horse parlay, something no one has ever done. The problem with stock pyramids, as with 12-horse parlays, is that no matter how lucky or perspicacious the bettor might be, sooner or later the whole edifice is bound to collapse, and when it does, the ultimate bad bet wipes out the profits from all the previous good ones.

But there *is* a sort of parlay that investors can and do make money on, and it's a technique that's at once rewarding and prosaic. The only requirement is patience and the leverage of compound interest. For investors gifted with patience, funds can provide scads of compounding, by virtue of the aforementioned commission-free reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. Essentially, compounding means that after the initial investment has produced dividends of one sort or another, the investor then begins receiving dividends on his dividends, then dividends on the dividends on the dividends, and so on, ad infinitum. How this actually works for the fund investor is best understood through an ancient and well-known financial formula called the rule of 72. For a reason that is knowable but not worth knowing, the number 72, divided by the prevailing rate of compound interest, will reveal the number of years required for a sum of money to double. An investment that increases at 18 percent a year, for instance, will double every four years—because 72 divided by 18 equals 4. Eighteen percent may seem a bit steep, but it's theoretically quite achievable in funds these days. In fact, it's very close to the gain that the average mutual fund racked up last year. In the past decade, the 25 top-performing funds each year, with capital gains reinvested, have produced average annual returns as high as 33 percent, and never lower than 14 percent.

The funds deserve credit for this performance, but not quite as much credit as one might think. An exhaustive computer survey, conducted a few years ago at the University of Chicago, showed that the average annual profit (before taxes) on *any* New York Stock Exchange investment held for one month or longer—regardless of what the company was, when the shares were purchased or when they were sold—was 9.3 percent. If a random investment in stocks returns 9.3 percent, it seems reasonable to expect that highly touted and highly paid fund managers can produce twice that. Assuming a compound-interest rate of 18 percent, the rule of 72 reveals that a young man could invest a paltry $1000 in funds at the age of 20 and at 60 emerge a millionaire. If he's not willing to sweat out 40 years, he can up the initial ante to $30,000 and watch it run to almost $1,000,000 in only two decades. Of course, this example is wildly theoretical, in that it makes several assumptions of a future-predictive nature. The future, as we all know, is never predictable. But still, the example does emphasize a basic point: that compound interest is not to be derided.

Given the manifest advantages of

compound interest, the problem of picking a mutual fund seems to be simplicity itself: The investor should select whichever fund will give him the largest percentage of return, year after year. This is actually an iffy, even an impossible, proposition, but it's still what many fund investors (probably a majority of relative newcomers) actually attempt. These investors will confess that they have only one goal: to make as much money as they can in as short a time as possible. Needless to say, a good many funds have sprung up to accommodate them. Seven years ago, the SEC was worried that mutual funds were being managed too conservatively, but it now thinks the funds aren't conservative enough. Former SEC chairman Manuel F. Cohen recently expressed his concern, in a national business magazine, about an increasingly speculative climate that has been enveloping the mutual-fund business; and Cohen's successor, Hamer H. Budge, complained to Congress last February about a cult of performance among fund managers who focus on short-term profits in order to make their shares more salable.

The cult of performance certainly exists—not only among fund managers but among fund investors. Investors, like everyone else, have no way to predict the future, so they usually rely on the evidence of the past when selecting the fund they think will make the most money for them. In other words, they buy funds that have a past or current history of success. Several firms specialize in rating mutual funds periodically—ranking them according to how well they are doing in the performance derby—and whenever new ratings are published, investors fall all over themselves for the privilege of throwing money at the top-ranked funds. Mates Investment Fund, the one that refuses to invest in the munitions industry, learned the hard way just how anxious the public is to invest in a winning situation. About a year ago, Mates was performing so much better than any other fund that it was literally inundated with investor money—so much so that the fund couldn't keep up with its paperwork and had to stop selling new shares. *Mirabile dictu*, Mates Fund actually rejected some $50,000,000 in investor money. On the strength of its top rating alone (Mates Fund is a no-load fund, without commissions or a sales force), its size had grown by a factor of ten in six dizzying months. By the end of the year, the fund was so successful that it was almost forced out of business; one of the stocks in its portfolio had gone from $3.25 to $33, and suddenly comprised about one fifth of the fund's assets. As noted, the securities laws insist that no single investment constitute more than 1/20 of a fund's assets, so Mates Fund had to sell. Unfortunately, for reasons too complicated

to discuss, the zooming stock was such that it couldn't be sold on the open market. Lacking a market, it was impossible to evaluate. As a consequence, Mates was forced to stop redeeming its own shares—almost an unprecedented event in the mutual-fund business. The fund now hopes to resume normal operations shortly, though one is not entirely certain what normal means in this case.

The ratings that sparked all the initial interest in Mates Fund are published periodically in some of the financial magazines. As published, however, they are often incomprehensible, and a better source is usually a brokerage house. Any reputable broker will be able to lend you abundant material from Wiesenberger and Company, a New York firm that publishes a huge annual compilation of data (including easy-to-read charts) about past and current fund performance. The best of the rating services is probably the Lipper list, published in various forms (including a weekly ranking of the hottest funds) by the Arthur Lipper Corporation, a brokerage house in New York. You can buy the big Wiesenberger book for $40, but the Lipper service costs up to $500 annually, so it's best to borrow a broker's copy.

The unhappy experience of Mates Fund notwithstanding, one of the interesting aspects of the mutual-fund performance derby is that success breeds success, at least in the short run. Once a fund rises to the top ranks, it tends to stay there for a while. The reasons for this are obscure (for anyone who's interested, the subject is discussed in detail in the June 1968 *Fortune*), but they definitely relate to the influx of cash from new investors that usually accompanies a high position in the fund-performance list. A high ranking means new investors, and new investors mean new money. Once a fund management is blessed with new money, it is free to buy good new stocks whenever it finds them; it can buy when the market goes down (obviously, this is the best time to buy) and it can count on receiving useful research about hot new stocks from brokerage houses eager to get their hands on some of that incoming cash. Funds not blessed with new money, on the other hand, must dip into their reserves to make new investments or to meet redemptions. If they are fully invested and have no cash (most funds try to keep some in reserve), they must sell old investments, often at a loss, or at least at a time when they should not be sold. To the extent that a fund enjoys a steady stream of new money, it will be able to make the sort of good new investments that will keep it high in the rankings; and when a fund stays high in the rankings, it keeps getting more new money. Portfolio managers—the men who actually make the funds' investment decisions—generally admit that a steady influx of new cash is crucially important to their own well-being, financial as well as psychological. It's not simply to appease their egos that fund managers are engaged in a no-holds-barred battle to get into the top 10, or at least into the top 25, on the ranking lists.

WHERE TO LEARN MORE ABOUT MUTUAL FUNDS

Ordinary sources of investment information are generally deficient in their coverage of mutual funds. Both *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times* (available at any well-stocked newsstand) occasionally run perceptive reports about funds. *Barron's* (available each Monday at the same newsstand) reports on funds irregularly, and four times a year ranks them and discusses what stocks they are buying and selling.

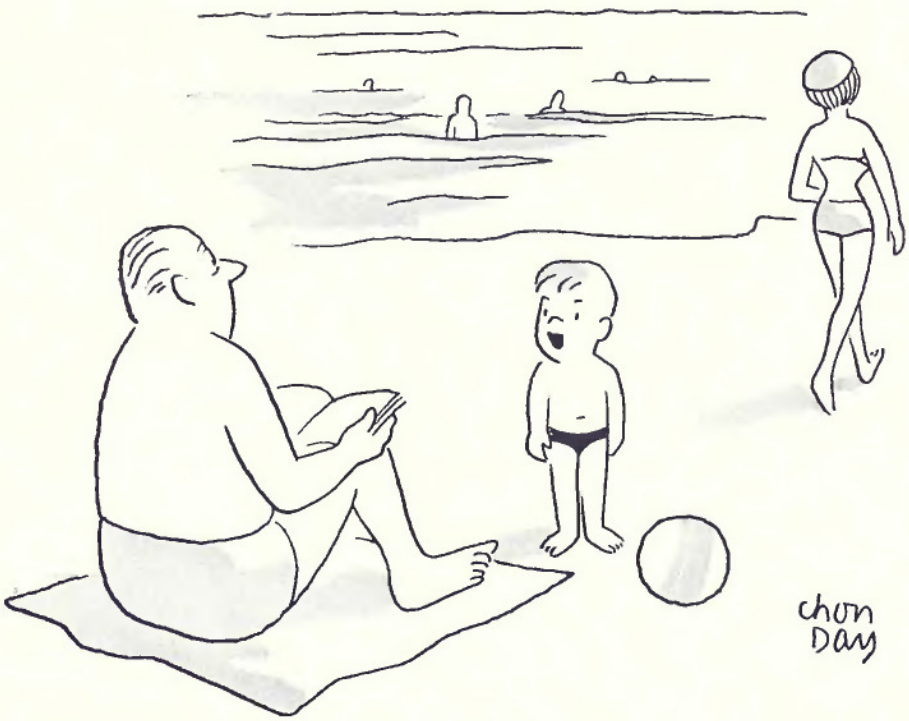
Forbes (published twice a month by Forbes, Inc., 60 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10011; subscription $8.50 annually) runs a regular column about funds and a complicated rating each August.

An otherwise dull magazine called *Financial World* (published weekly at 17 Battery Place, New York, New York 10004; $28 annually) features a regular column, by-lined by Edward Ryan, that discusses the fund business with perception and intelligence.

An expensive monthly magazine called *Fundscope* ($39 a year from Fundscope Inc., 1800 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles, California 90067) publishes more statistics about mutual funds than most investors would ever care to interpret.

The jazziest, most candid and most interesting of all the literature about mutual funds is a monthly magazine called *The Institutional Investor*; its editor is George J. W. Goodman, alias Adam Smith. Sad to say, this is a controlled-circulation periodical, for money managers only; but if your broker gets a copy, it's well worth borrowing.

Watching all this jockeying, the casual observer might guess that most funds share the same objective: to make as much money as possible for their shareholders. This, unfortunately, is just not true. A great many funds, especially the newer ones, and most especially the ones that the reader will be looking for, *do* try to maximize profits—but by and large, the scope of their investment goals is much broader. Some funds, for instance, are interested only in the preservation of capital—to accommodate investors who have reached that lofty state where their primary concern is simply keeping what they already have. Other funds pursue the maximization of income—for widow and orphan types who must live



"Boy! Mom's really stacked, isn't she?"

on whatever they can best squeeze from a fixed sum of money. Most other funds can generally be ranked according to their willingness to take risks.

Since the funds can make money in two ways—from dividend income and from capital gains—the most sensible way to classify them would be to divide them into two groups: income funds and capital-gains funds, which might better be called growth funds. But even here, we're forced to add a third category, special funds, to pick up everything that doesn't fall into the first two categories. (Many of the funds listed earlier would qualify as special funds.) Income funds are for anyone who has a specific sum of cash and doesn't want to risk diminishing it in the process of trying to make it grow. But the lure of tax-favored capital-gains profit is so great that even income funds sometimes don't seem terribly interested in income. Of 15 income-oriented funds recently tabulated by *Fundscope*, only two paid dividends higher than five percent in 1968. The highest dividend payer of 375 funds examined is called Keystone B-4 (most funds have more evocative names) and it returned 5.69 percent. Since even short-term Treasury notes are now paying around six percent, the objective observer must conclude that people solely interested in income shouldn't be dabbling in funds at all.

In fact, the straight-income funds have a relatively small following: They account for less than five percent of the mutual-fund business. One of the reasons they attract even this much attention is that the conservative nature of their portfolios makes them relatively safe investments and sometimes, in periods when speculators are disenchanted with high-flying growth stocks, makes them good sources of capital-gains profits as well. The year 1968 was such a period, and it embarrassed a great many funds because their declared intentions simply did not reconcile with their actual performance. Funds that claimed to be investing primarily for growth wound up producing nothing but income—and not much of that. And funds set up to invest for income were beset with embarrassingly large capital gains. Channing Growth Fund, for example, "grew" a modest two percent, while its conservative sister fund, Channing Income Fund, grew about 13 times faster, increasing the value of its investors' holdings by 25½ percent. In outfits like the Channing group, the managers run different but similarly named funds designed to achieve different results. (One of the happy aspects of such multiple arrangements is that the managements usually let their shareholders shift their holdings from one fund in the family to another, without having to repeat the hefty commissions.) Of nine such management groups this author knows about—each offering one fund dedicated to growth and another dedicated to income—the income funds outgrew their growth counterparts last year in all but one instance. *Fundscope*'s list of 15 income funds, which includes virtually all income funds of any consequence, averaged 17.9 percent growth in 1968. A comparable group of 173 growth funds averaged just 12.3 percent.

But at least they grew. While stocks on the average went up four to eight percent in 1968 (depending on which index you read and how you read it), Manhattan Fund, one of the largest and best-known of the growth funds, *declined* seven percent. As the fund's president, ex-wizard Gerry Tsai, Jr., admitted to his shareholders: "Our investment judgment on growth stocks was faulty. Put simply, we tended to overstay better-known growth stocks." In business, as in life, faulty judgment can hurt. Manhattan's Hamletlike tendencies to overstay lost it $134,000,000 in profits that it could have taken but didn't. Tsai may be more candid than most growth-fund presidents, but his fund was not alone in its less-than-meteoric performance. Of 375 well-established funds tracked by *Fundscope* through 1968, 48 wound up trailing the Dow-Jones Industrial Average. The D. J. I. A., as most investors are well aware, is a widely followed market index comprised of 30 somewhat stodgy blue-chip stocks not noted for their volatility; last year, assuming reinvestment of dividends, the Average gained 7.3 percent. Of the 48 mutual funds that did less well than this, 30 of them—almost two thirds—bill themselves as growth funds. Besides Tsai's Manhattan Fund, four other growth funds grew negatively.

In fairness to the growth funds, 1968 was a very peculiar year, and their average 18 percent increase is not to be faulted, being precisely the figure needed to compound $1000 into $1,000,000 (in 40 years) according to the rule of 72. However, before any readers rush out to make $1,000,000, they must be cautioned that it's highly unlikely that any growth fund—even the best, whichever that might be—can sustain such a growth rate for 10 or 20 years. The best-performing funds each year will probably gain more than 18 percent, but the ranks of the best will change as time goes by. This is because while success breeds success in the mutual-fund business, it also carries with it the seeds of ultimate failure. To the extent that a fund's current prosperity lures money from new investors, the fund itself must suffer sooner or later, because it will someday be too large to manage nimbly. The Federal laws that govern mutual-fund activities assure this. Not only can funds have no more than five percent of their money in any one

company but they also can't own more than ten percent of any single company's shares. These restrictions were designed to keep funds from exercising a management role in the companies in which they invest (a role they often exercise anyway), but their real effect is to cramp the style of a fund once it has grown beyond a certain size. Consider a hypothetical billion-dollar fund. The five percent rule says the fund may own up to $50,000,000 worth of any one stock (five percent of a billion). But most potential investments, especially the smaller, more promising companies, where the biggest profits are often to be made, have less than $50,000,000 in shares—and the fund is limited to owning only ten percent of them. The result, quite simply, is that as a fund gets larger, it is forced to diversify increasingly or to invest more and more in well-established firms with vast numbers of shares outstanding—the very companies that, because of their large size, usually provide the least action. Common sense indicates that the number of small, hot companies is limited; and even if a large fund elects to confine itself to these, sooner or later it will own as much as it can of them and will have no place else to go. In the process, it will also pick up a number of small, promising companies that fail to live up to their promise. The message should be clear: Once a fund gets past a certain size, its activities are increasingly restricted. It can diversify by buying an ever-larger number of small-company stocks; it can buy ever-bigger chunks of the well-established companies; or it can do both. But whatever it does, it is not likely to keep making the profits that attracted most of its investors in the first place. Last year, the ten largest funds gained only 6.5 percent, slightly less than Standard and Poor's broad composite stock average. Massachusetts Investors Trust, with assets over two billion dollars, has for years acted very much like the Dow-Jones Industrial Average.

Perhaps the most interesting illustration of the dilemma of success is provided by Enterprise Fund, a growth fund headquartered in Los Angeles. Without qualification, Enterprise has been the most consistently successful of all mutual funds in recent years. It has been the only fund to rank among the top 25 for each of the past six years. No other fund has accomplished this feat since 1940, when new legislation changed the structure of mutual funds and meaningful statistics began to accumulate. A $10,000 investment in Enterprise Fund at the beginning of 1963—deducting the 9.3 percent load and assuming subsequent reinvestment of all capital-gains distributions and dividends—was worth close to $70,000 at the beginning of this year. In the case of Enterprise, success has assuredly bred success. The fund's assets increased by a factor of several hundred during the period discussed, growing from $3,000,000 to almost one billion dollars. Most of that was new money, attracted by the fund's impressive performance. Enterprise's philosophy, as enunciated by its portfolio manager, Fred Carr, is to invest in "emerging growth situations"—small companies that promise great success. How many such companies there are is open to question: At last count, Enterprise had some 350 stocks in its portfolio, which surely makes it less flexible than when it was a $6,000,000 fund and could invest in the most promising 35 of those 350. Carr, in fact, has recognized the problems of bigness and has divided the Enterprise portfolio internally into a number of different bundles, each tended by a separate manager. Whether this attempt at self-imposed smallness will work remains to be seen, for the five and ten percent rules still apply to the fund as a whole, not to the individual bundles. Yet the fund increased over 40 percent in per-share value last year—an unprecedented gain for a fund so large. In fact, Enterprise was outperformed by only a few other funds, one of which was the ill-starred Mates Fund. But no matter how well Enterprise does in years to come, it will certainly not duplicate its record of the past six years. If its size were to increase that much again, it would wind up owning almost 80 billion dollars' worth of securities, which wouldn't leave much for the rest of us.

The dilemma of Enterprise Fund is also the dilemma of the man who wants to invest in funds. Few people would want to buy into a fund with an unproven track record, but a fund with a good track record may have grown too large to sustain its previous rate of success. Most printed information about mutual funds will tell you, in one way or another, that the only real measure of value is how a fund has performed over several years. Unfortunately, this just isn't true, and most of the mutual-fund rating services admit it. After arming the reader with endless pages of statistics about past performance, the services will note, with some coyness, that past results should under no circumstances be construed as an indication of future performance.

Despite contradictions such as this, there *are* a few guidelines that would-be mutual-fund investors can follow. First, it never hurts to know how a fund's management is being compensated. Besides the growing number of funds with sliding compensation schedules (which means that the managers get a smaller cut as the pie expands), some funds, especially newer ones, reward their management on the basis of how well the fund performs in comparison with the broad stock-market averages.

In addition, the potential investor should make sure that all the fine-print terms of the fund—such as those relating to reinvestment of profits, ultimate withdrawal of money, possible charges for getting out—are suitable. The fund's prospectus—which by law must be given to the potential investor before he commits himself—will yield all this information, though in many cases only reluctantly. The prospectus will also give the investor a relatively recent glimpse at the fund's portfolio—for whatever that's worth. In a typical growth fund, many stockholdings will mean nothing even to the most sophisticated investor; beyond that, the information will probably be stale. Funds are required to divulge the make-up of their portfolios twice a year, and most funds do it quarterly; but this information is usually months out of date before the investor gets it. Anyway, the law permits funds to hide five percent of their investments; so if they're into something really interesting, you probably won't find it.

All other things being equal, which they never are, it *is* wise to pick a fund with a good track record, though preferably one that hasn't been so good for so long as to bloat the fund to a point where it waddles rather than runs. Most fund literature tells the investor to pick a fund that's performed well in both up and down markets, but this advice is dubious. In general, stocks have been rising for so long that most funds haven't had much experience in bad markets. Even if you do find a fund that did well in 1929 or in any of the more recent setbacks (1962 or 1966, for instance), there's no guarantee that the same canny men are still at the helm. Chances are they were so well rewarded for their perspicacity that they've now retired or gone on to better jobs. So don't pay nearly as much attention to past performance as you pay to present performance. That is, once you've decided on a fund, or once you've bought it, keep an eye on it; if, over time, you find it's not doing as well as many other funds, or if it's not doing as well as stocks in general, then you should consider selling out. Of course, the commissions you will have paid may make this more difficult. If you paid the typical 9.3 percent, for instance, unless the fund has increased 9.3 percent by the time you sell, you'll take a loss.

This is one of the big problems involved in investing in the load funds. Not only is the price of admission steep

but, once it's been paid, it tends to lock you in. Of course, the investor is free to get out at any time; but if getting out means taking a loss due solely to the salesman's commission, then the investor would have done better not getting in at all. In fairness to the load funds, they *do* lower their commissions drastically on large purchases. This partially accounts for their increasing attractiveness to very wealthy investors, but it's small consolation to the less affluent, who generally have to pay at the top rate. Here's a sample of a mutual-fund commission schedule. It's taken from the prospectus of Fletcher Capital Fund (run by the Enterprise people), but similar rates apply to most others.

Amount of Investment	Sales Charge
$ 500 but under $ 25,000	8.50%
$ 25,000 but under $ 50,000	6.90%
$ 50,000 but under $125,000	4.90%
$125,000 but under $250,000	2.90%
$250,000 but under $500,000	1.80%
$500,000 and more	1.00%

The larger figures are especially interesting in that they are entirely hypothetical: Fletcher won't allow any investor to purchase more than $50,500 worth of its shares. To get the lower percentages, investors must also buy other funds in the Enterprise group. Even the smaller figures in the table are somewhat mythical. In a form of mathematical legerdemain peculiar to mutual funds, the load funds compute their commissions not on the value of the shares purchased but on the entire transaction, commission included. As an example, say you want to invest $1000 in a fund. The commission, a salesman tells you, is 8½ percent—$85. So $85 goes to the salesman and related middlemen, and the rest—$915—buys your fund shares. Suddenly, you're not investing $1000 at all. You're investing $915 and paying $85 for the privilege. Long division reveals that $85 is 9.289 percent of $915, and that's the typical commission on a small transaction: 9.3 percent. This is a trivial point, to be sure; so trivial that the funds should consider computing their commissions in a more straightforward manner, rather than making potential customers resort to mathematics they haven't used since high school.

Short of writing for a prospectus and recomputing the figures, the easiest way of determining a given fund's maximum commission cost is to consult the mutual-funds listing in the daily financial pages. Many daily papers are woefully skimpy in their mutual-fund statistics, but even the worst usually publish some sort of listing, which might include several hundred different funds, arranged in alphabetical order, with two prices after each name. In terminology more

appropriate to over-the-counter stocks, the two prices are usually headed "Bid" and "Asked." The bid price isn't really a bid at all—it's simply the net asset value per share of the fund for that particular afternoon. That's the price at which the fund will redeem whatever shares it receives that day. The asked price is the price at which it will sell shares, and the difference between the two prices is the amount the investor will have to pay in commissions. From these figures, readers can compute precisely what commission they'll have to pay to purchase a particular fund. Nonmathematicians can simply examine the two figures to see if the difference (called the spread) is relatively large or small. If it's large, then the commission on that fund is high, and vice versa. If the two figures are identical, that means there's no commission at all. In other words, the fund is a no-load, and you can buy into it at net asset value. A recent mutual-fund listing in *The Wall Street Journal*, which each business day publishes one of the most comprehensive of all such listings, showed 297 funds, of which 32 were in the no-load category.

It's almost incredible that so many mutual funds can flourish while there is such a gross disparity among their commission structures. In any ordinary business, the firm that charged the lowest commissions would very quickly garner most of the trade. But in the mutual-fund business, the opposite holds true. The firms with the highest commission rates, as a group, account for a majority of the business. One reason for this is that the mutual-fund product—future performance—is unknowable. A fund that you pay 9.3 percent to get into may, indeed, outshine a similar one that charges no commissions at all. There's no way of telling until after the fact—when the information is too late to act on.

A simpler reason is that high commissions attract good salesmen, and good salesmen sell funds. In fact, it's something of a cliché in the mutual-fund business that fund shares are not bought—they are *sold*. This is by way of establishing the crucial role of the fund salesman, and the equally crucial role of the ample commissions that seem necessary to sustain him. Lower the commissions and you will lower his incentive to sell funds. Having reduced his incentive, you will find new fund sales diminishing. We have seen how the absence of new money can curtail a fund's growth, but *in extremis*, it can do worse than that. If sales of new shares diminish to a point where redemptions exceed them—that is, if more shares are being cashed in than purchased—then a fund is in bad trouble, because it's forced to sell some of its investments to raise cash to redeem its shares. Funds don't like forced liquidation, because it makes them sell investments they'd prefer to keep, thus forgoing future profits. Moreover, since the redemption rate often rises when stock values are declining, such forced sales usually occur at just the wrong time, making funds sell stocks at the very moment they should be buying more.

In fact, the redemption–sales ratio (relating money going out to money coming in) is the Achilles' heel of the mutual-fund business. The danger of a run on mutual funds, similar to the bank runs that occurred with such disturbing frequency in the Bonnie and Clyde era, has never been real, because continuing growth—and an ever-expanding sales force—has enabled funds to meet redemptions easily out of new cash. That is, in the aggregate, they've always had enough money from new sales to redeem the shares of current investors who, for various reasons, want out. But as the fund industry matures, it's at least possible to imagine a day when a relatively large number of investors, who might have purchased fund shares long before for the kids' college or for retirement, decide to get out. If, as seems most likely, this increased desire to redeem comes at a time when money is scarce, stock values are declining and sales of new fund shares are off, then the funds will be forced to sell many of their investments to raise enough cash to meet redemptions. A wholesale liquidation of this sort—especially nowadays, when monolithic institutions of one stripe or another control a sizable chunk of all common-stock investments—could cause a stock-market sell-off of major proportions, feeding on itself in a snowball effect, as more and more fundholders perceived ever-diminishing stock prices and decided that they, too, should unload. Such a situation actually occurred in Japan in the

early Sixties; there, however, the government halted a potential snowball by creating a state stock-buying company to provide a stable market for shares that the funds were forced to liquidate.

Obviously, a fund sell-off of this magnitude has never occurred in the U. S. In a report to Congress 30 years ago, the SEC examined the performance of 40 open-end investment companies (that's all there were back then) during the boom-and-bust decade between 1927 and 1936. Those years were darkened by the worst stock market in American financial history; but yet, the SEC discovered, not a single fund went bankrupt, and funds sold $564,000,000 in new shares and redeemed only $142,000,000 in old ones. In other words, sales outran redemptions four to one, even during the great crash of 1929 and the subsequent Depression. More recently, in the brief market crash of May 1962, when the Dow-Jones Industrial Average fell 8.5 percent, fund values deteriorated drastically, but people kept buying more: sales were $292,000,000 that month, and redemptions only $122,000,000. Fund buyers also predominated in the stock-market decline that began last December, though the precise figures aren't yet available.

One reason for this unflappable investor behavior is that a market collapse tends to lure new customers into the funds: shrewd investors who know a bargain when they see one, and less-shrewd investors who have been chastened in stocks and reach the belated recognition that they can't do as well on their own as they might have hoped. Ultimately, the fact that funds are purchased heavily even in bad market periods is a great credit to the individual investors responsible for the buying. They are bargain hunting, and doing it successfully. To the extent that they do their bargain hunting without the aid of a salesman, however, they are defeating the funds' case for high commission rates. In fact, for the intelligent investor, the most pernicious thing about mutual-fund commissions is not their size but what they represent. In load funds, as in life insurance, a salesman must be paid, whether or not the customer needs to be sold. To the investor who has spent weeks or even months doing just what the fund pundits tell him to do—reading dreary prospectuses, deciphering arcane charts, sitting in a noisy board room thumbing through the Wiesenberger books—and then, after all this work, finally settles on the one fund that is precisely right for him, it is rather galling to be forced to give up 9.3 percent of his money to the salesman who just happens to take his order. The investor didn't need to be sold and the salesman didn't sell him; the fund sold itself. If anyone is to be paid for the sales job, it should be the hard-working investor.

The load funds have an interesting answer to this. (Actually, they have several arguments to support their commission structures, but none as engaging as this one.) The notion is that a mutual-fund salesman must be compensated for *all* his working time—not just the two minutes he might spend writing the intelligent investor's order, but all the hours he spends telephoning Young Republican membership lists, attending Kiwanis luncheons and making friends at suburban P. T. A.s. The salesman, as the funds see him, is a valuable pillar in the free-enterprise firmament, who spends much of his time praising the virtues of capitalism to those oft-neglected 174,000,000 Americans who, for various reasons, do not care to invest. To resist the tide of revolution, the load funds may be justified in taxing those who have the wealth and intelligence to make a good investment, in order to subsidize a pro-capitalist propaganda effort directed at those who don't. But such a campaign seems to frustrate the very elements of choice that are so vital to our free markets. Besides, mutual-fund salesmen spend very little time with the people who really need conversion, and—in this writer's experience—fund salesmen are not particularly incisive defenders of capitalism anyway.

One of the reasons for this is that price competition, that bastion of free enterprise, is simply *illegal* in the mutual-fund business. Section 22(d) of the Investment Company Act of 1940, which was written with the grateful cooperation of the fund industry, makes it a Federal crime to sell a mutual fund at a price less than whatever the fund's distributor decides it should be. Last year, both the Justice Department and the President's Council of Economic Advisors urged repeal of 22(d) and, more recently, Senator John Sparkman of Alabama announced that his powerful Banking and Currency Committee intends to carefully consider repeal. The load-fund lobbyists are strong and well entrenched; but with this sort of opposition, they are bound to capitulate sooner or later.

While load funds certainly provide their salesmen with incentives to treat potential customers responsively and cordially, and while the constant influx of new cash generated by these salesmen may help the load fund's performance considerably, the would-be purchaser of load-fund shares must still include the commission cost in his investment calculus. Fund salesmen try to minimize the difference between their funds and their no-load brethren. In the long run, the salesmen will say, it's not the initial cost that counts but how well the fund performs. By and large, this is hogwash. As a famous economist once noted, in the

long run we are all dead. In the meantime, the future performance of any mutual fund cannot be known. But the commission cost, since it is paid in advance, is manifestly knowable. It's the only cost in a mutual-fund investment that you can calculate precisely before you commit yourself. To justify taking the investor's money, the load fund should promise performance not just comparable with a no-load's but *better*, so much better as to compensate for the commission loss and what that would grow to if it were free to compound over the years. Certainly, many such load funds exist: Load funds outnumber the no-loads by about ten to one, and by twice that if you compare assets rather than funds. But at the starting gate, no one can tell which load funds will finish sufficiently in the forefront to justify their commission charges. In terms of what they offer the investor, most load funds have a 9.3 percent handicap to overcome, and the would-be purchaser must weight his bets accordingly.

Until a few years ago, fund salesmen—and even the prestigious statistical services such as Wiesenberger—tried to imply that load funds, despite their steep commissions, generally outperform no-loads. This is simply not true, and most likely never was. As a matter of fact, syndicated financial writer J. A. Livingston, in a long and perceptive series of articles published last summer, advanced impressive statistics—representing a ten-year period—to show that the no-load funds, mainly because they allow the investor to begin with his full capital rather than with only 90.7 percent of it, generally make *more* money for their investors. Recent statistics published in *Fundscope* tend to confirm this, and perhaps the simplest affirmation of all is that the best-performing fund in the past two years, Neuwirth Fund, is a no-load. In fact, according to *Forbes*, four of the top five performers in 1968 were no-loads. (In the first two and a half months of this year, however, only 4 of the top 25 funds were no-loads—which probably proves nothing except the protean nature of mutual-fund statistics.)

Because the no-loads, at least in the aggregate, do offer what seems to be better value, and because, lacking a sales force to beat the drums for them, they are more difficult to learn about than load funds, we present here an alphabetical list of well-established no-load mutual funds. All of them have been around for at least eight years, which gives them something of a track record. All are dedicated to growth, which makes them somewhat speculative and therefore more interesting for the younger investor, and all have performed creditably—or at least reasonably well—in the past few years. None charge redemption fees and—except where noted—they all permit automatic reinvestment of both dividends and capital-gains income. The list is not a recommendation, nor is it by any means complete. It's just a representative cross section of what's available, and the reader might want to investigate some of these, or others not listed. Addresses are included because—on request—any fund will send a prospectus.

American Investors Fund, 88 Field Point Road, Greenwich, Connecticut 06830, has been a top performer since 1962, and its assets are now well over $200,000,000. Many of its investment decisions are based on technical analysis—which means that the fund's managers prefer charts to balance sheets.

De Vegh Mutual Fund Inc., 20 Exchange Place, New York, New York 10005, is relatively small, with assets around $50,000,000. Especially considering its size, it has a commendably low expense ratio, which means that its management is quite diligent in keeping costs down.

Drexel Equity Fund Inc., 1500 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101, is both relatively new (1961) and relatively small (around $42,000,000). It's done quite well in recent years and, like A. I. F., it often invests on the basis of chart action.

Energy Fund, 55 Broad Street, New York, New York 10004, has assets over $100,000,000 and favors energy-related stocks—oil, uranium and so on.

Ivy Fund, Inc., 155 Berkeley, Boston, Massachusetts 02116, was founded in 1960 and has been rated (by *Fundscope*) an above-average performer in six of the past eight years; it all but doubled its investors' money in 1967 and showed a healthy 39 percent increase last year.

Penn Square Mutual Fund, 451 Penn Square, Reading, Pennsylvania 19603, has a respectable long-term record and now boasts assets around $170,000,000; however, its reinvestment program is slightly restrictive, and the would-be buyer should check this carefully.

Scudder Special Fund, Inc., 345 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022, has been a top performer for the past decade, though it has been publicly available for only three years.

Would-be swingers might want to investigate the following three no-load funds as well. These are less seasoned than the previous seven; all were formed in the past few years and all fall into the go-go category; that is, they are designed for investors who are willing to entail substantial risk in hopes of substantially higher profits.

Hubshman Fund, Inc., 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, employs sophisticated investing techniques—short selling, leveraging its position by investing with borrowed money, and dabbling in sophisticated options called puts and calls—in the pursuit of greater profit. Results so far have been mixed; the fund did fairly well in 1967 but barely kept pace with the cost of inflation in 1968. Hubshman Fund recently declared its intention to become a load fund, so that by the time you read this, it may no longer be available without commission. And two months ago, the fund's chairman and president, Louis Hubshman, Jr., was chastised by the SEC, which charged that the fund had been overgenerous in rewarding its management.

Neuwirth Fund, Middletown Bank Building, Middletown, New Jersey 07748, is only two years old and has so far compiled a record just short of incredible. The value of each of its shares increased 300 percent in 1967 and another 72 percent in 1968. As noted, this has made it the top-performing fund for two straight years, a feat accomplished by no other mutual fund of any description in modern memory. However, like most funds, it has fared poorly so far this year, losing 8 percent in the first ten weeks.

Gibraltar Growth Fund, 2455 E. Sunrise Boulevard, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33304, is also quite new, and performed just about as well as Neuwirth Fund in 1968. In the first few months of 1969, however, the fund showed a loss of about 12 percent.

Two of these ten representative no-load funds—Energy and Hubshman—deserve special discussion, because each of them exemplifies a particular genre of fund. Energy Fund is one of the very few no-loads that are also special-purpose funds. The most attractive thing about special funds is that they are very easy for salesmen to sell. A fund designed especially for doctors is presumably easily sold to doctors. And the salesmen of a fund pledged to specialize in oceanography, for instance, can capitalize on the glamor and the prospective riches of an industry that is just beginning to surface. But while these funds are easy to sell (that's why almost all of them are load funds—they're a sort of salesman's delight), they are hell to run, as any portfolio manager will attest. Imagine the frustration of supervising a fund pledged (as an improbable example) to full investment in the fried-chicken business, and suddenly discovering a genuinely promising company buried somewhere in the computer industry, an industry from which you are excluded by charter. The logic here should be clear: Unless the investor has some unique insight into the future of oceanography or fried chicken, he shouldn't be committing his money to a portfolio that is largely restricted to either. Generally speaking,

Playboy Club News

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the more latitude a fund has, the better off its investors are. When the time comes to get into the ocean or the frying vats, your fund will be free to do so; and when both businesses begin to go dry, your fund will be free to get out. On the other hand, to the extent an investor has a genuine insight into some particular industry, he would be well advised to buy individual stocks that he knows about.

Hubshman Fund is a "hedge" fund. Hedge funds, as a rule, are private investment pools in which wealthy investors combine their cash and entrust it to a hotshot manager, who can then play tricks with it. Because hedge funds are private, limited partnerships, they don't have to follow the SEC rules. Their name comes from their habit of hedging their investment position: At any given time, a hedge fund not only will own stocks but it will have sold other stocks short. Without getting into the intricacies of short selling, this means, for the hedge fund, that it can make a profit not only when stocks go up but (assuming it has chosen the right losers) when they go down as well. Keeping a continuing portfolio of both long and short positions has been a key to successful speculation in commodities for generations, but the technique has only recently come to the stock market. In fact, the hedge fund is the invention of one man, Alfred Winslow Jones, who is now approaching 70 but is still quite active—and quite wealthy. One of the most interesting things about private hedge funds—at least for those who run them—is that the manager generally gets 20 percent of the profits. A hedge fund that Jones runs has supposedly gained over 1000 percent in the past ten years; even considering the management fee, this would make it more successful than any publicly available mutual fund.

Because of performances like this, the hedge-fund idea has spread rapidly in the past few years. Hedge funds are private operations, so no one really knows how many there are; most likely there are hundreds, and they probably account for 15 billion dollars in investment capital—five or six times more than just three years ago. Rumor has it that there are more under-30 millionaires running hedge funds than there are in the entertainment industry. Given all this action, it's not surprising that a few resourceful souls would try to translate the hedge-fund idea to a mutual fund. Hubshman Fund is the first and—at least temporarily—the only one that's also a no-load. It was followed by the Heritage Fund, which had actually been around since 1951 but decided to transmogrify into a hedge fund two years ago; a third, Hedge Fund of America, appeared last year. The newer entries are both load funds, so the small investor will have to pay standard commissions to get into them. However, Hedge Fund of America lowers its commission bite to around eight percent for investments over $1000, and gives further breaks to investors who go in over $1600, over $3300 and so on. Hedge Fund of America has not been around long enough for meaningful statistics to pile up, but of the two that have, Heritage Fund—the load fund—has substantially outperformed Hubshman Fund, its erstwhile no-load cousin. According to *Fundscope*'s figures, Hubshman gained 30.6 percent in 1967 and 5 percent in 1968, while Heritage was racking up gains of 58.7 percent and 17.9 percent. So, in this case, the load fund was the better buy, as its gains more than compensated for the initial commission cost. Parenthetically, an interesting fact about Heritage Fund is that its management is paid no annual fee whatever unless the fund outperforms Standard and Poor's broad stock index; this is the sort of meaningful incentive that more fund managements might emulate.

We noted earlier that the technical meaning of the phrase "mutual fund" excludes a whole genre of fundlike institutions that really shouldn't be excluded. These are the closed-end investment companies, oft-neglected elder brothers of the mutual funds. Like mutual funds, they are in the business of investing other people's money. Unlike mutual funds, they have a fixed number of shares outstanding and they neither issue new shares nor buy back old ones; that's why they're called closed-ends. The shares in these companies are traded on the various stock markets, just like stocks. Obviously, they don't have any salesmen: You buy them through your stockbroker, and pay normal stockbroker fees. These fees, unlike mutual-fund commissions, are extracted at both ends of a transaction (you pay to buy and then pay more to get out), but the commission cost of a closed-end fund is still considerably cheaper than the cost of a load fund. Moreover, because the market itself determines the price of closed-end shares, they sometimes sell at a discount from the actual value of the investments they own. Frequently, closed-end shares representing $25 in assets will be selling for $20. Such profits may be largely illusory, however, because when the time comes to sell, the discount may persist—or even be greater.

When the author first discussed these "discount" investment companies, in an article in these pages in March 1968 (*Beating Inflation: A Playboy Primer*), he listed half a dozen well-established closed-end funds then selling at substantial discounts from their net asset value. Alas, these discounts have now narrowed

drastically and—in three cases—turned into premiums. When shares in these companies sell at a premium, it means that investors are willing to pay more for them than their assets are currently worth—presumably in anticipation of future profits. It also means that investors who purchased those shares a year ago now have hefty capital gains and should consider unloading. Since it's seldom wise to pay a premium for these shares (sooner or later, they'll all be selling at a discount again), they are not as attractive as they once were. Still, *Barron's* and *The Wall Street Journal* each Monday publish a table of closed-end funds, giving the shares' market value, their actual asset value and the percentage difference. At this writing, a handful are selling at relatively small discounts, and the potential investor might do well to examine them. Three that have been in business since 1929 or earlier, that have assets over $100,000,000, that have more than doubled in value in the past decade and that are currently selling on the New York Stock Exchange at a discount are: Surveyor Fund (formerly General Public Service Corporation), Tri-Continental Corporation, and U. S. & Foreign Securities Corporation. But before buying the closed-end funds, it's a good idea to find out what's in their portfolios; perhaps they're selling at a discount because they're sitting on a bagful of pups. (A pup is the opposite of an emerging growth stock: It's an emerging dog.)

The most interesting of all the closed-end companies—and perhaps of all investment companies generally—are currently the dual-purpose funds. These are based on an idea that originated in Great Britain, and they might better be called two-for-one funds. The notion is simple: Some investors are interested solely in income and others solely in capital gains. The dual-purpose funds bring the two together and pool their money. When the investments from the pool begin to run up profits, the income investors get all the income and the capital-gains investors get all the capital gains. In a simplified example, say that Widow A, who has $1000 and wants all the income she can get from it, and Executive B, who also has $1000 and wants all the growth he can get, join forces. The result is $2000, which is duly invested and, in a year's time, has produced a not-unreasonable five percent in dividends and ten percent in capital gains. Five percent of $2000 is $100, and that would go to the widow, who finds she has received a ten percent return on her $1000 investment. The ten percent in capital gains amounts to $200, and that goes to the executive, who discovers he's blessed with a 20 percent return. Almost miraculously, both parties are making twice as much as they would if the fund hadn't brought them together.

"Is it tennis or surf? I know you're some type of bum."

The dual-purpose funds are obviously more complicated, but that's essentially how they work. Each fund has two classes of shares—income shares and capital shares. When the funds were started (seven are readily available and most of them began business two years ago), investors paid identical amounts for both classes of shares. But, as with other closed-end investment companies, their shares are traded on the stock exchanges. As noted, this means that you must pay stockbroker fees to buy them, and the whimsy of the market place determines the price. For some ultimately whimsical reason, the capital shares of six of the seven dual-purpose funds are currently selling at substantial discounts. Like their closed-end cousins, the dual-purpose capital shares are tabulated every Monday in the financial papers. Below is a recent (March 10) listing of all seven, showing the actual market price of each share, its net asset value and the percentage difference.

The discounts, as the table shows, range from 7.7 to 21.2 percent, with one fund—for no apparent reason—selling at a slight premium. In the case of the six discounted shares, the figures, as the saying goes, are only half the story. Remember, the capital shares account for only half the funds' assets, and the income shares take up the other half. But the capital shareholder gets *all*

Fund	Capital Share Price	Net Asset Value	Difference
American DualVest Fund	$14.13	$16.41	−13.9%
Gemini Fund	15.75	17.72	−11.1%
Hemisphere Fund	8.88	9.90	−10.3%
Income and Capital Shares	14.37	15.57	− 7.7%
Leverage Fund of Boston	11.50	14.60	−21.2%
Putnam Duofund	9.75	9.63	+ 1.2%
Scudder Duo-Vest	7.88	9.44	−16.6%

the gains from *both*. This means, in the case of Leverage Fund of Boston in the table on page 197, that while the net asset value of each capital share is $14.60, the capital shareholder also has another $14.60 working for him, because he gets all the capital gains from the related income share, which also is worth $14.60. In other words, on this particular day, the investor could actually buy all the future capital gains from $29.20 in professionally managed stock for the lordly sum of $11.50, plus broker fees. As an executive put it a few months ago in *Barron's*: "Owning dual-fund capital shares is just like operating on a 40 percent margin—without having to worry about margin calls from your broker."

It's difficult to explain why these discounts exist at all. Given the leverage factor, one would expect that premiums—even substantial premiums—are in order. Some observers—most of them associated with load funds—have claimed that the dual funds are ineptly managed, but this is a difficult claim to sustain. For one thing, the dual-fund managers are known quantities in the fund business (most of them have been successful running other funds); and, for another, the record simply doesn't bear this out. In terms of market value, the capital shares of the seven dual growth funds increased an average of 35 percent last year—substantially outperforming any other group of funds one cares to find; they did almost as well in terms of net asset value, increasing around 30 percent.

Yet all seven were selling at a discount from net asset value all last year, and six continue to do so as of this writing. A cynical explanation for this peculiar performance might be that the free market, supposedly the gathering place of informed buyers and sellers, is actually peopled by boobs. A more charitable explanation is that anyone who invests is relatively well off and therefore relatively conservative, and that it takes time for new intelligence to penetrate the conservative mentality. The dual funds are only two years old and, in fairness to the investing public, the discounts on their capital shares narrowed sharply during the month of February (the average dropped from 17.6 percent to 11.4 percent, and that's when that single premium first appeared). By the time this is read, the gap may have closed further. In Great Britain, most dual-fund capital shares now sell at a fairly large premium.

Equally interesting is the fact that discounts have persisted in U.S. dual-fund capital shares at a time when they are rapidly disappearing from the other closed-end investment companies. Logically, one would expect just the opposite. Ordinary closed-end companies enjoy none of the dual funds' glamorous two-for-one potential. Moreover, ordinary closed-end companies are set up to endure forever, so that their shareholders will always have to go to the market and find a buyer when they want out. The dual funds, however, have a built-in expiration date (between 1979 and 1985, depending on the fund), after which the income investors get their original money back (it ranges from $9.15 to $19.75 a share, depending on the fund)—and the capital shareholders get *all the rest*.

For younger investors, the expiration dates of the dual funds seem to coincide almost precisely with the distant day when they might most be needing the money. And even if those discounts persist for the next decade (assuredly, they won't), the dual-fund investor is guaranteed to get full asset value—whatever that might be—when the time comes. Of course, he can always get out beforehand, by selling his shares in the market place. Putnam Duofund—the one selling for a premium—trades over the counter, and the rest are listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

The six that are listed on the big board seem especially attractive, not only because of their discounts but because the N.Y.S.E. offers a "Monthly Investment Program" that allows small investors (or large ones, for that matter) to buy listed shares in fixed-dollar amounts. The transaction must be initiated through a broker, but after that, it's all done through the mails. The investor simply sends whatever amount he cares to whenever he feels like it, and the stock he's picked is bought for him at the opening price the day after his check is received. This program permits ownership of fractional shares (computed, as with funds, down to four decimal places), so that, as with funds, every penny he spends (less broker fees, of course) goes to work for him. In all stock transactions, the brokerage cost makes purchases of less than $200 or $300 uneconomical, though if the M.I.P. investor doesn't trust himself to accumulate that much, the program accepts lesser amounts, down to $40 a shot. The M.I.P. also allows automatic reinvestment of dividend or other income, though with the dual-fund capital shares there won't be any, since the income shareholders get all the dividends, and capital gains keep piling up to the credit of the capital shareholders until the fund is liquidated. (Incidentally, the M.I.P. technique can be used to purchase any closed-end investment company—or any stock—as long as it's listed on the big board.)

Before the investor rushes out to buy into the dual funds, however, he should be aware that their special make-up provides at least the possibility, in the event of a stock-market cataclysm, that the capital shares could become literally worthless, due to the funds' prior obligation to give the income investors their money back. The would-be investor should also scrutinize the funds' portfolios to make sure that the funds are investing in the sort of things he can live with. The dual funds are committed to paying their income shareholders minimal annual dividends; and to meet this obligation, some of them have relatively large amounts of money invested in income-producing stocks that must be called conservative. To the extent that these investments don't promise capital gains, the capital shareholders will suffer. Most of the funds have resolved their built-in schizophrenia by investing heavily in convertible bonds—a commendably clever solution, even though the bond market has been going to hell as interest rates break through record levels. The would-be investor should also know that management fees for all dual funds (except Hemisphere and Gemini) are extracted not from capital gains but from dividend income, which means, in essence, that the income shareholders are subsidizing the cost of management and the capital shareholders are getting a free ride; but it also means that management has an extra incentive to produce lots of income, which, once again, may not work in the best interests of the capital shareholder.

Both these problems should diminish with time. Once the dual funds have grown to a point where they can easily meet their income obligations, which are fixed, they can begin to cater to the dreams of their capital shareholders, which are probably limitless. These dreams might even approach fulfillment, because over the years, the double leverage effect—magnified even further for the investor who gets in at a discount—could conceivably accumulate into a minor avalanche of investment profits, which would redound exclusively to the benefit of the capital shareholders.

Of all the investment-company situations currently available, the deeply discounted dual-fund capital shares seem among the most promising. The younger investor, who's willing to accept both the possibility of total loss and the interim vagaries of market caprice, might profit handsomely from a well-placed investment—or investment program—in these two-for-one shares. Or he might do just as well (and incur less risk) in most of the other funds discussed: closed-end or open-end, no-load or even full-load. No matter which course the investor takes—assuming he chooses wisely and the market holds up—he'll find, in the near or distant future, that he has been well rewarded for his foresight.

"Do you realize we haven't balled since the vibrator blew out?"

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 160)

ski boots and PK poles, and she'll be stylishly swathed for the slopes in a rabbit jacket from Alper Furs and ski fashions from Peter Kennedy; for riding back to the lodge, she'll have an Arctic Panther snowmobile and will be wearing a snowmobile suit lined in leopardskin, with boots, from Arctic Enterprises. Connie can also make the warm-weather scene in a wardrobe of Jantzen swimsuits, relax at poolside in a calypso marina jacket and plumb the briny with a snorkel, Tahiti mask, Caravelle fins, Jaguar Club spear gun and Grisbi knife—all from U. S. Divers. Should she encounter any sharks—pool sharks, that is—a Brunswick custom billiard cue with monogrammed case should stand her in good stead, or she can bowl them over with a new ball, also from Brunswick. For her less strenuous activities, our winsome winner will be dressed in a combination of Aris custom gloves, forward-looking fashions from Walter Holmes' Vibration collection and imported shoes from Thayer McNeil. To highlight Connie's on- or offcamera appearances, she'll receive a selection of Saunda cosmetics and a wardrobe of Brentwood Bellissima wigs, and she'll be further adorned with a Lady Hamilton diamond wrist watch, a gold Rabbit Pin with ruby eye from Maria Vogt and an Azalea Pink Linde star-sapphire ring designed especially for our January jewel. Rounding out Connie's gatefold grab bag is an AM/FM stereo auto unit from G. W. Electronics, on which—if her vocal attributes come anywhere near her visual ones—she may soon hear the finished products of her Monument Record Corporation contract. She can then toast her success with a full case of Paul Masson Magnum *brut* champagne—or write home about it all on her new Smith-Corona electric typewriter. With a nationwide tour of Playboy Club cities in her future, Connie now looks forward to the Stateside traveling she regrets missing in the past. "Outside of Detroit, I've only been to Chicago and Los Angeles," she says. "I really haven't seen much of America." Judging from public reaction to our winning Playmate's magazine and screen debuts, it's apparent that America hasn't seen enough of Connie, either.

"Already? I thought it would take them at least a week to build an ever-tightening net of incriminating evidence."

gemini

(continued from page 144)

You guys should have been named Pete and Repeat.

And the salespeople. *Well, we usually get only one of each size in the same color, ma'am. I can see you have a problem when you have to dress two alike, so I can try to order another one for you special.*

And the teachers. *I don't mind having two students with the same last names, or name, but when they also look as alike as two peas in a pod—well, did you ever try to tell the difference between two identical peas?*

I tried not to let it spoil things.

We hated to be separated.

One time, I had to go out of town on a business trip. Before I met Joan, I used to like these trips on the expense account; I used to milk them, make them last as long as I possibly could, get out and see the sights, live it up. But now I hated every minute of it. I wanted to be with her. I finished my business in a hurry, cut my trip short, rushed back.

"Oh, how I missed you," she said.

"Don't ever go away again," she said.

I never did.

But then *she* went away. I had two weeks of vacation coming, and I thought she could arrange to take her vacation at the same time and we'd go away together. Mexico, Hawaii, maybe even Europe, it didn't matter; the main thing would be to be together, for a lot of days, all day long, from sunup to sundown, and all through the night, the nights, the delicious plurality of nights.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, I can't! I'd love to, but I can't, not this time!" She told me about the long-awaited trip with her girlfriends, something that had been planned before she met me, and she just couldn't let them down.

"It will just be two weeks, darling. Oh, I know it's a long time, and I'll *ache* for you every minute, but in two weeks I'll be back, and then. . . ."

So I let her go.

The days were empty. It was worse than the time I was out of town, because then I had business, sales conferences, packing and unpacking and packing again to keep me busy.

I stayed late at the office, I killed time at a double-feature Bogart revival, I watched a lot of stuff on television, anything to fill up the hours, deaden the pain. I didn't see anybody. I didn't want to see anybody. Only her. I used to think that "counting the days" was just a figure of speech. But I literally counted the days. One day, two days, three days.

On the third day, the first letter came. It was full of love, full of chatter. And, somewhere in the middle, on the fourth page (I should have realized it could happen, knowing what city she went to), she wrote:

I had the strangest experience today. I was walking down the street and I was sure I saw you coming toward me, but I knew it couldn't be you. Because this man walked right past me without recognizing me, and he was wearing a corduroy car coat, and you don't have one. Well, I stopped him and, sure enough, he was your twin brother. I told him who I was. Oh, darling, you two really do look alike. We couldn't have lunch, because he was busy, but he said he'd call me. You know, though, you're better looking.

There was a little more, and then, *All my love. Joan.* and *XXXXXXXXXXX.*

I suppose it had to happen.

The next letter said, in part, *He finally called, and we had dinner together last night. It was very nice of him, I thought, and I didn't think you'd mind. I mean, it's not like he's a complete stranger, is it? It's funny, I feel as if I almost know him. But he's not as much fun as you, even if he is just a little bit better dancer. My darling, I do miss you.*

There was one more letter, and then she returned.

I knew she was back, because my phone kept ringing and ringing. I wouldn't answer it. Later that evening, I heard her at my door, ringing the bell, knocking, pounding, calling my name. I sat there, silent, in the dark. After a while, she went away. Some time passed and then the phone started ringing again. I let it ring.

Each shrilling of the telephone bell was a long sharp icicle that stabbed my heart, froze my heart, killed me again and again and again.

After a while, it stopped.

Then it started again, the pointed stick of ice, jabbing into my heart, time after time after time after time.

I took the phone off the hook (thinking, wryly, as I did it, how odd it is that we still use that word "hook," even though telephones haven't had hooks for years).

I had some Scotch, about half a bottle, left over from the previous Christmas, a gift from someone. I don't know who. I drank most of it. It took a long time. It had no effect on me whatsoever.

He was greedy even then. He wanted the whole place to himself.

How does it go—"It is better to have loved and lost than never to have"—but that's nonsense. To have a love like ours and then to lose it, that's like the story of two blind men someone told me a long time ago. "I asked two blind men how it felt to be blind. One said he didn't know—he was born blind. The other said miserable—he just got blinded."

Sitting in the dark, in the silence that was broken only by the hum of the uncradled phone.

It's not that I hate her. I couldn't hate her; I love her. I understand why she did it. The strangeness of it, the uniqueness, the curiosity. In her place, I might have done the same.

I don't even hate him. I used to think I hated him, when we were kids, but now I know that I can't hate him without hating myself.

But it can't go on like this. For his sake, as well as for mine. *Mike and Ike, Pete and Repeat, the Gold Dust Twins.* It's got to stop.

And it will stop.

Sweetheart, she said in the last letter, *you'll get a kick out of this. We played tennis yesterday and I saw this mark he has above his knee. It's kind of funny-looking, and I'm glad you're the twin I'm going to marry; I wouldn't want all my kids to have knees like that. (I'm only kidding; there are other reasons I prefer you, too!)*

I knew I would have to do it when I read that letter. Tennis. And she hates sports, hates the sun for what it does to redheads. There was only one way she could have seen that mark on his knee, and I knew I would have to do what I'm going to do tonight.

I'm going to toss a coin.

Heads I kill him, tails I kill myself.

It really doesn't matter, just as long as one of us is free.

THE AMERICAN NOVEL

(continued from page 126)

the real explorers of this country's unadvertised life? The novelists who electrified me and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young kids like myself between 1936 and the outbreak of the War were idealists in the most adventurous sense, no matter how stained their material seemed to be on the surface. If you said to somebody, as I soon began to after breaking into print on the De Witt Clinton High School lit. magazine, that as an adult, "I wanted to write," it could mean only one thing: the novel. A bigness impossible to recapture in 1969 attached to those three power words "wanting to write." One had the image of climbing the jaggedest of the Rockies alone, flying solo like Lindbergh, pitting one's ultimate stuff against all the odds of middle-class life and coming out of the toughest kind of spiritual ordeal with that book-that-was-more-than-a-book, that was the payoff on just about everything, held in your hand. It was heavenly combat, the way I pictured it, self-confrontation of the most hallowed kind; and if my vision of it was ultraultra, then the legendary American novel itself at this time was the most romantic achievement there was in U. S. life for the dreamer who lived inside everybody with a taste for language, style—and justice!

To have wanted to be a writer in this country in the late Thirties had about it a gorgeous mystique that was inseparable from the so-called American Dream on which every last one of our good writers was first suckled and then kicked out in the cold to make it come true. If that phrase A. D., American Dream, meant going all the way, that the individual in this myth-hungry society had the option to try to fly above the skyscrapers, then writing toward "the great American novel" was not only an act of literature but a positive affirmation of the dream dust that coated all of us born under the flag. All the driving personal ambition, energy, initiative, the prizing of individual conscience and courage that operated or was supposed to operate in every other branch of national life entered strongly into wanting to be a novelist—but with a twist. The act of writing a novel made use of all these widely broadcast qualities, yes, but the reward one sought in it was not palpable gold; best sellers as such were sneered at unless they occurred by accident; the goal was one of absolute truth to the material, to make a landmark on the unmapped moral and aesthetic landscape of huge America that would somehow redeem the original intentions of the country and the selves made by it and represent the purest kind of success story for the person who brought it off.

This meant that being a typical good American novelist in the Thirties, even wanting to be one, was *not* finally dependent on having an extraordinary gift for telling a story in print. Certainly, there were narrative and stylistic "geniuses" such as Faulkner, Hemingway, perhaps even the early O'Hara, James Cain, Djuna Barnes—each buff and lover of the period will name his or her own—and their overpowering skill with the craft was often a virtuoso performance that set standards and became models to aim at. But the American novel became a great art only in its outward finish and skill, in the Thirties, because of the internal spiritual motivation that made wanting to write it perhaps the sweetest gamble in national life. You might almost say that the romantic promise of the country as a unique society of potential total justice for all, pegged on the limitless possibilities of each individual —all the raging hope that the American Dream slogan meant to the imagination of its most ardent dreamers—was all part of the religion of wanting to be a novelist when I got the call while in high school. If the idea of the mystical American novel had not been bound up with all of these big national feelings and aspirations that writhed around in the direct center of one's being, that was more than "literature" and seemed to be the most thrilling embodiment of one's destiny as a member of a making-the-impossible-possible society, I doubt if I and so many prose writers my age would have chosen the written word as our badge.

It was the ambition (when the time came at 15 or 16 to tell yourself what you "wanted to be") chosen in the pride of the secret imagination by rebel fantasists, now in their 40s, who believed they could rebuild reality closer to the American soul's desire by writing in the light of a final faith that would transform their portraits of frustration or injustice into the opposite. By this I mean that because they wanted to believe in the promise of the country, were inseparable from its myth, were tied up emotionally and psychologically and every other way with America almost as if it were a person—with their own fulfillment as human beings actually dependent upon the fulfillment of the nation at the poetic height at which they conceived it —they felt they could let go in the novel to the full extent of their negative imagination. Everything bad, awful, unjust, painful, stupid and outrageous in their own lives or theirs in relation to the lives around them could be discharged at full intensity in fictional form, with the underlying implication that it was just and right to give such ferocious bite to negative expression because it was all an attempt to redeem an invisible, psychic Bill of Rights. Towering idealism, paradoxically shown by the extent of the dark "realism" in the characteristic novel of the time, was the climate in which the fictional life of the Thirties grew to bursting; the more the novelist envisioned the way things should be, the more he and his readers felt he had the duty to show the ugly side of the land, the failure of the ideal, the color of the pus, the company goons beating down the strikers.

We kids who wanted to write the American novel knew without analysis, responded totally with our sharpened feelers to the unspoken values that lay behind any particular book in question; if Weidman's *What's in It for Me?* or O'Hara's *Hope of Heaven* showed heels and weaklings with special corrosiveness of scene, dialog, action, nailing them to the wall with the brilliance that comes from a mixture of contempt and pity, we shared enthusiastically in the experience because we knew that in writers of O'Hara and Weidman's stripe, the moral judgment was implicit, rather than explicit as in Steinbeck, Wolfe or Wright. It didn't matter to us, implicit or explicit, because we were instinctively clued in to the intention of all the late-Thirties novelists just by wanting to make the same nitty-gritty comment on our own life; we knew by feel that even if a specific book baffled our haughty teenage heads, it contained a purposive thrust about a segment of the country's experience; it was criticizing America under the table in order to purge and lift it; it was forever encroaching on the most taboo, subtle and previously undefined aspects of our mutual life to show a truer picture of the way we lived.

Those of us, then, who couldn't forget what we had already been through—who remembered each hurt, black skin, Yiddish nose, Irish drunk, wop ignorance, too short, too tall, too poor, afraid of girls, afraid of boys, queer, crippled, sissies, young-bud neurotics/psychotics, the most vulnerable and stung of the new generation who could fight back with words—it was we who thought that being novelists would heroically reclaim ourselves by re-creating the bitter truth about our personal lives and our environment. Obviously, it took sensitivity of the most piercing kind to provide the openings in the personality where painful experience could lodge and stick, so that one day it would all be poured forth in answer against frustration (both personal and social); you must never forget that we who wanted to be novelists not only thought it was the most free and ultimately ethical means of American expression, we were also squeezed by the very existential nuts into *needing* fiction in order to confess, absolve and justify our life. The majority of us who wanted to write were already

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middle-class losers who couldn't make it inside the accepted framework, the thin-skinned minority who were set apart in our own psyches to observing when we wanted to act and to thinking when we wanted to participate—the kids who were constitutionally unable to do the saddle-shoed American thing during the smoking acid bath of adolescence.

Do I therefore mean, to hit it squarely, that writing fiction for me and my breed was a pimply kind of revenge on life, an outcast tribe of young non-Wheaties failures getting their own back, all the shrimpy, titless, thick-lensed, crazy-headed dropouts and sore losers of American youth resolving in the utter misery of the dateless Saturday night to shoot down their better-favored peers in the pages of a novel? Yes, I flatly mean that, in part; the mimetic ability, the gift to re-create lifelike scenes and dialog, to be good at acute description, to even have one's moral perceptions heightened, is spiced and rehearsed by unhappiness. Wasn't the novel, to those of us caught in the emotional hell of American teendom, a wish-fulfillment device for would-be lovers banished from the sensual playland that taunted us via radio, billboard, movie marquee and our own famished unconscious? From (in my case) the big, smooth, "in" gentile world of blue eyes and blonde hair and supple tennis-racket bodies that I felt I could never be part of and that then seemed like the top of the heap?

Yes, the American novel for those of us who were precocious outsiders—and there were a thousand reasons why each one of us failed to measure up to the gleaming Robert Taylors and Ginger Rogers who star-touched our Loew's Saturday afternoons and made us silently weep into the bathroom mirror on Sunday—was a magic, lifelike double in which we thought we could work off our private griefs, transform them into messages of hope and light and remake our lives themselves by the very act of writing a novel. This art form, then, for us, was many things: the freest and most total kind of expression for reality-loving idealists; the place where truth could be told as it could not in real life nor in any place but one's mind (psychoanalysis was still a decade off for most of us); and a form so close to living matter itself that the illusion of personally controlling experience instead of being its fall guy or victim could not have been stronger. Sure, the novel was a legitimate art form, even for those of us who wanted to use it for the redemption or glorification of self; but it was a yielding female art that was responsive to the most private subjective needs and it provided the only complete outlet for being that was choked and distorted in our waking relationship to society. To us, it was the golden cup of a modern fable—one that we could fill to overflowing with all the repressed hunger in ourselves and also one that could announce our fame, toast us to the sky because of our verbal triumph over the weights that nearly crushed us, make come true in imagination what could not be realized in the bruising action of daily life.

Of course, it *was* action on a literary level, action with words; but in the final sense, it was substitute or dream action carefully clothed with the wrinkles of a photographic realism. The facade of the great realistic style of the Thirties was documentary, bang-bang-bang, everything as hard and metallic as the shiny unyielding materials turned out in our most modern factories; swift as a biplane, lit up like a radio tube, driving as a racing car on the Salt Lake flats ("James Cain's style is like the metal of an automatic. You can't lay his story down."—*Saturday Review of Literature*). But this was only the outward enameling that we swung with and mentally caressed because it was all so new and fresh, a prose like the artifacts of the country itself—streamlined. Our stripped-down, whipped-down appreciation of power loved it bulleting across the page. Yet behind the lean, aware, dirty knowingness we were stylistically tuned in to was that assumption, as if by divine right, of impossible freedom—the novelist working out his total hidden life before our eyes—that made novel writing in America such a tremendous adventure, no matter how pinchingly personal the original motives might be that drove you to your desk.

I am certain that those of you reading this who came of age in the same late-Thirties period recognize the excitement about the novel that I am trying to recapture because it made me what I am, essentially. Can you imagine a human being actually molded by something as abstract as a literary form? Yet it was quite real, not only in my case but in that of the sensitive cream of an entire generation who graduated from high school when the U. S. novel had grown so big that it literally stretched us with its broad-shouldered possibilities. Our values, coloring and slant as people were dominated by the overwhelming idea of being novelists, the beautiful obsession that kept us secretly, spiritually high like early Christians. It puffed us up with humility, humbled us with pride, made us into every character we imagined and put us in every story we could cook up; but within, not outwardly as an actor might express it (and there were strong correspondences, although we novelists-in-embryo toughly put down actors as childish narcissists), and we coolly loved ourselves for the infinite range of life that easily gave itself to us and you could be goddamned sure to no one else. When I flunked out of college in 1940, a year after finishing high school, for example, this was not even remotely seen as a failure by me and mine but, rather, as a new and soon-to-be-significant phenomenon that I would be able to write about from firsthand experience. The first time I got laid, drunk, smoked "tea," shipped out (and jumped ship before we left Sandy Hook), saw death, spent the night in a hospital-clean Pittsburgh jail, masturbated over the fantasy of going to bed with my sister, put on women's panties and silk stockings for kicks, got into my first adult street fight and almost had the mortal shit kicked out of me—all of these firsts and a hundred others were special, fated, grand experiences for me and for those like me, because I was a novelist-to-be and I was on a special trip!

What a dream it was, what a marvelous hurtproof vest we all wove in the name of the novel (which was another name for religion or faith in the non-churchly modern sense).

• • •

I did not, finally, write novels, as anyone familiar with my output knows; but I was made as person and mind and writer in their image, just as a newer generation (and even my own exact contemporary, Tony Curtis, nee Bernard Schwartz) has been created by the movies. The reasons I never added my own by-line to that passionate list are many, some personal as well as cultural; I may not have had the "talent"—although I published my small share of vivid short stories—or, what is more likely, the needs of the post–World War Two period *shifted* in my eyes and in those of my friends and we put much more importance on trying to understand a new world zooming up around us than on expressing what we already knew. We became, in manner, crisply intellectual, instead of openly lyrical; but much of that same apocalyptic sense of possibility that we once felt in the U. S. novel now went into its examination (the name of the game was literary criticism), until the work of fiction became for us a means to examine life itself. Wasn't that what it was all about, anyway?—at least, so ran our sincere and often troubled rationalization at the time. But even though the form began to slowly change in the late Forties and early Fifties for a radar-sensitive minority of us, to nonfiction instead of fiction, the goal remained essentially the same: the articulation of American reality by individuals who really, personally cared, because their own beings were so helplessly involved in this newly shifting, remarkably unstable, constantly self-analyzing and self-doubting society that had shot up after the War.

And I was the same: I sweated the

"Look at it this way—your medium is your message!"

national anxiety out in myself (What direction was I going to go in?), the idea of the novel still hanging over me as a kind of star but getting farther and farther distant as my ignorance in other areas—politics, poetry, sociology, history, painting, etc.—was exposed and I tried powerfully to educate myself, now that, as a nonnovelist, I was being challenged socially and even in print. The dream of being a novelist, the dream that being a novelist had been in this country, kept me warm for 20 years; I had put all my golden hope eggs in this mighty basket; now I was torn from this sustaining fantasy by my failure to act and was forced to fend for my self-esteem in a hard-boiled intellectual community (the literary-political magazines, where I published) that had no sympathy for my little inspirational couplet of "What the American Novel Means to Me." They thought it was either a put-on, because I had written none, or a sentimental indulgence. Therefore, whether it was because I temporarily allied myself with the so-called new criticism in its more cerebral search for reality—and there were a number who had wanted to be fictionists (even wrote their one or two novels) who took this further crook in the country's prose road along with me—or because basically I did not think "novelistically," which, in all honesty, I am forced to doubt, or else all my former covetous years were pitiably unreal—or, as I believe, because truth no longer seemed to me to reside in my beloved American novel, as it had in my young manhood—I began in the mid-Fifties to regard the novel as a used-up medium.

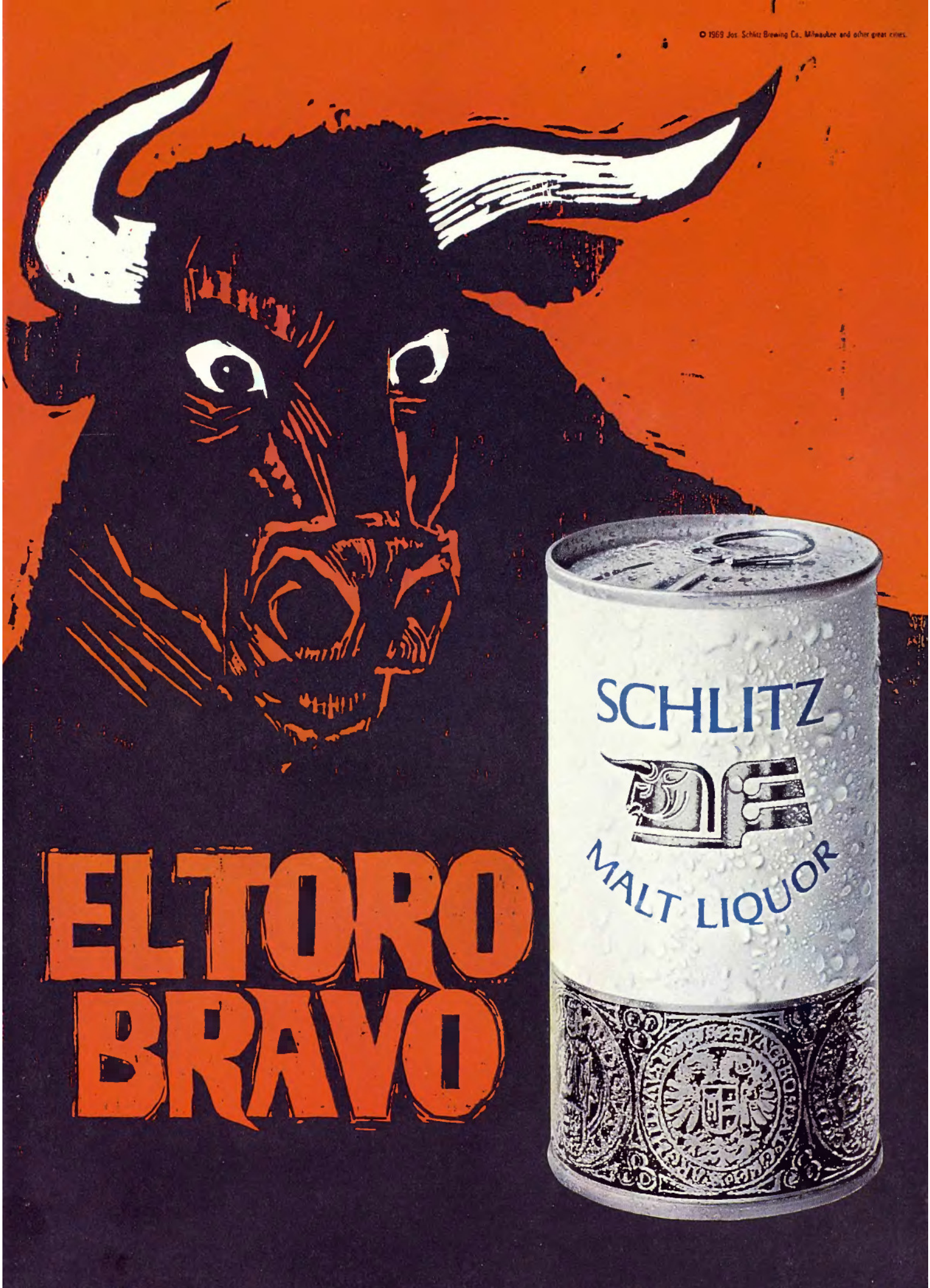
For a person like myself, confessedly given great hope and direction by this medium, justified in all my agonizing human goofs by its very existence, because I thought I could one day redeem them through it, the beauty of knowing the novel was there like a loving woman for me to go to when beaten to my knees, it wasn't an easy emotional matter for me to say in my mind, "It doesn't sing for my time the way it once did." But I said it—at least for myself. What had happened, not only to me but, I'm certain, to others who came from my literary environment, was a fundamental change in our perception of where the significant action lay: The fictional realism on which we had been shaped seemed to lead almost logically to that further realism that existed in the world of fact; we had been so close to the real thing with the *style* of superrealism that it was now impossible to restrain ourselves from wanting to go over the edge into autobiography, the confessional essay, reportage, because in these forms we could escape from the growing feeling that fiction was artificial compared with using novelistic sweep on the actual experience we lived through every day.

In other words, the very realistic Thirties novel that had originally turned us on made us want to take that giant step further into the smellable, libelous, unfaked dimension of sheer torn-pocket reality: my actual goodbye-world flip-out in 1955; James Agee actually pounding on his small car in Santa Monica a year before he died and telling a friend of mine who had casually quoted a line from Agee's first and only book of poems, "I wasted it! I should have written only poetry!," sobbing while he banged on the hood with his fists; Elia Kazan looming tight-faced over Paddy Chayefsky and me at the Russian Tea Room, saying moodily that he had to see the isolated Clifford Odets, Golden Boy with cancer, who had crept back to New York to sniff the ozone of dead triumphs before perishing on the Coast; my remembering while Kazan spoke with disembodied flatness how I had met Odets at 17 at the University of North Carolina and how he had taken me for a drive in his fast Cadillac and switched me on so that I rapped pre–*On the Road* about speed and how the strange iodine odor came from his antiseptic-smelling body and wiry Brillo hair: all these once-reportorial facts now became the *truer* story for those of us whose appetite for what is had been built up to a point no longer satisfied by fiction.

In addition to this feeling of irrelevance that I increasingly had about the novel as a meaningful statement for the late Fifties and Sixties, the audience for it in America was no longer as loyal and excited as it had been (as *I* had been!) when we were first mentally and emotionally bowled over by its momentum. TV, movies, electronic communications of every sort were cutting into the time that people who were totally alive to their era could spend on prose fiction; if it was *story* you wanted, in the old *Saturday Evening Post* sense, you could get that dramatized for you on the late-late show while you did a multimedia thing with your companion in bed; and it was only the specialists, critic-teachers, the people in the book trade, who seemed to me to hold out strenuously against admitting that the novel's dash was being taken away from it by the new media. These electronic whispers of tomorrow could in a momentary flash do what Flaubert and Conrad spent their lifetimes trying to achieve with words: "Above all to make you see."

Of course, you can say that the post-Faulkner U. S. novel was no longer sought out for story values per se but, rather, for radical insight into existence; that the form provided a framework for an attack from an "existential" or "absurd" quarter completely different from the realistic Thirties novel; granted—and also more than granted that extraordinarily talented writers were opening up this form and "making it as limitless as the ocean which can only define itself" (Marguerite Young), writers such as John Barth, Young herself, Ralph Ellison, William Burroughs, Joseph Heller, Norman Mailer, Hubert Selby, Ken Kesey, Donald Barthelme, etc.; the list is big because there were and are that many highly imaginative writers who have been doing remarkable things with fiction during these past 15 years. (Ironically, as the novel has shed its effectiveness in our society, there has never been since the Twenties such a yell of native talent, wild originality, deadly challenge.) But the basic fact I noticed as the deluge of new fictional expression increased and readership became a frantic duty, rather than the great thrill it once had been—and the practical impossibility of keeping up with the diversity of new books (new lives!) became obvious—was that the impact of the novel on our beings, on my being, was no longer as crucial as it had been. From my own changing point of view, tremendous Stateside writers could still appear in what was loosely called a novel—and what form has become looser?—but I felt that the entire role of the American novelist as I had originally heroized it had to be transformed into something entirely different if it was to be as masterful to the imagination of the Sixties as it had been to me in the Thirties.

In this sense: For me and my breed, writing fiction was not an entirely realistic, naturalistic, rational human enterprise, in spite of the authentic-seeming imitation of reality on which we were indoctrinated; underneath the accurate surface, it was all bathed in dream or myth; we who wanted to mythologize ourselves and America (and they were inseparable) were trying to personally lift the national life into the realm of justice; we were attempting to use the total freedom of our imaginations to rearrange the shit-specked facts of our American experience into their ultimate spiritual payoff. We wanted to "build Jerusalem" (Blake) out of America's "fresh, green breast" (Scott Fitzgerald) and the novel was our transcendent, our more-than-could-ever-be vehicle for this rocketing need toward fulfillment of both ourselves and the national seed that had begotten us. In other words, *our* novel was a form of imaginative action. If you, the novelist, couldn't make it to the height of your vision in so-called straight or nonliterary life because of one handicap or another, then you did it through your books even better; but the goal was the same as the man of action's, your books were deeds that came out of your mixture of vision and moral commitment (Hemingway, Farrell, Wolfe)



EL TORO BRAVO

"Settle an argument, will you—is this the Paris Hilton or the Lisbon Hilton?"

and they stood as the seal of where you were humanly at as clearly as if you had sewn your cardiogram into the binding. There could be no faking about taking a stand and you were measured every step of the way by readers who took your fictions as acts that influenced the world of the U. S. spirit until they were outdistanced by new and more penetrating fictional commitments. It was a soul contest of the keenest kind, with the country as beneficiary.

But the effectiveness of such imaginative action today seems to have been reduced to mere toenail picking by the tornado voices of the mass media. Whether or not you and I like it, we have all—novelists as well as readers—become pawns in the newscast of each day's events. "Our" novel can no longer affect these events in even an indirect sense: Almost every ounce of my energy (for example) is used in coping with my own life; things happen too fast for me to be affected by the stance of some protagonist in a fiction; I am spun around by each latest threat to my survival; and what was once the charismatic lure of the American novel now becomes for me and countless others an extravagance instead of a necessity. But isn't that what makes art forms change—when life leaves them in the lurch? When concern moves away from them, not by design but by a gut barometer whereby we seek out what is most vital to us and jettison the rest? Because of my existential impatience with fiction as it related directly to my life—and I concede that this could be a flaw of temperament, although it is backed up by my professional work as an editor of new writing—I was and am forced to believe that in varying degrees, my experience is true for readers all over the country; and I felt and feel that prose must find a form that can meet this reality and win readers back to my crucial excitement when the novel was more than a novel and evoked a mystic response that molded being itself, as well as an author's reputation.

But what happens, then—I have had to ask myself—to our significant writers who are still either in love or "imprisoned" in a traditional form that is losing its cultural importance in spite of their brilliant personal flights? What happens—I must ask myself also—to that awesome authority of the imagination that encouraged, demanded people who called themselves novelists to create human beings (like nature itself) and dictate their lives and fate (like gods or supreme justices of the universe)? What happens, further, to that great ton of submerged American experience locked inside themselves, more raw, subtle, potential human riches than the combined knowledge of sociologist-psychiatrist, precisely because it was garnered by their blood as well as brain? What happens, in short, to that special mission, what to me for many years was almost a holy mission, of making an imaginary American world that would be more real than the actuality itself?

And where, as a final question, does the legendary U. S. novelist go when, except for a handful of individuals, he is no longer a culture hero in a radically new environment, when his medium is passing into the void of time and when he is still stuck with a roaring inner need to speak, confess, design, shape, record—the whole once-glorious shmear?

• • •

There is one drastic way out and even up, as I personally see it now in 1969; and that is for the American novelist to abandon his imitation or caricature of a reality that in sheer voluminosity has dwarfed his importance and to become a communicator directly to society, without hiding behind the mask of fiction. (I must make it clear that what follows represents my own need and desire imagined out of the confusion of our time and my unwillingness to accept a literature that is primarily a reflection of our era's helplessness; committed novelists, and some very sharp ones, too, will doubtless block me out of their consciousness and continue to make an ever wilder art of their materials to match the nuttiness that fevers our days; I will always be a sucker for their spirit and bow to the new images they will offer us, but my compelling feeling that now as never before is the time for writing to become direct action and cause things to happen makes even potentially great novels grow small compared with what I can envision if the novelist puts his power into speaking straight to his audience.)

The American novelistic imagination as I received it with open heart and mind 25 and 30 years ago was really the most fully human expression of this

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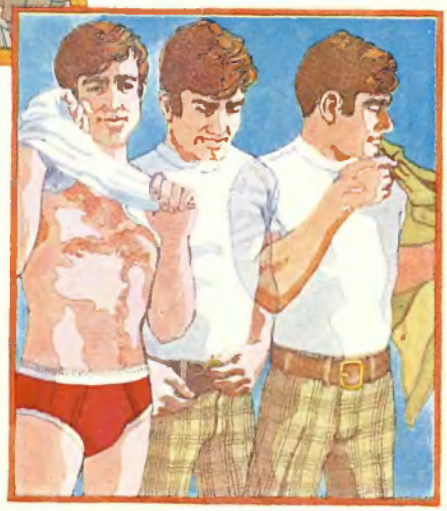

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CLANCE

society at that time; and it is the new humanizing of American writing by the boldness of direct communication, the revolutionizing of the writer's relationship to his reader, that seems to me tremendously more needed right now than the pale echo of fiction. Instead of novelists, I believe we now actually have only literary *individuals* themselves, men and women struggling with their own destinies as people in relation to other people and with the problems that threaten to swamp us all—emotional, sexual, political, racial, artistic, philosophical, financial—and that these should be stated to the reader as candidly as possible, so that he, too, can be brought into the new mutual nonnovel of American life and make possible a truly democratic prose of total communication that can lead to new action in society itself.

I believe the ex-novelist, the new communicator we can already see in the early and various stages of his making (Mailer, again, with *The Armies of the Night*, plus *Miami and the Siege of Chicago*; Tom Wolfe and *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*; Norman Podhoretz' *Making It*; Dan Wakefield's *Between the Lines*; Jan Cremer's *I Jan Cremer*; Erje Ayden's *The Legend of Erje Ayden*; Fielding Dawson's *An Emotional Memoir of Franz Kline*; Irving Rosenthal's *Sheeper*; Ned Rorem's *Paris Diary*; Taylor Mead's *Anonymous Diary of a New York Youth*; Frederick Exley's *A Fan's Notes*; my own *Views of a Nearsighted Cannoneer*), should speak intimately to his readers about these fantastic days we are living through, but declare his credentials by revealing the concrete details and particular sweat of his own inner life. Otherwise, he (or she) will not have earned the right to speak openly about everything or to be trusted; he should try to tell the blunt truth, as in a letter, and this includes the risk of discussing other individuals as well—no one should be immune from the effort to clean house, undo bullshit, lay the entire business of being an American right now on the public table without shame. So that the new communicator's statement—about himself, his friends, his women (or men, if he's gay), people in public life, the cities, the war, his group therapy, wanting secretly to be a star, wanting to sleep with Mamie Van Doren (or Susan Sontag), still hoping to love and be loved, putting his being directly before the reader, as if the page were a telephone and asking for an answer—be evidence of the reality in which we are *all* implicated, without exception, and be in itself a legitimization of this reality as a first step to changing it.

How can we suffer from too much truth? Who isn't heartened to see it when an author respects us enough to tell us where he really lives and by the very nature of his writing asks us to reciprocate? But there is a more significant reason for total leveling than moral straightforwardness in a time famous for its credibility gaps, and that is the *power* that can return to literature as a daring public act that has to be respected by even those pragmatists who habitually reduce words to playthings. If I write about my own being in relationship to other, real, named, Social Security–numbered beings and present it to you, the reader, it is inevitable that you, too, will be pulled into the scene (at least a few hundred of you will know either me or one of my real-life cast of characters) and must take up an involved position about what you're being told and experiencing. You are interacting with me and my interactions with others so closely—assuming I have the ability as well as the stomach for truth—that you have become part of the experience, whether or not you seek it. You are there, now included in the network of my life, as I am included in yours, and what you have seen and heard and identified with in my communication will not be put aside like a "story," because it is an extension of the same reality that unites us both; I will have established a sense of community with you about the destiny of both our lives in this uncertain time that becomes as real as if we were communicating in the flesh—and as existentially suspenseful. Reading then becomes a crucial event, because something is really happening in existence and not in literature alone; due to what I have written, our very lives will touch, the reader is just as much a participant as the writer, your isolation or indifference has been penetrated by reading, just as mine has by writing, and the alienation of our mutual situation has been broken through by my need to make you experience what I have and share my consciousness.

In other words, I want American prose to again become a potent force in the life of the individual in this country and not just his novelty-seeking mind; I want it to be necessary and important once again—even more important, since I see its purpose as having changed—as I knew it when it shaped me; and I want this selfishly, because I have devoted my dreams to this business of words and my own self-respect as mere human refuses to accept that what I once took vows for can be written off as a second-rate art, which "made-up" and irrelevant writing often seems like now, in the aftermath of the electronic-visual explosion. But apart from my own investment in literature—and I can't rationalize and say that the source of my ideas doesn't spring from my own unappeasable imagination as a would-be American novelist who was once promised the world and shall never forget that fact—who can deny that once a gifted writer tells it to his equals exactly like it is, we are moving into a new dimension, where writing is used to speak directly to being? And where the talents of reporter and pamphleteer are now usurping those of novelist to awaken individuals to the fact that we all share a common bag as probably never before.

It seems plain to me that the man we used to call the American creative writer is now beginning to express living history through himself so urgently that he is becoming its most genuine embodiment. The imagination that once led him to build a stairway to the stars has been forced into coping with his own imperiled life on the same quaking ground that holds us all. Out of necessity, he is being pushed toward a new art of personal survival and, as a result, he must move ever further into the centers of action to fight for his fate; if he left the crucial decisions of our time to the others while he concentrated on his "work," as in the old days, he would be living a lie, because he is now too personally a part of each day's events to pretend they don't shake him and dominate his existence. His only choice is to insert himself into these events through his writing, to become an actor upon them instead of a helpless observer, to try to influence the making of history itself with his art, so that he can save himself as a man. His driving need for direct participation in our national life *now* makes the new communicator want to change America in a pact with his readers, and to begin by changing his own life in the commitment of laying it on the line.

For myself, time has shown that the vision I saw or read into the American novel that immediately made me a character in it, the hero who wants to be a novelist, could be fulfilled only if the novel was real and was acted out. Perhaps—in the light of this late recognition of my own need to personify what to many others existed solely in the imagination—I was scheduled all along not to write novels, as I always thought, but to try to put their essence into action. If this is so, I embrace it willingly as the more exciting and now necessary of the alternatives; for just as I once believed that art was the highest condition to which a person could attain, I now believe that if this is true, it is the duty of those who conceive such an ideal to use it on society itself and take their literary lives in their hands, if need be, in the dangerous gamble to make the word deed. That's where the new prose action is 30 years after I got hooked—for real, chums, for deadly real.

A LIFE IN THE DAY OF

(continued from page 151)

right. "Thanks," she said. There was just the right amount of quiver in her voice and he gave her the Sincere look and said, "The means of production belong to the state," which wasn't a bad line at all.

She sucked on the joint, coughed, then held her breath for a long moment. After she let it out, she nodded toward the stereo and said, "The All for One are really boss."

"Womb to Tomb," he couldn't help correcting. "On *Walkin'*. WSAN played it this morning; tomorrow it'll be all over the country."

She shook her head and looked serious. "Sounds like but isn't—the lead cimbalom's a friend of mine," and just for a second the world slipped sideways, because he suddenly wasn't sure.

Then he was off again, flashing her The Smile and squeezing her hand, saying, "Don't go home early—in fact, don't go home," and he knew she wouldn't.

There was an angry murmur rising above the background mumble, like smoke over burning brush. A little knot of Maoists had lined up against the Progressive Leftists, and somebody shouted over to him, "What do you think, Jeff?" and they were respectfully silent and that was more like it.

"You work with the pigs," he said automatically, "you're just playing into the hands of the establishment." A buzz of approval and the confrontation splintered a dozen different ways, then a rock number came up on the stereo and the heavy beat rolled over the room like a tide.

"Sharp," a voice said.

Old, middle-30s, balding. Maybe a professor crashing the party to score on a chick. "It's the all-purpose answer," Jeff said easily.

"I'm Jenkins, Asian Studies. Saw the picture of you in the *Times*."

A nod. Wait him out, see what he wants.

Jenkins studied him thoughtfully for a second, then cleared his throat and said, "After class, I run the Free Tutorial Studies. We need tutors for the ghetto freshmen—I saw you at the F. T. S. rally last week and thought you might like to help out."

There was no end to the freaky things people wanted you to do. "Sorry, man, that's not my bag," he said coldly and started to move away. The blonde was back in a corner with the Nehru jacket and it was time to break it up.

Jenkins smiled faintly down at his drink. "Not much press coverage, no guarantee you'll get your picture in the paper."

Why, the condescending old fart; you'd think he had never run into that one before! Jeff whirled.

"Heavy, old man! Look, *you* sit in, *you* carry the signs, *you* get clubbed! Think anybody's going to cry for *you*? Get laid, will you! I do my thing, you do yours!" Holier than thou, bull*shit*.

The mumble of the party again, somebody being sick in the john, the click of the lock on the bedroom door, a chick crying in the kitchen and somebody laughing hysterically in the living room, the sour smell of smoke and wine and too many people. Christ, he hadn't invited half that number—a few more cigarette burns on the window sill and spreading puddles on the faded rug slowly seeping into the wool, the sweet smell of pot and he was getting a contact high and. . . .

Somebody was clutching at him and doing the heavy-breathing bit. "Want to . . . see you alone, Jeff."

Old women, dogs and Ann Polanski loved him. Yesterday's radical, the professional student, working for a Ph.D. in sociology and she'd get it about the time of the Second Coming. Drunk out of her mind and probably feeling very sorry for herself because, at 30, she was the last of the vestal virgins; love me, love my guilt complex, and who wanted that kind of package deal?

"Damsel in distress in the kitchen and all that rot," he said, trying to edge past. "Be right back."

She hung onto him and licked her lips and tried to get the words out without slurring them, and when they finally came, they were like pearls strung on a string. "Just want to say . . . magnificent party." She closed her eyes and for a panicky moment he was afraid she was going to vomit down his toga. Then she was fishing a damp strand of hair out of her eyes and trying hard to focus on him. "Don't know . . . how you do it, Jeff," she said, closing her eyes again. "Goddamn generations . . . two years apart now . . . can't figure out the right attitudes from one day to nex'—next . . . changes, everything changes so fast . . . got to be a real phony to keep up with them."

He could feel the heat at the back of his neck. Overage and 20 pounds overweight and she wouldn't get her Ph.D., not in a million years, and *she* was putting *him* down. "Ever think about it?" she asked, suddenly wistful.

"I don't think," he said lightly. And then she was holding onto him again and it wasn't for support and he could feel his skin crawl—hot and sweaty and the monthly smell. He forced himself to hold her gently for a moment and nuzzle her neck, and when she was blinking with sudden hope, he murmured, "I would like to help you, Ann, I really would, but it would be like balling my own mother."

"You're a stinking son of a bitch," she said calmly.

Then he was back in the living room again and Ann was fading into the background, like roses on old wallpaper, and the noises and the heat in the room were smothering him and he could feel himself start to drown in his own party.

Out of the corner of his eye, he caught a glimpse of the huge old couch by the window. Mr. Guitar Man, toying

"Now that June is rolling around, let's promise to keep in touch after graduation."

with a drink in which the ice had long since melted; Sue, sitting next to him, looking 35 instead of 25, starting to shrivel right before his eyes; Jenkins beside her, his face a remote mask; and Ann at the far end, eyes closed, probably passed out. All of them with that odd, frightening, glazed look about them, like wax dummies in a museum.

He shivered, then was caught up in the party once more. He was the guy who made it tick, who made it go, the one who was with it. He was the mirror for people who wanted to check how the mustache lay, how the toga fit, whether the smile was right and the attitude was "in." He was the hero, the star, the winner, to be chaired through the market place.

He could feel his ego expanding and filling the room like Styrofoam, and he knew he was getting *very* stoned, but it felt good, good, good—the music was as sharp as diamonds and the food was ambrosia and everybody . . . everybody loved him.

• • •

It was two in the morning when, suddenly, above the roar of the party, he heard the door buzzer and instinctively knew it wasn't the police and, just as instinctively, that whoever it was shouldn't be let in. Then there was laughter and shouting in the hallway and a pounding on the door and the party around him froze—it was like watching a film where they end up on a single frame and hold it. Dancing, laughing, shouting and then sudden silence and the living room was filled with plaster statues.

Somebody stepped to the door and he wanted to shout *Don't let them in!* and then the door was open and the laughing crowd outside tumbled in like a bushel of leaves driven by the wind. They pulled at his party like so many human magnets and the movement in the room started to quicken and, within seconds, the party was roaring again.

Jeff didn't know any of them.

He was standing in a corner all alone, with the party swirling about him but never touching him, like waves breaking around a rock, and then somebody was standing in front of him. "So you're Jeffrey." He hated the full name and he hated the tone of condescension.

The stranger was dressed in black and had a drooping black mustache, like an old-time cowboy villain, and something within Jeff whispered *That's sharp*, and he was wearing a FREE LEONARD button and who the hell was Leonard, anyway?

"Name's Lee," the stranger said in a deep bass voice, and Jeff guessed that he had really worked at it to pitch it that low, and then he was fingering Jeff's toga and the people around them were suddenly silent and tense and the stranger said, "Too bad it spots so easily," and somebody laughed and Jeff couldn't think of anything to say, and then a chick he didn't know came up and said, "I saw your picture in the *Times*—you looked cute," and a lot more people laughed and then they all drifted away and Jeff caught himself staring down at the wine in his paper cup and noting that the cube he had dropped in to cool it had almost melted.

He fled into the kitchen and bumped into the blonde and she dropped a plate of sandwiches on the floor and he almost skidded on them, then blurted, "You're going to stay over, aren't you?" and she looked at him as if she wasn't quite sure who he was and said, "Did you ask?" and ducked under his arm into the living room.

He turned back to the party, trying to quiet his panic, and ran into the kid who had been at the Poly Sci sit-in. *The goddamned toga*, he was thinking furiously, *goddamned asshole toga*. He tried to start a conversation, but the kid snickered and said, "Later, man," and wandered over to the group that had gathered around the cowboy in black.

"*You can't trust the dogs,*" the cowboy was saying, "*they'll gut the proles every time. On the other hand, the police are predictable.*" There was a chorus of agreement; the crowd grew. Jeff didn't have the faintest idea what they were talking about.

He reeled over to the open window and tried to suck in some fresh air and stop the room from spinning. There was singing and shouting in the street below and he leaned out to see what was happening. Some stoned students were lurching down the street, singing a pop song—but he couldn't place the tune, *he couldn't place the tune*, he couldn't remember ever having heard it. Farther down the street, beneath a street lamp, a small army of workmen was painting over storefronts and changing signs. He squinted his eyes, but he couldn't find the familiar Me and Thee coffeeshop; the sign that swung out over the sidewalk was gone and in its place was something called THE ROOKERY. He didn't know the street anymore, he realized suddenly; all the "in" spots, *his* spots, were gone, and he had never heard the songs, and he couldn't keep his groups straight, and he didn't know the people, and . . . *who was Leonard, anyway?*

Every two years, Ann had said. And faster all the time. But you never noticed the buds until the day they blossomed.

And then he was sinking down into the sofa by the window, still clutching his paper cup, to sit next to Mr. Guitar Man and Sue and Jenkins and Ann. He could sense the glaze creeping over his face and felt something very light and feathery on his neck and shoulders.

It was, he imagined, the dust settling gently down.

Paella y Sangria *(continued from page 140)*

and stir well. Sauté, stirring constantly, 5 minutes. Add chicken broth, pork, chicken, chorizo, veal, chicken livers, scallops, peppers, mushrooms and shrimps. Bring liquid to a boil. If chicken broth is unseasoned, add 1 to 2 teaspoons salt. Reduce heat; simmer 10 minutes. Add peas and simmer 15 to 25 minutes longer, stirring gently but as little as possible, to keep ingredients from sticking to pan bottom. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

MEATBALL PAELLA

½ lb. (cooked weight) boiled, shelled shrimps
¾ lb. lean chopped beef
2 slices stale white bread
1 large Spanish onion, very finely minced
1 egg
Salt, pepper
¼ teaspoon oregano
⅛ teaspoon ground cumin
3 chicken breasts (6 halves), boneless and skinless
1½ lbs. lobster tails, thawed if frozen
2 large green peppers
1 medium-size zucchini
Olive oil
3 large cloves garlic, minced extremely fine
8-oz. can plum tomatoes, drained, chopped fine
2 cups long-grain rice
¼ teaspoon saffron powder
½ teaspoon paprika
2 tablespoons lemon juice
4–5 cups chicken broth, canned or fresh
6-oz. can pitted black olives, drained

Soak bread in cold water a few minutes, then press gently to remove excess water. Put through meat chopper, using fine blade, the shrimps, previously chopped beef, bread and ¼ cup minced onion. Add egg, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, oregano and cumin. Mix well. Shape into balls about ¾ in. thick, keeping hands wet to shape meat easily. Set aside in refrigerator until needed. Cut chicken and lobster crosswise into 1-in. chunks. Cut green peppers lengthwise into eighths. Remove and discard stem ends, seeds and membranes. Peel zucchini and cut in half lengthwise, then cut crosswise into 1-in. chunks. Heat ½ cup oil in paella pan. Sauté meatballs until brown; remove from pan. Sauté chicken until light, streaky brown; remove from pan. Sauté green peppers and zucchini, using more oil if necessary, until just barely tender; remove from pan. Wash and dry pan. Add ½ cup oil. Heat for a minute or two over low flame. Add remaining onion, garlic, tomatoes, rice, saffron and paprika and stir well. Sauté, stirring constantly, 5 minutes. Add lemon juice, chicken broth, meatballs, chicken, lobster, green peppers, zucchini and olives. If chicken broth is unseasoned, add 1 to 2 teaspoons salt. Bring liquid to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 20 to 30 minutes, stirring gently from time to time. Sprinkle with salt and pepper.

ALL-SEAFOOD PAELLA

2 live northern lobsters, 1½ lbs. each
1 lb. raw shrimps
2 dozen unopened littleneck clams
1 lb. halibut steak
1 lb. squid
1½ lbs. fresh asparagus
½ cup olive oil
1 green pepper, large dice
1 sweet red pepper, large dice
3 large cloves garlic, minced extremely fine
1 large Spanish onion, minced extremely fine
¼ teaspoon saffron powder
¼ cup finely minced fresh parsley
2 tablespoons finely minced culantro
3 large tomatoes, peeled, minced fine
2 cups long-grain rice
1 large bay leaf
4–5 cups clam broth, fresh or bottled
Salt, pepper

Cut live lobsters in half (or have seafood dealer do this for you, if lobsters are to be used at once). Remove sac in head; crack claws; cut each lobster crosswise into 3 chunks. Using scissors, cut shrimp shells through back and underside, leaving shells on shrimps and tails intact. Scrub clams well. Cut halibut into ¾-in. chunks, discarding bone. Have squid cleaned by fish dealer. Boil about ½ hour or until tender. Drain and cut crosswise into ¼-in. slices. Peel asparagus with vegetable peeler. Discard hard ends; cut crosswise into 1-in. pieces. Boil until just tender, then drain. Heat oil in paella pan over low flame. Sauté peppers

"Well, I guess that answers my next question."

until just barely tender. Add garlic, onion, saffron, parsley, culantro, tomatoes, rice and bay leaf. Sauté 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add clam broth and bring to a boil. Reduce flame so that liquid merely simmers. If clam broth is unseasoned, add 1 teaspoon salt. Place in pan the lobster pieces, shrimps, clams, halibut, squid and asparagus. Simmer slowly, tending pan frequently, checking pan bottom to avoid scorching. Cook until rice is tender and has absorbed all liquid. Season with salt and pepper just before serving.

SANGRIA

1 fifth light dry red wine
1 whole orange
1 ripe Elberta peach, peeled and sliced
6 slices lemon
1½ ozs. cognac
1 oz. triple sec
1 oz. maraschino
1 tablespoon or more sugar to taste
6 ozs. iced club soda

Cut entire peel of orange in a single strip, beginning at stem end and continuing until spiral reaches bottom of fruit. White part should be cut along with outer peel, so that orange fruit is exposed. Leave peel attached to orange bottom, so that fruit may be suspended in pitcher. Pour wine into glass pitcher. Add peach, lemon, cognac, triple sec, maraschino and sugar. Stir to dissolve sugar. Carefully place orange in pitcher, fastening top end of peel over rim. Let mixture marinate at room temperature at least 1 hour. Add soda and 1 tray of ice cubes to pitcher. Stir.

WHITE SANGRIA

1 fifth dry white wine
1 whole orange
2 slices lemon
2 slices lime
1 oz. cognac
2 tablespoons sugar
1 piece stick cinnamon
8 large strawberries, stems removed, halved
6 ozs. iced club soda

Cut entire peel of orange, following procedure in above recipe. Pour wine into glass pitcher. Add lemon, lime, cognac, sugar, cinnamon and strawberries. Stir to dissolve sugar. Carefully place orange in pitcher, fastening top end of peel over rim. Let mixture marinate at room temperature at least 1 hour. Add soda and 1 tray of ice cubes to pitcher. Stir.

With paella and sangria gracing his groaning board, the host is able to offer a feast that echoes the elegant simplicity of its Iberian birthplace. All that remains is to reap a harvest of bravos.

DR. FELDMAN *(continued from page 127)*

as the Feldman table) and the doctor was surprised to get a grunt instead of a how-do-you-do when he introduced himself. The man's name was Moritzer. He was in his late 40s, sallow, thin and unhappy-looking. A bad choice for the Feldman table, the others agreed, sitting on the porch after lunch.

Dr. Feldman submitted a defense. "Don't judge so quick," he said. "Moritzer may not be feeling so well. Moritzer may have business troubles. Give Moritzer a chance."

He gave Moritzer a chance at the rec hall. "Well, what's your pleasure?" he asked. "Gin rummy I'm tired of. Like to shoot some pinochle? You play ping-pong? How about pool?"

"No, thanks," Moritzer said coldly. "I came here to rest, not play games."

"You live in the city?" Dr. Feldman said.

"Yeah, so what?"

"Nothing, nothing," the doctor said. "I don't think I heard your first name. Mine is Horace. I always hated that name. They used to call me Horse. That wasn't so bad when I was a little runt, but then I put on a few pounds," he chuckled and patted his solid midsection. "What's yours?"

"My name is Moritzer," the man said.

Later that evening, Dr. Feldman was playing checkers, and winning. Then he looked up and saw Moritzer in a rocker, regarding him with eyes that could curdle sour cream. The Feldman hand shook and he lost the game.

He was going into his room (the Feldman suite) when he saw Moritzer coming down the hall, slapping his thigh with a rolled-up evening newspaper.

"Good night, Mr. Moritzer," he said.

Moritzer didn't answer. Didn't even *answer*.

Dr. Feldman had a little trouble getting to sleep that night and he blamed the newcomer. Moritzer meant nothing to him, of course; just a sourpuss; but Dr. Feldman was troubled. Could it be that Moritzer actually didn't like him?

That possibility, remote as it seemed, persisted at dinner the next day. Moritzer was not merely surly; he was selectively surly. He actually spoke a few words to the married couples. He actually answered Mrs. Shear's questions about his marital status (he was married, but his wife didn't like the country). But to Dr. Feldman: not a word.

A lesser man might have been comforted by indignation or contented with indifference. Not Dr. Feldman. To the Feldman psyche, Moritzer's attitude was a challenge.

After dinner, the doctor said: "Come for a walk, Moritzer."

"I hate walks," Moritzer said.

"Good for digestion. Doctor's orders."

To his surprise, Moritzer grunted and agreed. They walked down the main road and into the narrow wooded road that circled Ponchawee like a lasso. By mutual assent, they were silent. Here and there, the path narrowed and grew rocky. Now and then, one or the other would lose his footing.

"Careful, careful," Dr. Feldman said when Moritzer stumbled against him.

"Careful yourself," Moritzer said unpleasantly. A few steps later, he tripped and almost knocked the doctor over. The Feldman temper was held, but then it happened a third and a fourth time.

"Hey, careless," he said, with a forced smile. "Watch where you're shoving."

When they got back to the Manor, the doctor was taking pine needles out of his sleeve, looking ruffled. Mrs. Shear asked him how the walk was. Fine, he said.

The next day, only moderately daunted, he invited Moritzer to mixed doubles on the badminton court. The team of Moritzer-Elkins *vs.* Feldman-Shear. A top attraction. Actually, Moritzer turned out to be a gloomy but quick-moving opponent, and Mrs. Elkins wasn't bad, either. Feldman-Shear lost badly. Then the ladies suggested a variation: the boys against the girls. That would have been all right, but twice, *twice* Moritzer struck the doctor on the back of the head with his racket. Once was an accident, Dr. Feldman told himself. But twice?

That afternoon, Dr. Feldman went for his first dip in the Ponchawee pool, setting an example for the timid. An hour later, one of the married couples, Mrs. Elkins, Mrs. Shear and even Moritzer turned up in swimsuits. It developed that Moritzer was a nifty swimmer. Unlike the doctor, who required water wings, he wore swim fins and a face mask and spent a lot of time under the water. The result was a lot of giggling from the women and some naughty remarks. Then a funny thing happened. The surgeon was doing the Feldman crawl, a dignified movement, slow but effective, when he felt a hand close about his ankle. It *had* to be a hand, he reasoned; there wasn't any aquatic life in the Ponchawee swimming pool. And the hand seemed intent upon pulling Dr. Feldman beneath the surface. At first, he reacted good-naturedly, calling out merrily, "Hey, cut it out down there!"; but when his nose filled up with chlorinated water, he wasn't so amused. "Blub, glub!" Dr. Feldman cried and kicked out with his other foot to strike a shoulder bone or something equally hard—a face mask, maybe? The hand let go and the doctor, panting, paddled to the pool's edge.

That night, the Feldman sleep was disturbed by a dream of drowning. It was no wonder, then, that he hesitated at Moritzer's very first overture of friendship at breakfast.

"Come for a row," he said.

"A row," Dr. Feldman said, thoughts of water.

"On the lake."

"The lake," Dr. Feldman said and then decided he was being silly. "Fine idea! Look, let's invite the women."

"Pooey," Moritzer said. "I'm a married man. Enough is enough. You want to go for a row, OK. If not, OK."

"OK," Dr. Feldman said.

They went down to the boathouse and took out the soundest-looking rowboat. It was a beautiful day. The lake was glassy, except for a ripple here and there that indicated the presence of a fish warming itself near the surface. When Dr. Feldman learned that tackle was also available, he was suddenly enthused. Moritzer didn't fish, but he liked to row. The labors were divided. Feldman: fishing. Moritzer: rowing.

The boat skimmed the water smoothly under Moritzer's easy oar stroke. The doctor was willing to fish in the middle of the lake, but Moritzer wanted to round the bend and head for a more distant shore. After a while, they couldn't see the pink roof of Ponchawee Manor anymore.

For half an hour, Moritzer napped in the rowboat and Dr. Feldman fished. But nothing nibbled on the Feldman line and Moritzer started getting restless. He sat up on the other side of the craft and regarded the doctor with folded arms and baleful eyes. Then he began a slow rocking from side to side.

"Shush," Dr. Feldman said. "You'll scare the fish."

"What fish?" Moritzer said.

Soon the rocking became more violent.

"Moritzer," the doctor said, "what are you doing?" Moritzer didn't answer. He just stared and rocked. "Moritzer, are you crazy? You keep this up, you'll turn the boat over."

"So?"

"So what do you want us to do, drown?"

"What's the matter, Feldman?" Moritzer said nastily. "You didn't bring your water wings?"

"A joke is a joke," the doctor said frostily. "Let's go back already."

Unbelievably, Moritzer stood up. He planted his feet on both sides of the vessel and rocked so hard that the boat began shipping water.

Dr. Feldman looked incredulously at the water stains on his white-duck trousers and cried out: "Moritzer, I believe you're a crazy man!"

"Yeah, so learn how to swim, Feldman," Moritzer said, and the doctor began to realize that maybe Moritzer, sullen Moritzer, didn't just *dislike* him, maybe Moritzer really *hated* him, maybe Moritzer wanted him *dead*.

"*Moritzer!*" the doctor screamed, as he felt himself losing his balance. He grabbed the side of the boat for support and found himself clutching one of the

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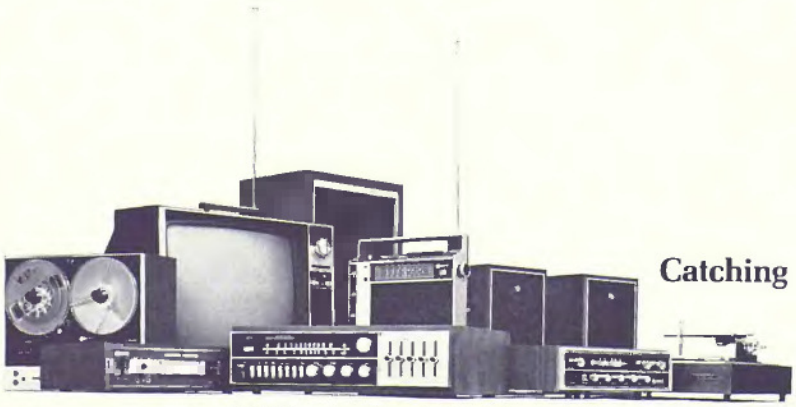

Catching On Fast

JVC

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oars. He slipped it out of the lock and tried to use it as a balancing pole. This made Moritzer laugh. He sounded like one of those fiends in the old movies, and Dr. Feldman was terrified. He didn't have to *think* about hitting Moritzer with the oar, he just did it. He caught Moritzer broadside on his left ear, and Moritzer went sleepy-looking and toppled over the side and into the water with a mighty splash. The boat was capsized a moment later and, for a grim five seconds, Dr. Feldman thought he was underneath it. But, no—there was daylight and, gasping, sputtering, making all kinds of heaving noises, he managed to cling to the bottom. He didn't worry about looking for Moritzer; he was too busy holding on and yelling. It wouldn't have mattered, anyway, because Moritzer was already drowned and dead.

The rest of Dr. Feldman's visit to Ponchawee Manor was less enjoyable. There were policemen and a local reporter and plenty of clucking tongues in the dining room, and the doctor was content with the official version of the story that soon circulated around the resort and found its way onto the police blotter. It was an accident, of course (and maybe, Dr. Feldman thought wishfully, maybe that's all it was), and Moritzer's drowning was explained by the blow on the head he sustained when the boat capsized. Dr. Feldman thought it was permissible not to mention the business with the oar, just as he didn't mention Moritzer's deliberate rocking. Fair was fair. But he wasn't sorry to climb behind the wheel of his Mercedes and put Ponchawee Manor behind him. In fact, he was actually happy to return to the office Monday morning and see the unlovely but not unwelcome face of Hilda, his nurse.

"Well, doctor?" she said. "Did you have a good time?"

"Not bad, not bad," Dr. Feldman said. "Only, there was a little accident——"

"You weren't hurt?" Hilda asked with quick concern.

"No, no," Dr. Feldman said. "But some poor man got drowned. Otherwise, I had a wonderful time. Now," he said, rubbing his surgeon's hands together in anticipation of saving yet another life, "who's our first patient this week?"

"It's a Mrs. Moritzer," Hilda said.

"What I'm trying to tell you, Miss Jackson, is that to me, you're not just another cog in a great big machine."

GRAND HOTELS

(continued from page 122)

whom I had spied from the corridor. Instinctively, I felt these were the men to follow. They seemed content to stand around for a time, chatting, and so was I. We were presently joined by an American professor who was, I had learned previously, in Turkey to arrange a program for a computer. It appeared that the American Government had given the Turkish government a computer, for which the latter was unable to find a use. To help the Turks solve their problem, the Americans had now thrown in the professor, whose task was to find a job worthy of the computer's prowess. "I am thinking," he had told me, "of putting it to work analyzing the drinking water from various provinces. I don't know about the local authorities, but I am pretty sure the computer will get quite a shock." On the occasion of the earthquake, I was delighted to see him. "Is it safe for me to return and have my bath?" I inquired. He consulted his watch and advised us all to wait another four minutes. We should either have another quake almost immediately, he insisted, or we shouldn't. I waited patiently, while he continued to observe the minute hand. Eventually, he looked up. "Bathtime," he said reassuringly, and I and the chefs returned to our tasks.

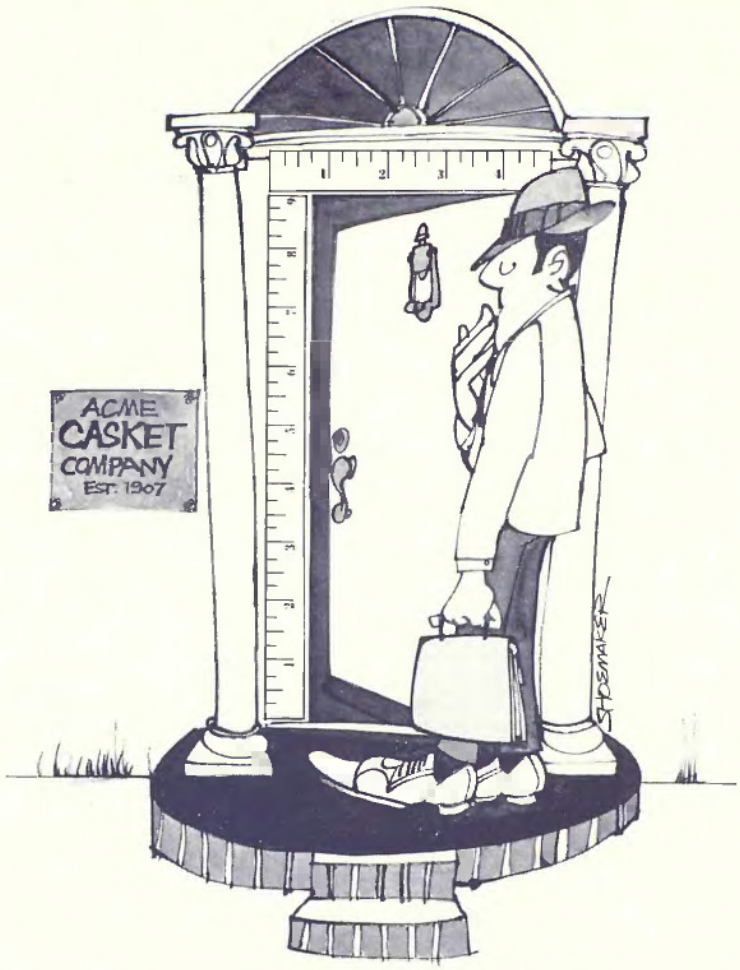
While still in this part of the world, a word, perhaps, about the Hilton Hotel in Athens. Although not one for my list, it stands head and shoulders above all the other Hilton Hotels at which I have stayed, including the London Hilton—which stands head and shoulders above Buckingham Palace. It would be foolish to belittle Mr. Hilton or to deny that in many cities, such as Athens, he has imposed new standards of comfort and cleanliness not only on the natives but also on some of his guests. He reassures the American traveler—although not, oddly enough, the British. But, then, does *anything* reassure us? For myself, it is the Hilton elevators that alarm. A slow mover, I am frequently attacked by the doors.

At the inaugural party to launch the London Hilton, I was retained to introduce the cabaret, which was performed between the courses and was intended to emphasize the international flavor of the feast. Japanese jugglers followed the bird's-nest soup; a French singer, the *poulet*. The waiter assigned to our table glanced at the affluent and distinguished guests, who included Mr. J. Paul Getty and Mr. Hilton himself. "This looks," he told us, "as if it might turn out a funny evening. Ladies, will you please put your handbags in the center of the table, where we can all keep our eyes on them."

American waiters are experts on cutting any proceedings down to size. How often they demolish the elegant, sophisticated atmosphere so carefully built up

by host and proprietor with that honest shout of "Who gets the consommé?" But their English cousins are seldom far behind. The best waiters, like the best lovers, are Latins. What the Englishman and the American lack in technique in both bedroom and banquet hall, they attempt unsuccessfully to cover up with bonhomie. Alas, there is more to laying a table or a lady than high spirits. Outside of London, the traveler who stays in a British-owned and -operated hotel must not expect to be pampered. He will find that meals are served when it suits the Hotel Catering Act to do so. Bedrooms are kept at a temperature that will encourage the client to spend money on gas or electric fires to stop shivering. Bathrooms are scarce, bleak and remote. What I find most depressing about British hotels is the display of literature in their public rooms. A British hotelier would rather shoot himself than buy a paper or a book for his guests to read. Such magazines as one finds in the smoking room of The Crown, The Feathers or The George must not only be at least a year old and bereft of cover but must also have been issued free, and deal with such subjects as canoeing or topiary gardening.

The more modern the hotel in Britain, the smaller the bedroom, the longer the corridor. The emphasis is on discipline. You are not, for instance, expected to upset your morning coffee. Having done so in Manchester one morning, I phoned for assistance. I was prepared for the staff to remove the sheets, but not the mattress. There was nothing to do but get up—never a wise thing to do in Manchester until one is actually required at the theater. I was stepping into the bath when the phone rang. Big Brother had been informed. "We understand," a voice told me, "that you have soiled your bed. There will be an additional charge on your bill." How different from the hotel in New Orleans where, after a stay of a fortnight, there wasn't a bill at all. "We like actors," they told me, and charged only for telephone calls. Were it not that any hotel quite so recklessly conducted must have long since gone out of business, I would proudly include it in my list. On the whole, the British find little pleasure in staying in their own hotels, possibly because there is very little pleasure in doing so, with the exception of my fourth great hotel—Claridge's in London. No praise can be too high for this superb annex to Buckingham Palace. It is the refuge of monarchs and presidents, protecting them while they reign and caring for them long after they have abdicated or been deposed. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, except on a Claridge's pillow slip. The management also entertains film producers, landed gentry, ambassadors, debutantes, actors intoxicated by their press cuttings and sober citizens. Claridge's is immensely comfortable, superbly intimate, faultlessly maintained, more of a club than a hotel and more of a home than either. Most surprising of all, there are few foreigners on its staff.



Oddly enough, there was a British waiter on the staff of my fifth hotel, the Imperial in Vienna. Vienna is a city of make-believe. Where else would you find the horn of a unicorn on display next to a golden rose? It is a city where horses prance under the chandeliers in the riding school and where the Russians, taking a hint from their hosts, stabled their own cavalry in the ballroom of the Imperial and roasted an ox on its marble staircase. But when they left, their hosts, not a whit abashed by such vandalism, managed to get everything back in place, along with the gilt mirrors and the chandeliers, and reopened for business within a year. Very comfortable it was when I was there making a film called *The Journey* with Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr. Yul's part in the picture demanded that he should be constantly chewing on a wineglass; but the rest of us sat around happily in the hotel dining room, munching Rhine salmon and wild strawberries, and occasionally ventured forth to the location, accompanied by a vast quantity of cardboard on which cotton wool had been affixed and which had to be scattered over the countryside to represent the snows of yesteryear.

I was accompanied by my wife and children, who in those days were fascinated with the enormous gas balloons sold in the Prater just beside the Great Wheel immortalized in *The Third Man*. These they would bear back to the Imperial in triumph and then, forgetful as ever, release, whereupon the balloons would sail upward and bump along the ceiling. It seemed that there was always a porter perched on a stepladder in our sitting room. "You really mustn't bother him again," I would tell my son. "But he likes it, Poppa, he really does," would be the reply. Not, of course, the only reason for including the Imperial, but certainly one of them.

A hotel is only as good as its staff, and my sixth among the giants persists in the supreme folly of dressing up its employees as if they were about to attend a children's costume party. Don't be dismayed, therefore, when, on arrival, the door of your car is opened by a gentleman sweltering in the guise of a beefeater or when your

luggage is unloaded by another dressed as if for the paddy fields. You are not in the Tower of London or Vietnam, you are not even in Disneyland: you have merely arrived at the Century Plaza in Beverly Hills, California. There are various theories about the costumes. The hotel is built on part of what used to be the 20th Century lot and some think the film company threw in the wardrobe along with the land. Others see a sinister attempt to lull the nation into a false sense of security, so that when the threatened Chinese invasion finally takes place, the American populace will be caught unawares. "Don't worry," they will be telling one another, "they are merely bellhops from the Century Plaza."

Once you have passed over the threshold, however, you will be very comfortable, indeed, in this hotel. It has the most efficient elevators, the best room service and the most enjoyab'e beds of any hotel in America. It is beautifully quiet and, except for the dressing up already noted, quietly beautiful.

Not as beautiful, of course, as my last great hotel, the Gritti Palace in Venice: but then, the latter has the manifestly unfair advantage of being on the Grand Canal. No other hotel in the world can compete with such a setting, and one can pay no higher tribute to the Gritti than to note that it deserves to be exactly where it is. It has the incomparable advantage of not having been built as a hotel. It was originally intended to be and, indeed, still is, a palace. The corridors meander, the bathrooms are never quite where you expect, the furniture not dreamed up by an interior decorator but collected piece by piece over the years, until at last the room is complete and fit for a guest. The last time I stayed there, I sent a bedside lamp crashing onto the marble floor. "If I can afford to pay for it, I will," I told the desk clerk. He dismissed the suggestion with a chuckle. Venice is a long way from Manchester.

There are other hotels in which I have stayed and been comfortable and content: the Mandarin in Hong Kong, the Tokyo Hilton, the Pierre Marques in Acapulco, the Black Buck in Wiesbaden and, surprisingly, the Europa in Leningrad. But the seven I have written of are the top. They have a reputation for perfection that over the years they have cherished and striven successfully to maintain. Most of us go through life haunted by a few anonymous, pleasurable scents: a flower sniffed in childhood, a special kind of wood fire, hops drying, a horse being shoed, furniture polish, vanilla, honeysuckle, straight bourbon. Now and again, perhaps in a strange house, or walking in the country, or passing along some city street, there comes borne over the air a remembered fragrance, which delights. Thus, when I first cross the lobby of a new hotel, I will pause for a moment with my nostrils hopefully flared. What is the scent for which I am patiently sniffing the air? It is the smell of confidence that comes from perfection.

"Sure I knew you were a Communist. Why do you think I married you? I'm from the FBI."

NIGHT OF GOLDEN MEMORIES

(continued from page 168)

coat, striped morning trousers and an ivory-headed walking stick held with an easy grace by his dove-gray gloved hand. In red, sputtering neon underneath: AL'S SWANK FORMALWEAR. RENTED BY THE DAY OR HOUR. FREE FITTINGS.

We climbed the narrow, dark wooden steps to the second floor. Within a red arrow painted on the wall were the words SWANK FORMAL—TURN LEFT.

We went past a couple of dentists' offices and a door marked BAIL BONDSMAN —FREEDOM FOR YOU DAY OR NIGHT.

"I wonder if Fred Astaire ever comes here," Schwartz said.

"Oh, come on, Schwartz. This is serious!" I could feel excitement rising deep inside me. The prom, the engraved invitation, the summer formal; it was all starting to come together.

Al's Swank Formalwear turned out to be a small room with a yellow light bulb hanging from the ceiling, a couple of tall glass cases containing suits on hangers, a counter and a couple of smudgy full-length mirrors. Schwartz opened negotiations with a swarthy, bald, hawk-eyed, shirt-sleeved man behind the counter. Around his neck hung a yellow measuring tape. He wore a worn vest with a half-dozen chalk pencils sticking out of the pocket.

"Uh . . . we'd like to . . . uh . . ." Schwartz began confidently.

"OK, boys. Ya wanna make it big at the prom, am I right? Ya come to the right place. Ya goin' to that hop out at Cherrywood, right?"

"Uh . . . yeah." I replied.

"And ya wanna summah fawmal, right?"

"HEY, MORTY!" he shouted out. "HERE'S TWO MORE FOR THAT BASH AT CHERRYWOOD. I'D SAY ONE THIRTY-SIX SHAWT, ONE FAWTY REGULAH." His practiced eye had immediately sized us correctly.

"COMIN' UP!" Morty's voice echoed from the bowels of the establishment.

Humming to himself, Al began to pile and unpile boxes like we weren't even there. I looked around the room at the posters of various smartly turned out men of the world. One in particular, wearing a summer formal, had a striking resemblance to Cesar Romero, his distinguished gray sideburns and bronze face contrasting nicely with the snowy whiteness of his jacket.

There was another picture, of Tony Martin, who was at that time at the peak of his movie career, usually portraying Arab princes who disguised themselves as beggars in order to make the scene at the market place. He was always falling in love with a slave girl who turned out to be a princess in disguise, played by somebody like Paulette Goddard. Tony's roguish grin,

somewhat flyspecked, showed that he was about to break into *Desert Song*.

Schwartz was busily inspecting a collection of bow ties displayed under glass in one of the showcases.

"OK ON THE THIRTY-SIX SHAWT, AL, BUT I'M OUTA FAWTIES. HOW 'BOUT THAT FAWTY-TWO REGULAH THAT JUST CAME BACK FROM THAT DAGO WEDDING?" shouted Morty from the back room.

"CUT THE TALK AN' BRING THE GOODS!" Al shouted back, straightening up, his face flushed.

"THE FAWTY-TWO AIN'T BEEN CLEANED YET!" came from the back room.

"BRING IT OUT, AWREADY!" barked Al. He turned to me.

"This suit just come in from anothah job. Don't worry about how it looks. We'll clean it up an' take it in so's it'll fit good."

Morty emerged, a tall, thin, sad man in a gray smock, even balder than Al. He carried two suits on hangers, draped them over the counter, gave Al a dirty look and stalked back into the shadows.

"OK now, boys. First you." Al nodded to Schwartz. "Take this and try it on behind the curtain. It should fit good. It's maybe a little long at the cuffs, but we'll take 'em up."

Schwartz grabbed the hanger and scurried behind the green curtain. Al held up the other suit. In the middle of a dark reddish-brown stain that covered the entire breast pocket was a neat little hole right through the jacket. Al turned the hanger around and stuck his finger through the hole.

"HEY, MORTY!" he shouted.

"WHAT NOW?"

"HOW 'BOUT THIS HOLE INNA FAWTY-TWO? CAN YA FIX IT?"

"WADDAYA WANT, MIRACLES?" Morty whined.

"Don't worry, kid. We can fix this up good as new. You'll never tell it ain't a new coat."

Schwartz emerged from the fitting room shrouded in what looked like a parachute with sleeves.

"Perfick! Couldn' be bettuh!" shouted Al exultantly, darting from behind the counter. He grabbed Schwartz by the shoulders, spun him around and, with a single movement, ran his hand up into Schwartz' crotch, measured the inseam, spun him around again, made two chalk marks on the sleeves—which came almost to his finger tips—yanked up the collar, punched him smartly in the kidney, all the while murmuring in a hoarse stage whisper:

"It's made for you. Just perfick. Couldn' be bettuh. Perfick. Like tailor-made."

Schwartz smiled weakly throughout the ordeal.

"OK, kid, take it off. I'll have it ready for you next week."

Obediently, Schwartz disappeared into the fitting room. Al turned to me. "Here, slip on this coat." He held it out invitingly. I plunged my arms into its voluminous folds. I felt his iron grip on my shoulder blades as he yanked me upward and spun me around, his appraising eye darting everywhere.

"Just perfick. Couldn' be bettuh. Fits like a glove. Take it in a little here; pull in the bias here. . . ."

He took out his chalk and made a few marks on my back.

"OK. Slip outa it."

Al again thrust his finger through the hole.

"Reweave it like new. An' doan worry 'bout the stain; we'll get it out. Musta been some party. Here, try on these pants."

He tossed a pair of midnight-blue trousers over the counter at me. Inside the hot little cubicle, as I changed into the pants, I stroked the broad black-velvet stripe that lined the outer seam. I was really in the big time now. They were rumpled, of course, and they smelled strongly of some spilled beverage, but they were truly magnificent. The waist came to just a shade below my armpits. Tossing the curtain aside, I sashayed out like Cary Grant.

"Stand up straight, kid," Al breathed into my ear. An aromatic blast of pastrami and pickled herring made my head reel.

"Ah. Perfick. Just right. Put a little tuck in the waist, so." He grabbed several yards of the seat. "An' a little in here." A sudden thrill of pain as he violently measured the inseam. Then it was all over.

"Now," he said, back behind his counter once again, "how do ya see the shirts? Ya want 'em straight or ruffled? Or pleated, maybe? Very smart." He indicated several shirts on display in his grimy glass case. "I would recommend our Monte Carlo model, a real spiffy numbah."

We both peered down at the shirts. The Monte Carlo number was, indeed, spiffy, its high, stiff, V-cut collar arching over cascading ribbons of razor-sharp pleats.

"Boy, now that's a shirt!" Schwartz breathed excitedly.

"That's what *I* want," I said aloud. No other shirt would do.

"Me, too." Schwartz seconded.

"Fifteen neck, thirty-three sleeve for you, sonny?" he asked Schwartz.

"Uh, yeah," said Schwartz with knitted brow. "But how did you——"

"And fifteen and a half, thirty-four for you, right?"

I nodded, wondering why he bothered to wear a tape measure around his neck.

"OK now," Al continued briskly, "how 'bout studs? Ya got 'em?"

"Uh . . . what?"

He had caught me off guard. I had heard the word "stud" before, but never in a tailor shop.

"OK, I guess not. I'll throw 'em in. Maybe even some matchin' cuff links, too, because you're such high-class customers. Now, I suppose ya wanna go first-class, right?"

Al directed this question at both of us, his face assuming a look of concerned forthrightness.

"Right?" he repeated.

"Yeah." Schwartz answered uncertainly for both of us.

"I knew that the minute you two

". . . And then he forced me to perform an unnatural act."

walked in. Now, I'm gonna show you somepin that is exclusive with Al's Swank Formalwear."

With an air of surreptitious mystery, he bent over, slid open a drawer and placed atop the counter an object that unfocused my eyes with its sheer kaleidoscopic brilliance.

"No place else in town can supply you with a genuwine Hollywood paisley cummabund. It's our trademark."

I stared at the magnificent band of glowing, scintillating fabric, already seeing myself a total smash on the dance floor.

"It's only a buck extra. And worth five times the price. Adolphe Menjou always wears this model. How 'bout it, men?"

We both agreed in unison. After all, you only live once.

"Of course, included for only half a dolla more is our fawmal bow tie and matchin' booteneer. I would suggest the maroon."

"Sounds great," I answered.

"Isn't that everything?" asked Schwartz with some concern.

"Is that all! You gotta be kiddin', sonny. How do you expect to trip the light fantastic widout a pair a black patent-leathah dancin' pumps?"

"Dancin' what?" I asked.

"Shoes, shoes," he explained irritably. "An' we throw in the socks for nuttin'. How 'bout it?"

"Well, uh. . . ."

"Fine! So that's it, boys. I'll have everything all ready the day before the prom. You'll really knock 'em dead."

As we left, another loud argument broke out between Morty and Al. Their voices accompanied us down the long flight of narrow stairs and out into the street.

Step by step, in the ancient tradition, the tribal ritual was being acted out. The prom, which was now two weeks off, began to occupy our minds most of the waking day. The semester had just about played itself out; our junior year was almost over. The trees and flowers were in blossom, great white clouds drifted across deep-blue skies and baseball practice was in full swing—but somehow, this spring was different from the rest. The prom was something that we had heard about since our earliest days. A kind of golden aura hung over the word itself. Every couple of days, the bulletin board at school announced that the prom committee was meeting or requesting something.

There was only one thing wrong. As each day ticked inexorably by toward that magic night at the Cherrywood Country Club, I still could not steel myself to actually seek out Daphne Bigelow and ask her the fatal question. Time and again, I spotted her in the halls, drifting by on gossamer wings, her radiant complexion casting a glow on all those around her, her dazzling smile lighting up the corners of the world. But each time, I broke into a fevered sweat and chickened out at the last instant.

The weekend before the prom was sheer torture. Schwartz, always efficient and methodical, had already made all his plans. We sat on the steps of my back porch late Sunday afternoon, watching Lud Kissel next door struggle vainly to adjust the idling speed on his time-ravaged carburetor so that the family Nash didn't stall at 35 miles an hour. He had been drinking, of course, so it was quite a show.

"How ya doin' with Daphne Bigelow?" asked Schwartz sardonically, knowing full well the answer.

"Oh, that. I haven't had time to ask her," I lied.

"Ya better get on the stick. There's only a week left."

"Who *you* got lined up?" I asked, tossing a pebble at old Lud, who was now asleep under his running board.

"Clara Mae Mattingly," Schwartz replied in a steady, expressionless voice.

I was surprised. Clara Mae was one of those shadowy, quiet girls who rarely were mentioned outside of honor rolls and stuff like that. She wore gold-rimmed glasses and still had pigtails.

"Yep," Schwartz added smugly, gratified by my reaction.

"Boy, she sure can spell." It was all I could think of to say that was good about her, other than the fact that she was female.

"Sure can," Schwartz agreed. He, too, had been quite a speller in our grade school days; and on more than one occasion, Clara Mae had demolished him with a brilliant display of virtuosity in a school-wide spelldown, a form of verbal Indian wrestling now almost extinct but which at one time was a Waterloo for many of us among the unlettered. Clara Mae had actually once gone to the state final and had lost out to a gangly farm

girl from downstate who apparently had nothing else to do down there but read *Webster's* through the long winter nights.

"You gonna send her a corsage?" I asked.

"Already ordered it. At the Cupid Florist." Schwartz' self-satisfaction was overflowing.

"An orchid?"

"Yep. Cost eight bucks."

"Holy God! Eight bucks!" I was truly impressed.

"That includes a gold pin for it."

Our conversation trailed off as Lud Kissel rolled out from under the running board, rose heavily to his knees and crawled off down the driveway on all fours, heading for the Bluebird Tavern, which was closed on Sundays. Lud always got restless in the spring.

A few hours later, after supper, I went out gloomily to water the lawn, a job that purportedly went toward earning my allowance, which had reached an all-time high that spring of three dollars a week. Fireflies played about the cottonwoods in the hazy twilight, but I was troubled. One week to go: less, now, because you couldn't count the day of the prom itself. In the drawer where I kept my socks and scout knife, buried deep in the back, were 24 one-dollar bills, which I had saved for the prom. Just as deep in my cowardly soul, I knew I could never ask Daphne Bigelow to be my date.

Refusing to admit it to myself, I whistled moodily as I sprayed the irises and watched a couple of low-flying bats as they skimmed over the lawn and up into the poplars. Mrs. Kissel, next door, creaked back and forth on her porch swing, a copy of *True Romance* open in her lap, as she waited for Lud's return with his usual snootful. My kid brother came out onto the porch and, from sheer habit, I quickly shot a stream of water over him, catching him in mid-air as he leaped high to avoid the stream. It was a superbly executed shot. I had led him just right. He caught it full in the chest, his yellow polo shirt clinging to his ribs wetly, like a second skin. Bawling at the top of his lungs, he disappeared into the house and slammed the screen door behind him. Ordinarily, this small triumph would have cheered me up for hours; but tonight, I tasted nothing but ashes. Suddenly, his face reappeared in the doorway.

"I'M GONNA TELL MA!" he yelled.

Instantly, like a cobra, I struck. Sweeping the stream quickly over the screen door, I got him again. Another scream of rage and he was gone. Again, I sank into my moody sea of reflection. Was I going to boot the prom?

Flick had asked Janie Hutchinson, a tall, funny girl who had been in our class since kindergarten. And Schwartz

was lined up with Clara Mae; all he had talked about had been that crummy orchid and how good a dancer he was. Flick had stopped asking me about Daphne ever since the past Wednesday, when I had gotten mad because he'd been needling me. All week, I had been cleaning up my Ford for the big night. If there was one thing in my life that went all the way, my only true and total love, it was my Ford V8, a convertible that I had personally rebuilt at least 35 times. I knew every valve spring personally, had honed each valve, burnished every nut and bolt she carried. Tuesday, I had Simonized her completely; Wednesday, I had repeated the job; and Thursday, I had polished the chrome until my knuckles ached and my back was stiff. I had spent the past two days minutely cleaning the interior, using a full can of saddle soap on the worn leather. Everything was set to go, except for one thing—no girl.

A feeling of helpless rage settled over me as I continued spraying the lawn. I flushed out a poor, hapless caterpillar from under a bush, squirting him mercilessly full blast until he washed down the sidewalk and disappeared into the weeds. I felt a twinge of evil satisfaction as he rolled over and over helplessly. It was getting dark. All that was left of the sun was a long purple-orange streak along the western horizon. The glow of the steel mills to the north and east began to light up the twilight sky. I had worked my way down to the edge of our weedy, pock-marked bed of sod when, out of the corner of my eye, I noticed something white approaching out of the gloom. I sprinkled on, not knowing that another piece was being fitted into the intricate mosaic of adolescence. I kicked absent-mindedly at a passing toad as I soaked down the dandelions.

"What are you doing?"

So deeply was I involved in self-pity that at first my mind wouldn't focus. Startled, I swung my hose around, spraying the white figure on the sidewalk ten feet away.

"I'm sorry!" I blurted out, seeing at once that I had washed down a girl dressed in white tennis clothes.

"Oh, hi, Wanda. I didn't see you there."

She dried herself with a Kleenex.

"What are you doing?" she asked again.

"I'm sprinkling the lawn." The toad hopped past, going the other way now. I squirted him briefly, out of general principles.

"You been playing tennis?" Since she was wearing tennis clothes and was carrying a racket, it seemed the right thing to say.

"Me and Eileen Akers were playing. Down at the park," she answered.

Eileen Akers was a sharp-faced, bespectacled girl I had, inexplicably, been briefly in love with in the third grade. I had come to my senses by the time we got into 4-B. It was a narrow escape. By then, I had begun to dimly perceive that there was more to women than being able to play a good game of run sheep run.

"I'm sure glad school's almost over," she went on, when I couldn't think of anything to say. "I can hardly wait. I never thought I'd be a senior."

"Yeah," I said.

"I'm going to camp this summer. Are you?"

"Yeah," I lied. I had a job already lined up for the summer, working for a surveyor. The next camp I would see would be in the Ozarks, and I'd be carrying an M-1.

Wanda swung her tennis racket at a June bug that flapped by barely above stall speed. She missed. The bug soared angrily up and whirred off into the darkness.

"Are you going to college when you graduate next year?" she asked. For some reason, I didn't like the drift of the conversation.

"Yeah, I guess so, if I don't get drafted."

"My brother's in the Army. He's in the artillery." Her brother, Bud Hickey, was a tall, laconic type four or five years older than both of us.

"Yeah, I heard. Does he like it?"

"Well, he doesn't write much," she said. "But he's gonna get a pass next September, before he goes overseas."

"How come he's in the artillery?" I asked.

"I don't know. They just put him there. I guess because he's tall."

"What's that gotta do with it? Do they have to *throw* the shells, or something?"

"I don't know. They just did it."

Then it happened. Without thinking, without even a shadow of a suspicion of planning, I heard myself asking: "You going to the prom?"

For a long instant she said nothing, just swung her tennis racket at the air.

"I guess so," she finally answered, weakly.

"It's gonna be great," I said, trying to change the subject.

"Uh . . . who are you going with?" She said it as if she really didn't care one way or the other.

"Well, I haven't exactly made up my mind yet." I bent down unconcernedly and pulled a giant milkweed out by the roots.

"Neither have I," she said.

It was then that I realized there was no sense fighting it. Some guys are born to dance forever with the Daphne Bigelows on shining ballroom floors under endless starry skies. Others—well, they do the best they can. I didn't know that yet, but I was beginning to suspect something.

"Wanda?"

"Yes?"

"Wanda. Would you . . . well . . . I mean . . . would you, you see, I was thinking. . . ."

"Yes?"

Here I go, in over the horns: "Wanda, uh . . . how about . . . going to the prom with me?"

She stopped twitching her tennis racket. The crickets cheeped, the spring air was filled with the sound of singing froglets. A soft breeze carried with it the promise of a rich summer and the vibrant aromas of a nearby refinery.

She began softly, "Of course, I've had a lot of invitations, but I didn't say yes to any of them yet. I guess it would be fun to go with you," she ended lamely.

"Yeah, well, naturally, I've had four or five girls who wanted to go with me, but I figured that they were mostly jerks, anyway, and . . . ah . . . I meant to ask you all along."

The die was cast. There was no turning back. It was an ironclad rule. Once a girl was asked to the prom, only a total bounder would even consider ducking out of it. There had been one or two cases in the past, but the perpetrators had become social pariahs, driven from the tribe to fend for themselves in the unfriendly woods.

Later that night, hunched over the kitchen table, still somewhat numbed by the unexpected turn of events, I chewed thoughtfully on a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich while my mother, hanging over the sink in her rump-sprung Chinese-red chenille bathrobe, droned on monotonously: "You're just going to *have* to stop squirting Randy."

"Yeah," I answered, my mind three light-years away.

"You got his new Flash Gordon T-shirt all wet."

"Sorry," I said automatically. It was a phrase I used often in those days.

"It shrunk. And now he can't wear it."

"Why not?" I asked.

"It comes up around his chest now."

"Well, why can't he stretch it?"

"You just stop squirting him, that's all. You hear me?"

"It's a silly T-shirt, anyway," I said truculently.

"You heard what I said. No more squirting." That ended the conversation.

Later, in bed, I thought briefly of Daphne Bigelow, but was interrupted by a voice from the bed on the other side of the room.

"You rotten crumb. You squirted my T-shirt!"

"Ah, shaddup."

"You wait. I'm gonna get you!"

I laughed raucously. My kid brother wailed in rage.

"SHUT UP, YOU TWO! CUT OUT THE FIGHTING OR I'LL COME IN THERE AND DO SOME HEAD KNOCKING!"

The old man meant what he said and we knew it. I promptly fell asleep. It had been a long and tumultuous day.

I broke the news to Schwartz the next morning, after biology. We were hurrying through the halls between classes on our way to our lockers, which were side by side on the second floor.

"Hey, Schwartz, how about double-dating for the prom?" I asked. I knew he had no car and I needed moral support, anyway.

"Great! I'll help you clean up the car."

"I've already Simonized her. She's all set."

"Are you gonna send Daphne an orchid, or what?"

"Well, no . . ." I said, hoping he'd forget what he asked.

"What do you mean? Ya gotta send a corsage."

"Well, I *am* going to send a corsage."

"I thought you said you weren't."

"I never said I wasn't gonna send a corsage."

"Are you nuts? You just said you weren't gonna."

"I'm not gonna send a corsage to Daphne Bigelow. You asked me if I was gonna send a corsage to Daphne, and I'm not."

"She's gonna think you're a real cheap skate."

It was getting ridiculous. Schwartz was being even more of a numskull than usual.

"Schwartz, I have decided not to ask Daphne Bigelow to the prom."

He looked directly at me, which caused him to slam into two strolling freshman girls. Their books slid across the floor, where they were trampled underfoot by the thundering mob.

"Well, who *are* you taking?" he asked, oblivious to their shrieks of dismay.

"Wanda Hickey."

"*Wanda Hickey!*"

Schwartz was completely thrown by this bit of news. Wanda Hickey had never been what you could call a major star in our Milky Way. We walked on, saying nothing, until finally, as we opened our lockers, Schwartz said: "Well, she sure is good at algebra."

It was true. Wanda was an algebra shark in the same way that Clara Mae was a spelling nut. Maybe we both got what we deserved.

Later that day, in the study hall, after I had polished off a history theme on some stupid thing like the Punic Wars, I got to thinking about Wanda. I could see her sitting way over on the other side of the room, a dusty sunbeam filtering through the window shades and lighting up her straw-colored hair. She was kind of cute. I'd never really noticed it before. Ever since second grade, Wanda had just

"Hey, Pop, when will I have hair on my chinny-chin-chin?"

been there, along with Eileen Akers, Helen Weathers and all the rest of that anonymous throng of girls who formed an erotic backdrop for the theater of my mind. And here I was, at long last, taking Wanda Hickey—*Wanda Hickey*—to the prom, the only junior prom I would ever attend in my life.

As I chewed on the end of my fake-marble Wearever pen, I watched Wanda through half-closed eyes in the dusty sunbeam as she read the *Lady of the Lake*. Ahead of me, Schwartz dozed fitfully, as he always did in study hall, his forehead occasionally thumping the desk. Flick, to my right, struggled sullenly over his chemistry workbook. We both knew it was hopeless. Flick was the only one in our crowd who consistently flunked everything. In the end, he never even graduated, but we didn't know that then.

The prom was just five days away. This was the last week of school. Ahead, our long summer in the sun stretched out like a lazy yellow road. For many of us, it was the last peaceful summer we were to know.

Mr. Wilson, the study-hall teacher, wandered aimlessly up and down the aisles, pretending he was interested in what we were pretending to be doing. From somewhere outside drifted the cries of a girls' volleyball game, while I drew pictures of my Ford on the inside cover of my three-ring notebook: front view, side view, rear view, outlining the drawings with ink.

That morning, on my way to school, I had gone down to the Cupid Florist Shop and ordered an orchid. My 24 dollars were shrinking fast. The eight-dollar bite for the orchid didn't help. Schwartz and I were going to split on the gas, which would come to maybe a buck apiece. After paying for the summer formal, I'd have a fast ten dollars left for the big night. As I sat in study hall, I calculated, writing the figures down, adding and subtracting. But it didn't come out to much, no matter how I figured it.

Schwartz passed a note back to me. I opened it: "How about the Red Rooster afterward?"

I wrote underneath, "Where else?" and passed it back. The Red Rooster was part of the tribal ritual. It was *the* place you went after a big date, if you could afford it.

I glanced over across the room at Wanda and caught her looking at me. She instantly buried her head in her book. Good old Wanda.

On the way home from school every day that week, of course, all we talked about was the prom. Flick was double-dating with Jossway and we were all going to meet afterward at the Rooster and roister until dawn, drinking deeply of the sweet elixir of the good life. The only thing that nagged me now was financial. Ten bucks didn't look as big as it usually did. Ordinarily, ten bucks could have gotten me through a month of just fooling around, but the prom was the big time.

Friday night, as I sat in the kitchen before going to bed, knocking down a liverwurst on whole wheat and drinking a glass of chocolate milk, the back door squeaked open and in breezed the old man, carrying his bowling bag. Friday night was his big night down at the Pin-Bowl. He was a fanatical bowler, and a good one, too. He slid the bag across the floor, pretending to lay one down the groove, his right arm held out in a graceful follow-through, right leg trailing in the classic bowling stance.

"Right in the pocket," he said with satisfaction.

"How'd you do tonight?" I asked.

"Not bad. Had a two-oh-seven game. Damn near cracked six hundred."

He opened the refrigerator and fished around for a beer, then sat down heavily, downed two thirds of the bottle in a mighty drag, burped loudly and said:

"Well, tomorrow's the big day, ain't it?"

"Yep," I answered. "Sure is."

"You takin' Daphne Bigelow?" he asked.

"Nah. Wanda Hickey."

"Oh, yeah? Well, you can't win 'em all. Wanda's old man is some kind of a foreman at the mill or something, ain't he?"

"I guess so."

"He drives a Studebaker Champion, don't he? The green two-door with the whitewalls."

The old man had a fine eye for cars. He judged all men by what they drove. Apparently, a guy who drove a two-door Studebaker was not absolutely beyond the pale.

"Not a bad car. Except they burn oil after a while," he mused, omitting no aspects of the Studebaker.

"They used to have a weak front end. Bad kingpins." He shook his head critically, opening another beer and reaching for the rye bread.

I said nothing, lost in my own thoughts. My mother and kid brother had been in bed for an hour or so. We were, for all practical purposes, alone in the house. Next door, Mrs. Kissel threw out a pan of dishwater into the back yard with a swoosh. Her screen door slammed.

"How ya fixed for tomorrow night?" the old man asked suddenly, swirling his beer bottle around to raise the head.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, how are ya *fixed*?"

My father never talked money to me. I got my allowance every Monday and that was that.

"Well, I've got about ten bucks."

"Hm." That was all he said.

After sitting in silence for a minute or so, he said, "You know, I always wished I coulda gone to a prom."

How can you answer something like that? He had barely gotten out of eighth grade when he had to go to work, and he never stopped for the rest of his life.

"Oh, well, what the hell." He finally answered himself.

He cut himself a couple of slices of boiled ham and made a sandwich.

"I was really hot tonight. Got a string of six straight strikes in the second game. The old hook was movin', getting a lot of wood."

He reached into his hip pocket, took out his wallet and said, "Look, don't tell Ma." He handed me a $20 bill.

"I had a couple of bets going on the second game, and I'm a money bowler."

He was that. No doubt of it. In his early teens, he had scrounged out a living as a pool shark, and he had never lost the touch. I took the $20, glommed onto it the way the proverbial drowning man grabs at a straw. I was so astounded at this unprecedented gesture that it never occurred to me to say thanks. He would have been embarrassed if I had. A miracle had come to pass. There was no doubt about it—the prom was going to be an unqualified blast.

The next day dawned bright and sunny, as perfect as a June day can be—in a steel-mill town. Even the blast-furnace dust that drifted aimlessly through the soft air glowed with promise. I was out early, dusting off the car. It was going to be a top-down night. If there is anything more romantic than a convertible with the top down in June going to a prom, I'd like to hear about it. Cleopatra's barge couldn't have been much more seductive.

My kid brother, his diminutive Flash Gordon T-shirt showing a great expanse of knobby backbone and skinny belly, yapped around me as I toiled over the Ford.

"Look what you done to my T-shirt!" he whined, his runny nose atrickle. He was in the midst of his annual spring cold, which would be superseded by his summer cold, which lasted nicely to the whopper he got in the fall, which, of course, was only a prelude to his winter-long *monster* cold.

"Stay away from the fender. You're dripping on it!" I shouted angrily, shoving him away.

"Flash Gordon's only about an inch high now!"

I couldn't help laughing. It was true. Flash had shrunk, along with the shirt, which Randy had earned by doggedly eating three boxes of Wheaties, saving the box tops and mailing them in with 25 cents that he had, by dint of ferocious self-denial, saved from his 30-cent weekly allowance.

"Look, I'll get you another Flash Gordon T-shirt."

"You can't. They're not givin' 'em away no more. They're givin' away Donald

"the game"

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

buck brown

Jonathan Lawrence is doing everything for his thinning hair.

Everything wrong.

Like shampooing too often. And using bar soap or whatever's handy. Both drying. And dry hair tends to be brittle. Breakable. (And the more his hair breaks, the less he's got.)

Since all that shampooing makes his hair uncooperative, Jonathan uses a grooming agent. Sure, it keeps his hair from dancing all over his head. By squashing it. Making it look even thinner. Besides, it only glosses over the dryness problem, and makes hair dirty all over again. So, back to another drying shampoo.

How to beat it? Shampoo once a week. With Pantene® Shampoo for Men. Does more than simply wash dirt out. Washes in body and shine. While our famous Swiss conditioning formula makes hair manageable. And undry.

Next: Pantene Hair Groom Spray for Men. No kidding. Spray helps keep hair in place lightly. Gently. Undetectably. Hair looks thicker, fuller. And that can mean a lot to a man who doesn't have a lot.

And, to keep hair fresh and clean between shampoos, Pantene Hair Lotion. A daily splash and a scrub of the fingers does it. Keeps hair healthier-looking, too.

Everything from Pantene — Shampoo, Hair Groom Spray, Hair Lotion. All made here with a unique Swiss conditioning formula. All do good while they keep your hair looking good.

Pantene.
Everything right for your hair.

Photographed aboard the
12 meter "American Eagle," off Newport.

Duck beanies with a propeller on top now."

"Well, then, stretch the one you got now, stupid."

"It won't stretch. It keeps getting littler."

He bounced up and down on a clothes pole, joggling the clothesline and my mother's wash. Within three seconds, she was out on the back porch.

"CUT IT OUT WITH THE CLOTHES POLE!"

Sullenly, he slid off onto the ground. I went back to work, until the Ford gleamed like some rare jewel. Then I went into the house to begin the even more laborious process of getting *myself* in shape for the evening ahead. Locking the bathroom door, I took two showers, wearing a brand-new bar of Lifebuoy down to a nub. I knew what happened to people who didn't use it; every week, little comic strips underneath *Moon Mullins* told endless tales of disastrous proms due to dreaded b. o. It would not happen to me.

I then shaved for the second time that week, using a new Gillette Blue Blade. As usual when an important shave was executed, I nicked myself nastily in several places.

"Son of a bitch," I muttered, plastering the wounds with little pieces of toilet paper.

Carefully, I went over every inch of my face, battling that age-old enemy, the blackhead, and polished off the job with a copious application of stinging Aqua Velva. Next, I attacked my hair, combing and recombing, getting just the right insouciant pitch to my pride and joy, my d. a. cut. Tonight, I would be a truly magnificent specimen of lusty manhood.

Twilight was fast approaching when I emerged from the bathroom, redolent of rare aromas, pink and svelte. But the real battle had not yet begun. Laid out on my bed was my beautiful summer formal. Al was right: The elegant white coat truly gleamed in virginal splendor. Not a trace of the red stain nor the sinister hole could be detected. The coat was ready for another night of celebration, its lapels spotless, its sleeves smooth and uncreased.

Carefully, I undid the pins that festooned my pleated Monte Carlo shirt. It was the damnedest thing I had ever seen, once I got it straightened out: long, trailing, gauzelike shirttails, a crinkly front that thrummed like sheet metal and a collar that seemed to be carved of white rock. I slipped it on. Panic! It had no buttons—just holes.

Rummaging around frantically in the box the tux came in, I found a cellophane bag containing little round black things. Ripping the bag open, I poured them out; there were five of them, two of which immediately darted under the bed. From the looks of the remaining three, they certainly weren't buttons; but they'd have to do. Although I didn't know it at the time, I had observed a classic maneuver executed by at least one stud out of every set ever rented with a tux. Down on my hands and knees, already beginning to lose my Lifebuoy sheen, sweat popping out here and there, I scrambled around for the missing culprits.

The ordeal was well under way. Seven o'clock was approaching with such rapidity as to be almost unbelievable. Schwartz, Clara Mae and Wanda would *already* be waiting for me, and here I was in my drawers, crawling around on my hands and knees. Finally, amid the dust and dead spiders under my bed, I found the two studs cowering together behind a hardball I'd lost three months earlier.

Back before the mirror, I struggled to get them in place between the concrete slits. Sweat was beginning to show under my arms. I got two in over my breastbone and then I tried to get the one at the collar over my Adam's apple. It was impossible! I could feel from deep within me several sobs beginning to form. The more I struggled, the more ham-fisted I became. Oh, no! Two blackish thumb smudges appeared on my snow-white collar.

"MA!" I screamed, "LOOK AT MY SHIRT!"

She rushed in from the kitchen, carrying a paring knife and a pan of apples. "What's the matter?"

"Look!" I pointed at the telltale prints.

My kid brother cackled in delight when he saw the trouble I was in.

"Don't touch it," she barked, taking control immediately. Dirty collars were her métier. She had fought them all her life. She darted out of the room and returned instantly with an artgum eraser.

"Now, hold still."

I obeyed as she carefully worked the stud in place and then artistically erased the two monstrous thumbprints. Never in my life had I experienced a collar remotely like the one that now clamped its iron grasp around my windpipe. Hard and unyielding, it dug mercilessly into my throat—a mere sample of what was to come.

"Where's your tie?" she asked. I had forgotten about that detail.

"It . . . ack . . . must be . . . in the box," I managed to gasp out. The collar had almost paralyzed my voice box.

She rummaged around and came up with the bow tie. It was black and it had two metal clips. She snapped it onto the wing collar and stood back.

"Now, look at yourself in the mirror." I didn't recognize myself.

She picked up the midnight-blue trousers and held them open, so that I could slip into them without bending over.

True to his word, Al had, indeed, taken in the seat. The pants clamped me in a viselike grip that was to damn near emasculate me before the evening was out. I sucked in my stomach, buttoned the waistband tight, zippered up the fly and stood straight as a ramrod before the mirror. I had no other choice.

"Gimme your foot."

My mother was down on all fours, pulling the silky black socks onto my feet. Then, out of a box on the bed, she removed the gleaming pair of patent-leather dancing pumps, grabbed my right foot and shoved it into one of them, using her finger as a shoehorn. I tromped down. She squealed in pain.

"I can't get my finger out!"

I hobbled around, taking her finger with me.

"STAND STILL!" she screamed.

I stood like a crane, one foot in the air, with her finger jammed deep into the heel.

"RANDY! COME HERE!" she yelled.

My kid brother, who was sulking under the day bed, ran into the room.

"PULL HIS SHOE OFF, RANDY!" She was frantic.

"What for?" he asked sullenly.

"DON'T ASK STUPID QUESTIONS. JUST DO WHAT I SAY!"

I was getting an enormous cramp in my right buttock.

"STAND STILL!" she yelled. "YOU'RE BREAKING MY FINGER!" Randy looked on impassively, observing a scene that he was later to weave into a family legend, embroidering it more and more as the years went by—making himself the hero, of course.

"RANDY! TAKE OFF HIS SHOE!" Her voice quavered with pain and exasperation.

"He squirted my T-shirt."

"If you don't take off his shoe this instant, you're gonna regret it." This time, her voice was low and menacing. We both knew the tone. It was the end of the line.

Randy bent over and tugged off the shoe. My mother toppled backward in relief, rubbing her index finger, which was already blue.

"Go back under the day bed," she snapped. He scurried out of the room. I straightened out my leg—the cramp subsiding like a volcano in the marrow of my bones—and the gleaming pumps were put in place without further incident. I stood encased as in armor.

"What's this thing?" she asked from behind me. I executed a careful 180-degree turn.

"Oh, that's my cummerbund."

Her face lit up like an Italian sunrise. "A cummerbund!" She had seen Fred Astaire in many a cummerbund while he spun down marble staircases with Ginger Rogers in his arms, but it was the first actual specimen she had ever been close to. She picked it up reverently, its paisley

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"Now I understand, Professor Kirkbright—you never intended to blast off!"

brilliance lighting up the room like an iridescent jewel.

"How does it work?" she asked, examining it closely.

Before I could answer, she said, "Oh, I see. It has snaps on the back. Hold still."

Around my waist it went. She drew it tight. The snaps clicked into place. It rode snugly halfway up my chest.

She picked up the snowy coat and held it out. I lowered my arms into it, straightened up and there I stood—Adonis!

Posing before the full-length mirror on the bathroom door, I noted the rich accent of my velvet stripes, the gleam of my pumps, the magnificent dash and sparkle of my high-fashion cummerbund. What a sight! What a feeling! This is the way life should be. This is what it's all about.

I heard my mother call out from the next room: "Hey, what's this thing?" She came out holding a cellophane bag containing a maroon object.

"Oh, that's my boutonniere."

"Your what?"

"It's a thing for the lapel. Like a fake flower."

It was the work of an instant to install my elegant wool carnation. It was the crowning touch. I was so overwhelmed that I didn't care about the fact that it didn't match my black tie, as Al had promised. With the cummerbund I was wearing, no one would notice, anyway.

Taking my leave as Cary Grant would have done, I sauntered out the front door, turned to give my mother a jaunty wave—just in time for her to call me back to pick up Wanda's corsage, which I'd left on the front-hall table.

Slipping carefully into the front seat with the celluloid-topped box safely beside me, I leaned forward slightly, to avoid wrinkling the back of my coat, started the motor up and shoved off into the warm spring night. A soft June moon hung overhead, and the Ford purred like a kitten. When I pulled up before Wanda's house, it was lit up from top to bottom. Even before my brakes had stopped squealing, she was out on the porch, her mother fluttering about her, her father lurking in the background, beaming.

With stately tread, I moved up the walk; my pants were so tight that if I'd taken one false step, God knows what would have happened. In my sweaty, Aqua Velva–scented palm, I clutched the ritual largess in its shiny box.

Wanda wore a long turquoise taffeta gown, her milky skin and golden hair radiating in the glow of the porch light. This was *not* the old Wanda. For one thing, she didn't have her glasses on, and her eyes were unnaturally large and liquid, the way the true myopia victim's always are.

"Gee, thanks for the orchid," she whispered. Her voice sounded strained. In accordance with the tribal custom, she, too, was being mercilessly clamped by straps and girdles.

Her mother, an almost exact copy of Wanda, only slightly puffy here and there, said, "You'll take care of her now, won't you?"

"Now, Emily, don't start yapping," her old man muttered in the darkness. "They're not kids anymore."

They stood in the doorway as we drove off through the soft night toward Schwartz' house, our conversation stilted, our excitement almost at the boiling point. Schwartz rushed out of his house, his white coat like a ghost in the blackness, his hair agleam with Brylcreem, and surrounded by a palpable aura of Lifebuoy.

Five minutes later, Clara Mae piled into the back seat beside him, carefully holding up her daffodil-yellow skirts, her long slender neck arched. She, too, wasn't wearing her glasses. I had never realized that a good speller could be so pretty. Schwartz, a good half head shorter, laughed nervously as we tooled on toward the Cherrywood Country Club. From all over town, other cars, polished and waxed, carried the rest of the junior class to their great trial by fire.

The club nestled amid the rolling hills, where the Sinclair oil aroma was only barely detectable. Parking the car in the lot, we threaded our way through the starched and crinolined crowd—the girls' girdles creaking in unison—to the grand ballroom. Japanese lanterns danced in the breeze through the open doors to the garden, bathing the dance floor in a fairy-tale glow.

I found myself saying things like, "Why, hello there, Albert, how are you?" And, "Yes, I believe the weather is perfect." Only Flick, the unregenerate Philistine, failed to rise to the occasion. Already rumpled in his summer formal, he made a few tasteless wisecracks as Mickey Iseley and his Magic Music Makers struck up the sultry sounds that had made them famous in every steel-mill town that ringed Lake Michigan. Dark and sensuous, the dance floor engulfed us all. I felt tall, slim and beautiful, not realizing at the time that everybody feels that way wearing a rented white coat and black pants. I could see myself standing on a mysterious balcony, a lonely, elegant figure, looking out over the lights of some exotic city, a scene of sophisticated gaiety behind me.

There was a hushed moment when Mickey Iseley stood in the baby spot, his wavy hair shining, before a microphone shaped like a chromium bullet.

"All right, boys and girls." The metallic ring of feedback framed his words in an echoing nimbus. "And now, something really romantic. A request: *When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano.* We're going to turn the lights down for this one."

Oh, wow! The lights faded even lower. Only the Japanese lanterns glowed dimly—red, green, yellow and blue—in the enchanted darkness. It was unquestionably the high point of my existence.

Wanda and I began to maneuver around the floor. My experience in dancing had been gained almost entirely from reading Arthur Murray ads and practicing with a pillow for a partner behind the locked door of the bathroom. As we shuffled across the floor, I could see the black footprints before my eyes, marching on a white page: 1-2-3; then the white one that said, "Pause."

Back and forth, up and down, we moved metronomically. My box step was so square that I went in little right angles for weeks afterward. The wool carnation rode high up on my lapel and was beginning to scratch my cheek, and an insistent itch began to nag at my right shoulder. There was some kind of wire or horsehair or something in the shoulder pad that was beginning to bore its way into my flesh.

By now, my dashing concrete collar, far from having wilted, had set into the consistency of Carborundum, and its incessant abrasive action had removed a wide strip of skin encircling my neck. As for my voice—due to the manic strangulation of the collar, it was now little more than a hoarse croak.

"When the swallows . . . come baaaaaaaack to Capistraaaaaaaano . . ." mooed the drummer, who doubled as the band's romantic vocalist.

I began to notice Wanda's orchid leering up at me from her shoulder. It was the most repulsive flower I had ever seen. At least 14 inches across, it looked like some kind of overgrown Venus'-flytrap waiting for the right moment to strike. Deep purple, with an obscene yellow tongue that stuck straight out of it, and greenish knobs on the end, it clashed almost audibly with her turquoise dress. It looked like it was breathing, and it clung to her shoulder as if with claws.

As I glided back and forth in my graceful box step, my left shoulder began to develop an itch that helped take my mind off of the insane itch in my right shoulder, which was beginning to feel like an army of hungry soldier ants on the march. The contortions I made to relieve the agony were camouflaged nicely by a short sneezing fit brought on by the orchid, which was exhaling directly into my face. So was Wanda, with a heady essence of Smith Brothers cough drops and sauerkraut.

"When the deeeep purpullllll fallllllls . . . Over sleeeeepy gaaardennnn walllls . . ." warbled the vocalist into his microphone, with which he seemed to be dancing the tango. The loud-speakers rattled in three-quarter time as Wanda started to sweat through her taffeta. I felt it running down her back. My own back was already so wet you could read

the label on my undershirt right through the dinner jacket.

Back and forth we trudged doggedly across the crowded floor. Another Arthur Murray ad man, Schwartz was doing exactly the same step with Clara Mae directly behind me. We were all in a four-part lock step. As I hit the lower left-hand footprint in my square—the one marked "Pause"—he was hitting the upper right-hand corner of his square. Each time we did that, our elbows dug smartly into each other's ribs.

The jungle fragrance of the orchid was getting riper by the minute and the sweat, which had now saturated my Jockey shorts, was pouring down my legs in rivulets. My soaked cummerbund had turned two shades darker. So that she shouldn't notice, I pulled Wanda closer to me. Sighing, she hugged me back. Wanda was the vaguely chubby type of girl that was so popular at the time. Like Judy Garland, by whom she was heavily influenced, she strongly resembled a pink beach ball—but a *cute* beach ball, soft and rubbery. I felt bumpy things under her taffeta gown, with little hooks and knobs. Schwartz caught me a nasty shot in the rib cage just as I bent over to kiss her lightly on the bridge of her nose. It tasted salty. She looked up at me, her great liquid myopic eyes catching the reflection of the red and green lanterns overhead.

During a brief intermission, Schwartz and I carried paper cups dripping syrupy punch back to the girls, who had just spent some time in the ladies' room struggling unsuccessfully to repair the damage of the first half. As we were sipping, a face from my dim past floated by from out of nowhere—haughty, alabaster, green-eyed, dangerous.

"Hi, Daph," I muttered, spilling a little punch on my gleaming pumps, which had turned during the past hour into a pair of iron maidens.

"Oh, Howard." She spoke in the breathy, sexy way that such girls always have at proms. "I'd like you to meet Budge. Budge Cameron. He's at Princeton." A languid figure, probably born in a summer formal, loomed overhead.

"Budge, this is Howard."

"Hiya, fella." It was the first time I had heard the tight, nasal, swinging-jaw accent of the true Princetonian. It was not to be the last.

They were gone. Funny, I couldn't even remember actually dating her, I reflected, as the lights dimmed once again. We swung back into action. They opened with *Sleepy Lagoon*. 1-2-3-pause . . . 1-2-3-pause.

It was certain now. I had broken out in a raging rash. I felt it spreading like lava across my shoulder blades, lashed on by the sweat. The horsehair, meanwhile, had penetrated my chest cavity and was working its way toward a vital organ. Trying manfully to ignore it, I stared fixedly at the tiny turquoise ribbon that held Wanda's golden ponytail in place. With troubles of her own, she looked with an equally level gaze at my maroon-wool carnation, which by this time had wilted into a clump of lint.

All of a sudden, it was over. The band played *Good Night, Sweetheart* and we were out—into a driving rain. A violent cloudburst had begun just as we reached the door. My poor little car, the pride and joy of my life, was outside in the lot. With the top down.

None of us, of course, had an umbrella. We stood under the canopy as the roaring thunderstorm raged on. It wasn't going to stop.

"You guys stay here. I'll get the car," I said finally. After all, I was in charge.

Plunging into the downpour, I sloshed through the puddles and finally reached the Ford. She must have had at least a foot of water in her already. Hair streaming down over my eyes, soaked to the skin and muddied to the knees, I bailed it out with a coffee can from the trunk, slid behind the wheel and pressed the automatic-top lever. Smooth as silk, it began to lift—and stuck halfway up. As the rain poured down in sheets and the lightning flashed, I pounded on the relays, furiously switched the lever off and on. I could see the country club dimly through the downpour. Finally, the top groaned and flapped into place. I threw down the snaps, rolled up the windows and turned on the ignition; the battery was dead. The strain of hoisting that goddamn top had drained it dry. I yelled out the window at a passing car. It was Flick in his Chevy.

"GIMME A PUSH! MY BATTERY'S DEAD!"

This had never, to my knowledge, happened to Fred Astaire.

Flick expertly swung his Chevy around and slammed into my trunk as I eased her into gear, and when she started to roll, the Ford shuddered and caught. Flick backed up and was gone, hollering out the window:

"SEE YOU AT THE ROOSTER."

Wanda, Schwartz and Clara Mae piled in on the damp, soggy seats and we took off. Do you know what happens to a maroon-wool carnation on a white-serge lapel in a heavy June downpour in the Midwest, where it rains not water but carbolic acid from the steel-mill fallout? I had a dark, wide, spreading maroon stripe that went all the way down to the bottom of my white coat. My French cuffs were covered with grease from fighting the top, and I had cracked a nail, which was beginning to throb.

Undaunted, we slogged intrepidly through the rain toward the Red Rooster. Wedged against my side, Wanda looked up at me—oblivious to the elements—with luminous love eyes. She was truly an incurable romantic. Schwartz wisecracked in the back seat and Clara giggled from time to time. The savage tribal rite was nearing its final and most vicious phase.

We arrived at the Red Rooster, already crowded with other candidates for adulthood. A giant red neon rooster with a blue neon tail that flicked up and down in the rain set the tone for this glamorous establishment. An aura of undefined sin was always connected with

"Do you think I like making passes at other men's wives? You know that's why I'm seeing an analyst."

the name Red Rooster. Sly winks, nudgings and adolescent cacklings about what purportedly went on at the Rooster made it the "in" spot for such a momentous revel. Its waiters were rumored really to be secret henchmen of the Mafia. But the only thing we knew for sure about the Rooster was that anybody on the far side of seven years old could procure any known drink without question.

The decor ran heavily to red-checkered-oilcloth table covers and plastic violets, and the musical background was provided by a legendary jukebox that stood a full seven feet high, featuring red and blue cascading waterfalls that gushed endlessly through its voluptuous façade. In full 200-watt operation, it could be *felt*, if not clearly heard, as far north as Gary and as far south as Kankakee. A triumph of American aesthetics.

Surging with anticipation, I guided Wanda through the uproarious throng of my peers. Schwartz and Clara Mae trailed behind, exchanging ribald remarks with the gang.

We occupied the only remaining table. Immediately, a beady-eyed waiter sidled over and hovered like a vulture. Distributing the famous Red Rooster Ala Carte Deluxe Menu, he stood back, smirking, and waited for us to impress our dates.

"Can I bring you anything to drink, gentlemen?" he said, heavily accenting the gentlemen.

My first impulse was to order my favorite drink of the period, a bottled chocolate concoction called Kayo, the Wonder Drink; but remembering that better things were expected of me on prom night, I said, in my deepest voice, "Uh . . . make mine bourbon."

Schwartz grunted in admiration. Wanda ogled me with great, swimming, lovesick eyes. Bourbon was the only drink that I had actually heard of. My old man ordered it often down at the Bluebird Tavern. I had always wondered what it tasted like. I was soon to find out.

"How will you have it, sir?"

"Well, in a glass, I guess." I had failed to grasp the subtlety of his question, but the waiter snorted in appreciation of my humorous sally.

"Rocks?" he continued.

Rocks? I had heard about getting your rocks, but never in a restaurant. Oh, well, what the hell.

"Sure," I said. "Why not?"

All around me, the merrymaking throng was swinging into high gear. Carried away by it all, I added a phrase I had heard my old man use often: "And make it a triple." I had some vague idea that this was a brand or something.

"A *triple*? Yes, sir." His eyes snapped wide—in respect, I gathered. He knew he was in the presence of a serious drinker.

The waiter turned his gaze in Schwartz' direction. "And you, sir?"

"Make it the same." Schwartz had never been a leader.

The die was cast. Pink ladies, at the waiter's suggestion, were ordered for the girls, and we then proceeded to scan the immense menu with feigned disinterest. When the waiter returned with our drinks, I ordered—for reasons that even today I am unable to explain—French lamb chops, turnips, mashed potatoes and gravy, a side dish of the famous Red Rooster Roquefort Italian Cole Slaw and strawberry shortcake. The others wisely decided to stick with their drinks.

Munching bread sticks, Wanda, Clara, Schwartz and I engaged in sophisticated postprom repartee. Moment by moment, I felt my strength and maturity, my dashing bonhomie, my clean-cut handsomeness enveloping my friends in its benevolent warmth. Schwartz, too, seemed to scintillate as never before. Clara giggled and Wanda sighed, overcome by the romance of it all. Even when Flick, sitting three tables away, clipped Schwartz behind the left ear with a poppy-seed roll, our urbanity remained unruffled.

Before me reposed a sparkling tumbler of beautiful amber liquid, ice cubes bobbing merrily on its surface, a swizzle stick sporting an enormous red rooster sticking out at a jaunty angle. Schwartz was similarly equipped. And the fluffy pink ladies looked lovely in the reflected light of the pulsating jukebox.

I had seen my old man deal with just this sort of situation. Raising my beaded glass, I looked around at my companions and said suavely, "Well, here's mud in yer eye." Clara giggled; Wanda sighed dreamily, now totally in love with this man of the world who sat across from her on this, our finest night.

"Yep," Schwartz parried wittily, hoisting his glass high and slopping a little bourbon on his pants as he did so.

Swiftly, I brought the bourbon to my lips, intending to down it in a single devil-may-care draught, the way Gary Cooper used to do in the Silver Dollar Saloon. I did, and Schwartz followed suit. Down it went—a screaming 100-proof rocket searing savagely down my gullet. For an instant, I sat stunned, unable to comprehend what had happened. Eyes watering copiously, I had a brief urge to sneeze, but my throat seemed to be paralyzed. Wanda and Clara Mae swam before my misted vision; and Schwartz seemed to have disappeared under the table. He popped up again—face beet red, eyes bugging, jaw slack, tongue lolling.

"Isn't this romantic? Isn't this the most wonderful night in all our lives? I will forever treasure the memories of this wonderful night." From far off, echoing as from some subterranean tunnel, I heard Wanda speaking.

Deep down in the pit of my stomach, I felt crackling flames licking at my

innards. I struggled to reply, to maintain my *élan*, my fabled *savoir-faire*. "Urk . . . urk . . . yeah," I finally managed with superhuman effort.

Wanda swam hazily into focus. She was gazing across the table at me with adoring eyes.

"Another, gents?" The waiter was back, still smirking.

Schwartz nodded dumbly. I just sat there, afraid to move. An instant later, two more triple bourbons materialized in front of us.

Clara raised her pink lady high and said reverently, "Let's drink to the happiest night of our lives."

There was no turning back. Another screamer rocketed down the hatch. For an instant, it seemed as though this one wasn't going to be as lethal as the first, but then the room suddenly tilted sideways. I felt torrents of cold sweat pouring from my forehead. Clinging to the edge of the table, I watched as Schwartz gagged across from me. Flick, I noticed, had just chugalugged his third rum and Coke and was eating a cheeseburger.

The conflagration deep inside me was now clearly out of control. My feet were smoking; my diaphragm heaved convulsively, jiggling my cummerbund; and Schwartz began to shrink, his face alternating between purple-red and chalk-white, his eyes black holes staring fixedly at the ketchup bottle. He sat stock-still. Wanda, meanwhile, cooed on ecstatically—but I was beyond understanding what she was saying. Faster and faster, in ever-widening circles, the room, the jukebox, the crowd swirled dizzily about me. In all the excitement of preparations for the prom, I realized that I hadn't eaten a single thing all day.

Out of the maelstrom, a plate mysteriously appeared before me: paper-pantied lamb chops hissing in bubbling grease, piled yellow turnips, gray mashed potatoes awash in rich brown gravy. Maybe this would help, I thought incoherently. Grasping my knife and fork as firmly as I could, I poised to whack off a piece of meat. Suddenly, the landscape listed 45 degrees to starboard and the chop I was about to attack skidded off my plate—plowing a swath through the mashed potatoes—and right into the aisle.

Pretending not to notice, I addressed myself to the remaining chop, which slid around, eluding my grasp, until I managed to skewer it with my fork. Hacking off a chunk, I jammed it fiercely mouthward, missing my target completely. Still impaled on my fork, the chop slithered over my cheekbone, spraying gravy as it went, all over my white lapels. On the next try, I had better luck and finally I managed to get the whole chop down.

To my surprise, I didn't feel any better. Maybe the turnips will help, I thought. Lowering my head to within an inch of the plate, to prevent embarrassing mishaps, I shoveled them in—but the flames within only fanned higher and higher. I tried the potatoes and gravy. My legs began to turn cold. I wolfed down the Red Rooster Roquefort Italian Cole Slaw. My stomach began to rise like a helium balloon, bobbing slowly up the alimentary canal.

My nose low over the heaping dish of strawberry shortcake, piled high with whipped cream and running with juice, I knew at last for a dead certainty what I had to do before it happened right there in front of everybody. I struggled to my feet. A strange rubbery numbness had struck my extremities. I tottered from chair to chair, grasping for the wall.

Twenty seconds later, I was on my knees, gripping the bowl of the john like a life preserver in pitching seas. Schwartz, imitating me as usual, lay almost prostrate on the tiles beside me, his body wracked with heaving sobs. Lamb chop, bourbon, turnips, mashed potatoes, cole slaw—all of it came rushing out of me in a great roaring torrent, out of my mouth, my nose, my ears, my very soul. Then Schwartz opened up, and we took turns retching and shuddering. A head thrust itself between us directly into the pot. It was Flick, moaning wretchedly. Up came the cheeseburger, the rum and Cokes, pretzels, potato chips, punch, gumdrops, a corned-beef sandwich, a fingernail or two—everything he'd eaten for the past week. For long minutes, the three of us lay there limp and quivering, smelling to high heaven, too weak to get up. It was the absolute high point of the junior prom; the rest was anticlimax.

Finally, we returned to the table, ashen-faced and shaking. Schwartz, his coat stained and rumpled, sat zombilike across from me. The girls didn't say much. Pink ladies just aren't straight bourbon.

But our little group played the scene out bravely to the end. My dinner jacket was now even more redolent and disreputable than when I'd first seen it on the hanger at Al's. And my bow tie, which had hung for a while by one clip, had somehow disappeared completely, perhaps flushed into eternity with all the rest. But as time wore on, my hearing and eyesight began slowly to return, my legs began to lose their rubberiness and the room slowly resumed its even keel—at least even enough to consider getting up and leaving. The waiter seemed to know. He returned as if on cue, bearing a slip of paper.

"The damages, gentlemen."

Taking the old man's $20 out of my wallet, I handed it to him with as much of a flourish as I could muster. There wouldn't have been any point in looking over the check; I wouldn't have been able to read it, anyway. In one last attempt to recoup my cosmopolitan image, I said offhandedly, "Keep the change." Wanda beamed in unconcealed ecstasy.

The drive home in the damp car was not quite the same as the one that had begun the evening so many weeks earlier. Our rapidly fermenting coats made the enclosed air rich and gamy, and Schwartz, who had stopped belching, sat with head pulled low between his shoulder blades, staring straight ahead. Only the girls preserved the joyousness of the occasion. Women always survive.

In a daze, I dropped off Schwartz and Clara Mae and drove in silence toward Wanda's home, the faint light of dawn beginning to show in the east.

We stood on her porch for the last ritual encounter. A chill dawn wind rustled the lilac bushes.

"This was the most wonderful, wonderful night of my whole life. I always dreamed the prom would be like this," breathed Wanda, gazing passionately up into my watering eyes.

"Me, too," was all I could manage.

I knew what was expected of me now. Her eyes closed dreamily. Swaying slightly, I leaned forward—and the faint odor of sauerkraut from her parted lips coiled slowly up to my nostrils. This was not in the script. I knew I had better get off that porch fast, or else. Backpedaling desperately down the stairs, I blurted, "Bye!" and—fighting down my rising gorge—clamped my mouth tight, leaped into the Ford, burned rubber and tore off into the dawn. Two blocks away, I squealed to a stop alongside a vacant lot containing only a huge Sherwin-Williams paint sign. WE COVER THE EARTH, it aptly read. In the blessed darkness behind the sign, concealed from prying eyes, I completed the final rite of the tribal ceremony.

The sun was just rising as I swung the car up the driveway and eased myself quietly into the kitchen. The old man, who was going fishing that morning, sat at the enamel table sipping black coffee. He looked up as I came in.

"You look like you had a hell of a prom," was all he said.

"I sure did."

The yellow kitchen light glared harshly on my muddy pants, my maroon-streaked, vomit-stained white coat, my cracked fingernail, my greasy shirt.

"You want anything to eat?" he asked sardonically.

At the word "eat," my stomach heaved convulsively. I shook my head numbly.

"That's what I thought," he said. "Get some sleep. You'll feel better in a couple of days, when your head stops banging."

He went back to reading his paper. I staggered into my bedroom, dropping bits of clothing as I went. My soggy Hollywood paisley cummerbund, the veteran of another gala night, was flung beneath my dresser as I toppled into bed. My brother muttered in his sleep across the room. He was still a kid. But his time would come.

I thought I saw a Pussycat

You did. You did. The Pussycat is a delightful new orange-sweet sour that mixes up about as quick as a cat. This national prize winning drink is made with a packet of "Instant Pussycat Mix," water and Early Times. Have fun with a Pussycat. It's playful.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW *(continued from page 96)*

man of the Second and Third Centuries, perhaps the most brilliant of Western centuries. But then the Christians, those intellectual barbarians, conquered the civilized and called them pagan and decadent. Our problem today is that we are the children of the barbarians, not of the civilized, and we have only just begun to realize that there are other values than those preached by the savage Saint Paul.

PLAYBOY: You've used the words "tribal" and "civilized" a number of times. What do you mean by them?

VIDAL: Tribal is what we were and to a degree—vestigially—still are. By tribal, I mean relationships anthropologists have noted: among gibbons, among aborigines, among Stone Age tribes still surviving, hidden away in various parts of the earth. The Old Testament is a genuine tribal document; the New Testament, an abortive attempt to civilize the Old. To civilize means, literally, to citify. Put another way: Tribal versus civilized is the village versus the city. To this day, the village is a reactionary and noncreative unit. Only in the city, where men and ideas are thrown together, do we get that interplay of ideas that makes it possible to write *King Lear* or to put a man on the moon. Naturally, the village has its virtues—good manners, a degree of kindness—and the city its demerits, too easily named; but man's great advance in the past 2000 years has been the work of those in cities; after all, Shakespeare left the village of Stratford to be great in the city of London. Or, to put the matter in a larger frame, it was the city of Rome that, for all its horrors, represented man's best, and the marauding tribes from north and east, who destroyed it, man's worst. The irony, of course, is that culturally, in America, we are descended from the tribesmen, not the city men, and so it is hard for us to make a civilization—but we are beginning to.

PLAYBOY: Could this be an optimistic note about America?

VIDAL: If I dwell on our imperfections, it is to see them changed. As one who lives in Europe as well as America, I can say with some confidence that only the Americans can save the world from America; only our dissidents can curb the Pentagon, restore the planet's ecological balance. Oh, I'm very American in my ambitions for our second-rate culture. If we survive, we may yet be civilized, and that is something to work for.

PLAYBOY: Emerson once remarked of Thoreau, "He has a military cast to him. . . . He feels himself only in opposition." You are at your liveliest on the attack. Would you say that you have an unusually aggressive nature?

VIDAL: *I* wouldn't say it, but others do. What usually sets me off is injustice. In defense of those I admire, I'm always ready—eager?—to do battle. Although I have the killer instinct altogether too well developed, I do try to deploy it in good causes. This pugnacity is inherited from my mother's family, the Gores, an Anglo-Irish clan of eloquent, bad-tempered politicians, lawyers and preachers. In me, their furious blood is only partially diluted by a more genial Latin strain.

PLAYBOY: Many men in history who have shared your moral indignation and militant iconoclasm have been bitter and lonely outsiders alienated not only from society but from the warmth of human contact. Is that true of you?

VIDAL: I think of myself as cheerful, even on the attack, and though I am not gregarious nor anxious to be loved, I have quite enough company out here on the edge of things. For me, the only danger is a tendency to drift toward the center—which means that at some point, I must make my getaway, whether it be from the White House or from literary respectability. At one time or another, I've had a number of fine conventional careers within my grasp: the popular theater, Congress, television performer. But once each of these exercises had served my purpose—or perhaps once I had got the range of it—I always found some way of getting out. I'm not a courtier; I'm a critic—something most people who consider power exciting find difficult to understand. At the time of my break with the Kennedys, Arthur Schlesinger told my sister that he feared I had a death wish. To which I answered, "I have a *life* wish—and I can't live vicariously." But most people are like Arthur. They want to belong—in his case, to *be* a Kennedy; it is a touching, even sweet, instinct—but not for me. I can only breathe outside.

PLAYBOY: Is that the way you'd like to be remembered? Outside?

VIDAL: I am outside, certainly, and by choice. As for being remembered—I have little interest in the idea of posterity. Think of the thousands of years of Egyptian literature, entirely lost. What survives and what does not is simply a matter of chance, and so incalculable. All that matters to me is what I do this morning, and that I do it—and am here.

"You're leaning on my peephole!"

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"Oh, Mr. Booth," said Bayes, on the instant, almost happy, "I *can*. I can do anything with this case I wish, and I wish *not* to press charges. More than that, Mr. Booth, it *never happened*."

The hammering came again, this time on a locked door up on the stage.

"Bayes, for God's sake, let me *in*! This is Phipps! Bayes! Bayes!"

Booth stared at the trembling, the thunder-shaken, the rattling door, even while Bayes called very calmly and with an ease that was beautiful:

"Just a moment."

He knew that in a few minutes this calm would pass, something would break; but for now, there was this splendidly serene thing he was doing; he must play it out. He addressed the assassin and watched him dwindle, and spoke further, and watched him shrink:

"It never happened, Mr. Booth. Tell your story, but we'll deny it. You were never here, no gun, no shot, no computerized data-processed assassination, no outrage, no shock, no panic, no mob. Why, now, look at your face. Why are you falling back? Why are you sitting down? Why do you shake? Is it the disappointment? Have I turned your fun the wrong way? Good." He nodded at the aisle. "And now, Mr. Booth, get out."

"You can't make——"

Bayes took a soft step in, reached down, took hold of the man's tie and slowly pulled him to his feet so he was breathing full in his face.

"If you ever tell your wife, any friend, employer, child, man, woman, stranger, uncle, aunt, cousin, if you ever tell even yourself out loud going to sleep some night about this thing you did, do you know what I am going to do to you, Mr. Booth? I won't say, Mr. Booth, I can't tell. But it will be awful and it will take the better part of a day."

Booth's pale face shook, his head bobbed, his eyes peeled wide, his mouth open like one who walks in a heavy rain.

"What did I just say, Mr. Booth? Tell me!"

"You'll kill me?"

"Say it again!"

He shook Booth until the words fell out of his chattered teeth: "Kill me!"

He held tight, shaking and shaking the man firmly and steadily, holding and massaging the shirt and the flesh beneath the shirt, stirring up the panic beneath the cloth.

"So long, Mr. Nobody, and no magazine stories and no fun and no TV, no celebrity, no games, no excitement, no headlines; now, get out of here, get out, run, run before I kill you."

He shoved Booth. Booth ran, fell, picked himself up and lunged toward a theater door, which, on the instant, from outside, was shaken, pounded, riven.

(continued from page 112)

Phipps was there, calling in the darkness.

"The other door," said Bayes.

He pointed and Booth wheeled to stumble in a new direction to stand swayed by yet another door, putting one hand out——

"Wait," said Bayes.

He walked across the theater and, when he reached Booth, raised his flat hand up and hit Booth once, hard, a slapping strike across the face. Sweat flew in a rain upon the air.

"I just had to do that," said Bayes. "Just once."

He looked at his hand, then turned to open the door.

They both looked out into a world of night and cool stars and no mob.

Booth pulled back, his great dark liquid eyes the eyes of an eternally wounded and surprised child, with the look of the self-shot deer that would go on wounding, being shot by itself forever.

"Get," said Bayes.

Booth darted. The door slammed shut. Bayes fell against it, breathing hard.

Far across the arena at another locked door, the hammering, pounding, the crying out began again. Bayes stared at that shuddering but remote door. Phipps. But Phipps would have to wait. Now. . . .

The theater seemed as vast and empty as the field of Gettysburg in the late day with the crowd gone home and the sun set. Where the crowd had been and was no more, where the father had lifted the boy high on his shoulders and where the boy had spoken and said the words, but the words now, also, gone. . . .

On the stage, after a long moment, he reached out. His fingers brushed Lincoln's shoulder.

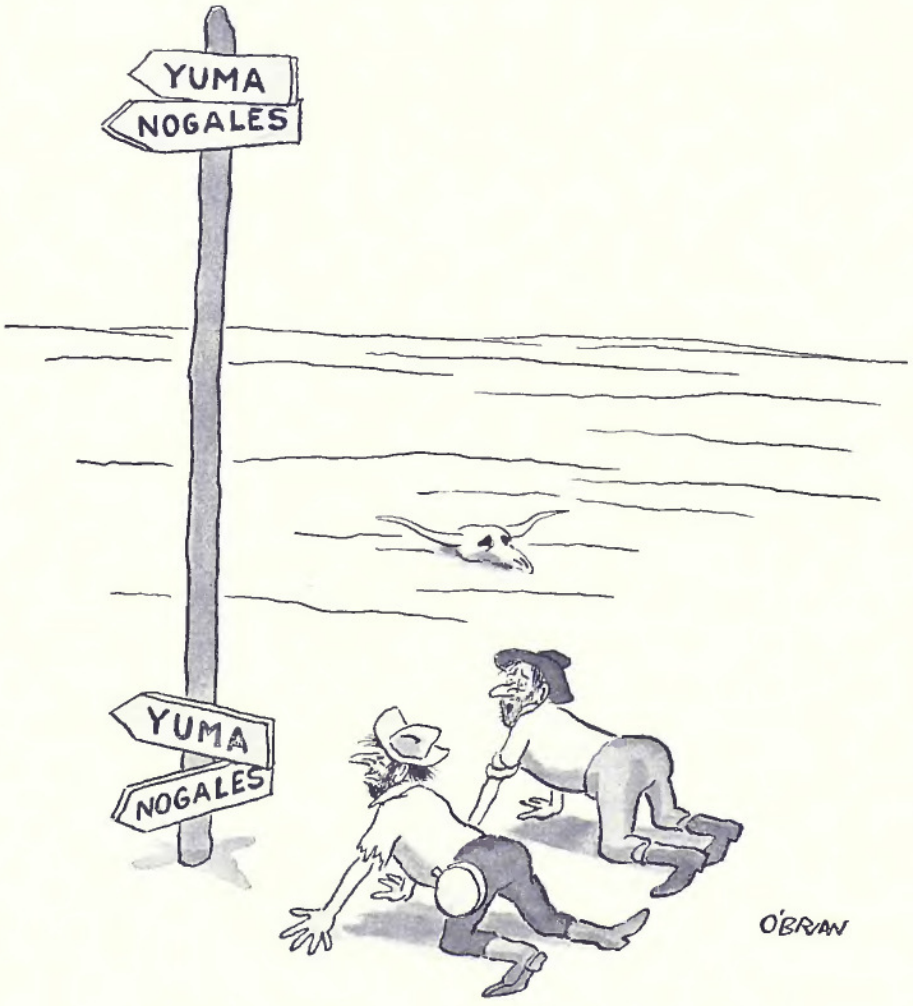
And what he had come to find he found. What he needed to do he did.

For tears were running down his face.

He wept. Sobs choked his mouth. He could not stop them. They would not cease.

Mr. Lincoln was dead. Mr. Lincoln was *dead*!

And *he* had let his murderer go.



"I don't know about you, but for me, it makes it just a little bit easier to know that there is someone who cares about guys like us."

PARAMILITARY RIGHT *(continued from page 146)*

chief of police reports that the FBI knew of the conspiracy in advance and alerted local officials.

Most such Minuteman plots have so far been aborted—or so it seems. As one Minuteman activist in Pennsylvania told a newsman: "Sure, some of the guys get caught. That's all in the game. But there are a lot of bombings—and murders—in this country that never get solved; and after the first day, you never read anything about it in the papers. We're not happy about all these convictions, but it's still just the visible tip of the iceberg."

In response to the burgeoning of Minuteman violence—reported and unreported—the legislatures of New York and California, two states that rank high in Minuteman activity, have already passed legislation outlawing all paramilitary organizations. The New York ban was adopted unanimously in late 1967, after New York Attorney General Louis J. Lefkowitz initiated an intensive inquiry into Minuteman activities in the state at the request of Governor Rockefeller. In his report to the governor, which galvanized the legislature into action, Lefkowitz charged that his office's ten-month probe had disclosed "shocking evidence of violence and potential guerrilla warfare" by Minutemen activists in 33 counties; for one thing, Minutemen had told state investigators they would not hesitate to assassinate such "Communist sympathizers" as Earl Warren, Hubert Humphrey and Nelson Rockefeller. Lefkowitz warned that the Minutemen were "training, reading, thinking and living guns, bombs and violence . . . actively preparing for a private war." New York State Minutemen were not dismayed at being outlawed. "This won't stop us," one Long Island Minuteman assured a reporter. "We've always been underground; we'll just burrow a little deeper now."

California proscribed the organization in the spring of 1965, after an 81-page investigative report by Attorney General Thomas C. Lynch characterized the Minutemen as a group "led by men who have publicly stated: 'When our constitutional Government is threatened, we are morally justified in resorting to violence to discourage Communists and their fellow travelers.' Notice is thus served that the decision rests with the Minuteman leadership as to what constitutes a threat to our Government and what action the Minutemen will take to counter such a threat. That presents the fantastic situation of a private citizen raising a private military force to accomplish by violence whatever objective the citizen decides in his judgment is best for the country. Such a military force is improperly labeled guerrilla; the more precise term is insurgent."

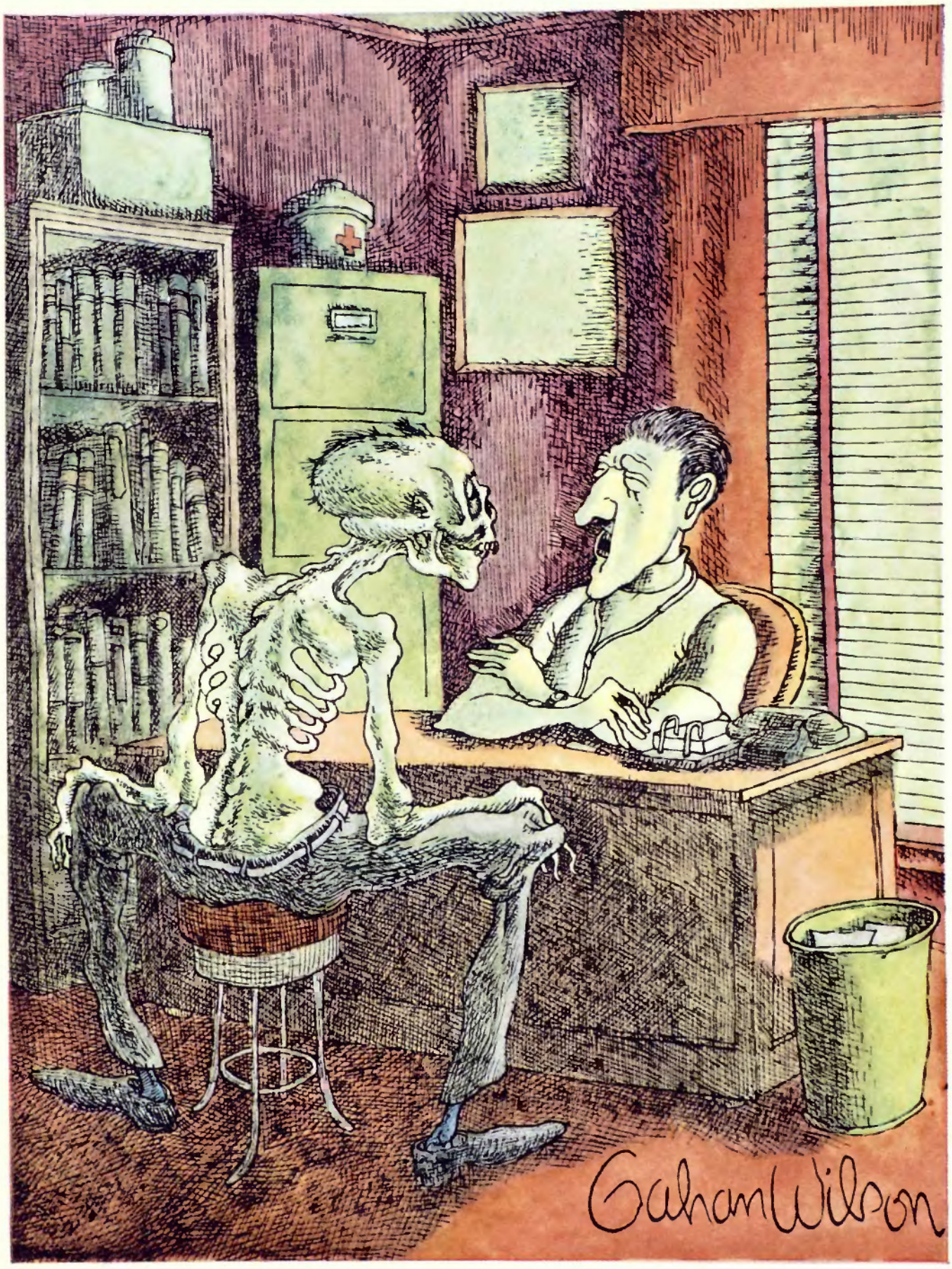
Other states, alarmed by increasing political violence, have also initiated investigations of paramilitary organizations, and a number of Congressmen have strongly urged a Federal probe of the Minutemen and affiliated groups. Such legislators have not escaped the wrath—so far only verbal—of the paramilitarists. New Jersey Representative Charles Joelson reports that after he urged a probe of Minuteman activities, he was deluged by thousands of letters accusing him not only of bad judgment and ignorance but of insanity and treason. From Cincinnati came one billet-doux indicting Joelson for being "against Christian groups fighting black African Communist control of the United States." And an anonymous letter from Colorado told him simply: "We'll get you, Laddy Boy."

Perhaps because of, rather than despite such threats, Congressional pressure for a Federal crackdown on the Minutemen has continued, with some effect. The FBI and the Treasury Department have stepped up their efforts to infiltrate the group and nip its lethal plots. Local, city and state police, who initially treated the Minutemen as a bad joke, have also grown increasingly concerned—as demonstrated by the spiraling arrest rate of Minutemen for terrorist attacks and for illegal possession of weapons. The latter charge constitutes the Minutemen's Achilles' heel. Wally Peyson, an ex-Marine, was convicted of illegal possession of an automatic weapon in 1966; Rich Lauchli, Jr., a founding member of the Minutemen, is now serving a term in a Federal penitentiary for attempting to sell 100 submachine guns, 5 .50-caliber machine guns, mortars, a 75-mm recoilless rifle and small arms to Federal investigators posing as representatives of a Latin-American government; and a host of lesser Minutemen have also fallen victim to the Federal Firearms Act.

But despite the surveillance of Federal, state and local police, the Minutemen's organizational effectiveness has not been appreciably impaired. Agents and informants of the FBI and the Treasury Department have succeeded in penetrating many Minutemen cadres, but the organization is structured according to the Communist Party's "cell" system. Members of one unit do not know the identity of any other Minutemen, even though they might live halfway down the block; hydralike, the group is thus able to survive the lopping off of one or more local units. Minutemen are also exhaustively trained in the techniques of clandestine intelligence and security. According to the California attorney general's report, "The Minuteman organization is designed to function as a secret underground network, and its routine operations in these times of peace are conducted along the lines of a training program for the hostilities to come. Each member is assigned a number that becomes his identification in all communications; he is warned about the use of the telephone in contacting headquarters; he is advised in the use of mail drops; he is warned to use two envelopes in organization correspondence and to place an opaque material between the inner and outer envelopes, to prevent the letter from being read by means of infrared cameras; and he is instructed to employ a wide variety of stratagems and devices as security measures." Secrecy, for the Minuteman, is a way of life—to such an extent that even the national leadership does not know the membership figures.

"I don't even know the members' names," says DePugh. "All we ask is the name and address of a unit leader—and this can be a pseudonym. I have no way of knowing exactly how many members we have, except that each group is supposed to have a minimum of five and a maximum of fifteen. So I strike an average of eight." DePugh's most recent estimate: 25,000 "hard-core" members, fully trained and armed, plus approximately 65,000 supporters and recruits undergoing instruction and indoctrination. "Only a relatively small percentage of these will ever become 'secure' members and be incorporated into the unit chain of command," DePugh explains. "We make a real effort to weed out all the weak links in advance; we're looking for quality, not quantity; one man ready to give his life is worth fifty who'll crack when the heat is on. That's why I reject three out of every four membership applications at the very outset." Other estimates range from an improbable low of 500 (from J. Edgar Hoover, who derides the group as a "paper organization," despite the attention it receives from his agents) to an equally improbable high of 100,000 (by a fervent Minuteman in Kansas City). Most law-enforcement officials and informed journalists believe the organization has somewhere between 5000 and 10,000 members and 30,000 to 40,000 supporters, but the "activist" percentage remains in doubt.

Whatever their actual number, there is no doubt that the Minutemen have become a potent force on the ultraright. And there is no doubt that the founder and national coordinator has traveled a long way since the bucolic days when he peddled veterinary medicines to Midwest farmers. Robert Bolivar DePugh was born 45 years ago in Independence, Missouri, where his father served until recently as a deputy sheriff. (The elder DePugh, now in his 70s, is a fervent supporter of his son's political activities and a charter member of the Minutemen.) Son Robert attended the University of Missouri for three semesters and then enlisted in the Army in 1942, serving as a radar operator in the Signal Corps until he was discharged in 1944 on the recommendation of a panel of medical



"We may already be too late, Mr. Parker."

examiners, who diagnosed him as suffering from a "psychoneurosis, mixed type, severe, manifested by anxiety and depressive features and schizoid personality."

It was during his stint in the Service that DePugh's interest in politics was first sparked, as the result of his encounter with a number of radar scientists at the coast-artillery installation at Fort Monroe, Virginia, who "seemed not to hold allegiance to the same flag I did. I was really quite naïve politically in those days," he recalls. "I knew there was an unbridgeable gulf between our positions, but I didn't suspect they were Communists or at the very least Communist-oriented, as I can now see in retrospect was the case. It was just a kind of visceral reaction; I knew in my guts that these people weren't loyal Americans."

After leaving the Service, DePugh returned to college, attending Kansas State, the University of Colorado and Topeka's Washburn University—all in rapid succession. He was a bright student but had a quicksilver attention span and didn't stay at any one school long enough to earn a degree. He was particularly interested in chemistry and genetics, however, and during his days at Kansas State organized "The Society for the Advancement of Canine Genetics," which at its dissolution several years later had 2000 dog-breeding members across the country and was affiliated with the International Genetics Society.

In 1954, DePugh founded the Biolab Corporation in Independence, a pharmaceutical supply house specializing in vitamin supplements for dog-food products; it foundered in 1955, after "differences of opinion" among the stockholders, and DePugh worked for a dog-food company until 1959, when he revitalized Biolab in partnership with his brother Bill and moved company headquarters to its present site in Norborne, Missouri. Within a year, Biolab was a thriving venture, producing dozens of veterinary-medicine products and worth over $250,000. At 35, DePugh was Norborne's leading citizen and a prototype small-town-America success story. With a prosperous business, a devoted wife and six handsome children, he appeared to have everything he wanted. But DePugh was restless and dissatisfied.

"Until the late Fifties," he remembers, "I was so preoccupied with getting an education and earning a living that I didn't have any opportunity to think seriously about politics and foreign affairs. It was only after Biolab became a success and I found myself with some leisure time on my hands that I began to really think about the way the world was heading—and I didn't like what I saw. I began to study anti-Communist literature and, suddenly, I grasped the phenomenal success of the international Communist conspiracy. Within 50 years after the Russian Revolution, it controlled one third of the earth's land surface and population. I realized that if this kept up, my children—or at the most optimistic estimate, my grandchildren—would be living under the Marxist boot. I decided that it was my duty to do something about it, and stop sitting back on my butt preoccupied with how much more money I was going to make this year over last."

DePugh and a small circle of like-minded friends began discussing the sorry state of the world at weekly political seminars, and all soon joined the John Birch Society. But by the beginning of 1960 disillusionment had set in and they came to the reluctant conclusion that the Birchers were "all talk and no action" and could never be politically effective. The idea of the Minutemen first came to DePugh during a duck-hunting expedition on the shore of an isolated Missouri lake with nine of his right-wing friends in June 1960, at the height of the U-2 crisis. As they crouched in a muddy duckblind, one of the party expressed apprehension over the international situation and another jokingly reassured him, "Well, if the Russians invade us, we can always come up here and fight on as a guerrilla band." There's no record of DePugh's crying Eureka!, but he began discussing the idea seriously, and ducks were soon forgotten. "We got to talking about how bad off the country would be in case of invasion," he recalls, "and how a group such as ours could become a guerrilla band. We were just talking at first, kicking it around. But somehow the idea caught on."

One of the sportsmen, a veteran of the U. S. Army Special Forces, dusted off his instruction manuals and the group began conducting twice-weekly seminars in guerrilla warfare, with each member assigned a particular field of political study and instructed to prepare a position paper on its relationship to the establishment of an "extralegal" paramilitary opposition to the awaited leftist take-over of the nation. After several months of study and research, DePugh synthesized the results into the first Minuteman manifesto, which postulated eight key conclusions in terms oddly evocative of the current revolutionary jargon of the ultraleft:

1. Our diplomatic war against communism has already been lost by bunglers or traitors within our own Government.
2. This diplomatic war has been and continues to be lost by appointed Government officials beyond the reach of public opinion.
3. We cannot win a diplomatic war against communism abroad until we first establish a genuinely pro-American Government at home.
4. A pro-American Government can no longer be established by normal political means.
5. The minority-vote blocs, controlled labor unions and corrupt political machines, so completely monopolize the American political scene that there is no chance for the average American citizen to regain control of his destiny at the ballot box.
6. Any further effort, time or money spent in trying to save our country by political means would be wasted.
7. The leaders of most other conservative organizations privately agree that it is politically impossible to elect a conservative Government.
8. We conclude that the American people are moving inexorably toward a time of total control and frustration such as must have been felt by the people of Budapest and East Germany when they finally staged their suicidal revolts. Therefore, the objectives of the Minutemen are to abandon wasteful, useless efforts and begin immediately to prepare for the day when Americans will once again fight in the streets for their lives and their liberty. We feel there is overwhelming evidence to prove that this day must come.

At last, DePugh and his right-thinking friends were convinced, the only effective defense against "the Communist menace" had been found: They would fight fire with fire. In justification of his decision to launch the Minutemen, he cites the 1960 Annual Report of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, which concluded:

> Events of the past year have provided convincing evidence that the American people cannot rely completely on this country's Armed Forces to protect themselves from Communist domination and slavery. This is not because our military forces lack the power or the will to defend this country, but rather because the nature of the attacks being made on the United States by its major and only significant enemy are so designed as to render conventional military forces as ineffective as possible for defense purposes.

From the outset, DePugh was undaunted by the odds against him. "We knew that the road ahead wasn't going to be easy," he says. "But we also remembered Edmund Burke's dictum that 'The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing.' We were prepared to put our businesses, our freedom, our very lives on the line—and we have."

DePugh's nine fellow duck hunters were transmogrified overnight into the

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"Don't be a spoilsport, Chester. How can I go to a spouse-swapping party without you?!"

National Coordinating Council of the fledgling Minutemen of America, and DePugh appointed himself national coordinator. All were rank amateurs at political organization and, at first, the group's progress was halting. "Our own naïveté was our biggest obstacle," DePugh remembers. "None of us had any background in even local politics; I was a chemist, another founder was a veterinarian and the rest were real-estate agents, insurance men and autoworkers. We would have had difficulty getting a new Kiwanis post off the ground, much less organizing an effective clandestine resistance movement."

As a result of their political inexperience, few on the ultraright fringe had even heard of the Minutemen a year after its formation, and those who had, dismissed the group as an ineffectual cabal of crackpots issuing grandiose pronunciamentos on guerrilla warfare from the padded comfort of their armchairs. But slowly, a hard core of disciplined activists began gravitating to DePugh: disgruntled anti-Semites chafing at the John Birch Society's "soft" position on Jews, trigger-happy American Nazis disgusted with George Lincoln Rockwell's "do-nothing" approach and disillusioned dropouts from "responsible" outfits such as the Reverend Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade. Surrounded by this handful of faithful apostles, the paramilitary messiah spread his nets on conservative waters. The catch, though initially small, was promising. "We needed men ready to kill or be killed for their country," DePugh says of the lean early years, "and we found them." DePugh's life now had new direction and purpose: he had discovered the road for which he'd searched and he was prepared to travel it to the end.

It is not an easy task for an outsider to map that road, for DePugh had avoided public comment on the ultimate destination of his movement: armed revolution. The stated motivations and aspirations of the Minutemen, as set forth in DePugh's voluminous propaganda, appear simple: to prepare for a Communist invasion or uprising that can be resisted only by an underground paramilitary force. Minuteman leaders claim privately, however, that their aim is not to establish "self-defense" civilian auxiliaries to aid the Armed Forces in a national emergency but to overthrow and replace the United States Government through insurrection; and the Minutemen confidently predict that the day is approaching when they will be able to come out of hiding and forcibly seize the reins of power in a nation wracked by racial violence and economic chaos. In the ensuing struggle, Minutemen leaders say they are quite prepared to utilize all the tools of subversion—sabotage, assassination, terrorist attacks—not against a hypothetical Communist invader, but against their own Government, which they consider riddled with card-carrying Reds and fellow travelers.

After poring over hundreds of pages of Minuteman literature—including DePugh's *Blueprint for Victory*, the movement's *Mein Kampf*—this reporter realized that little could be learned of the organization's real strategy or ultimate aims through its propaganda and even less through newspaper accounts of Minuteman activity, which amount to little more than a running account of arrests and convictions. To unravel the skein of the group's operations and discover how serious a menace it actually constitutes—as well as to find out what makes individual Minutemen tick—I phoned DePugh at his office in Independence, Missouri (national headquarters of his Patriotic Party), and requested an interview. I'd been warned by several journalists that as DePugh's legal problems multiplied he had grown increasingly chary of the press, which he viewed as a "handmaiden of the Communist conspiracy." But I was greeted with unexpected cordiality: "I'm tied up for the next five days, but I'll see you next week and give you as much time as you need," he promised. "No later, though. After that I'll be—tied up."

In the interim, he suggested I speak to Roy Frankhouser, Jr., in Reading, Pennsylvania, Grand Dragon of the Pennsylvania Ku Klux Klan and regional political coordinator of the Minutemen. He gave me Frankhouser's number and rang off. I reached Frankhouser that evening, and after some initial sparring managed to convince him that I had no ideological ax to grind. We arranged to meet two nights later; one of his men would pick me up at Reading's airport and drive me to an unidentified destination where Frankhouser would be waiting. It sounded mildly melodramatic, but I agreed. "We've got something laid on for that night," Frankhouser said enigmatically. "If you're lucky, we might even let you in on it."

The Reading trip wasn't one I would easily forget. I was met at the airport by a small-eyed man who identified himself as "Roger." Half an hour later, after changing cars twice, we rendezvoused with Frankhouser and his aide, Bob Richland, the Imperial Nighthawk of the state K. K. K. in the darkened parking lot of a Pennsylvania roadhouse. As Frankhouser and Richland jackknifed into the back seat beside me, Roger was restive and impatient.

"You're twenty minutes late," he said, in a hoarse whisper I'd at first thought was an affectation but later learned was his normal speaking voice. "They're expecting us at eleven."

"There was a wreck down the road," said Richland. "They had some girl laid out on the highway with her face bashed in. Her nose must have been

smashed all the way back into her skull; the whole top of her head looked like pink jelly." He was visibly upset. A well-groomed, lanky man in his late 30s, he sat hunched over, tugging nervously at the knot of his regimental-stripe tie—I wondered how his Ivy League taste had survived the change to Klan regalia—and wiping a crumpled silk handkerchief back and forth under his chin. "It was terrible. They'll never save her looks, and she must have been a pretty girl, too. White," he added.

Obviously discomfited by his lieutenant's squeamishness, Frankhouser reached over to slam the car door shut and told Roger to get going. "We'll have to kill lots of young girls before this fight is over," he grunted. "Black *and* white." He was a slight young man of 29 with close-cropped black hair, a pencil-thin mustache and one good eye. Articulate and sophisticated, he was a type more likely to be found debating Marcuse in campus New Left *salons* than regaling red-necks in the satin sheets of a K. K. K. Grand Dragon.

Richland didn't reply and Roger pulled the car out onto the highway leading to Pottsville. It was an overcast, bitterly cold night in late February and we were headed for an as-yet-unexplained Minuteman maneuver in the Appalachian Mountains. I was to be the first journalist included on such an "action mission," as opposed to standard training drills, and Frankhouser cautioned me to stay in the background.

"Some of the guys didn't want you along," he explained, "and they're liable to be a little edgy." He smiled and added: "Some of them think it might be a good idea if you didn't come back. It's pretty wild country up there and you can hide a lot of things—even nosy reporters."

His little joke over, he slapped my shoulder with bonhomie. "Don't worry," he said heartily. "We don't mind publicity this time."

As Roger's mud-spattered gray Ford pulled into the snowy foothills, Frankhouser finally explained the purpose of the mission: "We've got an underground bunker up there we use for storing heavy arms and a printing press. We just found out yesterday that some fink in another unit tipped off the FBI, so we've been cleaning everything out of the place before they move in." He lit a cigarette and chuckled expansively. "Tonight we blow the place up."

By now we had left the main highway and were careening precipitously up the mountainside. The Imperial Nighthawk, still shaken by his brush with nonideological violence, stared out the sleet-laced window, but Frankhouser waxed loquacious, studiously disregarding the cautionary looks Roger occasionally darted over one shoulder.

"We've got hundreds of bunkers like this all over the country," he boasted, "all of them packed with machine guns, mortars and automatic weapons—and that's in addition to the caches of arms we wrap in plastic and bury underground. Our men do twenty-four-hour guard duty in shifts over each bunker to ensure security. When D day comes, we won't be in the streets with popguns."

"When *will* D day come?" I asked.

Frankhouser shrugged. "Who knows?" he replied. "But one thing is certain: For the first time since Huey Long, the stage is set for the rise of an American brand of fascism. Not that right-wingers can take any credit for it. The race riots have done our work for us; the black nationalists are our biggest recruiting agents; I wish there were a *hundred* Stokely Carmichaels and Rap Browns. After each Watts, each Detroit, we get thousands of new backlash members—and best of all, a big slice of them are disgruntled cops and National Guardsmen. Multiply those figures in light of what's going to happen in the big cities over the next three or four summers and you've really got the makings of a revolutionary situation. Under those

circumstances, anything and everything is possible—including a right-wing takeover."

"Have Minutemen been involved in inciting the race riots?" I asked.

"You mean shooting at both sides to heat things up?" He smiled. "Not yet. Right now we can afford to just stand back on the side lines and pick up the pieces; we're the inheritors of social bankruptcy, you might say. And the same holds true for the black nationalists; after each bloody riot they get a lot of uncommitted niggers going over to their side. It's sort of a symbiotic situation. Let them shoot the Jews on their list, we'll shoot the Jews on ours, and then we can shoot each other!"

The idea amused him; he waved his hand magnanimously when Richland gestured suspiciously at the whirring tape recorder balanced on my lap. "It's all right. Let him print what he wants to. I don't have anything to hide—at least, not anything I'd tell *him*!"

I asked Frankhouser how the Minutemen planned to accomplish their seizure of power.

"Look at Germany and Italy," he said. "When the people see their society dissolving into chaos, when they're threatened on every side by riots and violence and economic convulsion, they'll turn to any force tough enough and ruthless enough to impose order. That's what most people really want, you know—*order*. Not abstractions like freedom and equality and justice. That's all right for the fat times, but when the pinch is on, they want their property and their lives protected and they don't give a damn how it's done or who does it. That's why we're working and organizing now—not to take over tomorrow or the next day, which would be impossible, but to be ready when the time comes, and even a small, tight-knit and well-trained nucleus of men can play a role all out of proportion to its numbers. It only takes one wolf to terrorize a herd of sheep, you know. Cigarette?"

I declined. "The first thing we've got to do," he continued, "is disassociate ourselves from old-fogy conservatives like the John Birch Society. We've got to develop a radical revolutionary program that will appeal to the workingman on the two levels where he really lives—bread-and-butter issues and race. We've got to convince the worker that he's being economically oppressed by the powers-that-be and only we can save him. It's the carrot and the stick, in a sense; the niggers and the fear they breed are the stick, and the carrot is the promise of not only the assurance of safety from them but all the economic advantages we can deliver. We're really entering a fantastically exciting age—an age of race war, where the color of your skin is your uniform."

Roger interrupted to tell us we were within a half mile of our destination, and to speak softly. He had switched the headlights off, and we now inched along at less than ten miles an hour. Frankhouser, rapt in his vision of the future, continued in muted tones.

"Hitler had the Jews; we've got the niggers. We have to put our main stress on the nigger question, of course, because that's what preoccupies the masses—but we're not forgetting the Jew. If the Jews knew what was coming—and believe me, it's coming as surely as the dawn—they'd realize that what's going to happen in America will make Nazi Germany look like a Sunday-school picnic. We'll build better gas chambers, and more of them, and this time there won't be any refugees. The average American has only a thin veneer of civilization separating him from the savage, you know—far less of a veneer than the Germans had. When that's stripped away and he really goes wild, when this thing really explodes, there'll be a rope hanging over the lamppost for every Jew and nigger in America. Jesus, I'd hate to be in their shoes! But you remember what Napoleon said about revolutions—you can't make an omelet without breaking eggs."

He paused and seemed to brood for a few seconds.

"Of course, there are some good Jews, you know. Jews like Dan Burros, who was a friend of mine. Yeah, print that some of my best friends are Jews. Dan Burros was one of the most patriotic, dedicated Americans you'll ever meet in your life."

Frankhouser fell silent. Burros was a fanatic American Nazi who served as Rockwell's lieutenant for years, then resigned in 1962 to edit a magazine called *Kill!* and finally became a Klan leader. He had rushed into Frankhouser's house in October 1965 brandishing an issue of *The New York Times* that exposed his Jewish ancestry, snatched a loaded pistol from the wall and blown his brains out.

Frankhouser's reverie was interrupted as the car came to a stop. After turning off the engine, Roger motioned the three of us to remain in our seats while he got out, holding what looked like a pair of castanets. Two loud, high-pitched clacks resounded through the thickly forested mountain slopes and were echoed almost instantly from up the road. I didn't see the two men, both dressed in plaid hunting jackets and matching caps, until they were within five feet of us. Both were young, with healthy outdoor faces, and both cradled 12-gauge shotguns under their arms. They said nothing, but Roger nodded to

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them, and then to us. We climbed out and stood beside the car, shivering in the still, moonless night.

"This is him," said Roger, jerking a thumb in my direction. "He's got a tape recorder, so if you don't want to say anything, don't."

One of the men didn't acknowledge my presence, but his companion, a tanned six-footer in his early 20s, walked forward and pumped my hand vigorously, introducing himself as Tom Jordan.

"You just write the truth about us, mister, that's all, and we'll be real good friends." His smile was warm and open, his eyes empty. "We just *hate* to make enemies."

He turned and motioned us to follow him off the road and into the tangled underbrush. The snow was several inches deep and the going was difficult, doubly so since no one used a flashlight. We walked for about 20 minutes, most of the time in what appeared to be spirals —evidently to ensure that I would never be able to retrace our steps—and finally halted in a small clearing sentried by snow-laden pines. Roger clacked his noisemaker again: this time four men materialized out of the shadows, all dressed in identical hunting outfits, all carrying shotguns. Roger—who had lost a leg in Vietnam as a Green Beret—limped up to the group and spoke quietly for a moment, then called me to his side.

There were no introductions this time. He dug one booted foot into the ground and said, "Here it is. We've got everything out but the rockets. You can go take a look before we set the fuse."

I glanced down, but could see nothing but frozen earth. Roger's thin mouth grinned.

"Not bad, huh?" He reached over, pried his fingers into the ground and pulled up a dirt-covered trap door. A three-foot square of light glowed at my feet.

"The Feds could be standing on it and they'd never guess it was there," he said, as close to good humor as I ever saw him. "Go down and see for yourself."

I climbed with difficulty about 12 feet down a wooden ladder and into a narrow tunnel leading into a room approximately 22 feet long and 18 feet wide. The air was dank, and light flickered from three kerosene lamps hanging on the root-laced dirt walls. The bunker was equipped with electric light fixtures, but the generator, also underground, had been detonated earlier. There were two bunks built into a wall, a number of empty rifle racks and several lethal-looking red-finned rockets, each four feet long, reclining on roughhewn pine shelves.

Roger clambered down behind me, followed by Frankhouser and the Imperial Nighthawk. Jordan and the others remained outside.

"These rockets are little beauties," Roger told me, picking one up in his right hand like a toy. "They have a range of thirty miles with the right launching tube and carry one hell of a pay load. You could sit on a roof in New York and lob one of these on Newark and wipe out half a city block with nobody the wiser. It took us two years of experimenting and a lot of close calls before we got them operational, but now we're stockpiling them all across the country. They're light, portable and deadly—the ideal weapon for our kind of resistance movement."

Frankhouser called my attention to a small makeshift laboratory built into the back wall. "This is the chemical closet," he said, pointing to a jumble of Bunsen burners, beakers and empty test tubes. "Every bunker is equipped with one, no matter how rudimentary. We mainly use it for making nitroglycerin and nitroglycol."

I asked if that wasn't pretty volatile material to play around with, and Frankhouser appeared offended.

"We're not amateurs, you know. Every man in this unit goes through intensive training in the manufacture of nitroglycerin. If you've got the right chemicals and the right measurements, anybody with a fair degree of intelligence can do it."

He walked over to a half-empty steel filing cabinet, riffled through the drawers and extracted a sheaf of papers.

"These are a few of our confidential training manuals," he said, "but it won't do any harm for you to take a look." He handed me a three-page mimeographed pamphlet titled "Nitroglycerin." It began: "Basically, the production of nitroglycerin involves the gradual addition of glycerol to a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids, followed by separation of the nitroglycerin from the waste products. The following directions will serve for the laboratory preparation of NG in small amounts." It concluded with the admonition to be careful in handling the solution, since "Nitro in its liquid form has from 30 to 60 times more explosive power than in dynamite form."

Roger slumped on one bunk in apparent boredom, but Frankhouser leaned over my shoulder, eagerly indicating other points of interest in the Minuteman ordnance manuals.

"That one is about Molotov cocktails," he said. "They're the crudest component of any resistance arsenal, but don't underestimate them on that account. They're still damn useful in street fighting or in terror bombings."

He handed me a booklet informing the student that "The best setup for making 'Molotov cocktails' is as follows: Using the small disposable-type beer bottles, filled with a homemade napalm mixture of two-thirds gasoline and one-third Duz, fill the bottles and cap them with an inexpensive bottle capper available at most drugstores. Tape a regular Tampax sanitary device to each bottle with masking tape."

Frankhouser laughed as I finished reading it aloud. "We should really set up joint training sessions with the niggers, shouldn't we? A community of common interest, and all that shit."

I asked him what else was manufactured in the bunker's laboratory facilities.

"You'd be surprised at the wide range of killers you can produce with relatively unsophisticated equipment," he replied, referring me again to the Minuteman manual, where novitiates were instructed that "A good cheap explosive can be made by distilling iodine crystals. When kept in ammonia they are very stable, but when dried out, become highly explosive. . . . Pure sodium metal while dry is perfectly stable, but when placed in water is a terrific explosive. It burns with intense heat and gives off a deadly gas."

The manual contained instructions for even more imaginative lethal agents: "Methane gas (or nerve gas) is obtained when small slivers of [a common commercial plastic] are inserted in a cigarette. The results are always fatal, and almost immediate. The only known antidote is atropine, which must be taken immediately."

I asked Frankhouser if these sorts of weapons had been used by Minutemen in the terrorist attacks and bombings that have plagued civil rights and peace groups in recent years.

He grinned and said, "Let's just say we're not doing all this for our own amusement."

Roger glanced at his watch and told us the fuses were ready. As we turned to go, Frankhouser gestured to a small barrel at the foot of one bunk, from which two wires extended out the tunnel and up the ladder.

"That's filled with hydrogen gas," he explained. "We use the wires to spark it off electrically. This whole place will disappear without a trace. And the noise of the explosion is a damn sight less than dynamite, too; you won't be able to hear it more than a half mile away."

Lugging the last of their cached weapons, the three Minutemen led the way up the ladder. I was the last to go, and Frankhouser turned to look back over his shoulder at me as he reached the top rung.

"All we'd have to do is slam this trap door shut and leave you here to go up with the bunker." He smiled boyishly. "Unless somebody knew just where to look, they'd never find your body in a thousand years."

Forcing a smile, I climbed out into

"Oh, sure, I've thought of marriage, but my career comes first."

the icy night air. Roger led us back to the edge of the clearing, stopping on the way to angrily snatch a cigarette from the Imperial Nighthawk's mouth and grind it out under his heel. Jordan was crouched over the wires that snaked out of the bunker's mouth. He looked up at Roger, waited for his nod, and then touched the two wires together. There was a soft muffled *blump* and the earth in the clearing rippled for a few seconds and then ebbed to its familiar contours. In the silence that followed, three of the men patted down the disturbed ground with spades while Jordan cut off the wires with a pair of shears where they extended from the earth.

Frankhouser, the Imperial Nighthawk and I turned to follow Roger back to the car.

"A shame that place was compromised," Frankhouser murmured as we trudged through the snow, "but we've got plenty more."

As I left the car, back at my downtown hotel, Frankhouser told me, "What you've seen tonight may not seem too impressive in a military sense. But remember, it only takes one match to ignite a tinderbox." With a sure flair for melodrama, he lit a cigarette and flicked the match into the gutter. Roger didn't say good night.

Five days later, I took a plane for Kansas City. When I checked in at the airport motel, DePugh was waiting for me as arranged. Tall and heavy-set, he was dressed casually in khaki slacks and a red wool pullover. His jet-black hair was receding, and he sported a luxuriant beard, "for my home town's centennial celebration"—an explanation I had no reason to doubt at the time, although I later discovered there was a different and far more practical reason. DePugh's features were handsome in a rawboned fashion, but his skin was unusually pale in the muted light of the motel coffee shop where we had an early lunch before driving to his office in Norborne. His dark eyes were deep-set and commanding, with a disconcerting habit of dancing around and beyond mine as he spoke and then suddenly fixing on me with a baleful stare to punctuate a point. In the time I spent with him, DePugh was invariably friendly and accommodating, but I never felt completely comfortable under that gaze.

Sipping a lemonade—he neither drinks nor smokes, but sucks constantly on medicated throat lozenges—DePugh went out of his way to put me at ease.

"From what the press prints about us, you probably expected me to be waiting for you with a Thompson submachine gun," he said, smiling. "But I'm glad you came, and I want you to be my guest while you're here. There's a lot I have to say, and not much time to say it in."

At the time, I missed the significance of that last remark, and merely wondered how he had earned his reputation for taciturn hostility to the press.

DePugh drove me to Norborne in his dusty station wagon, crammed with unopened correspondence and cartons stamped with the name of his veterinary-medicine firm. He appeared preoccupied on the ride and chatted desultorily about his impending four-year sentence for violation of the Federal Firearms Act, assuring me that the cache of machine guns discovered on his property by Federal agents was planted there as part of a "political frame-up." I asked him if he would peacefully surrender to serve his sentence when and if his appeals to the higher courts were exhausted. "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it," he replied.

DePugh's spirits seemed to lighten when we left Highway 10 and pulled into Norborne, a dusty farm community of 950 people, most of whom seem not to have decided whether their celebrated neighbor has put the town on the map or blackened its name with notoriety. The Biolab Corporation, a seedy seven-room, one-story white stucco building on Main Street, doubles as Minutemen headquarters, and the front room was piled high with literature and back copies of the organization's house organ, *On Target*. The sickly sweet smell of a vitamin A preparation clung heavily in the air and, in the back, veterinary medicines were being mixed in two huge vats by white-smocked lab technicians. DePugh introduced me to his wife, a small apple-dumpling woman with a sweet smile and haggard eyes, and to his daughter Christine, a pert redhead who had recently been elected high school home-coming queen and was now addressing envelopes at an overflowing desk. He then ushered me into his private office, a windowless room lined with floor-to-ceiling bookshelves. DePugh slumped into the leather swivel chair behind his desk—ornamented with an antiaircraft shell and littered with clips of .30-caliber ammunition and unopened letters—and shouted for coffee, which was served us by a teenager with a scraggly beard whom he proudly introduced as a Minuteman infiltrator in the national headquarters of the leftist W. E. B. DuBois Clubs.

As we sipped our coffee, I glanced at some of the books on his shelves: Texts on guerrilla warfare by Ché Guevara, General Giap, Mao Tse-tung and General Grivas of the Cypriot resistance movement adjoined H. C. Lea's three-volume occult classic *Materials Toward a History of Witchcraft*, the Department of State's four-volume *Documents of German Foreign Policy, 1918–1945*, *Assault Battle Drill* by Major General J. C.

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Fry, *On War* by Von Clausewitz and assorted volumes of Kant, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, George Orwell and Boris Pasternak. If nothing else, DePugh's reading tastes were catholic.

He watched me cataloging his library and then smiled indulgently. "If you're looking for *Mein Kampf*, it's not there," he said. "I read and reread it when I was a teenager. I could quote it to you from memory."

"Were you impressed?" I asked.

"I'm a compulsive reader," he said. "A lot of things impress me."

As my tape recorder spun quietly on the desk between us, I told DePugh about my icy foray into the Appalachians with his "troops," and asked how the caches of arms they were stockpiling across the nation would ultimately be used.

"Those stockpiles are being laid away for the time when the struggle reaches the point of armed confrontation. In the interim, we intend to continue our campaign of overt political propaganda and proselytizing."

"Do you really believe a handful of men with machine guns, mortars and homemade bombs could ever overcome the United States Army, the National Guard and local police forces?" I asked.

"First of all, we'll have a lot more than a handful of men ready to fight when the time comes. Of course, we could never overwhelm the Government's military power in conventional, set-piece battles; but the whole purpose of revolutionary guerrilla warfare is to so terrorize and demoralize the state apparatus that it'll collapse from its own internal stresses and contradictions. Castro didn't conquer Cuba militarily; at the time Batista fled into exile, the government forces still had overwhelming military superiority and could have wiped out the rebels in a traditional military battle—but Castro and Guevara blended political persuasion and terrorism with guerrilla warfare so effectively that they undermined the state's morale and its capacity to defend itself. Even after Dien Bien Phu, the French still maintained military supremacy in Indochina and could have fought on for years against the Vietminh; but Giap's brilliant use of insurgency tactics eroded the French will to resist and they scuttled and ran. At the height of his effectiveness on Cyprus, General Grivas had only *one hundred* full-time terrorists—but by selective assassinations and terrorism and dynamic use of psychological warfare, he brought the British to their knees."

He steepled his fingers thoughtfully.

"The success of any guerrilla insurgency is predicated on two factors: discontent among the population and irresolution in the state apparatus. Ruthless exploitation of those elements by even a tiny minority of insurgents can topple a government with the strongest military force at its disposal."

I listened, absorbed. Despite his fanaticism, and the patent absurdity of his *Weltanschauung*, the man emanated a disturbing aura of power and purpose. I had traveled to Kansas City expecting to encounter a corn-belt Robert Welch, an untutored hick demagogically peddling the tired nostrums of the ultraright, leavened with a fillip of paramilitarism to titillate the lunatic fringe; instead, I had found an urbane, intelligent, even mildly cynical political theorist who appeared seriously to envisage the day when his followers would seize power in a nation bled dry by foreign wars and ravaged at home by racial strife and economic upheaval.

He continued: "A key factor in the U. S. is that in the crunch we could count on support from sizable segments of the Armed Forces and police; in fact, if you break down Minuteman membership into employment categories, you'll find more cops than any other single group."

"You mentioned assassination as a particularly effective method of terrorizing the opposition," I said. "Are the Minutemen prepared to liquidate their political enemies? Have they already begun to do so?"

DePugh seemed prepared for the question. "You could hardly expect me to tell you if we'd removed anybody in the past," he said. "We don't volunteer that kind of information. In fact, up till now the Minutemen have adhered to what I call the principle of deliberate delay. The past eight years have been used to marshal our strength, to train and harden our cadres for the time when we'll be dealing in bullets instead of pamphlets; any premature action such as assassination could only give the state a perfect excuse for cracking down on us, and I've deliberately discouraged it."

"Then you've refrained from resorting to assassination only for strategic reasons?" I asked.

"I have no moral qualms whatsoever about political assassination. The stakes in this struggle are too high, for both America and all of Western civilization, for us to forgo any means, however brutal, that could tip the scales in our favor. In fact, of course, we're entering a praetorian age of assassination and counterassassination, where political questions won't be decided by the quality of your argument, but by the quality of your marksmanship."

He plucked the silver foil from a throat lozenge and popped it into his mouth. "You know," he went on, "one man with a telescopic rifle can have more impact on the course of history than a hundred political treatises or a dozen political parties. In any society there are certain individuals who are the keystones of the state structure—and if they're surgically removed, one by one, the whole edifice could collapse."

He smiled. "When you really think about it, assassination is a relatively humane means of effecting political change. Instead of riots and revolutions and street battles that would kill hundreds of thousands, you merely eliminate a policy by eliminating its architects. Quite a progressive concept, actually."

"Are you training Minutemen as political assassins?" I asked.

He looked through a mound of papers on his desk and tossed me a four-page mimeographed pamphlet stamped CONFIDENTIAL. "When using telescopic sights," the paper began, "the sniper aims his rifle by placing the top of the post reticle (the cross hairs in most civilian-type scope sights) on the aiming point. But the sniper's final concentration should be on the reticle rather than the target." Every problem confronting the aspiring assassin, from adverse winds to crowds surrounding his victim, was covered; and particular attention was given to targets in moving vehicles: "At an average speed of 2100 feet per second, it will require one-half second for the bullet to travel 350 yards. During this half second an automobile would move about seven feet for each ten miles per hour it was traveling. At 50 miles per hour the vehicle would travel 35 feet in this one-half second. Since the average passenger car is about 12 feet long, it will be necessary to lead the front edge of the car by three and one half lengths for the bullet to strike in the vicinity of the driver's seat."

Two more pages of detailed instructions on firing distances and velocity ensued, complete with diagrams, followed by exhortations on accuracy when sniping at targets moving on foot. As I finished reading, DePugh leaned back in his chair. "That's just the basic instructions every one of our members starts out with," he said. "We follow it up with months of training and firing at moving and stationary targets. Man for man, we probably have better marksmen than the Army or Marines."

I started to hand the document back to him, but he waved it aside.

"Keep it as a souvenir," he said. "Maybe some day there'll be somebody you want out of the way, and it'll come in useful."

He crunched his lozenge. "Actually, you know, a rifle is a relatively crude means of killing a man. We go through damn thorough arms training, but guns are only one small element in a really modern resistance arsenal. All this stress on gun control and registration has always given me sort of a chuckle; I've often thought of writing a book called *1001 Ways to Kill a Man Without*

"All I remember is being at a party and some guy in what I took to be a costume asking me over for a nightcap."

Using Firearms—dedicated to Senator Dodd, of course."

"Would you care to name a few?"

"Well, the most lethal weapons at our disposal are chemical- and bacteriological-warfare agents. The man in the street seems to believe there's something science-fictional about these devices—that they can only be manufactured in ultrasophisticated, top-secret Government laboratories. But the unique thing about C.B.W. agents is that they can be produced with a minimum of laboratory facilities, and at surprisingly low cost. All that's needed is a certain level of education and training and relatively rudimentary equipment: almost any competent chemist, for example, could synthesize deadly nerve gases of various types."

I knew DePugh was a trained chemist, and his Biolab facilities were far from rudimentary. "Have you ever tried to produce nerve gas yourself?" I asked.

Through the open door I could see his pretty teenage daughter laughing coquettishly with the hippie-Minuteman who had brought our coffee. My question struck me as unreal.

"Yes, we've done it right here at Biolab, and elsewhere across the country." DePugh smiled as he added, "Though our initial experiment got me into hot water with my kids. A few years ago, we developed our first batch of nerve gas and decided to try out a sample on the family pet, a one-hundred-eighty-pound Irish wolfhound. We diluted it down to approximately one tenth of what we thought would trigger a noticeable physiological response and gave him a whiff; he walked about six steps and fell over dead as a doornail. We tried artificial respiration and gave him oxygen, but none of our efforts could revive him and my children didn't speak to me for a week!"

The smile faded, and he stroked the antiaircraft shell on his desk pad abstractedly.

"Of course, our techniques are much more sophisticated now. We have a number of our own physicians and bacteriologists working on the production of biological agents and, just as important, antitoxins to immunize our own men. Most of this research goes on after hours in public and private institutions where they hold a regular job during the day and have an opportunity to moonlight a few hours in the evening on projects of their own. I'd suspect that some C.B.W. agents researched by us are even further developed than anything the Regular Army has; we've gone into such advanced phases of biological warfare as the selective breeding of various pathogens in order to increase or decrease their virulence and to render them resistant to antibiotics. You know, a knowledge of bacteriology coupled with a knowledge of genetics can produce pathological agents that are unique, that exist nowhere in nature; and a number of these have qualities particularly well suited to the activities of a resistance movement. They're portable, inexpensive to manufacture and easy to conceal; one man with a test tube in his pocket could wipe out a whole Army base. We would obviously never unleash such agents among the general population. This would only turn public sentiment unalterably against us. But by controlling virulence and range, we've got a selective death-dealing weapon that could effectively terrorize the opposition."

Mrs. DePugh entered the room to inform us that dinner would be at six and that she was going home now to bake a blueberry pie—"Bob's favorite dessert." DePugh tossed her the car keys.

With a deepening sense of unreality, I resumed our conversation. "What specific biological agents are the Minutemen currently working on?"

"There are fifty or sixty possibilities," he said, "but we've narrowed our sights down to seven that we feel are particularly well suited to guerrilla activity. Pneumonic-plague bacillus is one hell of a killer, but it's difficult to reduce the plague's virulence sufficiently to use it on specific targets without infecting the innocent. We've had the most success to date with equine encephalitis virus. We've developed three unique strains of it that we feel hold substantial promise and offer many interesting opportunities. One strain in particular, developed by a doctor in Oregon, is really a honey."

"When do you plan to put these biological agents to use?"

"Certainly not at this stage of the game," DePugh replied. "We'd only employ C.B.W. when the struggle had reached the final point of armed confrontation between us and the state. Right now we're essentially still in a premilitary phase, a period where terrorism and assassination may play a growing role, but not as in open, all-out struggle. For one thing, the population isn't ready to support an underground resistance movement yet; the economic and racial situations haven't deteriorated sufficiently. This is the time for the stiletto, not the howitzer. A poison that will kill one key man is more valuable

"As I understand it, the guaranteed annual income would come to about a quart a day."

The sparkling wines from Lejon Champagne Cellars, San Francisco.

Lejon Extra Dry Champagne.

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Actually, there are several good reasons for getting married.

to us now than a pathogen that can neutralize five thousand."

"Are you manufacturing poisons, too?" I asked.

"Our medical-research teams have also done exhaustive research in toxicology, and have selected a number of poisons that could be quite productive under the proper circumstances. There's really no such thing as a poison that doesn't leave a trace, you know, but there are poisons that are extremely difficult to detect in the system. Take insulin, which is readily available from any pharmacist and is a natural ingredient of the body. A dose of insulin that would have no effect on a diabetic would kill a healthy human being. But how would an autopsy ever be able to determine that it was murder, since any traces of insulin discovered in the system could just as well belong there naturally? Another dandy poison that's extremely difficult for a pathologist to detect is succinylcholine. You may remember that this is what the prosecution claimed Dr. Coppolino used to kill his wife, but the murderer messed things up by injecting it all in one place on the visible skin surface. If he'd been more cautious and dispersed it in two or three spots, preferably under the scalp, nobody would have been the wiser, because the likelihood of detecting succinylcholine in a routine autopsy is virtually nil."

He fiddled with a clip of .30-caliber ammunition. "But you don't even have to be that sophisticated; there are a number of common household items that make fine poisons. Take ordinary [he named a common automotive fluid], for example," DePugh said, "which has an ethylene-glycol base. Ethylene glycol has a pleasant, sweetish taste and can easily be added to a soft drink or a slice of custard pie without your victim ever detecting it before it's too late. One half to one ounce is a fatal dose, and there's no known antidote. It does leave observable lesions that can be detected in a medical examination, but the crucial point to remember is that in most cases of sudden death, an autopsy is not performed and death is attributed to natural causes. There aren't enough doctors in the country to perform an autopsy on everybody who appears to have died of heart failure or shock or kidney disease or diabetic seizure or liver hemorrhage. Let's say you've slipped a dose of ethylene glycol into somebody's food. The average doctor would examine the outward symptoms and invariably diagnose the cause of death as heart failure—which it was, of course, but artificially induced. Even when you do have a post-mortem, unless the authorities have reason to suspect foul play, it's a pretty slipshod, *pro forma* affair. Believe me, if you select the right poison and go about it carefully, it's the easiest thing in the world to kill a man. More coffee?"

I looked down at the dregs in my cup for a long moment before shaking my head.

"Personally," he continued matter-of-factly, "I have a distinct preference for nicotine sulphate, a common liquid alkaloid that can be administered orally, intravenously or through direct absorption by the skin. What's lovely about it is that it's almost instantaneously fatal and leaves no traces except in the blood stream—and even in an autopsy, it's very rare to take a blood analysis, believe it or not. Nicotine sulphate is readily available in a wide range of gardening solutions; all you'd have to do is distill the mixture, slip some into your target's beer, or refill his after-shaving lotion with it. It's absorbed quickly, particularly if he's nicked himself while shaving, and unless it's washed off with cold water within sixty seconds, it'll cause dizziness, collapse, respiratory paralysis and death."

He then described another poison so easy to manufacture that I am unwilling to write about it for a wide-circulation magazine. After this I asked: "Do you have any other favorite poisons?"

He thought a moment. "Well, the Russian K. G. B. has done great things with a cyanide gas gun. You may remember that one of their assassins who defected to the West in Berlin a few years ago, a guy named Bogdan Stashinsky, confessed to having liquidated two prominent Ukrainian exiles with an ordinary water pistol filled with cyanide. All you have to do is wait on a stair well till your victim passes you, cover your nose and mouth with a damp handkerchief and spray him in the face. The first inhalation is fatal, and within sixty seconds all cyanide smell in the air will be dissipated. Since the target has died climbing a flight of stairs, death is invariably diagnosed as heart failure—as was the case with the two Ukrainians."

"Have you actually stockpiled any of these poisons and viruses?"

His face was expressionless. "Those—and more."

"Whom do you intend using them on?"

"On the enemies of this country," he said gravely, pushing his chair back and walking to my side. "Come in here, and I'll show you something I haven't showed any other journalist."

I followed DePugh from his office through a dusty storeroom heaped with empty jars labeled "Biolab, Vitamin Supplements" and into a large room littered with old newspapers and magazines. There was no furniture other than eight steel file cabinets, each drawer securely padlocked. He stood in the middle of the room and gestured toward them.

"We're in the process of dispersing all our subversive files," he said. "What you see here is only our California records. The master files—containing over one hundred thousand names from all fifty states—have been buried underground in several places across the country, and cross-indexed lists broken down by state, county and city have gone out to local branches. In recent months, we've totally decentralized our intelligence system so that if something should happen to me or this headquarters, our records will still be intact."

He took a key from his pocket and opened the top drawer on the end cabinet. It was packed with hundreds of three-by-five-inch white file cards, arranged in alphabetical order.

"Each of these file cards has a corresponding dossier in California regional headquarters." He selected a card at random. "Here's a Commie who lives in Sausalito. The card lists his name, address and phone number, and California headquarters has a comprehensive portfolio containing all the information we've gathered on his movements, his job, his personal tastes—women, liquor, boys, drugs, etc. When and if the time comes to neutralize him, we'll have all the information down pat."

He returned the card and slammed the drawer shut, locking it and carefully testing the handle.

"We have eighteen thousand names in the California file alone. Now, needless to say, we've had to break these down according to the importance of the individual in the over-all scheme of things and establish a set of priorities." He tapped the first drawer. "File A contains the names of the run-of-the-mill fellow travelers and parlor pinks, the types who join different Red fronts or show up on picket lines but aren't full-time operatives. They're essentially dilettantes and, although they have to be kept under surveillance and someday dealt with, they don't constitute a really serious threat." He rapped his knuckles on the second drawer. "File B here contains the cards of those who are the next step up the subversive ladder—full-time Party members, draft-card burners, civil rights agitators. Whenever we have the man power, we try to keep them under full-time surveillance, but they're still fairly small fish." His eyes narrowed, and he reached down and unlocked the bottom drawer, which contained fewer cards. "Now this is file C—the really dangerous types, the big-time operators, the most dedicated enemies of our country in this particular state. These sons of bitches we give special attention."

"If you're convinced that these people are all traitors, what action do you propose to take against them?"

He smiled enigmatically. "Effective action—when the time comes."

"Would that include assassination?" I asked.

His voice was neutral. "Anyone listed

"No, Robert, please—not here!"

in file C has betrayed his country to the most ruthless enemies it has ever known. The penalty for treason is death, and if the execution of the sentence is left to us—well, we accept the responsibility." He smiled. "Don't worry, your name isn't on the New York list. I checked before you came out here."

A spare, wiry man with a grizzled mustache whom I hadn't seen before entered the room. "Seattle's on the line," he said expressionlessly.

"I'll be right back," DePugh murmured, his jaw tightening as he followed the other man out.

Alone for a moment, I began copying down some of the names in the Minuteman C file. Each card in the file was a photostatic copy, the names and addresses triple spaced. I had time to jot down 11 potential victims before DePugh returned. Most of the addresses were in the Stanford area and none of the names familiar. I heard DePugh's footsteps and slipped my pad and pencil away seconds before he opened the door. He appeared preoccupied, no longer avid to display his intelligence records.

"Let's go eat," he said, returning the file to the drawer and locking it. "It's been a long day."

As we left the building, I asked DePugh how he could be certain that his information on more than 100,000 names across the country was accurate. "Suppose you were to give the order to liquidate somebody in your C file," I suggested, "and it turned out subsequently that he wasn't a subversive at all. How would you feel about sending an innocent man to his death?"

He shrugged. "About as guilty as Lyndon Johnson feels sending thousands of kids to die in Vietnam," he replied in a bored tone. "And anyway, our files are constantly checked and double-checked for accuracy. If we put somebody on the C list, he *belongs* there."

"Are there any prominent names on the list?" I asked as we walked along Norborne's streets toward his house.

He chuckled. "There are names on that list that anybody who reads a newspaper would recognize."

"Would you care to name a few of them?"

"Why not? Secretary Robert *Strange* McNamara," he replied, hissing the middle name sibilantly. "Hubert Humphrey, William Fulbright, Bobby Kennedy and Martin Luther King. [This was early March 1968—one month before King's assassination, three months before Kennedy's.] They're the most dangerous men in America, though God knows they're not alone."

His face suddenly hardened, and he halted and gripped me by the arm. "Remember what I told you earlier about the principle of deliberate delay?" he asked. "Well, that phase of the struggle is just about over. The Minutemen are now entering the revolutionary stage of our activities, and from now on no holds are barred." He released my arm abruptly and pulled the wrapper off another lozenge. "No holds at all. We're through talking."

I asked him what had caused this sudden change of tactics, but he just shook his head wordlessly and walked on in silence. Suddenly, his eyes brightened. "Here's my place. You're going to love the wife's blueberry pie!"

After DePugh dropped me off at my motel later that evening, I was unable to sleep. Throughout dinner and during the ride back from Norborne, he had elaborated messianically on his hopes for the future, occasionally ranging off into such disparate topics as the responsibility of the existential philosophers ("the cult of nausea," as he characterized them) for modern *Weltschmerz*, and the contradictions of Keynesian economics. He was a civilized, frequently witty conversationalist, and only once did the mask slip—when I asked him how enduring he thought Martin Luther King's nonviolent philosophy would prove in light of rising black militancy. "That phony bastard!" His knuckles on the steering wheel were white. "He's been a Red agitator for years. And they give the Nobel Peace Prize to that fraud, the *Reverend* Martin Luther King!" He spat out *Reverend* as if it were a dirty word.

The next morning, DePugh failed to keep his appointment at my motel, and no one answered the phone at his home or office. Later that evening, I learned from a friend in the Associated Press that a Seattle grand jury had issued a warrant for his arrest on bank-robbing-conspiracy charges the day before and, one step ahead of the law, DePugh had gone into hiding. I suddenly realized the real reason for the beard and, more importantly, for DePugh's uncharacteristic frankness with me: He viewed our interview as his last public appearance, his swan song before entering what he termed the "underground phase of the resistance." It may also have accounted for his statement, shortly after receiving the phone call from Seattle, that the principle of deliberate delay was a thing of the past and the Minutemen were now entering a new phase of terrorism and assassination.

In the months since our final meeting—marked by the assassinations of Dr. King and Senator Kennedy and a new spate of terror attacks on peace and civil rights advocates—DePugh has successfully eluded the police, issuing underground news bulletins to the faithful with apparent impunity. (*Underground Bulletin No. 2*, issued from "somewhere in the United States" after the election, charged that George Wallace's American Independent Party is Communist-controlled. When the "enemy" failed to gain control of his Patriotic Party, DePugh wrote his followers, it turned to the A.I.P., which today "is controlled at the top by the same hidden hand that controls the Democratic Party and the Republican Party.") His FBI "Wanted" circular cautions that "DePugh reportedly carries a pistol and has access to other types of weapons, including hand grenades. Consider extremely dangerous."

Even if DePugh is apprehended and imprisoned, there is little doubt that the Minutemen will continue to function: well before he went into hiding, he selected a "second string" of leaders to run the organization in the event of his death or incarceration. But the basic question remains: Can DePugh and his Minutemen really do what they say? The answer seems to be that they cannot by themselves—but they are not alone. Other paramilitary groups are burgeoning across the country under the stimulus of growing racial unrest. Some of these are leftist, and some black, such as the Black Panthers. But there is little doubt that the largest and most organized groups cluster around DePugh's end of the political spectrum. He is on particularly close terms with the Reverend Kenneth Goff of Englewood, Colorado, leader of the Soldiers of the Cross, an organization of between 3000 and 12,000 members, operating primarily in California and the Southwest. Goff, who graduated from the Communist Party to Gerald L. K. Smith's Christian Anti-Communist Crusade and went into the witch-hunting business on his own several years ago, blends Protestant fundamentalism and anti-Semitism (his oft-repeated theme is that "The United Nations is as Jewish as Coney Island") with judo, karate, *savate*, torture, mutilation and such desert survival techniques as the eating of toads and grasshoppers.

Another group on good fraternal terms with the Minutemen—and with Goff's outfit—is the California Rangers, commanded by Colonel William P. Gale, U. S. Army (Ret.), who organized Philippine guerrilla forces against the Japanese in World War Two as an aide to General Douglas MacArthur. Gale views the Communists as tools of "the international Jewish conspiracy: You got your nigger Jews, you got your Asiatic Jews and you got your white Jews. They're all Jews and they're all the offspring of the Devil." The colonel's favorite aphorism is, "Turn a nigger inside out and you've got a Jew"; and he contends that Adolf Hitler's reputation as a war criminal is all a

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misunderstanding: "I can show you top-secret documents that prove the six million Jews Hitler was supposed to have killed are right here in America. And if we run them out of here, they'll go down to South America and start screaming about how we burned them in gas chambers. I've got two ovens ready for them now."

The Rangers are one component of an intricate network of religio-paramilitary groups operating in California and the Southwest. A report by the California attorney general reveals that the Rangers "have intimate connections with the Ku Klux Klan, the National States Rights Party, the Christian Defense League and the Church of Jesus Christ—Christian," in addition to the Minutemen. The Church of Jesus Christ—Christian, founded in 1946, has blossomed into a string of affluent parishes from California to Florida. Its founder, the Reverend Dr. Wesley Swift of Lancaster, California, reaches over 1,000,000 listeners with his weekly radio broadcasts, which artfully blend racism and evangelism. His subordinates faithfully carry out their concept of the Christian mission: The Reverend Oren Potito, minister of the sect's St. Petersburg, Florida, parish and representative of its Eastern Conference, was arrested in Oxford, Mississippi, in October 1962 while organizing demonstrations against the admission of James Meredith to the University of Mississippi; police confiscated a small cache of firearms in his car. The church's most charismatic preacher is the Reverend Connie Lynch, a peripatetic anti-Negro demagog who wears a Confederate flag as a vest. Also a member of the Ku Klux Klan and the Minutemen, Lynch was the chief organizer of the bloody anti-Negro riots in St. Augustine in 1964, and in 1966 he traveled to Chicago to help George Lincoln Rockwell whip up whites against Negro open-housing demonstrators.

Informally linked to both Swift and DePugh is the National States Rights Party, with headquarters in Savannah, Georgia, and, next to the Minutemen, the largest paramilitary organization in the nation. The N.S.R.P. has chapters in every state of the Union, but refuses to release its membership figures; a conservative estimate is 2000 members and 8000 to 12,000 active sympathizers. The party was formed in 1958 by Dr. Edward R. Fields, a chiropractor—who had previously initiated an "Anti-Jew Week" in the course of which he plastered the windows of Jewish-owned shops with anti-Semitic stickers—and Jesse B. Stoner, an attorney whose prior ventures into politics were as kleagle of the K.K.K. in Chattanooga and founder of the short-lived Stoner Christian Anti-Jewish Party, which advocated making Judaism a capital offense. His subsequent activities include legal representation of James Earl Ray, the convicted killer of Dr. Martin Luther King. Membership in the N.S.R.P. is, predictably, restricted to "white Christian Americans," and the Negro is described in the party organ as "a higher form of gorilla."

This rabid racist group was initially political in orientation and contested local elections—running on a platform of deportation for America's entire Jewish and Negro populations—in several Southern states. But by 1960, Fields reconstructed the party along paramilitary lines: A party uniform (white shirt, black tie, black trousers and arm bands emblazoned with a thunderbolt insignia reminiscent of the Nazi SS emblem) was designed, arms were stockpiled and strict military discipline imposed on all members.

N.S.R.P. activists have been involved in a number of terrorist attacks on Negroes and Jews. The party first broke into the news on October 12, 1958, when a dynamite blast destroyed a Jewish synagogue in Atlanta; five men were arrested and tried for the crime, all of them N.S.R.P. members. In 1963—the same year the party launched a "Fire Your Nigger" campaign to drive more Negroes out of the South—a scuffle erupted in San Bernardino, California, between uniformed N.S.R.P. pickets and high school students, during which one of the storm troopers shot and wounded a student. On September 15, 1963, Birmingham's 16th Street Baptist Church was shattered by a dynamite blast during Sunday services, and four Negro children died. An N.S.R.P. member was arrested in connection with the bombing, charged with illegal possession of dynamite and—in the absence of conclusive eyewitness evidence placing him at the scene—sentenced to six months in prison. After an N.S.R.P. rally in Anniston, Alabama, in late 1965, in which speakers urged patriots to drive "the nigger out of the white man's street," one of the galvanized party sympathizers in the audience took off in his car with two friends and fatally shot the first Negro he saw.

In recent years, the National States Rights Party has solidified its links with other right-wing paramilitary organizations—including the Minutemen—and urged its members to increase their stockpiles of weapons. The N.S.R.P. is still relatively small, but growing—and so is its potential for violence. Its membership reflects considerable cross-pollination with the Klan and the Minutemen, but its leaders fail to exercise even the comparative verbal restraint of the pre-underground DePugh. The California Senate Fact-Finding Committee on Un-American Activities has warned that "This organization is . . . more potentially dangerous than any of the American Nazi groups."

The Ku Klux Klan, despite its long record of violence, has not until recently become a genuine paramilitary organization. The Klan has traditionally been an instrument of local terrorism rather than national revolution. Its murders, beatings and tortures have generally been carried out as vigilante acts of vengeance against "uppity" Negroes and real or imagined white traitors to the "Southern way of life," rather than as part of an orchestrated program of subversion. But all that is changing.

Today there are over a dozen Klans functioning across the country. According to political historian George Thayer, "Each one guards its individuality most jealously, refusing to subordinate itself to any one man's rule. The current strength of all Klans together is estimated to be from 50,000 to 100,000, with an additional 1,000,000 sympathizers." The largest and most violent Klan—and the one most closely

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linked to the Minutemen—is the United Klans of America, run with an iron hand by Robert Shelton of Tuscaloosa, Alabama. Shelton's Klans have at least 40,000 members—some estimates run as high as 85,000—scattered through 48 states, including Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Delaware, Ohio, Wisconsin, Nebraska and Indiana. (Pennsylvania Grand Dragon Roy Frankhouser, Jr., claims—possibly with some truth—that there are currently more Kluxers in Wisconsin than in South Carolina.)

Under Shelton's leadership, the Klans have adopted a distinctly paramilitary orientation. Large caches of arms, including automatic weapons, have been stockpiled across the country; Klan "military committees" have been established to teach members the techniques of guerrilla warfare; "rifle clubs" and "sportsmen's clubs" have been established as fronts; and Klansmen are instructed by Shelton to join the National Rifle Association, thus allowing them to buy Government-subsidized ammunition at low prices. Klansmen have been holding more and more field exercises, Minutemen style, where members are taught sniper and rapid-fire shooting and instructed in mortar firing and the construction and handling of dynamite, fuses, Molotov cocktails and booby traps. (A recent Klan exercise taught trainees how to sabotage radio stations and power plants.) One paramilitary Klan group—Nacirema, Inc. —is even alleged to specialize in assassination. Its members are composed of the elite of Klan toughs, and are exhaustively trained in the tactics of terrorism and sabotage. The "VIP Security Guard," an organization of bodyguards for Klan rallies, outfitted in white helmets and gray shirts and slacks, is also reportedly being enlarged into a well-armed private police force. In plain clothes, its members served as bodyguards for George Wallace at his American Independent Party rallies; when Wallace visited Pennsylvania in 1967, K.K.K. Grand Dragon and Minuteman chief Frankhouser organized his "security detail."

"In the old days," Frankhouser explains, "the Klan was a means of terrorizing the niggers and carpetbaggers and protecting local institutions. But that way of life has been destroyed forever, and the Klan has had to stop fighting a futile rear-guard action and change with the times. We're not out to conserve the system now, but to change it in ways that will protect the white race—even if that means a revolution. The Klan is a nationwide organization today, not a regional defense force, and our tactics and strategy are attuned to the Twentieth Century. Along with the Minutemen, the Klan is developing thousands of dedicated guerrilla fighters. If the niggers push us too far, we won't be burning crosses—we'll be burning cities."

But Frankhouser denies any formal organizational unity between Shelton's Klan and the Minutemen: "We work independently, but we also complement each other, and the lines of communication are always open between us. The Klan's military committees are doing exactly what the Minutemen are doing: training men in weapons equipment and handling, in caching weapons, in all the tactics of clandestine warfare. We've got the same enemies, the same friends and the same goals. We're fighting under different leadership, but we're fighting *together* just the same."

In addition to the major paramilitary organizations, a host of lesser groups have appeared on the national horizon in the past two years—primarily in response to the deteriorating racial situation in the ghettos of the major cities. After the devastating Detroit riots, local right-wingers formed an outfit called Breakthrough, which urges members to arm and organize their neighborhoods block by block into a cohesive vigilante force. In late 1967, Breakthrough leader Donald Lobsinger organized the General Douglas MacArthur Shooting Club and admonished his followers to join both it and the N. R. A. in order to receive arms training in anticipation of the next racial holocaust. Lobsinger has attracted thousands of Detroiters to his rallies, and recruited hundreds of members in racially tense neighborhoods. In the event of future disturbances in the Negro areas of the city, Breakthrough's potential for violence is real and menacing.

In Newark, a similar armed vigilante group was formed in the aftermath of racial rioting—the North Ward Citizens Committee, led by a demagog named Anthony Imperiale. The group encourages all members to own firearms and train in their use, and has established squads of armed citizens to patrol the streets at night in cars dubbed "jungle cruisers." The committee has an estimated membership of 1500, at least 1000 of whom belong to a local gun club. Imperiale is also rumored to have established a central cache of arms somewhere in Newark, but he denies the allegation. The committee has been denounced by New Jersey Governor Richard Hughes as a "potential threat to peace and law and order in New Jersey."

With all its constituent organizations, the paramilitary right in America is still numerically small. Including the Klan, the total membership probably amounts to no more than 150,000—and of that number only a minority of zealots will ever be willing to jeopardize their personal security by engaging in overt acts of violence. But with each new race riot, with every deepening of the bitter divisions between black and white, left and right, young and old, with each new economic convulsion and social upheaval, their numbers and determination will almost certainly grow.

The paramilitary right has no realistic hope of ever seizing power in America —even an America convulsed by racial war. If there is a right-wing take-over, it will almost certainly be validated at the polls, and its leaders will be respectable men of the middle forced to uphold "law and order" by curbing the traditional democratic liberties of freedom of press, speech and assembly. Thus, the Minutemen and their allies are outsiders, and will remain so. But the Minuteman is very much a child of this society, nurtured and shaped by the political demonology and hysterical anti-Communist rhetoric of the Cold War, shadowed through life by the Bomb and squeezed into an increasingly depersonalized, bureaucratic computer world he didn't make and doesn't understand. It is a sociopolitical atmosphere that easily breeds paranoia—and elevates it into a life style. But the implications of the Minuteman mentality transcend paranoia. The Minuteman addresses himself to very real problems—racial chaos, economic unrest and a bloody and inconclusive war in Asia that daily increases national frustration and exacerbates political divisions. His response to these problems may be irrational, violent and vicious, but it is unquestionably a reflection of the extremity of the social crises confronting us. If American cities continue to burn, if our best leaders continue to fall under snipers' bullets, if thousands of young men continue to die —spiritually as well as physically—in nameless rice paddies, the sickness that has spawned the Minutemen will grow in virulence, and may spread throughout society.

Philosopher Daniel Bell has written that ours "is a fragile system. If there is a lesson to be learned from the downfall of democratic government in Italy, Spain, Austria and Germany . . . it is that the crucial turning point comes . . . when political parties or social movements can successfully establish 'private armies' whose resort to violence—street fighting, bombings, the breakup of their opponents' meetings, or simply intimidation—cannot be controlled by the elected authorities, and whose use of violence is justified or made legitimate by the respectable elements in society."

The Minutemen are among the symptoms, not the causes, of the malaise that afflicts America, a mirror in which to view the worst side of our society and ourselves before it's too late—if we care to look.

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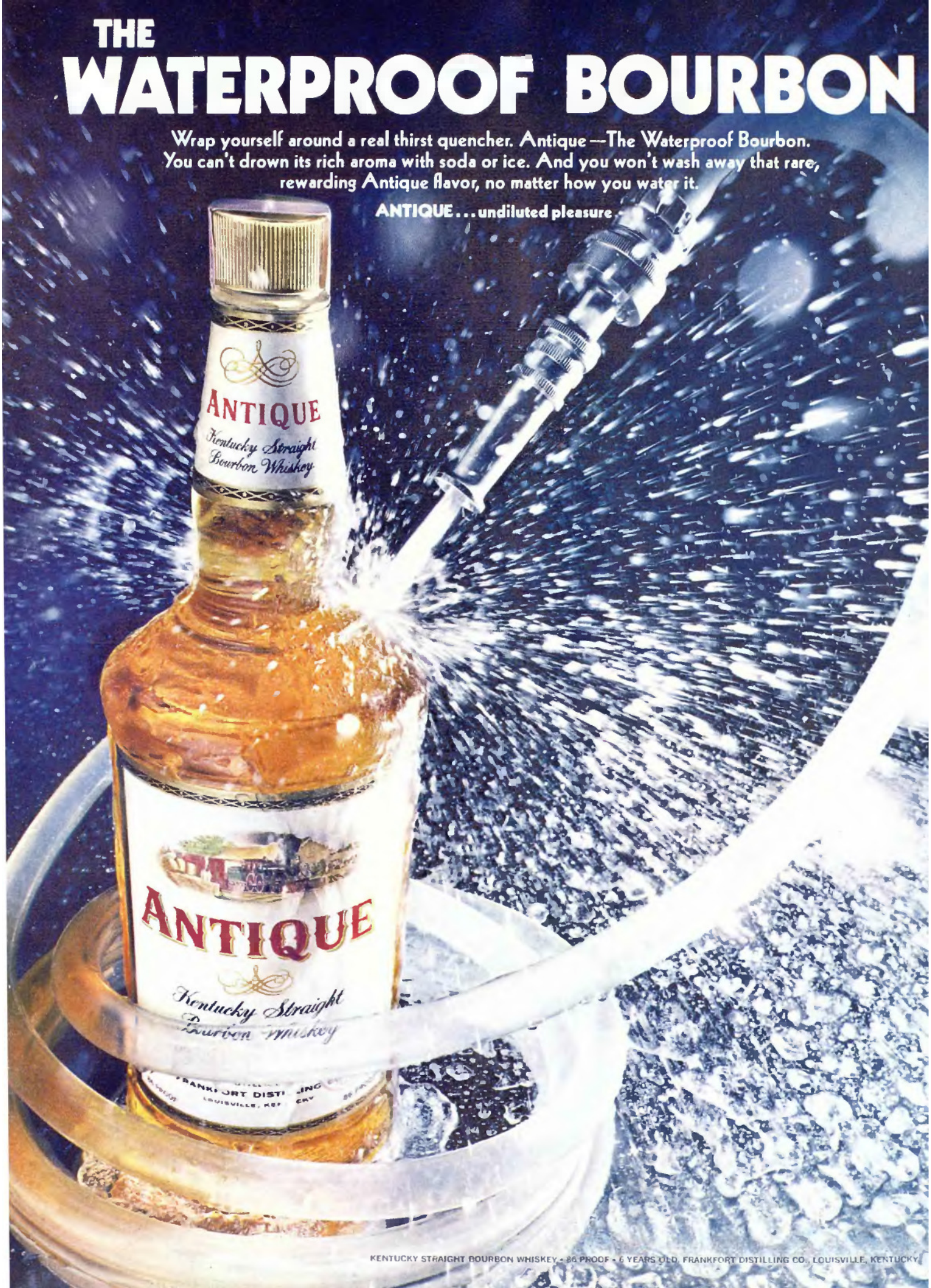

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