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# PLAYBOY

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RISING STAR  
BARBI BENTON**

**PLAYBOY PLAYS  
THE STOCK  
MARKET**

**BUNNY OF  
THE YEAR**





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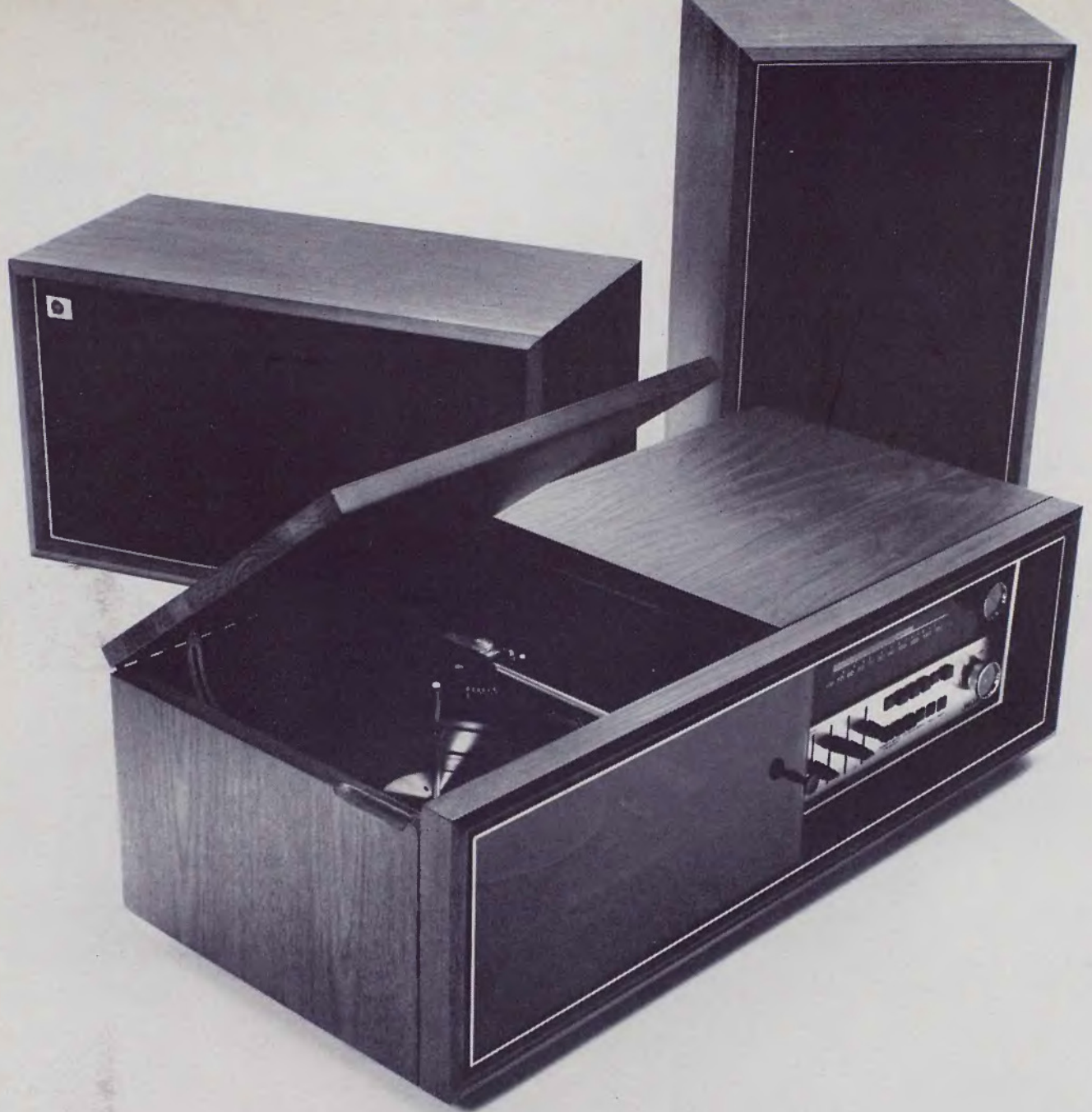
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# PLAYBILL

THE RADIANT YOUNG LADY out front, ascendant actress Barbi Benton, is a fitting symbol both of the regenerative season's impending arrival and of the bountiful issue we've prepared to greet the vernal equinox. It's laden with fictional, reportorial and pictorial pleasures, not the least of which is *Barbi Doll*, a nine-page paean to our cover girl, who has the special distinction of being Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's constant companion. Heading our list of nonfiction this month are two views of youthful currents and crosscurrents in contemporary politics—the conflicting directions in which campus radicals and conservatives seek to lead the nation. Jules Siegel's *Revolution* surveys the precepts and programs of SDS and similarly anti-establishmentarian factions on the left-hand end of the political spectrum; George Fox's *Counterrevolution* focuses on the ways and means by which the ideological opponents of the New Left hope to arrest its movement—which they feel is a downhill trip toward anarchy—and on the measures by which conservative students propose to build a new society that is, in many instances, surprisingly similar to that envisioned by their rivals. Fox and Siegel, while young themselves, are old friends. Tongue firmly in check, Fox informs us that when Siegel found out who was covering the conservative side of the collegiate scene for *PLAYBOY*, "he telephoned to express the opinion that I was the perfect choice for the assignment, since he couldn't think of another American writer under 40 who looked square enough to gain the confidence of right-wing college students." Apparently fated to continue their parallel pursuits, both writers are currently at work on novels.

*PLAYBOY* editors contribute two of this month's non-fiction features. Senior Editor Michael Laurence, whose articles have been winning him a reputation as one of the country's sharpest (and youngest) financial writers, tells how a lone voyager can profitably navigate the maze of Wall Street in *Playboy Plays the Stock Market*; it's our plan to include the piece in a forthcoming *Playboy Press* volume by Laurence on personal investing. Our second staffer in the spotlight this month is Assistant Editor Bill Quinn, who journeyed to Los Angeles to meet with Ray Charles for an exclusive *Playboy Interview*. An active musician himself and formerly the Assistant Editor of *Down Beat*, Quinn is currently co-scripting *Bird of the Iron Feather*, a dramatic series produced by and for black people on WTTW, Chicago's educational-television station.

Also on hand is an irreverent essay on a subject of a relatively ethereal nature—those heavenly bodies by which an unprecedented number of people believe their lives to be controlled. Versatile C. Robert Jennings, who roamed for *PLAYBOY* through the mystico-religious underground of California a year ago in *Cultsville U. S. A.*, zeroes in this time on the practitioners of one such esoteric art—astrology—in *Swinging on the Stars*. Speaking of occult science, we wouldn't be at

all surprised if futurist Alvin Toffler were to characterize blind trust in the horoscope as a possible symptom of future shock, that numbing state—caused by our relentlessly accelerating pace of life—which he wrote about in last month's issue; this time around, in *Coping with Future Shock*, Toffler suggests methods that the individual—and society—can employ to maintain equilibrium in times of input overload.

Our lead fiction this month, Irwin Shaw's *Rudolph in Moneyland*, is a companion piece to *Thomas in Elysium*, which you enjoyed in January's turn-of-the-decade issue. Both stories will be included in Shaw's novel *Rich Man, Poor Man*, which the writer, at his Swiss retreat, is presently cutting down to a suitable size for publication in September by Delacorte. Another superlative work of fiction is the second installment (there's one more coming) of *The Land of a Million Elephants*, Asa Baber's offbeat account of wild and woolly happenings in a mythical but all-too-familiar corner of the Orient.

Warner Law, whose *The Thousand-Dollar Cup of Crazy German Coffee* won the editors' accolades as the best fiction by a new writer to appear in *PLAYBOY* last year, entertains us again with *Lincoln's Doctor's Son's Dog*, a satiric sob-story take-off on the never-before-substantiated publishing legend that the archetypal best seller would be a piece about Lincoln's doctor's dog. Our other fiction treats are *The Same to You Doubled*, a blackly humorous fantasy by Robert Sheckley, who is fast proving himself a master of his métier (Sheckley's *Cordle to Onion to Carrot* placed a close second in January's balloting for the Best Short Story award), and Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy's *The Convert*, a wry tale of a suitor who finds himself enmeshed in his beloved's

esoteric interests.

Master chef and *PLAYBOY*'s Food & Drink Editor Thomas Mario turns his attention to a familiar dish and delineates some unsuspected possibilities in *Hash Freak-Out*. Fashion Director Robert L. Green, in *The Basic Urban Wardrobe*, specifies the essentials needed to keep any man correctly clad amid today's fast-changing fashions. One of television's most winsome singing groups, the Gold-diggers, provides us with a visual assist in the presentation of *Slick Sticks and Jolly Brollies*, a guide to the grooviest in contemporary canes and umbrellas. *Vegas and Tahoe: Nonstop Superesorts* is a detailed evocation and appraisal of a pair of Western Xanadus. And our eye-filling pictorials—in addition to *Barbi Doll*—include *Bunny of the Year*, which devotes seven pages of exclusive uncoverage, in color, to our most captivating cottontails as they vied for the title that serves as our headline, and *The Girls of "Julius Caesar,"* an exclusive preview of moviedom's hedonistic new version of the Shakespeare classic. Thus, gentlemen, it appears that we've a fun-filled month ahead, and it ill behooves us to dally any longer—so March right on!



SHAW



SHECKLEY



TOFFLER



LAW



LAURENCE



QUINN



JENNINGS



SIEGEL



FOX



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# PLAYBOY



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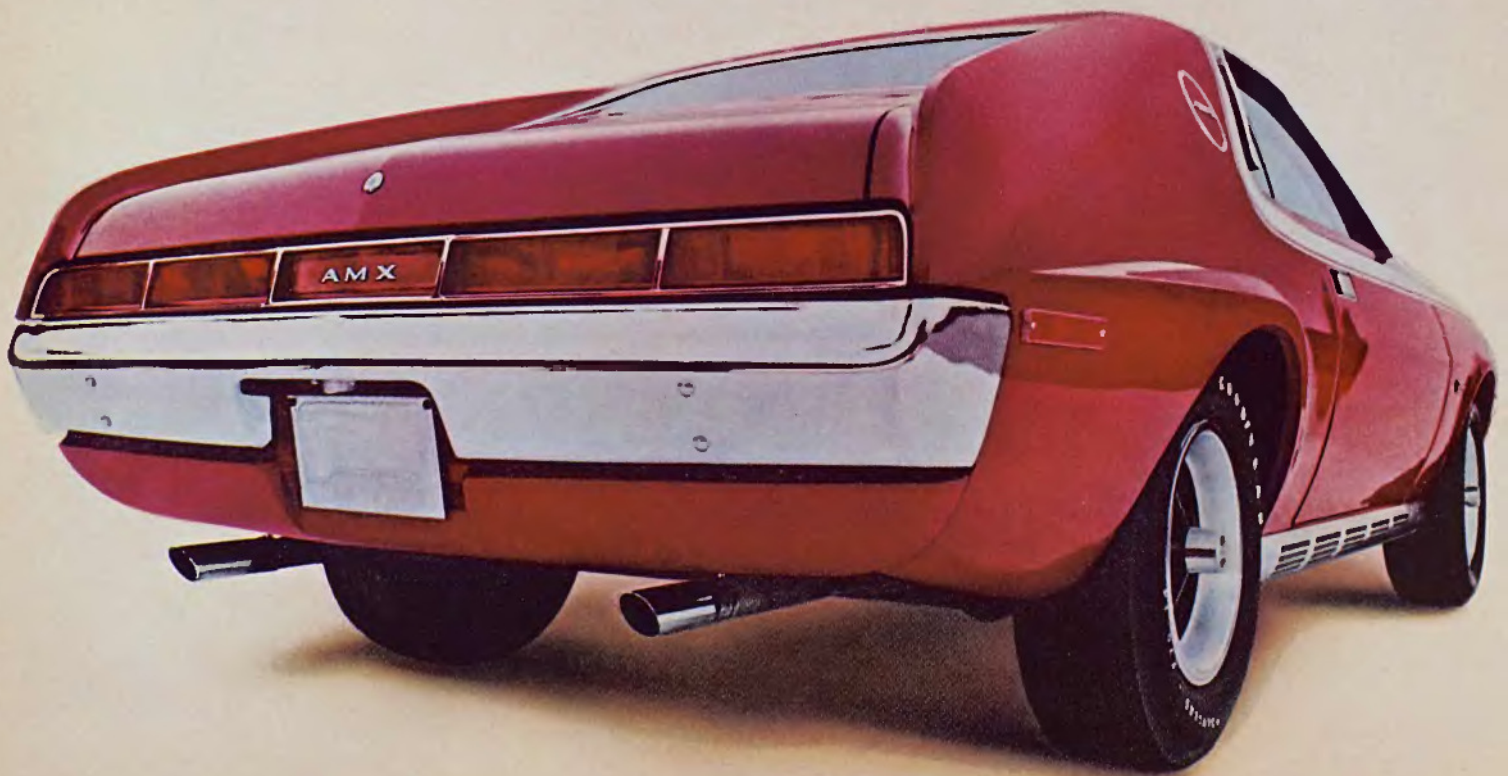
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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### SHEDDING A LITTLE LIGHT

If there is a hot line on your bush telegraph that connects to the Grand Panther himself, please drum out my appreciation for Eldridge Cleaver's *The Flashlight* (December 1969). I am one of a growing number of Europeans who find themselves in a state of baffled admiration for the City of Angels and am just finishing a book on Angeleno architecture and the human ecology of which it forms a part; Cleaver's affectionate memoir of life "in the projects" will have an honored place in the bibliography. He evokes aspects of Los Angeles rarely observed by the kind of hit-and-run urban expert who monopolizes discussions of the city with denunciations of its alienations and horrors. Cleaver tells it like it is—if you take the trouble to find the good places and understand what's good about them.

Reyner Banham  
University College  
London, England

*Mr. Banham is a prominent English architectural writer, author of "The Well Tempered Architectural Environment."*

I consider *The Flashlight* one of the best pieces of contemporary fiction that I have read, in the manner of Richard Wright but with Cleaver's own touch.

Maxwell Geismar  
Harrison, New York

*A well-known literary critic, Mr. Geismar is the author of "Henry James and the Jacobites" and editor of "The Portable Thomas Wolfe," among others.*

### HOMAGE TO RONALD SEARLE

With all due respect to John Huston, I would love to play Toulouse-Lautrec again if Searle would direct as he draws (*Homage to Toulouse-Lautrec*, December 1969).

José Ferrer  
Croton-on-Hudson, New York

I could not believe my eyes when I saw Searle's *Homage*. Such direct, hard-hitting graphic art can bring back the bad old days of Rowlandson, Hogarth, Gillray, Daumier and Guys. What you are doing is undermining the safe, sweet stuff, the lifted eyebrow and the dainty pink-teacup social drawings that litter so

many of our publications. The roaring, savage comments on life by the great artists have been put out to pasture. The tearing political cartoons of Nast and others have now become polite line and form, with labels attached, so we know whom we are spanking.

So think it over before you let red meat (and such pretty asses) back into the graphic artists' world. As we grow closer to the tick of the doomsday bomb, the right thing is to withdraw from the true comment and the powerful draftsmanship, from the artist who thumbs his nose at the dull and banal life of our much-flogged society. I am against letting the public in on so many goodies.

Stephen Longstreet  
Beverly Hills, California

*Mr. Longstreet is a novelist, playwright, art critic and painter, whose credits include "High Button Shoes" (a play), "The Pedlocks" (a novel) and screenplays for "The Jolson Story," "The Greatest Show on Earth," et al.*

### GENIUSES ON GENIUS

Robert Graves (*Genius*, PLAYBOY, December 1969) is, by general repute, the most distinguished essayist and poet writing in English and to be cited by him as a "remarkable contemporary genius" undoubtedly gives one a lift, but it is also disturbing.

It makes it difficult for a scientist in reasonably good standing with his peers to admit that he is a genius, if, by so doing, he must be prepared to forsake deadening logic for living emotion and poetry. I hope that I have been an honest experimentalist; at times, I have felt more than a little guilty as a theoretician for trying to leap too far from what can be immediately subjected to experimental test.

Yet, with another corner of my mind, I would like to believe what Graves propounds. There is a curious ambiguity about the way a new approach grows on one. The theory to which Graves refers is known to my colleagues as "Burnet's clonal selection theory of immunity." It did not arise in a lightning flash nor in any other esoteric fashion, but as a result of pondering a year or two on some phenomena that seemed to be interrelated but that would not make sense. I

# For the man with a lot of living to do.

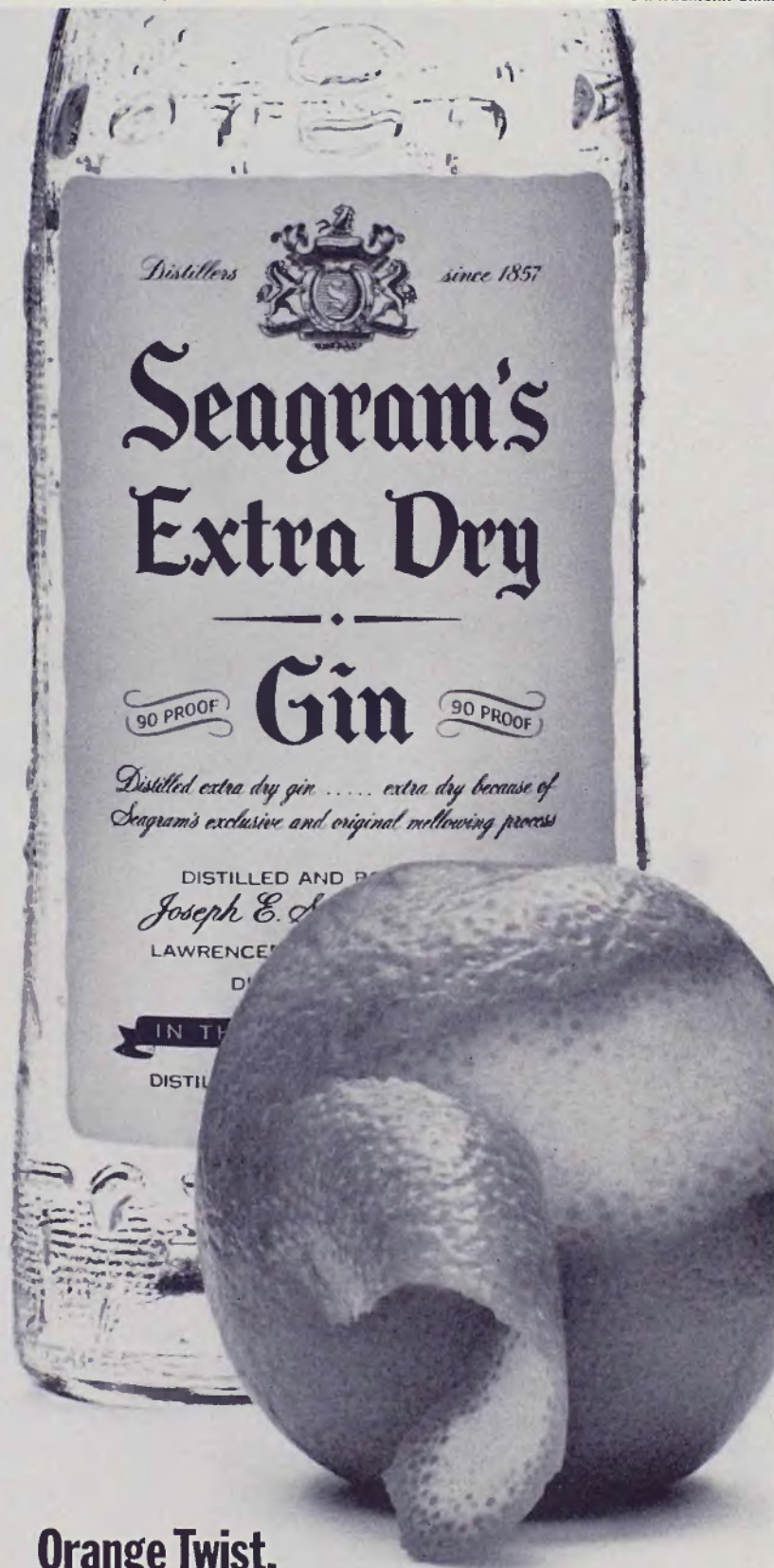


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scribbled many schemes and diagrams until, in September 1957, things suddenly fell into place; I think most immunologists would agree that the two-page paper I published then contains all the essentials of the modern theory. Somewhat against both my Scottish and my scientific consciences, I think there may be something that corresponds to Graves's "cosmic coincidence" by which what is almost a foreknowledge of the final form allows creative achievement.

There is an infinite complexity in human thought and behavior. It is all there in the great nerve knot of the brain, but for some things of the mind, I am willing to believe that the poet may be able to interpret them better than the scientist.

F. M. Burnet  
Parkville, Australia

As one who has thought and written on genius over the course of years, I am pleased to see your excellent treatment by one who is himself a genius—Robert Graves. The subject of genius has been very little considered psychologically up to the present century. Lombroso was one of the first to do so and I am glad to see Graves attack his strange equating of genius with madness.

The author somewhat dodges the question of whether genius is a difference in kind or only in degree. I once made a pilgrimage to W. Somerset Maugham to ascertain his opinion on this subject. He agreed with me that genius is a difference only in degree, just as steam differs from water only through heightened processes of heat, though there are those who ardently assert that the genius is a rare person different from all others, a sort of superman.

Another problem of genius, of which Robert Graves plays around the edges, is whether or not genius is a masculine prerogative. Is great creativeness a gift of the male hormone? Women, it is true, have written great novels, but they have painted no great pictures, composed no great music, carved no great statues nor written much poetry of the highest rank. Perhaps it is too early in the history of the liberated female to assess her full powers.

Stanwood Cobb  
Chevy Chase, Maryland

*Mr. Cobb is the author of "Discovering the Genius Within You" and "The Importance of Creativity."*

It is something of a tour de force to write an article on genius without using the "in" synonym, creativity. Graves is undoubtedly on the ball in distinguishing genius from intellect. Although high intelligence may facilitate genius, the two qualities are, indeed, distinct. The intelligent mind is quick to solve problems and to correlate data and can be evaluated by tests. The truly creative mind, however, produces concepts of



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novelty that can be recognized only after the fact and that, like so-called parapsychological phenomena, are not amenable to the standardization that precedes measurement.

As author, Graves is privileged to define genius as he will, to include such qualities as love or humility among its determinants. It is possible, however, that by confounding psychological and moral qualities, he may obscure our understanding of the subject. Rather more disturbing is Graves's ungenerous treatment of scientists and technologists. Even the most specialized and abstract among these "new men" may have private visions that would surprise a poet. It is the hope of some that technology can provide the basis for a new, more humane Athens in which the slaves are unfeeling automata of copper, silicon and steel; it is their fear that clamoring humanity may overwhelm these hopes by the sheer pressure of numbers.

Whether from ignorance, distaste or merely a preference for a classical age, one cannot safely ignore the intellectual history of the past half millennium or the past century. Surely, intelligence is rare and should be cultivated; genius is rarer and should be cherished where it is found. Yet our real problem, which will be solved by neither, is in constructing a society where there is a decent, respected, satisfying place for men of all degrees. There is no sane alternative to a feeling of magnanimity in all men toward all men. It remains to be seen whether poets or scientists will do more to generate such feeling among all of us.

Sander Rubin, Chairman  
American Mensa Committee  
New York, New York

#### OF TASTE AND WASTE

Dr. Alan Watts's eloquent December 1969 article, *Murder in the Kitchen*, is one of the finest you've published to date. It reflects a superior understanding of the cosmos and of the delicate and intricate balance that exists among all life in our ecological system. We really should try "getting it all together"—soon—before it's too late.

Trent Anderson  
Sausalito, California

Often, as a truck crammed with confused cattle has passed me on the highway, I've visualized a garbage can at the curb of some zip-in, zip-out restaurant, filled with half-eaten cheapie burgers, and wondered why those wretched animals have to be brought to life and then slaughtered for the whim of some freckle-faced kid who digs hamburgers. Some would say concern for animals is childish; but in this light, it seems that adolescence is simply an apprenticeship to the grand level of Exploiter. Perhaps we might better rename some of our aspirations of life: Grand Fouler of the



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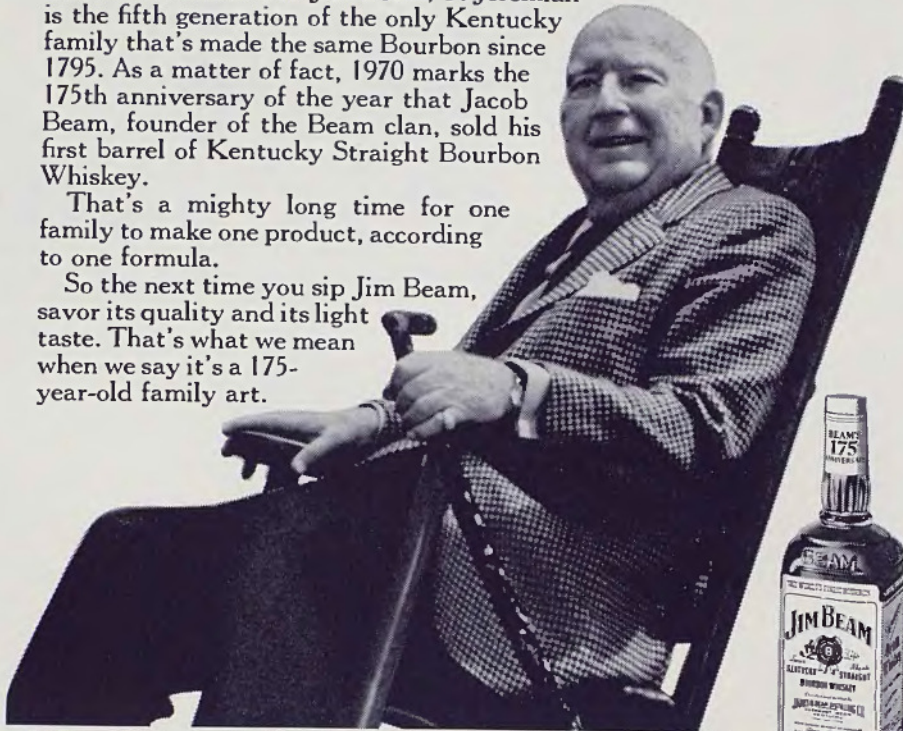


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Marco M. Pardi  
Department of Anthropology  
Washington University  
St. Louis, Missouri

### EROTIC POLITICS

Tim Leary speaks the simple truth when he brags of creating more human happiness than "any Ph.D. in the history of the American Psychological Association" (*Episode and Postscript*, December 1969). If Dr. Leary's "Erotic politics" succeeds, he will have saved us not only from the bum trip of the present system but also from the real downer of a violent revolution and firing squads at dawn. In that case, he will be the most successful psychologist in history.

Frank Hodge  
New York, New York

### SING ME A SONG

For me, Tiny Tim's December 1969 article, *The Great Crooners*, was an emotional experience, a bit of nostalgia about the beautiful art of ballad singing of bygone days. I also wish to thank you for including me among the well-known singers of that era, all of whom I knew very well.

The Rev. William Robyn Rubin  
Temple Israel Center  
White Plains, New York

Tiny Tim's article sent chills down my spine. I used to think that T. T. was some kind of freak who made fine music; and when I saw that PLAYBOY had included him among the December 1969 contributors, I thought, "Oh, wow, this is going to be a laugh!" I was born at the start of the Fifties, right after the crooners had begun to be superseded by Elvis Presley and other great rock-'n'-rollers, and I've always been interested in knowing the kind of music my parents dug. Tim's article is vivid, colorful and fascinating; he writes with real sincerity and warmth.

Cheryl Arnold  
Columbus, Ohio

### CLOSING THE GAP

*Cross the Border, Close the Gap* by Leslie A. Fiedler (December 1969) raises the basic matter of post-modernism in literature and the collapse of literary criticism. As early as Joseph Conrad's reference to his work: "It is above all that you may see," and throughout the decades until the Forties, literature and criticism, along with the plastic arts, began a program of deliberate perceptual training. Leslie Fiedler is kind enough to allude to some of my work. I regard the book *Through the Vanishing Point: Space in Poetry and Painting* that I did with Harley Parker, the painter, as a new kind of criticism that crosses all artistic



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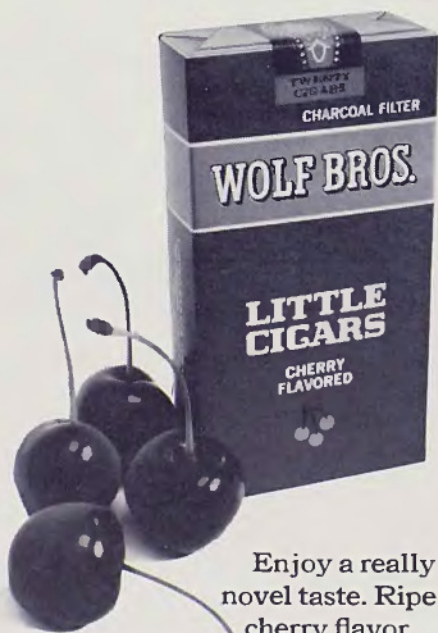
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and cultural frontiers, geographical and temporal, in the interest of training the perception of changing spatial forms.

The unconscious hang-up of the Western world is its assumption that space is a connected and uniform container. The Western world is unaware that visual space (and all its social and psychic derivatives) is a unique Western artifact. This assumption greatly inhibits our ability to explore our own or any other culture. *Through the Vanishing Point*, therefore, is an effective tool kit for probing the multisensuous varieties of space that artists have always sought to make available to us. I suggest that this is necessarily the new criticism for the space age.

In the Thirties, the new criticism had attempted an audile-tactile invasion of the verbal universe. T. S. Eliot's famous account of "the auditory imagination" has become an ordinary form of awareness; but *Finnegans Wake*, as a comprehensive study of the psychic and social dynamics of all media, remains to be brought into the *waking* life of our world.

Marshall McLuhan  
Toronto, Ontario

#### MAKING IT THE HARD WAY

I found *Soft-Core Pornography Made Easy* (December 1969) delightful and I salute you for publishing it. It's been my personal belief, however, that people should spend less time making pornography and more time making love. The best time to let your imagination run wild is when you're in bed with a woman.

Ralph Ginzburg  
New York, New York

#### FEAST AND FAMINE

*Hunger in America* in your December 1969 issue deals with the complete reality of what is happening in our country. Senator Javits' suggested programs to counteract the problem of hungry Americans are quite interesting.

I feel that the Federal Government should definitely take a stand on the kinds of food available to the poor and great emphasis should be on the dried fortified vitamin-supplemented foods that the poor are now receiving. The food-stamp program compelling the individual to stand in line is the most degrading and humiliating process one can be put through and should be changed.

John Wooten, Executive Director  
Black Economic Union  
Cleveland, Ohio

#### BOUDOIR BACKFIELD

Dearest Joe Namath: I am writing this letter to you in care of PLAYBOY as I have been unable to locate you since your Superbowl victory in January 1969. After reading that marvelous interview in the December 1969 PLAYBOY about your "extraordinary" sexual prowess and "incredible" longevity in the boudoir, I now realize what a naïve, fool-

ish child I was to have turned you down those twelve (12) times you asked me for a date (*Oh, my careless folly!*). Joe, darling, if I could have known then what I know now about your "fantastic amorous abilities," I would have turned you down only six (6) of those times. After all, Joe, a girl's gotta rest sometime (*Oh, chastity, where is thy sting?*).

However, my dearest treasure, I can certainly understand why you have chosen another in place of me (*Oh, be still, my jealous libido!*).

But Joe, darling, I haven't thrown in the towel yet. Every day, religiously, I have been going to the gym, getting myself in shape for our first big affair together. Which, by the way, will be televised as an impromptu five-hour special on *The Wide World of Sports*.

Kaye Stevens

Los Angeles, California

P. S. If this five-hour special is too much of a strain on you, we can always work out a *Five-Minute Sports Wrap-up*.

I believe Joe Namath is that rare type of person who knows what he wants out of life—and has finally reached a stage where he has the freedom to say what he believes. Few people reach it without the boss putting the finger on them. I'm all for Joe, if he believes in what he says. You know the old saying: "Different strokes for different folks."

I was with the Baltimore Colts for two years and the New York Giants for one; I'm now with the Boston Patriots. Allie Sherman wouldn't let me wear sideburns in New York, so I know a little bit about the freedom to do as one pleases.

Barry Brown  
Pompano Beach, Florida

#### IT'S ALL IN THE STEW

Robert Sheckley's view of the world as one huge vegetable stew (*Cordle to Onion to Carrot*, December 1969) was not only entertaining, it was also instructional. I could hardly wait to take it to heart and put it to practice, but I'm forced to report Professor Sheckley must have skipped a lesson. They hated me in Chicago, despised me in Denver and pronounced me insufferable in San Francisco—and I have the bruises, contusions, lacerations, chipped teeth and bloody nose to prove it!

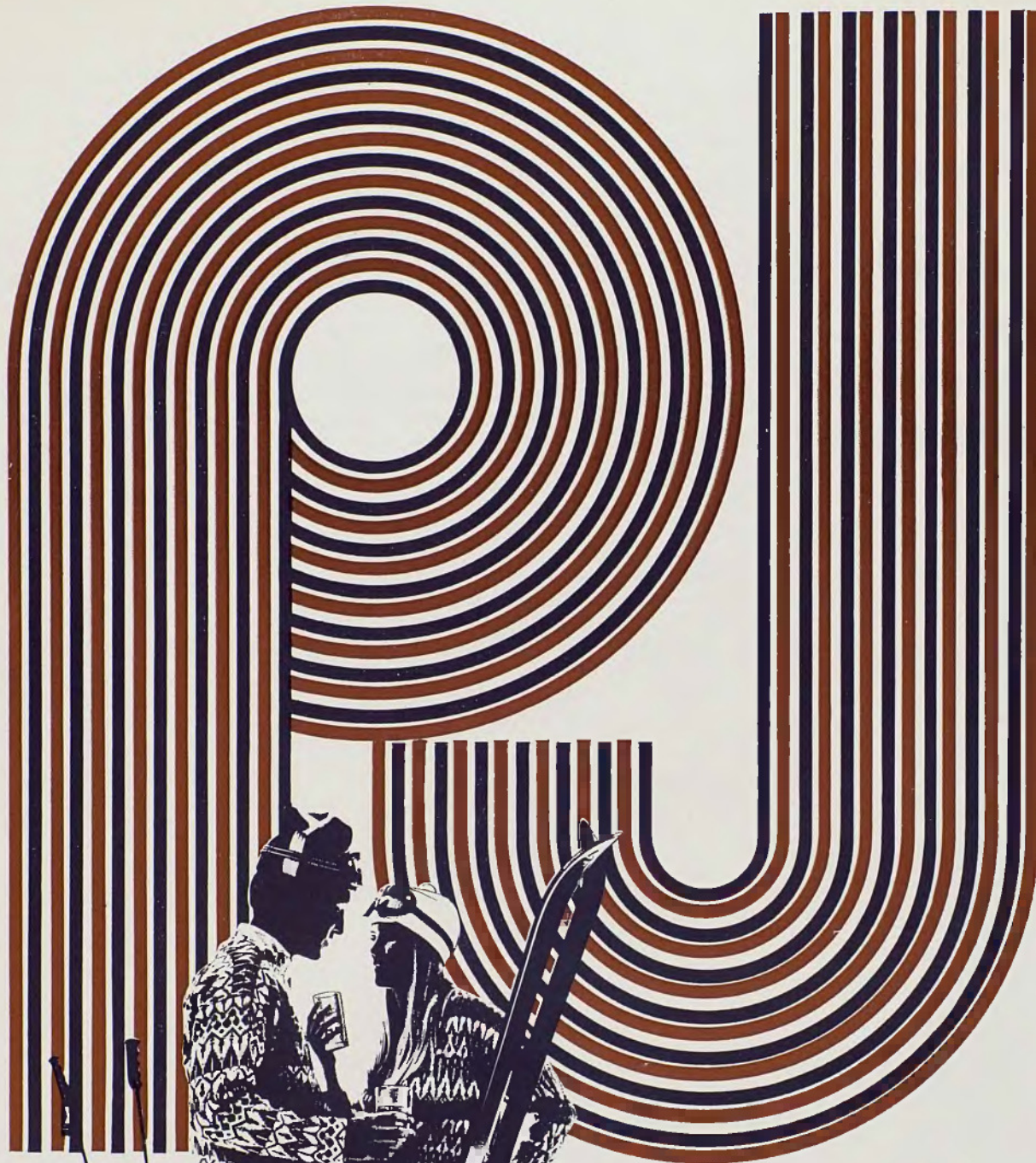
Robert Courtney  
San Francisco, California

#### HAND IN GLOVE

Ray Robinson's article on Cassius Clay (*Sugar and Clay*, December 1969) was excellent. Ray was direct and simple in his description of Cassius, a nice fellow who tried to do it all and got fouled up in the process.

Whenever a fight is arranged for me, my people always say, "We are going to fight Jerry Quarry" or "We will win in





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five rounds." I quickly learned something was wrong about that "we." When "we" reached the ring and the bell clanged, all of a sudden it was "me" and the other guy in the ring. But the opposite is true, too, as taxes, contracts, investments and picking opponents are not my bag. Learning and applying my skill is enough. I think this was Clay's mistake. He tried to handle everything. He is a great boxer and a great showman, but no one man can be everything.

Joe Frazier  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I found *Sugar and Clay* most enjoyable. I don't like Clay's mouth, but there is one thing you can't take away from him, and that is, the man can box. The Boxing Commission took his title because he refused to be inducted into the Armed Forces. Maybe Clay was wrong, but the Boxing Commission, in my opinion, is worse than Clay could ever be; it allowed the man's religion, and probably his race, to cloud its judgment. Clay's crown should not have been taken away until he was convicted, but apparently the commission could care less.

Jack E. Johnson, Jr.  
Imperial, California

#### A GIFT OF BOFFS

What with the world being in the state that it's in, it's not very often you get a chance to laugh. For myself, at least, your Christmas issue was a Christmas present of humor, from Woody Allen's *Snow White?* to Joseph Heller's *Love, Dad*, from *Playboy's Christmas Cards* to the jokes and cartoons. Thanks again for a magnificent issue—and the priceless gift of laughter.

Nat Goodman  
Brooklyn, New York

#### THE BAD-BOOK WRITERS

Mr. Skow's reporting, in *The Harold Robbins Co.* (PLAYBOY, December 1969), leaves a little to be desired. His suggestion that "sales of *The Exhibitionist* picked up smartly and capriciously, only when Henry Sutton turned out to be David Slavitt, a young poet gone wrong" makes for a nice conceit, but is not accurate. My "cover" was blown a month before publication date by a story in the *New York Post* and, the next day, in *The New York Times*. There was no time at which the book "did poorly in the bookstores," as Skow suggests.

In a larger, more poetic way, of course, he is quite right to be fanciful, make it up and fit it into the myths he carries around with him. That he turns me into "a kind of little all-American Faust" is flattering, I guess. But mythmaking is the name of the game, and Skow is as much a sob sister as any of us.

David R. Slavitt, President  
The Henry Sutton Co.  
Miami, Florida

I suppose John Skow could do poor Mr. Robbins no greater disservice than evaluating him along with the grannies. Candidly, I'm not distressed by Mr. R. nor by the later stream-of-unconsciousness boys and girls.

Pornography bores me, whether hardcore or "sentimental." I've thought for some time that the candid (rather than *Candide*) trend in fiction is strangling a healthy manifestation of human nature—and you will forgive Whistler's grandma for asking plaintively whatever happened to romantic love, which was (and rightly so) also concerned with s-x?

Oh, well, Mary Quant is said to be bringing back the romantic-novel look—and recently, in Cleveland, where I spoke with other writers, I heard Sybil Leek predict that the fever has dropped and if one plans to write any kind of pornography, don't! My felicitations to Mr. Skow on his brilliant and very funny article.

Faith Baldwin  
Norwalk, Connecticut

Forgive the treasurer's report, but, despite tremendous muscle from the outside to keep it under wraps, *The King* sold, in America, 49,000 copies in its hardcover edition and 2,500,000 copies in its paperback edition. It was on the best-seller lists in its British hardcover edition and has so far sold 500,000 copies in its British paperback. *The King* died broke? Mr. Skow should live and be well for 120 years and then die as broke as *The King* and the undersigned.

Morton Cooper  
Stamford, Connecticut

John Skow accuses me of writing "granny novels" and having only granny readers. Over the past ten years, my secretaries and I have been keeping score on my enormous fan mail and found that *over 78 percent of my readers were young men*. I have *never* written a sweet romance: My novels are about men, especially warmongers, politicians, venal industrialists, etc.; my comparatively few women fans often complain of the lack of romance and love in my novels. Yes, I have been a grandmother since I was 39. The girls in my family didn't wait until they were dried-up ladies in their late 20s and early 30s to experience sex.

The thing that impressed me more than anything else was Skow's constant use of \$1,000,000 terms. I could just see him licking his lips with envy. An entertainer supported and advanced by the mob is given tender loving care in the press and builds up a fortune, even though he can't entertain. But let a novelist make a little money and the critics are outraged.

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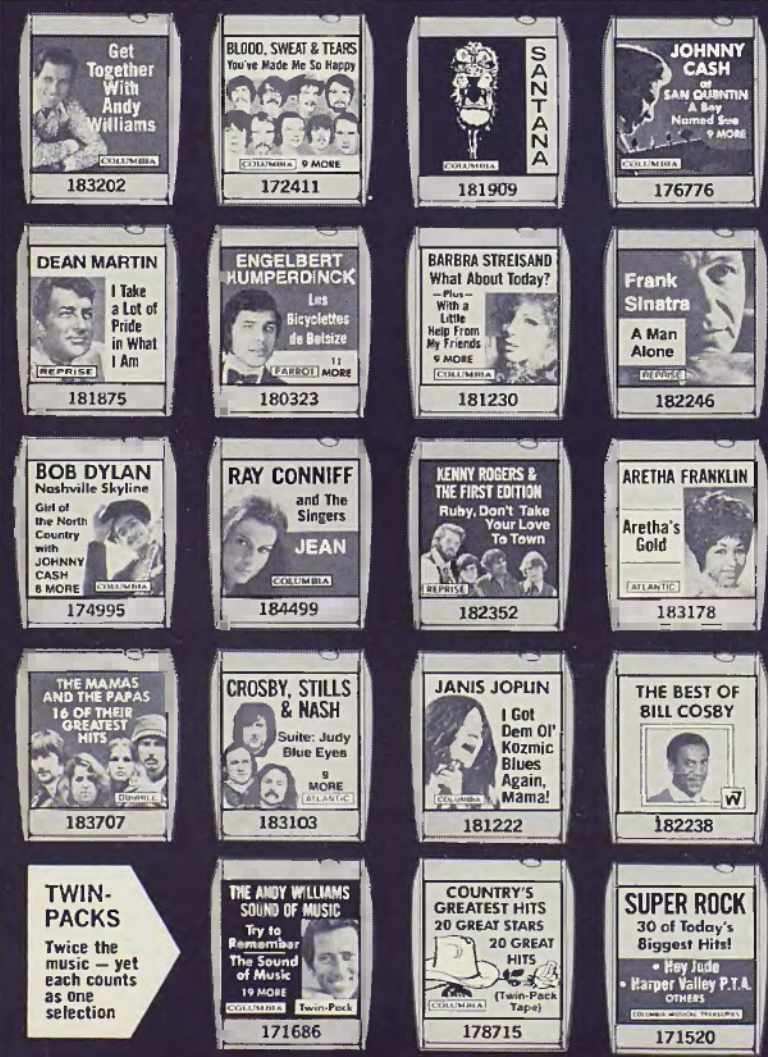
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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Just to show Spiro Agnew that we're not among those effete intellectual snobs who are always criticizing things, we'd like to say a few kind words about the Pentagon. Smug peaceniks condemn it at the drop of a bomb for such peccadilloes as its mind-expanding budget and its scorched-earth policy in Vietnam—but they simply haven't looked at all five sides of the question. Admittedly, this much-maligned institution has shown a certain abiding affection for war, but this doesn't mean that it likes to see people killed. Not American people, at any rate.

By way of proving that it regards the death of U. S. fighting men as a basically undesirable by-product of war, the Department of Defense has allocated \$600,000 to the University of Mississippi's psychology department for a three-year study of the use of birds as replacements for men in the war game. According to the contract, reports *The Washington Daily News*, the project will evaluate the efficiency of such winged warriors in defense activities that are dangerous, difficult, expensive or boring. This would seem to encompass *all* military activities, but the contract cites only such possibilities as "aerial photography, gunnery, steering of missiles, detection of mines and search-and-destroy missions." Despite the obvious humanitarian implications, there are those who might think that \$600,000 for such a study is somewhat extravagant; but we'd like to point out that the same amount pays for only about two minutes of wartime as it is now fought by humans in Vietnam—which means that, dollar for dollar, birds are a much better buy.

Even if the University of Mississippi finds that birds make suitable soldiers, the Pentagon faces some tough interrogation by Congress before funds for the full fowlization of our military are appropriated. We can imagine the consternation of some Senators when this proposal comes before their committees. We hope the birdmen of the Pentagon will prepare their case well, for they will have to defend themselves against the attacks of both the anti-Pentagon forces,

who will loudly claim that this is just another wild Pentagon extravaganza, and the pro-military faction, who will resent the implication that America's Armed Forces could be handled better by a bunch of birdbrains. Imagine the scene in the committee room of Mississippi's Senator Stennis:

"General, did I understand you right? You plan to make the security of this nation—indeed, of the entire Western world—the responsibility of birds?"

"Well, Senator, I'll admit it sounds a little strange at first, but we have this professor at the University of Mississippi who has been doing research into this matter. His results prove that birds are not only adequate in many military capacities but can actually perform some functions far more efficiently than men."

"Indeed. And just how do you plan to go about the organizing and training of this exotic force?"

"We would probably have to build new training areas in those parts of the country that would offer good climatic conditions—probably in the Southern United States. Mississippi would be ideal. And training procedures would have to be developed through research, most of which would be done by the University of Mississippi, since it did the basic work in this area."

"Your plan does have some merit, at that. Do you have any questions, Senator Symington?"

"I certainly do. I've always known war was for the birds, but I'd like to know just how you plan to deploy this flock of yours to ensure against a surprise attack by a squadron of Chinese chickadees or Cuban parakeets."

"In addition to SAC bird bases in secret locations throughout the U. S. and the free world, Senator, we also have in mind a highly trained, highly mobile wing, some elements of which will be airborne at all times."

"But, General, have you taken into account the possibility that the Communist bloc might develop a new weapon that could completely neutralize our defense effort—an electronic mating call, hallucinogenic birdseed, anti-birdcraft BB

guns or something even more sinister?"

"Yes, sir, we've considered all that. We feel that there is no insurance against being pre-empted by a technological breakthrough; but part of any national defense program involving birds of war would be adequate funding for research and development of a viable ornithological deterrent to enemy counterattack. But I'd like to go on record, Senator, as saying that there is no bird in the world that can lick the American eagle."

Once the appropriations hurdle is cleared, the range of possibilities for expanding the program is infinite: Pigeons could be trained to foul enemy leaders whenever they appeared publicly; vigilant hawks could maintain constant surveillance of hostile territory (such as college campuses) for signs of subversive peace doves; albatrosses could act as kamikazes by hanging themselves around the necks of enemy generals; owls could question prisoners with a relentless "Who? Who?"; peacocks could replace rear-echelon staff officers, with no loss of dash or strut. In terms of administration, the Audubon Society could certainly take over all of Rand's functions as a military think tank, and Alfred Hitchcock would be the natural choice for chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The use of this mercenary force, of course, would not be entirely without its problems. Considering the proclivity of birds of a feather for flocking together—sometimes called the Jim Crow syndrome—it may be difficult to enforce the policy of desegregation that presently prevails throughout the Armed Forces. Wars, furthermore, may have to be scheduled seasonally, since entire divisions will go winging South in the fall. And what punishment will the law mete out to a hunter who inadvertently shoots down the Chief of Naval Operations? Should the penalty be less severe if the officer is out of uniform? Would it be unseemly to stuff a fallen hero? Or to eat him? But surely these difficulties will not prove insurmountable to the organization that gave us the F-111.

Once these initial bugs have been ironed out, a glorious new day may be



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on hand; animals of all descriptions, land-bound as well as airborne, can assume the tiresome chores of military security and warfare. We might, for example, train an elite corps of ground hogs to undermine enemy fortifications and infiltrate underground bunkers. Snakes, spiders and skunks could take over chemical warfare with a vengeance, and dolphins (although they may be too smart to play the game) would make a fine submarine service. With this take-over complete, military casualties would thereafter be dismissed as lightly as the usual assault on our wildlife by sportsmen, forest fires and automobiles; defense budgets would be cut to a fraction of their present levels and the protest movement would be reduced to a crusade without a cause. But there's one deadly drawback: Just as the nation breathed a collective sigh of relief in the belief that social tranquillity had returned to America, a militant new anti-war organization would rear its head. The SDS would be replaced by the A. S. P. C. A.

"HIGH SCHOOLERS PUT OUT DAILY," declared the University of Oklahoma's student newspaper in a banner headline. Hoping for a hot story from the front lines of the sexual revolution, we were disappointed to discover that the day's edition of the paper had been assembled by 25 visiting high school journalists.

With typical British understatement, *The Times* of London carried the following classified ad: "Man needed to play part of Beethoven in small film. Must be good pianist."

Our 1970 census takers are in for a big surprise, if you can believe this U. P. release from Waco, Texas: "Almost 11,000,000 persons live in Texas, an increase of about 11,420,000 since April 1940."

The *Los Angeles Free Press* and other newspapers, both above and below ground, now run advertisements for shaved-beaver films.

The *Chicago Daily News* reports that a West Berliner asked the Russian army at the border for asylum in the Soviet Union: "The Russian army apparently knows a nut when it sees one. It called the West Berlin police."

An outdoor bulletin board of a Baptist church in Richmond, Virginia, encourages passers-by to COME IN AND GET YOUR FAITH LIFTED.

Our Ohio correspondent tells us that a mayor's committee formed to solve Toledo's meeting-space problems had to delay





*Seville Spain.  
We walked along cobbled streets, past the  
Moorish Alcazar which stands in the shadow of  
the old Cathedral... and on through the narrow  
twisted lanes of Santa Cruz. The city was  
hot, and silent in siesta. And there, on the  
corner, framed by orange trees... a friendly  
tavern... and a familiar face.*



*Canadian Club*  
"The Best In The House" in 87 lands





**The Americans were  
the first to have it, of course.**

Lufthansa, the German airline. We ordered the world's largest and fastest jetliner, the Boeing 747, two months after Boeing had decided to build it.

We made up our minds faster than most airlines. (In fact we were

the second to order it.) Not because we needed the 747 faster. But because it has always been our policy to fly you with the most advanced equipment.

(Lufthansa was the first airline in the world to have the Boeing 737.

The first in Europe to have the Boeing 727. And we'll be the first in the world to have the 747 freighter.)

But right now you're probably more curious about our nice new plane than about our nice policy.

Here are some facts.



# But look who's second.



The 747 is 231 feet long, and the top of the tail is higher than a five-story building.

Each of its four engines has approximately twice the power of the largest commercial jet engine in use today. Yet inside the plane

it's even quieter than in current jetliners.

The cabin is 20 feet wide and 185 feet long. It's divided into five sections. So that each looks like a big living room. In four rooms we'll show movies. One is reserved for people

who don't want to watch movies. It's also the first plane with two aisles. And a plane with a bar-lounge upstairs.

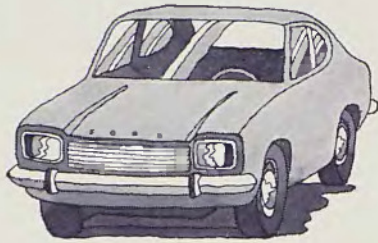
Which is about the nicest place to have a drink to the new era of aviation.



**Lufthansa**



# Eight things our car can do that your car can't.



## Hertz car

1. Our car can change shape. It can become a convertible. A station wagon. A luxury sedan. Even a sports car.

2. Our car is disposable. When you're finished using it, leave it behind at any Hertz office. Which means practically everywhere.

3. Our car runs when yours doesn't. If your car breaks down, we have a Ford or other fine car waiting to replace it.

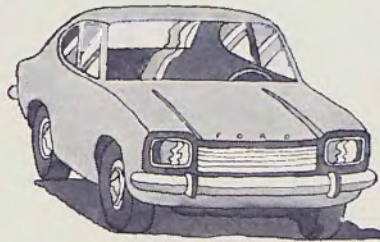
4. Our car is waiting at almost every major airport. A simple, local phone call to a Hertz office will reserve it for you — worldwide.

5. Our car can be rented quickly. Hertz rental representatives can help you get out of the Hertz office almost as fast as you got into it.

6. Our car replaces itself every year or so. It's almost impossible to rent an old car from Hertz.

7. Our car inspects itself before you drive it, with the help of some highly skilled personnel who make the 19-point checkup standard Hertz practice.

8. Our car and a plane can actually save you money on a business trip.



## Your car

1. Hopefully, your car won't change its shape while you own it.

2. Your wife may ask questions if you don't bring your car home.

3. The repair man says it'll just be a few more days.

4. Your car is at one airport. Probably, the one you just left.

5. You can probably get into your car just as fast, but you won't have a pretty Hertz counter girl to help you.

6. You can match us on this point, but it might be expensive.

7. If you made our 19-point checkup every morning, you'd probably be late for work.

8. Figure road expenses, overnight accommodations, food, depreciation and wasted time, and you'll see what we mean.



## A better way to go.



its first meeting when it could find no place to meet.

Things being what they are these days, Harvard University Press officials were only mildly surprised when, at a national conference on crime and delinquency recently held in Boston, 28 books from the Harvard exhibit, most of them on the subject of crime, were stolen.

An issue of *The New York Times* carried an ad for the movie premiere of Nicol Williamson's *Hamlet*, describing it as "the love story of Hamlet and Ophelia," and proclaiming in even larger letters, "From the author of *Romeo and Juliet*."

We are pleased to learn from *The Wall Street Journal* that the Cornell University library is seeking donations of early issues of *PLAYBOY*. The library bulletin announced that such contributions are tax deductible, and went on to say, "Early issues are almost unattainable on the scholarly book market, especially in complete state, with the centerfold that researchers are known to find of particular interest."

## ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

*Vic Damone* is one of those quietly dynamic masters of the vocal art who can handle a Jimmy Van Heusen love lyric or a Jim Webb ballad with equal ease. When Vic strolled onto the stage of the Empire Room in Chicago's Palmer House, he looked for all the world as if he were window-shopping—except for the microphone in his hand. But he was soon working his wonders on middle-aged mothers and miniboppers alike. Damone prefers to perform right out there among his audiences; finding that difficult to do in a place the size of the Empire Room, he completely killed the house lights and called for a single spot. Then, alone in its radiant ring, he drew the crowd close to him with only the warmth of his voice working over such contemporary classics as *The Look of Love* and *Little Green Apples*. Next, he sang *What Good Is My Life?* and a cute young thing nearby seemed eager to volunteer an answer. He did, in fact, borrow an honest-to-God member of the audience for an impromptu bump and grind that attested to the relaxed atmosphere of his act. Eight years ago, while doing a run at another Chicago club, Damone discovered his current musical director, pianist Joe Parnello. Since that time, Parnello has put together a band that belts or caresses as it backs the star's efforts in the best manner of supporting casts throughout showbiz. After a dozen numbers, Damone had put himself and the audience



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2. Entries must be postmarked no later than May 31, 1970 and received not later than June 15, 1970. Only one entry per envelope. Random drawing will be conducted by an independent judging organization. Winners will be notified by mail by July 31, 1970.
3. Sweepstakes open to residents of U.S.A. except where prohibited by state or local laws or regulations. Employees and their families of the Dep Corporation, its advertising agency and the judging organization are not eligible.
4. All entries become the property of the Dep Corporation. Decisions of judges are final. List of winners will be available upon written request. Please include stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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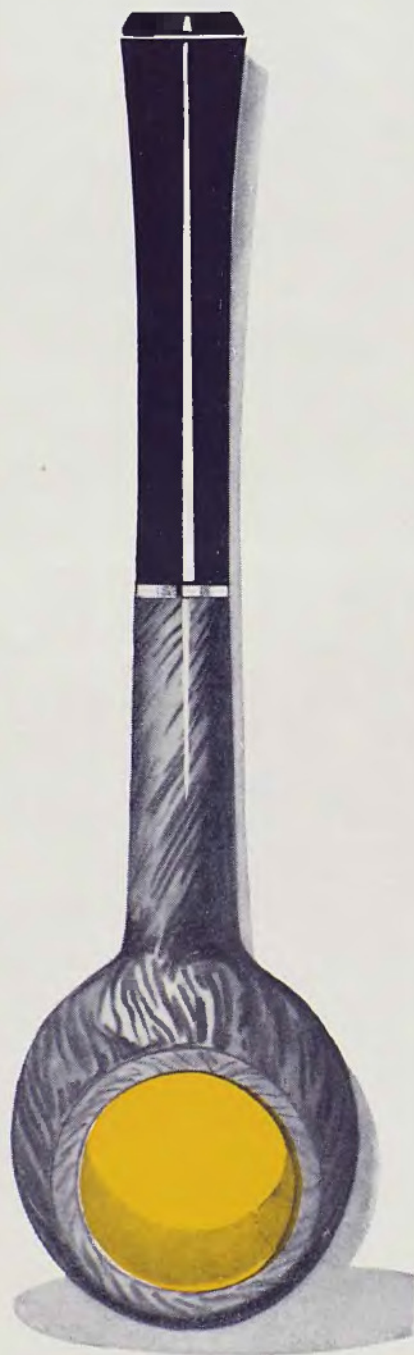


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through an emotional wringer. The opening song in Damone's repertoire was *I Hear Music*, and that everyone did—for sure.

## BOOKS

Seriousness. Saul Bellow recently said, is what is needed in both novel and novelist. His latest work, *Mr. Sammler's Planet* (Viking), is, indeed, serious. Arthur Sammler, a man in his 70s mutilated by this century's history, lives in that fierce vortex of disintegration, New York City, where he sees traditional values ripped and tossed like a rag doll in a mastiff's mouth. One eye smashed to blindness, and left for dead by a Nazi murder squad, the cultured Jew Sammler somehow crawled back to life, to new threats and new savageries. Rescued by a relative, the rich American Dr. Gruner, a figure who combines compassion and corruption in true Bellow style, Sammler and his bizarre daughter take up residence in familiar territory, the West Side of New York, transient home of another of the author's badly mauled heroes, Tommy Wilhelm of *Seize the Day*. Here, one senses, is where the author catches the hot fumes of our topside purgatory at its most sulphurous, and here Sammler and his strange relatives confront one another in postures of love, lust and lostness. Symbol of the times and of the eschatological nature of this novel without a conventional story line is a resplendent Negro pickpocket who exposes himself to Sammler in a scene whose mute and terrifying power captures and illuminates this moment in our history. Once again, in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, the seriousness that lies at the heart of every Bellow work is forcefully present.

Psychotherapists might be wise these days to beware of patients bearing gifts, because the gift may turn out to be *Games Analysts Play* (Putnam), by Dr. Martin Shepard and Marjorie Lee. The book is hardly likely to make Dr. Shepard popular with his colleagues, who may resent his exposure of some of the tricks of their trade (e.g., a useful device employed by the therapist who, having almost fallen asleep, leans forward as though suddenly struck with the importance of the patient's last remarks, which in actuality he hasn't heard, and invites portentously, "Say that again"). But the book won't necessarily please patients, either, especially those who want to believe that psychoanalysts are a superior breed. It is this particular fallacy that Dr. Shepard wants to puncture, since he is convinced that it hampers the therapeutic process. It leads to playing games, and "games exist whenever the therapist's behavior (in word,

deed or silence) is used to disguise his true feelings." Thus, when an analyst is bored, feels guilty over fees, is hostile to a patient or becomes sexually responsive, he uses sleight of mouth to conceal the truth. He dare not admit that he is a human being. But it's precisely as a human being that, in Dr. Shepard's judgment, he can be of most help to his patient. Because it describes patterns that will be familiar to many analysts and patients, this book may change the name of the game from ring-around-a-rosy to truth or consequences. There is no game playing for Arnold Rogow, professor of political science at the City College of New York, who analyzes the analysts in *The Psychiatrists* (Putnam). Rogow portrays psychiatrists and psychoanalysts as functioning members of contemporary society, "people like everyone else and, if anything, more responsible." Thus, it is scarcely surprising to find that many practitioners are increasingly concerned with individual problems as reflections of social problems. The new awareness of a need for social change to promote the growth of healthy human beings holds great promise for American society, because, as Rogow indicates, today's psychiatrists and analysts have among their patients some of the most influential figures in contemporary politics and the arts. Even among the great, the twisted and constricted values first crystallized by mother and father may yet be altered by that great surrogate by the couch, the psychiatrist.

Guilt, fear and rage. These emotions are the currency of any discussion of *Picking Up the Gun* (Dial), a quietly frightening book about the Black Panthers. Written by Earl Anthony, a Panther leader until his expulsion a year ago, this rhetoric-free report depends for its effect almost as much upon the reader as upon the writer. Today, Huey Newton and Bobby Seale are in jail, Cleaver is in exile, Stokely and Rap have split, many have been expelled and many killed—most by police, some by other blacks. And of the 2000 or 3000 Panthers still loyal, all but a few must be well known to the local police and the FBI. So what have they accomplished? Anthony would say a lot—and he'd be right; for the Panthers, whatever their failures and their own excursions into senseless violence, have brought pride even to blacks who have no intention of joining them. To see black men, on TV or in the newspapers, standing up to the cops has had an enormous effect. And pride cometh before a fight. Anthony has no doubt that the Panthers are invariably right in the confrontations that have cost lives on both sides; but although the police certainly harass and hound them, as even the courts do sometimes, we cannot be so certain. More important, however, than





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Any audio engineer or stereo hobbyist will tell you. Marantz builds the world's finest high-fidelity components. And has for fifteen years.

This message, therefore, is not to engineers but to professional musicians, serious music-lovers, and beginning stereo hobbyists. We'd like to introduce you to Marantz.

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Until this year, the least-expensive Marantz stereo component you could buy cost \$300.00. And our FM tuner alone cost \$750.00! To own a Marantz, you either had to be moderately wealthy or willing to put beans on the table for awhile. But it was worth it. And a lot of experts thought so, too, because the word soon got around, and the products sold themselves.

### What The Competition Said

The chief design engineer of a major competitor once said that no one even tries to compete with many of Marantz' sophisticated features; it would be just too expensive. Marantz designs its circuits the same way the aerospace industry designs missiles and jet planes—for utmost performance and reliability.

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Marantz even offers a different tuning experience because you rotate the actual tuning flywheel. This results in the

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### Features, Not Gimmicks

The unique features of a Marantz component are there for only one purpose: to make possible the highest level of listening enjoyment.

That's why we put an oscilloscope in our best components.

An oscilloscope is kind of a TV tube. But instead of the Wednesday Night Movie, it shows you a green wavy line. An electronic picture of the incoming FM radio signal, telling you exactly how to rotate your antenna for minimum multi-path distortion (ghost signals) and maximum signal strength (clarity) even from the weakest stations.

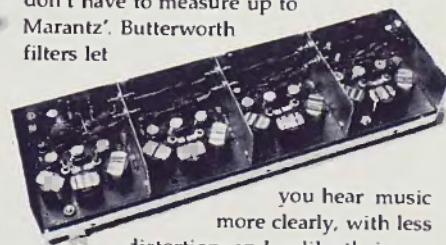
The "scope" also shows correct stereo phasing: that is, if the broadcasting transmitter or your equipment is out of phase. And it lets you set up optimum stereo performance and reception to



create a solid "wall" of sound.

### Butterworth Filters

You've probably never heard of Butterworth filters because practically no one else uses them besides Marantz. And the U.S. Military. Other manufacturers feel they can get by without them. And they can. Because their standards don't have to measure up to Marantz'. Butterworth filters let



you hear music more clearly, with less distortion; and unlike their conventional I.F. coil or filter counterparts, they never need realignment. They help pull in distant FM stations and separate those right next to each other on the dial. Although Butterworths cost more, Marantz designed not one but four of them into their Model 18 receiver.

### Built To Last

Marantz stereo components aren't built in the ordinary way. For example, instead of just soldering connections together with a soldering iron, Marantz uses a highly sophisticated waveflow soldering machine—the type demanded by the Military. The result: perfect, fail-



# Touch Tuning!

proof connections every time.

Even our printed circuit boards are a special type—glass epoxy—built to rigid



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#### Marantz Power Ratings Are True

When someone tells you he has a "100-watt amplifier," ask him how the power was rated. Chances are his 100 watts will shrink to about 75 or 50 or perhaps even as few as 25. The reason is that most manufacturers of stereo amplifiers measure power by an inflated "peak power" or "IHF music/dynamic power."

Marantz states its power as "RMS continuous power" because Marantz believes this is the only method of measurement that is a true, absolute, scientific indication of how much power your amplifier can put out continuously over the entire audible frequency range.

But if Marantz were to use the unscientific conventional method, our Model Sixteen 100-RMS-100 power amplifier could be rated as high as 300 watts.

Moreover, you can depend on Marantz to perform. For example, the Marantz

Model Sixteen can be run all day at its full power rating without distortion (except for neighbors pounding on your wall). That's power. And that's Marantz.

#### Marantz Speaks Louder Than Words

In a way, it's a shame we have to get even semitechnical to explain in words what is best described in the medium of sound. For, after all, Marantz is for the listener. No matter what your choice in music, you want to hear it as closely as possible to the way it was performed.

In spite of what the ads say, you can't really "bring the concert hall into your home." For one thing, your listening room is too small. Its acoustics are different. And a true concert-hall sound level (in decibels) at home would deafen you.

What Marantz does, however, is create components that most closely recreate the sounds exactly as they were played by the musical performers. Components that consistently represent "where it's at" in stereo design. No one gives you as much—in any price range—as Marantz.

#### Every Marantz Is Built The Same Way

Every Marantz component, regardless of price, is built with the same painstaking

craftsmanship and quality materials. That's why Marantz guarantees every instrument for three full years, parts and labor.

#### Now In All Price Ranges

Today, there is a demand for Marantz-quality components in other than very-high price ranges. A demand made by music-lovers who want the very best but must consider their budgets. Though you can easily invest more than \$2000.00 in Marantz components, we now have units starting as low as \$209. True, these lower-priced models don't have all of the same features, but the quality of every Marantz is exactly the same. Marantz quality.

And quality is what Marantz is all about.

#### Hear For Yourself

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innocence or guilt in specific encounters is the existence of a growing black rage. Writing of the incident in which Newton was seriously wounded, one policeman killed and another badly wounded, Anthony says, "This rage is what makes whatever Huey Newton did that morning of October 28 acceptable to me, and whatever Frey and Heanes [the police] did unacceptable." Earl Anthony tells us what it's like to be a Panther. He also tells us *why* he was one. If white America doesn't learn, many more blacks may decide to pick up the gun themselves.

What's true of the act itself is true of the book: When *How to Make Love* (Grove), by Locke McCorkle, is good, it's very, very good, and when it's bad, it's lousy. Most sex manuals turn out to be a kind of *Popular Mechanics* in bed. McCorkle, on the contrary, makes it clear that the spirit and the flesh are one and that only by understanding the spirit can the flesh be aroused. After describing what a woman might want of a man during lovemaking, he writes: "When I say, 'the woman wants . . .,' I don't mean that she wants in the same way she may want a new dress. In sex, she seldom if ever knows what she wants in advance. She discovers what she wants, little by little, as the lovemaking progresses. It's up to the man to provide a sufficiently slow, sensitive and varied approach, so that she can find her own way." Although he gives only superficial treatment to the matter of positions for intercourse and ignores oral pleasures, McCorkle does offer practical suggestions about how to intensify sensual pleasure—and makes it abundantly clear that a man can't tinker with a woman the way he does with a car. He doesn't hesitate to emphasize the importance of trust, tenderness and meditation as essential ingredients in the art of love. His conclusions may startle many a reader. Up to the last few pages, his purpose has been to point the way to better sex, but then he reveals a goal beyond simultaneous orgasm—"the experience of surrender. . . . In its simplest terms, the consummation takes place when the man surrenders himself to the woman, the woman surrenders herself to the man and they both surrender themselves to God." This thought casts a strange light on the book, which comes finally to sound like a *Reader's Digest* essay: "How to Make Love—and Find God."

Someday we may have a revolution in America, but for the moment, the rebels are too busy writing. Occasionally, something sensible slips through the editorial barbed wire—such as Richard E. Rubenstein's *Rebels in Eden* (Little, Brown). Rubenstein theorizes that Americans

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spurn big national revolutions—those once-in-a-lifetime blood baths—in favor of frequent political revolts. These revolts are local, territorial. As Rubenstein points out, "Domestic mass violence has often involved attempts to drive invaders off the out-group's soil and to assert or reassert the group's control over its own affairs." This helps explain the riots in Watts and elsewhere as more than aimless expressions of discontent. The Sioux indulged in the same sort of action when they rode against Custer; ditto for the Ku Klux Klan when it lynched Negroes and carpetbaggers. All were fighting for what they regarded as their turf. Rebels are not always the good guys, notes Rubenstein, but they are invariably the powerless and the disaffected. Today's rebels, he points out, are mostly blacks and students—but he never satisfactorily explains why students rebel. Can their plight be seriously compared with that of the blacks? An affirmative answer comes from *The Student as Nigger* (Contact). In this spiteful little essay, which finally surfaced after two years of underground notoriety, Jerry Farber attempts to prove that schools "exploit and enslave students" and "petrify society." Students, according to Farber, have nothing to lose but their grades. Well, schools do have arbitrary and authoritarian rules; teachers are often incompetent and administrators are sometimes cruel. But the student in this society is hardly a "nigger," and to draw that analogy is to display a lamentable callousness toward the incomparably deeper sufferings of black people. The "best" student revolt to date occurred at Columbia University, and the best book about it to date is Roger Kahn's *The Battle for Morningside Heights* (Morrow). Kahn's subtitle is "Why Students Rebel," and he puts the blame on both Columbia and Vietnam. "It is one thing," he notes, "to be a middle-class idealist, disturbed in an unfair society in which your lot is pretty good. It is another to be an idealist who, upon failing two or three courses, will be dispatched to insensate Asian war." Vietnam made the students edgy, but Columbia itself made them radical. Kahn gives details: the school's cynical treatment of its poverty-stricken tenants, families who occupied slums that Columbia owned for profit and expansion; its clandestine links with the Pentagon; its attempt to establish "gym crow" on Morningside Heights. Kahn is a good storyteller; and as he goes over the bloody terrain—the brutal cops, the suave administrators, the noisy leftists, the helpless professors and the apple-checked idealists—one becomes convinced that this was, indeed, a genuine rebellion. It was much too anarchic, tragic and slapstick to be mere street theater. A different view of campus life by a different Kahn is *Harvard—Through Change and Through Storm* (Norton), E. J. Kahn,

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Jr.'s loving report on the myths and realities of his alma mater, which concludes that, all things considered, Harvard is rather magnificent in every conceivable way. And after reading about the school's remarkable academic accomplishments, social attitudes and approach to learning, it's hard not to agree that America's oldest and richest university is also its most enlightened. But the book is not just a celebration of past glories; using last April's SDS-led takeover of an administration building as a focal point, Kahn offers a current account of life on the Cambridge campus. He has a very warm spot in his heart for Harvard's undergraduates (4800 men, 1200 Radcliffe women), and he considers the coeds even more brilliant than the men, simply because there are only 300 openings for women that can be filled each year. Cliffies are in demand, despite the Harvard canard that when a Cliffie drops a glove and you gallantly stoop to pick it up for her, she steps on your hand and says, "That's mine." As for undergraduate males, Kahn feels that their academic excellence is surpassed only by their entrepreneurial energies and their sophisticated sense of humor. He notes that in 1967, when the Harvard *Lampoon* published a parody of *PLAYBOY*, the magazine wound up with a profit of \$150,000, which it couldn't keep because of its nonprofit nature. Whereupon the *Lampoon* editors lavishly redecorated their offices—and even more lavishly replenished their wine cellar.

## MOVIES

Over a clock at one end of the ballroom hangs a sign asking, HOW LONG CAN THEY LAST? The year is 1932, the setting a tawdry replica of the Aragon ballroom in Los Angeles during the depths of the Depression. It was the macabre era of marathon dances, when hard-time couples lured by prizes of hard cash would keep moving to the tinny strains of *Japanese Sandman* for days, weeks, a month if necessary, until they began to hallucinate or collapsed from exhaustion. The story of the marathons was never told better than in Horace McCoy's 1935 novel of the same name, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*, a cry of existentialist despair that found its most receptive audience abroad among such authors as Camus and Sartre. Filmed by director Sydney Pollack from a screenplay by Robert E. Thompson and James Poe, *Horses* isn't the great movie it might have been, but it does score as a flamboyant period piece, done up with a certain cheap Hollywood luster that sometimes gleams like the real McCoy. The seaside pavilion looks right. The costumes and frizzy hairdos look right. Gig Young looks very right, as the seedy emcee-promoter who uses anguish as the raw material to mount one helluva

show. And Jane Fonda looks even better, playing an unemployed movie extra named Gloria, for whom scorn and cynicism are the last defensive weapons in a fight she knows nobody can win. Jane's gradual descent from hit-the-jack-pot brassiness to humiliation, hopelessness and suicidal grief that appears to be brought on by finding a hole in her silk stockings, eloquently expresses what the movie is all about. That her tragedy doesn't shake us the way it should is directly traceable to Pollack, who immunizes an audience to agony by emphasizing nothing else. Even in the bleak Depression era, a few young people must have gone into marathons with high hopes, or at least a bit of enthusiasm for dancing. Yet Pollack probes the sallow faces of the contestants as if he were peering through a barbed-wire fence at Buchenwald. Such a heavy spiking of melodrama tends to diffuse fine work by Red Buttons, as the sailor who suffers a heart attack; Susannah York, as the would-be starlet who goes mad; Michael Sarrazin, as a boy who diffidently commits murder; and Bonnie Bedelia, as a very pregnant, very disadvantaged girl who briefly grabs the spotlight, singing *The Best Things in Life Are Free*. It's a misery marathon.

The origins of *Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here* go back to a little-known incident in American history, a 1909 man hunt through the wilds of Southern California for a renegade Indian who committed murder in the course of kidnaping his intended bride. As re-created by writer-director Abraham Polonsky, a onetime victim of the Hollywood black lists, the story reaches for contemporary social significance—in the attitudes of the posse that considers stalking Indians a manly sport; in the presence on the reservation of a lady superintendent (Susan Clark) whose do-gooding Eastern liberalism seems all mixed up with her sex life; and in the relationship between a young sheriff (Robert Redford) and Willie Boy (Robert Blake, of *In Cold Blood*), the Indian lad whom he grudgingly admires but is destined to destroy. Though its dramatic possibilities sound rich, *Willie Boy* is like the rough outline for a good movie rather than a polished work. Polonsky hardly ever achieves nuances of mood or hones his dialog; and he demands no more than skin-deep performances of his actors, who are just adequate—or not even that, in the case of Katharine Ross (the *Graduate* girl), kalliully playing the kidnaped Indian beauty with an accent suitable for Vassar. A sad waste all around.

Quick shots of American flags, astronauts and familiar outbreaks of violence establish the social consciousness of *End of the Road*, a freaked-out movie version of John Barth's bizarre novel, more





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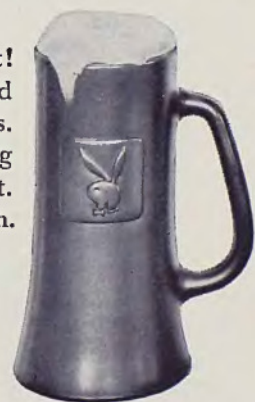
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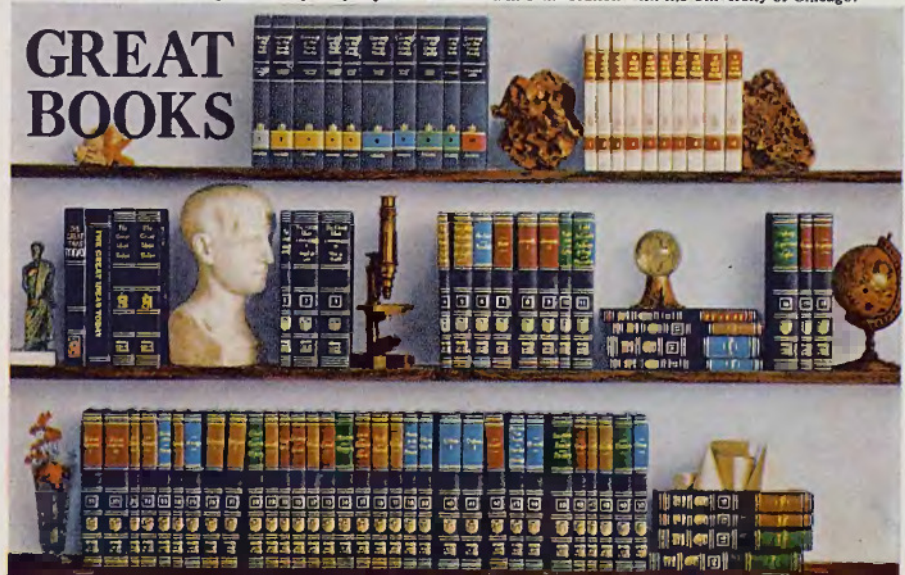
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bizarre than ever in this adaptation by Terry Southern, Dennis McGuire and director Aram Avakian. Making his first feature after a highly successful career as a film editor, Avakian makes *End of the Road* completely his own. It is an ugly, brilliant, brutal, decadent work based on an interpretation of Barth's hero as a potential killer, a man who feels nothing, is nothing, but plays the various roles assigned to him by chance in a society famous nowadays for producing assassins. Stacy Keach, in his first film role, vividly portrays Jake Horner, the university grammar instructor who is introduced during a catatonic seizure, carted off to a happy farm for therapy with a strikingly omnipotent black doctor (James Earl Jones) and, finally, sent to teach in a small provincial college, where he becomes psychologically and sexually enmeshed—to put it mildly—with another young professor and his attractive wife. The film's aesthetic decadence lies in a gratuitous cruelty of tone, crowned by a final scene that smacks less of Barth than of scenarist Southern's *Dr. Strangelove*—when the body of the professor's wife, Rennie, who has died during a horrendously graphic abortion, is dumped into a lake while the sound track oozes the bluesy ballad *Don't Worry 'Bout Me*. Some of *Road's* excesses might provoke charges of rape from admirers of the book, which treated the campus triangle in relatively straightforward terms as a dangerous game for three players who deny objective values and begin to manipulate one another's psyches in a kind of intellectual one-upmanship. With his wife, Dorothy Tristan, as Rennie, and Harris Yulin as the strangely tolerant cuckold, Avakian rounds out an electric company of New York-based actors who project his ideas with tingling authority. *End of the Road* is a repellent yet mesmerizing trip.

The Beatles, the late Malcolm X, Robert Goulet and a weirdo known to the boxing world as Evil Eye Finkel are among the celebrities mustered opposite Muhammad Ali, formerly Cassius Clay, erstwhile world heavyweight champ and poetaster, whose ringside manner inspired the title as well as the impressive vital statistics for *Float like a Butterfly, Sting like a Bee*. "I'm the champ, I'm the king, I'm the biggest thing in history—my mouth has overshadowed my ability," says Ali, generating instant charisma as the star of a documentary devoted to his career from February 1964, when he took the boxing crown, until May 1965, when he was retired, unbloodied and undefeated, after beating Sonny Liston in a controversial rematch. Though the inner man is seldom visible through his flamboyant public image, Ali comes on as a natural performer and as a surprisingly



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sympathetic spokesman for racial, religious and political militancy. Director William Klein only scratches the surface of his subject and occasionally reduces simple chronology to utter chaos, so that *Float like a Butterfly* is far from the definitive documentary it might have been. Yet there are some telling glimpses of the champ and his steadfast friends and foes—teenaged members of a Har-You acting class improvising scenes from the life of Cassius le Grand, or the disgruntled businessman speaking for a Louisville boxing syndicate: "I have no desire to profit—but he is a little ungrateful." But another view is expressed with disarming candor by an aide, who declares: "He doesn't smoke, he doesn't drink, he doesn't cheat, he doesn't fornicate and he doesn't commit adultery."

Hal Wallis of Hollywood mounts a stylish Tudor reproduction of Maxwell Anderson's 1948 drama, *Anne of the Thousand Days*, and the movie works remarkably well as an old-fashioned showpiece for two actors. At stage center, Richard Burton pours boiling oil into Anderson's relatively sympathetic portrayal of Henry VIII as a spoiled, temperamental monarch whose passion to beget male progeny drove him to ruthless deeds. Burton's bluebeard isn't quite as much fun as the screenland caricature Charles Laughton played, but it is probably truer to history. Take this as the standard text, lifted out of the ordinary by Canadian-born Genevieve Bujold's affecting portrait of Anne Boleyn. Does the plot need repeating? *Anne* recounts how a clever and titled country girl catches the eye of the lusty king, plays hard to get for six long years and finally wins a throne by goading him to divorce his Queen Katherine (Irene Papas) despite the threat of excommunication from the Church at Rome. Miss Bujold commandingly portrays the romantic, impulsive teenager who blossoms into ambitious womanhood and courts the executioner by developing a taste for power. All the great historical moments—the wooing, the wedding, the pregnancies, the bitter trial for adultery and the ultimate beheading—snap to life whenever Wallis' sumptuous tapestry is left in Miss Bujold's capable hands.

Between visits from two police inspectors, a svelte suburban wife (Stephane Audran) faces her stolid French husband (Michel Bouquet) in a rather tense moment of togetherness. She knows that *he* knows she has been slipping into Paris for meetings with a lover. And he knows that *she* knows all too well how he has dealt with the roving bachelor (Maurice Ronet), whose battered body lies swathed in bedclothes at the bottom of a country pond. The errant wife now regards her husband with new respect and

satisfaction. Unfortunately, this grabby scene occurs near the end of *La Femme Infidele*, writer-director Claude (*The Cousins*) Chabrol's subdued, joyless and somewhat archaic essay on the wages of sin. Like many another veteran of France's *Nouvelle Vague*—a clique of film makers who apparently intend to pose as young and promising until they are well into middle age—Chabrol creates a style coolly calculated to conceal the fact that he has almost nothing new to say about marital infidelity.

Enter a dark, handsome stranger in Savile Row threads and with a license to kill. Can it be 007? Bloody likely. Despite the fact that Sean Connery is no longer serving up karate chops and bons mots, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*—which first appeared in the pages of *PLAYBOY*—is in every way a genuine James Bond film adventure, and newcomer George Lazenby as the new James Bond does very well at it, thank you. This well-mannered chap also knows when a lady's caviar is Beluga, or her perfume L'Heure Bleue; he leaps from bed to bed with unfailing potency, and even steals a *PLAYBOY* centerfold from one of his foes. Though Lazenby is a bit smaller in stature than Connery, the moviemakers are quick to demonstrate that their new Bond issue can handle himself in any situation from a three-man game of fisticuffs to a downhill getaway on one ski—a gut-clutching sequence that's soon followed by a slam-bang stock-car race on ice and a wild bobsled chase. Lovely Diana Rigg plays the ubiquitous bride-to-be, outshining a bevy of brainwashed sex goddesses employed by master criminal Telly Savalas to sterilize the human race with a cunning toxin in purse-sized atomizers that might pass for perfume. The producers of *Secret Service* have, indeed, pulled off a double-barreled coup. Not only is the film one of the best in the Bond series, it's so visually appealing and well written that by the end you've ceased to notice that Lazenby isn't Connery. It's superlative Bond—by George!

*M. A. S. H.* is an anti-war movie with buckets of blood but no battle scenes, stirring significance but no sermons, almost all of it ballsy, hilarious and horribly convincing. The movie's title (an acronym for Mobile Army Surgical Hospital) only faintly suggests the ribald GI humor dispensed by Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould and Tom Skerritt, playing three somewhat cynical Army surgeons who—whenever they aren't swapping insults across an open wound in the surgical hut—raise unholy hell around a field hospital on the 38th parallel during the Korean War. It might as well be any war, because *M. A. S. H.*'s real concern as a comedy is the indomitably civilian spirit of





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American soldiers, or any soldiers, whose survival kits contain grab-ass jokes, filthy curses for every occasion, plus 1001 ways to get a nurse out of her khaki. Director Robert Altman catches the grinding routine of Service life. Helicopters whirling in hour after hour with their cargo of torn bodies are the only visible signs of war, yet the endless, bloody drudgery of trying to keep up with the abstract slaughter explains everything: why one Scripture-spouting major (Robert Duvall) gets horny over a nurse and has to be taken away in a strait jacket; why the nurse, known to officers and enlisted men as Hot Lips (played by Sally Kellerman), finally throws away her cherished book of Army regulations. While bureaucratic order disintegrates, the camp's public-address system keeps on blaring periodic announcements of short-arm inspection and the weekly schedule of movies, mostly guts-and-glory epics such as *The Halls of Montezuma*. The scenarist, and bully for him, was Ring Lardner, Jr., working from a novel by pseudonymous author Richard Hooker, a former Army medic who obviously learned more than one way to keep people in stitches.

Rewriting history in order to jell the plot of a glossy spy thriller produces big, brainless movies such as *Topaz*, adapted from the big, brainless best seller by Leon Uris. If you liked the book, you're welcome to the movie, in which John Forsythe, as a stalwart CIA type, uncovers the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, helped and hindered by a high-ranking Soviet defector, a French-intelligence chap, a gorgeous leader of Cuba's anti-Castro underground (Karin Dor, who plays the part as if she actually believes it, death scene and all), plus a band of pro-Soviet French diplomats whose identity is concealed behind the code word, *Topaz*. Politically and historically, *Topaz* hardly ever makes sense, least of all when its globe-trotters get around to a place disguised as Havana, where Miss Dor does her anti-Castro thing wearing a designer wardrobe (Edith Head and Pierre Balmain share screen credit) that should have yelled security risk to Fidel's hairy lieutenants. She also smuggles some film strips to her French lover, and that's how Central Intelligence determines the presence of Russian missile sites in Cuba (never mind those U.S. reconnaissance planes, which collected photographic evidence the easy way—we can't have a beautiful spy in bed with a U-2). *Topaz* was directed by Alfred Hitchcock, of all people, whose sophistication stops dead when he escalates from straight suspense to devious politics.

*The Molly Maguires* was a secret society of terrorists, made up of Irish coal miners in Pennsylvania, who embarked on a

campaign of death and destruction circa 1876, when they had exhausted all other remedies in their fight for decent working conditions. Sean Connery, as a crusty leader of the gang, squares off opposite Richard Harris, as a Philadelphia detective who infiltrates their ranks and brings the guilty to the gallows, but not until he has so awakened to the justice of their cause that he knows they will die better men than he. There is a strong story outlined here by writer Walter Bernstein and director Martin (Hud) Ritt, who somehow make every possible mistake in telling it. We know where they stand on all the sticky moral questions a paid informer must juggle in self-justification; they deplore violence and anarchy as much as they deplore police repression—and we sense an attempt to say something serious, without the usual heroics. Unfortunately, the movie is ham-handed and literal in execution, a model of what can happen when journeyman talents tackle a theme that's a size too large for them. From conventional scenes of wild-Irish brawling, Ritt proceeded to conventional lyricism with a troubled colleen (winningly played by Samantha Eggar). Even the bleak coal-town setting looks false and earnestly poetic, as though no work-hardened man, weary woman or hungry child ever walked through its squalor unless called upon to animate the next big scene.

Revolutionary boy meets girl, moves in with girl—and loses girl for a spell as a result of his participation in protest movements on the campus at Berkeley. Life is as simple as that in *The Activist*, a topical drama starring two real-life student dissidents, Michael Smith and Leslie Gilbrun, whose extracurricular schedules evidently left no time for learning to act. Courtship, in this brave new world, consists of walking on a wind-swept seashore, getting carried out of buildings by the fuzz and wondering where all the flowers have gone. Against a background of authentic settings, director and co-author Art Napoleon contrives a flattish blend of fact and fiction, memorable mainly for a scene in which one wistful young married girl contemplates the future while mimeographing leaflets, and foresees her militant spouse taking up a spate of unsettled causes—everything from the black ghettos to Indians and smog. She sounds absolutely as bored and put-upon as any restive young matron who has had her fill of suburban complacency. This must mean something.

Moviegoers who are glad to be alive in the era of Nixon will surely hang out some red-white-and-blue hunting to cheer the film version of *Hello, Dolly!* Why, even Louis Armstrong is in it





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briefly, God bless him, with his cornhusky rendition of the title song. And Gene Kelly directed it (you all remember Gene Kelly), God-blessing America as the land of milk and honey and brass bands, and little ole New York in the Gay Nineties, and endless parades with a cast of thousands scattered as far as the eye can see. Superstar Barbra Streisand, a formidable performer but decades too young for the part, plays the Jewish matchmaker who has set her own cap for a Yonkers hay-and-seed merchant (Walter Matthau). Barbra's characterization is a campy imitation of Mae West; Matthau is long-suffering as always, but with more reason than usual in a role that mainly requires him to snarl song cues. The supporting players are brim full of mindless high spirits—the screen hasn't seen such a whoops-a-daisy whirl of bloomers and petticoats and high-button shoes since *Oklahoma*. The movie might have been a little less overbearing on a reduced budget, but the tradition of big Hollywood musicals is slow to change. This behemoth has the length, beam and approximate weight of an aircraft carrier, and ought to do well as a substitute for Sunday river-boat cruises. Bring a picnic lunch with plenty of cold beer.

### RECORDINGS

Although fledgling thrushes continue to come up with new sounds, it takes Peggy Lee to show the people how it's really done. *Is That All There Is?* (Capitol; also available on stereo tape) has Peggy's instant smash as its title ode; but the lady doesn't rest on that single laurel. There are such diverse delights as *Me and My Shadow*, *My Old Flame*, *Don't Smoke in Bed* and a couple of other outstanding items from *All There Is* composers Jerry Lieber and Mike Stoller. Randy Newman, Mundell Lowe, Bobby Bryant and Benny Carter are among those handling the charting and conducting—which should give you some idea of the quality of the merchandise. Which brings up a lovely package that MGM has put together—*Judy Garland/The Golden Years at MGM*. It's a two-LP album (also available on stereo tape) and covers the sound-track songs from *Broadway Melody of 1938* through 1950's *Summer Stock*. But the real dividend is nonaural: a portfolio of pictures and memorabilia gleaned from Judy's 15 years on the MGM lot. The songs, of course, are all the Garland specials that, as the saying goes, need no further introduction.

Frisco ain't what it used to be, but you couldn't tell by listening to *Volunteers* (RCA; also available on stereo tape), wherein the Jefferson Airplane—assisted by such friends as Stevie Nicks and Jerry

Garcia—sock it to the establishment in no uncertain terms ("Up against the wall, motherfucker" isn't their phrase, but they give it the sweetest choral rendering you've ever heard). Musically, it's the Airplane at their labyrinthine best.

After five pacesetting years with Miles Davis, drumming prodigy Tony Williams finally has his own trio—The Tony Williams Lifetime—and *what* a trio. With the fleet-fingered, electronically augmented assistance of organist Larry Young and guitarist John McLaughlin, Tony has come up with a set on *Emergency!* (Polydor; also available on stereo tape) that shatters, once and for all, any existing barriers between rock and jazz: *Via the Spectrum Road*, the title tune and the six other tracks are all superkinetic tone poems in the future tense.

A great ragtime pianist and one of the key men in the creation of American musical theater, James Hubert Blake gets to do his thing on *The Eighty-Six Years of Eubie Blake* (Columbia). Lovingly produced by John Hammond and exhaustively annotated by Robert E. Kimball, the four-sided set finds a relaxed Blake—who played piano in a whorehouse back in 1898—spicing his rags and ballads with impromptu singing and commentary; on several numbers, he is joined by singer Noble Sissle, one of his colleagues in the dim days when jazz and showbiz first held hands.

James Moody, who has proved himself adept on a number of reed instruments, adds another to his bulging bag on *The Blues and Other Colors* (Milestone). Moody's approach to the soprano sax is straightforward and sensitive as he delineates the Duke's *Main Stem* and a host of Moody originals. This all occurs on side one, where he's backed by a fair-sized group that includes the trombone of arranger-conductor Tom McIntosh. Side two finds Moody renewing acquaintances with an old friend, his flute, as he works with brass, strings and the voice of Linda November.

*Early Blue Grass* (RCA) is a welcome disc, resurrecting, as it does, the authentically twangy sounds of The Lonesome Pine Fiddlers, the Country Parners, the Blue Sky Boys, et al. Speaking of resurrection, the group that created the idiom, Bill Monroe and His Blue Grass Boys, is featured in a pair of religious songs—*Cryin' Holy unto My Lord* and *Shake My Mother's Hand for Me*—that rank with the best grass we've run into lately.

*Bill Cosby* (Uni; also available on stereo tape) has ex-athlete Cos tackling the subject most dear to his big, beautiful,





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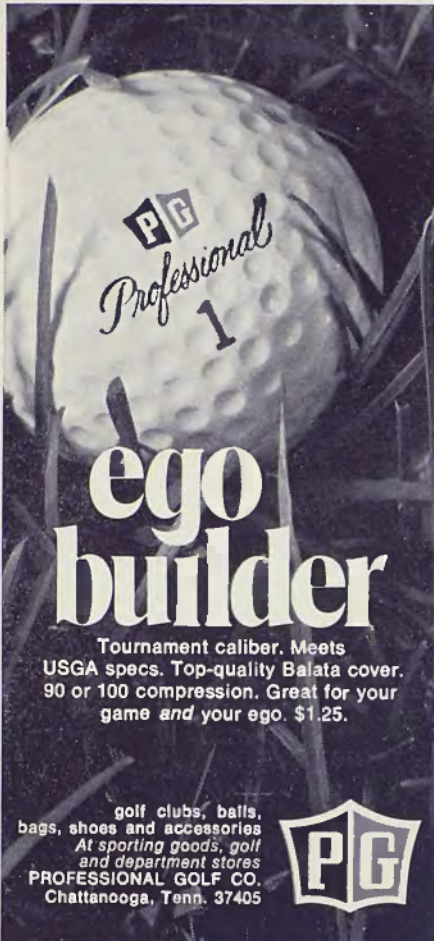
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comedic heart—sports. Cosby's humor flows freely and in antic abundance as he describes the vicissitudes of being on the ninth squad of his college football team (he winds up having to make do with the vicarious joy of rooting for his football jersey; he had to give it to a first-stringer whose own jersey was ripped). Bill goes into the mixed blessings of having to take his two-year-old daughter to a Rams game; his inability to hit a pitcher who tossed up fat "nothing" balls; his triumphs and disasters on the Quantico Marines' track team; and the inside story on why his boys'-club basketball team never lost a game on its home court. It's an album that will be thoroughly dug by spectator sportsmen and activists alike.

## THEATER

"Excuse me a moment while I get a caraway biscuit and change my crinoline." You can hear the Noel Coward consonants crackle, and as Tammy Grimes delivers the line in *Private Lives* with her half-syrup, half-sandpaper voice, it is a tremendous laugh. Coward's lines are meant to be acted rather than read, and in Stephen Porter's smart APA revival (as brought to Broadway by David Merrick), they are acted with enormous style and wit. Ham that she is, Miss Grimes is a perfect Amanda—selfish, spiteful, acidulous and adorable. And Brian Bedford, as Elyot (the part originated by Coward himself almost four decades ago), with his dry, impeccable, seemingly offhand delivery, is as much Tammy's match as Elyot is Amanda's. Somehow, the creaky plot—Amanda and Elyot, long divorced, just happen to be honeymooning with other spouses in adjacent suites in the same Riviera hotel—doesn't seem to creak much, or at least the contrivance of the situation doesn't matter. Those other spouses, the stuffy Victor and the silly Sybil, play the fools while the leads play the foils. That is not to say that *Private Lives* is mere thrust and parry. There is a solid play here, and two mutually devastating characters. In a season marked by revivals—*Our Town*, *The Time of Your Life*, *The Front Page*, *Three Men on a Horse*—it comes as a surprise that *Private Lives*, a supposed piece of Thirties fluff, is the one that survives intact, the one that may really be the classic. At the Billy Rose, 208 West 41st Street.

Blythe Danner is a most delectable actress. Eileen Heckart is a hilarious *farceur*. Keir Dullea is a splendidly understated comic actor. Leonard Gershe is a talented playwright who can turn out dialog almost as funny as Neil Simon's *Butterflies Are Free* is a hit. As ingeniously

staged by Milton Katselas, *Butterflies* is a cleverly crafted, easy-to-enjoy play—until one starts thinking about it. The story is momma's boy meets girl and mom tries to bust it up. Gershe's switcheroo is that boy is blind (instead of, for instance, black), mom is Supermom, and girl is kook-of-the-walk. The play is jammed with blind gags (a few of them sight gags), mom gags and kook gags. But there are several serious fallacies afoot. The characters are inconsistent. The boy, who was guarded in his home through his adolescence, is suddenly sophisticated when let loose, and a quick study about sex, among other things. The mother writes awful children's stories about a blind kid named Donny Dark, but then the playwright asks us to believe that the stupid stories were the son's salvation. Under the slick structure lie smug attitudes: The play is steadfastly pro-parent, anti-hippie, anti-avant-garde. *Butterflies* is intended for middle-minded suburbia, for whom it is apparently intended to provide sops of self-recognition. At the Booth, 222 West 45th Street.

As conceived by Alan Jay Lerner, Coco Chanel, sometime queen of fashion, is a creature of monumental egotism, passion and indomitability. She is an exceedingly theatrical character, and most of Lerner's lines for her—aphorisms and insults—are so shrewd and funny that one wishes he had written a play about the lady. But *Coco* is not a play. It is an enormously expensive musical comedy. As such, it is neither smash nor crash but an enjoyable, disappointing show with substantial assets and large flaws. Lerner's lyrics are a definite plus; they have an insouciance missing from Broadway since *My Fair Lady*. Unfortunately, André Previn's music lacks a comparable distinction. At best, Previn has succeeded in aping Lerner's former collaborator, Frederick Loewe. One song, for coincidence, *Gabrielle*, treads remarkably close to *Gigi*. Katharine Hepburn, a lady quite as indomitable as Chanel, is a mixed blessing. Her acting is strong; she manages to convey the savagery and charm of her man-taming woman. But when it comes to singing, Miss Hepburn runs the gamut from A<sup>#</sup> to B<sup>b</sup>. Next to her, Rex Harrison sounds like Ezio Pinza. She does injury not only to the tunes but also to some of Lerner's more complex rhymes. There is one high-spirited Michael Bennett dance in which a failing Coco suddenly sells out her entire collection, and the show (along with the revolving scenery) spins with enthusiasm—but the costumes and the sets (by Cecil Beaton) are not all they should be for such a fashion-celebrating occasion. Coco has seen better seasons. At the Mark Hellinger, 237 West 51st Street.







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# THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I am a 22-year-old male and will graduate from college this June. I am engaged to a wonderful girl in another city, whom I plan to marry upon graduation. She cooks, sews and writes me daily letters in her spare time. We are completely compatible sexually, intellectually, religiously and socially. She claims I am all she has ever looked for in a man, admits she is wrong after arguments and guarantees no fights once we are married. Is she perfect, or am I in for a shock?—R. G., New York, New York.

*Automobile salesmen, small boys the week before Christmas and young girls just before marriage all sound alike. But you sound a bit more like a shopper than a lover: You praise the girl in terms of her assets, which do sound admirable; you never say you love her. That's a pretty important ingredient in marriage.*

Though my bust measurement is only 32, in good looks, personality and sex appeal, I seem to be doing OK, since I'm going with a great guy. But I have the impression that men do not think a girl really attractive unless she has large breasts. My man is strictly a "what's up front" type and, since I don't want to let him down in that department, I'm thinking of having my bust enlarged. Do you think I should?—Miss P. K., San Francisco, California.

*No. Silicone injections are still in the experimental stage and have not yet been approved by the Food and Drug Administration. In any event, it's unlikely that he would chuck your good looks, personality and sex appeal just for a larger chest.*

Recently, I bought a stereo set and went the whole route—tape recorder, turntable, a receiver that damn near broke me and two fine speakers. Now I keep hearing about quadrasonic stereo, which I understand utilizes four amplifiers and four speakers. Have I invested a mint in a setup that soon will be obsolete?—F. R., Houston, Texas.

*Not at all, though you might want to add to the equipment you've purchased. Essentially, quadrasonic stereo attempts to reproduce concert-hall sound by having two additional speakers in the rear of the room that simulate sound reflected from the back of the auditorium. Four sound sources are required—meaning four separate tracks on tape, or a quadrasonic disc, which is still in the developmental stage—plus two stereo amplifiers and four speakers. Playback tape equipment is currently available for quadrasonic sound and a few companies have already released quadrasonic reels. Those who have heard the demonstration tapes*

*say that all of them represent an improvement over stereo and some are simply phenomenal. However, it will be at least a few years before four-channel amplifiers are plentiful and relatively inexpensive and much longer than that before the available repertoire of quadrasonic tapes/discs comes close to matching that of available stereo performances.*

My wife feels she has a duty to permit me to have sex with her whenever I want it. When I begin lovemaking, she lets me go ahead, even if she isn't in the mood and isn't enjoying it. And, since I (always the aggressor) don't know when she wants sex, I sometimes make love to her when I really don't feel like it. Is there any way we can signal our mutual desires to each other before sexplay starts?—C. A., New York, New York.

*Try human speech, the pillow-talk variety.*

How did the expression "to propose a toast" originate?—J. D. Dubuque, Iowa.

*The word toast is of Latin origin and referred to an actual bit of spiced, burned bread that was dropped into a cup of wine to improve its flavor and help absorb the sediment. In this connection, British essayist Sir Richard Steele wrote of the wag at the communal public bath who drank to the health of a famous 18th Century beauty from a cup of her rinse water. Another lighthearted lad standing nearby offered to jump in with the lass, exclaiming, "I do not like the liquor so much, but I should love to have the toast"—referring to the dampened damsel. Eventually, drinking to one's health became known as drinking a toast.*

For a year and a half, I've been living in a commune near Taos and have been in love with a beautiful young chick who belongs to the same tribe. About a month ago, however, a lovely dropout from Berkeley drifted in and subsequently entered my life in a very exciting way. Now, when I'm not making love with my first girl, I'm making it with the Berkeley chick, and vice versa. I'm only 20 and I'm afraid, if I go on sharing myself with these two at the present rate, that I'll die before my 21st birthday. I love both women and nothing cautions me to stop except the fear of damaging myself. How realistic is my concern?—R. S., Taos, New Mexico.

*Not very. The possibility of "sexual excess" is pretty much of a myth and would apply, if at all, only to certain cardiac cases. If you're overdoing it, your body just won't respond anymore and you'll simply fail to get an erection.*



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**A** friend of mine who's a student at Yale took me on a tour of the campus and over an entranceway in the Hall of Graduate Studies, I noticed an inscription that struck me as tantalizingly familiar, though it was not attributed. The inscription read: HE WAS BORN WITH A GIFT FOR LAUGHTER AND A SENSE THAT THE WORLD WAS MAD. I suppose it's something classical, but I could swear it's more recent than that. Could I be right?—P. M., New Haven, Connecticut.

*Right on! It sounds like the description of a Yippie, but it's actually the first line of Rafael Sabatini's classic adventure novel "Scaramouche." The inscription, which has been enthusiastically misquoted by such luminaries as Alexander Woollcott and "Bartlett's," owes its presence on the archway to John Donald Tuttle, a young assistant architect at the time the hall was built. Tuttle, something of a midnight chiseler, chose Sabatini's lively line rather than a stuffy quote from Plato or Marcus Aurelius as his personal protest against equally stuffy collegiate Gothic: "a type of architecture that has been designed expressly for . . . allowing archers to shoot arrows from slits in its surface and to enable yeomen to pour molten lead through slots on their enemies below. As a propitiatory gift to my gods for this terrible thing I was doing, and to make them forget by appealing to their sense of humor, I carved the inscription over the door."*

**M**y girlfriend says that sperm dies within an hour of its entry into the vagina, but I seem to remember reading that it has a much longer life. What are the facts?—D. R., Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

*Sperm can live within the vagina for 24 to 48 hours.*

**I** am really relaxed in a crowd and am in great demand for parties, because I'm considered a riot with my jokes and with my ability to keep things going. But I wipe out totally on dates. I get uptight and nervous and don't know what to talk about. I want so much for the date to be fun and the girl to like me, but it never works out and I wind up just making dumb jokes until the evening ends. Can you help me transfer some of my assets from the general group situation to the specific girl?—C. M., Lincoln, Nebraska.

*Playing the clown at parties is a short cut to personal popularity; it's also a cover-up for shyness and, unfortunately, one that's habit-forming. Your desire that your date should enjoy herself is commendable, but you may be trying so desperately to entertain her that you're not giving her a chance to entertain you. Ask her about herself and the things that she's interested in. In the unlikely event*

*that doesn't work and you can't think of anything else to talk about, don't try. Your date may note the switch and ask you what you're interested in, why you're moody, what makes you tick. Take off the false face and let the girl see the real you for a change. She'll appreciate the opportunity and you'll enjoy the attention that you'll get.*

**I**'ve heard so much about the virtues of the sauna that I'm thinking of adding a unit to my house. Does the sauna really have any medical advantages, or will it simply help me work up a good sweat?—E. P., Ozone Park, New York.

*The sauna's therapeutic qualities are like those of macrobiotic food and nudism—unproved and possibly nonexistent. On the other hand, a visit to a public sauna may put you in the company of innumerable devotees, who claim the treatment soothes the soul as it bakes the body. It's not a bad idea to have a medical checkup before exposing yourself to the intense heat (which should not exceed 185 degrees Fahrenheit on 20 percent humidity—preferably less than five), and don't perspire your troubles away for more than 15 minutes at a time.*

**Y**ou've published quite a number of stories in your *Ribald Classics* about the days when knights were bold and women were chattels and wore chastity belts, and pages collaborated with locksmiths, once milady's keeper had ridden off to the Crusades. I got to thinking that what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander and I wonder if there is such a thing as a male chastity belt and where one might be bought.—Miss B. G., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*A male chastity belt was patented in 1897 by one Michael McCormick of San Francisco to "prevent involuntary nocturnal seminal emissions, to control waking thoughts and to prevent self-abuse." The device consisted of a belt from which hung a flat, oblong steel plate; the lower end of the plate had an aperture in it and a small halter just beneath that. The flaccid penis was inserted through the hole and secured by the halter. Set in a collar around the opening in the plate was a set of steel points adjustable by means of setscrews. How the contrivance worked was simplicity itself: "Now when from any cause expansion in this organ begins, it will come in contact with the pricking points, and necessary pain or warning sensation will result." As for availability of the belt, you'll have to borrow a set of plans and do it yourself.*

**M**y college roommate and I have pretty much the same views on things, sex included. Lately, however, our one-bedroom

apartment has been adorned with a beautiful chick every weekend, who is there for more than just a game of chess. When I come home late at night, I usually discover my roommate and his girl engaged in elementary biology and all I can do is mumble an embarrassed "Excuse me" and bunk in elsewhere. I've talked the problem over with him and he seems to think I should be more thoughtful during his weekend exercises. What do you recommend?—F. L., Madison, Wisconsin.

*If you can't evict them, ask to share the wealth. That should get you some action—one way or the other.*

**I**'ve read that in Paris, there's an outfit called *Hôtesses Internationales* that provides the lonely wayfarer with a feminine guide for a price. I'm flying abroad soon and would like to know just what the tab entitles me to. Putting it more sportingly, what are my chances for a score?—A. P., Raleigh, North Carolina.

*That depends on how good a salesman you are. Extra services are not included in the price.*

**W**ho is the Norfolk jacket named after?—K. H., Tulsa, Oklahoma.

*The Norfolk jacket, a full-belted, straight-hanging garment with vertical beltlike panels fore and aft, was named after the Duke of Norfolk, a 19th Century English nobleman who asked his tailor to design a comfortable hunting jacket for him. The tailor made the jacket and the Duke made history.*

**I** have had a perfect sexual relationship with my wife for the past eight years. Recently, however, she has found herself unable to reach orgasm, even though her desire remains as strong as ever. The only variable in our sex life has been the pill, which she began taking two years ago. Do you think this could have any bearing on the problem?—B. Y., Salt Lake City, Utah.

*It could. Masters and Johnson report that a small percentage of women lose their orgasmic capacity after 18 months to three years of taking oral contraceptives. As of now, it isn't known why nor how long the loss lasts. The only solution at present is to discontinue use of the pill, although you must realize that there is a greater risk of pregnancy with any other birth-control method.*

*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"*

## BAWDY BOTANY

I support the John Birch Society in deploring our school system, which allows impressionable young minds to be warped by teaching them basic biological facts. In this spirit, I urge all right-thinking people to further clean up our classrooms by removing a far more pornographic subject—botany.

Do parents realize that teaching botany always involves discussion of the salacious experiments of Gregor Mendel? To determine the factors controlling heredity in plants, Mendel licentiously practiced unashamed sexual breeding between unmarried plants—and, in many cases, incestuous breeding between plants that were closely related! Even very young plants were not spared from Mendel's lewd and lecherous experimentation.

That Mendel discovered important scientific truths should not atone for his immoral methods. Obviously, botany is another Communist plot to destroy the ruggedness of our youth.

Richard L. Daniels  
Carbondale, Illinois

## CHALLENGE TO BIRCHERS

Shortly after reading your November 1969 *Playboy Forum*, I sent the following letter to the headquarters of the John Birch Society in Belmont, Massachusetts:

I just read the November issue of *PLAYBOY* and found there a rebuttal to Gary Allen's attack on the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States. When I read Allen's article in your magazine, *American Opinion*, I considered it authentic; but now *PLAYBOY* has flatly accused Allen of quoting out of context, removing key words from sentences, adding new ones and thus distorting the views of SIECUS' Dr. Mary Calderone. It appears, to my dismay, that *PLAYBOY* has a point.

Let's have a straight answer: Are the quotes from Dr. Calderone accurate as given by Allen, or are the quotes accurate as corrected by *PLAYBOY*? I would also like to know if *PLAYBOY* is right in saying that Allen, writing in a John Birch Society pamphlet, has accused Richard Nixon of being a member of the Circle of Initiates conspiracy started by Cecil Rhodes and the Illuminati?

I was once a member of the John

Birch Society but quit three years ago. If you do not answer these questions satisfactorily, I will change my position toward the J. B. S., from neutrality to outright opposition.

I've waited over a month now and have not yet received an answer to this letter.

Dr. William G. Byars  
Abilene, Texas

## BIRCHING THE BIRCHERS

Thank you for your excellent answer correcting the distortions of Dr. Calderone's remarks (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1969). By placing the quoted remarks in their original context and showing how they were deliberately misconstrued, you revealed the dishonesty of those who took Dr. Calderone's remarks and pieced them together to give an entirely different impression. You have performed a valuable service to those of us in the field of sex education who would like to clear away phony allegations and get down to the genuine issues that confront us.

Harold I. Lief, M. D., President  
Sex Information and Education  
Council of the United States  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*The April "Playboy Interview" will be with Dr. Mary Calderone.*

## SEXUAL IGNORANCE

I never had a sex-education course in grade school or in high school; furthermore, my ultraconservative, super-American, Christian family wouldn't have approved of such a thing. Who will explain to my illegitimate child (due next month) how I managed to smuggle him into the world, despite the fact that the Commies never got to me in school?

(Name withheld by request)  
East Lansing, Michigan

## SEXUAL ENLIGHTENMENT

I am a widowed mother of three children and must work to support them. Despite this, I do all in my power to be a good parent and raise my children to be responsible citizens. Fortunately, we have had school sex education and I am very thankful. I found it quite difficult to explain to my 12-year-old son why women could not reproduce without the aid of a male, like his guppies seem to do.

I once had quite a shock when he told

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my heart  
belongs  
to daddy



me that he'd been taught in school about wet dreams. It had never entered my mind to try to explain this; and on reflection, I was glad to know that educators were helping me out.

Sex education has helped my children immensely and they are very adult about it. They don't dwell on it nor is it a constant subject of conversation. They realize sex is part of life and accept it naturally.

Mrs. Anne Marco  
Portland, Oregon

#### TRIAL MARRIAGE

I'd like to contribute to the discussion of trial marriage that has appeared from time to time in *The Playboy Forum*. When a couple decides to live together on a premarital trial run, they should try to learn from this experience what married life would be like. This means patterning the relationship after the real thing as much as possible, discussing those aspects of marriage that can't be duplicated by a couple living together and making a total emotional commitment to each other.

Some critics of trial marriage remark that, since the couple is not legally and economically bound together, the union is tenuous and one wrong move can ruin it. This kind of fear should not be indulged, because it leads to putting unnatural effort into the relationship before the wedding and then depending on lawyers, community property and kids to perpetuate it afterward. If the couple's relationship lacks the qualities needed for lasting union, they'd do well to find out before the ceremony. A clergyman and a state-issued piece of paper can make the wedding—the couple alone can make the marriage.

My husband and I were just as married during the year we lived together as we are now; and the biggest change our wedding made in our lives was its effect on our income-tax reporting.

Mrs. Colleen Stinson  
Lansing, Michigan

#### CURE FOR BEDROOM BOREDOM

Like the author of the letter titled "Boredom in the Bedroom" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1969), my wife and I experienced a revitalization of our sex life when we experimented with mate swapping. After five years of marriage, we both noticed a stale quality in our bedroom activities. Then, we each had a surreptitious affair and confessed it to each other, afterward. This was a tense scene for us, but then we tried swapping and found it very pleasant. We view it as a fun roll in the hay rather than a deep emotional experience. This activity has given our sex life an added dimension: We enjoy each other more and derive great satisfaction from our mutual honesty.

Adultery is widespread; the surveys

## FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

#### FEDERAL CRUSADE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The Federal Government has seized ten erotic drawings and paintings by internationally known artists and has threatened to destroy them. Citing President Nixon's call, last May, for a "crusade against the obscene," Justice Department official William Sessions stepped into the case when U. S. Attorney Stephen H. Sachs, a Democratic appointee, refused to sign an order against the art works, which include items by George Grosz, Hans Belmar and Karel Appel. All are part of a collection (valued at over \$1,000,000) belonging to psychologists Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen. The entire collection has been successfully exhibited in Sweden and Denmark, but the Drs. Kronhausen prudently decided to send only ten items through U. S. Customs, as a test, before attempting to ship the others.

#### NEW NATIONAL PERIL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Explaining "We've always understood that free speech is a modified right," Chairman Dean Burch of the Federal Communications Commission announced that the agency intends to set up guidelines to keep sexy films from being shown on TV. Mentioning "I Am Curious (Yellow)" as an example, he said some films might be considered objectionable for television because children could see them.

Burch's statement followed Senate Communications Subcommittee hearings at which Senator John O. Pastore, chairman, urged the FCC commissioners to show some "guts." Pastore strongly attacked the Commission's action in granting the Pacifica Foundation a license for an FM station in Houston, Texas. Pacifica also owns KPFF-FM in Los Angeles, which recently broadcast a poem, "Jehovah's Child," containing four-letter words. Pastore insisted that programs broadcast into a home should not be protected by court decisions on art, movies or literature. In concurring, Burch said the Justice Department may prosecute radio and television stations that broadcast profanity.

#### WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

LOS ANGELES—An intermediate court of appeal has upheld the conviction of an anti-war protester arrested for displaying a jacket adorned with the slogan "Fuck the Draft!" The American Civil Liberties Union defended the protester, Paul Robert Cohen, arguing that the slogan was protected by the First Amendment and was not literally obscene, since it obviously did not advocate "sexual intercourse with the Selective Service System." But the

court, noting the possibility of fistfights, ruled that "No one has the right to express his views by means of printing lewd and vulgar language, which is likely to cause others to breach the peace [in trying] to protect women and children from such exposure." The A. C. L. U. said it would appeal next to the California supreme court.

#### HOMOSEXUAL TEACHERS

SAN FRANCISCO—The California supreme court has ruled that the state cannot revoke a teacher's credentials solely because he engaged in homosexual activity; it must prove that such activity "adversely affected" his "future classroom performance and over-all impact on his students." The opinion noted that a parallel incident of extramarital heterosexual behavior would not be considered grounds for state action unless it affected a person's fitness to teach.

#### IN DEFENSE OF PIGS

The Alabama Farm Bureau Federation has recommended that the term pig be used, not as an insult but as a compliment. Arguing that it is the "most intelligent of all domestic animals" and vital to the national economy, the federation described the pig as "one of the noblest works of creation."

This advice may have been heeded by the lawmen of Ann Arbor, Michigan, who staged a charity football game that they called the Pig Bowl. Before 1000 cheering spectators, the police-department Goats defeated the sheriff's-department Pigs, 19-0.

#### COWBOY SYNDROME

SAN FRANCISCO—University of California psychiatrist Dr. Alfred Auerback attributes the bulk of this country's marital problems to husbands who work too hard at proving their masculinity. Such men, he said, are victims of the "cowboy syndrome" in their effort to be "the strong, silent he-man, who loves his horse and his girl with equal passion." He noted that the modern equivalent of the horse is the automobile, which he described as the "first symbol of manhood."

#### BOOZE FEUD

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—Border relations between Pennsylvania and Maryland have been deteriorating since the Quaker State set up its own version of Operation Intercept—calculated to stop its citizens from buying their booze in Maryland, where the price is considerably lower. To combat the tax loss, Pennsylvania has recruited "booze spies,"



equipped them with binoculars and radios and infiltrated them into Maryland, where they lurk in the vicinity of liquor stores and send back license numbers. Viewing such tactics as unsportsmanlike (and bad for local business), Maryland sheriffs are running a counterspy operation, which has already led to the arrest of one enemy agent on charges of disorderly conduct.

#### EQUALITY, ITALIAN STYLE

ROME—For the first time since a Roman notable proclaimed that "Caesar's wife should be above suspicion," Italy has officially abandoned its double standard on extramarital sex. The country's highest court has overturned a Fascist-era law that made it a crime for a wife to commit adultery but permitted a husband to dally daily, as long as he was discreet enough not to upset the neighbors. In the judicial opinion: "It is indisputable that the court has the right to assure equality among all citizens, regardless of sex or other considerations." The new ruling compensates husbands for their loss of special privilege by permitting them legally to keep mistresses.

#### COOL HEADS IN CANADA

OTTAWA—The Canadian government has quietly initiated an extensive program of research on marijuana, with an eye to its possible legalization. The Canadian government's public-health and drug-control agencies are cooperating to provide both the money and marijuana, some of it purchased from the U. S. National Institute of Mental Health, for use by Canadian scientists in their studies. Canadian Health Minister John Munro declined to speculate on the government's eventual action but noted that "experimentation of this kind is always required before anything is made legal." Independently, the Canadian Medical Association has recommended that marijuana be made available under restrictions similar to those on liquor, which is sold in government stores.

Meanwhile, back in the States, NIMH director Dr. Stanley Yolles, an advocate of liberalized marijuana laws, asked a Senate subcommittee: "How long, O Lord, how long are we going to suggest new committees, new commissions and new task forces in lieu of doing something?"

#### HIS AND HERS CONTRACEPTIVES

LONDON—The International Planned Parenthood Federation has announced it is testing a contraceptive suitable for use by either men or women. Called C-Film, it consists of a thin, soluble film about two inches square, containing a highly active but nontoxic spermicide. It can either be inserted into the vagina up to three hours before intercourse or placed on the penis.

The contraceptive was developed in Hungary and is reportedly being used there by 100,000 couples. Statements on the drug's effectiveness have not yet been made.

#### MOT JUSTE

STANFORD, CALIFORNIA—Announcing that Stanford University was considering a policy change that would make contraceptive pills available to unmarried female students, the San Francisco Chronicle commented, "Stanford coeds are not all virgins and the university is about to officially recognize that fact."

#### NEUROTICALLY SPEAKING

LOS ANGELES—Cultivating a deep voice may be vocal suicide, warns Dr. Morton Cooper, a UCLA voice therapist. The idea that a low, husky tone is either masculine or sexy is the "vocal neurosis of our culture," he said, and efforts to achieve it can lead to voice fatigue, laryngitis and growths on the vocal cords.

#### ABORTION-LAW REPEAL MOVEMENT

Public-opinion surveys have indicated that a large majority of Americans favor some liberalization of abortion laws, and a recent Gallup Poll showed that 40 percent believe abortion should be a matter left entirely to a woman and her doctor. In a medical magazine's survey of 28,000 doctors, 62.8 percent took this same position. Heartened by these findings and by some important court decisions, the abortion-law-reform movement is working to repeal the laws altogether.

- In Washington, D. C., where a Federal judge recently voided the district's 69-year-old abortion law (see "Forum Newsfront," February), the Mayor's Committee on D. C. General Hospital has urged that the ruling be "implemented immediately." At the same time, the National Association for Repeal of Abortion Laws announced it might set up an abortion clinic in Washington "open to all women from all over the country."

- In Colorado, the first of ten states to liberalize its abortion laws in recent years, a movement is under way to either repeal or overturn the 1967 law, due to the failure of doctors and hospitals to interpret it in a liberal manner.

- In Massachusetts, Boston attorney Joseph S. Oteri has filed a brief, in behalf of a doctor, asking the Middlesex superior court to rule that the state's abortion law violates the constitutional rights of doctors and their patients.

- In Seattle, Dr. A. Frans Koome has openly defied the state's abortion law by informing the governor, in a letter, that he had terminated 140 unwanted pregnancies; by announcing that he would continue to do so; and by posting a large sign outside his suburban office, reading, REPRODUCTIVE CRISIS CLINIC.

I've read indicate that the majority of husbands and about half of the wives indulge in it. This suggests that many people desire more than one sexual partner. If this is so, why not find a fair and honest solution? I think swapping is the answer. Though perhaps not for everyone, it is worthy of consideration by married couples whose marriage is basically stable before the swapping experiment. This activity definitely has a good effect on the sexual aspect of marriage, but, of course, it is not a panacea for every ill.

(Name withheld by request)  
Detroit, Michigan

#### THE ETHICS OF ADULTERY

In the November 1969 *Playboy Forum*, a lady from Wichita, Kansas, inquired about PLAYBOY's readers' opinions on mate swapping and asked, "When both partners consent, is adultery immoral?" In the old days, people turned to religious authorities to find out what was moral or immoral. More recently, they have been asking psychiatrists and political theorists. Now, in true democratic fashion, the Wichita housewife wants to poll PLAYBOY's readers. This lady and her husband are already indulging in spouse swapping and are apparently enjoying it; but if the *Forum* published many letters telling her the practice is evil, I wonder, would she stop it?

In my opinion, to ask whether or not a given act, such as mate swapping, is moral is to pose a meaningless question. There are those who still believe that some supernatural monarch has decreed a code of rules by which we must live, but they are on ground only slightly less unsound than those who still reject evolution. Nor can any modern-minded atheist or agnostic prove, philosophically or scientifically, that any set of secular rules or obligations is superior to the individual's own desires. Modern ideologies may tell us we have a duty to humanity, society, reason or revolution till they are blue—or red—in the face, but they are human, like everyone else; and why should one man's code bind another?

People such as your mate-swapping correspondent feel that their personal decisions must be guided by some higher rationale. They need reassurance that there is something more important backing their decisions than their own feelings. But individual feelings are the most important thing there is. Religions, philosophies and ideologies are, in a sense, illusions: They have only such size and power as we assign them.

We must recognize that ethical codes are but convenient (and, too often, inconvenient) fictions. By doing so, we can then make decisions on reasonable, realistic bases, while also giving proper dignity to our genuine feelings. We can end the idolization of abstract principles for



which too many people are willing to murder others and be killed themselves ("Better dead than Red"—that sort of thing). To realize that each man is a law unto himself is to arrive at an irreducible basis for libertarian thought—the most valuable and needed viewpoint in avoiding the pitfalls of right- or left-wing totalitarianism.

Therefore, I suggest to the lady from Wichita one rule that eliminates the need for all others: "Think for yourself."

Dion O'Glass  
New York, New York

#### DIVORCE AND LIBERATION

Championing the rights of men is not currently in vogue among so-called liberated women, but divorce settlements, which strip men of their homes, children and money, do not, in the long run, do either sex a favor. Ask any second wife who must bear the brunt of a judge's generosity to a first wife. American divorce laws are ridiculous and men are beginning to band together for their own defense. Charles Metz's America's Society of Divorced Men, for example, is currently giving some Illinois judges migraine headaches over their consistent disregard of the rights of male divorce litigants.

It's time militant feminists joined ranks with men to let judges and lawyers know that we are no longer the weaker sex. We don't want large hunks of some man's money and we certainly don't want to marry men who are shackled by financial bonds left over from a prior union. We would like to see each member take out of a marriage what each initially brought to it, plus a fair share of what each contributed during it. And that's it: no more alimony, no more support. Let us make it on our own and leave our ex-husbands free to make it on their own.

But—before we can realize a more equitable approach to divorce, alimony and support—we must mount a frontal attack on the problem of discrimination against women. Men who are fighting for divorce reform cannot blame the self-interest of the legal profession or the vindictiveness of female litigants. If men insist that women belong in the home and refuse to concern themselves with the inequities that face us in the outside world, they shouldn't be surprised or chagrined when the judges burden them with providing for us when we decide to go our separate ways.

As long as the majority of men refuse to admit that some women have executive abilities, teaching abilities, creative abilities, any and all abilities, superior to some men, that women deserve to be paid for their work on a scale equal to that of men, deserve equal opportunities for advancement, deserve child-care facilities; deserve equal educational opportunities (especially at the postgraduate

level), we will all have ridiculous burdens to bear. Men will be expected to provide for women, because the male-dominated system refuses to make it possible for women to provide for themselves. Women will be degraded by accepting charity, because, initially, we don't get an even start with the men in our society. Now, we must work together to free each other.

Fran Watkins  
Memphis, Tennessee

#### BATTLE OF THE SEXES

It's hard to see the point in the current conflict between men and women over their respective roles. The two sexes should fit together compatibly, like parts of a jigsaw puzzle. There should be no battle because the sexes' need for each other transcends conflict.

I especially disapprove of women demanding equality of the sexes. This means we should take them off their pedestals and not protect them. It means, for example, we ought to replace half the men now in Vietnam with women. Is this what they want?

Michl Murphy  
Hollywood, California

#### A FEMININE REVOLUTION

I fully comprehend Mrs. Judith Banna's resentment of the way women "are treated as members of an inferior species" (*The Playboy Forum*, November 1969). However, I believe she has overlooked a few points. First of all, the majority of women I know (I am not a sociologist so I can't generalize about all women) don't seem to want true equality. They resignedly accept their subordinate positions in the business world; and in personal relations, they demand, however subtly, that the man be boss. These women lose respect and interest when men are overpermissive or egalitarian in their attitudes toward them.

Secondly, in our society, where women virtually impose leadership roles on men, males should also initiate their own liberation movement. Western man is expected to be an entertaining date, a sexually aggressive and skillful lover and, after marriage, the head of the household. But I'm certain that, at times, every man feels this responsibility is a tremendous burden imposed on him by women. Were there true sexual egalitarianism, women would have to accept more male self-centeredness and even passivity, without then judging them less attractive or desirable. Are women ready for that, Mrs. Banna?

Finally, as for my personal stand on the feminine revolution, I am going to assume the noncommittal attitude we men require for our own liberation. Men who sympathize with women's desire to be equal should not make the mistake the white liberals in America have made with blacks: By actively trying to help

them (and in so doing, somewhat alleviating their own sense of moral guilt), they incur denunciations more bitter than those the revolutionaries unleash on their enemies. We've now learned that people can't be liberated; they must liberate themselves. They can't be led; they must plan their own strategy, make their own mistakes and enjoy their own unalloyed triumphs. Therefore, if Mrs. Banna and other women want a feminine revolution, let them go to it; I'll sit it out, occasionally managing a passive cheer from my self-centered position on the side lines.

Walter Fidman  
Wilmington, Delaware

#### HALF A LOAF FOR HOMOSEXUALS

Liberals who consider homosexuals to be suffering from a sickness for which they are not responsible base their attitudes on tolerance, which is quite a different thing from acceptance. Tolerance implies a patronizing approach, which can be just as dangerous to the homosexual's self-esteem as the disdain of those who call him faggot and queer. His settling for half a loaf—and buying the self-dislike that goes with it—is not much better than being denied the loaf completely. Though, in the latter case, there is at least the saving grace that he can feel righteous anger.

The majority of homosexuals who seek psychiatric help do so because: (1) they have been told they were sick and, consequently, wish to be cured; (2) social disapproval and contempt have filled them with self-dislike; (3) they are totally unable to function sexually or can do so only when extreme sexual tension drives them to it. The crux of the homosexual's problem is that his homosexuality and his sexuality are identical; and he cannot reject one without giving up the other.

You may choke on the banality of the slogan "Gay is Good," but the homosexual has no alternative. Many young homosexuals, having no wish to be thought perverted or sick, hide their condition from friends, relatives and, most of all, from the girls they force themselves to date. For the average heterosexual young man, fear of failure with the opposite sex is often a problem; for the young homosexual trying to play a heterosexual role, the fear can be insurmountable. The inevitable outcome of an unsuccessful attempt at sex is that the girl is puzzled and contemptuous and the young man feels forever condemned to being something he has been taught to despise.

As long as the homosexual's desire to change springs from external social pressure, it is doubtful whether any alteration he undergoes can correctly be called a cure. A man can be taught to function in almost any situation and can be conditioned to overcome whatever reluctance or revulsion he may feel for the act



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in question. But can he be taught actual desire or need? The real cure (if one wishes to use the word) lies in the homosexual's acceptance of his desire—feeling comfortable with it, functioning without guilt, being able to be open about it when necessary. Such self-acceptance would at least create the circumstances under which real change could come about; in a dating situation, the girl might well be more helpful, the boy, more willing to experiment. A permissive society, encouraging such self-acceptance, would give the homosexual the opportunity to broaden his sexual horizons, if he wanted to—and would enable him, in any case, to lead a full life, even if he didn't want to change.

Those who are unalterably prejudiced against homosexuality might assert that a homosexual would not want to change in a permissive society; this reveals their lack of knowledge about the so-called gay life. *PLAYBOY* is quite correct in assessing homosexuality as a state that has intrinsic disadvantages that would exist no matter how permissive the society might be, the most obvious being a limited number of potential sex partners; but there are other disadvantages as well. The desire to raise children is not limited to heterosexuals. Neither does one have to be a psychiatrist to note that, as one ages in a society devoted to the pursuit of youth, the pursuit can become not only dull but demeaning.

Thomas Benji  
Chicago, Illinois

#### **HOMOSEXUALS AND THE ARMY**

During the past year, various writers have pointed out in *The Playboy Forum* that the Army has become very hypocritical about homosexuality. While claiming that it is still excluding homosexuals from the Service, it is actually drafting many of us.

This was certainly true in my case, because even though I told my draft board that I was homosexual, I was still inducted. It soon became apparent that the Army intended to "straighten me out" or break me entirely. After one year of every kind of hell they could dish out—and they are experts—the verdict is that I cannot be changed; and I am about to receive a discharge, though not an honorable one.

The only good thing about this ordeal is that it gave me the opportunity to meet a very wonderful companion at one of my duty stations. We love each other and plan to live together as soon as he receives his discharge.

(Name withheld by request)  
APO San Francisco, California

I'm presently facing an undesirable discharge from the Army because I admitted having engaged in homosexual acts. The C. I. D. (Criminal Investigation Department) got onto me when

they dug up a record of a previous arrest in Los Angeles when I was a civilian. After several weeks of harassment, lies and false promises, such as being offered a "general discharge" instead of "undesirable," I admitted that I was presently going with a man. The C. I. D. had searched all my belongings and found a letter addressed to him.

This undesirable discharge does not provide transportation back to California and it will keep me from getting a decent job (I worked on cancer research at the California Institute of Technology). In addition, I am a foreign national and may have to face deportation from the United States. In short—I'm grounded.

(Name withheld by request)  
APO San Francisco, California

#### **HOMOSEXUAL POLICE**

As a 22-year-old student at an Eastern university and a homosexual, I think I am just as comfortable in my private and discreet sexual affairs as my heterosexual fraternity brothers are in theirs. I am not ashamed of my inclinations; yet I don't make a practice of announcing them to the public.

I would like to relate an experience indicating the extent to which we are victimized by members of the police department. I recently walked into a public rest room with no intention of making a "contact" or a "score" (most homosexuals don't take such risks). As I was walking over to a urinal, a man came in, stood at the urinal next to mine and muttered something about "soreness." He then motioned to me and said, "Hey, buddy, look at this." Perhaps a heterosexual would have responded differently, but I looked and saw that he had an erection. He then flashed a badge at me and told me I had better go with him or he would get me "bounced out of college." I went with him to a back alley and he forced me to perform fellatio on him.

It is unfortunate that the homosexual can't fight back against this type of victimization. If a cop were to rape a female, she could complain and obtain recourse for the offense. What can we do?

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

#### **PRISONERS' PROVENDER**

As Dr. Karl Menninger states in *The Crime of Punishment*, our county jails, with some exceptions, are a national disgrace. In our county jail, anyone confined for as much as 60 days may be en route to a serious case of atherosclerosis or some other disease caused by an improperly balanced diet. Some prisoners may remain for a year, pending appeal. Two factors underlie the situation: (1) ignorance on the part of authorities about nutrition, evidenced by our lard-buttred sheriff's department; (2) the mistaken idea that serving food unfit for hogs somehow contributes to prisoner rehabilitation.

The police image would be considerably improved and the general health level of prisoners and police officers raised, if more attention were devoted to this problem.

Davis Bragg  
Attorney at Law  
Killeen, Texas

#### **TOO MANY PEOPLE**

I am a sophomore at the University of California, Irvine, where I am taking a course called Population: The Vital Revolution. I've learned that 10,000 people every day are dying of malnutrition and that the struggle to acquire more land to support starving people is a major cause of war. The problem in the United States is not nearly as severe as in the rest of the world, because the U. S. contains only six percent of the world's population but uses approximately 60 percent of the world's resources. Every American has, however, felt the press of human flesh in one form or another, whether it be in a traffic jam or in the competition to get into a good college and stay there.

There are only two choices. We can increase the death rate by doing nothing or decrease the birth rate by doing something. If we choose the latter course, we should support all efforts to abolish abortion laws, plan to have fewer children ourselves and talk to friends and convince them to act as a group on this problem.

Gregory K. Hayes  
Balboa Island, California

#### **FAIL-SAFE**

Here is a quotation from the October 1969 *McCall's*:

Since contraceptive methods remain the crux of efficient birth control, some disturbing questions can no longer be avoided: Why do many physicians and clinics continue to push failure-prone methods? Why are drug companies allowed to promote ineffective methods as if they were infallible?

The only real protection for women would be a Federal regulation requiring every contraceptive to carry the approximate effectiveness rate on its package and every advertisement to include the rate in its text. Medical associations might even ask physicians to post these rates in their offices. If a smoker deserves a health warning on a cigarette package, a woman has the right to know the gamble she incurs with every contraceptive.

I completely agree with these proposals, but I would add that medical attitudes toward voluntary sterilization and abortion are also in need of radical reform. It is shocking that, with voluntary sterilization legal in all states, doctors and hospitals are still reluctant to perform



this operation unless the woman is a certain age or already has a certain number of children. Sterilization is the only 100 percent effective form of contraception and it should be a woman's right to make this decision herself, without having to meet the requirements of some arbitrary judging panel. As for abortion, isn't the world sufficiently overpopulated without the law virtually forcing a woman to have a child she doesn't want?

It is time that fail-safe birth control (effective contraception; sterilization, for those who want absolutely no risk of pregnancy; and abortion, for those who've had accidents) be available on demand to every woman. The present inflexible attitudes imply that legislators, medical committees and moralistic busybodies should be able to exercise more control over a woman's body than the woman herself—and *that* is totalitarianism.

Mrs. Diane Clark  
Arvada, Colorado

#### ABORTION ALTERNATIVE

I am 26 years old and have two little girls, ages five and one. Since I have never had a husband, these children are officially illegitimate, whatever that means. Both children were wanted (although I didn't want their fathers—not permanently!) and I am not on welfare. I am the head of the household and supporting myself and my little girls without any state aid.

Of course, the picture is not totally rosy. My family disapproves of my behavior and I can't deny that their feelings have hurt me deeply. Nonetheless, I am glad I didn't rush into unwise marriages. I enjoy my freedom and I don't flaunt my "immorality"; as far as my present neighbors and employer know, I am a divorcee.

I am not going to come down too hard on girls who choose abortion when an unwanted pregnancy occurs, but I do think that if women had more courage, there would be less need for abortion. The happiness my little girls have brought me more than compensates for the various moralistic condemnations I have had to face.

(Name withheld by request)  
Los Angeles, California

#### ABORTION SYMPATHIZER

A recent discussion with William Baird, founder of the Parents' Aid Society, called to mind my experience with abortion and renewed my indignation at one of the greatest injustices of our time—legislation that denies women the right to choose abortion as an alternative to unwanted pregnancy. Even more tragic is the situation in some states, where instruction in birth control and dispensing of contraceptive devices is a criminal offense. Baird is fighting legal battles stemming from his arrest and conviction in Massachusetts for dispensing birth-

control information and contraceptive devices. It's interesting to note that Catholic churches in Massachusetts, under the auspices of Cardinal Cushing, offer a pamphlet called "The Rhythm Method." The pamphlet costs a dime and I don't believe any parish priests have been arrested for selling it.

A year ago, I was a freshman at a well-known university. As a product of a broken home and a parochial school education, I knew nothing about birth control. I had intercourse once and became pregnant. I arranged a trip to Sweden, hoping I could find help there, instead of losing my life in an illegal abortion in the U.S. Luckily, I was able to obtain a safe, legal and painless operation. Since then, I have worked in a hospital and the suffering and death I have seen as the direct result of restrictive abortion laws, plus the memory of my own experience, have permanently embittered me.

Baird and I also discussed PLAYBOY's involvement in the abortion issue; and we appreciate the magazine's support of this worthwhile, though controversial, cause. By fighting for the right of every woman to practice contraception and to obtain an abortion, you are doing as much to liberate the American female as you have done for the American male.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

#### ABORTION COMPLICATIONS

Eleven months ago, I started dating a girl from another country who has been in the States for two years. We became intimate and she got pregnant. Not having lived in this city very long, I didn't know where I could find a doctor to perform an abortion. Finally, a well-meaning elderly nurse performed the operation eight weeks after conception. It was a tabletop proceeding, in a dirty basement apartment. The experience of being in the next room and listening to my girl's cries of pain was terrible beyond description. Whenever I think of what she went through, I tremble.

During recovery, my girl stayed in my apartment. I had a commitment out of town that required my leaving her alone for several days, during which time I called her periodically. She kept assuring me that everything was all right; but I had a strange feeling that something was wrong, so I flew back. When I saw her, I nearly fainted. She had lost what I guessed must have been three or four pints of blood. (It wasn't the fault of the nurse who performed the abortion; my girl happens to have a type of blood that doesn't coagulate properly.) I decided to take her to a local hospital and did so at once. The doctors told me that a delay of a few hours might have meant her death.

This girl and I are married now and living happily, but I often wonder whether or not some couple, somewhere,

is facing a similar problem and whether or not the girl will be lucky enough to survive her ordeal. I can't understand why the majority of this country's citizens refuse to recognize the fearful consequences of people being forced to break the law in order to obtain an abortion.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

#### EXTENDED DUTY

It is a great injustice to young men that not only are we asked to fight an unjust war but we are told to feel pride and glory in it. I refer to the December 1969 *Playboy Forum* letter from Lieutenant Hart, who states that the Marines' 30 percent extension rate proves that we believe in what we are doing. As a Marine who served 19 months in Vietnam, I know of only three reasons why men seek extension: (1) to get the 30 days' free leave earned by extending; (2) to save money, since it costs more to live in the United States; and (3) to escape the military-establishment men back in the States, who are even worse than the officers in the Nam.

Sgt. Steven McCollough  
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina

#### UNDERGROUND OPPRESSION

Along with many other people, I hailed the appearance of underground newspapers around the country, because they printed material of great social significance, were free from conventional self-censorship, were ruthlessly honest in reporting establishment lies and were dedicated to freeing people's heads from the oppressions of white middle-class Christian American society. Lately, however, I've noticed that some of the underground papers have become devoted to their own brand of oppression and dishonesty.

Too many of the articles are aimed at inciting the reader to hate some organization or portion of society. Instead of honest journalism, revealing what the establishment press tries to hide, many underground reporters indulge themselves in blatant propaganda. Anyone who disagrees with the writer's thinking is labeled a fascist or a racist. Police are invariably referred to as pigs, a word that, to me, is as reprehensible as kike or nigger.

I wonder how many in the underground audience are aware that such journalism resembles the hate-filled, undocumented crap the establishmentarians have been shoving down the people's throats for years. I really see no point in exchanging one set of masters (opinion makers, if you prefer) for another.

George B. Allen  
Des Moines, Iowa

#### THE LABEL GAME

It seems to me that this country's traditional political labels are obsolete



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nowadays, for the liberals are conservative, the conservatives are radical and the radicals are reactionary. Consider:

The conservative, as popularly understood, is a person who prefers the security of the *status quo* to the risks of political change or social experiments. He views himself more as a realist than an idealist and opposes "utopian schemes" in favor of the "tried and true." This, to me, aptly describes the modern-day liberal, whose hidebound intellectual notions and 30-year-old political nostrums would be more appropriately described as conservative.

The radical, on the other hand, happily runs any risk and employs all means to pursue his romantic vision of a better or perfect world. The contemporary right wing, from Robert Welch through William F. Buckley, Jr., right on to Richard Milhous Nixon, consists of precisely that breed of reckless visionary who would gamble the country's future (or the planet's!) on unrealistic schemes to "stamp out communism" and establish a tranquil "law 'n' order" society. This makes the so-called conservative the most romantic radical in our nation's history.

The reactionary, finally, is the man who would like to turn back the clock to a quieter, safer, more primitive time when men were free and life was simple. This description most closely fits today's radicals, with their 1930s pacifism, their Populist ideas of local democracy and (among the hippies) their spiritualism and tribalism borrowed from American Indian traditions. In fact, the most radical group—the authoritarian state-socialists—is the most reactionary of all, since it advocates a system that probably existed in its purest form among the ancient Egyptians and the Incas of Peru.

I wonder if PLAYBOY's readers will agree that my revision of political labels is long overdue.

Will Robertson  
Lima, Peru

### UNEASY RIDER

I live in Virginia and attend graduate school in Arizona. Recently, I was driving to school with a friend and passed through a small Louisiana town, where we stopped for gas. Seeing several police cars gathered a block away, we decided to stretch our legs and observe the action. Midway down the block, we met several Negro youths and they told us that somebody had been cut. While we were talking to them, a policeman ran up and asked us, "What the hell are you doing?" The conversation then went as follows:

MY FRIEND: We're just leaving.

OFFICER: The hell you are. Let me see your I. D.s.

SECOND OFFICER (*arriving and examining our identifications*): You snow diggers are a long way from Virginia.

What are you doing in Louisiana?

ME: We're on our way to school in Phoenix, Arizona.

FIRST OFFICER: What are you doing in this town?

MY FRIEND: We're lost.

THIRD OFFICER: You trying to get smart?

MY FRIEND: No, we're trying to get back to the highway.

FIRST OFFICER: Get the hell out of here and don't let me catch you again!

ME: Yes, sir.

We started back to our car. My friend looked back but said nothing. Immediately, a fourth officer yelled, "You two bastards have problems?" We continued to walk and I told my friend not to look back again. Dumfounded by the way he had been treated, he glanced back once more. The first officer then shouted, "Hey, you two stupid Virginians, come here." We walked back in silence and he told us, "You're under arrest. Get in the car." I asked what we were charged with but got no answer. My friend was pushed toward the police car and, for no reason I could see, clubbed three or four times on the head. I was neither pushed nor clubbed and I climbed rapidly into the car.

We were taken to the lockup and frisked. An officer told us to stand facing the wall and lean forward so that our weight was supported by our hands. Then he told my friend to remove his shoes. When my friend released his left hand to untie his shoelace, the officer yelled, "Put your goddamn hand back!" Then he tried the same game on me. When I kicked my loafers off without removing my hands from the wall, he told me to remove my socks also. I tried to do so by rubbing one foot against the opposite leg; he screamed, "I didn't tell you you could lift your damn foot, boy!"

We were charged with interfering with police officers, obscenity, loitering and vagrancy. We were allowed to call a lawyer and then locked in a cell overnight. In the morning, we went to a line-up, where we were asked such intelligent questions as "Why the fuck are you from Portsmouth, boy?" Finally, our lawyer got us out on bail and we proceeded to "get the hell out of there."

Let me emphasize: We did not interfere with the police officers, use obscenity or loiter and—with \$250 in our pockets, an automobile and a wardrobe of clothes—we hardly qualified as vagrants. At the time of our arrest, we were neither told the charge against us nor informed of our civil liberties. And, contrary to the preconceived notions of conservative readers, we are not "dirty, long-haired hippies"; my friend has short hair and works at a bank and I also am "clean-cut" and was wearing a tie.

If anyone thinks that the film *Easy*

*Rider* exaggerates what many small Southern towns are like, let him go and see for himself.

Paul English  
Phoenix, Arizona

### TEXAS JUSTICE

Returning by car from a vacation in Mexico I was halted for a Customs inspection at the border. A small quantity of marijuana was found in the car and I was taken to jail by a Texas Ranger.

After having all my personal possessions taken away, I was led up two flights of stairs and into a dark corridor of small, cramped cells, each containing eight prisoners. I was given a torn, vermin-infested mattress to sleep on and fed the lowest grade of food imaginable. During my four-day stay, I learned how the police in a border town operate. Through information I received from fellow inmates (90 percent were there for bringing grass into the U.S.), I learned that as soon as any American is sold marijuana in Mexico, the seller promptly notifies the *federales* and supplies them with all the necessary descriptive data (license-plate number, etc.); for this humanitarian act, he is monetarily rewarded. The *federales*, in turn, pass this information on to the United States Customs agents. The inspectors are waiting at the border and they literally tear the car apart until they find what they're looking for.

I was indicted on three counts and faced a possible ten years in Federal prison. When my arraignment eventually came around, I pleaded guilty to only one count of the indictment (failure to pay the marijuana transfer tax). I received a two-year suspended sentence, with five years of supervised probation. My car, which I last saw at the Customs inspection, was impounded and my petitions for its return have been denied. It will be auctioned off and the proceeds presumably will go to the Government.

I sincerely hope this letter reaches as many "felonious" pot smokers as possible; if they will pay heed to the harsh and unusual methods of border operations, they may be spared from falling into the tentacles of Texas justice.

Harold Altschuler  
Queens, New York

### GENERATION OF PARANOIDS

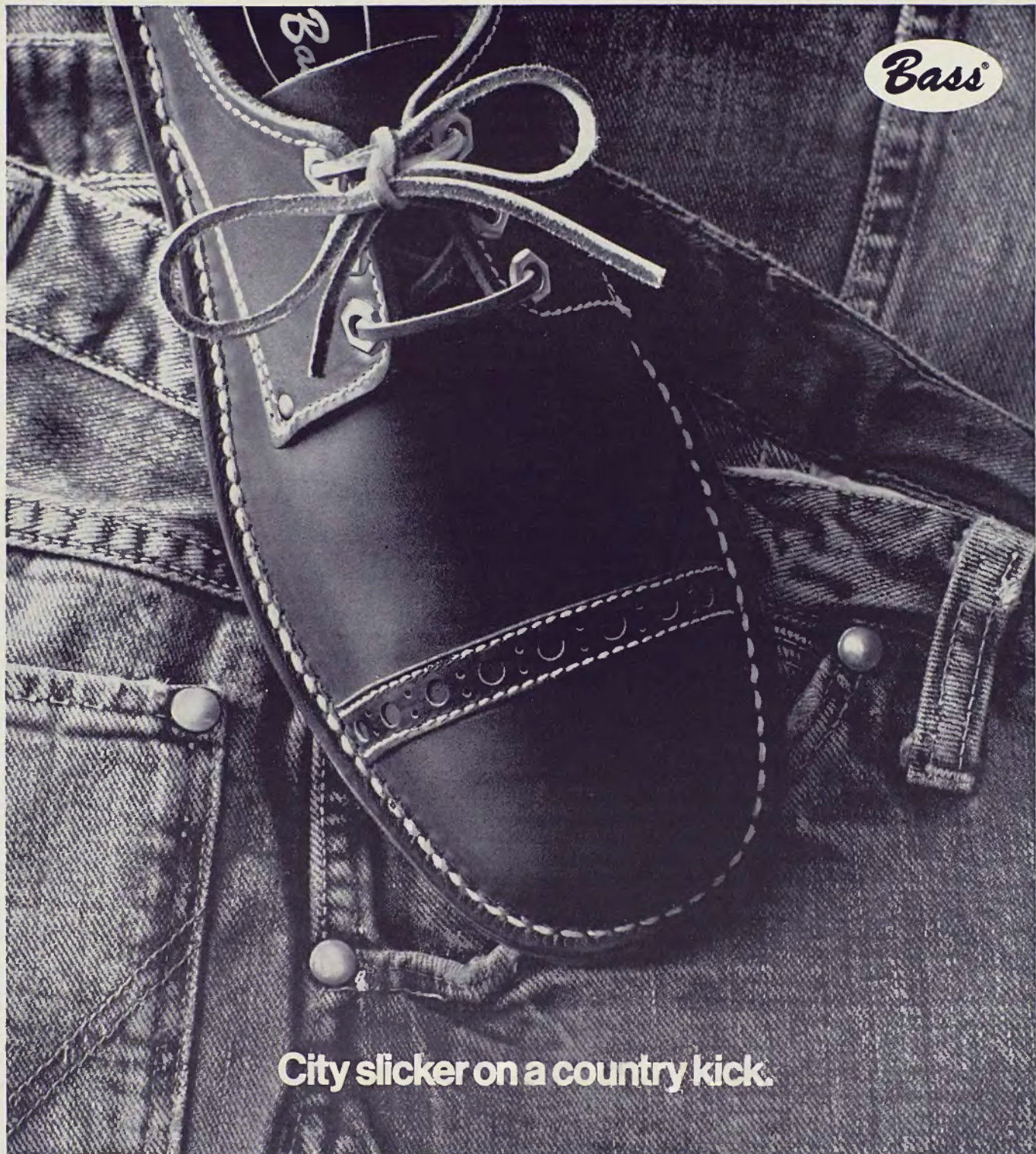
You might find the enclosed article from *The Flint Journal* interesting enough to publish:

Barbara Bencsik was just like many of the hippies who took up residence in Willson Park this summer.

She dressed as they did, talked as they did and moved in to become an accepted member of the group.

But there was a difference. . . . She was a police undercover agent and was instrumental in the arrest





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of several persons in the park September 5 on drug charges.

"I made close attachments," said the attractive blonde. "They confided in me. I was their buddy.

"Then you bust 'em, and I'm the lowest form of animal."

Miss Bencsik, 20, is a senior majoring in police administration and public safety at Michigan State University.

She wants to become a police-woman.

"I really don't know why," she said. "My main interest had been in juvenile delinquency and crime prevention, but then I learned I hated little kids and switched my interest to the law-enforcement end."

That last sentence really speaks for itself, doesn't it?

I was one of the people busted by Miss Bencsik and I'll probably end up with a felony conviction, even if the judge is in a charitable mood and gives me probation instead of prison. People who countenance such police methods should seriously consider the effects upon the minds and hearts of youth. In my case, will I ever again fully trust another human being? Can I afford to? Will the others who were busted with me ever be able to respond normally to friendly overtures or will they be chronically suspicious and withdrawn? I myself was not what most people consider a hippie; I held a decent job and felt amusement rather than hatred toward the establishment. Now, of course, my emotions are more hostile, my attitudes more untrusting—and my chance for getting another good job is much slimmer.

The police are breeding a generation of paranoids, and unemployable ones to boot. How much law and order do they think they're going to see in the next decade when they methodically teach us fear, hatred, distrust and alienation?

(Name withheld by request)  
Flint, Michigan

#### ANTI-POT PROPAGANDA

I just read a newspaper article about drug experiments performed on animals; they were injected with resin extracted from Cannabis and the result was damage to the brain and nervous system of their progeny. However, the dosage and chemical composition of the injections were not specified; there was no attempt made to compare injections of this resin with the normal mode of consumption of marijuana by inhalation of smoke; and there was no comparison between animal and human subjects. Readers of the article were left to draw their own scary conclusions.

Isn't it reasonable to assume that doses of Cannabis resin injected into the blood stream of a pregnant animal are likely to affect development of the fetal nervous system in ways that bear no

relation to the effect of inhaling marijuana smoke? Would not similar injections of nicotine, tobacco tar or alcohol have a similarly detrimental effect? Are there any experimental results in existence that conclusively prove that smoking pot is seriously unhealthy?

America has a strange bias when it comes to choosing its poisons.

Scott Backus  
Savannah, Georgia

To answer your questions in order:  
Yes. Yes. No.

#### SERGEANT SUNSHINE

I arrested many marijuana users during my 12 years as an officer and sergeant of the San Francisco Police Department. In August 1967, while I was the prison-keeper of the city jail, I interviewed around 300 prisoners in my custody and discovered that over one third of them were under 24 and charged with possession of marijuana. It became obvious to me that the time and energy of the police, the district attorney's office, the courts and related social agencies attempting to stamp out marijuana use by conventional punitive methods are entirely wasted. In spite of the most stringent laws, use of pot continues to skyrocket; police efforts to enforce these laws only increases the disrespect and hatred of large numbers of young people. This loss of public respect is no small problem: It concretely hampers police efficiency in dealing with real crimes against people. *The true crisis in law enforcement today is police alienation from the public they are sworn to serve.*

The crime-and-punishment approach to marijuana use betrays a tragic ignorance of human nature. An analysis of cause-and-effect relationships between prohibition of marijuana and its use by the young suggests that pot laws have the opposite effect from that intended. Young people have told me they started smoking it because of its forbidden-fruit mystique. They reasoned that anything so severely suppressed must be far-out stuff. They saw and heard so much about the evils of pot that curiosity prompted them to get stoned.

During the course of my studies for the sergeant's examination, I learned that the detrimental effects of Cannabis were less than those of alcohol. For years, I had been an occasional drinker; now I found pot was a far superior high and I soon abandoned alcohol. As a catalyst for lending life to a party, booze is inferior to weed and weed leaves you with no hangovers and no liver damage. Inevitably, like all beginners, I overindulged in pot—and I found that the resulting checks and balances consisted only of burning eyes and an unpleasantly dry mouth. But I also found it easier to use pot intelligently and avoid these symptoms than to control whiskey drinking and escape a hangover. The only evil effect from pot I have seen is Jail Experi-

ence—a terrible trauma for young impressionable psyches—but this is created, not by the drug, but by the laws against the drug.

I ultimately resigned from the police force rather dramatically—lighting a marijuana cigarette on the steps of San Francisco's Hall of Justice on Easter Sunday 1968, as an act of protest against the anti-pot laws. Since then, I have been constantly amazed at the bitter feelings of my former brothers in blue. They have gone to unbelievable lengths to harass me, culminating in a raid on my home during my absence. Using statements I had made on TV as "probable cause," local, state and Federal narcotics officers secured a search warrant. Twelve armed men climbed a six-foot fence with drawn pistols and riot guns and confronted my wife, my two sons (ages nine and eleven) and my dog. After accidentally spraying my family with Mace and threatening to shoot the dog, they kicked in both front and back doors and ransacked the house for five hours. We were charged with possession of one half ounce of marijuana and two caps of LSD.

Some of these same officers subsequently had a bizarre shoot-out with one another, in which two Federal agents were killed and one wounded, during a marijuana stake-out. The suspect, who was unarmed at the time, was charged with murder, but this charge ultimately had to be dropped.

If these champions of law and order have their way, I will spend two years in the state prison and my wife will give birth to our expected child, separated from me when she needs me most. Can anybody seriously believe that this is an intelligent or humane way to protect society from the doubtful dangers of marijuana?

Love, peace and brotherhood.

Richard R. Bergess  
Berkeley, California

*When former-Sergeant Bergess carried out his act of protest at San Francisco's Hall of Justice ("Forum Newsfront," August 1968), he was identified as Sergeant Sunshine by many newspapers and is best known under that name. Actually, "Sergeant Sunshine" was a title of affection given him by young people of the Bay Area.*

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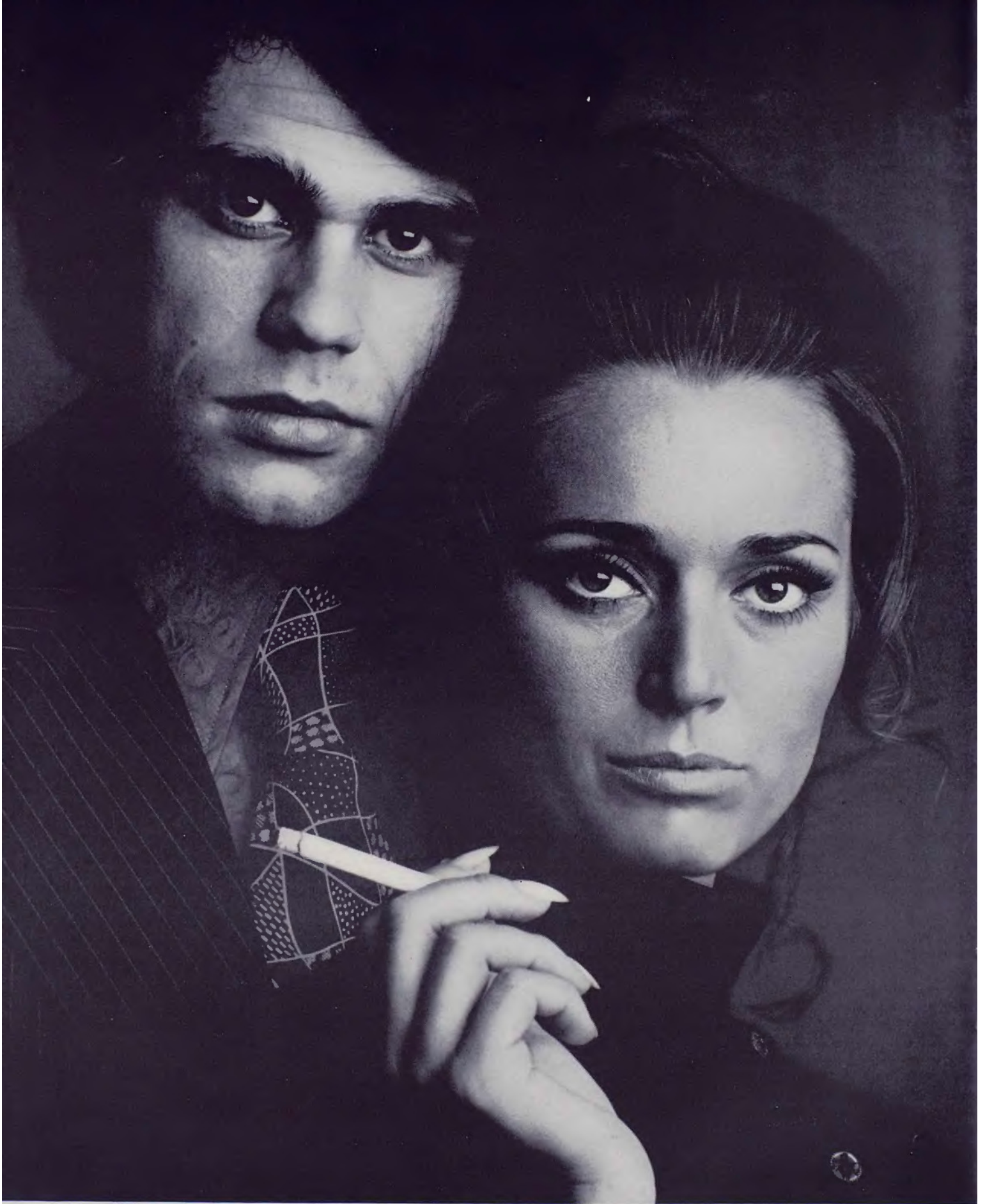
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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RAY CHARLES

*a candid conversation with the incomparable musician known as "the genius"*

Ray Charles has been an international institution for so long that only a handful of those under 30 can remember when the singer-instrumentalist-band-leader-businessman wasn't looming over the music scene in such outsized dimensions as to appear more myth than man. By any measure the dean of the current soul movement, Charles has the ability to reduce the diverse idioms of blues, country-and-western, jazz, rhythm-and-blues and rock to an emotional common denominator that overcomes barriers of language and culture around the world. Frank Sinatra—voicing the almost unanimous sentiments of Ray's colleagues—calls him "the giant of our profession."

In recognition of his indispensability to any consideration of American music, Charles was featured last year in a three-hour segment of the 48-hour RKO radio network special "A History of Rock 'n' Roll." Former U. S. Representative Charles S. Joelson praised the sightless soul singer from the floor of the U. S. Congress for his "inner eye," and added, "He can see more deeply than many of us who lack his sensitivity." Not long ago, the government of France struck a bronze medallion and presented it to him on behalf of the French people; his bust also occupies a place of honor in The Playboy Jazz & Pop Hall of Fame. He has been asked to preside as the honorary chairman for life of the Rhythm-and-Blues Hall of Fame, and to sing one of the songs nominated for an Oscar at this year's Academy Awards ceremonies.

In 1967, Los Angeles city councilman

Thomas Bradley's motion to honor the singer's 20th anniversary in the music business was overwhelmingly approved by the city government, and on June 8th, Los Angeles observed a city-wide Ray Charles Day. The following year, besides adding three more gold albums—the certification that a recording artist has sold 1,000,000 or more copies of an LP—to his already abundant harvest, he co-starred with "soul sister number one," Aretha Franklin, in a prize-winning series of commercials for Coca-Cola, and headlined a number of television specials. Charles's video exposure was even more frequent last year. He made appearances on the Glen Campbell, Andy Williams, Smothers Brothers, Joey Bishop and Merv Griffin shows.

Now 39, Charles shrewdly began reaping more profits from his talents than his performances alone could bring when, in 1962, he formed his own recording company, Tangerine Records, and became the firm's president and technical advisor. Early in 1969, he announced plans to broaden even further the scope of his entertainment empire, now grown to multimillion-dollar proportions, with the addition to Tangerine of two music-publishing firms, a property-management company and a talent-management branch that presently nurtures the gifts of more than 20 promising young acts. All of the entertainer's business operations are housed under one roof: the Charles-owned R. P. M. International Building in Los Angeles.

But Charles spends far more time on the road than at home—traveling in his

personal Viscount with the large Ray Charles Revue, consisting of an all-girl quartet called the Raelets, a 17-piece orchestra, several other acts and two stage non-musician assistants, plus a valet and his longtime friend and business manager, Joe Adams. His itinerary may take him to as many as 40 states and 30 foreign countries each year. Charles also owns a smaller plane that he uses for short hops and pleasure flying, all of which—he hastens to assure those who might believe the rumor that he's at the controls—is done by his pilot. He is, however, justly proud of his self-sufficiency and disdains dependence of any kind. He "watches" television and live sporting events, in addition to making repairs on many machines and electronic appliances around his home and office. He also possesses an intuitive sense of the difference between day and night. "I can hear better when it gets dark," he claims.

Charles's blindness and blackness are but two of the factors responsible for the extraordinary pathos of his voice. Another measure of the authenticity of its pain-drenched timbre is the fact that, for 19 years of his life, Charles was a heroin addict. After several brushes and a couple of outright confrontations with the law—the last of which took place in Boston in 1965—Charles voluntarily entered St. Francis Hospital in Lynwood, California, in August of that year. After a three-month recuperation period, during which he underwent medical and psychiatric help in defeating his habit, the unsinkable entertainer took a year's rest. Then he announced the formation of a



"Let's say that a cat with eyes gets together with a sexy woman. Well, she's got half her battle won right there. Now, with me, she's got to show how good her talents work before I even twitch."



"If the blues ever really gets sung by a white person, it'll be a Jew that does it. They've had a history very similar to the black man's: They've known what it is to be somebody else's footstool."



"I believe more in the power of the vote than in getting a gun and trying to kill off the whole white race. I think that's absolutely stupid. One of the only sensible weapons the black man's got is the ballot."



new revue in early 1966. Instantly, he was back in his familiar position in the world of showbiz: at the top. No one has ever paid higher dues to get there.

Born the first son of Bailey and Aretha Robinson on September 23, 1930, in Albany, Georgia, Ray Charles Robinson spent his early years with all his faculties intact. His introduction to music by a neighbor and the tragedy of his younger brother's death are two of his memories of important events from his sighted years. Shortly after his sixth birthday, an eye disease—which doctors subsequently diagnosed as glaucoma—gradually claimed his sight. A year later, irrevocable darkness surrounded the youngster and his parents had to enroll him at a school for the blind in St. Augustine, Florida. It was there that "Foots," as Ray was called by his schoolmates for his shoeless arrival at the school, gathered whatever formal music education he would receive—which was apparently sufficient; he learned to read and write music in braille and to play almost every instrument in the school band. Early in 1969, he returned briefly to his alma mater to be honored as its most outstanding alumnus.

It wasn't until he reached the age of ten, the year his father died, that Ray felt the full impact of being black in the United States: "A little white guy I was playing with at school happened to call me 'nigger.' Before the incident, I really didn't know exactly what the word meant, but I got so mad when I heard it that I just picked him up like a sack of flour and dropped him flat. They made me wash dishes with the girls for two weeks as punishment." Five years later, his mother, who had been his source of strength through all previous hardships, also died. Alone with his music, Ray quit school and alternated for a time between semi-starvation and occasional gigs with local jazz groups in the Georgia-Florida area. "Times and me got leaner and leaner," he recalls, "but anything beat getting a cane and a cup and picking out a street corner."

At 17, determined to get "as far away from where I was as possible"—and apparently from who he was, since he had by then shortened his name, to avoid being mistaken for Sugar Ray Robinson, the boxer—Charles took \$600 he had saved from intermittent jobs and journeyed to Seattle. Soon after he arrived in town, he decided to cut a record—and found himself promptly fined heavily for violating a recording ban imposed by music-union czar James Petrillo during a long musicians' strike. "Everybody was cutting records then," Charles says resignedly. "Only I didn't know you were supposed to lie about it." Side one of that unfortunate disc was appropriately titled "Confession Blues."

When the strike was over, work came quickly for a while, with the singer-

instrumentalist imitating a number of then-successful performers, until it occurred to him that Ray Charles might have something uniquely valuable of his own to offer. So he began to do his own inimitable thing, and for the next few years—though he would have been an admirable addition to anyone's band at the prices for which he was willing to work—jobs were sporadic and second-rate. He toured for a year with Lowell Fulson's blues band and later formed a combo to back vocalist Ruth Brown. Then he did an unnoticed single at Harlem's Apollo Theater. Back in Seattle, things began to pick up when the Maxim Trio, a group he put together in 1953, became the first black act to get its own sponsored television show in the Pacific Northwest. Returning to the club circuit after the show folded, he was frustrated by the quality of musicianship he found among the various pickup groups with which he had to work, and he formed a permanent septet for roadwork. With this group, in 1954, Charles waxed his first national hit, "I Got a Woman," which critic Nat Hentoff described as "secularized Gospel."

From that point on, Charles produced a nearly unbroken string of hits; and when he changed record companies in 1959, his popularity went into even higher orbit with his recording of the venerable "Georgia on My Mind." Two years later, with financial rewards rolling in, he won the first of five consecutive awards as top male vocalist in Down Beat's International Jazz Critics' Poll. The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences gave him the first of several of its highly respected Grammy Awards that same year. And in 1962, Charles recorded the iconoclastic LP "Modern Sounds in Country and Western," which appeared to mixed critical acclaim but solid financial returns. The album also earned him another gold record, and one of the singles therefrom—"I Can't Stop Lovin' You"—has sold over 3,000,000 copies to date. Insisting on excellence from all about him, he continues to record the kind of material that wins new friends and keeps the old ones.

Though he might not qualify as a militant, Charles has very definite opinions on civil rights and contributes to the betterment of race relations in the manner he knows best: through his art. His primary charitable preoccupation is the Sickle Cell Disease Research Foundation, of which the singer was made national honorary chairman three years ago. Sickle-cell disease is a form of anemia, 90 percent of whose victims are black children.

When not at the mercy of his hectic schedule, Charles can usually be found at home in his \$300,000 house, with its grand piano-shaped swimming pool, in the View Park section of Los Angeles.

There, with his second wife, Della, to whom he has been married for the past 16 years, and his sons, Ray, Jr., 15, David, 13, and Robert, 10, Charles is able to steal a little relaxation. His home away from home, however, is the R.P.M. Building, where, in a normally cyclonic day, he might put in up to 14 hours recording both sides of a single or three tracks of an album and editing as many or more, auditioning a prospective newcomer or two to the ranks of the talent his firm manages, ironing out a few scores with their arrangers and tying together the loose ends of management on all levels, in addition to greeting a dozen or more old friends. It was in his plush office, walled in black cork, that PLAYBOY Assistant Editor Bill Quinn caught Charles between moves—often enough and long enough to complete the following interview.

**PLAYBOY:** You were one of the first singers in what music critic Barbara Gardner once called the "natural Negro idiom" to gain wide acceptance among black and white audiences alike. How do you explain this broad appeal?

**CHARLES:** For the real answer to that question, you'd have to ask the people who buy my records and come to my shows—the black people and the white people. All I can say is that I'm sincere in my work; I give it all I've got. But I'm not saying that's the answer, either, because lots of performers are just as earnest as I am, maybe more so, and luck has it that they've never made it. Who knows why? I guess my emotions have a lot to do with the way my songs come out. Some nights I sing the blues and I'm under control. Other nights I sing the same songs and I can hardly keep the tears from rolling down my face. I just try never to be mechanical about what I'm doing and I try not to short-change my audiences—whether I'm playing to 100 people or 100,000.

**PLAYBOY:** Your fans obviously go for that approach, because to many of them, you're known as "The Genius." Frank Sinatra even went as far as to call you the "only genius in the business."

**CHARLES:** Yeah, Frank did say that. Although I really appreciate the nice names people call me—especially since, in this business, I'm bound to get called a few dirty ones, too—I'm kind of scared of that label. Genius means the top of the heap, which, if a guy doesn't watch himself, can also mean in a rut.

**PLAYBOY:** You're also known as "the genius of soul." Since the word soul has so many interpretations, what's yours?

**CHARLES:** It's got different strokes for different folks. To me, when you're talking about people with soul, you're talking about warm, understanding, down-to-earth people that do things from the heart. If you're talking about a soulful relationship with a member of the opposite sex, that



means one that's genuine, for real. It's when nobody's faking nothing—when you're truly communicating with your partner. If you're talking about soul food, you're talking about the kind of food I love: neck bones, knuckles, collard greens, black-eyed peas and chitterlings. They're mostly foods that became popular during slavery and the Depression, when black people had to make a little bit go a long way. Many of us still have to do that, but nowadays, people all over have found out how good it is; even Lyndon Johnson eats some of it. I don't know if he's soulful enough for chitterlings yet, but he knows all about ham hocks and collards.

**PLAYBOY:** You're often quoted as saying that you "want people to *feel* my soul." Why this great urge to open your innermost self to your audiences—people who are strangers?

**CHARLES:** I love this business I'm in; it's like a hobby that I happen to get paid for. Besides, my mother always told me to be as sincere as I can be at whatever I'm doing in life—whether it's shining other folks' shoes, emptying other folks' garbage or singing other folks' troubles away. After all, the other name of this game is the communications business. I've got to be able to reach the public—to make them feel that the girl I'm singing about really did take all my money and run off with my best friend last night—or I won't be around long as a performer. The way I seem to communicate best is through sad songs, because when people are sad—which is most of the time—they want to hear something that compounds that sadness, something that makes 'em cry that much more. Then, when they've got it all out of their systems, they can go through the rest of the day fine. That's why so many people have leaned on the blues over all these years. The blues won't go out of style until people stop hurting each other. But certain blues singers go out of style quick if the public doesn't believe they really know what pain is all about.

**PLAYBOY:** Today, in what might be called the post-Beatle era, many white groups have gone in for full-blooded adaptations of blues styles—the Muddy Waters–B. B. King–Howlin' Wolf approach—coupled with an abundance of electronic amplification. What about that blend?

**CHARLES:** White kids will never feel about Muddy or B. B. the way they feel about the Rolling Stones or Blood, Sweat & Tears. They've got to have entertainers from their own race to idolize, it seems. Negroes have been singing rhythm-and-blues, or soul music, as it's called now, more or less as you hear it today, since before I was born. But white mothers weren't going to let their daughters swoon over those black cats, so they never got widely known. Then along came Elvis Presley and the white kids had a hero. All that talk about rock 'n'

roll began then, but black musicians started to get a little play, too. When the English boys came on the scene, they admitted where they got their inspiration and that caused even more interest in the real blues. I'm glad to see these youngsters doing our music. It enhances the guys who originated it, the same as one of those symphony orchestras enhances Beethoven.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you view the current interest in soul among whites as a healthy phenomenon, instead of a case of cultural robbery, as some black and white critics have claimed?

**CHARLES:** Just because Bell invented the telephone is no reason to say Ray Charles can't use it. It's ridiculous to have certain music for certain races. I've heard some people say that the big production about soul is just another one of the white man's second-story jobs, but there certainly are many more black artists being heard on white stations today who weren't there a few years ago—and their music is being played just the way they play it. I mean that these white stations—some of them are top-40 and some are called underground stations—are playing the real blues, with no water in the whiskey. This makes for understanding, and the more of it we can get between people—I don't care if it's through music, sports or what, as long as people can get together and realize that so-and-so is not such a bastard after all—the better off we'll all be.

**PLAYBOY:** But why, since soul has been around all these years, is it suddenly so popular with whites?

**CHARLES:** For the same reasons people are so willing to discuss venereal disease and birth control and abortion. If any group is responsible, it's the kids; they're not buying the old stories they were told by their parents. They're beginning to want to do things and find things out for themselves and, as a result, they're experimenting with all the old taboos. White people in the South used to tell their kids that the blues was the Devil's music. They said that anybody who listened to it would go to hell. Then, along comes this big communications system and the white kids heard some of those devilish "race records" down there at the far end of the radio dial. They liked what they heard and they're still around, so they aren't going for the old stories anymore.

I guess they also realize that rhythm-and-blues and jazz are the only really American music there is. The average white guy can't talk about classical music or opera—unless he just got off the boat from Italy or Germany or somewhere like that. For all of us, black and white, the only music we can call our own is what's being made here. I guess whites aren't going to let black people keep a monopoly on it any longer.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think that the musical forms now identified with blacks, as well

as those of country-and-western and such exotic influences as the Greek and East Indian, will eventually merge to produce a single American sound?

**CHARLES:** They might, but there'll still be differences—according to who's singing. You're not going to find a whole lot of whites who can sing like Muddy Waters. You may find one or two who come close—come to think of it, I've heard one or two lately—but, generally speaking, there'll always be that little difference.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that whites can't really sing the blues?

**CHARLES:** I didn't say that; they tell me that *anything's* possible. I only say that I've never heard a white singer who can sing the blues effectively—the way, say, that Aretha Franklin sings them. But who knows—tomorrow, maybe somebody will come along. After all, the blues is mainly music about people's troubles, and everybody's entitled to a few of those; it's the degree of trouble that makes the difference. If the blues ever really gets sung by a white person, it'll be the Jew that does it. I think they've had a history very similar to the black man's: They've been persecuted all over the world and they've known what it is to be somebody else's footstool.

**PLAYBOY:** Accepting your argument that environment and personal experiences determine one's artistic validity, how do you justify yourself—a black man—as a country-and-western singer?

**CHARLES:** What I did was take country-and-western songs and sing them *my* way. In other words, I didn't try to imitate Hank Snow or Grandpa Jones. I did the same thing with songs like *Georgia*, which has been around for over 30 years. I think there's a vast difference between putting your thing on a song and trying to be a certain kind of singer. Whatever the song, jazz or country-and-western, it's got to sound like I did it or I'm not going to release it.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you aware at the time you cut your country-and-western albums that a number of purists among your fans objected to your venturing into that area?

**CHARLES:** I've been listening to *Grand Ole Opry* since I was eight or nine years old, and I happen to dig it. But the main reason I did these hillbilly tunes was that there are millions of everyday people who listen to this music—not just in the States but in Europe and Asia, too. Country-and-western, to my mind, is a very sincere form of music, just like the blues. It's the kind of music that you don't go to school to learn to play; you've either got it in your soul or you haven't—just like the blues. It's not prettied up or glossed over, and it's about poor people and dirt farmers and all the little folks who are having a tough time of it just staying alive—exactly like the blues. Those hillbilly tunes, the real ones, get right down to earth; they talk about being flat-out drunk in some bar



or feeling guilty about screwing your neighbor's wife. It's the nitty-gritty; it's just about poor whites instead of poor blacks, that's all.

**PLAYBOY:** But there is a difference in cultural environment between the groups.

**CHARLES:** Of course there is. Just looking at a white guy living in the hills of Kentucky, you might say: "He lives in a tar-paper shack, not enough to eat and raggedy clothes on his back, just like the black man; he's in poverty, just like the black man." But if you come to that conclusion, I must say to you that the hillbilly man can go anywhere he wants to; he can do anything he wants to; he doesn't have any restrictions against him whatsoever; he can even live in a black ghetto if he wants to. But it takes ten housing laws and 30 tanks for a black man to get into some of these white suburbs. Americans love to say they hate communism, but a Russian can come over here and get better treatment than a black American citizen. And, Christ, don't let me forget the real American: the red man. Yeah, it'll be Jews, or maybe Indians, who sing the blues first after us, because that poor hillbilly either likes the way he lives—and that's perfectly all right with me—or he's just too damn lazy to make something of himself. The blues isn't about *choosing* to be in poverty.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you account for white girl singers, such as Janis Joplin and Grace Slick, who sing earthier, more bluesy material than many of their black counterparts, such as Shirley Bassey and Leslie Uggams?

**CHARLES:** Back in the Thirties, you had white girls who sang like that, too; they were called red-hot mommas. But you could still tell the difference between Sophie Tucker and Bessie Smith. And you still can.

**PLAYBOY:** Why do you think the top black female vocalists, such as Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Carmen McRae and Nancy Wilson, have been striving over the past generation for a more "legitimate" sound than the Bessie Smiths, Ma Rainey, Billie Holiday, Nellie Lutcher and Dinah Washingtons had?

**CHARLES:** I'd say that singers like Carmen and Ella and Sarah are trying to get to as many people as they can—and not just for the sake of money, either. When the President makes a speech, he wants to speak to all Americans. These girls obviously reach more people than they would if they only sang blues. I sing more than one way for the same reason.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you don't think—as some old blues men told Charles Keil in his book *Urban Blues*—that there aren't any more great black female blues singers because "black women don't have anything to be blue about anymore"?

**CHARLES:** Black women have just as much trouble, just as much pain as they ever

had. Times haven't changed in that respect. And we still have women blues singers, *modern* blues singers like Aretha, who in my book is the best girl singer around—I don't care what color. There are singers that know more music, maybe, but—talking about bringing it up from the heart—there's nobody can do it the way she does. In time, she'll probably be as great a legend as Bessie Smith or Billie Holiday. After all, how many Billies or Bessies are you going to have in one lifetime?

**PLAYBOY:** You have recorded only one LP with a female singer, *Ray Charles and Betty Carter*. Do you think we'll hear a *Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin* album in the near future?

**CHARLES:** Well, as close as we've come so far are the Coke commercials we did a while ago. I'd love to get together with her, but she's under contract to another record company and I doubt if it's possible any time soon without a big hassle.

**PLAYBOY:** Why is it that there are just as many great male blues singers today as there ever were?

**CHARLES:** Well, the majority of all records sold—blues or not—are made by males, because women buy more records than men. Not only that; women make their men go out and get the records that *they* want to hear. Naturally, these records are made by men. On top of that, a young guy may go out and buy a record by a male singer because he's a little shy and that singer is saying exactly what he'd like to say to his girl but doesn't know how. This business is geared to male singers all the way around.

**PLAYBOY:** A moment ago, you observed a parallel between Jews and blacks. That seems ironic, in view of the reported upsurge of anti-Semitism in the black areas of America's cities.

**CHARLES:** Yes, I know that some black people are saying the Jew has been in our communities, sapping us of this and stealing that. But, hell, I know some black people in those same communities who have been sapping and stealing from black folks as fast as that Jew. One of the white man's faults has been that he's been too quick to condemn my whole race. Now, if black people turn right around and say that all Jews are thieves and crooks, we're just as wrong as the white man, and it might as well be dog eat dog. I say this: If black folks find a Jew in their community who's not giving them a fair shake, they should throw his ass out. While they're at it, they might also kick out those Negroes who're overcharging and short-weighting them. This can be done by just not patronizing them; they'll soon have to close up. Frankly, I must say that Jews have been some of the black man's biggest supporters in this country, so I can't see spitting on a helping hand. Besides that, the black man could stand to take a page or two out of

the Jews' book by sticking together and helping one's own.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of helping one's own, what do you do for the black cause?

**CHARLES:** Well, since I'm limited in some ways—like, on a picket line, I'd have a little trouble knowing when to duck the billy clubs and the bricks—I operate mostly in a fund-raising capacity. Let's face it; I don't care what project you come up with, it takes money to put it over. We usually do benefit concerts for the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and small Negro colleges and other groups we think are doing a good job, but we don't do *free* benefits. We ask whoever we're doing the show for to pay us, just like any other commercial promoters have to. Then we give them back all or part of the check, depending on what we want to do. We've found that whoever's in charge of the program will do a better job of hustling tickets and getting an audience together if they have to pay us first. If I'm going to do a benefit, I want the people I'm doing it for to work hard, if not harder, than if it was a commercial thing, because I'm not working for me, I'm working for them and, hell, I can stay *home* and make nothing. The only time we don't ask for money ahead of time is when we're doing concerts for guys in the Service.

**PLAYBOY:** During a television appearance not long ago, you remarked that you were going to stop performing in places like the Coconut Grove and do shows only in black neighborhoods, if your people "need it." Would such a move have any practical value?

**CHARLES:** Actually, when I made that statement, I was answering those people who think that putting Duke Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald or Ray Charles on TV or in some big night clubs is enough to make the average black man in the street without a job jump for joy and say, "All is well in America for me." Before I'd help put over that kind of sham, I'd just as soon go back to playing roadhouses and barbecue joints. Window dressing ain't enough; America's got to clean house.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you think the cleaning ought to start?

**CHARLES:** First of all, I must say that, with all its faults, this is the best country in the world—bar none—in my book. But I just wonder why this Government doesn't give food instead of tanks and jet planes to little countries with starving people in them; hungry babies can't eat machine guns. I wonder why a country as powerful and rich as this one has people starving to death right here, for that matter. These are some of the first problems to work on. But, you know, when the Government finally does get to working out problems, it sometimes overdoes it a little, too.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you mean in such areas as welfare subsidy?

**CHARLES:** Let me put it this way: A lot of



A man with light-colored hair is sitting on a large, ornate wooden chair with intricate carvings. He is wearing a green long-sleeved shirt, a dark patterned scarf, and wide-leg, flared slacks with a vibrant, multi-colored tapestry pattern. He is also wearing brown leather boots. The background is a dark, solid color.

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times, when the United States goes to help little countries, it says, "We're going to build you all the roads you need; whatever you need, we're going to put it there for you." But then it adds, "The only thing you have to do now is stick with us and do what we want." That's the kind of welfare I see going on here, too. My definition of welfare is: "John, you say you need some money. Well, I'm going to give you that money—\$400, \$500, \$1000—whatever you need. Only I'm giving it to you for a month or a year, or however long you say you need it. Just like I have a responsibility to see that you get a break, you have a responsibility to me as a citizen to pay it back on time. You have to honor your responsibility, because I let you use your fellow citizens' money, the people who are slaving every day and paying taxes." Now, John wants to know how the hell he's going to pay me back, when he wouldn't have borrowed the money in the first place, if he had any to pay me back with. "Well, John, while you've got the taxpayers' money, I'm going to put you through this training school I've got. And since I'm the U.S. Government, I've got courses in whatever you want to study—bricklaying or medicine. While you're there, John, I'm going to pay you some money, so that your family doesn't starve while you're learning. After you've learned your trade and once I place you in a job, that front money I loaned you must be paid back to the Government—a little at a time—until every nickel is returned to my cash register." That way, John has his dignity and the Government gets a return on its investment.

Now, I can hear people saying, "Aw, Ray, you talk like that 'cause you've got it made." Bullshit. Twice in my life, I almost died of malnutrition. I've eaten sardines and crackers many, many times. Some days I didn't eat at all; I drank water and shut the hell up about it. When I was able to get a job and get my hands on two or three bucks, I cherished it and I watched how I spent it. I'm not saying I wouldn't have taken a fin from some candy man who just walked up and handed it to me, but when I had to go through hell to get that five, believe me, I was careful how I spread it around. I don't think the black man—or any person who's in need, for that matter—really wants handouts. I believe that the majority of people, first of all, have their pride. Second, I think they want to be able to get a real job with some meaning, raise their families and keep the Government's nose out of the picture.

**PLAYBOY:** It's been said that the Government keeps its nose too far out of the picture, on occasion, by too infrequently involving this nation's jazz and blues artists in its State Department-sponsored cultural tours. A few of the musicians

who have been on these junkets have complained about their loose management by State Department personnel. All this, critics claim, adds up to a lack of Government support and respect for the black musician. How do you feel about it?

**CHARLES:** I'm not sure that this Government has enough respect for *anybody*—black or white, musician or not—especially when it comes to drafting people and collecting taxes. As a rule, though, the kind of people who work for the State Department probably feel that the blues is beneath them. They wouldn't be caught dead listening to Little Milton or Howlin' Wolf. They don't even know these cats exist, so they couldn't be expected to ask them to go on tours. To the people in Washington, all this music—maybe with the exception of traditional jazz players like Louis Armstrong—is somehow in bad taste. But you know, two thirds of the world is playing it and dancing to it, so I guess there's a hell of a lot of people with bad judgment, wouldn't you say? Those officials kind of remind me of the guy I heard on television asking what "those black people" are raising all that hell about. He was one of those whites who thought we always seemed "satisfied" 'cause we're always "laughing and singing and dancing." Some of these State Department cats seem to feel the same way about it—and people wonder why the world's in such rough shape.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been asked to go on one of the department's tours?

**CHARLES:** No, but I'd like to go to Russia. This has nothing to do with the State Department; I'd just like to go there, anyway. I've been interviewed by Russian reporters and they said they'd try to work out an arrangement for me to give a few concerts, whenever I'm ready to go. They say I've got lots of fans over there. I also get many letters from countries like Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia. So far, though, I haven't heard anything from the State Department. I don't think they know about me any more than they know about Little Milton. But if they did ask me to go somewhere—which they won't after they read this—I think my first choice, if I got a choice, would be Vietnam.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about U.S. intervention in that conflict?

**CHARLES:** I'm not much different from most sane folks. I wish we'd just get the hell out of there. Since I'm not in danger of being sent there with a gun, maybe I'm not the one to talk. But I'm not a violent man; I don't dig war and I don't like to see people knocking each other off. Every man has a right to life. People say that America has certain commitments to Vietnam, and she *does*. But if I tell you I'm going to help you, then I figure you're going to put forth most of the effort and I'm going to play a sup-

porting role—not carry both of us. Don't ask me to draft my 18-year-olds when lots of your 19-year-olds aren't in uniform. Another thing I disagree with is this bit about "Today is Christmas, so I'm not going to kill your son today—I'll kill him tomorrow, after the holiday is over." If you have to fight a war, fight it to win. Otherwise, get out. There's never even been a declaration of war in this thing. So if it's not even officially supposed to be a war, what're all these kids dying for? There's something awfully rotten with that whole half-ass thing over there.

**PLAYBOY:** A number of entertainers refuse to participate in U.S.O. tours of Vietnam, because they feel that supporting the morale of U.S. troops would signify approval of the war. Apparently, you don't feel that strongly about it.

**CHARLES:** If a soldier goes into one of those towns over there and spends a few bucks buying himself a woman, he's getting *entertained* right there. Now, ten to one, he feels less like going out and killing people after a little sport. It's when people feel like nobody gives a damn what happens to them that they can work up hatred and cruelty quick. Those soldiers deserve a few moments of pleasure, 'cause they're catching hell for the rest of us, whether they like it or not. I want to give them anything I can.

**PLAYBOY:** A decade ago, young people were far less demonstrative about their concern for the state of the world than today's activist generation is. Have you modified your material or your style in any way to reflect the current social and political mood?

**CHARLES:** I'd have to agree that the majority of people who come to my concerts nowadays are probably more aware of world affairs than they were a few years ago, but I doubt seriously if they want to hear me make speeches about the Democrats or the Republicans. When I go to buy a pair of shoes, I give less than a damn whether the salesman voted for Humphrey or Nixon; all I want is a pair of kicks that don't hurt my feet. The same is probably true of my audiences; they've spent their hard-earned money to get a few minutes' entertainment out of life and that's that.

**PLAYBOY:** But an increasing number of performers are infusing their material with political issues. Such diverse show people as Joan Baez, Mort Sahl, Dick Gregory, Buffy Sainte-Marie and Archie Shepp are cases in point. Shepp, a black tenor saxophonist, even reads his poetry and various other declarations of militancy during his performances.

**CHARLES:** I haven't seen the gentleman you're talking about, so it's difficult for me to comment on his approach. But if his talking doesn't bug his public, then it's fine with me. Personally, I think everyone can see that I'm black, so I guess I don't have to tell anybody about it. Furthermore, I'd like to think that





# playboy after dark



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when I sing a song, I can let you know all about the heartbreak, struggle, lies and kicks in the ass I've gotten over the years for being black and everything else, without actually saying a word about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Nancy Wilson has recorded a tune called *Black Is Beautiful*. Aretha Franklin's version of Otis Redding's *Respect* and James Brown's *I'm Black and I'm Proud* have become anthems of America's central cities. Do you think it would be overstating your case to cut such a number yourself?

**CHARLES:** That question reminds me of the sign I saw in a gas station once: PLEASE ENGAGE BRAIN BEFORE SHIFTING MOUTH. Now, I'm not knocking any of the singers you just mentioned, but long before any of them cut those songs, I had a record called *You're In for a Big Surprise*. The lyrics went: "I call you 'Mister' / I shine your shoes / You go 'way laughing / While I sing the blues. / You think I'm funny / And you're so wise / But, a-a-a-ah, baby, / You're in for a big surprise."

**PLAYBOY:** But despite such atypical songs, some critics have charged that your singing approach is a formula that you could alter only at the risk of losing your audiences. Do you think there is any element of your style that's essential to your continued popularity?

**CHARLES:** Yeah: *me*. I must always be myself; and, by the way, it's the easiest thing in the world for me to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Many other singers seem to find it expedient, if not easy, to "be you." Are you flattered by the attempts to duplicate your vocal style, or do you feel your imitators are cutting in on your market?

**CHARLES:** They aren't cutting in on my market at all. I don't care how well they imitate me; they can't imitate my insides. They can't do what I would do with a song till after I've done it—so they always have to follow. There's not one imitation that ever became as popular as the original. I guess I'm flattered, because those people out there are trying to make a living and if they think the best way to do it is to sound like me—fine.

**PLAYBOY:** Who were the influences on your sound?

**CHARLES:** I guess the first would be Nat Cole. When I was still a kid, 18 or 19, I cut a few 78s with my trio that would show you today that I tried to sing like him as much as possible. Then, too, I tried to sound like Charles Brown, who might not be so popular today, but when he led the Three Blazers in the Forties, he was one of the hottest names going. Art Tatum wasn't a singer, and my piano doesn't sound much like his, but he was also one of my biggest influences. He was, in my opinion, the greatest pianist—and one of the greatest human beings—who ever lived. Those people who talk about making the black man

aware of his history should start a television series on those really great old musicians who are just about forgotten now, like Tatum, Kid Ory, King Oliver. I don't care whose favorites you pick, they were all pioneers.

Some of the other people who've contributed to my sound weren't necessarily in the business, because, after I found my own thing, I wasn't trying to copy anybody anymore; they're just people I respect. My mother heads that list. In fact, she's my greatest influence overall. She wasn't a very well-educated woman, but she was one of the most brilliant people—in a street sense—that I've ever known. She had a parable for everything and she related them all on my level. As an adult, I've come to see the wisdom of all the things she told me. When I went blind, she helped me not to have self-pity or dependency on others. Whatever I did before I lost my eyes, as far as possible, she'd make me do afterward—whether I bumped my head or stumped my shins doing it. Everybody I've admired has been the kind of person who could *make* something out of the things most folks take for granted: George Washington Carver and the peanut, Martin Luther King and the laws of this country; and Thomas Edison. I read where one of Edison's aides went up to him one time and said, "Sir, we've made 740 mistakes on this project." And he said to the aide, "Son, we haven't made any mistakes; we've just found 740 things that won't work." Edison probably invented the light bulb on his 741st try.

**PLAYBOY:** When did the idea of making your living in music first occur to you?

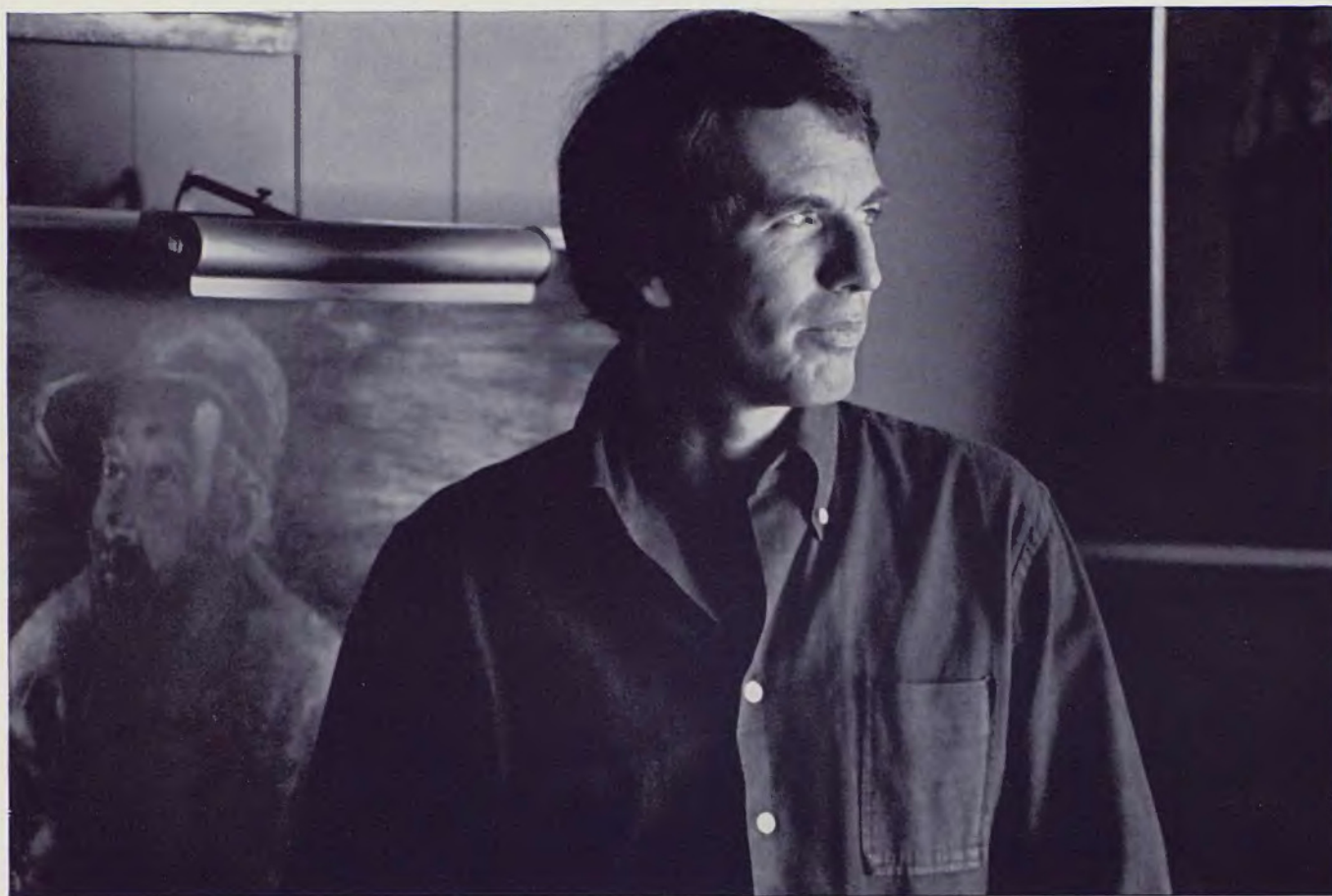
**CHARLES:** I've loved music since I was three or four years old. A great old man named Wylie Pittman used to live next door to us in Florida. He was always playing that fine boogie woogie on an old piano on his front porch. Even if I was in the yard, shooting marbles or something with my playmates, I'd go over to Mr. Pittman's house whenever I heard him working out on that upright; I loved it. I'd hop up on the piano seat beside him and he'd let me bang on the treble keys. I thought I was doing exactly what he was doing, but at that age, I wasn't doing anything but mashing ivory. He had quite a bit of faith in me, though, because he'd always say, "That's good, Ray. Just keep on practicing." I guess he figured if a little kid like me was interested enough in music to leave his friends and join an old man like him, I must have music in my bones.

Once, when I was six years old, he took me down to a little café and had his friends listen to me play. That was my first concert, I guess. Of course, I always did try to sing—I was raised in the Baptist Church, you know—so nobody had to encourage me to use my voice. When I was seven, I went to the



# 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.

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blind school and, eventually, I got into the music classes. I stayed there until I was 15, and by that time, I was playing piano, organ, alto saxophone and a few other things and I was writing braille arrangements for big bands—maybe 16- or 17-piece groups. While I was at the school, I formed a little group and we started out playing for ladies' tea parties and church socials on Sundays. That would bring in two or three bucks, which was pretty good wages for a young kid with no expenses. When I left the school, I decided that I'd just keep on making music, instead of mops and brooms, which was what they taught us to do at school. I've never regretted it.

**PLAYBOY:** Considering the fundamentalist church style of your singing, do you think you might have entered the ministry if you hadn't become a musician?

**CHARLES:** No. Although I've always loved and respected the Church, I think—even though I can't imagine such a thing at this point—that if I hadn't been a musician, I'd have been a lawyer. Aside from the fact that I've always been fascinated with the law, it's a field I could have learned without my sight. One of my friends from the blind school is an attorney now in Daytona Beach. I think I would have been a trial lawyer; I can't stand my speaking voice, but I like to talk. Music is my work, though, and I love it too much to see how I could really have done anything else.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you get as much satisfaction playing for yourself as for your audiences?

**CHARLES:** No, I'm afraid not. When I'm playing for audiences, there's the satisfaction of making people happy as well as making music. When you've got the audience swinging with you, somehow they pull something out of you that you didn't know you had. It's kind of like the mother who lifted the car off her son when it turned over on top of him; any other time, she'd have had trouble just rolling up the window.

**PLAYBOY:** How much time do you spend performing on the road?

**CHARLES:** We're traveling about nine months out of the year—from April through December. The rest of the time, we're here in L. A., recording, recuperating and getting the show ready for the road again. Seven of those road months count as solid working time and three quarters of that is spent doing one-night concerts.

**PLAYBOY:** That's a rough grind.

**CHARLES:** In the early Fifties, it was rough. We used to get in a car and drive, say, 400 miles. That would take close to ten hours. When we'd get into the town where we were working, we'd be lucky if we had time to grab a bath and a sandwich before we went onstage. Now that we're in a position to ask for certain things, we try to schedule dates no more than 300 or

400 miles apart and, with the plane, we can do that stretch in less than an hour. It's still hard work, sometimes, but, thank God, we're doing what we like to do. On the other hand, some people see you onstage for only a couple of hours a day and think you're really living the life. Well, I'd like to tell them that we've got the kind of gig that takes as much out of a man in that time as some other jobs don't in half a day. Keeps me in shape, though; I've weighed 165 pounds since I was 18.

**PLAYBOY:** On the road, you're surrounded by one of the largest entourages of any entertainer in show business. Are all these people indispensable?

**CHARLES:** Ain't nobody indispensable—even me. The public can get tired of me any time. Everybody traveling with me—the band, the Raeletts, my manager, my valet, my pilot, *everybody*—has a job and we expect each one to do what he's supposed to, just like the public expects Ray Charles to do.

**PLAYBOY:** You have the reputation among some as a demanding, temperamental man to work for and a stickler for detail. Is there any truth to that?

**CHARLES:** I don't ask any musician or anybody else around here to do anything I'm not ready to do. For example, when the band has to have a long rehearsal to get a number down pat, I don't send my band director to handle the job while I sleep; I'm right there with them. You're correct, though, that I've been accused of all that you say. On the other hand, I've seen some mighty happy faces backstage when the fans come up and tell them how good they sounded or how fine they looked. So I'll take that kind of criticism as long as I get that kind of results.

**PLAYBOY:** It was widely reported that a salary dispute caused your previous group of Raeletts to quit abruptly on the final night of your 1968 Coconut Grove stint. According to one magazine's account, a figure of \$300 per week was the bone of contention, and your refusal to pay this sum caused their dissatisfied departure, along with that of your star instrumentalist and several other band members.

**CHARLES:** Well, I don't need to make any enemies for myself by commenting on that question. I'll just say that they quit—I didn't fire them. Whatever reasons they gave for leaving are their own; but if I *had* fired them, I'd be more than happy to tell you why. I'll say this, too: That was the third set of Raeletts I've had over the years—because women come and go in an organization like this for various female reasons—and that was the best set I ever had; they were excellent. But I have no intention of letting musicians or the girls or anyone else run this outfit. When the day comes that they do that, then I quit.

**PLAYBOY:** Obviously, you are the captain

of your ship. But with so many components—your two planes, your touring company of 45, your home offices and staff, your recording studios and all the rest to keep tabs on—how do you find time to create musically?

**CHARLES:** As far as managing the financial end of it goes, I look at it like this: It's all a matter of zeros—whether you're talking about ten bucks or 100,000. You ain't going to last long if your outlay is greater than your intake. Since I'm in business to make an honest dollar—because I'm too chicken to steal—I figure I might as well make two or three extra while I'm at it. To do this, of course, I've got certain people to do certain things, but I've lost too much sweat and blood to be careless. It's not a matter of mistrusting anybody; it's just good business. Now, I don't go around checking to see who bought the toilet paper last week, but, between consulting my accountant and my business manager, I have a pretty good idea where I stand. That leaves me enough time for the musical end of things.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your annual income?

**CHARLES:** I doubt if I'd qualify for the poverty program; I guess it's enough to make a decent living. It's been alleged that I make a hell of a lot of money, but what I've heard it said I make is a damn sight more than I get to keep. While Uncle Sam is strong-arming me out of it, he keeps singing in my ear: "It's not the gross but the net, darlin'." Unfortunately, I make too much money to be called poor and too little to feel rich.

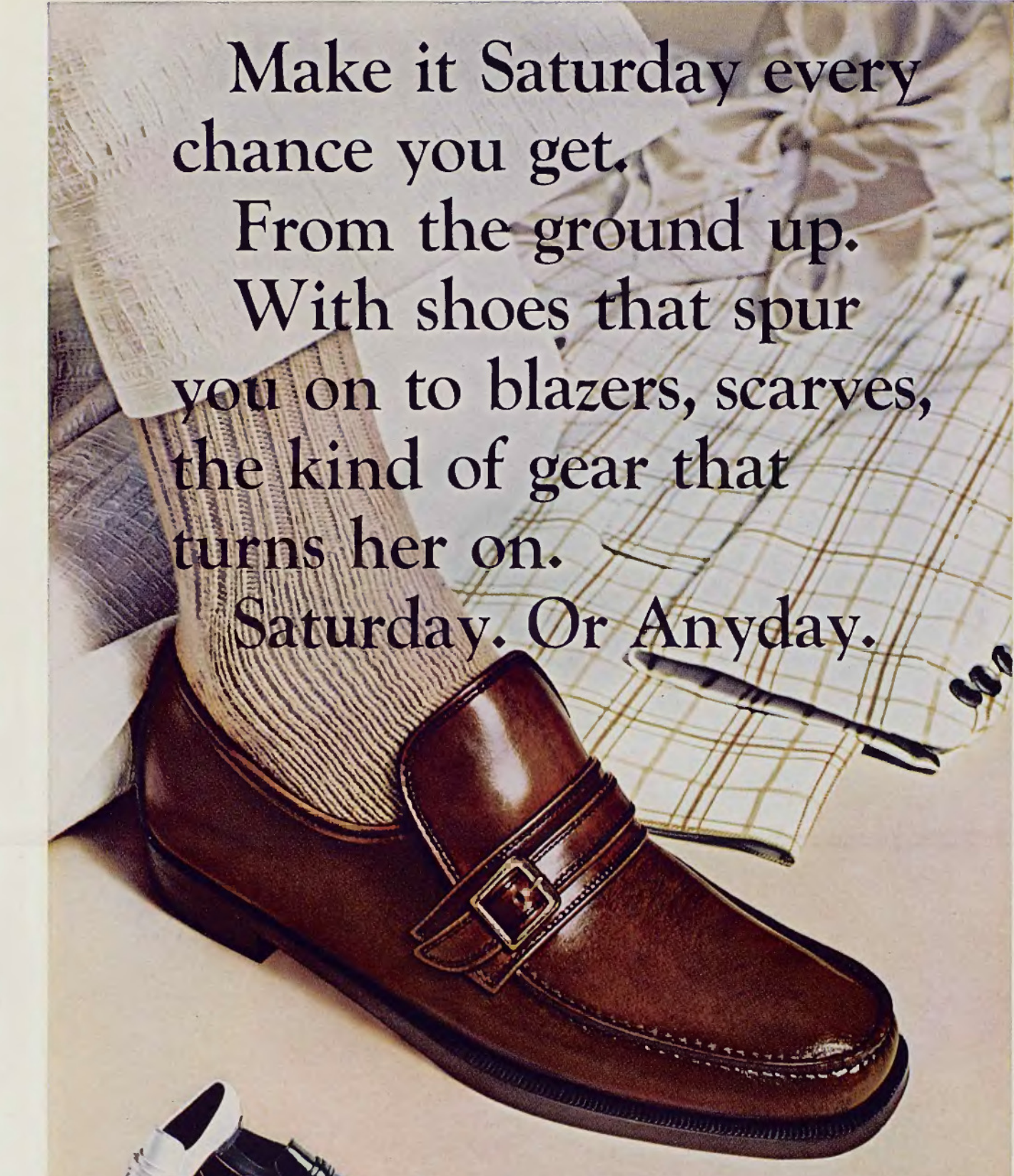
**PLAYBOY:** With the little bit the Government leaves you, and with your busy schedule, how do you spend your leisure time?

**CHARLES:** I'm a great lover of chess, and it doesn't cost me a nickel. Other than that, I go to baseball and football games.

**PLAYBOY:** It's hard to conceive of Ray Charles as a spectator, but your pilot even says that you can fly both the Viscount and your smaller plane. How?

**CHARLES:** Well, just as a matter of survival or self-defense. I don't want the FAA thinking I go around buzzing rooftops, 'cause, of course, I don't have a license to fly. But if my pilot should suddenly have a stroke or something—God forbid—I could probably bring the plane down without killing anybody. It's a matter of three things: staying level, knowing my altitude and keeping the right air speed. First of all, I'd find the gauge called the artificial horizon. This is made like an airplane, with wings on it. The wings are supposed to be even with a hairline on the gauge when the plane is level. Now, I'd take some kind of hard metal, probably my lighter, and break the glass on the gauge and feel the wings with my finger tips, to make sure they're in the horizontal position. Next,





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I'd break the glass on the altimeter. This gauge has hands on it just like the face of a clock, so I can feel how high up I am by checking the position of the hands. The same goes for my air-speed indicator; I don't want to go too slow, because I'll stall, and not too fast, because I'll overshoot the runway when I try to land. After I did all this as quick as I could, I'd call the tower and tell them what happened and what I was going to do. Then I'd climb up to 12,000 or 13,000 feet and practice landing by slowing the plane down and dipping it, and so forth, all the time feeling the gauges, to see what was really happening. Once I felt I had practiced enough, I'd attempt to actually land. I might tear off a wing or something, but I think I'd come out alive. That's what they call flying blind, you know.

**PLAYBOY:** It's reported that you once even repaired your plane after mechanics had worked on it in vain for some time. Is your ability to handle mechanical equipment the result of memory development or hypersensitive touch?

**CHARLES:** I've always wanted to know how things tick, so—with the plane—I studied the principles that make it fly. The case of the repair job on the plane was a simple thing, really; it happened when they were trying to put an intake pipe on one side of the engine. As soon as the guy would get it tightened up in one place, it would come loose in another. He was struggling like hell, and I finally asked what the problem was. It turned out that the pipe bolted down from a funny angle underneath and he couldn't see the thing as well as I could feel it. So I just reached up under the pipe, found the holes, screwed the bolts in and we were ready to take off.

Sometimes, I fool around with my radio or television set, if either one goes bad. I guess I'll probably shock myself to death one day. That's why I don't recommend that other blind people mess with electricity or motors and things. With any handicapped person, it's a matter of self-confidence. I don't have a dog or a cane, but I get where I have to go. Matter of fact, **PLAYBOY** gave me a motor scooter as a Christmas present in 1960, and I used to take it out to the Coliseum and ride it.

**PLAYBOY:** You drove it at speeds of up to 60 miles an hour, we recall, by following the sound of another scooter in front of you. But how about your chess-playing ability? Do you remember the positions of all the chessmen as you maneuver through the game?

**CHARLES:** I can feel where the pieces are, just like you can see them, so I really don't have to remember that much. Incidentally, I don't think because you lose your eyesight, your other senses automatically become better. A blind person's faculties get better only if he develops

them. A person with sight could develop the same memory or hearing or sense of touch that blind people generally have; but unless a person loses his eyes, he just never feels the need to go to the extra trouble. Since I've lost mine—and I don't want to depend on people for every little thing—I've made the effort. Now, all my other senses are probably above normal, except my sense of taste. But I don't need that one any more or less than anybody else.

**PLAYBOY:** Without eyes, but with heightened sensitivity in other areas, do you think you're as aware of the world as the man who is able to see?

**CHARLES:** Because I can't check things visually, I think my observations are sharper in other ways. With people, for instance, I say to hell with their physical selves and I concentrate on their inner looks. While folks are being so careful about surface things, I'm checking the things they don't realize I can see: the way people approach me, what they talk about, whether they're putting on airs by doing things like using perfect English. All these things tell me what their characters and personalities are like. For this reason, I think I can spot real people and phonies quicker than most folks. Let's say a cat with eyes gets together with a fine, sexy woman. Well, she's got half her battle won right there; he's so wiped out by the sight of her talents that he's in danger of giving up a week's pay check before they even get into bed. Now, with me, she's got to show how good her talents *work*—plus have a good story—before I even twitch. If you work hard enough, you can turn almost anything to your advantage.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if blindness is hardly a handicap to you at all.

**CHARLES:** I can't say as I miss a hell of a lot. I don't care that much about driving a car. I've got a Cadillac and a Volkswagen, and to me, riding in one is about the same as riding in the other. I follow what's going on on television by the sound track, just like I do in real life. The same goes for the movies—all except those silents with people like Rudolph Valentino in them. I get just as much from being around my kids, hearing them and touching them and looking into their insides, as most other parents, who can see. And I know my wife is a beautiful woman.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been blind for 32 of your 39 years. How much of the world do you remember?

**CHARLES:** I remember colors—red, green, blue, the basic colors. Nothing weird like chartreuse. I remember the moon, stars, sunsets. I remember what my mother looked like. And I know what most of the things I sing about look like.

**PLAYBOY:** According to most reports, after suffering severe injury in an auto accident, Bessie Smith was refused admission

to one Mississippi hospital and bled to death on the way to another. Do you think your blindness, which was a progressive deterioration, could have been prevented if unsegregated medical care had been available to you in 1937?

**CHARLES:** It's possible, if we'd had the money. The doctors who've looked at me since seem to think there was a possibility, too. On the other hand, I wouldn't want to blame the whole thing on being a Negro in the South; I could have been a white boy and still lost my sight, if I didn't have the money. Then, too, money's no guarantee of anything, if fate wants to deal you a blow. The Kennedys are the best proof of that.

**PLAYBOY:** Fate dealt you one blow even before you lost your sight, didn't it?

**CHARLES:** Which one do you mean?

**PLAYBOY:** When you lost your brother.

**CHARLES:** That happened when I was five years old. My brother was about three and a half, and we were playing in our back yard. There was one of those big number-four washtubs filled with water and my brother kept leaning over into it. All of a sudden, he tumbled into it headfirst. The first thing I thought about was trying to pull him out, but he was almost as big as I was and, with his clothes all soaked and everything, he was too heavy. When I saw I couldn't pull him out, I ran and got my mother, who was ironing in the front yard. She ran back and snatched him out and gave him artificial respiration, but it was too late.

**PLAYBOY:** You said your mother was a major inspiration in your life. Were you close during those early years?

**CHARLES:** Emotionally, yes. But a lot of the time, she had to be off at work. She did some of everything; she even worked at the town sawmill. Her job was stacking up piles of boards and feeding them into a big sawing machine. She also took in washing and worked as a cook for a white family in town. That reminds me; there's one thing about white people in the South: If they hate black people, they really hate us; but if they like us, vice versa. When my mother died, there were as many white people as black people at her funeral.

**PLAYBOY:** Was your father equally well liked?

**CHARLES:** Yeah. He was just a man who cut cross-ties and drove spikes for the railroad and liked to fool around with motors and things in his spare time; but in that town his word meant something, at a time when a man's word was his bond. Nowadays, a man's bond is his bank account. If a friend of his got arrested on some charge like being drunk, my father could go down to the jail and tell the man that he guaranteed everything was going to be all right and the fellow would let my father's friend out of the cell. My father used to go fishing with the president of the bank. Greenville,







Florida, was that kind of town; there weren't more than 300 people there and they all knew each other.

A Negro could get along in most places in the South in those days, as long as he acted like a man. Now, this doesn't mean being an Uncle Tom, either. My father was respected in that town by whites and blacks because he respected everybody else and he always did what he said he was going to do. On the other hand, if he wasn't going to do something, killing him wouldn't have changed his mind. This the white man had to accept. Matter of fact, the white man accepted almost anything out of a black man but making love with his women. I even know of a couple of instances in Florida where black men got away with *killing* white ones. Now, I don't say that walking around free after knocking off a white man was par for the course, but there was one case that involved this man who was one of those fellows white people called "good nigras," the kind of guy who loved his people and, when he went into town, bought what he needed and got the hell out of there. Anyway, one evening, he was sitting on his front porch with his family, swinging in his swing chair, and along comes this white guy, cussing his head off. He stops in front of the black man's house, still cussing. The black man asked him to please stop cussing because of his family. The white guy said, "Look, this is a white man you're talking to, nigger. You know better than to tell me what to do." The black man said, "Look, sir, I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't stand in front of my house, then. This is my wife and kids here." Then the white guy decided he'd not only stand in front of the house and cuss, he figured he'd go into the yard and do it. The black guy said, "I wouldn't do that if I were you, sir." "Boy," the white man said, "I'm going to kick your ass for telling me what to do." So as the white man walked through the gate, the black man reached inside his door and got his 16-gauge shotgun. The white man got one foot on the steps as the gun went off and blew a hole through his stomach.

Now, black folks' houses in those days were built with long hallways straight through from front to back, with a couple of rooms off to each side—and the white guy staggered backward, then ran straight through the house, just like the shotgun blast, and fell dead in the back yard. The black man had one of his friends go get the sheriff. The sheriff knew the black guy well and, when he heard how the shooting happened, he just told the black guy to leave town until things cooled off. His family stayed on there while he was gone and nothing happened to them. Pretty soon, he was back and everything was forgotten. This was a Southern town and there were some

pretty mean white folks there, but they were fair if you were known to mind your own business. Pick another town and have that same incident happen and, Christ, maybe they'd knock off two or three black families for that.

As I say, though, the one thing a black man couldn't do anywhere in the South was get caught with a white woman. A lot of young black men were jailed for years, even castrated, sometimes lynched, if it was just rumored that they had even looked at one. I guess it was such a big obsession with the white man because he knew what he'd done to black women during slavery. So every time a black man looked at a white woman—or every time a white man *thought* one of us did—he probably said to himself: "They're going to get even with me for taking their sisters and their mothers." They're way off base, though.

**PLAYBOY:** In what way?

**CHARLES:** There might be one Negro in a thousand that wants a white woman just because she's white. But, even then, don't forget: If people kept you away from Chinese girls for 300 years, you'd be curious to see what yellow women are like. And, I might add, white women are pretty curious about black men, too.

**PLAYBOY:** As a young blade, you cut quite a swath among your female fans. In fact, this resulted in your receiving a number of paternity suits, didn't it?

**CHARLES:** Yeah, I'm afraid so. But although nothing's ever certain, I think all those problems are solved now.

**PLAYBOY:** At the same time you were being called to account for your frolicking, you were a heavy user of narcotics. Yet addicts lead notoriously asexual lives. How did you manage to do both?

**CHARLES:** Nothing, narcotics included, has ever hampered my love of women or caused me not to demonstrate my fullest appreciation for the feminine set. Age is going to do that sooner or later, they tell me. But the first time I thought that junk was decreasing my sexual powers, I'd have kicked it cold.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you begin using drugs?

**CHARLES:** I'd rather not talk about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Many people are aware that you were a heroin addict for a number of years. Don't you think that some of your younger fans, who might be inclined to go the same route, could be influenced against it by what you could tell them about the unglamorous reality of heavy drug taking?

**CHARLES:** Bullshit. Everybody's aware that cigarettes probably cause cancer, but how many people do you think would give them up just because they read that Ray Charles has stopped smoking? The narcotics thing is a road to nowhere, I'll say that. It's something I don't recommend to anybody, because it doesn't help anybody to become a better person, any

more than cigarettes do. But people don't listen to that kind of advice about cigarettes or drugs. I'll put it this way: If you see me smoking a Chesterfield, it's because I'm enjoying it. If you see me two years from now, after I've quit, and you ask me if I had any regrets about that Chesterfield, I'm going to tell you, "Hell, no, I enjoyed it while I smoked it—and that's that."

**PLAYBOY:** Can we assume, then, as far as the use of addictive drugs is concerned, that you think they're OK—as long as the users know what they're doing to themselves?

**CHARLES:** Assume anything you want. I've thoroughly enjoyed this interview so far, but I'm fed up with talking about that aspect of my life. Jesus Christ couldn't get me to say another word on the subject to anybody.

**PLAYBOY:** Could we persuade you to talk a little more on the subject of racism?

**CHARLES:** That's a different story.

**PLAYBOY:** All right. How old were you when you first became aware of race prejudice?

**CHARLES:** The impact wasn't strong until I was about ten years old. Before that, all us kids—black and white—used to play together, and it never occurred to me that anybody was different from anybody else. Sometime after I was in the blind school, I started asking myself why they had a white side and a colored side to the campus. Of course, that's not the case anymore; but back then, all the facilities on the white side were better than the ones on the colored side. There was only one hospital at the school and, of course, it was on the white side. If we had to be separated like that, I wondered why the damn hospital wasn't in the middle. The whole thing about having different sides seemed stupid to me, because, hell, we were all blind.

**PLAYBOY:** Of course, you are both black and blind. Which one have you found to be the bigger obstacle?

**CHARLES:** As I've said, I learned how to handle my blindness pretty early in life, thanks to my mother and a little hard work. I'm a lot better equipped to handle things than a lot of blind people I know; I do what I want and I go where I want. But because I'm a black man, whatever affects my people affects me. This means that the greatest handicap I've had—and still have—is my color. Until every man in America can get any job that he's qualified for or any house he's got the money to buy, regardless of his color, I'll always be handicapped.

**PLAYBOY:** The voter-registration campaigners of the early Sixties felt that casting ballots was the best method of attaining the kind of black power you're talking about. But a smaller percentage of the registered black voters utilized their franchise in the last national election than in 1964. Do you think this indicates that



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blacks are beginning to regard the electoral process as a futile exercise?

**CHARLES:** I don't know why many of us didn't vote in the last election, but it was a bad thing. When I consider that men like Martin Luther King and a lot of other black and white people—the Kennedys included—got themselves beaten into the ground, stomped, spit on and killed so that black people could have the ballot, I hate to think that they went through all of that hell for nothing. I believe more in the power of the vote than in getting a gun and trying to kill off the whole white race. I think that's absolutely stupid. There aren't enough of us, to begin with. If the white man wanted to, all he'd have to say is that every dollar in the United States is void. Then he could issue new currency—to whites only—and we'd be up shit's creek. One of the only sensible weapons the black man's got is the ballot. If neither Humphrey nor Nixon looks good to me, I'll still have to go with the lesser of two evils. I hear a lot of black people saying they're sorry that Nixon's in now. I ask 'em if they voted for Humphrey or anybody else. "No," they say. "Well, then," I tell them, "you don't have the right to be sorry now."

**PLAYBOY:** During the Johnson Administration, Congress passed a record number of measures supporting civil rights, and the Warren Court drew cries from the right for the impeachment of its Chief Justice because of the liberality with which he led that body. Nevertheless, all this did little, if anything, to reduce the level of animosity among blacks and whites. Furthermore, to the delight of white segregationists, a growing number of blacks have now rejected integration as a goal. How do you feel about a geographically and racially divided U. S. A.?

**CHARLES:** I am 100 percent for the country being united. Right now, Vietnam is divided and at war. It's practically the same in Korea. Then there's Nationalist China and mainland China, Nigeria and Biafra, black America and white America. Too many people have been burned, lynched and nailed to the cross fighting for equal rights to separate this country now. We've got all the laws on the books that the books can hold, but we find that's still not enough, because you can't legislate a person's loves or his hates. What we've got to do now is start learning how to communicate with each other. Without that, we'll never achieve anything. I'm not for going around hating people; I just don't go for that, and I don't go for living apart from all other races in this country. A black man can have his own thing, just like the Italians, the Irish and the Jews have here, without detaching himself from America. After all, no matter how small it's been made to look, the black man's stake is awfully big in this country.

Besides, until we get our own A. T. & T. or General Motors, I don't think the majority of black people will be interested in separating from white America and leaving behind all we helped build up here. Are all the black mothers who gave up their sons in World War Two and Korea and Vietnam just going to say, "OK, take this country, I'm leaving"? Hell, no. Personally, I've paid too many dues for me and my wife and family to give up everything and split. And nobody's going to *make* me give it up, either—white or black.

**PLAYBOY:** Television and movies are beginning to cast blacks in such heretofore "white-only" roles as hero, villain, leader and lover. But the same media have been accused of overplaying protest demonstrations and riot situations, thus deepening tensions between the races. What's your view of the job the media are doing?

**CHARLES:** For black people, this revolution's been a matter of taking from any source to further the cause. If white people see so-called black militants on TV, angry and yelling for what they say are their rights, some whites are naturally going to get mad, too. They're scared of anything that looks like black folks getting an even break; for one thing, that may mean they'll have to compete evenly for the jobs that're offered. But that's just the backlash, of course. By and large, TV is making the whole world aware of the problems we're having; and even if not many white Americans are moved to help solve them, the majority are going to stay out of the way of the people who are working for better conditions. So, generally speaking, television and radio and magazines and movies are doing a hell of a job on things like this. It's also because of the media that black music has been heard by a much wider audience than it would have if people had to come into the ghettos to hear it in person. Music has brought more young people together than all the integration rulings of the Supreme Court.

**PLAYBOY:** You may see music as a healing influence, but there are those who disagree with you. Orange County, California's Republican Congressman, James B. Utt, wrote in a recent newsletter to his constituency: "Communists have used hypnotic, rhythmic music to gain acceptance of their evil programs. . . . Extensive experiments have shown how rock-'n'-roll music leads to a destruction of the normal inhibitory mechanisms of the cerebral cortex and permits easy acceptance of immorality and disregard of all moral norms." What's your opinion of this analysis?

**CHARLES:** My opinion is that it's bullshit. This is a much freer society these days than it was even a few years ago, but music hasn't had that much to do with

it. It was a lot sexier in the "old days," when people used to dance right up next to each other, if you want to look at it that way. There's nothing on earth sexier to me than holding a woman's soft, warm body right up next to mine. But nowadays, people don't even hold hands. I've heard that music has caused youngsters to go out and rape women and rob men, but how can they blame that on rhythm-and-blues or rock music? It's been around for too long to set folks on a rampage now.

The thing that used to make some folks say that about black music is the fact that it's always been associated with shaking the hips, rolling the stomach and putting a lot of emotion into the dancing; it's a little less strait-laced than the waltz, you know. But nobody's leading anybody down the road to sexual destruction that wasn't on the way there in the first place. Maybe the *lyrics* are too sexy for some people today; but, you know, ten years ago, when I first sang "Baby, shake that thing," they said that was shocking—too racy. They even banned it on a lot of radio stations. Today, of course, it's a common thing. I think they've found out the less you try to censor, the less people have to get frantic about.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel as challenged by what you undertake these days as you did a few years ago, or are there no more walls to scale after over 20 successful years in show business?

**CHARLES:** This is really my 26th year in this business. Any entertainer who can say that has to be mighty grateful. I've watched lots of very good people come and go in this profession. Guys who were making a mint just ten years ago aren't around today, in most cases. The public is responsible for the fact that I'm not gone, along with them. I intend to keep on working as hard as I can to make the best music I know how for as long as the public wants to hear it. When they get tired of me coming onstage, I guess I'll just make records. And if they don't buy my new records, I'll just write songs. And when those don't sell, I'll just lay back and live off my royalties and work for worthy organizations like SCLC and the Sickle Cell Disease Research Foundation. Any way it goes, I can't kick; life has been good to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you any regrets?

**CHARLES:** Every experience I've had—good and bad—has taught me something. The good things I've tried to keep; the bad things I tried to throw out, once I was convinced they were detrimental. I was born a poor boy in the South, I'm black, I'm blind, I once fooled around with drugs, but all of it was like going to school—and I've tried to be a good student. I don't regret a damn thing.







## WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

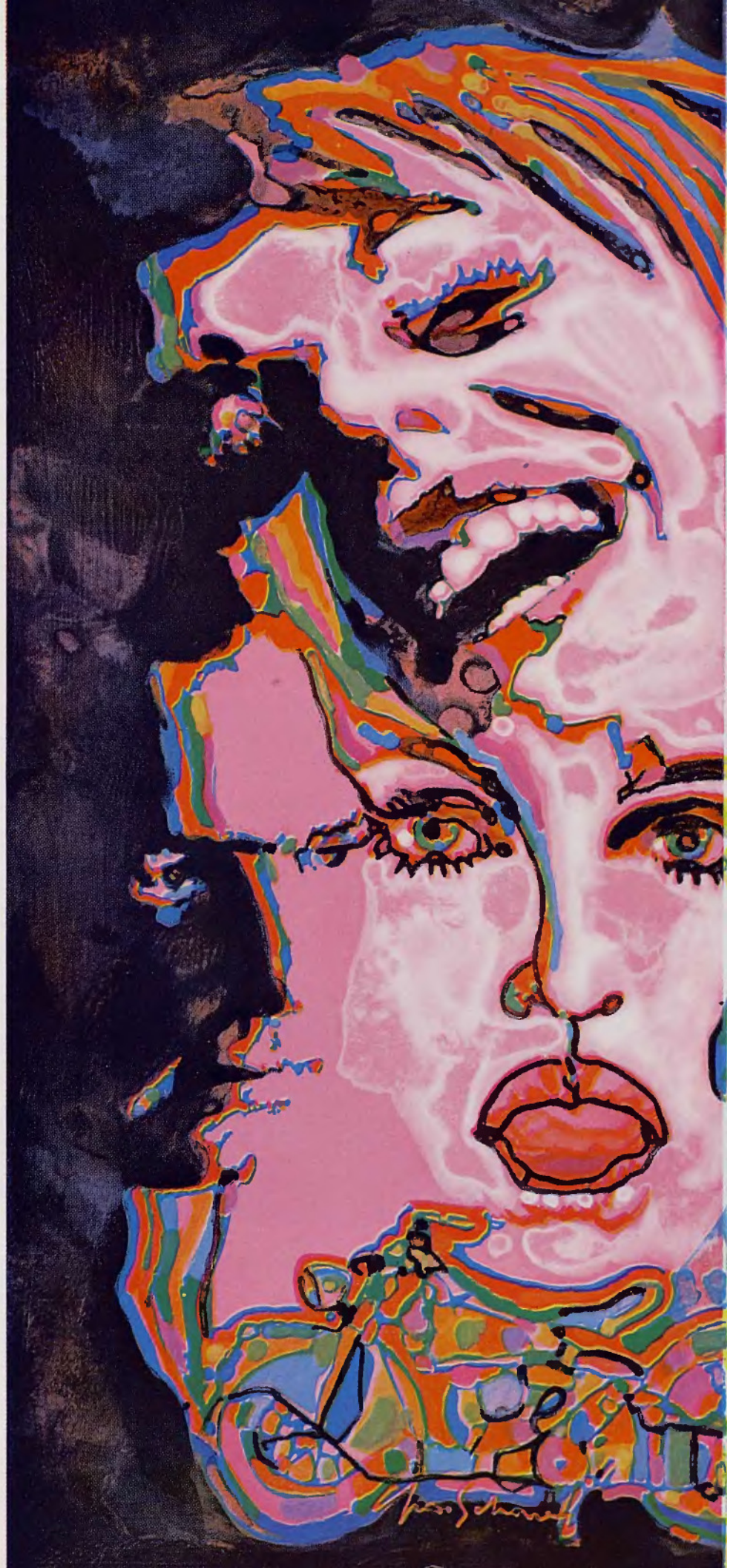
An avid sportsman, equally at ease in blue waters, on putting greens or snow-white slopes. As a popular activist, he's constantly in the market for the latest gear, whatever the game. Facts: PLAYBOY delivers more men who bought skindiving equipment in the past year than any other magazine, 3 out of every 4 in the country; 2 out of every 5 men under 35 who bought golf clubs. To score with this massive sporting-goods market, sell it in PLAYBOY. A sure winner. (Source: 1969 Simmons.)

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# RUDOLPH IN MONEYLAND

*fiction* By IRWIN SHAW







*driven by the need to succeed, he pushed aside conscience, sex, everything that stood in his way*

RUDOLPH AWOKED exactly at a quarter to seven. He never set the alarm. There was no need to.

The usual erection. Forget it. He lay quietly in bed for a minute or two. His mother was snoring in the next room. The curtains at the open window were blowing a little and it was cold in the room. A pale wintry light came through the curtains, making a long dark blur of the books on the shelves on the wall across from the bed.

Then he remembered. This was not going to be an ordinary day. At closing the night before, he had gone into Calderwood's office and laid the thick manila envelope on Calderwood's desk. "I'd like you to read this," he had said to the old man. "when you find the time."

Calderwood had eyed the envelope suspiciously. "What's in there?" he had asked, pushing gingerly at the envelope with one blunt finger.

"It's complicated," Rudolph had said. "I'd rather we didn't discuss it until you've read it."

"This another of your crazy ideas?" Calderwood had asked. The bulk of the envelope had seemed to anger him. "Are you pushing me again?"

"Uh-uh," Rudolph had said and smiled.

"Do you know, young man," Calderwood had said, "my cholesterol count has gone up appreciably since I hired you? Way up."

"Mrs. Calderwood keeps asking me to try to make you take a vacation."

"Does she, now?" Calderwood had snorted. "What she doesn't know is that I wouldn't leave you alone in this store for ten consecutive minutes. Tell her that the next time she tells you to try to make me take a vacation." But he had carried the thick envelope, unopened, home with him when he left the store the night before. Once he started reading what was in it, Rudolph was sure he wouldn't stop until he had finished.

He lay still under the covers in the cold room, almost deciding not to get up promptly this morning but lie there and

figure out what to say to the old man when he went into his office. But then he thought, The hell with it, play it cool, pretend it's just another morning.

He threw back the covers and crossed quickly and closed the window. He tried not to shiver as he took off his pajamas and pulled on his heavy track suit. He put on a pair of woolen socks and thick gum-soled tennis shoes. He got into a plaid Mackinaw, over the track suit, and went out of the apartment, closing the door softly, so as not to wake his mother.

He took his motorcycle from the garage where he rented space, pulled on a pair of wool-lined gloves and started off. It was only a few minutes to the college athletic field, where a thin, icy mist was ghosting up from the turf.

Rudolph jogged twice around the track, broke into a sprint for 100 yards, jogged two more laps, then went into the 40 at almost full speed. He enjoyed the feeling of being hard, but he also enjoyed the early-morning quiet, the smell of turf, the changing of the seasons and the pounding of his feet on the track.

His mother was awake when he got back to the apartment. "How is it out?" she called.

"Cold," he said. "You won't miss anything if you stay home today." They continued with the fiction that his mother normally went out every day, just like other women.

He went into the bathroom and stripped off his sweaty track suit and shaved and took a steaming-hot shower, soaping himself happily, then stood under an ice-cold stream for a minute and came out tingling. He heard his mother squeezing orange juice and making coffee in the kitchen as he toweled himself dry, the sound of her movements like somebody dragging a heavy sack across the kitchen floor. He remembered the long-paced sprinting on the frozen track and thought, If I'm ever like that, I'll ask somebody to knock me off.

He weighed himself on the bathroom scale. One hundred and sixty. Satisfactory. He despised fat people. At the store,



without telling Calderwood his real reasons, he had tried to get rid of the clerks who were overweight.

He rubbed some deodorant on his armpits before dressing. It was a long day, without a chance for a shower, and the store was always too hot in winter and he couldn't take the chance of smelling from perspiration. He dressed in gray-flannel slacks, a soft-blue shirt with a dark-red tie, and put on a brown-tweed sports jacket, with no padding at the shoulders. For the first year at the store, he had dressed in sober dark business suits; but as he became more important in the company's hierarchy, he had switched to more informal clothes. He was young for his responsibilities and he had to make sure that he didn't appear pompous. The headwaiter complex. To be avoided at all costs. For the same reason, he had bought himself a motorcycle. Nobody could say, as the assistant manager came roaring up to work, bare-headed, on a motorcycle, in all weather, that the young man was taking himself too seriously. You had to be careful to keep the envy quotient down as low as possible. He could easily afford a car, but he preferred the motorcycle, anyway. It kept his complexion fresh and made him look as though he spent a good deal of his time outdoors.

He went into the kitchen and kissed his mother good morning. She smiled girlishly. If he forgot to kiss her, there would be a long monolog over the breakfast table about how badly she had slept and how the medicines the doctor prescribed for her were a waste of money. He did not tell his mother how much money he earned nor that he could very well afford to move them to a much better apartment. He didn't plan any entertainment at home and he had other uses for his money.

He sat down at the kitchen table and drank his orange juice and coffee and munched some toast. His mother, slack in the stained green dressing gown, with a cigarette already lit, just drank coffee. Her hair was lank and there were shocking huge rings of purple sag under her eyes. But with all that, she didn't seem any worse to him than she had been for the past three years. She would probably live to the age of 90. He did not begrudge her her longevity. She kept him out of the draft. Sole support of an invalid mother. Last and dearest maternal gift—she had spared him an ice-bound foxhole in Korea.

"I had a dream last night," she said. "About your brother Thomas. He looked the way he looked when he was eight years old. Like a choirboy at Easter. He came into my room and said, 'Forgive me, forgive me.'" She drank her coffee moodily. "I haven't dreamed about him in forever. Do you ever hear from him?"

"No," Rudolph said.

"I would like to see him once more before I die," she said. "After all, he is my own flesh and blood."

"You're not going to die."

"Maybe not," she said. "I have a feeling when spring comes, I'm going to feel much better. We can go for walks again."

"That's good news," Rudolph said, finishing his coffee and standing. He kissed her goodbye. "I'll fix dinner tonight," he said. "I'll shop on the way home."

"Don't tell me what it's going to be," she said coquettishly, "surprise me."

"OK," he said, "I'll surprise you."

. . .

The night watchman was still on duty at the employees' entrance when Rudolph got to the store, carrying the morning papers, which he had bought on the way over.

"You sure are an early bird," the night watchman said. "When I was your age, you couldn't drag me out of bed on a morning like this."

That's why you're a night watchman at your age, Sam, Rudolph thought; but he merely smiled and went on up to his office, through the dimly lit and sleeping store.

His office was neat and bare, with two desks, one for himself and one for Miss Giles, his secretary, a middle-aged, efficient spinster. There were piles of magazines geometrically stacked on wide shelves, *Vogue*, *French Vogue*, *Seventeen*, *Glamour*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Esquire* and *House and Garden*, which he combed for ideas for various departments of the store. The quality of the town was changing rapidly; the new people coming up from the city had money and spent it freely. The natives of the town were more prosperous than they had ever been and were beginning to imitate the tastes of the more sophisticated newer arrivals. Calderwood fought a stubborn rear-guard action against the transformation of his store from a solid, lower-middle-class establishment to what he called a grab bag of fads and fancy gewgaws; but the balance sheet could not be gainsaid as Rudolph pushed through one innovation after another, and it was becoming easier each month for Rudolph to put his ideas into practice. Calderwood had even agreed, after nearly a year of opposition, to wall off part of what had been an unnecessarily capacious delivery room and turn it into a liquor store, with a line of fine French wines.

Rudolph spread the newspapers on his desk. There was the local sheet, the *Whitby Record*, and the edition of *The New York Times* that came up on the first train of the morning. The front page of the *Times* reported heavy fighting along the 38th Parallel and new accusations of treason and infiltration by Senator McCarthy in Washington. The *Record's* front page reported on a vote

for new taxes for the school board (not passed) and on the number of skiers who had made use of the new ski area nearby since the season began.

Rudolph turned to the inside pages of the *Record*. The half-page two-color advertisement for a new line of wool dresses and sweaters was sloppily done, with the colors bleeding out of their margins, and Rudolph made a note on his desk pad to call the paper about it that morning.

Then he opened to the stock-exchange figures in the *Times* and studied them for 15 minutes. When he had saved \$1000, he had gone to Johnny Heath and asked him, as a favor, to invest it for him. Johnny, who handled accounts in the millions of dollars, had gravely consented, and worried over Rudolph's transactions as though Rudolph were one of the most important of his firm's customers. Rudolph's holdings were still small, but they were growing steadily. Looking over the stock-exchange page, he was pleased to see that he was almost \$300 richer this morning, on paper, than he had been the morning before. He breathed a quiet prayer of thanks to his friend Johnny Heath and turned to the crossword puzzle and got out his pen and started on it. It was one of the pleasantest moments of the day. If he managed to finish the puzzle before nine o'clock, when the store opened, he started off on the day's work with a faint sense of triumph.

Fourteen across. *Heep*. *Uriah*, he printed neatly and swiftly.

He was almost finished with the puzzle when the phone rang. He looked at his watch. The switchboard was open early, he noted approvingly. He picked up the phone with his left hand. "Yes?" he said, as he printed *ubiquitous* in one of the vertical columns.

"Jordache? That you?"

"Yes. Who's this?"

"Denton, Professor Denton."

"Oh, how are you, sir?" Rudolph said. He puzzled over *sober* in five letters, A the third letter.

"I hate to bother you," Denton said. His voice sounded peculiar, as though he were whispering and were afraid of being overheard. "But can I see you sometime today?"

"Of course," Rudolph said. He printed *staid* along the lowest line of the puzzle. He still thought of Denton as his best and most inspiring teacher. Rudolph saw him occasionally when he went to borrow books on business management and economics at the college. "I'm in the store all day."

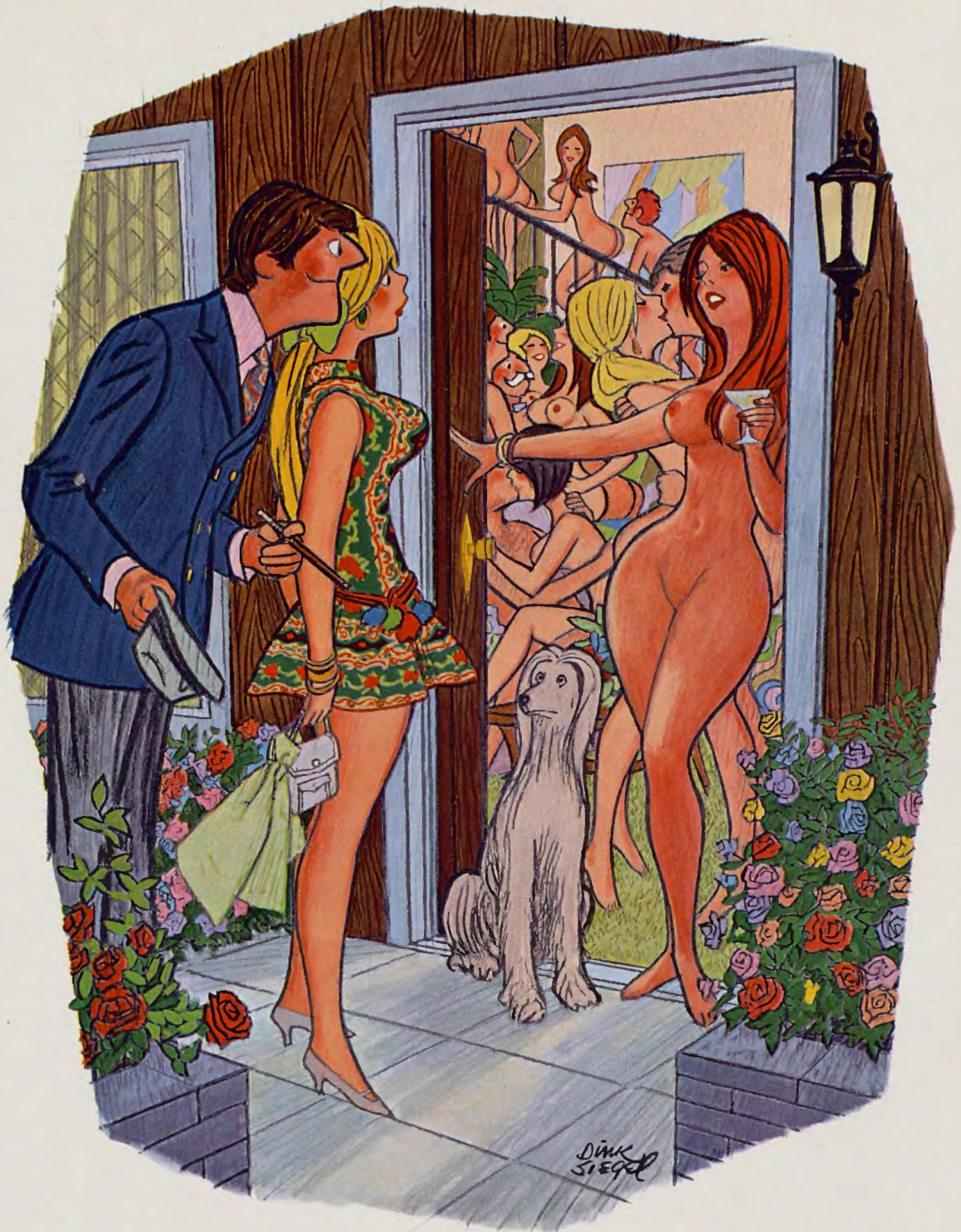
Denton's voice made a funny, sliding sound in the phone. "I'd prefer it if we could meet somewhere besides the store. Are you free for lunch?"

"I take just forty-five minutes——"

"That's all right. We'll make it someplace near you." Denton sounded gassy

(continued on page 102)





*"Didn't Tom tell you that you didn't have to dress?"*







# COPING WITH FUTURE SHOCK

*a proposal for preventive planning in our personal lives and social structures to prepare for the disorienting traumas of explosive changes in this decade and beyond*

**article By ALVIN TOFFLER** HIS PICTURE WAS, until recently, everywhere: on television, on posters that stared out at one in airports and railroad stations, on leaflets, matchbooks and magazines. He was an inspired creation of Madison Avenue—a fictional character with whom millions could subconsciously identify. Young and clean-cut, he carried an attaché case, glanced at his watch and looked like an ordinary businessman off to his next appointment—except for an enormous protuberance on his back. Sticking out from between his shoulder blades was a great, butterfly-shaped key of the type used to wind up mechanical toys. The text that accompanied his picture urged keyed-up executives to “unwind” at the Sheraton Hotels. This wound-up man on the go was, and still is, a striking symbol of our times.

The average individual knows little and cares less about such abstract issues as the rate of change in society as a whole. But he is keenly aware of the pace of his own life. And this pace is a product of change. Today, the technosocieties—the United States, western Europe and Japan—are caught in a revolution that is rocketing them into the future at fantastically accelerated speeds. Anyone who mistakes the present period for one of normal change, or for a simple straight-line extension of the Industrial Revolution, dangerously underestimates the impact and velocity of the changes that lie immediately ahead. Millenniums of change will be compressed into the next 30 or 40 years, as a wholly novel civilization—superindustrialism—explodes into being in our midst.

This new society will embody values radically different from today's—with the drive for material success subordinated to bizarre new aesthetic, religious, moral and social goals. It will be crammed with new forms of anti-bureaucratic organization—rapidly shifting, kinetic Ad-Hocracies. It will offer a dazzling variety of choice with respect to products, culture, jobs and life styles. Yet the single most important feature of this new society will be its *pace*. For superindustrialism will not be a single, stable society but a sequence of temporary societies, with kaleidoscopically changing institutions, relationships and ground rules. In this Pirandellian world of tomorrow, the individual will be forced to make and break his ties with the environment at a relentlessly quickening tempo. Things, places, people, organizations and information will, in effect, speed through his life, compelling him to learn, dislearn and relearn, to commit and uncommit himself, to adapt and readapt—in short, to *live*—at a faster pace than ever before.

This acceleration in the pace of daily life is already producing severe distress in millions of us. Vast numbers of us seem frazzled, strung out, numbed, overwhelmed, shocked by change. Many can no longer manage their own lives competently. They are, in fact, the early victims of what could turn out to be tomorrow's most significant social sickness: future shock. As defined in last month's article, future shock is the adaptive breakdown that even the strongest and most stable individual suffers when demands for change overwhelm his bodily defenses and mental capacities. Ask a man to change his life too quickly and even if he doesn't fall physically ill, he is likely to plunge into bewilderment, anxiety and sick irritability. Like a worker on an assembly line that's running too fast, he becomes all thumbs, falling farther and farther behind as he attempts to cope with even the simplest problems of daily life. His personal priorities become confused. He careens through his personal world, frenetically on the go, but without any durable sense of direction. Things begin to go wrong. As they do, he lashes out senselessly, even at those who most want to help him. Eventually, after a crescendo of anger or aggression, he collapses into emotional exhaustion. What follows is an apathy so deep as to be self-destructive, like the arctic sleep of the blizzard-bound explorer. Some of today's young people who have chosen to drop out or disengage—holing up in caves and communes, looking blankly at the sky, showing no emotion even when confronted by news that would shake a normal person—may well be suffering from this last stage of overstimulation. For others, drug abuse is the end point of future shock.

But the flight from reality and from emotion is not the only form of maladaptation to rapid change. Much of the anxiety, irrationality and seemingly senseless violence in today's society may also be symptoms of future shock. For the accelerative thrust places a dangerous strain on all our habitual methods for dealing with change. To survive the superindustrial revolution, we must take a fresh look at all our personal and social coping mechanisms. We must build future-shock absorbers into our lives and into the emerging institutions of tomorrow's society.

At the most personal level, we can improve our ability to cope with change by doing consciously some of the things that we already do unconsciously. For example, we can deliberately set aside time for examining our bodily and psychological reactions to change, briefly tuning out the external environment to evaluate our inner environment. This is not a matter of wallowing in subjectivity but of coolly appraising our own performance. In the words of Hans Selye, whose work on stress opened new frontiers in biology and psychiatry, the individual can “consciously look for signs of being keyed up too much.” Heart palpitations, tremors, insomnia or unexplained fatigue may well signal overstimulation, just as confusion, unusual irritability, profound lassitude and



a panicky sense that things are slipping out of control are psychological indications. By asking ourselves if we are living too fast, we can attempt, quite consciously, to assess our own life pace.

How many times in the past few years have we moved, changed jobs or schools, traveled to new places, entered into new, emotionally demanding relationships, been ill, suffered a family crisis, fallen into debt, been promoted, shifted to a new style of life? How does this pace compare with that of the years immediately before? By crudely appraising the frequency and depth of our life changes, we can gain some indication of whether the instability in our personal lives is increasing or approaching a danger point. Having done this, we can also begin consciously to influence it—first with respect to small things, the microenvironment, and then in terms of the larger, structural patterns of experience.

Change acts as a stimulant. But prolonged exposure to an overstimulating environment can have serious physiological and psychological consequences. When the level of stimulation rises too high, we begin to show the symptoms of future shock.

The fact is that, whether or not we are aware of it, much of our daily behavior is an attempt to ward off future shock. We employ conscious and unconscious techniques to lower levels of environmental stimulation when they threaten to drive us above our adaptive range. We employ a destimulating tactic, for example, when we storm into a room to turn off a stereo rig that has been battering our eardrums with unwanted and interruptive sounds. We act to reduce sensory bombardment in other ways, too—when we pull down the blinds to darken a room or search for solitude on a deserted strip of beach. We close doors, wear sunglasses, avoid smelly places and shy away from touching strange surfaces when we want to decrease novel sensory input. In short, we employ sensory shielding—a thousand subtle behavioral tricks to turn off sensory stimuli when they approach our upper adaptive limit.

We use similar tactics to prevent information overload. The best of students periodically gazes out the window, blocking out his professor, shutting off the flow of new data from that source. Even voracious readers sometimes go through periods when they cannot bear to pick up a book or a magazine.

Why, during a gregarious evening at a friend's house, does one person in the group refuse to learn a new card or board game while others urge him on? Many factors play a part: the self-esteem of the individual, the fear of seeming foolish, and so on. But one overlooked factor affecting willingness to learn may well be the general level of cognitive stimulation or change in the individual's life at the

time. "Don't bother me with facts!" is a phrase usually uttered in jest. But the joke often disguises a real wish to avoid being pressed too hard by new data.

We also attempt to regulate the pace of decision making. We postpone decisions or delegate them to others when we are suffering from decision overload. When I joined a woman sociologist and her husband for dinner at a restaurant after she had just returned from a crowded, highly stimulating professional conference, she absolutely refused to make any decisions whatever about her meal. "What would you like?" her husband asked. "You decide for me," she replied. When pressed to choose between specific alternatives, she still refused, insisting angrily that she lacked the energy to make the decision.

Through such methods we attempt, as best we can, to modulate the flow of sensory, cognitive and decisional stimulation. But we have stronger ways of coping with the threat of overstimulation. We can, for example, cut down on change and stimulation by consciously maintaining longer-term relationships with the various elements of our physical environment. Thus, we can refuse to purchase throwaway products. We can hang onto the old jacket for another season; we can stoutly refuse to follow the latest fashion trend; we can resist when the salesman tells us it's time to trade in our automobile. In this way, we reduce the need to make and break ties with the physical objects around us.

We can use the same tactic with respect to people and the other dimensions of experience. There are times when even the most gregarious person feels antisocial and refuses invitations to parties or other events that call for social interaction. We consciously disconnect. In the same way, we can minimize travel. We can resist pointless reorganizations in our company, church, fraternal or community groups. In making important decisions, we can consciously weigh the hidden costs of change against the benefits.

None of this is to suggest that change can or should be stopped. Nothing is less sensible than the advice of the Duke of Cambridge, who is said to have harumphed: "Any change, at any time, for any reason is to be deplored." Some level of change is as vital to health, to avert boredom, as too much change is damaging. Yet we need to control this level, to manage it rather than let it control us.

Some people, for reasons still not clear, are pitched at a much higher level of stimulus hunger than others. They seem to crave change even when others are reeling from it. A new house, a new car, another trip, another crisis on the job, more house guests, visits, financial adventures and misadventures—they seem to accept all these and more without apparent ill effect. Yet close analysis of such people often reveals the existence in their lives of

what might be called stability zones—certain enduring relationships that are carefully maintained despite all kinds of other changes. One scientist I know has run through a series of love affairs, a divorce and remarriage—all within a very short time. He thrives on change, enjoys travel, new foods and new ideas, new movies, plays and books. He has a high intellect and a low threshold of boredom, is impatient with tradition and restlessly eager for novelty. Ostensibly, he is a walking exemplar of change. When we look more closely, however, we find that he has stayed on the same job for ten years. He drives a battered seven-year-old automobile. His clothes are a few years out of style. His closest friends are longtime professional associates and even a few old college buddies.

A different form of stability zone is the habit pattern that goes with some people wherever they travel, no matter what other changes alter their lives—like the professor who has made seven residential relocations in ten years, travels constantly in the U. S., South America, Europe and Africa, has changed jobs repeatedly, yet pursues the same daily regimen wherever he is. He reads between eight and nine in the morning, takes 45 minutes for exercise at lunchtime and then catches a half-hour cat nap before plunging into work that keeps him busy until ten P.M.

The secret of coping with future shock is not, therefore, to suppress change, which cannot be done, but to manage it. A broken engagement probably should not be too closely followed by a job transfer. Since the birth of a child alters all the human ties within a family, it probably ought not be followed too closely by a relocation, which causes tremendous turnover in human ties outside the family. The recent widow should not, perhaps, rush to sell her house. If we opt for rapid change in certain sectors of life, we can consciously attempt to build stability zones elsewhere. Nor is this a purely negative process—a struggle to suppress or limit change. The issue for any individual attempting to cope with rapid change is how to maintain himself within his adaptive range and, beyond that, how to find the optimum point at which he lives at peak effectiveness. Dr. John L. Fuller, a senior scientist at the Jackson Laboratory, a biomedical research center in Bar Harbor, Maine, has conducted experiments on the impact of experiential deprivation and overload. "Some people," he says, "achieve a certain sense of serenity, even in the midst of turmoil, not because they are immune to emotion, but because they have found ways to get just the 'right' amount of change in their lives." The search for that optimum may be what much of the pursuit of happiness is about.

The trouble is that such personal tactics for regulating stimulation become  
(continued on page 96)



SCORNING the ancient soothsayer's advice to "Beware the ides of March," we suggest it's high time to glorify that traditional doomsday. And no better way could we find than to pay pictorial tribute to great Caesar's handmaidens—a well-endowed body of Roman beauties who make a brief (and briefly attired) appearance in the latest and most ambitious screen version of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. Slated for Easter release by Commonwealth United, the film also boasts a star-studded cast, headed by Sir John Gielgud in the title role, Charlton Heston portraying Mark Antony, Jason Robards as the noble Brutus, Richard Johnson as the troubled Cassius, Robert Vaughn as the envious Casca and Richard Chamberlain as the future first emperor, Octavius. The script closely

*pictorial*

## THE GIRLS OF "JULIUS CAESAR"

*this high-budget film  
boasts a phalanx of  
near-nude charmers as  
the noblest roman's  
devoted handmaidens*

follows the Bard's scenario, except for the obvious—and welcome—addition of the handmaidens. The only women in the original cast were Portia and Calpurnia, and their parts were slight; since actresses were barred from the Elizabethan theater, female roles were taken by boys. Happily, times have changed—and producer Peter Snell has lightened the tragedy by surrounding Caesar in the opening processional with some truly classic lovelies. (He'll also be accompanied by royal elephants, but we thought you'd rather see the handmaidens.) Commonwealth United invited us to its lavish sets for an exclusive pictorial preview of the girls provided in the film. If such beauty abounded 2000 years ago (as indicated by some frescoes from the period), it's easier than ever to appreciate "the grandeur that was Rome."

Caesar's triumphant return to Rome from Spain is heralded on the screen by all the trappings of victory—mobs of cheering citizens and bare-breasted handmaidens. During the filming of the processional, Caesar (Sir John Gielgud) and his fetching attendants posed for us on the Forum steps.







Top, left to right: Sultry Birche Sector is accompanied by a Roman guard on her way to hail Coesor. A 21-year-old model from Denmark, Birche has also appeared in *The Magic Christian* as one of Roquel Welch's topless slave girls. Statuesque (38-23-36) lady in waiting Stephonie Harrison was recently chosen as the most beautiful girl in Europe by British photographer Clive McLeon. Charlton Heston's cup runneth over when, as Mark Antony, he playfully invites Roman both attendant Borbora Lindley to take the plunge. Wet-haired Helen Jones began her career as a model; here, a handholding Roman citizen (one of the thousand-plus extras used in the film) eschews her charms, presumably to avoid the petrified fate of the gentleman behind. Below: With Caesor in absentia, his handmaidens entertain the troops in true boochonolion style. Bottom right: Pearl-bedecked Florence George, a native of the British West Indies, takes naturally to the sun in a Roman courtyard. Only 19, she has worked recently with Sammy Davis Jr. and Peter Lowford on *One More Time*, a sequel to *Salt and Pepper*.







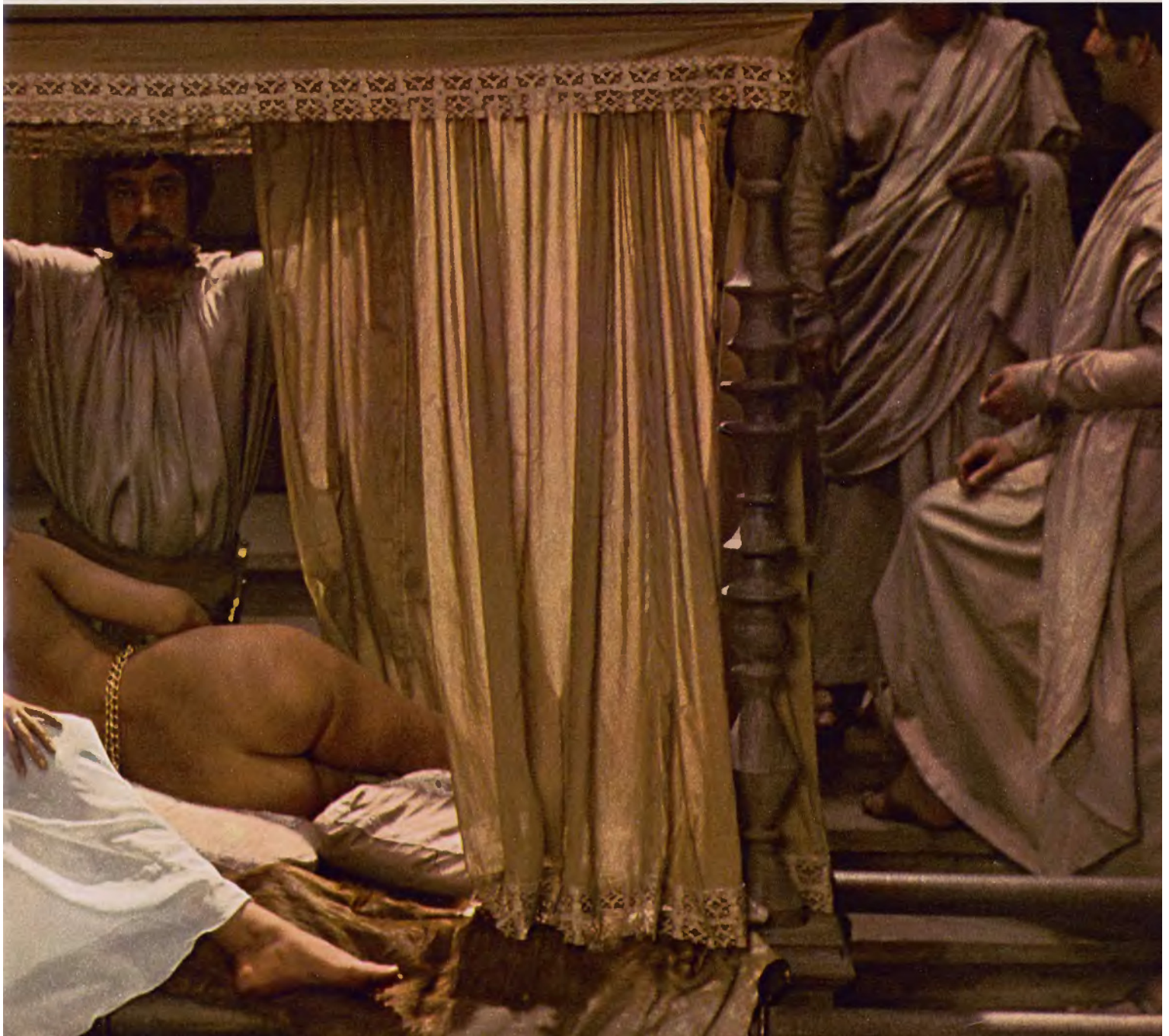








Top, left to right: Dusky Moureen Finloy was hand-picked by producer Peter Snell from over 200 would-be handmaidens. Octavius (Richard Chamberlain) gets a rubdown befitting the future emperor from Stephanie Horison and long-haired Jonet Pearce. Trained as a fashion model, 17-year-old Jonet has also appeared in *The Magic Christian* and *The Chairman*. Behind a strategically placed marble bench, Erico Simmonds provocatively eyes an unidentified citizen of Rome. Erico lives just a few minutes away from England's MGM studios at Boreham Wood (where most of *Caesar* was filmed) and was spotted for this role by an alert talent scout during his lunch break. On the plain in Spain where the Philippian battle scenes were shot, Alendre (Sandy) Jones fons the flames in Brutus' camp. Below: Richard Johnson gives us a new interpretation of the oft-quoted "Yond Cossius has a lean and hungry look" as he oppraises the oppetizing delicacies available in both the market place (with Stephonie at far left) and on a well-appointed sedan chair, whose provisions include the lovely Jonet (at right).





less effective with every passing day. As the rate of change climbs, it becomes harder for individuals to create the personal stability zones they need. The costs of nonchange escalate. We stay in the old apartment—only to see the neighborhood transformed. We keep the old car—only to see repair bills mount beyond reach. We refuse to transfer to a new location—only to lose out on a better job as a result. For while there are steps we can take to reduce the impact of change in our personal lives, the real problem lies outside ourselves.

To create an environment in which change enlivens and enriches the individual but does not overwhelm him, we should employ not merely personal tactics but social strategies. If we are to carry people through the accelerative period, we must begin now to build future-shock absorbers into the very core of superindustrial society. And this requires a fresh way of thinking about change and nonchange in our lives. It even requires a different way of classifying people.

Today, we tend to categorize individuals not according to the changes they happen to be undergoing at the moment but according to their status or position *between* changes. We consider a union man as someone who has joined a union and not yet quit. Our designation refers not to joining or to quitting but to the nonchange that happens in between. Playwright, college student, Methodist, executive—all refer to the person's condition between changes. There is, however, a radically different way to view people. The classifications "one who is changing his job" or "one who is getting a divorce" or "one who is entering or leaving a college" are all based on temporary, transitional conditions, rather than on the more enduring conditions between transitions. This sudden shift of focus, from thinking about what people *are* to thinking about what they are *becoming*, suggests a whole array of new approaches to adaptation. One of the most imaginative and simplest of these comes from Dr. Herbert Gerjuoy, a psychologist on the staff of the Human Resources Research Organization. He terms it "situational grouping" and, like most good ideas, it sounds obvious once it is described. Yet it has never been systematically utilized.

Dr. Gerjuoy argues that we should provide temporary organizations—situational groups—for people who happen to be passing through similar life transitions at the same time. Such situational groups should be established, Dr. Gerjuoy contends, "for families caught in the upheaval of relocation, for transfer students, for men and women about to be divorced, for people about to lose a parent or a spouse, for those about to gain a child, for men preparing to switch

to a new occupation, for families that have just moved into a community, for those about to marry off their last child, for those facing imminent retirement—for anyone, in other words, who faces an important life change. Membership in these groups would, of course, be temporary—just long enough to help each member with his transitional difficulties. Some groups might meet for a few months, others might not do more than hold a single meeting." By bringing together people who are sharing or are about to share a common adaptive experience, claims Dr. Gerjuoy, we help equip them to cope with it. "A man required to adapt to a new life situation loses some of his bases for self-esteem. He begins to doubt his own abilities. If we bring him together with others who are moving through the same experience, people he can identify with and respect, we strengthen him. The members of the group come to share, even if briefly, some sense of identity. They see their problems more objectively. They trade useful ideas and insights. Most important, they suggest future alternatives for one another."

This emphasis on the future, says Dr. Gerjuoy, is critical. Unlike some group-therapy sessions, the meetings of situational groups should not be devoted to hashing over the past but to planning practical strategies for the new life situation. Members might watch movies of similar groups wrestling with the same kinds of problems. They might hear from others who are more advanced in the transition than they are. In short, they would be given the opportunity to pool their personal experiences and ideas before the moment of change was upon them.

Last month in these pages, we pointed to the proliferation of countless *ad hoc* organizations as a prime symptom of the accelerating pace of change. If the advocacy here of more such groupings sounds like fighting fire with fire, it is. Admittedly, there is an adaptational cost involved in relating to any transient organization, including a situational group. But the enhancement of adaptability that such a group can achieve far outweighs its cost.

In essence, there is nothing novel about this approach. Even now, certain organizations are based on situational principles. A group of Peace Corps volunteers preparing for an overseas mission is, in effect, just such a grouping, as are pre- and postnatal classes. Freshman orientation groups are similar in principle, though often pathetically poor in practice. Many American towns have a Newcomers' Club that invites new residents to dinners or socials, permitting them to mix with other recent arrivals and compare problems and plans. Perhaps there ought to be Out-movers' Clubs as well.

What is new is the suggestion that we systematically honeycomb the society with such "coping classrooms."

Not all help for the individual, of course, can or necessarily should come from groups. In many cases, what the change-pressed person needs most is one-to-one counseling during the crisis of adaptation. Today, persons in transitional crises turn to a variety of experts—doctors, marriage counselors, psychiatrists, vocational specialists and others—for individualized advice. Yet for many kinds of crisis, there are no appropriate experts. Who helps the family or individual faced with the need to move to a new city for the third time in five years? Who is there to help the junior executive who has just been bounced back to a lesser job? People like these are not sick. They neither need nor should receive psychiatric attention; yet there is, by and large, no counseling machinery available to them.

The answer to this problem is a counterpart to the situational-grouping system—a counseling setup that draws not only on the full-time, professional advice giver but on multitudes of lay experts as well. We must recognize that what makes a person an expert in one type of crisis is not necessarily formal education but the very experience of having undergone a similar crisis himself. To help tide millions of people over the difficult transitions they are likely to face, we might well deputize large numbers of nonprofessional people in the community—students, businessmen, teachers, workers and others—to serve as crisis counselors. They will be experts not in such conventional disciplines as psychology or health but in specific transitions—such as relocation, job promotion, divorce or the shift from one group of friends to another.

Obviously, there is nothing new about people seeking advice from one another. But our ability, through the use of computerized systems, to assemble situational groups swiftly, to match up individuals with counselors and to do both with considerable respect for privacy and anonymity is new. Under such systems, the giving and getting of advice becomes not a social service in the usual bureaucratic, impersonal sense but a highly personalized process that helps individuals crest the currents of change in their own lives and also works to cement the entire society together in an integrative system based on the principle of "I need you as much as you need me." Situational grouping and person-to-person crisis counseling are likely to become a significant part of everyone's life as we all move together into the uncertainties of the future.

A future-shock absorber of a quite different type is the halfway-house idea already employed by progressive prison authorities to ease the convict's way back

(continued on page 174)





Rowland B. Wilson

*"Don't sit there, Larry. That's a mushroom."*





*starting from scratch, here are the  
sartorial essentials to keep you well clad in today's  
changing fashion climate*





**SLEEPWEAR**

3 sets pajamas (including one-piece jump-suit style for lounging without a robe); 3 robes (kimono-style wrap-around, terry and full-length belted cashmere dressing gown).



**UNDERWEAR**

12 sets, according to personal preference.



**HOSE / ACCESSORIES**

12 pairs dark over-the-calf hose; 4 pairs gloves; 3 belts (two wide, one narrow); 2 mufflers and 2 hats; 24 pocket handkerchiefs; jewelry; sportswear to suit the gentleman's predilections.



**SHIRTS**

12 dress, both medium spread and long point (solid, striped and patterned); 6 casual (voile, knit, woolen, etc.); 2 formal.



**TIES**

6 solid; 18 patterned (all 4-5 inches wide); 6 bows (one black butterfly for formal wear); 6 silk neck and pocket squares, solid and patterned.



**SLACKS**

2 solid; 1 patterned (wool-and-Dacron that keeps its press); 3 casual (leather, wide-wale corduroy, velvet).



**SHOES**

4 black and brown for business (updated classics, such as oxford and slip-on styles); 4 casual (linen-leather combinations, bright suedes and patents, and one pair of demiboots).



**JACKETS**

2 solid (single-breasted velvet and a double-breasted blazer); 1 patterned (tweed or plaid). Sweaters should include 1 wool cable knit; 6 turtlenecks in assorted colors, at least two with matching belts in heavy wool knit.



**SUITS**

2 dark (one for business, one more dashing for dinner); 1 light (perhaps a twill); 1 tweed or plaid; 1 shirt suit; black dinner jacket and trousers.



**OUTERWEAR**

2 topcoats (dark camel's hair and a cavalry twill); 1 dark cashmere overcoat, depending on climate; 2 raincoats (one double- and one single-breasted); 1 informal coat (tweed or suede); 2 jackets (fitted leather or fur-lined).

# THE BASIC URBAN WARDROBE

*attire* **By ROBERT L. GREEN**

TIME WAS when a well-dressed gentleman could build his wardrobe as he did his wine cellar, content in the knowledge that his selections would remain stylishly imperishable for years to come. Closets often overflowed with suits and sports jackets and bureaus bulged with shirts and other gear; all were fashionably correct—and all began to look tiresomely familiar, and alike, as men's clothing manufac-

turers continued to cater to conservative tastes and to produce clichéd variations of popular apparel themes with predictable regularity.

Now, as nearly everyone knows, those days of dull, regimented men's fashions are dead and the male has become a peacock who digs the fact that his masculine garb helps attract the opposite sex. This has brought about a change in the urban man's buying habits. Instead of accu-

mulating a vast amount of shirts, suits, overcoats and other wearables, today he prefers to maintain a smaller, more eclectic basic wardrobe that reflects an awareness of just how quickly contemporary fashions can become dated as styles shift from season to season. This basic wardrobe serves as a comfortable nucleus that allows individuals the pleasure of personal fashion expression and identity without becoming overburdened with so





many apparel items that it becomes difficult to swing with the times.

To illustrate our point, let's make the following improbable assumption: You've no wardrobe at all—no shirts, socks, shoes, suits, nothing—and you must stock your wardrobe literally from zero on up. (You may want to borrow some clothes before visiting the stores.) But where do you go from here? What do you put your money on in order to build a basic wardrobe? Here's **PLAYBOY's** answer:

Let's begin with suits, since they're probably (text concluded on page 198)

Here, our previously birthday-suited man about town—beginning with nought but his bare necessities—has rebuilt his wardrobe with good-looking gear styled for a variety of occasions. During working hours, he corners his firm's fashion market in a chalk-stripe wool flannel two-button single-breasted suit that features peaked lapels and flap pockets, by Christian Dior, \$250; cotton broadcloth shirt with medium-spread collar and French cuffs, by Sera, \$10; woven plaid silk tie, by Lonvin for Hut, \$8.50; and a pair of buckle slip-on shoes, by Bolly, \$25. When enjoying such sporting endeavors as a day at the races, our guy puts

his money on a winning look that includes a cotton velvet two-button single-breasted blazer, \$170, wool flannel slacks with slightly flared leg bottoms, \$45, check-patterned cotton shirt with long-pointed collar, \$30, all by Bill Bloss, and a pair of natural-linen and leather monk-strap slip-ons, by Renegades, \$30. Come evening, the same gentleman smoothly shifts into high-style gear and dons a belted polyester knit shirt suit that features a long-pointed collar, by Peter Golding for Von Heusen/Windbreaker, \$72, worn with a pair of potent-leather slip-ons trimmed with leather and chain hardware, by John Weitz for Lord & Taylor, \$25.







## RUDOLPH IN MONEYLAND

(continued from page 86)

and hurried. In class, he had been slow and sonorous. "How about Ripley's? That's just around the corner from you, isn't it? Is twelve-fifteen all right?"

"Yes," Rudolph said, surprised at Denton's choice of restaurant. Ripley's was more of a saloon than a restaurant and was frequented by workmen with a thirst rather than by anybody who was looking for a decent meal. It certainly wasn't the sort of place you'd think an aging professor of history and economics would seek out.

Rudolph frowned, wondering what was bothering Denton, then put the phone down. He looked at his watch. Nine o'clock. The doors were open. His secretary came into the office and said, "Good morning, Mr. Jordache."

"Good morning, Miss Giles," he said and tossed the *Times* into the wastebasket, annoyed. Because of Denton, he hadn't finished the puzzle before nine o'clock.

He made his first round of the store for the day, walking slowly, smiling at the clerks, not stopping nor seeming to notice when his eye caught something amiss. Later in the morning, back in his office, he would dictate polite memos to the appropriate department head that the neckties piled on the counter for a sale were not arranged neatly enough, that Miss Kale, in cosmetics, had on too much eye make-up, that the ventilation in the fountain and teashop was not sufficient.

He looked with special interest at the departments that had not been there until he had induced Calderwood to put them in—the little *boutique*, which sold junk jewelry and Italian sweaters and French scarves and fur hats and which did a surprising business; the fountain and teashop (it was amazing how women never stopped eating), which not only showed a solid profit on its own but which had become a meeting place for lunch for many of the housewives of the town, who then rarely got out of the store without buying something; the ski shop, in a corner of the old sporting-goods department, presided over by an athletically built young man called Larsen, who dazzled the local girls on the nearby slopes on winter Sundays and who was being criminally underpaid, considering how much trade he lured into the shop merely by sliding down a hill once a week. The young man had offered to teach Rudolph how to ski, but Rudolph had declined, with a smile. He couldn't afford to break a leg, he explained.

The record counter was his idea, too, and that brought in the young trade with its weirdly lavish allowances. Calderwood, who hated noise and who

couldn't stand the way most young people behaved (his own three daughters, now young ladies, behaved with cowed Victorian decorum), had fought bitterly against the record counter. "I don't want to run a goddamn honky-tonk," he had said. "Deprave the youth of America with those barbaric noises that pass for music these days. Leave me in peace, Jordache, leave a poor old-fashioned merchant in peace."

But Rudolph had produced statistics on how much teenagers in America spent on records every year and had promised to have soundproof booths put in and Calderwood, as usual, had capitulated. He often seemed to be irritated with Rudolph, but Rudolph was unfailingly polite and patient with the old man and, in most things, had learned how to manage him. Privately, Calderwood boasted about his pip-squeak of an assistant manager and how clever he himself had been in picking the boy out of the herd. He had also doubled his salary, with no urging from Rudolph, and had given him a bonus at Christmas of \$3000. "He is not only modernizing the store," Calderwood had been heard to say, although not in Rudolph's presence. "The son of a bitch is modernizing me. Well, when it comes down to it, that's what I hired a young man for."

Once a month, Rudolph was invited to dinner at the Calderwoods' house, grim puritanical affairs at which the daughters spoke only when spoken to and nothing stronger than apple juice was served. The oldest daughter, Prudence, who was also the prettiest, had asked Rudolph to escort her to several of the country-club dances, and Rudolph had done so. Once away from her father, Prudence did not behave with Victorian decorum, but Rudolph carefully kept his hands off her. He was not going to do anything as banal or as dangerous as marrying the boss's daughter.

He was wary of all girls. He could tell as he walked through the store that here and there, there was a girl who looked at him flirtatiously, who would be delighted to go out with him—Miss Sullivan, raven-haired, in the *boutique*; Miss Brandywine, tall and lithe, in the youth shop; Miss Soames, in the record shop, small and bosomy and blonde, jiggling to the music, smiling demurely as he passed; maybe six or seven others. He was tempted, of course, but he fought the temptation down and behaved with perfect impersonal courtesy to everybody. There were no office parties at Calderwood's, so there was no occasion on which, with the excuse of liquor and celebration, any real approach could be made.

All in good time, he told himself, all in good time. Meanwhile, while other young men squandered their energy and precious hours seducing, pampering, quarreling,

intriguing and farewelling, he could work and study for more profitable ends.

As he repassed the record counter, he made a mental note to try to get some older woman in the store tactfully to suggest to Miss Soames that perhaps she ought to wear a brassiere under her sweater.

He was going over the drawings for the March window displays with Bergson, the young man who prepared the displays, when the phone rang.

"Rudy," it was Calderwood, "can you come down to my office for a minute?" The voice was flat, giving nothing away.

"I'll be right there, Mr. Calderwood," Rudolph said. He hung up. "I'm afraid these'll have to wait a little while," he said to Bergson. Bergson was a find. He had done the sets for the summer theater in Whitby and Rudolph liked them and had asked Bergson to stay on through the winter. Calderwood had absolutely refused to pay for somebody to come up from New York and, until Bergson had come on the scene, the windows had been done haphazardly, with the different departments fighting for space and then doing their own displays, without any reference to what was being shown in the windows beside their own. Bergson had changed all that. He thought up a common theme that he carried through for every window and was ingenious about fitting things as different as ladies' nightgowns and garden tools into the same conception. He was a small, sad young man who couldn't get into the scene designers' union in New York and who was grateful for the winter's work and put all his considerable talent into it. Used to working on the cheap for summer-theater productions, he made use of all sorts of unlikely inexpensive materials and did the artwork himself.

The plans laid out on Rudolph's desk were on the theme of spring in the country and Rudolph had already told Bergson that he thought they were going to be the best set of windows Calderwood's had ever had. Glum as Bergson was, Rudolph enjoyed the hours he spent working with him, as compared with the hours he had to spend with the heads of departments and the head of costs and accounting, who kept deluging him with figures about markups and acceptable margins of profit and inventory of stock that wasn't moving as it should. Rudolph was uneasy with figures and the actual financial side of the business bored him, both things he was careful to hide at all times. In an ideal scheme of things, he thought, he would never have to look at a balance sheet or go through a monthly inventory.

He left Bergson looking unhappily at a sketch of two mannequins, to be made out of straw, dressed in polka-dot bathing suits next to a painted pool, and

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## SWINGING ON THE STARS



*the planetary aspects are bright with promise, and considerable fortune, for those horoscopic sky scanners who divine the future for some 20,000,000 astronuts*

article **BY C. ROBERT JENNINGS**  
(A Virgo with Leo Rising)

THE SCENE is a social-celebrity cocktail party on the seminal slopes of West Hollywood. "Boo!" says the tall, courtly man who advertises him-

self modestly as the World's Greatest Astrologian. "Gregarious Aquarius here! How's Virgo the Virgin tonight? Meet Miss June 23! Don't abuse her, she's a sensitive child, born on the cusp of Moonchild—I don't say Cancer, because of the malignity, you know. Oh, Leo, don't be so *pompous*. Be hearts and flowers and tiddlywinks tonight. Scorpio, too, you old troublemaker, this is Sag." (Aside: "Sags are Gods on wheels.") "Now, action, action, action!" The



several hundred guests are rapt, clinging like leeches to every Babylonian locution, yearning for some instant analysis from their superseer.

A trembling man sits with his pretty lady on an Arizona ranch and tells the grizzled old astrologer he has a premonition of death by gunshot. "I never saw a person get shot unless he's got a Mars-Uranus affliction," says the astrologer. The man leaps to his feet: "My God, that's what I've got! And this woman's another man's wife. Do something!" The astrologer shakes his head and says evenly: "Mars conjunct Uranus can be a helluva sex aspect; it can involve rape and violence in a mill town; but in a place like this, heck, all it means is a little adultery. Relax."

In Malibu, the recovering movie star confesses to her personal astrologer that she ingested all those pills after failing to follow his advice to junk her Freudian analyst altogether, in favor of her Jungian one. (After all, it was Jung, not Freud, who admitted that "in cases of difficult psychological diagnosis, I usually get a horoscope.")

An oil-rich widow flies from Los Angeles to a Southwestern city to ask her astrologer: "How can I live on \$25,000 a month?" Two hours later, she hands him a check for \$500 and returns to her 10 servants and \$1,000,000 manse in Holmby Hills, poorer but presumably wiser. In nearby Laurel Canyon, a lovely female astrologer solemnly tells her actress daughter that her chart is propitious for a solo flight to Moscow in a small plane. While over in the San Fernando Valley, an admitted-homosexual astrologer shakes his head ruefully and concludes: "Reagan's trouble is he has Scorpio rising!"

In Santa Barbara, the rich-matron members of the Scorpio Birthday Club celebrate an anniversary in the town's classiest beanery. In Los Angeles, Bullock's retails a Personal Horoscope for \$20, prepared by an IBM/360 computer; and high-toned Robinson's merchandises men's underwear in a splashy zodiac print. On the Costa Brava, Salvador Dali hangs an astronomical price tag on his 12 zodiacal lithographs. In Monte Carlo, Princess Grace throws a Scorpio Ball, which is graced, fittingly, by her favorite Hollywood astrologer. At Cape Kennedy, invited guests to the second moon shot include some of the nation's top-seeded astrologers, selected by NASA.

In San Francisco, an astrologer tries to contact a "zodiac killer" cryptographically. In Manhattan, Lord & Taylor keys a vast ad campaign to "the horoscope in fashion." A Broadway star consults a dime-store astrologer nightly before the show. ("The audience is going to be rotten tonight, deary—it's full of Pisces.") In *The Wall Street Journal*, graphologist Huntington Hartford scolds astrology for not paying sufficient attention to heredity and environment. Paraphernalia designs the zodiac dress; Steuben makes crystal zodiacs; and at least one astrologer has become chargeable via credit card. Some 16 astroalbums guck up record racks over the past Christmas holidays. *Women's Wear Daily* devotes two full pages to the horoscope's upsurge in high places. *Vogue* finally gives way to competitive pressure and installs a resident seeress. And Jackie Onassis' chart appears in countless slick magazines around the globe.

In bookstores everywhere, paperback racks sag with planetary pointers ranging from *How to Play the Horses Horoscopically* to *Sex in the Stars*. Between the sleazy

movie magazines (many of which carry regular astrology features) and the chic *haute couture* publications (almost all of which do) lies a sargasso of magazines devoted exclusively to the subject. Dell alone boasts 49 horoscope publications, one of which, *Horoscope's* annual cosmic dopesheet, sold more than 8,000,000 copies last year.

Some 1200 of the 1750 U.S. daily papers surfeit the nation with syndicated sun-sign clichés on love, money and health—in that order. (One druidess forecast financial and sex difficulties for this writer for the same period that another forecast the opposite.) And the underground press is glutted with such graffiti as: "WANTED: Male with moon in Aquarius, sun in Sag., Venus in Aries, Mars in Cap. From 1927 to 1944. Object: to see if astrology works. Dick."

In Phoenix, Los Angeles and New York, the singles industry uses computers to cast charts as well as to match people via their planets. In India, holy men still sit up all night, waiting for the world to burn to a cinder or vanish like Mu into the celestial sea, as predicted periodically by Indian astrologers. Both governments of Vietnam study astrological charts and even distribute astrocalendars when the "aspects" are not too "malefic." In Los Angeles, one well-meaning astrologer studies the charts of terminal-cancer patients for planetary parallels, while another does regular forecasts for several savings-and-loan associations. In Chicago, a major insurance company retains an astrologer to study life expectancies. Coast to coast, some 30 academies and occult temples, such as the Rosicrucians, teach the stuff. In Arizona, a renowned astrologer confides that he is deeply troubled by the personal future of the Nixons: "I've been watching Pat and she doesn't look so good. And Dick's chart is bad in relation to his wife. Discretion forbids me from saying anything more."

In Munich, an astrologer who has counseled some of the world's spangliest names also puzzles over Nixon's chart: "The President's planets in the sign of Capricorn give him the ability to organize on a down-to-earth level—he is better able to build from a basic structure than any other President in recent years. His Virgo rising brings an analytical quality that is sometimes mistaken, in the case of persons of high office, for being too detailed and critical. His conjunction of the moon and Uranus in the sign of Aquarius, which is also in the midheaven of the United States chart, brings him very much to the fore in relation to the U.S. and its leadership in a very worldly sense; and he will do everything in his power to keep the U.S. in first place among nations of the world. It also places him in a congenial position in this new Aquarian Age and, in spite of conservative tendencies, he will do sudden and dramatic things that can startle not only people of his own country but those of foreign countries. He will always keep them guessing. His ricocheting between the conventional and the unusual, the formal and the progressive, gives him a chance to be of far greater service than if he were mired, in a pragmatic sense, in either of these apparently contradictory schools of thought."

The soothsaying grandson of an ex-President of the U.S. delineates the horoscope of an ex-President, Virginian Lyndon Baines Johnson. No less than Lady Bird herself had supplied the exact moment of birth, without which no self-respecting (continued on page 154)



*fun and gaming rock  
round the clock in  
these sun-drenched  
western pleasure domes*

**travel** SPRAWLING across the barren valley from which it sprang, Las Vegas shimmers in the heat, a surreal shrine to the gods of opulence and good fortune who dwell in its Greco-Roman-French-provincial-ponderosa-riverboat-neo-neon palaces, where they exact tribute from the reverent who travel hence on missions of homage and seduction. Condemned by some for its outrageous success of excess, ignored by others who seek their pleasure in smaller measure, Las Vegas is the most persuasive monument ever erected to man's inconsolable yearning for a wild weekend. At the rate of 15,000,000 every year, winners and losers from all over the world flock to the big money machine in the desert, driven by the knowledge of miracles that actually happen and nourished by the faith that one will happen to them. In Vegas, all things are probable.

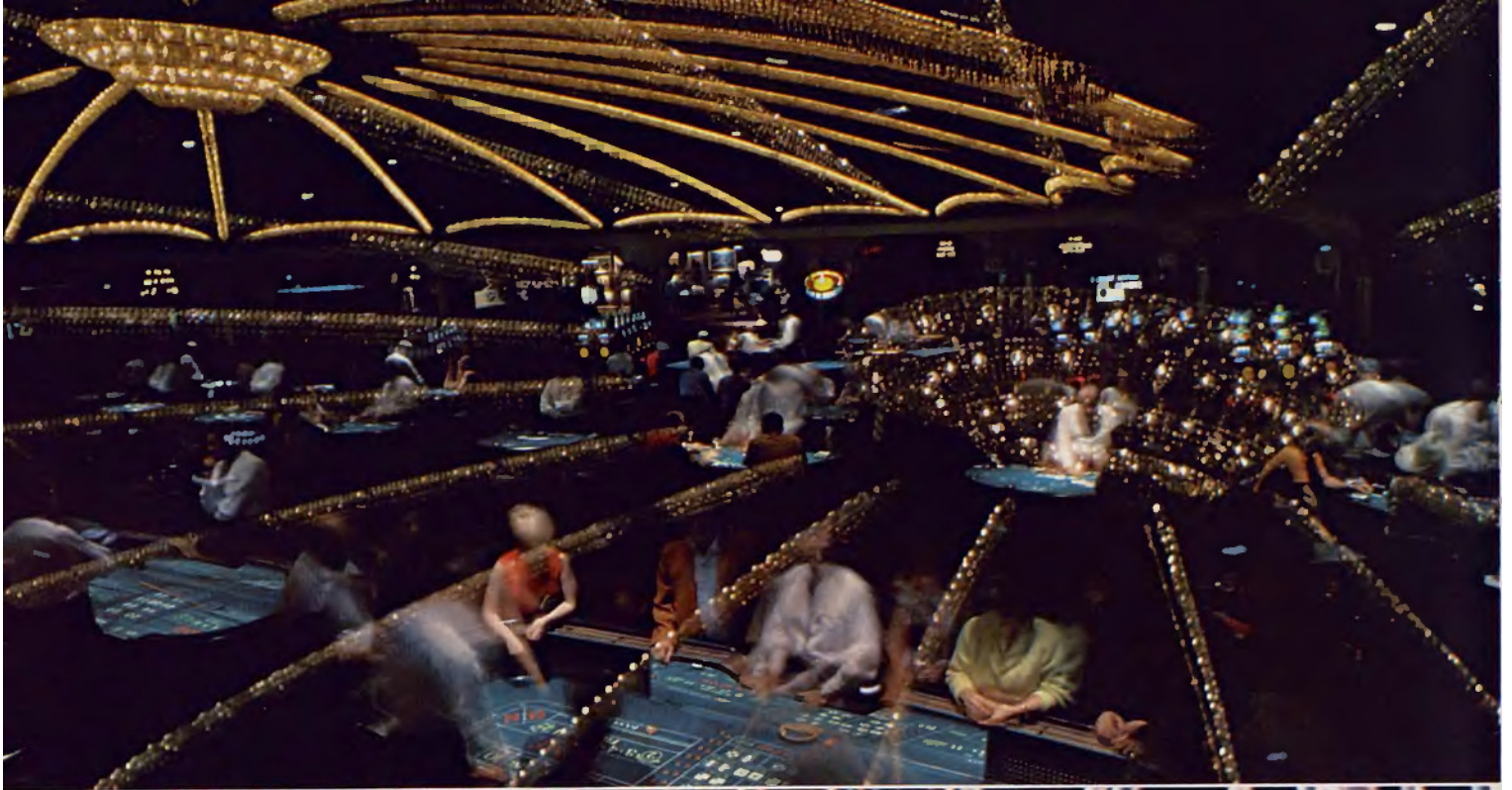
Gaudy, brash, incongruous? It's that and more. Where else do all the restaurants serve breakfast 24 hours a day? Where else would a psychiatrist erect a 30-foot sign outside his office? Where else would a doctor advertise his calling in a newspaper page full of urgent messages from hair weavers, system gamblers, exotic theologians and erotic-underwear merchants? And what other town can boast a Mr. Caesar Augustus in the phone book? In Vegas, ladies of the evening offer customers not only discounts but free home delivery. You can get married there while hanging upside down beneath a helicopter, at the bottom of a mine shaft, on horseback, on llamaback or on roller skates, in a casino or anywhere else with a license obtained from the Clark (text continued on page 108)

Nevada's lavish leisure capitals fill the night with high-powered neon brilliance. Top right: A mantage of the south shore of Lake Tahoe, with the verdant High Sierras in the background. Las Vegas (inset) is a turned-on electric oasis in the Mojave Desert.

## vegas and tahoe: nonstop superesorts









# vegas

Unabashed apulence is the style at Caesar's Palace, one of the fabled caravansaries on the Vegas Strip. Opposite page, tap: An overview of the hotel's lavish gambling casina, a rendezvous for late-blooming high rollers who don't usually appear until after two A.M.

Opposite page, battam: At the Circus Circus, go-go dancers compete with Siberian tigers, jugglers, acrobats, singers and side-show acts for the attention of the clientele. Below left: A panoramic view of the Circus Circus and its frenetic array of entertainments.



Among Las Vegas' tap-topless revues is the one at the Dunes (left, center). At the Landmark, two comely naiads (center) splash in the Olympic pool; evening diversions include shows starring statuesque chorines and such superstars as Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr. (above).

Las Vegas' splashy Falies-Bergère-style revues cast more than \$750,000 to produce and take almost a year of planning and rehearsal before presentation. Top right: A sensuous sequence at the Dunes. Above: A jewel-bedecked cast member of *Vive Les Girls!*



# tahoe

One of the poshest and most pleasurable spots to stay during a visit to the lake's south shore is Tahoe Keys. A \$200,000,000, 750-acre vacation development, Tahoe Keys offers homes—such as those pictured below—for weekly rentals beginning at \$250.

County courthouse. Most of the two dozen wedding chapels accept credit cards and one of them modestly guarantees: "We arrange everything for a beautiful wedding and a lasting marriage." The entire ceremony may be photographed and tape-recorded—and perhaps later used as evidence in the divorce proceedings back at the same courthouse that issued the marriage license. Like everything in town, the courthouse is open 24 hours a day.

As a resort, Las Vegas is in a category of its own invention and therefore has no competition. There are many fashionable havens around the world where gambling, prestigious entertainment and all the regalia that accompany luxury resort life may be found, but as rivals to Vegas, they are hardly contenders. At the other resorts, you may have to fork out for membership before you can even enter a casino, or you might need a passport to prove you aren't a local. You can be barred from entrance if you aren't wearing a tie and, in some cases, the doorman will suggest that you get lost if you show up sans dinner jacket. In Vegas, however, there are no rules about ties and formals, no passports, memberships nor doormen. Some casinos don't even have doors.

To most visitors, Vegas is the Strip, a four-mile strand of tinsel on which are clustered the glamor hotels in whose plush-lined wombs headline celebrities meet their public. In addition to its "big room," every major hotel on the Strip has a lounge, where the patrons are entertained by second-magnitude stars.

Once upon a time, when gambling was the main attraction in Vegas and entertaining took second place, the shows were free and, in some places on the Strip, so was the food. Not anymore. Today, it can cost a minimum of \$15 to see Sinatra and \$7.50 for a ticket (text continued overleaf)



Lake Tahoe's south shore can turn even the dedicated nonathlete into an outdoorsman. Three popular daytime diversions are golf, boating and water-skiing (above); other sporting attractions include fishing, hunting, motorcycling and, in winter, skiing.

Opposite page, top: Sunset in the High Sierras signals the end of a romantic afternoon of horseback riding along mountain trails. Lake Tahoe's night clubs don't specialize in topless revues, only top-level stars. Inset: Shirley Bassey performs at the Sahara-Tahoe.







to *Hair*, which opened at the International Hotel's theater last December. It is still possible to see some shows without buying a ten-dollar dinner, and lounge entertainment is usually offered without minimum or cover; but the era of a free night out on the Strip is long gone, though by comparison with nightclub costs elsewhere, Vegas is still a remarkable bargain.

Of the 12 biggest hotels on the Strip (14, including the International and Landmark, new arrivals located a block below the Strip), all have at least one big entertainment room and one lounge; and the ultra-high-risers also have a sky room for dinner and dancing. This adds up to a minimum of 30 shows being staged within four miles of one another at any given time—many more, if the smaller hotels along the Strip and downtown are included—which means that most people who go to Vegas (the average stay is slightly less than three days) will find time to see only a fraction of the goodies on hand.

Among those who appeared last year were Barbra Streisand, Dean Martin, Frank Sinatra, Johnny Carson, Jack Benny, Bob Newhart, Diahann Carroll, Buddy Hackett, Jimmy Durante, Don Ho, the Everly Brothers, Fats Domino, Frankie Laine, Pete Fountain, Danny Kaye, Elvis Presley, Dick Shawn, Trini Lopez and Bobby Darin. At any given time, a visitor may find four extravaganzas filled with nudes and bizarre stage effects, two Broadway imports, numerous comics, big bands, vocal and rock groups, circus acts, conjurers, strippers, satirical revues and all-night *discothèques*.

Not everything in town happens after dark, of course. Anyone in search of action before sunset can find golf, tennis, squash or handball, work out in a gym or lounge in the sun, steam and sauna, or drive to nearby Lake Mead for fishing, skin-diving, water-skiing, boating and sailing.

The Las Vegas "season" runs approximately from Easter to November. Actually, everything is open all year round, but except for the late fall and winter holidays, the pace slows down so drastically after Thanksgiving that a production starring 100 dancers, singers, burning houses, sandstorms, camels, colored doves and a full orchestra might play to an audience of about 12. During the off season a couple of years ago, one well-known recording star had an audience of 11 on opening night.

In season or out, weekends are usually the best time for singles; secretaries, airline hostesses and coeds flock into town from the big Western cities and campuses to compete with their professional sisters (who work the hotels, mostly in dark bars usually known as hookers' nooks) for unattached males. Though open soliciting is not permitted in Vegas hotels and any girl found in default is briskly shuttled

off the premises, there are nearby counties in other parts of Nevada where the oldest profession is a legitimate industry and the houses are equipped with pools, pool tables and music. One house at Ash Meadows has its own airstrip for the convenience of its customers and another does business in a huge trailer parked symbolically between the forks of a road junction. In either you may be introduced to the basket game, a Nevada innovation in which a bottomless basket containing a bottomless lady is suspended above the customer, who lies on his back at ground zero. By a dexterous manipulation of ropes and pulleys, he soon finds himself in conjunction with the aviatrix.

Lately, and ominously, there have been rumblings that Vegas' X rating—for adults only—is in danger of being morally uplifted to something more suitable for family audiences. They say Howard Hughes is up to some good. Ever since the omnipotent dropout moved into town three years ago on a private train, there has been talk of a new! improved! cleaner! Las Vegas. So far, the only evidence of the cryptic crusader's alleged reform is a report that he outlawed nudes at a Desert Inn extravaganza; but the pessimists are convinced that even greater sacrifice may follow as Hughes expands his holdings in the area. He already owns four hotels in addition to the Desert Inn: the Sands, the Frontier, the Landmark, the Castaways, and the Silver Slipper saloon and casino; he also owns a local TV station, two airports, a ranch, a regional airline and a large piece of southern Nevada.

Nobody in Vegas has seen Hughes (or will admit to it), but it is thought that he lives at least part of the time in the penthouse of the Desert Inn; as confirmation of this rumor, the *cognoscenti* point to the fact that the penthouse buttons have been removed from the hotel's elevators and replaced with locks. As the only enigma in a town that doesn't like too many secrets, Hughes has provided a rich vein for local comedians. "Howard be thy name," is a popular invocation. One gag says he's planning further take-overs with his chief legal advisor, Judge Crater. But nobody knows except Howard, and he's not telling.

In his zeal to sanitize Las Vegas, there is one "vice" Hughes is unlikely to eliminate: gambling. The sound of the city is the clank and grind of slot machines. They are the first thing visitors see upon arrival at McCarran airport; they occupy more space in casinos than any other game; they can digest anything from a penny to a fin; and as a gaming investment, they are probably the worst risk in a town that offers long odds on craps, blackjack, baccarat, roulette, wheel of fortune, poker, faro, keno and bingo. If you don't know the rules, buy a good paperback that explains the odds and steers

you clear of sucker bets. Craps and blackjack buffs can sharpen their technique with one of the eight daily free lessons given by the Mint Hotel. Call first to make a reservation for a class.

Few industries operate under more stringent scrutiny than Las Vegas gambling. The only cheats in town ("cross-roads" in the trade) are customers; some of them roll flats (crooked dice), withhold cards, create diversions while a confederate increases his bet or simply steal other players' chips. To protect against these various forms of chicanery, there is a glass window strip (or a television eye-in-the-sky) over the table layouts from which casino security guards can cover the action. Usually, these are put to use only when a suspected cheat is playing; they are not manned at all times.

Vegas protects its reputation for honest gambling as passionately as a virgin does her innocence, but an inexperienced visitor can still get wiped out if he depends on dealers and croupiers—as a tyro often will—for the most helpful advice on his investments on the green felt. Rarely, if ever, will they tell him to take his winnings and leave while he's ahead; though they're not supposed to offer counsel, they might suggest instead that he double up, take the odds or bet the hard-way numbers. The best thing to do is learn the rules thoroughly, watch how the high rollers bet and do the same thing, but on your own scale. If you hit a good run and come out ahead, remember to either leave a tip or place a bet for the guys working the table. You will be welcomed back.

Craps is the fastest and most exciting game in any casino; it's also one of the best games to play because of the low percentage in favor of the house. Careful betting can reduce this percentage even further. The game has a ritualistic cadence that is sounded by the croupiers—"New shooter coming out . . . yo eleven . . . pay the line . . . coming out again . . . the point is six . . . bet the hard six . . . loser seven"—and punctuated by the ardent cries of high rollers as they heat up the dice for their throw (one well-known player taps the dice twice, blows on them, kisses them and throws with a long, looping underhand) and pray aloud for a winning point.

Many gamblers—even the experts—find it hard to leave a table when they're losing, which is one of the reasons gambling is a profitable business for the operators. There are few steadfast rules in any game of chance, but one law that is more or less consistent in its validity is: Stop playing after two consecutive defeats. Take a walk, have a rest or go and play another game and come back later, but move away from a losing table. A casino owner who used to bet (and win) heavily once opined that the best

(continued on page 166)





SOKOL

*"Will that be cash or charge?"*



**SYNOPSIS:** *Once upon a time, in the Asian country of Chanda, there were the picturesque Royal City, a jungle, a king who stood 5' 2", a holy man named Buon Kong, a lot of hunters up in the mountains who wore silver collars and rode shaggy ponies, some of the most beautiful small brown women in the world—and, though nobody ever counted them, about 1,000,000 elephants. They are still there. But nowadays, there are also Colonel Kelly, the American military advisor; Nadolsky, the Soviet ambassador; Andreas, the Greek hotelkeeper, who does spying on the side; Tay Vinh, the North Vietnamese cultural attaché, who has a surprisingly expert knowledge of artillery; Harry Mennan, the cowboy fier; Captain Kong Le, who commands the Chanda troops; Charley Dog, who drifts in by way of a California prison farm; Marine Master Sergeant Danny Campo, who gets lost on his way downtown; Coakley and Sumner-Clark, who represent the U.S. State Department and the British Foreign Office, respectively. And along with all of these people, there is Dawn, who has no other name and is a deaf-mute. She first appeared when somebody found her aboard a plane out of L.A. carrying a Special Services troupe to Saigon. Then Harry Mennan got a hurry-up call to fly her out of Vietnam. When she stepped from the plane in Chanda, all of the men—even the grim little North Vietnamese attaché—gasped. She is impossible to describe—a collage of the beauties of many races. Every man who watches her has the impression that she is giving off secret vibrations*

## Part II of a new novel By ASA BABER

*in which harry mennan and charley dog save the beautiful dawn from a fate worse than death, danny campo tries his hand at pachyderm procurement and general grider arrives in chanda midst much consternation*

for him alone. Dawn is almost enough to make one forget that the Russians and the Americans are bringing hardware into Chanda and that a war is raging just next door in Vietnam. With tension mounting daily, can this colorful never-never land of elephants and parasols stay neutral and at peace?

HILARY SUMNER-CLARK enjoyed long lunches in the Aubergine Restaurant. Almost always, he met with Coakley and the two gossiped between courses and bitched about government service in Chanda.

Communication with Chang, the waiter, was impossible. Sumner-Clark tried to explain his order. "No, no, no, Chang. I want an English cut to my beef. Thin, thin, teeny thin slices. Understand? Thin?"

Chang smiled wildly. "You want remon srices with food?"

"No, no! I want my beef sliced like lemons." Sumner-Clark watched the small back disappear into the steam of the kitchen. "Really, I suppose he'll come back with an elephant steak or something. What I'd give for a meal at Simpson's. The Aubergine, indeed."

For a time, the two drank their Scotch in silence.

Sumner-Clark was right, of course. The Aubergine was owned by Andreas. The cook was Chang's father, a wisp of a man who claimed to have been a chef on the French Line many years ago ("I wonder which freighter that was," Coakley had joked when he first heard this story). The place was pretentious enough to attract the foreign-service crowd, however. There was Western liquor available and Andreas made sure that the best of the market place found its way into his kitchen. The orders came out confused, food poisoning was not unknown and ice







POLYCHROME WOOD SCULPTURE BY BILL BRYAN

for drinks was unobtainable. But it did not matter; it was the only game in town. When Coakley and Sumner-Clark complained, they did so existentially, without hope of change or reward.

"Tell me something I don't know," said Sumner-Clark.

"State secret or just anything?" Coakley replied.

"I know all your state secrets, love."

"Oh, yes, I'd forgotten. Well, there's only one thing I know that you don't. You see that tree over there? That yellow thing? It's called a shittah tree."

Sumner-Clark leaned back in his chair. "Dear Mother, I am writing to you from under the shade of the shittah tree." He stopped his routine abruptly. "Do you think we'll ever get out of here?" It was their constant question. They asked it even when they did not care. "Most of the bastards in my grade are in Paris or something."

Coakley drank deeply. "No, I think this is the dead end for most of us here. A community of misfits, really. And it's going to get worse instead of better."

Sumner-Clark nodded. The food came and it wasn't right at all, but they ate it, anyway.

A silence indicated they both had deep thoughts. Coakley finally broke it. "The airport has been busy."

"Yes, indeed it has."

"More people than usual."

"Yes," sighed Sumner-Clark. "You'd think this place was important."

"I suppose any place can be important if you want to make it so."

"Well, not Chanda, for God's sake."

Coakley smiled without meaning it. "You're thinking what I'm thinking, aren't you? You know it's not our business to think that. We're only reporters of a sort."

"Tell me, O muse, what am I thinking?"

"I'll tell you. You'll run right home and put it into a report, but I'll tell you, anyway. And you can mention my name to the M. I. group."

"I wouldn't," said Sumner-Clark.

"You would and you will. You're thinking that if we're not all careful as mice, we could start a war here."

Sumner-Clark laughed tightly. "You're almost right. What I'm really thinking is that the end of the world might begin here. Now, isn't that a silly thought for someone of my training?"

General Grider sits in the warm Virginia sun and all of spring comes up somewhere in his scrotum. It is seedtime and new time. Here on this hill, he is king of all he surveys; in a sense, he owns the territory. But he has been uneasy since *(continued on page 126)*



ALTHOUGH HORACE GREELEY's famous travel instructions were addressed to young men only, Cleveland-born Christine Koren corrected the editor's oversight several years ago, when she swapped secretarial chores in her home town for the mind-enlarging excitement of California's art and *couture* cultures. Soon after her arrival in Los Angeles, the 22-year-old brunette found jobs that satisfied her aesthetic predilections and has worked at them ever since. On weekends and some evenings, she part-times at Pasadena's Palace Boutique—where, she says, "the customers are even more fun than the clothes." And from nine to five, Chris manages artist Tony Amiry's well-known Hollywood art gallery, where she's as likely to sell a painting to a famous motion-picture star as to a tourist from Toledo. But Chris sees to it that her fast-paced work week doesn't confine her to a life without leisure. At home in her kitchen, Chris is something of an artist herself. Her specialty is preparing health-food dishes: "Things like wheat germ, avocado honey and papaya juice beat TV dinners any time. But I admit I'm a nut on the subject." Chris also takes maximum advantage of the salubrious West Coast climate by going sailing, water-skiing or bicycling at every available opportunity. Though bachelor-girl Chris cites procrastination as her worst fault, she admits she isn't in too big a hurry to meet the man in her life. "I'm



## GO WEST, YOUNG WOMAN

ERSTWHILE OHIOAN  
CHRIS KOREN SAVORS THE  
PROFITABLE AND PLEASURABLE  
PURSUITS THAT LURED  
HER TO CALIFORNIA







Whether doing her job or doing her thing, Chris has found the Southern California milieu close to perfect. But she has also discovered that working part time at a busy Pasadena boutique is a costly vocation for her: "I'm so wild about clothes," she says, "I want to buy more than I sell." But that's what makes Chris a good salesgirl, since her enthusiasm is quickly transmitted to the customers. With her dog, Luv, in the bike basket, she begins a bumpy four-flight descent from her apartment, then pedals to her full-time job at the Amiry Gallery, where, among the paintings, Chris herself is as pretty as a picture.











Accepting an invitation to go sailing with friends off Morina del Rey early one Sunday, a well-tanned Chris (opposite) makes an especially shipshope addition to the crew.



Sailing is one of our Playmate's favorite sports and, whether assisted by her escort in trimming the sheets or enjoying the salt air (above), Chris is eminently see-worthy.



With Chris at the wheel (below), a contented crew—Chris, her roommate, Deena Arenson, and their dates—heads for home after a full day of exhilaration on the high seas.

still trying to find out all the things I am," she says. "When I do, I'll know the type of mate I'm suited for—and vice versa." Chris feels that, for similar reasons, many young people are waiting a little longer to get married these days, but she doesn't completely agree with all the things they're doing. "Many kids are trying to find themselves through the drug scene," she says. "But I think there are better ways, and lots of people—I'm one of them—have begun to explore these alternatives over the past few years. This fall at UCLA, I intend to study yoga and metaphysics; they have it all over artificial stimulants as a means of self-discovery: They discipline the mind." Chris has many male admirers who are eager to assist her with her homework, but she insists that she's just in love with Luv—a mostly Maltese pooch who gladly goes almost everywhere she does. So would we.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ANO MEL FIGGE



MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Ashore again, the boating party retires to the yacht-club bar. But Chris leaves the group temporarily to spend a few quiet moments by the water's edge, watching the sunset of another memorably eventful California Sunday.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The lonely executive had spent the whole evening at a cocktail party complaining to an attractive guest about his wife's constant visits to her mother. "She's away again tonight," said the man. "What would you do if you were in my place?"

"Well, honey," his companion cooed, "let's go over to your place and I'll show you."

We know a fellow who complains that this winter has been so cold it takes him 45 minutes to get his girlfriend started.



Then there was the little boy who, after happening by his parents' open bedroom door one night, wondered why he had gotten a spanking for sucking his thumb.

An American on a business trip to Glasgow entered a restaurant and asked the waitress what the specialty was. "Roast and rice," the Scottish miss replied in a heavy brogue.

"You certainly do roll your Rs," the visitor observed.

"I suppose so," she giggled, beginning to blush, "but only when I wear high heels."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nymphomaniac* as a girl who believes that it's every man for herself.

The handsome president requested that the company psychiatrist further screen the three good-looking girls for the job of private secretary. Deciding to use a standard psychological ploy, the gentleman asked each of the applicants the same question—"How much do two and two make?"

The first young thing, a lovely blonde, whispered, "Four"; the second, a smashing brunette, responded with "Twenty-two"; while the third, a shapely redhead, answered, "Four or twenty-two."

The following day, the consultant stopped by the president's office and gave his findings. "The first is solid and reliable," he opined. "The second has a vivid imagination but can't deal too well with reality. And the third is both clever and mature—she being the one I'd suggest we hire. What's your decision?"

"Well," the boss replied, after a moment of deep deliberation, "I think I want the one with the big boobs."

By the middle of his senior year, the worldly collegian had dated most of the girls on campus. One day, while seated in the student union, he looked up and saw the captain of the football team coming toward him, an angry scowl on his face.

"I hear you went out with Susan Fremont," the huge fellow boomed, doubling up his fists. "Did you score with her?"

The sophisticated chap hesitated for a moment and then answered, "Yes, once."

"Well, I'm her new boyfriend," the gridiron giant announced, "and I don't dig that at all."

"Come to think of it," the senior mused, "I didn't, either."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *double joint* as tea for two.

The bachelor and his date decided to attend a country-club masquerade ball dressed in a rented cow costume. However, after an hour, they grew tired of their tandem togetherness and he suggested that they slip outside for a breath of fresh air. Still in the costume, the twosome was trotting across a nearby field when the fellow spotted a huge Hereford bull that was preparing to charge. "What are we going to do?" quavered his frightened partner from her posterior position.

"I'm going to eat some grass," the lad croaked as the thundering hooves came closer. "But it sounds like you'd better bend down even farther and brace yourself."



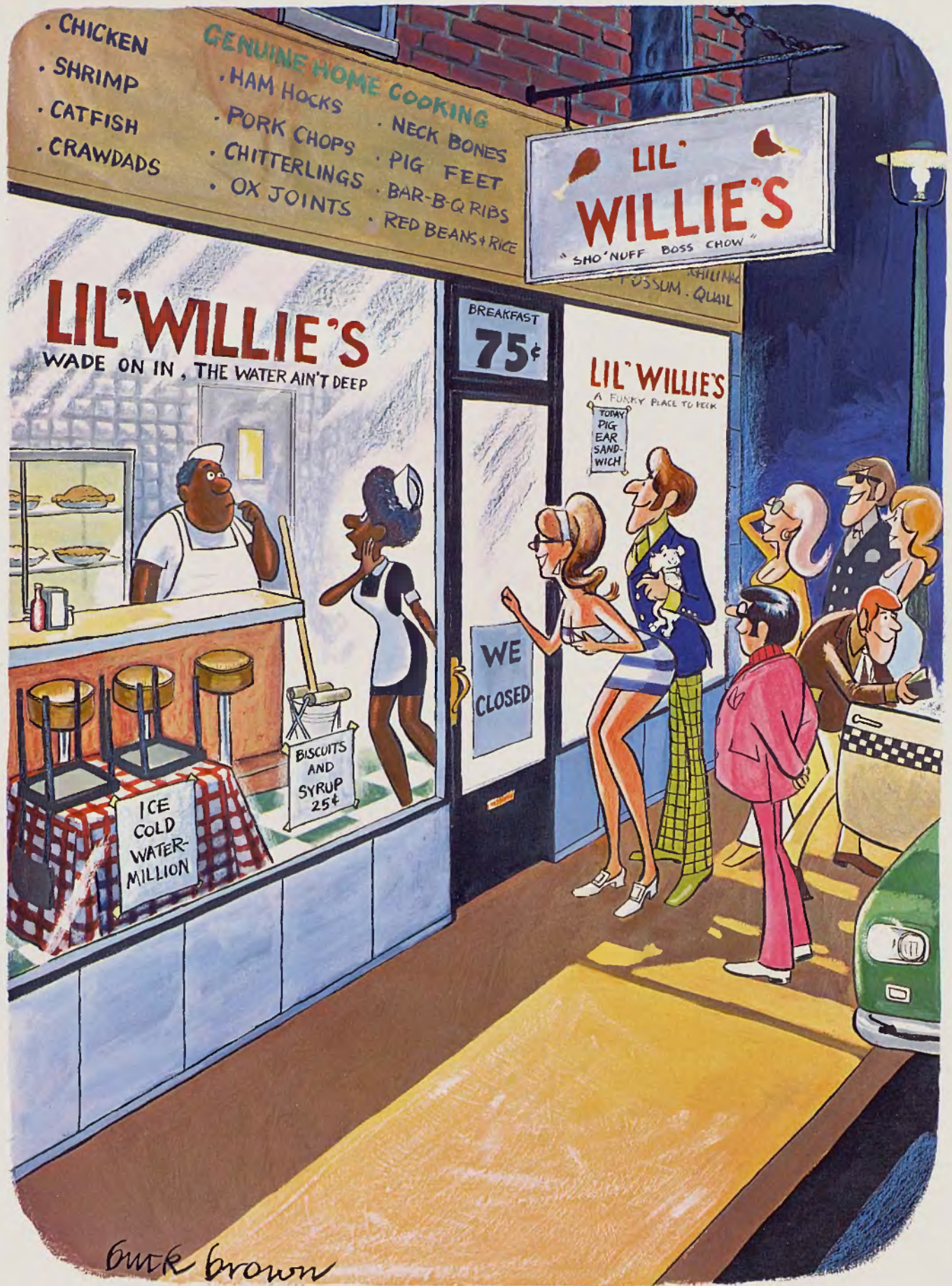
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Lesbian cocktail lounge* as a her-she bar.

Then there was the persistent actress who made it the hard way in Hollywood—she had talent.

Waxing eloquent on the sins of the flesh, the dynamic young preacher raised himself to full height, leaned over the pulpit and boomed, "Brothers and sisters, if there are any among you who have committed adultery, may your tongue cleave to the woof of your mowf."

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.





Buck Brown

"We've been discovered."



*accessories*

Back row, left to right: Stainless-steel and glass mountaineer's jug keeps ice and liquid separate, by Etco Industries, \$26.50. Italian-made syphon of stainless steel, from Aprapos, \$42.50. Battery-powered Mix 'N Serve cocktail shaker operates by simply turning recipe dial to the drink desired, then adding ingredients, mix and serve buttons are pressed and drink is automatically dispensed into waiting glass, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$15. Lucite ice bucket with chrome tong-shaped handle, by Etco Industries, \$30. Lucite and golden stainless-steel bar set includes knife-opener, fork, bar spoon and strainer, from Lord & Taylor, \$10. Glass drink dispenser, from Aprapos, \$37.50. Three decanters in leather case, from Lord & Taylor, \$20.

*new wherewithal to help*

LIQUIDS'





*summon the spirit world*

# ASSETS

Front row, left to right: Double-rocks glass with chain, \$15 for 4, and vodka glass, \$6.50 for 4, both from Hammacher Schlemmer. Orrefors flute champagne glass, from Bonniers, \$3.50. Austrian corkscrew, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$15. Orrefors crystal deconter, 12 ozs., from Fisher-Bruce, \$13.50. "Advent" all-purpose bar glass, by Dansk, \$3.25. Orrefors crystal liqueur glass, 1 oz., from Bonniers, \$6.50. "Forum" all-purpose bar glass, \$5.95, and "Cloud" all-purpose bar glass, \$5.50, both by Dansk. Orrefors crystal liqueur glass, 1 oz., \$6, and Orrefors crystal ice bucket, \$15, both from Fisher-Bruce.





## A Million Elephants *(continued from page 113)*

dawn. There are going to be folks judging him, barracuda folks like the Senator and the chiefs of various staffs.

The title of the show is tongue twisting, thought up by an executive without rhythm: "Vertical Envelopment and Its Application to Guerrilla-Warfare Principles."

The scenario has been written and practiced. The troops have been on site for two weeks. They have been run through the mud and vines time and time again. Just a few nights ago, General Grider slept peacefully. Everything, he thought then, would go smooth as a baboon's ass. But he had reckoned without the frustrations of a newly interested Congress. That body very politic had decided to send an observer in the person of the Senator.

Momentums and directions converge on poor General Grider. Spring eases his spine only so much. The pressure building at the back of his neck tells him vaguely that this is a peculiar moment in history. He hopes to Christ things shape up.

In the morning sun, the low fog curls around the hill that is to be the ultimate objective. A bunker à la World War Two. So what? That was the window dressing, the pyrotechnic special planned for the ooohs and ahhs of civilians. There would be satchel charges galore and flame throwers and ye olde napalm. To the military mind, that final hill is Dullsville.

But the approaches, ah, yes, they are not ordinary.

Jungle palms have been planted and rice paddies programed. It is not hard to do in Virginia. An entire village of thatched roofs and market squares has been laid out not more than 1000 meters from the VIP observation post. Underbrush has been cleared only enough to let simple minds and simpler visions watch through binoculars and range finders as little toy soldiers all covered in stripes pull their shiny tiger suits through the heat.

Ambushes and counter guerrilla games. Ingenious as some of the scenario is, the general still bristles at how basic things have to be made for the money boys who control the final decisions. This is not like war. This is all form and play, remote beyond belief from the real thing.

When the sun hits ten-o'clock high, the limousines pull up on the gravel road shoulder. Still a trace of the cool smell of Virginia pine. Glad hands and glad throats. Some uneasy shuffling among

the lowly colonels and aides. The Senator comes forward and he is not what you would expect. No foghorn, he in white suit and sombrero. Rather, a squinting and average city boy.

They have dressed the Senator this day in Army fatigues. He has been asked to wear the hard helmet to impress upon him that he is close to danger. He is calm and deferential at first, but his eyes build glitter through the morning hours.

A full bird colonel, no better than a flunky in this crowd, explains with pointer and microphone the purposes of this demonstration. The Senator nods as if he understands all the lingo: landing zone, base of fire, azimuths, targets of opportunity, preparations, on-call support, ETAs, H and I fire. The words drone on, but the Senator has to pose for photographs with General Grider. Mut and Jeff the two appear. The Senator is hardly tall enough to spit in Grider's canteen cup. The general keeps up a line of chatter about the weather and the day. Not a meaningful word between them.

Finally, all are seated in wooden chairs. They look out over the blue haze of the valley. The map is to their right, so they can check the progress of the show. General Grider takes the mike and croons the situation mission, execution. He raises his arm in a regal "Let the play begin" gesture and somewhere in all that brush, someone has been watching him, for a mortar round explodes purple in the sky and the smoke drifts toward earth. Sounds of rifle fire, small and distinct as cap pistols, ride across on the wind. "This is a live-fire problem," the general repeats, as if everyone's manhood is firmly established by that fact alone.

Squads maneuver on the far horizon. There seems to be action in every corner of the eye. Artillery opens up on the ridge line. Airbursts trim trees and scatter dust like a rainstorm. Close under the o.p., a fire team probes a mine field. They look like children in a sandbox as they crawl slowly on their bellies and poke bayonets into the dirt around them. In the village, the thatched roofs burn from white phosphorus mortar shells. A simulated ambush on a road curve is put to rout.

For the Senator's benefit, one of the aggressors performs a sky dive that lands him right on the hill with the bigwigs; but the kid is overwhelmed by green-faced commandos as he tries to wiggle out of his chute.

Two teams in rubber rafts row across an artificial lake and lay demolition

charges in the water obstacles. On the fringes of the final objective, bangalore torpedoes are set across the rolls of concertina wire.

All seems to be going well and the general breathes a little deeper as he talks. He sets up the final situation: More men are needed immediately to take that bunker. How can we get them? Where will they come from? The Senator frowns when he thinks about this. The general continues to build the drama when from the horizon floats what looks like a batch of locusts. Moving neatly now, they grow larger with a sound of power mowers beating the air. In the deep part of his head, Grider thinks something is amiss. He is not sure what. The helicopters seem early. He sneaks a look at his watch. They are. Twamp, twamp, twamp, they pound on. Grider twists his neck and tries to locate his air controller.

Because there is supposed to be an air strike on the bunker before the choppers are in the area and the sky space will get pretty tight if the A-4s come flipping in to drop their napalm while the Hueys hover and release their troops. That will not be pretty, no sir, and General Grider feels the shortest moment of panic before his training comes back to him and he drops the mike and reaches for the radio.

That gesture late, however, for jets are screaming down now. They come up silent and sneaky and are on top of you before you know it. For a Senator, some of the fly boys will scrape the deck in devil's fashion. This they do, bouncing fat bombs across the bunker, leaving black smoke and jelly fire for their next pass.

It is a traffic jam, it is, and the choppers twist away like a herd of wild cattle. They break their patterns and launch out in any direction they can find. The officers on the VIP hill wince and grind their jaws and wait for what seems to be the inevitable mid-air collision.

Which never comes, they thank God; and just as they are relaxing again, and just as General Grider takes up his canned narration again, one chopper, thrown out of the problem area and caught in winds and terrain not of its own choosing, hits high-tension wires and sparks itself to an explosion. It looks no larger from a distance than a little napalm dropping.

Whether or not the Senator sees that is debatable. As the bunker is satcheled and assaulted, and long after the jets have gone back to their base, the med-evac choppers fly into the territory. It is

*(continued on page 210)*





# PLAYBOY PLAYS THE STOCK MARKET



*a blue-chip baedeker to help you find your way  
through the land of the bears and the bulls*

article **By MICHAEL LAURENCE**

WHEN STOCK PRICES were falling so suddenly last summer, at least one investor—H. Ross Perot of Dallas—wasn't hurting. The few Americans who know of Perot probably associate him with United We Stand, a nationwide lobby, of which he is chairman, that supports President Nixon's policies in Vietnam. (Perot tried unsuccessfully to get a planeload of Christmas gifts and food to U. S. war prisoners in North Vietnam last December.) But Perot also wears another hat, which makes him a fascinating representative of the silent majority for which his organization speaks. Simply stated, Perot is the first person in history to make a billion dollars in the stock market in a single year—a feat he seems to have completed, perhaps significantly, during the moratorium month of October 1969.

True, he didn't go about it in the way an ordinary investor might; but then, your ordinary stock dabbler doesn't usually knock down ten figures a year, especially on an initial stake of only \$1000, which is what Perot began with. And it shouldn't matter that Perot's profits are all on paper, because the importance of this event is symbolic. Here is a man who has accomplished what even the most turned-on Wall Street's under-30 multimillionaires still regard as fantasy.

Eight years ago, with his \$1000, Perot founded Electronic Data Systems Corporation, a company that sells computer skills and systems to those who need them. His company prospered, and in the fall of 1968, Perot took it public. He sold 650,000 shares at \$16.50 each, prudently retaining another 9,000,000 shares for himself. In a little over a year, when eager stock buyers were offering \$136 a share for E. D. S., Perot found himself—on paper, anyway—a billionaire-plus.

It seems fitting that Perot should have completed this feat during October, which Mark Twain characterized as "one of the peculiarly dangerous months to speculate in stocks in." The

other dangerous months, Twain continued, "are July, January, September, April, November, May, March, June, December, August and February." Since Twain lost more in stocks than he could earn even as a fantastically successful writer, the cynicism that colored his judgment is forgivable. Like most writers, he knew little or nothing about the stock market. In fact, a variation of the typesetting machine in which he invested—and which bankrupted him in the 1890s—subsequently made millions for investors with a better sense of timing. Twain also singled out the wrong month to steer clear of the market. As Perot's experience might attest, October happens to be a very *good* month to speculate in stocks in. Most of the declining markets of the past generation (1946, 1957, 1960, 1962 and 1966) turned around then, a curious coincidence that prompted a veteran Wall Street observer to proclaim that "October outranks all other months as a buying time" for short-term stock profits. Perot's good fortune can also be cited to confirm the observation—if it needs confirmation—that no single route to riches is swifter or more rewarding than the stock market.

At last count, roughly 27,000,000 Americans seemed to agree. These are the investors who (as the saying goes) own a share in American industry. Some of them may have purchased stocks to conserve their capital, others to avoid taxes, to hedge against inflation or to nail down a decent income to see them through retirement. A very few, like Perot, have created their stockholdings as an almost unanticipated by-product of their own foresight and hard work in forging a corporate empire. But the vast majority of stock players these days, silent or vociferous, are in the market with just one goal: to make money; and, whether the market is going up or down, a surprising number succeed.

Stated in its simplest terms, transactions in the stock market involve (continued on page 130)



*"I've always heard it was  
bad luck to open an umbrella  
indoors—but nobody ever said  
anything about a raincoat."*





Vargas





## STOCK MARKET (continued from page 127)

sheets of paper called shares, or stock, representing fractional ownership of a corporation. Some companies, of course, are privately held; while they have shares and shareholders, it's impossible for the public to invest in them. But the preponderance of the nation's largest companies are publicly held, with ownership spread among hundreds, thousands or even—in the case of the telephone company—millions of shareholders. Companies issue stock for one reason, to raise money; and long experience shows that money is most easily raised when potential investors know they can subsequently sell their shares—it's to be hoped—for a profit. Thus, the stock market developed: to provide a convenient gathering place for would-be buyers and sellers.

Marxist critics of capitalism enjoy pointing out that money changing hands in the stock market rarely reaches the corporations involved, giving the game a surrealist irrelevance. This is true, but no more useful than observing that poker winnings don't usually go to the manufacturer of the playing cards. Without a ready market for corporate shares (economists call it a liquid market), companies could never raise the money with which to begin or expand their operations. People would never buy a stock unless they knew they could ultimately sell it. The liquidity of the market place is one of the basic underpinnings of capitalism as we know it, and today it is seriously threatened, for the first time in history. Mutual funds and other huge institutional investors have grown so fat that they are finding it increasingly difficult (sometimes impossible) to sell the large blocks of shares they have accumulated. As a consequence, stock prices are bouncing around with a vehemence that would have been unimaginable just a few years ago. But this is good news for the small investor. The market is still liquid enough to accommodate any transaction he is likely to make, and the problems that plague the institutions only create more action—and profit—for the individual.

Before the investor begins playing, he's got to learn the rules. To start, he needs just two things: money and a stockbroker. Both are relatively easy to come by these days, but he's not likely to keep either without a third, more elusive prerequisite: knowledge. Scraping up money and locating a stockbroker will be considered further on; but since stock-market knowledge is surely the most important and difficult of the three, this will be considered first.

The stock market is actually not one market but many. In the U.S., three predominate: the New York Stock Exchange (often called the big board); the American Stock Exchange, which

tradition-minded Wall Streeters like to call the curb, because years ago its operations were conducted on the curb of a sidewalk; and the vast and important over-the-counter market, which is not really a single market at all but a collection of stock dealers scattered across the country. Shares in most major U.S. corporations are bought and sold (traded, in Wall Street jargon) on the New York Stock Exchange; their younger and more speculative competitors show up on the curb; and most of the rest, comprising tens of thousands of companies, large and small, are found over the counter. Besides the three major exchanges, there are at least 15 others, the most important being the handful of markets serving Detroit, Boston, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco and their respective environs. These smaller exchanges feature stocks whose appeal is regional, rather than national; but they also deal in some shares that are sold on the larger exchanges. In addition, a feisty and relatively new outfit called the National Stock Exchange, also located in New York, is trying to establish a market in shares even more speculative than those sold on the curb.

Just as there are several types of stock market, so are there several types of stock. By far the most common is called just that—common stock. When investors talk about the vicissitudes of their stocks, 99 times out of 100, they mean common stocks. The holders of a company's common stock, *in toto*, are the owners of the company. They get to vote in the firm's affairs (one share, one vote) and they participate in the company's profits in a similar fashion. From its profits, the company might pay cash dividends—which means that the stockholder gets a check, usually quarterly—or it might retain its profits to finance new factories and otherwise expand its operation. In either case, if the company prospers, the share owner should, too. His dividends, of course, are immediately spendable, and the company's retained profits should increase the value of his shares, which means he should receive that much more when he sells.

The "shoulds" are necessary because often the share owner does not gain or lose in direct proportion to the fortunes of the company in which he owns shares. This is because the value of a share is set not by the issuing corporation but by the buyers and sellers who make up the market place. A share of stock, like everything else, is worth only what another person will pay for it. This is the challenge and the excitement of the stock market, and all the techniques of stock playing—there are as many techniques as players—ultimately rest on this premise: that when the time comes to

sell, the investor will find someone who, for one reason or another, is willing to purchase his shares at a price higher than the investor originally paid for them. In other words, when all is said and done, stock-market success is largely a matter of mass psychology, with the investor trying to guess just what sort of stocks future buyers will be willing to pay more for.

He might guess successfully for any number of reasons. Perhaps he buys shares at a point in history when potential stock buyers are gloomy about the future of the economy. Such an attitude prevailed most strikingly in the spring of 1932, though it was repeated as recently as 1966 and again last year. If public fears prove unfounded, then the value of many shares will rise. More typically, the successful investment will involve an assessment not of the entire economy but of the fortunes of a particular firm. Such stocks may involve companies whose profits an investor correctly divines are about to rise markedly; they might also involve firms that he was right to feel stand to benefit from unexpected outbreaks of war or peace; those that he accurately guesses will profit from new discoveries; or those that, for any other reason, he presciently senses will seem more attractive to stock buyers at some point in the foreseeable future. Knowledge of the future is all that's required. But since the future is unknowable, knowledge of what's currently happening in business, in the economy and in the world is a workable substitute, as long as the investor never forgets that all the statistics in the Department of Labor or *The Wall Street Journal* can still prove ruinous unless he has an equally good knowledge of people; because it is people, not statistics, to whom he must ultimately sell his shares.

No matter to whom he sells, his chances of making a profit are good, even excellent. This would sound like a journalist's generalization if it weren't supported by hard fact. In a remarkable study conducted at the University of Chicago a few years ago, Professors Lawrence Fisher and James Lorie, aided by a huge computer, evaluated the performance of every common stock traded on the New York Stock Exchange between 1926 and 1965. The study embraced 1856 stocks and 57,000,000 possible transactions, representing every different big-board investment that could have been made, held or liquidated at the end of each month during the 39 years programmed. The results must have surprised even Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, the nation's largest brokerage firm, which financed the venture. Assuming reinvestment of dividends and subtracting brokerage fees at both ends of every transaction (an expense that most studies conveniently

*(continued on page 221)*



# THE SAME TO YOU DOUBLED

*fiction*  
By ROBERT SHECKLEY

*what good is it to be  
granted three wishes when  
your worst enemy gets more  
of everything you ask for?*

IN NEW YORK, it never fails, the doorbell rings just when you've plopped down onto the couch for a well-deserved snooze. Now, a person of character would say, "To hell with that, a man's home is his castle and they can slide any telegrams under the door." But if you're like Edelstein, not particularly strong on character, then you think to yourself that maybe it's the blonde from 12C, who has come up to borrow a jar of chili powder. Or it could even be some crazy film producer who wants to make a movie based on the letters you've been sending your mother in Santa Monica. (And why not; don't they make movies out of worse material than that?)

Yet this time, Edelstein had really decided not to answer the bell. Lying on the couch, his eyes still closed, he called out, "I don't want any."

"Yes you do," a voice from the other side of the door replied.

"I've got all the encyclopedias, brushes and waterless cookery I need," Edelstein called back wearily. "Whatever you've got, I've got it already."

"Look," the voice said, "I'm not selling anything. I want to give you something."

Edelstein smiled the thin, sour smile of the New Yorker who knows that if someone made him a gift of a package of genuine, unmarked \$20 bills, he'd still somehow end up having to pay for it.

"If it's free," Edelstein answered, "then I definitely can't afford it."

"But I mean *really* free," the voice said. "I mean free that it won't cost you anything now or ever."

"I'm not (continued on page 194)











A colorful line-up of sporty and informal foul-weather friends. Umbrellas, above, from left to right: Oversized nylon casual style with bicycle-grip wooden handle, \$12; rally-flag model with whangee handle, \$16.50; rayon Union Jack broly with Malacca handle, \$15; nylon tartan with leather-covered handle, \$15; and multicolored nylon with natural rustic wood handle, \$15; all from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop.

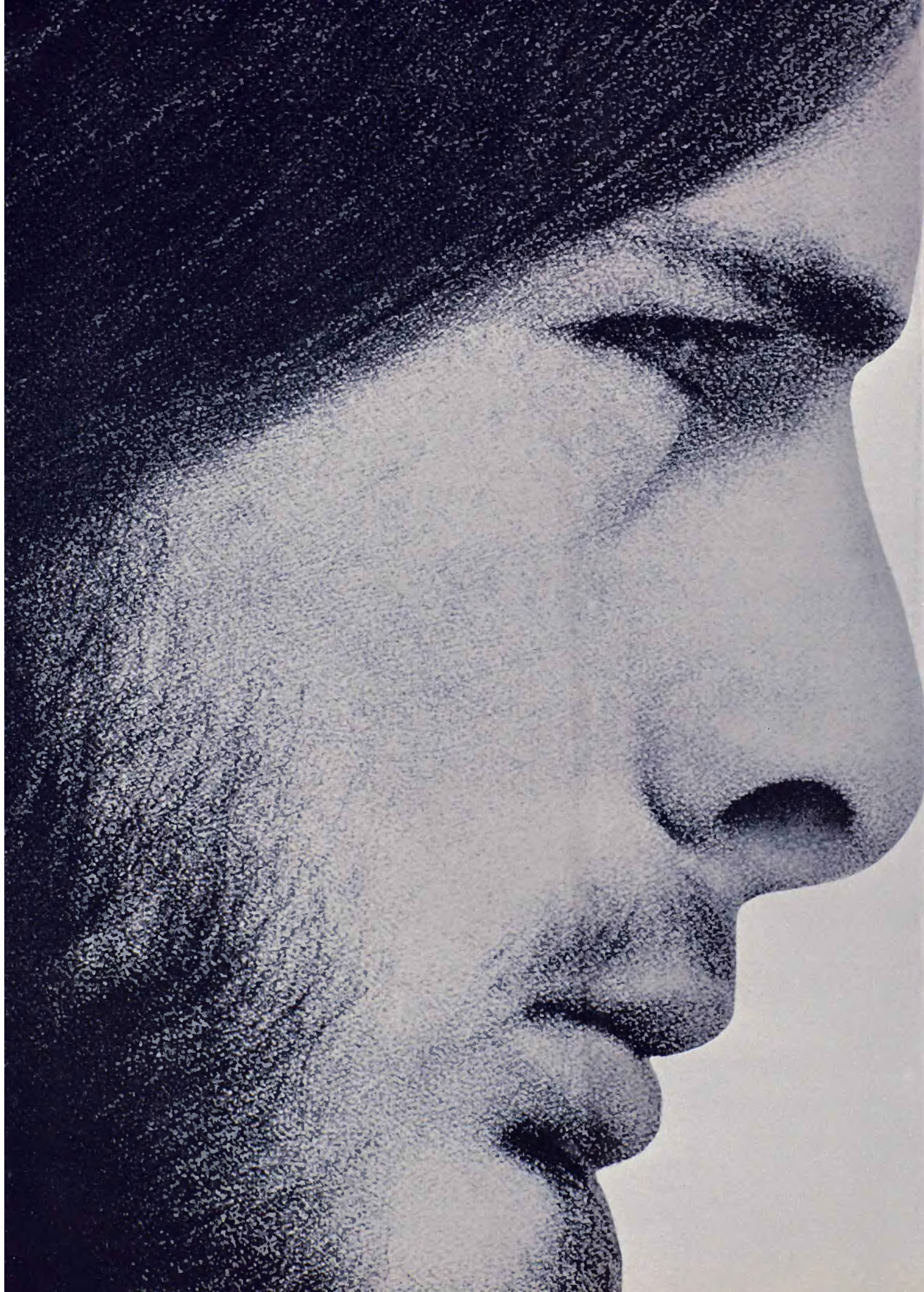
## SLICK STICKS & JOLLY BROLLIES

*a swinging supporting cast of showstopping canes and umbrellas*

Hail the conquering cab hailer. Below, left to right: Ebony walking stick with chrome-plated head, \$25, and crutch-handled rock-maple cane, \$10, both from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop. Antique wand of carved brass set with turquoise stones, from India, about \$350; German-silver eagle's-head cane of ebonized copper beech, \$45; 19th Century cane with gold-plated head and ebony shaft, about \$175; and carved-ivory-headed rattan cane, about \$155; all from Boserup House of Canes. Olivewood tribunal-type walking stick, from Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shop, \$15.









# REVOLUTION

*the anti-establishment:  
its precepts and its programs  
for radical reform*

*article*

**By JULES SIEGEL**

IN THE CROWDED coffee shop of the Cedar Rapids airport, Thomas Emmett Hayden, 29, founder of SDS and, according to one Iowa state senator, "a known Communist," was waiting for the winter weather to clear, so that his plane could leave for Chicago.

At O'Hare field, he would meet briefly with one of the lawyers defending him against indictments then being prepared for the allegedly criminal mischiefs he had committed during the great Chicago confrontations of the summer of 1968. Then he would get on another jet and return to his home base in Oakland to do his part in the San Francisco State College student-faculty strike.

On the runway, a United Boeing 727 sat hunched in a dense fog that covered most of the nation. It was a dark, dull, unclean miasma lacquering another layer of frost on snowdrifts evidently left over from the last ice age. At ten yards, the world disappeared into a white blur.

By contrast, Hayden's face was sharp and vivid, impatient, itching to be gone. Where the skin was not hidden by a dark goatee and mustache, it was a hot pink, flushing almost to red. The gray eyes radiated pain, sorrow and shame, as if their owner had just returned from a fact-finding mission on skid row.

"Look at the man sitting behind me," he said. A bald fat-neck, wearing thick rimless glasses, was reading a newspaper. He was wearing a dark-blue suit that could have been made by a prison tailor. He might have been a traveling enforcer on his way to collect souls whose contracts had run out. He did not look like a nice person.

"Sights like that make me a little paranoid sometimes," Hayden said, a grim edge of whimsy in his voice. A little paranoid? Tom Hayden was Mr. Paranoia. In his case, it was a sign of mental health. He had every reason to be afraid. He was going around the country crying out for immediate and radical change. All the enemies of *(continued on page 140)*







# COUNTER-

*campus conservatism:  
its strength and its strategy  
for preserving order*

article  
By **GEORGE FOX**

THE CAMPUS of Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville might have been deliberately created as a monument to every New Left cliché about the sterility of the U. S. educational establishment. Built only five years ago, it consists of eight or nine rust-colored, ultramodern buildings plopped down in the middle of 6000 featureless acres, like spaceships that have crash-landed on a not-quite-habitable planet. Last spring, Young Americans for Freedom, the nation's largest organization of right-wing college students, chose it as the site for its Midwestern regional conference.

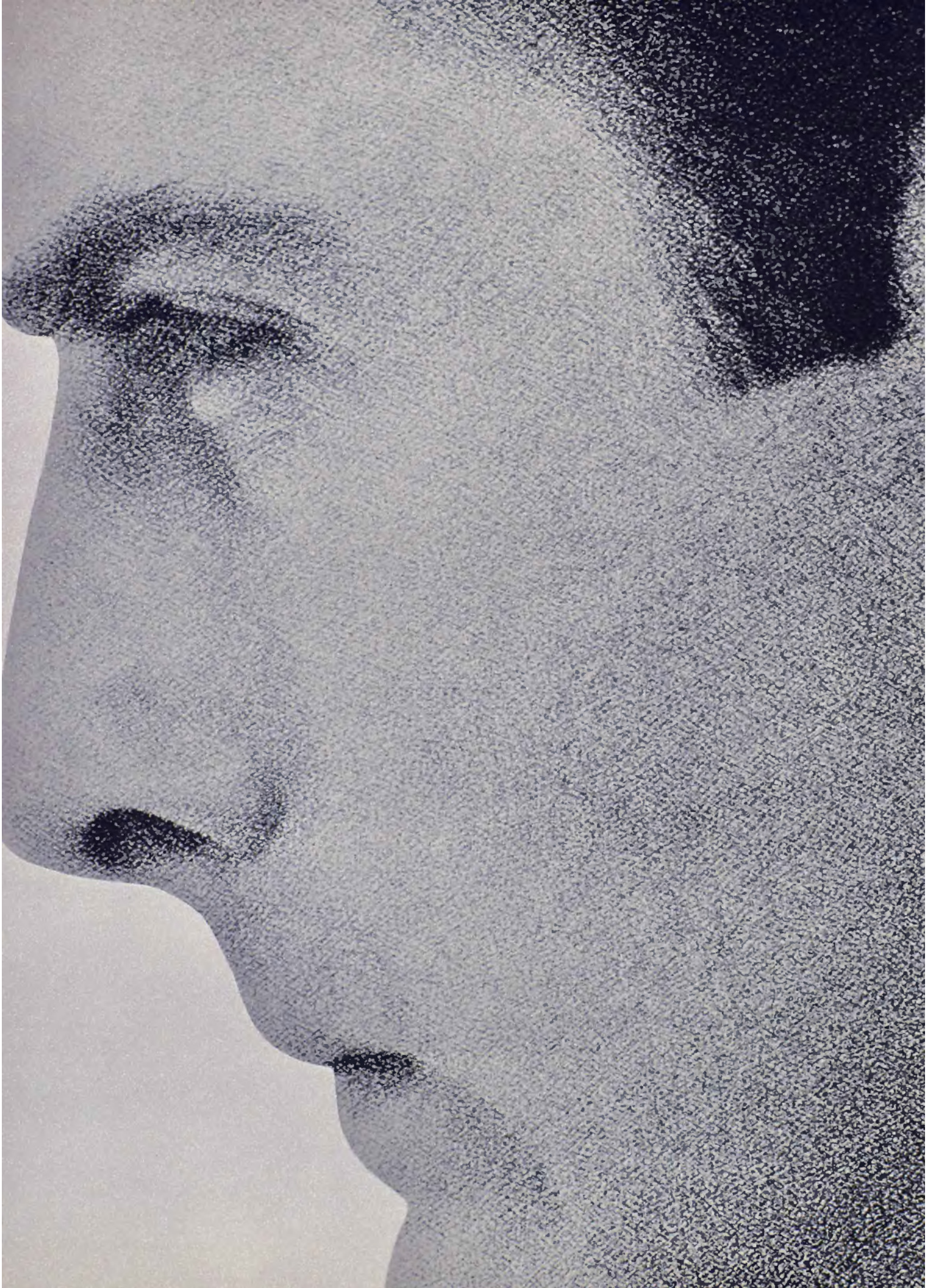
For two days, YAF delegates from 13 states gathered in a hall on the second floor of the student union. During one afternoon, they listened to a middle-aged housewife with a fixed smile deliver a speech on the Government's failure to adequately prepare for nuclear attack, discussing world annihilation as if she were reciting a recipe for chocolate-chip cookies. After a half-hour break, they returned to hear a retired general advocate a U. S. invasion of North Vietnam. "It's basic military tactics," he said. "You can't win until you carry the battle to the enemy's own ground." He analyzed the war for 45 minutes, without ever once mentioning the Viet Cong.

The young men in the audience were, for the most part, short-haired and clean-shaven and clad in business suits. None of the girls wore miniskirts. After the last session of the day, the out-of-state delegates returned to their rooms in a new but already decaying Holiday Inn near the campus. The motel is next to a cemetery.

It was a perfect picture in every detail. A battery of SDS propagandists couldn't have drawn a better one. And, like many perfect pictures, it was totally deceptive. "Boy," a member of YAF's Michigan delegation whispered to a friend while both were applauding the speech by Major General Thomas C. Layne (U. S. Army, Retired), "that old (continued overleaf)

# REVOLUTION







guy is really full of shit."

The image of college conservatives as brainwashed, middle-class squares out to abolish the 20th Century is rapidly being eroded—and the New Left may be responsible. For years, YAF chapters existed on most campuses as tiny discussion groups, unnoticed and often ridiculed. The peak of their activity was the occasional distribution of badly written pamphlets denouncing Social Security, East-West trade, the minimum wage, big-government restrictions on capitalism and other traditional ogres of the right. The now-almost-continuous wave of riots and strikes hitting major universities has changed all that. "Every time the left takes over a building, we pick up more members," says Randal Teague, YAF's executive director. "The moderate student—the guy who just wants to get an education—has nowhere to turn but to us. We're the only legitimate group that's able to challenge the SDS and the black militants."

Increasingly, the challenging is being done with the New Left's own weapons. When groups of moderates at Stanford, Columbia, Wisconsin and other schools attempted to physically "liberate" university buildings captured by militants, the local YAF chapters were usually behind the action. One YAF chapter organized a blue-power movement, distributing thousands of blank blue buttons and arm bands symbolizing resistance to the SDS. ("Governor Reagan out in California wears a blue-power button whenever he's on TV," Teague revealed proudly, then frowned. "Of course, it doesn't mean much to people who don't have a color set.") At YAF's national headquarters in Washington, half-a-dozen people work full time, mailing out posters and bumper stickers bearing slogans such as THE NEW LEFT IS REVOLTING AND UP AGAINST THE WALL, COMMIES. YAF even has a favorite industry to hate, picketing IBM campus recruiters in the same manner that SDS harasses representatives of Dow Chemical. IBM is accused of selling militarily useful computers to the Communist bloc.

YAF leaders insist that the group abstains from extralegal acts, no matter how tempting. (Randal Teague: "You can't fight anarchy with more anarchy.") But it doesn't always work out that way in practice. Last year, at the Newark branch of Rutgers University, YAF members came within minutes of triggering a violent battle between the Black Panthers and a white vigilante group. Rutgers at Newark occupies the most volatile territory of any American campus. It is literally a no man's land between the Central Ward—a vast Negro slum still maimed by a 1967 riot that left 27 people dead—and the North Ward, populated chiefly by lower-middle-class Italian Americans. The North Ward is the power base

of city councilman Anthony Imperiale, the rotund creator of an armed "citizens' committee" dedicated to protecting the neighborhood from Negro invaders.

The leader of Newark's YAF—and also college chairman for the entire state—was Ralph Fucetola, a 24-year-old law student. A few months earlier, militants had seized a campus building to dramatize their demands for a black-studies program and open enrollment of Negroes. "They were in Conklin Hall for three days, just about shutting down the school," Fucetola recalled. "Finally, YAF rounded up enough moderate students to take the building back. But we hesitated, because the Black Panthers in the Central Ward—they really have a big outfit here—were ready to move in and help the strikers. One of us went to see Tony Imperiale. He's really a very moderate guy, once you get to know him. Tony said if the Panthers came on campus, he'd send over 500 volunteers from his people. We were all set to go when the administration heard about it and gave in to the militants. They were hunting for an excuse, anyway. They really don't have any guts." He shook his head ruefully. "I guess, in a way, we were partly responsible for the blacks winning."

YAF spokesmen make a special effort to emphasize that the organization is not racially prejudiced, as its opponents usually charge. "We took a survey and only four percent of our members were for George Wallace in the last election," Randal Teague said. The claim is, for the most part, an honest one. YAF publications scrupulously avoid even hinting at racial malice in their attacks on black militants, blasting their tactics rather than their demands. But individual members are often insensitive to the Negro's real situation in American life. Although not guilty of bigotry, many YAF leaders can safely be accused of lack of imagination.

An example was the "Polish student union" rally held at the University of Louisville. Its organizer was YAF's then-Kentucky state chairman, Brad Evans, a 23-year-old ex-Marine majoring in foreign studies. Huge, boisterous, a former varsity football player, Evans speaks with the self-mocking toughness of a man who knows no one in his right mind will ever take a swing at him. "The black student union was really raising hell," he said, laughing. "They wanted all kinds of wild things. Five out of the ten members on the school's board of trustees should be Negro, stuff like that. We answered by holding a 'Polish student union' rally, pushing Polish power. You know—what's good for the blacks is good for the Poles. Probably aren't six Poles in all of Kentucky. But we got out a crowd of 800 white students. The blacks and the SDS really blew their lids."

In 1968, the national membership of YAF was under 30,000. The figure is now 51,000 and is still growing. Paradoxically, Randal Teague admits, this abrupt emergence from obscurity has had some unexpected results. "To win over moderate students, we've had to become more moderate ourselves," he claims. "The Wallace business, the way I look at it, is beneficial. It's helped us get rid of the weirdos and kooks." "The Wallace business" was the culmination of a bitterly fought internal conflict. It began during the 1968 Presidential campaign, when the editors of *The New Guard*, YAF's monthly magazine, refused to accept ads from Youth for Wallace. The decision prompted thousands of Southern members to bolt the group—and led to the formation of the National Youth Alliance, created as an alternative to YAF. Now, a resolution condemning the NYA as racist was being submitted at each of the seven 1969 regional conferences. It passed at Edwardsville by a 65-to-10 vote. (A few weeks later, it was publicly revealed that the NYA had been taken over by the Liberty Lobby, a rightist cult described by the late Drew Pearson as neo-Nazi. Ironically, at the very moment the Edwardsville delegates were voting to condemn the NYA for racism, several smiling girls in the back of the hall were passing out literature supporting Ian Smith's white-supremacist government in Rhodesia. The pamphlets were published by Friends of Rhodesia, another Liberty Lobby front.)

Most YAF leaders dismiss the NYA with contempt, predicting that it will soon be out of business. This attitude isn't shared by Irwin Suall, an official of the Anti-Defamation League, which has compiled a file on the group. "It's definitely a Liberty Lobby front, but they'll deny it," he said. "Liberty Lobby is run by Willis Carto, a kind of gray eminence of the anti-Negro, anti-Semitic right. The real danger isn't in the NYA itself but in the nonpolitical kids they might inflame. You know, jocks and fraternity boys—the kind who, when they get fed up enough with New Left tactics, may become violent. So far, no one's ever organized them."

Last spring, dozens of such vigilante outfits sprang up on riot-torn campuses. At the University of Wisconsin, they called themselves the Hayakawas, after the SDS-busting president of San Francisco State College. Black militants on the campus claim that roving bands of Hayakawas beat up and attempted to rape two Negro female students. The University of Bridgeport in Connecticut spawned the American Eagles. The Eagles allegedly remained active after the last New Left strike died down, continuing to terrorize students they considered "too radical." In

(continued on page 176)



# THE CONVERT

THERE, IN THE TEMPLE OF TUVA,  
JERRY COULD FEEL THAT LIFE  
WAS ABOUT TO BEGIN



fiction **By KEN W. PURDY** HEATHER'S breath was hot in his ear, her voice hissed in her teeth. She buried her hand in his hair, jerked his head up.

"Watch!" she whispered. "Learn!"

The fat man sitting cross-legged under the ruby lamp was nude. His voice reached out like a long stick.

"Kat is the light and the way," he chanted. "I, Tuva, am the provider of kat."

"You, Tuva, O Father, are the provider of kat," 30 voices sang.

This mad litany would go on, Heather had told Jerry Reuter, for at least half an hour, longer if the Tuva willed it. Then, she said, he would be initiated and the wonders of kat revealed to him.

"Pot's for children," she had said. "Acid is for squareheads. Kat takes you to the real world."

"The way of kat," the Tuva rumbled, "is the only way." Paired, cross-legged on their double cushions, bare as bones, the congregation gave it back to him.

"The leaf is life, there is no other."

"Life is the leaf, there is no other."

On either side of the Tuva's dais, a ceramic cylinder held a bouquet of whips: short stiff riding crops, thin black dog whips, sole-leather paddles, cats, thongs, black, white, long, short. Brackish incense smoke drifted under the ceiling. White drapes squared the room and behind them somewhere was a door, Reuter knew, but his hands were tied, the leash looped around Heather Thompson's wrist. He remembered his first step toward this room. He had said to Heather, "I don't go to church, but I'm a practicing Christian."

"How can a grown man say anything so silly?" she'd said. "Are you some kind of moron?"

"Are you going to marry a moron?" he'd said, laughing.

No, she'd said, she was not. No moron, no squarehead, nobody hopelessly unenlightened.

"How can you be a practicing *anything* if you don't practice it?" she'd said. "Besides, Jesus Christ wasn't a Christian, he was a Tuvan, everybody knows that! Christ was the *first* Tuvan!"

Thus, willy-nilly, Jerry Reuter had come to Tuva the Provider and to kat, the forever-freeing African leaf.

"A kat trip," Heather had said, "is a twenty-four-hour trip. Twelve hours to go, twelve to come back. Then, we'll know. We'll know if you're worthy. We'll know if you can be received into Tuva."

Silence. The litany had ended: "Kat, O and O and O kat!"

"You understand, Jerry, dear," Heather had said, "that the flesh must first be put down, if the spirit is to rise. And I have to beat you, because I'm your guide and sponsor."

Trussed on his knees like a roasting fowl, he marveled at the flailing enthusiasm with which she swung the thong. He numbed into his mouth, as the Tuva fed him the rough fagots of kat. He chewed, in desperation, while Heather, chewing, whistled the leather to him; and in the fullness of short time, all became one in the oneness of kat, he was in a lavender-mottled tunnel, deafened with the mad crump-crunch in front, the ziss-thunk-scream behind; but at the very white-hot monocular end of it, rounded on the lens, he could see, clear as egg white, Guaranty Trust of Boston and, nestled inside, the little bright toy in the Cracker Jack box, Heather's \$20,000,000, give or take a couple of hundred thousand.

"Forgive me, Father," he whispered through the stale leaves crumbling in his mouth, "for I know only too goddamned well what I do. I have sinned, I am sinning, I shall sin. Forgive me, Father."





# REVOLUTION (continued from page 135)

change were waiting for him to slip and fall, so they could eat him alive.

Tom Hayden was The Revolutionary. He was The Anarchist. He was The Hunted Man. His phone was tapped. His mail was read. He was watched. Only the night before, he had drunk whiskey with a man from the University of South Dakota who confessed under the influence of the alcohol that he was keeping a dossier on him for the CIA.

Hayden had gone to Iowa to participate in a symposium on student power at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. For this, he was paid \$500 plus expenses. He would rather have stayed in San Francisco, where he could be at the center of the action.

"I don't know exactly what student power means," Hayden told the 2000 young people attending the first session of a two-day conference. "It sounds kind of quaint to people in the Bay Area, where every day San Francisco State and, in the past five or six days, Berkeley begin to resemble Tokyo University, with people on their way up to the campus not to go to class but carrying helmets, their faces greased, meeting with the offcampus allies of the administration—the combined police forces of the Bay Area—for two or three hours and then going home.

"Yesterday, there was a five-hour battle. Six pigs were beaten. Five students. I think there were 12 arrests. So I feel a little out of my mind being here. I find it hard to speak in a calm and quiet way about student power, but, since President Nixon has advised us not to shout but to speak quietly, I want to try.

"There are other people here who may want to speak in different ways and they should. I welcome disruptions of speeches, especially from podiums like this."

During the next two days, Hayden got the disruptions he had invited. Speakers were interrupted. Local radicals made long, complicated and unauthorized speeches. Foul language was used. State legislators professed shock.

Governor Robert D. Ray, according to an A. P. dispatch, told the legislators that they reacted properly, but he added, "I think at a time like this, instead of doing something rash, people should keep cool heads." He said he would not like to see legislators give students a rallying point by overreacting to the incidents. Although people do not like filthy language, he explained, it exists anyway. He said students need the freedom to hear "firsthand how bad these people are." Ray called actions by extreme radicals "goofy." He expressed confidence that the majority of the students at the University of Iowa are good people who would rather get an education than listen to dirty talk.

"I'm really disappointed at the condi-

tion of the left here," Hayden complained privately. It was not active enough, he said.

At the end of the conference, as the final question-and-answer period was beginning, a tear-gas grenade was set off in the hall by person or persons unknown. Otherwise, it was a tame affair, compared with what was going on in California and what soon would be spreading to campuses all across the country.

"The United States is going through a period of revolutionary collapse, revolutionary crisis," Hayden said. "Some new basis for organizing this society and other societies has to be found. The values of puritan individualism, of racism and white supremacy, of militarism are outmoded in the new age of which we are the children. They are not just outmoded in the abstract sense, but literally outmoded, because if they are pursued, it means destruction.

"It seems to me that, as complicated and muddy as they are, the new protest movements in this country are the only movements that embody the possibility of a future, because they have abandoned these values and are searching for new ones."

The most talented students reject America, said De Vere Pentony, a former deputy president of San Francisco State and no great champion of protest. "The question today is not whether society can accept them but whether they can accept society. The student cry for power expresses a basic disgust with things as they are and a growing disbelief in American institutions."

"I am here to tell you the truth," said Harry Edwards, who organized the black athletes' boycott of the 1968 Summer Olympics. "The system is rotten. The system is what must be changed." The first three rows were filled with black people, some of them wearing Black Panther berets. When Edwards had first taken his place at the lectern, they stood in a block and raised the clenched-fist salute of the militant.

"America is a hypocritical country," Edwards said. "We have bought this hypocrisy for over 350 years. We have bought it through slavery, blood, sweat, tears and hope. We are no longer asking or begging for anything from white America. We are demanding it."

*We are demanding it.* On this intransigent note, America was notified early in 1969 that a new decade of conflict was about to begin. The Sixties were rough. The Seventies could be rougher yet. As the nation approached the 200th anniversary of its independence, tough, young black and white radicals appeared to be calling for history to repeat itself. What was once the movement began to be called the revolution.

"American Revolution 1969" was the

title of a special issue of *Rolling Stone*, a San Francisco tabloid more usually concerned with rock-'n'-roll music. In the same week, *Time* called its essay "The Dangers of Playing at Revolution." In Chicago, columnist Murray Kempton, on trial with other delegates to the Democratic Convention who had refused to obey police orders to call off a march, was asked to explain why he had used the word revolt in a column he had written about the incident.

Anyone in the media could have explained it to the prosecutor. The word has a nice ring to it, urgently symbolic of change. Revolution in the usage of contemporary American communication is "terrific." It has no real content. There seems to be some feeling among the young that it is time to put meaning back into the cliché.

"During pleasant nights in communes in San Francisco and Colorado," Michael Rossman wrote in *Rolling Stone*, "I watch friends oiling guns and learning how to load magazines. . . . People are swiping dynamite, industrial sabotage mounts unreported in the press."

In another *Rolling Stone* article, Black Panther minister of education George Mason Murray wrote, "The only brother we have today is the brother who will help us make the revolution. Having black skin has nothing to do with being a freedom fighter. The standards are universal; what man will use the gun as Huey did?"

Huey is Huey P. Newton, minister of defense of the Black Panther Party. He was convicted last year of manslaughter in connection with a shoot-out between Panthers and police in which an Oakland officer was killed.

Interviewed by *The Movement*, a San Francisco-based radical newspaper, he said, "We refuse to remain slaves. We'd rather be dead. We realize that we are going up against a highly technical country and we realize that they are not only paper tigers, as Mao says, but real tigers, too, because they have the ability to slaughter many people. We know that the enemy is very powerful and that our manhood is at stake, but we feel it necessary to be victorious in regaining ourselves, regaining our manhood. Either we will do this or we won't have any freedom. Either we will win or we will die trying to win."

Georgia state representative Julian Bond told *Mademoiselle* editor Joanna Romer, "The good thing the Panthers have done is that they organized a group of young men who've never been organized before, people on the street.

"If they succeed in controlling the police, as they seem to have done in Oakland to some degree—by following them; by in effect policing the police—if

*(continued on page 185)*





**barbi doll**



She never intended to be an actress, says 20-year-old Barbi Benton; but one thing led to another from the first day that the former Sacramento beauty queen and UCLA coed showed up for work as an extra on the set of Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner's TV series, *Playboy After Dark*. To her surprise, Barbi found herself going out with Hefner that night. He soon became her steady escort; she graced the magazine twice, starting with last July's cover; and it wasn't long before she came to the attention of director Will Tremper, who was looking for a star for his film—*How Did a Nice Girl Like You Get into This Business?* That, against all odds, is how it happened.



*how did a nice girl like you get into this business?*



















Barbi's first film, shot in seven major cities on two continents, details the odyssey of a girl who, after a series of misfortunes, finally meets the right man and opts for matrimony. "She's basically innocent," says Barbi, "and that's the way I am. That's why I identify with her, though I would never let myself be duped as she does. I got very involved with her story and had no problem crying when the script called for it." Does Barbi, like the girl she portrays, wish to marry? "Well, Hef doesn't want to right now, and neither do I. Marriage makes you feel secure and it's right for raising children—but for now, ours is a romantic, mutual-discovery relationship."





With three more movie roles on tap—in a Western, a Napoleonic romance and an upcoming Playboy Production—Barbi will be spending much of the foreseeable future before the cameras. Her only qualm about her new profession concerns the workday, which often runs from five A.M. until evening: An outdoor girl by nature, Barbi enjoys a wide variety of sports, from swimming and surfing to skiing—she even managed to get indoor-oriented Hefner out on the ski slopes last winter at Aspen and the Lake Geneva Playboy Club. Their romance, Barbi believes, all adds up to a beautifully improbable modern fairy tale—with Barbi perfectly cast as the ingenuous ingénue.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI







food **By THOMAS MARIO**

THE INTELLIGENT HOST KNOWS better than to judge a food by its name; he recognizes that hash—the kind you can serve your guests without fear of a bust—has no rival, be it creamy *potage* or luscious crepe, in providing sustained gustatory comfort. Certain foods, such as the tender green stalks of the year's first asparagus, are a joy to the eye; some, such as wild rice or Italian white truffles, are craved for their unusually exquisite flavor. But the right hash can encompass all these things and provide assurance, especially around the month of March, that all's right with the world—at least when hash is served. To men sloughing off the after-effects of the night before, what finer balm could possibly be offered than a hot chicken hash simmered in cream and oloroso sherry? At midnight suppers, hash is invariably the

# HASH FREAK-OUT

*playboy takes pleasure in turning you on to the uncommon delights of a dish that has been too long consigned to the commonplace*

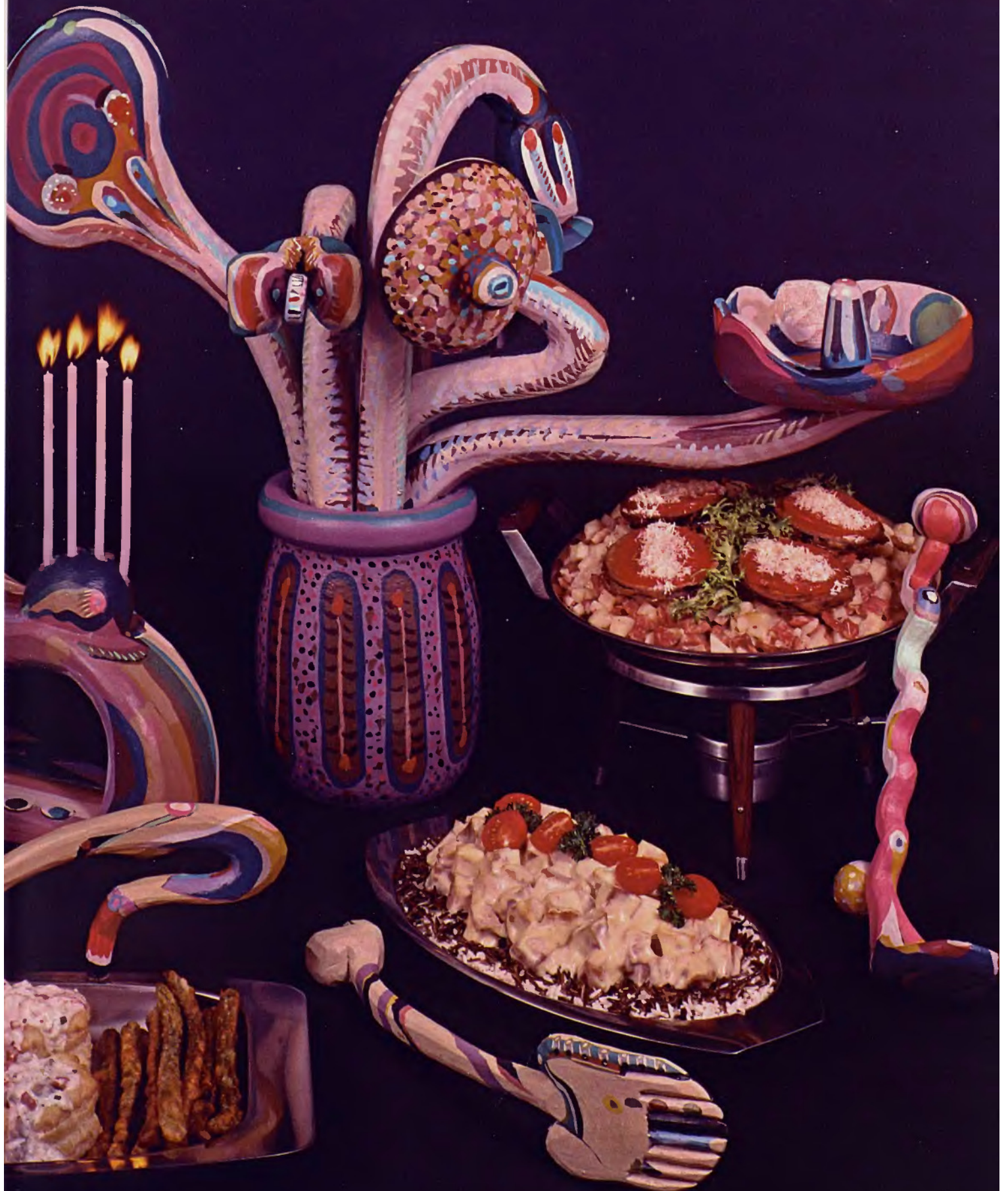
first food to be enjoyed. It's one of the dishes that guests find equally manageable in standing, sitting or lounging positions. Hosts, alert to their guests' appetites, always make sure to provide second and third helpings for a hash-hungry crowd around a buffet table. As a dining custom, hash antedates the brunch by centuries, flourishing long before the invention of the fork. But as brunches these days become more and more a way of weekend partying, hashes are offered in ever-richer variety on cozy Sunday-morning tables.

Over the years, hash has miraculously survived its ill-chosen name to become one of the great kitchen classics. The word—from the French *hache*, meaning hatchet or ax—at one time was the signal for the cook to perform a hatchet job on all odds and ends in his larder, tossing scraps together into a hybrid mixture that seldom could be analyzed. Joseph Addison, a man not normally at a loss for words, writing in the *Tatler* in 1709, told how "I . . . passed my Eye over several hashes, which I do not know the names of," implying that his palate would have been equally mystified.

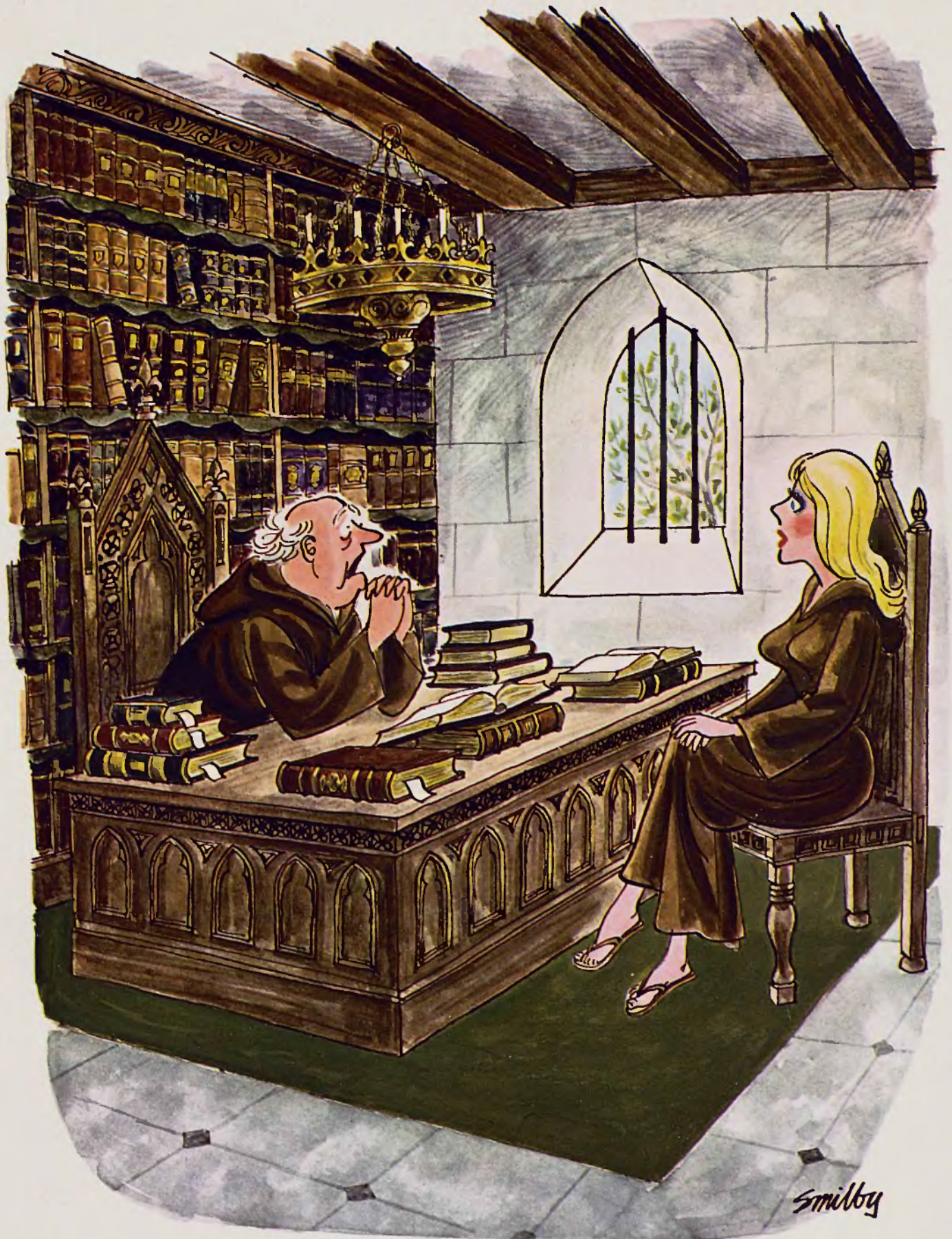
Today, hash is a delightful concoction usually made from a single meat, poultry or seafood. No master hand in the kitchen will try to come up *(continued on page 171)*











*"Frankly, Brother Dominick, your case appears to be without precedent, but it seems unlikely that you can remain a monk."*



## how rau-mahora wooed her husband from a Polynesian folk tale Ribald Classic

IT WAS DURING the siege of *Taklat*, when island was set against island, when men slaughtered men for tribute and glory that Rau-mahora confronted her father. For seven days, the people of the pa of Ngati-ama had drunk only mango juice and coconut milk, and they thirsted. Now, on the seventh day, Rau-mahora spoke to her father, Pu-arika, chief of the Ngati-ama, speaking thus:

"My father, the men of Ba-li-ga lay siege to us and heads now roll in the surf beyond our walls. We have not enough warriors to kill them all, nor they enough to storm us, yet the siege must be lifted. What cannot be done with force must be done with guile. Hear my plan, Pu-arika, chief of the Ngati-ama."

As Rau-mahora unfolded her plan, the chief chuckled, then laughed; but when she had concluded, he shook his head. "It is too dangerous, Rau-mahora, my youngest daughter. At-su-gi would kill you."

"At least, then, taunt him with it," Rau-mahora urged.

Pu-arika thought long about the plan, then put on his sacred ormolu feathers and regal necklace of cowrie shells to restrain the enemy spears. As he mounted to the top of the stout wall built of palm trunks set with pointed bamboo spikes, Rau-mahora climbed with him. She had polished her body with the oil of the coconut until she shone like a white cliff in the moonlight.

"At-su-gi," Pu-arika called down, "you are not a warrior. You are but a blower of wind. You are an eater of fish dung."

Anger came into the face of At-su-gi as he heard the words of Pu-arika and saw the lewd motions Rau-mahora was making with her polished body. "Even my daughter, whose breasts are not yet fully formed, could best you in combat," Pu-arika mocked.

At-su-gi spit on the sand to show his contempt for such childish insults. "I will fight any warrior of the Ngati-ama and kill him before your eyes," he yelled. "Send him forth."

Pu-arika hesitated while he looked at the slim body of Rau-mahora; yet he knew that the thing must be done.

"Will you fight whom I choose?"

"Anyone," At-su-gi growled, "though he be ten stones high."

"Be careful, my daughter," Pu-arika warned as he bade the gate be opened so that Rau-mahora might descend and slip through.

When At-su-gi saw Rau-mahora coming toward him, removing her grass skirt, he swelled with anger as does the typhoon. "I will fight your warriors," he yelled. "Why does your daughter leave your pa?"

Before the words had left his throat, Rau-mahora had grasped his head and tossed him to the ground. As he made to



rise, her hard toes kicked him in his ribs and stomach.

"You are a fish bladder filled with foul smells," Rau-mahora yelled. With a roar, At-su-gi scrambled to his feet and grabbed her waist. Over and over they rolled, with Rau-mahora slipping from the embrace of At-su-gi as does a wet fish from a hand. He tried not to show it, but At-su-gi was astonished at the smoothness and quickness of her slim limbs, and even more amazed that as their legs wound together, unwelcome sensations began to stir within him. He had been too long away from women and his body betrayed him. Sensing his mixed feelings, Rau-mahora threw him to the ground and pinned his shoulders. He could have tossed her off with no more than a heave of his hips, but the

unwelcome sensations in his loins held him captive to the earth. Rau-mahora was taking unfair advantage by impaling herself in such a way as to drain him of the will to fight.

Some time elapsed before enough energy flowed back into the body of At-su-gi to toss Rau-mahora from him and wrestle her to the earth. But again, his body betrayed him. While he straddled her, she drained his strength once more. After a time, Rau-mahora gathered the strength that had been At-su-gi's and used it to roll him over, only to draw his strength from him yet once more.

As At-su-gi lay exhausted on the sand, Rau-mahora jumped from him and ran back through the gate.

The moon had risen before she ventured out again. At-su-gi lay sleeping on the sand but, hearing her footsteps, raised himself up and prepared to kill her.

"Great bag of wind," Rau-mahora called softly, "will you dare wrestle me again?"

"I will have no more of your tricks," he growled.

To his surprise, she allowed him to catch her ankle and pull her down. Instead of wrestling, however, she began to rub her nose along his neck. With a sigh, At-su-gi permitted the pleasant sensations to flow through his body. His body relaxed, then he closed his eyes. He opened them only when he felt a knife of shark's bone against his neck, which Rau-mahora was rubbing with her nose. Three men of the pa stood behind him. Helpless to do anything else, he allowed himself to be bound up and carried into the village like a pig to be roasted.

"Now," said Pu-arika, "we will kill you at our leisure and toss your body to the sharks, so your men may see how fare our enemies."

"Wait," said Rau-mahora. "I would have this bag of wind for my husband. A husband cannot make war against his wife's people. Do you agree, great smelly one?"

"Never," growled At-su-gi. "I curse your tricks."

A spear point touched At-su-gi's stomach. "I will see one more trick," At-su-gi said hastily, "but do not think you can forever outwit me."

True to his word, At-su-gi sent a messenger for his men and Pu-arika opened the gate. That night, Rau-mahora sat on one side of her father and At-su-gi on the other. After they had feasted on wild boar and pompano and mango and papaya and taro, there was dancing and singing and At-su-gi's men stole away to wrestle with the maidens of the pa of Ngati-ama.

And Rau-mahora bore At-su-gi two sons, who became Lalla-pi-dongo, the Mighty Chief, and Ti-miko-pani, the Bringer of Peace. —Retold by Bob Lunch



## SWINGING ON THE STARS

(continued from page 104)

astrologer can read the cosmic radiations: "Self-driving character, an executive eccentricity that is not queerness or unbalance but, rather, is *power*. A remarkable facility for intuition and insight which he is unable to use, because he does not trust spooky things. But a fine green line to Pluto keeps him constantly in touch with the people; and a fine blue line to Uranus in the house of play makes him a superb showman. Yet his Jupiter in Leo makes it seem logical to shake the big stick, and this proved to be his downfall. He believed 'might makes right.'"

And so it goes, astrology ad infinitum and often *ad nauseam*, too. Is it some neo-Mesopotamian madness, this cosmic hang-up that currently grips the psyches of an estimated 40,000,000 Americans, from hippies to highbrows, socialites to solar-flare scientists? Or is it a serious study, grounded in pure spherical trigonometry, of the correspondences between man and celestial movements that, in the favored lingo of America's 5000-odd astrologers, "works"? Whichever, whatever, the starshine is providing the energy for an astrological renaissance that was launched (and is primarily sustained) by the young, for whom astrology is a quasi-spiritual aid in their wistful search for selfhood. To them, astrologers are the priests of the dawning Aquarian Age.

The late Dartmouth English professor and former editor of *Horoscope*, Grant Lewi, has said: "Astrology is 'believed in' by a lot of people who know practically nothing about it; and it is 'disbelieved in' by even more who know *absolutely* nothing about it." Learning about it is dismayingly difficult, and the lore is as contradictory and as variable as it is large, but the heart of the system—the horoscope—is simple, at least in concept: It is nothing more than a map or clock of the heavens, as seen from the earth. Astrologer Ruth Hale Oliver calls the horoscope "a diagram of potentialities"—as good a definition as any. Since most astrologers believe events and tendencies are predestined by stellar forces in motion at birth, the traditional horoscope, known as a natal chart, shows the positions of the planets and the symbolic signs as they appear from the earth at the exact moment the child first inhales; and the person whose horoscope is under study is known as a "native."

When reading a horoscope, the serious astrologer must study and synthesize a mind-boggling array of factors: the positions and meanings of the two lights (the sun, or vital life force, and the moon, or life process, both of which represent endless things astrologically); the eight planets (Venus is love, Mercury is mind, Jupiter is vision, etc.); the 12 signs of the zodiac; the 12 houses (which rule all the departments of human life: personality, family,

sex, money, etc.). He must consider the all-important ascendant, or rising sign, which is the degree of the zodiac on the eastern horizon at the moment of birth; which planets were in which signs and houses and what were the aspects or geometrical relationships (conjunction, sextile, square, trine or opposition) of the constantly moving planets. Obviously, all these peculiar factors combine and influence one another in numberless different ways. "In one chart alone, there are roughly ten-raised-to-the-26th-power possible combinations of qualities," says Argentine astrologer Carlos Baravelle. "Even twins are entirely different, being several minutes apart. One might have 29 degrees of Aries on the ascendant, the other the first degree of Taurus."

If he wishes to project a horoscope into the future, the astrologer must execute a complex maneuver called "taking transits and progressions," which at its simplest is a comparison of the birth horoscope with a new chart of the skies at any moment that interests the native, and then make an interpretation of the interactions between the two. As he did for the natal chart, the astrologer consults his ephemeris, an astronomical almanac listing celestial positions from 1890 well into the future. Small wonder, then, that astrology is nowhere close to being an exact science, or that the average astrologer—who ideally should be versed in astronomy, math, mythology, ancient symbolism, parapsychology and good common sense—is understood only by another.

But once over the cusps and combusts, trines and transits, astrology can be fun, instructive and possibly even efficacious. It all depends on the integrity and skill of the seer and on the native's attitude, if not his celestial arrangement. As once-skeptical Henry Miller put it: "Astrology does not offer an explanation of the laws of the universe. What it does, to put it in simplest terms, is to show us that there is a rhythm to the universe and that man's own life partakes of this rhythm." And if man doesn't exactly roll with the cosmic rock, he may still be pleasantly mesmerized by the inane optimism of his daily forecast. ("Those who really care want *you*, not money.") When *McCalls* editor Shana Alexander accepted the *Los Angeles Times*'s Woman of the Year Award from one of that paper's star columnists, she said: "You are my *second* favorite columnist on the *Times*. My first is Carroll Righter, who tells me every morning that something nice is going to happen."

At 70, Carroll Righter, fondly known to his disciples as Pappy, reaches the widest audience (about 330 newspapers world-wide) of any living astrologer and, to the envy and despair of his colleagues, has the most socially prominent clientele since Nostradamus served the French

court. Potent people call him at all hours from every corner of the globe, but "I always remember my charts and keep current aspects by my bed," says Righter.

Mrs. Norman Chandler consults him on the most propitious times to soak the rich for her charities. Governor Reagan set his swearing-in ceremony (12:30 A.M.) by Pappy's planetary clocks. Lawyers loathe him for advising clients to sign contracts at god-awful hours (Susan Hayward signed one at 3:47 A.M.), and he is the *bête noire* of Hollywood obstetricians, whose delivery plans are often thwarted by Pappy's charts. Righter also determines the most favorable time to conceive and is proud "to have been responsible for quite a few children," having planet-plotted the conceptions, for example, of all four of Marlene Dietrich's grandchildren.

Though Pappy has old money, a law degree and a patrician heritage, it was Marlene who gave him the thrust he needed to swell the starry bag with the big green. When she told him of her plans to retire years ago, he predicted that she was on the verge of a great new career. He also advised her to stay away from the studio on a certain day; the "aspects and angles were disharmonious." She went anyway, tripped over a toy fire engine and broke her ankle. That tore it. From then on, Pappy's word has been the gospel of the stars. He has made 133 celestially charted, transcontinental round trips, all to consult clients, and tossed 162 consecutive zodiac parties with food, drinks and decor themed to the sun sign of the moment. Sometimes the decor is live: Righter produced walking, talking twins for a Gemini blowout, a real horse for a Sag party, a live bull for a Taurus do, a crocodile for Scorpio, two goats for Capricorn and a lion for the now-fabled Leo bash at a beach club in Santa Monica. The lion broke away from its two liveried keepers, toppled over a few guests, but stopped cold before Rhonda Fleming—"another Leo, of course"—got the vapors and had to be carried home in a blanket.

Robert Cummings, a self-styled "astrological hypochondriac," credits Pappy with the huge success of a TV series (Righter recommended then-unknown writer Paul Hennings); and author Erich Maria Remarque feels that if Righter hadn't "worked with him," he'd have died in 1941, when 14 European doctors gave him six months to live. When Hildegard Neff's career sagged in Hollywood, Pappy dispatched her to Munich, where she has scorched the screen ever since. And had a famous actress flown out of St.-Tropez the day Righter said nay, she'd have gone down on the plane that killed prize fighter Marcel Cerdan.

Pappy also advised Clark Gable when to marry Kay Spreckels; but some other

(continued on page 180)





# LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S SON'S DOG

*a heart-warming tale of unswerving loyalty, unselfish love, enduring virtues, eternal verities and noble sentiments, told with homespun humility and simple faith*

*fiction* By WARNER LAW AMONG THE LOCAL COTERIE of truly important writers, of which I am a leading member, it's legendary that Mark Twain once said that since books about Lincoln are proverbially best sellers, and since stories about doctors are always popular, and since Americans love to read about dogs, a story about Lincoln's doctor's dog must surely make a mint; and Twain said he was going to write it as soon as he could think of a story about the confounded dog.

After considerable research, I can't find that Mark Twain ever said this at all. But it's a widely printed anonymous witticism, and it sounds so much like Twain that if he didn't say it, he should have, so let's just accept it as a genuine Mark Twain quotation.

Since he never wrote the story, it's obvious that he had troubles with it. I can guess why. It wasn't the dog at all. There's a vital ingredient missing and, of all writers, Mark Twain should have spotted



it. There is not a single freckle-faced American youngster with an engaging smile indicated in this story!

Once this sorry omission has been corrected, the story practically writes itself. And I have written it, in Mark Twain's honor. It's not that I want to make a mint—it's just that in this day of cynical literature, there's a crying need for old-fashioned stories that have true and heart-warming qualities and happy, upbeat endings, and here it is:

It was the fourth of March, in 1865. In Washington, Abraham Lincoln was being inaugurated for his second term.

Back in Springfield, Illinois, young Sam Haskins was alone in his parents' house on a quiet, tree-lined street.

Sam was the son of Dr. Amos Haskins, who was Abraham Lincoln's kindly family doctor and who had delivered all four of the Lincoln boys. The Lincolns loved Dr. Haskins, and so the President had invited him and Mrs. Haskins to come to Washington and be his guests at the Inauguration.

Sam was 12 and an only child. He was disappointed at not being asked to Washington; but since he was a freckle-faced boy with an engaging smile, he was happy because at least his mother and father would be having a fine time. His aunt Sally had come down from Chicago to look after Sam for the week his parents would be away.

Sam was a healthy, well-behaved boy, who seldom got into mischief. His only minor complaint was that his parents were strict vegetarians, so meat was never served in the Haskins family. But Sam was very fond of steaks and roasts and stews, and when he was nine, he'd stolen a meat pie from a neighbor woman's window ledge and his father had birched him for it. Sam knew he'd deserved the whipping and loved his parents just the same, for he was that kind of boy.

Next to his parents, Sam loved his dog, who was a lovable mongrel named Buddy. He was so lovable that everyone loved him—with the exception of Aunt Sally.

On this fourth of March, Aunt Sally had gone out to do some shopping and Sam was alone in the house. Suddenly, there was a banging on the front door. Sam went and opened it, to find Mr. Robbins standing there. He was their next-door neighbor and he was in an absolute fury.

"That damn dog of yours just chewed up my little baby boy!" he shouted at Sam. "He bit him in the calf!"

"Buddy!?" Sam exclaimed in disbelief. "No! Not Buddy! He loves your little boy! He'd never hurt him!"

"I found my little boy bleeding from bites in his leg! And Buddy was standing over him and there was blood

around his mouth! He could have killed my little boy! He's a vicious dog and I'm going to see that he's destroyed!" Mr. Robbins stormed off.

A little later, Buddy slunk in the back door, looking guilty. Sam saw that there was, indeed, blood around his mouth. But he was sure it wasn't the blood of the Robbins boy, for Buddy was simply not that kind of dog.

Later on, Aunt Sally came home and Sam told her all about this, with tears in his eyes.

"I never *did* like that vicious mongrel!" Aunt Sally said. "Mr. Robbins is right! He *should* be destroyed!"

"But he's *not* a vicious mongrel!" Sam protested.

"There's always a first time!" Aunt Sally said.

Sam realized that he was not going to get too much support from Aunt Sally. He didn't know what to do. He couldn't get in touch with his parents, because he didn't know where in Washington they were staying.

Late that afternoon, Constable Ferguson came to Sam's house. He was a kindly man and Sam knew him well. Reluctantly, he told Sam that Mr. Robbins was bound and determined to have Buddy destroyed and that a court hearing was scheduled before kindly old Judge Lockwood the following afternoon and that Sam would have to appear and bring Buddy.

Now, Sam was desperate. He didn't know to whom to turn. Then he remembered Abraham Lincoln, who had always been so kind to him and who had sat Sam on his knee and told him amusing stories full of wisdom.

Sam ran down to the local telegraph office. The only person on duty was a young telegrapher who was about six years older than Sam. His name was Tom Edison and Sam knew that one day, Tom would amount to something. Young Tom was kindly and sympathized with Sam's problem and, between them, they composed a telegram:

PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
WASHINGTON. I AM SON OF DR. AMOS  
HASKINS. THEY ARE TRYING TO PUT  
MY DOG TO DEATH FOR SOMETHING  
HE DID NOT DO. PLEASE HELP ME. SAM  
HASKINS.

Young Tom rattled off the message on his key at lightning speed, but both boys wondered if Mr. Lincoln would ever actually see it himself. He would be a very busy man now, with the Inauguration and all.

That night, Sam held Buddy in his arms and cried himself to sleep.

Early the next morning, there was a banging on the Haskins front door. Sam ran down and opened it, to find young

Tom Edison with a telegram addressed to Sam. It read:

GO TO HERNDON'S OFFICE AND TELL  
THEM I WANT THEM TO HELP YOU.  
A. LINCOLN.

Sam knew that William Henry Herndon had been Lincoln's law partner for many years. As soon as he had dressed and gulped down some breakfast, Sam ran downtown to the law offices of Mr. Herndon. There, he found that Herndon and almost all the others in the fairly large firm had gone to Washington for the Inauguration. The only man in the office was a kindly gentleman named Mr. O'Reilly, who said he was a very fine attorney. Sam showed him the telegram from President Lincoln, and Mr. O'Reilly said he would be in court that afternoon and that he was a crackerjack orator and was sure he could talk the judge into sparing Buddy's life.

That afternoon, dressed in his Sunday best and accompanied by Aunt Sally, and with Buddy on a long rope, Sam set out for the Springfield courthouse. It was a long walk and Sam had somehow injured his right leg and it became sore, and Sam was limping.

Outside the courthouse, he took off his cap and saluted the American flag that flew over the building and then paid his respects to George Washington, whose statue stood in the courthouse square.

In the courtroom, Sam sat down at the defense table, next to Mr. O'Reilly. Buddy curled up at Sam's feet. Sam noticed that Mr. O'Reilly smelled of whiskey and seemed half asleep.

Then kindly old Judge Lockwood came in to preside over this informal hearing. Mr. Robbins told the judge what he'd seen with his own eyes and demanded that this vicious dog be destroyed before he bit any more innocent little children.

Mr. O'Reilly turned to Sam and whispered thickly: "I fear we don't have a chance, m'boy. This Robbins is the judge's brother-in-law."

"But that's not fair!" Sam cried.

"Quiet in the court!" the judge shouted, banging his gavel. Then he said, "Is there anyone here who has the effrontery to speak in defense of this miserable cur?"

At these words, Buddy got to his feet and growled and stared in the judge's direction, and his hair rose on his back.

Sam nudged Mr. O'Reilly. "Say something! Do something!" But Mr. O'Reilly's head had fallen forward onto his chest and he was snoring, in a drunken stupor.

"Well?" the judge demanded.

"I want to speak in defense of my dog, Buddy," Sam said bravely and rose to his feet. He addressed the judge, telling him how he had raised Buddy from a puppy and describing his gentle nature and assuring the judge that it was impossible

(continued on page 209)



# BUNNY OF THE YEAR

*beauty, personality, talent and charm stepped to the fore as 19 hutch honeys vied to become 1970's cottontail queen*



THEY CAME FROM ALL POINTS of the compass—from London and Los Angeles, New Orleans and New York, Jamaica, Denver, Montreal and a dozen other Bunny bastions—to converge on the stage of the Penthouse showroom in the Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, for this moment of truth: selection of the Playboy Clubs' Bunny of the Year for 1970. All 19 finalists, representing each Club in the Playboy

empire, had just gone through four months of competition, topped by an exciting final week in Chicago and Lake Geneva that was one third frolic, two thirds preparation for the pageant.

Late in July, keyholders started balloting for the most beautiful Bunny in their local Clubs. Competition quickened, with each cottontail campaigning enthusiastically, until the close of voting in September. In

Playboy Clubs throughout the world, panels of celebrity judges met early in October to choose each hutch's Bunny of the Year from a list of the five top vote getters. The Bunnies who emerged victorious from this round were those who competed in the elaborate November 16 pageant staged at Lake Geneva by Ed Pierce, a veteran producer of the Miss Universe and Miss U. S. A. spectacles.

The Bunny beauty pageant was the



opening spectacular in what is planned as a yearlong observance of the Playboy Clubs' tenth anniversary. After an introductory ensemble song-and-dance number, backed by orchestra and chorus, each Bunny was spotlighted for individual introductions.

Up from Atlanta came Bunny Sara Atkinson, a blue-eyed blonde who's been with the Club since 1965. No stranger to Lake Geneva, she served as Training Bunny when the Club-Hotel in Wisconsin was coaching its own complement of cottontails. Sara, a rabid football fan, lives and dies with the fortunes of Atlanta's N. F. L. Falcons.

Baltimore's Gina Byrams came almost as a cottontail without a Club; the Maryland hutch was burned out in a mid-summer fire. But it would take more than



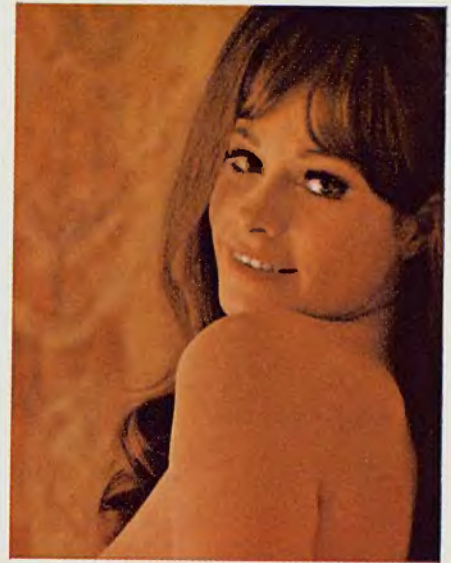
a setback like that to turn off Gina's spirit. A modern-jazz buff, she's studied dancing and has been a teacher's aide.

Bunny Suzy Kramer, who's the proverbial five foot, two, with eyes of blue, represented Playboy of Boston. After completing two years at the Chandler School for Women in Boston, Suzy went to work as an executive secretary for a catering firm but soon gave it up for a cottontail career. "I like the freedom that working as a Bunny affords," she says. Her favorite getaway site is the Bahamas, where her father has real-estate interests.

Brown-haired Bunny Carol Imhof, a native of Chicago, represented the Windy City, where the first link in the entire Playboy Club key chain was forged ten years ago. While attending Southern Illinois University at Carbondale, Carol







Bunny Nanci Boyles of Lake Geneva demonstrates, in the two photos at the top of the opposite page, why members of the Chicago Press Photographers' Association named her "most photogenic" of the 19 entries in the Playboy Clubs' first annual Bunny Beauty Contest. In the competition for Bunny of the Year—1970, Nanci came in third runner-up. Other finalists, each representing one of the Clubs or Club-Hotels in the Playboy empire, included, far left, London's vivacious Deana Turner; left, Denver's diminutive blonde Jackie Rhodes; and, below left, lively Pat Duffel from the Phoenix Club. Atlanta's Sara Atkinson, above, has honey tresses and a Southern accent to match. Jude Willbrand, above right, came from St. Louis to enter the contest and headed for California afterward, bound for stewardess training and duty on Hugh Hefner's new jet. The beauty seen in and out of Bunny costume at right is Chicago's Carol Imhof, who finished in a tie for first runner-up in the pageant. Cheri and Chere, Wright and Davis, below left and right, represented New York and Los Angeles, respectively. The Hollywood entrant was voted "most popular."



was named "Femme Fatale of the Month" by the student newspaper; her self-image is somewhat different, however: "I like to roughhouse," she says. Fellow cottontails will attest to that; Carol was one of the ringleaders in what has since become known as the pillow fight of the century, which took place in the Lake Geneva Club-Hotel late one night during the week of the final pageant.

Another blue-eyed blonde was Cincinnati's Viki Casto, a former newspaper-woman from Beckley, West Virginia, who has her eye firmly fixed on the New York stage. "I like everything about the theater, even working on costumes and scenery," she says.

Petite Jackie Rhodes (4 feet, 11 inches, 93 pounds) came down from the Mile-High City to be Denver's representative



in the contest. Jackie raises litters of Siamese cats and plans a career as a criminal lawyer.

From Detroit came Bunny Renée Burton, a bright-eyed brunette who, in keeping with the prime concern of that city, dotes on sports cars. During breaks in the rehearsal schedule at Lake Geneva, Renée was often found taking "just one more look" at the 1970 MGB on display as one of the prizes to be won by the Bunny of the Year.

Soft-voiced Bev Riley, candidate from the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel, flew up from the Caribbean hoping for a taste of cold weather—ideally, with snow, which she'd never seen. (The weatherman obliged with a few flakes.) This diminutive Jamaican Bunny, who stands 5 feet, 1 inch in her body-stocking feet, was



Taking a rare moment to relax is Baltimore Bunny Gina Byrams, above, who had been working in the Chicago Club since last summer, after a fire put the Baltimore hutch temporarily out of action. At far left, Jan Hornback enjoys a splash in the surf, back home in Miami. Bunny Scottie Scott of New Orleans demonstrates her skill at Bumper Pool at left; below, Boston's Suzy Kramer (also a Bumper-Pool Bunny in her Beantown bailiwick) is caught in a reflective moment. Two views of Roxanne Rozon of Montreal share the top of the opposite page with Bunny-costumed Peggy Berry of San Francisco. Both girls were among the seven chosen as finalists, and Roxanne tied with Chicago's Carol Imhof for first runner-up in the competition. The beauty in bed at right is Cincinnati's Viki Casto; at far right is the Detroit contestant, brunette Renée Burton. Seen in her native habitat, below right, Bev Riley was chosen by keyholders and guests to represent the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel; and, at far right below, is Kansas City's Brandi Christ, an animal lover who, in this jungle-motif costume, looks as if she could bring out the beast in any red-blooded PLAYBOY reader.



born in Kingston and has spent all her life on the island.

The first thing one notices about Kansas City's raven-haired Brandi Christ is her flashing, jet-black eyes. Brandi, a five-year favorite with Missouri keyholders, numbers cats, candles and the occult among her interests; she plans to open a pet shop someday.

Participating in a beauty pageant was almost old hat for Nanci Boyles, Lake Geneva's entrant. Back home in Louisiana, where she first became a Bunny, Nanci was named Miss New Orleans and ended up as first alternate to Miss Louisiana of 1966 (she's also held a few other titles—among them, Miss Press Club, Miss Astro and Sweetheart of Tau Kappa Epsilon).

For London's Deana Turner, becoming







a finalist in the Bunny Beauty Contest provided a chance to meet the celebrity who's been at the top of her list of most admired men for some time: Hugh Hefner. (The verdict: "He's charming!") Another bonus of the trip for this young lady was the opportunity to pursue her equestrian hobby with some of the fine horseflesh stabled at the Lake Geneva resort.

Heads naturally turn when Chere Davis, who's six feet tall in her Bunny heels, enters a room. Los Angeles Bunny Chere may have entered your living room, via television; she's appeared on several commercials in recent months. (She can also be seen in the Don Knotts movie *The Love God*.)

Bunny Jan Hornback's deep suntan was a giveaway; in November, that almost always means Miami. Jan migrated to



The winner: Baltimore's lovely Gina Byrns, who'll reign over the Tenth Anniversary Year celebrations of The Playboy Club with the title Bunny of the Year—1970. On these two pages are views of Bunny Gina in varying moods and settings. At right, PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher and President of Playboy Clubs International Hugh M. Hefner escorts Gina offstage in the elegant Penthouse showroom at Lake Geneva, after presenting her with the golden Bunny of the Year statuette, sparkling tiara and gold Bunny ears. Below, Gina's prepared for an afternoon of riding, her favorite sport. Below right, the winner poses with Hefner and two of the five celebrity judges, model Jean Shrimpton and actor/comedian/singer Bill Cosby, at a press conference in the Playboy Forum at the Club-Hotel following the pageant. Gina's thrilled by it all and the feeling is decidedly mutual.



Florida from Louisville and has been a cottontail for three years. Cooking, tennis and beachcombing vie for her attention in off-duty hours.

French ancestry showing through in her delightful accent, and model's training evidenced in her walk, Montreal's Roxanne Rozon made an instant impression on the pageant audience. As befits a representative of Playboy's outpost in bilingual Quebec, Roxanne introduced herself in both English and *français*. (She also speaks a little Italian.) For this French-Canadian cottontail, a highlight of the trip was seeing at close hand a famed sister model, England's Jean Shrimpton, who was one of the judges for the contest. "I think she's the greatest," says Roxanne.

Although (text concluded overleaf)









her real name is Lynda, everybody at the New Orleans Playboy Club knows her as Bunny "Scottie" Scott. This North Carolina native is an ex-airline stewardess, whose favorite pastime is preparing good food, preferably enhanced by elaborate table settings. "My specialty is beef Stroganoff," says blue-eyed blonde Scottie, "but when it comes to beverages, my taste is downhome simple. I love chocolate milk."

Newest Bunny in the finalists' ranks was brown-haired Cheri Wright from the New York Club, who became a cottontail last July. A convert to the ranks of ski buffs, Cheri is looking forward to the opening next year of Playboy's new Club-Hotel at Great Gorge, in the mountains of New Jersey's Sussex County, just 50 miles from Manhattan.

Representing the Phoenix Club was Pat Duffel, whose auburn locks have earned her the nickname "Cinnamon." At the Lake Geneva Club-Hotel, Pat and several of her fellow contestants discovered the Bunny Hutch *discothèque* and could often be seen doing the latest dances in its psychedelic surroundings.

From St. Louis came a contestant with the Jane Fonda look: Jude Willbrand, now a Bunny stewardess on Hugh Hefner's DC 9-30 jet. Before becoming a cottontail last June, Jude worked as a doctor's assistant in her home town, St. Charles, Missouri.

The glowing smile of Peggy Berry, the finalist from San Francisco, has been winning friends all the way from Pasay in the Philippines, where she was born, to Dayton, Ohio, where she went to school. Just before joining the San Francisco Club, Peggy worked as a cashier at the University of California Hospitals and Clinics in the Bay City, where it's a good guess that her charm may have made paying up a bit less painful for patients.

All 19 finalists arrived in Chicago the Sunday before the pageant, for three days of excitement: a get-acquainted dinner in the famous Pump Room of the Ambassador East Hotel; seats for the Chicago performance of *Hair*; a round of press, radio and TV interviews, make-up and hairstyling appointments; a VIP Room dinner at the Chicago Playboy Club and a party at Hefner's mansion on North State Parkway. En route to the Lake Geneva resort on Wednesday, the Bunny finalists stopped to visit wounded Vietnam veterans at the Great Lakes Naval Hospital, where they autographed pictures of themselves and copies of PLAYBOY.

The better part of the next three and a half days was taken up with rehearsals for the Bunny beauty pageant on Sunday night, November 16. With script by Donald K. Epstein, musical direction by Bernard Green and choreography by Gene

Bayliss, the show afforded all 19 Bunnies a chance to demonstrate their singing and dancing talents, and they practiced diligently. "They did a marvelous job," said producer Pierce after the program. There were breaks in the schedule, of course, and the entrants used their spare time to the fullest, exploring the 1000 acres of Playboy's Wisconsin wonderland, sampling every sport from swimming to skeet-and trapshooting.

Sunday arrived and the girls were at their best for make-up sessions and a brunch with the celebrity judges who had flown up to Lake Geneva for the contest: Jean Shrimpton; Bill Cosby; consultant Mark McCormack, who is personal representative for Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and other notables in and out of the world of sports; Wisconsin's lieutenant governor, Jack B. Olson; and Jan van der Marck, director of Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art. A full-scale dress rehearsal followed, and then it was time to settle down for a light supper and a bout with the butterflies as the big moment neared.

Finally, the 19 lovely cottontails were snug in custom-made Bunny costumes of silver lamé with matching ears, collars, cuffs and shoes. The orchestra and chorus struck up an overture, *segueing* into *Gee, but It's Good to Be Here*, and the Bunnies danced onstage to open the first annual Bunny beauty pageant, emceed by Mike Darow, host of ABC's *Dream House*. The show went smoothly, from the introductory sequence through appearances by the girls in evening attire and entertainment by the featured Penthouse performers, Hines, Hines & Dad. Then the girls returned to the stage in their silver costumes for a production number of *If My Friends Could See Me Now* and to await the results of the judges' first ballot, which would cut the field to seven finalists. James L. Pioso of the firm of Laventhol, Krekstein, Horwath & Horwath, certified public accountants, handed the ballots to Mike Darow, who read out the seven names: Baltimore's Gina Byrams, Chicago's Carol Imhof, Lake Geneva's Nanci Boyles, London's Deana Turner, Los Angeles' Chere Davis, Montreal's Roxanne Rozon and San Francisco's Peggy Berry.

Each of the seven girls was then asked a question ("What is the difference between glamor and beauty?" "If you could do your own thing, what would it be?" "Do blondes really have more fun?" etc.) and the judges voted again. The results, announced by Darow: Fourth runner-up, Deana Turner of London; third runner-up, Nanci Boyles of Lake Geneva; tied for first runner-up, Roxanne Rozon of Montreal and Carol Imhof of Chicago. The orchestra struck a suspenseful chord, Mike

pulled out a slip of paper and announced: "Ladies and gentlemen . . . the Bunny of the Year for 1970 is . . . our Bunny from Baltimore, Gina Byrams!"

Gina's fellow cottontails clustered around the winner with congratulatory hugs, as Hefner crowned the queen with a sparkling tiara and gold Bunny ears and presented her with a gold Bunny statuette. The runners-up received silver statuettes of the same design, and special awards went to Nanci Boyles, chosen "most photogenic" by members of the Chicago Press Photographers' Association at a luncheon earlier in the week, and to ebullient Chere Davis, voted "most popular" by the Bunnies themselves.

As Bunny of the Year, Gina claimed the 1970 MGB; a mink jacket from the Emba Mink Breeders Association, designed by D. H. Grosvenor; \$1000 in cash; a vacation cruise aboard a French Line ship; a collection of 12 Bill Blass designer watches from the Hamilton Watch Company; a Schwinn ten-speed racing bicycle; Camaro skis from the Hart Ski Manufacturing Company; a Peter Kennedy stretch ski wardrobe and P & K ski poles from Peter Kennedy Manufacturing Company; Lange plastic ski boots; a Panasonic stereo music center; fall and eyelashes from Brentwood Hairpieces; a Yashica 35mm camera, with accessories; a metal tennis racquet from Spalding; and a Kiku Bathique Collection from Fabergé. She also was awarded a screen test with Playboy Productions and a guest appearance on Hefner's syndicated television series, *Playboy After Dark*.

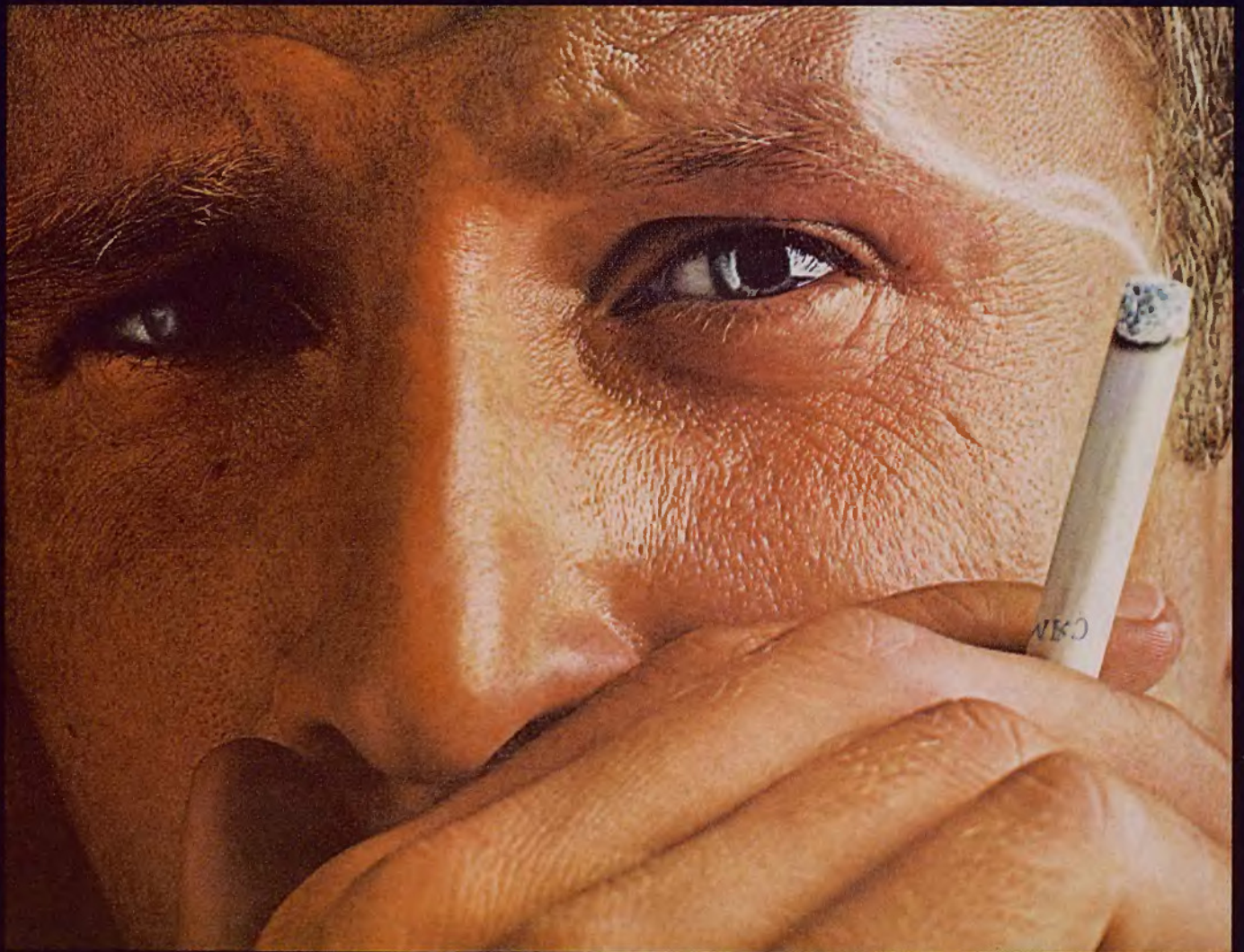
"I really got the biggest kick out of getting all those watches," said Gina after the excitement had calmed down a bit. "And making television appearances is going to be fun." She was co-hostess on Chicago's *The Jim Conway Show*, over WGN-TV, the week after the contest, and really enjoyed it. "I liked meeting celebrities, such as William L. Shirer, Timothy Leary and Harold Robbins. Someday I'd like to be able to have my own television show. It would be a series based on a black family—maybe two neighbor families—and how they live. I'd want it to be true to life—to get across some serious ideas with an entertainment format."

For the next few months, however, Gina will be fairly well tied up as Bunny of the Year, with a schedule calling for personal appearances at Playboy Clubs all over the globe. She'll throw herself into the whirl with typical enthusiasm. "You know, winning this contest is like my first step into the world," Gina Byrams says. "It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity, I'm proud to have won, and I'm loving every minute of it."





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## swinging superesorts

(continued from page 110)

system of betting a beginner should use in Vegas would be to lay his entire gambling budget for the day on one throw of the dice or one hand of cards. If he wins, he should convert his stake money back to cash immediately and play with the winnings. If he loses everything on the first shot, he's no worse off than he can afford.

Beginners who are reluctant to display their ignorance in the big hotel casinos on the Strip often try their luck and pick up a few hints at the less formidable gambling halls in "glitter gulch," which is downtown Vegas. The gulch is a two-block phalanx of hotels and casinos whose most spectacular resource is a solid wall of blinding light that is estimated by those who estimate such matters to contain in excess of 2,000,000 light bulbs and 42 miles of neon tubing, all of which consumes some 9,000,000 watts a month and costs \$65,000 in electric bills. This pulsating artery, which upward-mobilists have vainly tried to rename Casino Center, lacks the snob appeal of the Strip, but moderate punters prefer its casinos for their easygoing informality—and their 25-cent minimum bets. On the Strip, it's one dollar.

Except at the Fremont and the Mint, none of the glitter-gulch hotels tries to compete with the Strip for top-line entertainment, and the bill of fare may offer anything from Bootie Boots and

the Three Heels to the durable appeal of topless-à-go-go. Most of the customers wear cowboy boots and Stetsons, and the soulful Western sounds that twang along in the background add a touch of authenticity to the surroundings. Until a few years ago, the star of the main drag was "Vegas Vic," a 50-foot neon figure of a cowboy who waved, winked and boomed, "Howdy, podner!" every few seconds throughout the day and night. A couple of actors who were staying at the hotel opposite while on location for a movie—rumor identifies them as Burt Lancaster and Lee Marvin—grew weary of this insensate hospitality and early one sleepless morning loosed a hail of arrows at the caterwauling figure. The cowboy is still there, grimacing against the night sky, but he no longer has anything to say.

Surprisingly enough, croupiers and other young male employees along the Strip swear that it is easier to meet girls downtown than on the Strip. The places they recommend include the bigger gambling halls, such as the Golden Nugget, the Las Vegas, the Lucky Nevada, the Horseshoe and the four most popular downtown hotels, the Mint, the Fremont, the Four Queens and El Cortez, all of which also, of course, have casinos, in case you're unlucky in love.

Despite the informal character and lower prices along glitter gulch (a shot of whiskey can be bought for 50 cents at the bars), the Strip remains the most

enticing lure in town. Most of the Strip hotels are still uncrowded by neighboring buildings, which means that guests in the high-risers get a smogless view of the distant mountain ranges that encircle the valley. They also have the satisfaction of knowing that they are staying in the epicenter of one of the world's most exciting cities; and if they are booked into Caesar's Palace, they may come to regard themselves as millionaires even if they're not, for Caesar's Palace is unquestionably the most magnificent hotel in Las Vegas in both appearance and service. Fronted by an avenue of fountains flanked by slender cypresses, the massive portico is set off by marble statues that stand in front of pillared niches and add a note of grace to the grounds. The result could have been disastrously pretentious, but it is not; there are quite a few \$25,000,000 hotels (the cost of building Caesar's) in which the design-and-construction budget was dropped into a bottomless pit of poor taste. This did not happen at Caesar's. It is a far more attractive addition to the Las Vegas landscape than its huge new rival just off the Strip, the \$60,000,000, 30-story International, which sticks up out of the desert with all the grace of a clenched fist.

If Caesar's is booked—and all of its 680 rooms are in fairly constant use during the season—try the Tropicana, a pleasant, low-lying hotel at the far end of the Strip, which is the more-or-less permanent home of the Folies-Bergère in Las Vegas and has a relaxing, country-club atmosphere and, paradoxically, some of the noisiest dice action in town. Closer to the center of the Strip is the Riviera, Dean Martin's home away from home when he works in Vegas.

There are nine other big hotels along the Strip. In our order of preference, they are the Dunes, Sahara, Desert Inn, Sands, Flamingo, Frontier, Thunderbird, Aladdin and Stardust. The last, like the International, claims to be the biggest resort hotel in the world, but this is a statistic better left unclaimed in a business in which more so often means less. Adding to one's uncertainty in this area is the International's claim that its 350,000-gallon swimming pool is the largest man-made body of water in Nevada after Lake Mead. The Thunderbird insists that it has 10,000 gallons more than the International. Last on our list—because it's situated off the Strip and not because it's inferior to the others—is Howard Hughes's Landmark, which opened last year. Its main feature—apart from comfortable rooms and prompt, attentive service—is a tall circular tower topped with three tiers that contain bars, a restaurant, a casino and a dancing lounge. Access to the top is gained by an outside elevator that glides up and down the side of the building and affords a splendid view of the city.

All Vegas hotels lay claim to unique



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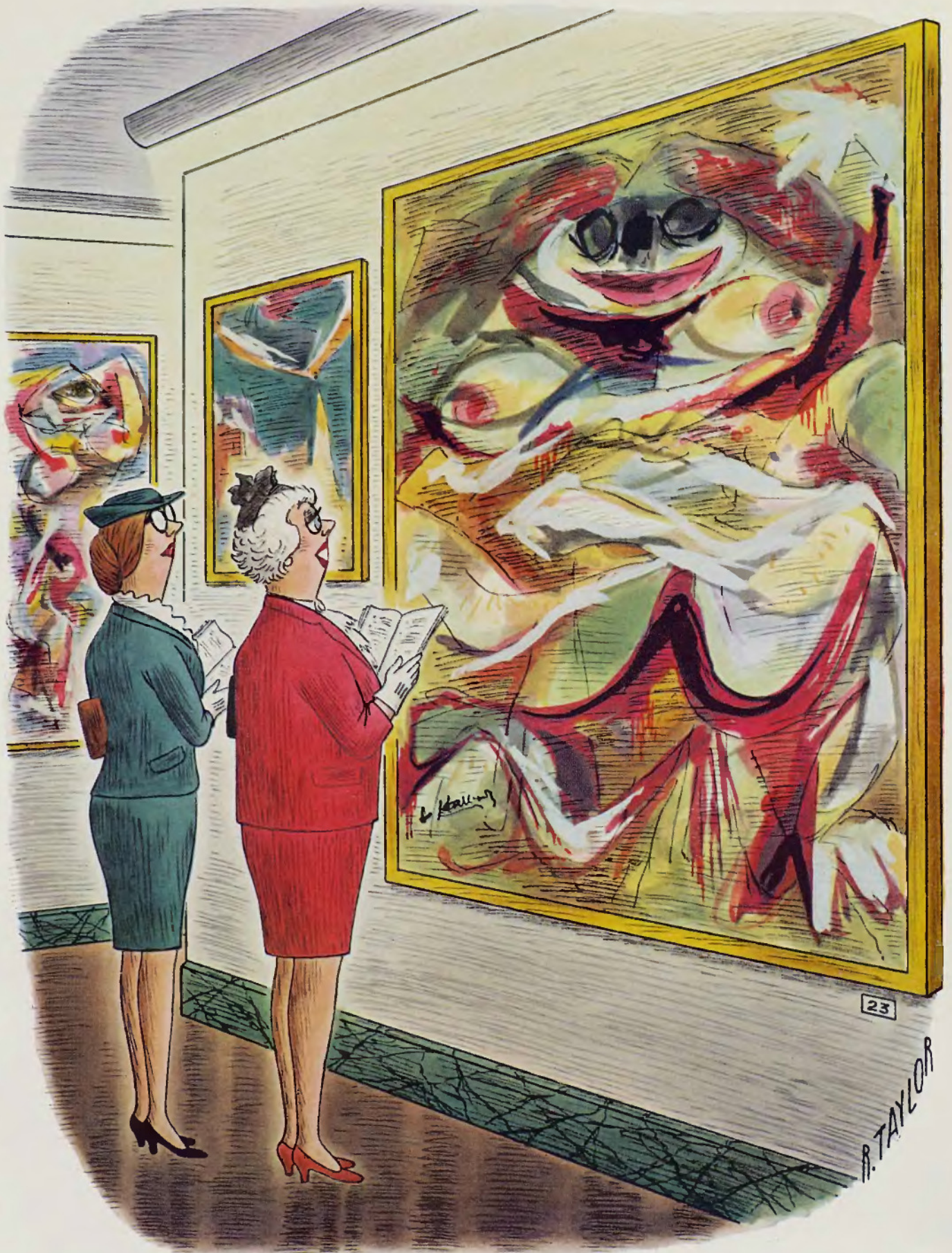
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*"Untitled. I'm sure I don't know what it represents, but I have a feeling it's indecent."*



attractions in decor, accommodations or special attractions (the Hacienda, for example, recently rented double rooms for \$13 and refunded \$10 in gambling chips). But perhaps the most exclusive feature of 1969 was the International's colony of dead bats. These were sealed into the ceilings during construction and were discovered last summer, soon after the hotel opened, when guests started to complain about an unusual odor that interfered with their peaceful contemplation of the color-television sets that are installed in every room of the hotel. Gradually, the odor turned increasingly ferocious and finally the ceilings were torn out to reveal the putrefied corpses of some 270 bats that evidently had checked into the hotel before the grand opening and had been permanently installed along with the Spanish, French and Italian decor, the six different color schemes, the Persian lounge and putting green, the lagoons and the four tennis courts. The bats were removed and the rooms now smell heavenly.

Every hotel in Vegas boasts at least one first-rate restaurant, and it is not always the one with the most lavish decor. The oyster bar at the Thunderbird, for example, is plainly furnished in wood, but the food is excellent. Their bouillabaisse consists of everything good from the sea, including oysters, crab, clams and scallops in a sauce flavored with white wine and a touch of brandy. Other recommendations are creole gumbo and fresh shucked oysters cooked in a light batter. More seafaring is available at the Dome of the Sea in the Dunes and at Moby Dick in the Stardust, which must be one of the best seafood restaurants anywhere. At the International, you can eat shoeless in the private rooms of Benihana, the famous chain of Japanese steakhouses, or you can take your choice of Italian, Mexican or Bavarian dishes (accompanied by free wine and beer) in as many restaurants. One of the more dignified hotel restaurants is Delmonico's, in the Riviera. Gourmet food is a phrase that has been flogged to death in Vegas—and elsewhere; but at Delmonico's, the Turbot Poche Mouseline and the Pheasant à la Sonitane are prepared by expert hands, not just cooked and served.

At the Bacchanal in Caesar's Palace, houris massage the male diners' necks between staggering courses of elaborate but not always inspired fish, fowl and Romanized delicacies. And in the Regency Room at the Sands, the fare, oddly enough, is Chinese. If you feel like eating a steak or a prime cut of beef in the atmosphere of a London club, try the House of Lords at the Sahara.

We suggest you pay at least one visit to Angelina's, which features an imaginative menu of Balkan dishes (Chicken Paprikash, Egg Dumplings in Sour Cream, Shish Kabob) served to the accompaniment of—you guessed it—gypsy violins. Italian

specialties are the keynote at Carlo Bombara's, Villa d'Este and Cioppino's; all three are recommended. Make sure you call for reservations at Villa d'Este and wear something that looks like a tie.

At the Golden Steer, you'll be regaled with a wide range of game dishes, including Chukkas, Pheasant and Guinea hen. A whole lamb or a goose can be served to order, or you can dine à la carte from an appetizing assortment of steaks and Continental dishes, such as Veal Piccante and Mostaccioli. Good place. And so is the Fireside (north of the city on Tonopah Highway), with a richly stocked wine cellar and sophisticated fare. Sample their Capon Veronique in Champagne Sauce.

If you fancy dining without the attentions of maitres de and similar formalities, drop in at the Serene Room, where you can cook your own steak and play a couple of racks of eight ball while you're waiting. Another relaxed spot just off the Strip is the South Pacific (Polynesian items include beef fillet in oyster sauce and pineapple ribs), an ideal setting for a romantic tête-à-tête, if you have a thing for bamboo and jungle foliage.

It isn't always a wise move to have dinner in a hotel showroom. The cuisine, not being a major attraction, may range from slapdash to ghastly, depending on your luck. If the show you're going to see doesn't require dinner as the price of admission, reserve your table, dine somewhere else and return to the hotel just before the show starts, so that you'll have time to order drinks.

What to do after the show? Go to see another show, and another and another. The lounge shows continue until five. Or go to a movie at the Bonanza Hotel; go dancing in the International Crown Room, high above the bright lights. Or go to the Lariat Club and slap leather with Johnny Leggett and his Ragin' Cajuns. Go to the Pussycat disco and shingaling until eight in the morning. (Showgirls and dancers go there after their last performance and stay for breakfast; great music.)

When it gets light, go to Scootersville and rent a motor bike for a trip across the desert to Bonnie Springs Ranch, where you can ride quarter horses and enjoy a leisurely lunch beside a duck pond. In short, go everywhere and do everything. For Las Vegas is Alice's Restaurant, only more so—you can get anything you want, especially Alice.

• • •

If Nevada provides the desert dream of Las Vegas to drive men wild with visions of imagined wealth, it also offers one of the world's beautiful refuges, where any crapped-out novice gambler can quickly forget—or try to recoup—his losses: Lake Tahoe, which glitters like a huge star sapphire amid the snow-capped peaks of the High Sierras. Tahoe, of course, is not Nevada's exclusive posses-

sion: 42 of its 71 miles of fir-fringed shore line lie on the California side; but it is along Nevada's south shore that Lake Tahoe is at its most scenic and sybaritic.

To get there from Las Vegas, one boards an Air West jet and within the hour lands at Reno, "the biggest little city in the world" and—after a visit to Vegas—surely one of life's minor disappointments. There's no desire here to bad-mouth Reno; but the town just doesn't measure up in any way to Vegas nor to the south shore's action central—Stateline, Nevada. Reno is a city of some 70,000 folk who make a good bit of change from the gambling scene, and there certainly are a few things worth seeing, notably Bill Harrah's classic-car collection. But aside from some hotel-casino operations, there's little action to keep you in Reno.

Although the probability is that you'll be able to find digs in the Stateline area (an hour's drive from Reno), be sure to make reservations in advance if you want to stay at either of the two best hotels, the Sahara-Tahoe or Harvey's Resort Hotel. Though the Sahara-Tahoe's service occasionally buckles a bit under the stress of hosting huge conventions, it is among the most pleasantly appointed hotels in Nevada—and the place to stay in Tahoe. Its 600 rooms are spacious and the stylized cheeriness of the rooms contrasts nicely with those in the gaudier Vegas hostels. The 14-story hotel cost \$30,000,000 to build almost five years ago and, although its publicity men like to boast about its casino ("over 110 yards long and almost as wide as a football field"), gambling here is more of a diversion than an obsession; the high rollers are in Vegas.

People who've been coming to Tahoe for years—about 60 percent of its trade is from the San Francisco area, whereas Vegas draws more from L. A.—often prefer Harvey's, the first high-rise hostelry in the area and originally started as a gambling casino in 1944. To be quite honest about matters, the rooms at Harvey's are a bit on the tacky side, but the service is warm and personal. Outside of these two—and a string of motels running from grim to great—there is only one other plan we suggest: renting a place—chalet or house—at Tahoe Keys, a vacation-home development on the California shore line, a three-minute drive from the center of town. Tahoe Keys bills itself as "the last of the big splendors" and, in its own way, doesn't really overstate the case by much. About 90 percent of the \$200,000,000 development's 265 or so homes (70 more are expected to rise this year) are situated on Lake Tahoe's only sheltered harbor. The average cost of an on-the-water lot is around \$15,000 and half that for an off-the-water site. Add the price of a handsome custom-styled vacation home and you have a 750-acre community of



very fat cats, most of whom are too involved in building their various industrial empires to spend more than a month or two in regal retreat. Rather than just let this edifice complex lie vacant, many owners allow their homes to be rented during their absence. Thus, for \$250 a week, one can, in Tahoe Keys, live far more elegantly, privately and pleasurably—especially if you've brought a distaff companion—than in any hotel. On the Nevada side, Round Hill Village is a similar planned community, except that it's family-oriented, away from the water and just a bit closer to life in Levittown.

Once ensconced in a south-shore pleasure dome, you can begin exploring the area. Stateline, located on the California-Nevada border, is a tiny hamlet whose main street is Highway 50, and along it are located all the major hotels, gambling spots and restaurants. One can easily spot the stop light where Nevada becomes South Lake Tahoe, California: Because of tight zoning laws and the high value of land upon which gambling casinos can be built, the Nevada side is uncluttered and still scenic. California, with no likelihood of getting gambling legalized, has allowed four-and-a-half-year-old South Lake Tahoe to grow up like the service roads along New York's Long Island Expressway: lots of motels, gas stations, hamburger stands and a heavy supply of prosaic neon. But the California side (population 14,000) is changing for the better. John Williams, the town's former city manager, says, "Signs that look like movie marquees were being built for hot-dog stands. In this area, that kind of thing isn't simply obnoxious, it's aesthetically obscene. Under city ordinances, some of them have already disappeared, and they'll all be gone within the next five years."

If the spirit of conservation seems to run high in the area, it's because Lake Tahoe and the High Sierras surrounding it are almost excessively spectacular. Lake Tahoe, in fact, has been turning people on since it was first seen by John C. Fremont in 1844; he called it Lake Bonpland, in honor of a French botanist who was traveling with him. In 1853, it was renamed Lake Bigler after California's third governor; but nine years later, a San Francisco reporter supplied a cartographer with the Indian name of the lake (Tahoe for "high water"), and nobody's tried to change it since.

The lake has been threatened by pollution, however, most notably by hotel and casino operators. But that's past history. A bistate agency now reviews all proposed building near the shores, to make certain Tahoe doesn't become a Western Lake Erie; additionally, South Lake Tahoe now operates a sewage-treatment plant that even removes impurities

most urban centers leave in their drinking water. Northern Nevada residents claim that mountain-stream-fed Tahoe is the purest body of water in the world; but if civic pride must be taken with a grain of salt, one can scarcely accuse Mark Twain of having had a booster mentality. In *Roughing It*, Twain wrote, after boating on the lake, that Tahoe's water "was not merely transparent but dazzlingly, brilliantly so. All objects seen through it had a bright, strong vividness, not only of outline but of every minute detail, which they would not have seen simply through the same depth of atmosphere. So empty and airy did all spaces seem below us, and so strong was the sense of floating high aloft in mid-nothingness, that we called these boat excursions 'balloon voyages.'"

All of the above should indicate that initially, at least, your days will center about the 21-mile-long lake. In addition to boating, water-skiing, diving and swimming, Tahoe also offers fine fishing: rainbow, brown and Mackinaw trout (Macks run up to 30 pounds) and Kokanee salmon. But the lure of Tahoe extends beyond the borders of the lake. Urban men who've never owned—and may never even have fired—a gun often attempt hunting in the area: There's deer and bear, duck, pheasant and quail. California's hunting season starts in September; Nevada's in October. There are also four golf courses in the immediate area, two of which are nine-hole public links; the two 18-hole courses, Edgewood Tahoe and Tahoe Paradise, are challenging, well cared for and imaginatively laid out. (A slight bonus: Because of the 6200-foot elevation, your drives will travel farther.) The hills guarding Tahoe provide exciting overviews of the lake and two of the more exhilarating ways to enjoy the scenery are on horseback and rented motor bike. The area's number-one athletic preoccupation, however, is skiing; and in winter, the slopes of Heavenly Valley—just up the hill from Stateline—throng with dedicated schussers. It's not easy to pinpoint just why people who'd rather drive than walk to the corner grocery suddenly get into an outdoor bag, but that's what happens to you in Tahoe.

A full day of recreation will whet even the lightest appetite; and although most of the restaurants in the area are fair to mediocre, there are at least a couple of superb choices, thanks to the hotels. Harvey's offers the best food in the region and gives you a choice of two fine restaurants. Our preference is the Top of the Wheel—situated, not surprisingly, atop the hotel and providing a panoramic view of the lake. The decor is Polynesian, as are most of the aperitifs and much of the fare; two house specialties to sample are *Mahi Mahi* (broiled boneless fish flown in from the South Pacific) and Spring Chicken Sauté Lanai. Not to

be confused with Trader Vic's, however, the menu also features Wild West Buffalo Steak. In the hotel's Western-motif Sage Room, order yourself a huge slab of tender beef, raised on owner Harvey A. Gross's James Canyon Ranch. Our next choice would be the Aspen Grove Steakhouse in the Sahara-Tahoe; although the service may not impress you, the steaks will.

If you care to be entertained while dining, the area's evening imperatives are the High Sierra Theater, a 1500-seat showplace in the Sahara-Tahoe, the South Shore Room at Harrah's and the Pavilion of Stars at Harvey's, all of which customarily showcase the best night-club performers in America. (They all have late shows as well.) After dinner and a show, there's always the gambling to return to. There are four gaming establishments in the area: the Sahara-Tahoe, Harvey's, Barney's (a bit seedy for our taste) and Harrah's, a gambling-entertainment center that always seems S. R. O. Blackjack is the only card game to be found at Harrah's and, although there's enough action at the crap tables, one gets the feeling that most of Harrah's profit is gained from its slot-machine operation; there are almost 1100 of them in the building, and the incessant clanking of levers and jangle of change spilling out makes the place sound like a brass-button factory.

One quickly notices that the women in the casinos are not the sleek young-bodied or rich gem-fingered wives or dyed-blond divorcees one sees almost exclusively in Vegas. Here, they're more apt to be wearing a sweater over a knit dress and to be rather self-conscious about gambling to pass the time: a San Francisco syndrome, no doubt about it. In Tahoe, one also sees shorn and unshorn college kids, far more than in Vegas, where one gets the feeling that hippies would be driven out into the desert and diced to death by hard-throwing croupiers. The amount of money wagered is usually small; rarely do those \$100 chips fall on a Tahoe crap or roulette table. When it happens, it's usually strictly for show. There are probably more \$20-a-night betters here than in Vegas, where it's often a case of all you've got or nothing. There's a good reason for this state of affairs: Tahoe, unlike Vegas, is a natural as well as a complete resort, and the people drawn to its shores are not engaged in acting out their get-rich-quick daydreams. But between the flash of Vegas and the compelling beauty of Tahoe, Nevada's two superresorts are without peer in America—or, for that matter, anywhere in the world. So mosey on out to the desert and live the financial fantasy for a few days, then fly up to the Sierras to discover that nature can be an equally heady trip. As they have a habit of saying in Nevada, the odds are with you either way.





## HASH FREAK-OUT (continued from page 150)

with a lamb hash, for instance, as a clearinghouse for last week's roast mutton, leftover pork chops and fragments of veal, all of which may look like lamb but which no spice, herb or sauce can possibly convert to lamb to the taste buds. Even two such similar meats as turkey and chicken, when heated in a rich cream sauce, will each give the sauce its own unmistakable flavor and aroma. Ironically, Frenchmen, who gave the misbegotten word hash to the world, are also responsible for offering more creative recipes on the subject than cooks elsewhere. The 29 recipes in the *Larousse Gastronomique* could easily be doubled or tripled by today's Gallic hash connoisseurs.

All hashes, by definition, are made from a previously cooked viand; but when you're plotting a party, the first counsel for perfection is to create your cooked dish, rather than to passively wait for the leftover to occur. The best meat is boiled rather than roasted. If you're planning to serve a turkey hash, your best bet is to boil a turkey small enough to fit comfortably into a pot, or boil a turkey breast, always letting the meat cool in its own cooking liquid. Prepared turkey roll, purchased at the deli counter, or so-called baked turkey is, for hash purposes, usually superior to the browned roast turkey that may have been succulent when it was freshly carved but which usually becomes dry after several days in the refrigerator.

An elegant variety of freshly cooked and sliced meats can be picked up at gourmet take-home food counters everywhere. The best sources of supply are usually the busiest. If you're buying cooked corned beef, the more expensive brisket is better than the drier corned-beef rump or round. Freshly boiled lobster for hash is now a standard offering at first-class seafood vendors.

In dicing meat, skill with the carving knife is all-important. Meat should be cut into cubes that are a quarter of an inch thick and never, under any circumstances, mangled in a meat grinder. The strictly uniform size of the cubes is what gives hash its sumptuous feel in the mouth. With this in mind, remember that if you're buying cooked meat to be sliced by machine, the slices should be a quarter of an inch thick. In dicing the meat later, use a heavy French knife with a keen edge; simply cut the slices into quarter-inch strips and then cut crosswise at quarter-inch intervals to make cubes. Remember also that meat that is excessively soft will turn to shreds under a dull knife; run your blade over a knife steel or an electric sharpener frequently, so that it keeps its edge razor sharp.

Accompaniments and garnishes sometimes count for as much as the hash itself. If you're serving wild rice with

hash, it should be flavored with shallots and simmered in mellow chicken broth rather than tap water. The purée of split peas formed into a border around turkey hash should be buttery smooth and carefully shaped with a pastry bag and tube. (If you haven't mastered this minor art, you can always practice on a batch of mashed potatoes, putting them through a large rosette tube and repeating the process for as long as you care to rehearse.) When hash is to be gratinéed, the cheese for the topping should be taken from a chunk of parmesan freshly cut from the whole wheel and freshly grated in a blender, so that, as the hash bakes, the cheese melts rather than hardens into the all-too-familiar uptight granules. Something good can even be said for the ubiquitous bottle of catsup, always the easiest target for food aesthetes but, nevertheless, almost always offered with corned-beef hash. Curry-flavored catsup is merely a matter of mixing  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup catsup with 1 teaspoon curry powder; mustard catsup is a combination of  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup catsup with  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each

regular brown mustard, Dijon mustard and dry mustard. Both of these hashworthy cold sauces should be left to ripen in the refrigerator several hours before serving and should be taken to the table in sauceboats. Finally, the hash itself should always appear on the table on brightly burnished platters or in colorful chafing dishes.

Whether beer enhances hash or vice versa doesn't matter; the two go together as inseparably as champagne and chicken hash at a wedding breakfast. The most compatible wine or liquor to be offered with hash often depends on when the dish is served. At almost any brunch table, for instance, you'll find guests eating hash with one hand while reaching for their fresh screwdrivers with the other. At an evening sit-down dinner, one should plan on a wine that is congenial with the main ingredient of the hash. Thus, with beef or game hash, one would uncork a full-flavored red wine, such as a Rhone. With lobster, chicken or turkey hash, a tart but smooth Pouilly-Fuissé or a California pinot chardonnay would go perfectly.

The guidance that follows should



*"Damn it, Conrad, I'm for peace, too—but not as an end in itself."*



enable any host to acquire his hash marks in record time. Each recipe serves six.

CORNER-BEEF HASH WITH EGGPLANT AND TOMATO

- 2 lbs. cooked corned-beef brisket, 1/4-in.-thick slices
- 1/2 medium-size eggplant
- Salt, pepper
- Flour
- 2 eggs, beaten
- 1/4 teaspoon paprika
- Salad oil
- 2 large firm, ripe tomatoes
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 large onion, finely minced
- 1 quart boiled potatoes, diced
- 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 cup heavy cream
- Grated parmesan cheese

Peel eggplant and cut into slices 1/8 in. thick. Sprinkle lightly with salt and dip in flour, coating thoroughly. Beat eggs and paprika. Heat oil to a depth of 1/4 in. in large electric skillet preheated at 370°. Dip sliced eggplant in eggs and sauté until brown and tender. Set aside. Cut tomatoes into slices 1/8 in. thick; prepare as many tomato slices as there are slices of eggplant, using more tomato, if necessary. Cut corned beef into 1/4-in. dice. In small saucepan, melt butter and sauté onion until tender. In large mixing bowl, combine corned beef, onion, potatoes, Worcestershire sauce, lemon juice and cream. Mix very well, adding salt and pepper to taste. Preheat oven at 375°. Turn corned-beef mixture into lightly greased shallow casserole. Place overlapping alternate slices of eggplant and tomato on top. Sprinkle lightly with salt; sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Bake 30 to 40 minutes or until top is browned.

BROWNED BEEF HASH WITH CHESTNUTS

- 3 lbs. rump of beef
- 2 medium-size onions
- 2 pieces celery
- Salt, pepper
- 2 10-oz. cans chestnuts in water, drained
- 6 large shallots, finely minced
- 2 large cloves garlic, finely minced
- Butter
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Salad oil
- 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
- 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar
- 1 teaspoon dried tarragon

Cover beef with cold water in pot. Add 1 onion, celery and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil; skim froth from pot; reduce flame and simmer slowly until meat is tender—2 1/2 hours or longer. Discard onion and celery and let meat cool in its own broth. Broth may be saved for beef bouillon or used as soup stock. Trim fat off beef and cut meat

into 1/4-in. cubes. Cut chestnuts about the same size. Mince remaining onion. Sauté onion, shallots and garlic in 2 tablespoons butter until onion is barely tender. In mixing bowl, combine beef, sautéed vegetables, chestnuts, cream and lemon juice. Season generously with salt and pepper. Mix very well, until meat and chestnuts cohere in one mass. Divide mixture in two. Preheat oven at 400°. In large heavy frying pan, heat 1 tablespoon salad oil and 2 tablespoons butter until butter melts. Add half the beef mixture and sauté over medium flame. When hash is browned on bottom, stir it well and shape into oblong roll. Move roll to one side against edge of pan and sauté until well browned on bottom. Turn hash, browned side up, onto large ovenproof platter and place in oven to keep hot. Brown remainder of hash in same manner. Turn onto platter. Heat tomato sauce, tarragon vinegar and tarragon. When sauce is hot, stir in 2 tablespoons butter until dissolved. Pour small amount of sauce around edges of hash on platter. Pass balance of sauce at table.

If hash is to be served at brunch, poach 6 eggs and place them on top of hash. Traditional browned beef hash may be made by substituting 1 quart diced boiled potatoes for chestnuts.

CURRIED LAMB HASH

- 1/2 leg of lamb, about 3 1/2 lbs.
- 1 large onion
- 1 carrot
- 1 piece celery
- Salt, pepper
- 6 tablespoons butter
- 1 small green pepper, finely minced
- 1 medium-size onion, finely minced
- 2 large cloves garlic, finely minced
- 1/2 small bay leaf
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 2 packets instant broth
- 1 piece stick cinnamon
- 1/4 cup capers in vinegar, drained
- 1/4 cup heavy cream
- 3 1/2-oz. can coconut

Cover lamb with cold water in pot. Add large onion, carrot, celery and 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil; skim froth from pot; reduce flame and simmer slowly until meat is tender—1 1/2 to 2 hours. Discard onion, carrot and celery and let meat cool in its own broth. Remove meat from bone. Cut away fat and gristle and cut into 1/4-in. dice. Set aside. In large saucepan, melt butter over low flame. Add green pepper, medium-size onion, garlic and bay leaf and sauté until pepper is barely tender. Stir in curry powder and flour, mixing very well. Remove from flame. In another saucepan, heat 3 cups lamb broth to boiling point. Slowly stir lamb broth into butter-flour mixture, mixing with wire whip. Add instant broth and cinnamon. Return to

moderate flame and simmer 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove cinnamon and bay leaf. Add capers, cream and lamb. Heat over moderate flame about 10 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Keep hash warm until serving time. Preheat oven at 300°. Place coconut in shallow pan and bake 20 to 30 minutes, stirring frequently, until coconut turns light brown. Spoon curried hash into chafing dish. Sprinkle coconut lightly on top. Pass remainder of coconut at table. Serve with white rice and chutney. Note: All curries are deeper in flavor and more mellow if cooked one day and reheated for serving the next.

CREAMED-CHICKEN HASH WITH HOLLANDAISE

- 4 1/2 cups diced boiled chicken or 1 1/2 lbs. chicken roll, diced
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons instantized flour
- Sweet butter
- Salt, white pepper, cayenne
- 3 egg yolks
- 1 hard-boiled egg yolk, mashed
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon cognac
- 3 tablespoons oloroso or cream sherry
- 2 cups light cream

Make sure that chicken is free of all fat, skin, gristle and bone before cutting into dice. Put cold milk and flour into saucepan; stir well with wire whip until flour is completely dissolved. Add 2 tablespoons butter and heat over moderate flame, stirring constantly, until sauce is thick. Reduce flame and simmer 5 minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste. Remove from flame and keep pan covered. In small saucepan, melt 1/4 lb. butter over low flame; heat butter until hot, but do not permit it to turn brown. While butter is melting, put egg yolks and hard egg yolk into blender and blend for a few seconds at low speed. Very slowly, while continuing to blend at low speed, add hot butter in dribbles. When butter is thoroughly blended, add lemon juice. Remove sauce from blender and add salt and white pepper to taste and a dash cayenne. Keep hollandaise sauce covered in a warm place, not in a double boiler nor over direct heat. In saucepan large enough to hold the hash, melt 3 tablespoons butter over low flame. Add chicken, cognac and sherry, stirring well. When hot, set ablaze. When flames subside, add cream. Simmer very slowly about 10 minutes. Add white sauce and simmer about 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash cayenne. Keep hash warm in top part of chafing dish over simmering water. At table, just before serving, stir in hollandaise sauce. Serve with wild rice or white rice flavored with slivers of Italian white truffles, if available.



PATTY OF LOBSTER HASH

- 6 1/4-lb. boiled lobsters
- 1/3 cup butter
- 6 large shallots or scallions (white part only), very finely minced
- 1/2 lb. fresh mushrooms, small dice
- 1/3 cup flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 1 1/2 cups light cream
- 4-oz. jar pimientos, drained, small dice
- 1 tablespoon finely minced fresh chives
- 1/4 cup fino sherry or dry vermouth
- Salt, pepper
- 6 patty shells

Remove lobster meat from shells, saving tomalley and roe, if any. Cut lobster into 1/4-in. dice. In large saucepan, melt butter over low flame; add shallots and mushrooms and sauté until almost all liquid has evaporated from pan. Stir in flour, blending very well. Remove pan from flame. In another saucepan, heat milk and cream to boiling point. Slowly add to mushroom mixture, stirring well with wire whip. Return to low flame and simmer 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add lobster, tomalley, roe, pimientos and chives. Simmer over low flame until thoroughly heated through. Add sherry. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Keep warm until serving time. Preheat oven at 350° and heat patty shells for about 5 minutes. Pour lobster hash into and around patty shells. Serve with fried asparagus.

TURKEY HASH ST. GERMAIN

- 4 1/2 cups diced boiled turkey or 1 1/2 lbs. turkey roll, diced
- 1 lb. split green peas
- 1 medium-size onion, minced
- 1 large clove garlic, minced
- 1 medium-size carrot, minced
- Salt, white pepper, cayenne
- Butter
- 2 packets instant broth
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tablespoons instantized flour
- 3 tablespoons dry vermouth
- 2 tablespoons bourbon
- 2 1/2 cups light cream
- Grated parmesan cheese

In soup pot or large saucepan, put peas, onion, garlic and carrot and cover with cold water. Add 1 teaspoon salt. Bring to a boil; skim; reduce flame and simmer until peas are very tender—about 1 1/2 hours. During cooking, add water as needed to keep peas covered until done. Drain peas well; put them into blender, in batches if necessary, and blend until smooth purée is formed. Melt 3 tablespoons butter; add to purée. Add instant broth and salt and pepper to taste. Chill in refrigerator until needed. Put milk and flour into small saucepan; stir well with wire whip until flour is completely dissolved. Add 2 tablespoons butter and heat over moderate flame, stirring constantly, until sauce is



"Great opener—what do we do for acts two and three?"

thick. Reduce flame and simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash cayenne. Remove from flame and keep pan covered. In large saucepan, melt 3 tablespoons butter over low flame. Add turkey, vermouth and bourbon. When hot, set ablaze. When flames subside, add cream. Simmer very slowly about 10 minutes. Add white sauce and simmer 5 minutes, stirring frequently. Add salt and pepper to taste and a dash cayenne. Preheat oven at 375°. In large shallow casserole or 6 individual shirred-egg dishes, form a border of split-pea purée, using a pastry bag and tube. Spoon turkey hash into center and sprinkle with parmesan cheese. Bake 30 minutes or until heated through. Just before serving, place under broiler flame for a few minutes, watching constantly, until cheese is browned.

FRIED ASPARAGUS

- 3 lbs. jumbo asparagus
- 1 cup plus 2 tablespoons flour

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- Salad oil
- Salt

Peel asparagus below tips with vegetable peeler, cutting away scales and stringy coating. Cut off tough bottom ends and wash well under cold running water. Cook, covered, in large wide skillet or saucepan with 1 in. water, until tender—about 15 to 20 minutes. Drain and chill thoroughly. Pat dry with paper toweling. In blender, combine flour, eggs, milk, 1 tablespoon salad oil and 1/2 teaspoon salt and blend until smooth. Heat 1 1/4 ins. oil in electric skillet preheated at 370°. Dip asparagus into batter. Drain slightly. Lower asparagus, one piece at a time, into pan and fry until medium brown. Sprinkle with salt.

And that about sums up our hash notes. Now it's up to you to prove forthwith that many a delectable dish lurks beneath its prosaic nomenclature.





## COPING WITH FUTURE SHOCK *(continued from page 96)*

into normal life. According to criminologist Daniel Glaser, the distinctive feature of correctional institutions of the future will be the idea of gradual release. Instead of taking a man out of the understimulating, tightly regimented life of the prison and plunging him violently and without preparation into open society, he is moved first to an intermediate institution that permits him to work in the community by day while continuing to return to the institution at night. Gradually, restrictions are lifted, until he is fully adjusted to the outside world. The same principle has been explored by various mental institutions.

The basic idea of providing change in controlled, graduated stages rather than in abrupt transitions is crucial to any society that wishes to cope with rapid social or technological upheaval. Retirement, for example, does not need to be the abrupt, all-or-nothing, ego-crushing change that it now is for most men. There is no reason why it cannot be gradualized. Military induction, which typically separates a young man from his family in a sudden and almost violent fashion, could be done in stages. Legal separation, which is supposed to serve as a kind of halfway house on the way to divorce, could be made less legally complicated and psychologically costly. Trial marriage could be encouraged instead of denigrated. In short, wherever a change of status is contemplated, the possibility of gradualizing it should be considered.

• • •

Despite all such strategies and social services, however, no society racing through the turbulence of the next several decades will be able to do without yet another form of future-shock absorber: specialized centers in which the rate of change is artificially depressed. To phrase it differently, we shall need enclaves of the past—communities in which turnover, novelty and choice are deliberately limited.

Among them should be communities where history is partially frozen, like the Amish villages of Pennsylvania, or places in which the past is artfully simulated, like Williamsburg, Virginia, or Mystic, Connecticut. Unlike Williamsburg or Mystic, however, through which visitors stream at a steady and rapid clip, tomorrow's enclaves of the past should be places where people faced with future shock can escape the pressures of overstimulation for weeks, months, even years, if they choose.

In such slow-paced communities, individuals who needed or wanted a more relaxed, less stimulating existence could find it. The communities should be consciously encapsulated, selectively cut off from the surrounding society. Vehicular access should be limited to avoid traffic.

Newspapers should be weeklies instead of dailies. If allowed at all, radio and television should be broadcast only for a few hours a day, instead of round the clock. Only special emergency services—those for health, for example—would be maintained at the maximum efficiency permitted by advanced technology. Such communities should be subsidized by the larger society as a form of mental and social insurance.

These living museums could also serve as experiential teaching machines. Children from the outside world might spend a few months in a simulated feudal village, living and working as children did centuries ago. Teenagers might be asked to spend some time living in a typical early industrial community and even to work in its mill or factory. Such living education would give them a historical perspective no book could ever provide. In these communities, men and women who wanted a slower life could make a career out of "being" Shakespeare or Ben Franklin or Napoleon or their less illustrious contemporaries—not merely acting out their parts on stage but living, eating, sleeping as they did. The career of historical simulants would attract a great many naturally talented actors. In short, every society will need subsocieties whose members are committed to staying away from the latest fads. We may even want to pay people *not* to use the latest goods, not to enjoy the most automated and sophisticated conveniences.

By the same token, just as we should make it possible for some people to live at the slower pace of the past, we should also make it possible for individuals to experience aspects of their future in advance. Before dispatching a worker to a new location, he and his family ought to be shown detailed movies of the neighborhood they will live in, the school their children will attend, the stores in which they will shop, perhaps even the teachers, shopkeepers and neighbors they will meet. By preadapting them in this way, we can lower their anxieties about the unknown and prepare them, in advance, to cope with many of the problems they are likely to encounter.

Tomorrow, as the technology of experiential simulation advances, we shall be able to go much further. The preadapting individual will be able not merely to see and hear but to touch, taste and smell the environment he is about to enter. He will be able to interact vicariously with the people in his future and to undergo carefully contrived experiences designed to improve his coping abilities. The "psych-corps" of the future—giant corporations marketing psychological services—will find a fertile market in the design and operation of such preadaptive facilities. Whole families may go to "work-learn-and-play" en-

claves that will, in effect, constitute museums of the future, preparing them to cope with their own personal tomorrows.

Until we are able to build such temporal enclaves, we may have to rely on, perhaps even re-create, more traditional future-shock absorbers. In the past, for example, ritual served as an important change buffer. Anthropologists tell us that certain repeated ceremonial forms—rituals surrounding birth, death, puberty, marriage, and so on—helped individuals in primitive societies re-establish equilibrium after some major adaptive event had taken place. "There is no evidence," writes S. T. Kimball, "that a secularized urban world has lessened the need for ritualized expression." Carleton Coon points out that ritual survives today in the public appearances of heads of state, in religion, in business. These, however, represent the merest tip of the ritual iceberg. In Western societies, for example, the sending of Christmas cards is an annual ritual that not only represents continuity in its own right but also helps individuals prolong their all-too-temporary friendships or acquaintanceships. The celebrations of birthdays, holidays and anniversaries are additional examples.

Repetitive behavior, whatever else its functions, helps give meaning to nonrepetitive events by providing the backdrop against which novelty is silhouetted. After examining 100 published autobiographies, sociologists James Bossard and Eleanor Boll found 73 in which the writers described procedures that were "unequivocally classifiable as family rituals." These rituals, arising from "some simple or random bits of family interaction, started to set, because they were so successful or satisfying to members, and through repetition they 'jelled' into very definite forms." As the pace of change accelerates, many of these rituals are broken down or denatured. Yet we struggle to maintain them. One nonreligious family periodically offers a secular grace at the dinner table, to honor such benefactors of mankind as Johann Sebastian Bach or Martin Luther King, Jr. Husbands and wives often speak of "our song" and periodically revisit the place they first met. As we accelerate and introduce arhythmic patterns into the pace of change, we need to mark off certain regularities for preservation, exactly the way we now mark off certain parks, forests, historical monuments or animal sanctuaries for protection. We may even need to manufacture ritual.

No longer at the mercy of the elements, as we once were, no longer condemned to darkness at night or frost in the morning, no longer positioned in an unchanging physical environment, we are helped to orient ourselves in space and time by social, as distinct from natural, regularities. In the U. S., the arrival of spring is marked for most urban



dwellers not by a sudden greenness—there is little green in Manhattan—but by the opening of the baseball season. The first ball is thrown by the President or some other dignitary and, thereafter, millions of citizens follow the day-by-day unfolding of a mass ritual. Similarly, the end of summer is marked as much by the world series as by any natural symbol.

Even those who ignore sports cannot help but be aware of these large and pleasantly predictable events. Radio and television carry baseball into every home. Newspapers are filled with sports news. Images of baseball form a kind of musical obbligato that enters our awareness. Whatever happens to the stock market, or to world politics, or to family life, the American League and the National League run through their expected motions. Outcomes of individual games vary. The standings of the teams go up and down. The Mets astonish us all. But the drama plays itself out within a set of reassuringly durable rules.

The opening of Congress every January, the appearance of new car models in the fall, the seasonal variations in fashion, the April 15 deadline for filing income tax, the arrival of Christmas, the New Year's Eve party, the fixed national holidays—all these punctuate our time predictably, supplying a background of temporal regularity that is necessary

(though hardly sufficient) for mental health.

The pressure of change is to loosen many such events from the calendar, to irregularize them. These pressures should usually be resisted; and, indeed, regularities should be introduced where they do not now exist. Boxing championship matches, for example, are held at unpredictable intervals. Perhaps these highly ritualistic events should be held on fixed dates, as the Olympic games are. As leisure increases, we have the opportunity to introduce additional stability points and rituals, such as new holidays, pageants and games. Such mechanisms would provide a backdrop of continuity in everyday life, serving to integrate societies and cushion them somewhat against the fragmenting impact of superindustrialism. We might, for example, create holidays to honor Galileo or Mozart, John Lennon or Gale Sayers, Einstein or Cézanne. We might create a global pageant based on man's conquest of outer space.

Even now, the succession of dramatic space launchings and capsule retrievals is beginning to take on a kind of ritual dramatic pattern. By regularizing such events and by greatly adding to the pageantry that surrounds them, we can weave them into the ritual framework of the new society and use them as sanity-preserving points of temporal reference.

Such measures—the search for personal stability zones, the provision of creative new social services, the design of ritual and regularity into the emergent civilization—cannot, by themselves, guarantee a livable future. To master the accelerative thrust, we shall require far more radical steps. We shall need to regulate the technological drive. We shall need a revolution in our schools. We shall need a new stance toward the future itself, along with research centers for probing and postulating futures. We shall need more intelligent utopian experiments. We shall need to humanize and democratize our attempts to control large-scale social change.

Nevertheless, in dealing with the great issues, we must never forget the crucial, potentially explosive small-scale realities. Unless we begin now to apply social imagination to the problems of adaptation, unless we learn to prepare people for change and to cushion them against it, we condemn them—and ultimately ourselves—to the disease of change. Unless we take account of the adaptive limitations of the smallest, most important unit of all—the individual human organism—tomorrow will founder on future shock.

*This is the second of two articles on "Future Shock." The first appeared in February.*



## This is not a cigarette.



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## COUNTERREVOLUTION

the Chicago area, an outfit called the July Fourth Movement is on the rise. They made their first public appearance in March 1969, when they disrupted a conservative vs. SDS debate at the Wright campus of Chicago City College, shouting down Bernadine Dohrn, ex-national interorganizational secretary of SDS. ("Bernadine was so mad she handcuffed herself to a urinal in the men's room afterward," a YAF witness reported. "She does that every once in a while to get publicity. I don't know why. No one ever pays any attention unless he wants to use the urinal.")

Bill Mencarow, the Illinois state chairman of YAF, took the stage after the cops had ejected the July Fourth hecklers, disavowing any connection between their group and his own. Weeks later, several members of the movement invaded a party in the Edwardsville Holiday Inn, held after the opening session of YAF's Midwestern conference. They quickly handed out mimeographed sheets denouncing Mencarow as a traitor to the conservative cause. Then they ran like hell, the last infiltrator barely escaping a roundhouse swing of Brad Evans' right fist. A moment before, Evans had announced that nothing the SDS did would ever provoke him to violence. (The contradictory mood evident in Evans' words and behavior pervades the Right. Last April, baffled pacifists attending a get-out-of-Vietnam rally in New York's Central Park looked on while representatives of YAF and the National Youth Alliance engaged in a mass fistfight. Both groups had gone to the park to heckle the demonstrators but ran into each other first.)

Despite their comic aspects, such incidents illustrate the complexity of the relationships among far-right organizations. Spokesmen for the July Fourth outfit described themselves as members of the New Right movement. The New Right is a creation of Breakthrough, a Detroit youth group linked to the paramilitary Minutemen. Several months ago, Breakthrough became the Michigan arm of the National Youth Alliance, with its leader—Patrick Tifer, then a student at Wayne State University—briefly moving up to become national chairman of the NYA. His first official act was to expel Willis Carto from membership and denounce the Liberty Lobby as crypto-Nazi, thus creating a schism within a schism.

"The NYA has no connection at all with Liberty Lobby," said Doug Clee. It was two weeks before Patrick Tifer's surprise move and Clee, then chief NYA administrative officer, was supervising the mailing of pamphlets and membership applications to nearly 10,000 college students. The scene was a room in Liberty Lobby headquarters, a few blocks from the Capitol in Washington, D. C. The building has a giant steel eagle mounted

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over the front door. In addition to being chief administrative officer of the NYA (at the time, anyway), Clee was managing editor of *Liberty Letter*, the official Liberty Lobby publication. "The NYA just rents office space here," he said. "Lots of organizations do. The Friends of Rhodesia, for instance. No connection at all. Me? Oh, I took a leave of absence from my regular job to head up Youth for Wallace. When the kids decided to turn it into a permanent organization, I volunteered to help out. I feel that supporting young people is a duty."

"Most of our members were in YAF," he said over a cup of coffee. "They got fed up with it. YAF isn't daring enough. How can a decent conservative stay with a group that supports a liberal like Richard Nixon? Our kids have intelligence. They don't rationalize. They aren't afraid to say that the races are different. Not that we're anti-Negro. Far from it. I like to think we're doing more than others to help the Negro. You remember that old phrase, 'the white man's burden'? They don't use it much anymore. That's how I feel toward Negroes. The white man was wrong—unkind—to send the Negro out into an advanced civilization he'll never be able to handle. Those with the capacity to lead should assume the obligations that capacity gives them." Clee leaned across the table and clutched the listener's forearm. "I want to tell you something. Our kids aren't fooling around. They're ready to fight to the death for the honor of their country and the integrity of a constitutional republic. Most people think the end of the Vietnam war will bring peace. Don't you believe it. The liberals want peace so they can intervene in the Middle East. On which side?" He winked and relaxed his grip. "Which side do you suppose? Not that I'm anti-Semitic. I don't have anything against loyal American Jews. We have no business in the Middle East, that's all. Besides, how would you get supplies to the troops? They can't even handle it properly in Vietnam. Now that the Russians control the Suez Canal, we'd really be in trouble."

The Anti-Defamation League provided this reporter with the names of several NYA student leaders but had no record of their current addresses and telephone numbers. Doug Clee said he couldn't supply them. A few days later, the reason became evident: All had split with their Liberty Lobby sponsors. The rupture began during an NYA regional leadership conference held at a motel near Pittsburgh. The national officers of the group, veterans of Youth for Wallace, walked into the meeting room and discovered it to be packed with members of the Francis Parker Yockey Movement, a notorious anti-Semitic organization. The movement is named for the author of *Imperium*, a

racist tract once described as "slightly to the right of *Mein Kampf*."

"Drew Pearson ran an item on the conference, but he got things all mixed up," said one of the startled Wallacites. He was Dennis McMahon, a 19-year-old Fordham freshman. "He said the place was hung with Nazi banners. Oh, some of them wore jeweled swastika cuff links and the meeting began with everybody singing the *Horst Wessel Song*, but there weren't any banners. Anyway, we were already nervous about Willis Carto. He started a membership-drive contest with copies of *Imperium* as the prizes. We had trouble explaining that to the Jewish members." (Another witness to the meeting was less blasé: "Those guys scared the hell out of me. One of them was walking around with two loaded Lugers stuck in his belt. For God's sake, don't use my name!")

McMahon—plump, short, stolidly mannered—is the son of a post-office employee. He lives with his parents in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn. He says that his family approves of his political activities: "They're really proud when I'm on TV or somebody quotes me in the newspapers. That's one of the reasons I didn't want to get branded as a leader of the U. S. Hitler Youth. Neither did the other fellows. I guess we were pretty dumb where Carto was concerned. When the Youth for Wallace movement was getting started, we were broke. Carto stepped in and lent us \$40,000. After that, he tried to run everything. He must have been surprised when Pat Tifer turned on him. Pat was elected national chairman after we all pulled out to form our own National Youth Alliance. I don't know what will happen next. We've sent telegrams to J. Edgar Hoover and Representative Richard H. Ichord of the House Internal Security Committee, asking for an investigation of the whole thing. We haven't gotten any answers yet."

Without Carto's financial support, NYA quickly found itself \$50,000 in debt. Tifer was forced to sell the title and whatever tangible assets the group had to 38-year-old Louis Byers, who had organized for Wallace in 1968 and was a former area coordinator for the John Birch Society. Byers told *Washington Post* reporter Paul Valentine that the Birchers expelled him because of his "publicly racist" views. Byers deposed Patrick Tifer, and Doug Clee left to work full time for the Liberty Lobby. In its present incarnation, the National Youth Alliance defines itself as a "fighting movement" whose purpose is to crush radical student and black-power movements and also to assert the positive value of "Western destiny." The image of Francis Parker Yockey is proudly displayed in NYA's office, and his testament, *Imperium*, is well boosted by NYA publications.

With the fringe right expending its



energies in intramural wars, it's evident that—at least for the next academic year—Young Americans for Freedom will continue to dominate the conservative forces on campus. YAF's national chairman is Dave Keene, a 24-year-old law student at the University of Wisconsin.

Keene is, in some ways, typical of YAF members. Stocky and regular featured, he can discuss any phase of conservative politics with lucid, articulate precision. He is a native of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, where his father runs a tavern. Both his parents are registered Democrats and former organizers for the United Auto-workers union.

"YAF has made mistakes," Keene said. "Big ones. In a way, we were responsible, partly, for the rise of the New Left. They really got their start with the civil rights movement in the early Sixties. The basis of conservatism—our kind, anyway—is the idea that the rights of the individual are paramount. Logically, we should have led the drive for Negro equality, not ignored the whole issue." Questioned about current YAF programs to advance racial justice, he hesitated for a moment. "Well," he said, finally, "we support Nixon's black-capitalism idea. In the long run, that will do more good than all the welfare programs put together."

Like many college conservatives, Keene feels that the furor over SDS and black power is diverting Americans from the country's real troubles. "Except for tactics, we aren't far removed from the SDS on some points," he said. "We're both reacting against the liberal establishment, the superstate. That's the enemy. We just fight it in different ways. We usually have the more libertarian viewpoint, in fact. The New Left wants to abolish the draft in order to stop the Army from killing Communists. If the Vietnam war was against fascists and the SDS was in power, they'd draft their own grandmothers. YAF is for an all-volunteer military under any circumstances. We think conscription is a form of legalized slavery, a violation of individual rights."

There is one subject on which virtually every male college student—radical, liberal, noncommitted or conservative—agrees. He doesn't want to go into the Army. Conservatives have a special difficulty in justifying their feelings, however. No other faction is also shouting for total victory in Vietnam. Attempts to resolve the contradiction are sometimes logically tortuous. "The draft is actually holding the Army back technologically," New Jersey's Ralph Fucetola has said. "Without a guaranteed pool of manpower to draw on, the Pentagon would develop machines to do most of the fighting." But hadn't critics of Vietnam strategy argued that the Army was already using too many machines for such limited, anti-guerrilla combat? Fucetola: "They aren't the right machines!"

Keene is admittedly envious of one aspect of the New Left: "They have a sense of political community we can't match. They act together. I guess it's natural for a conservative to be basically a loner. A lot of the leftists—and moderates, too—complain that they've lost their identity, become numbers in a bureaucratic machine that ignores their needs. I never felt that, even when I was a freshman. I knew who I was. What difference did it make if most of my instructors didn't know who I was? The SDS recruits lots of members because they offer a smaller world of shared values within the university, a kind of refuge. Frankly, we don't and maybe we can't. It just isn't in our natures."

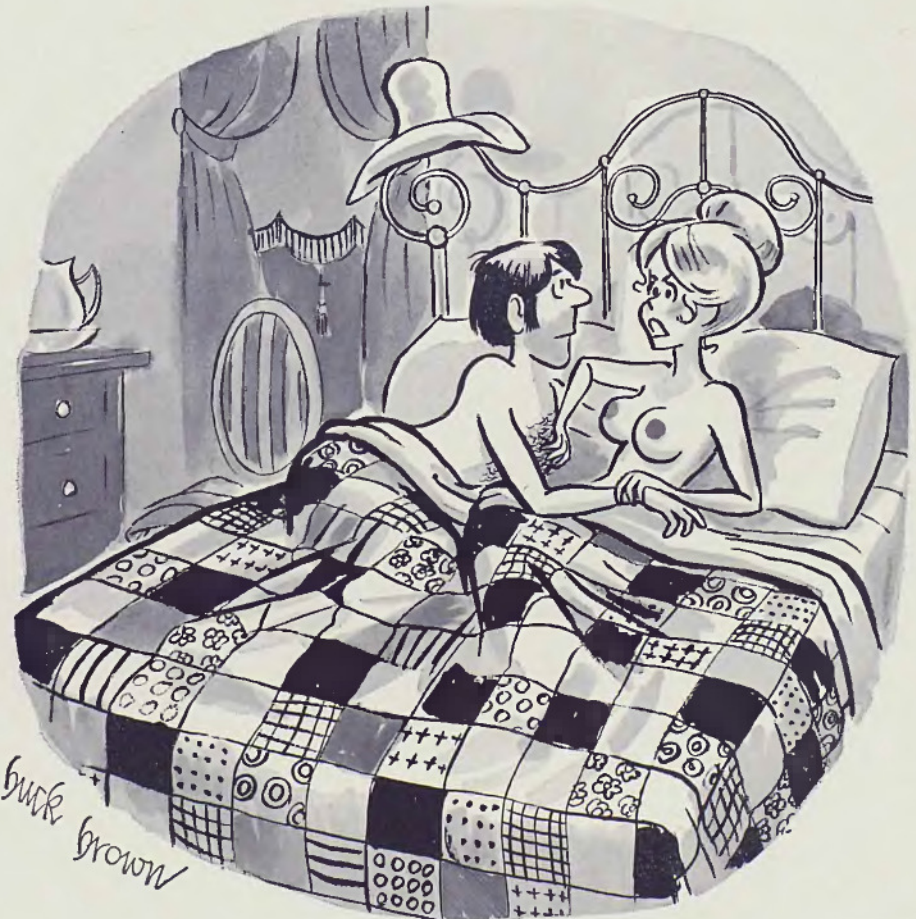
Not all college conservatives are as detached and theoretical as Keene. That evening, several members of the Madison chapter gathered for conversation and beer at the Brathaus, a restaurant near the campus. Possibly because it was raining, their mood was listless. It picked up when the door burst open to reveal a tiny, pale youth, accompanied by an equally diminutive blonde with shy blue eyes and a wistful smile. Their clothes were soaked, their hair plastered damply to their skulls.

"We've been putting up posters for the meeting tomorrow night," the young man said, heading for the table. He removed a sample poster from a plastic-wrapped bundle under his left arm, which was in a plaster cast up to the elbow. "Pretty good, eh? Silk screen. Took me hours to design it. Irene and I have been putting them up since six this morning. Didn't even stop when it rained."

"The meeting's been canceled," said the chapter's information officer.

A reporter sitting at the table expected the student to explode with anger on hearing the news so belatedly. Instead, he shrugged, casually threw away the remaining posters and sat down. "I infiltrate," he volunteered. "Irene here helps me. We've infiltrated lots of things. You name it and I'll infiltrate it. That's my thing. Infiltration." He went on to unfold a wild saga of deception, betrayed trust and quasi burglary, mitigated by a lack of guilt so total that it was almost charming. Here at last was the real thing—a freewheeling, life-loving, kick-'em-in-the-balls, all-American zany. And he was only 19 years old.

"Fred Blair," the infiltrator said with a cheery, lopsided grin. "He's the head of



"Nothing personal, Tex, but would you mind taking off your guns?"



the Communist Party in Wisconsin. Infiltrated his headquarters in Milwaukee this summer. Hung around for three weeks, stealing all kinds of papers. Turned 'em over to the FBI. Infiltrated the Young Socialist Alliance right afterward. I dated one of their leaders, got all kinds of valuable information." Irene's smile briefly disappeared. "Infiltrated the drug scene here at school. There's a hamburger joint down the street where all the real junkies hang out. Learned all about them, gave their names to the Madison police. Big bust. Last mayoral election, I was ward campaign manager for all three candidates. Really blasted the two I didn't like. Slapped their bumper stickers on the rear windows of cars, made telephone campaign pitches at one A.M., stuff like that."

He took a deep breath, downed half a stein of beer and held up his plaster cast for inspection. "Got this infiltrating the SDS. Went to one of their meetings a few weeks ago, started writing down the names of everybody there. Guy came over and said, 'You can't do that.' 'This is an open meeting on school property,' I said right back. 'Who's going to stop me?' Some son of a bitch turned out the lights. *Crrack!* They dislocated my thumb. Be in a cast for another three weeks. Chicago peace people had a big anti-Vietnam parade on Easter. Irene and I infiltrated the hell out of that one. Got there two days before the parade, went to the home of Mrs. Bit Lewis. Crazy name. She's a wheel in Women for Peace. Told her we were in town for the parade, had no money, no place to stay. She took us in for the night. Stole all her papers, turned them in to the Chicago police's Red squad."

Was Mrs. Bit Lewis a Red?

"Don't really know. Anyway, the Red squad took the stuff. Next night, we went to the house of Dr. Maxwell Primak, head of the Chicago Peace Council. Told him the same story and he took us in. Got away with the council's entire membership list. Really cut loose next day in the parade. They made us marshals, gave us official aprons and stuff. Every time we ran across somebody who looked like a sincere pacifist, we threw him out of the parade. Figure it must have created a lot of resentment. When I'm not infiltrating, I keep busy other ways. Like ripping down SDS and black-militant posters. You know, they actually staple those things to trees! Got a lot of fine old trees on this campus. Put enough staples in a tree and it'll die. I'm a conservationist as well as a conservative." His expression saddened. "I hardly ever have enough time to take out the staples after I rip down a poster. It's a shame."

Half an hour later, he and Irene left the Brathaus, with their joined hands

swinging, the way Donald O'Connor and Janet Leigh used to do it in those old college musicals. One student stared after them, admiration in his eyes. "You know," he said, "if we had ten more like him, we'd really be in business."

If YAF has a true cultural hero at the moment, it is probably Phillip Abbott Luce. During the early Sixties, he was a leader of the Maoist-oriented Progressive Labor Party, editing their monthly magazine. In 1963 and 1964, the Government indicted him for leading illegal student trips to Cuba. He was acquitted both times. Born in Springfield, Ohio, he holds an M. A. in political science from Ohio State. Besides lecturing frequently on campuses, he writes a column for *The New Guard*, YAF's monthly publication, and is the co-author of *The Intelligent Student's Guide to Survival*, a witty manual on methods of coping with college rebellion. He had lived in La Jolla, California, but has moved recently to Washington, D. C., and is currently Director of College Services for YAF.

The highlight of YAF's Middle Atlantic regional conference was a cocktail party for Luce, held in New York's Commodore Hotel. It was sparsely attended, probably because of the ten-dollar admission price, too steep for most of the student delegates. The guest of honor arrived late, having been trapped for two hours in a holding pattern over Kennedy airport. Understandably, he headed straight for the liquor table, trailed by his lovely, olive-skinned wife.

Luce is a lean, slightly stoop-shouldered man with curly, long-sideburned, reddish-brown hair and eyes that manage to be simultaneously wary and probing, a tough combination. Several Scotch and sodas later, he discussed the reasons for his political about-face. "It wasn't the complicated, soul-searching business people imagine," he said. "I was just too damned young when I went into the P. L. P. I rose fast, because they didn't have anybody else in those days. It was their mistake to give me so much responsibility. Later, when I'd split, they accused me of being a bourgeois radical. I think they were right. I've always been a libertarian first. I got fed up with the P. L. P. when I realized it was becoming a totalitarian movement. In lots of ways, YAF isn't that much different from the New Left." (He had a point. At a conference business meeting that afternoon, Ralph Fucetola had introduced a resolution advocating the legalization of LSD and prostitution. It was tabled.)

The day before, club-swinging cops had temporarily put down the first New Left strike at Harvard. "They're doing the same dumb things all over again," Luce commented in disgust. "And now the politicians are cooking up bills to outlaw SDS. All cops and repressive laws

do is radicalize more students. Out in California, older people actually get mad when YAF says the students themselves should stop the radicals, the way Harvey Hukari—he's the YAF chairman at Stanford—and his people recaptured a building from the SDS several months ago. Every time I'm on television, I get phone calls from middle-aged women who say: 'College students are too young to understand these matters. Leave it to the police.' Jesus! You know what conservatives in California are really uptight about? Sex education! They're crazy mad to stamp out sex education. I told one guy: 'Buddy, soon you will be able to stop worrying about sex education. All the schools will be burned down.'"

Campus conservatives aren't nearly as respectful of their elders as most people believe. Stanford's Harvey Hukari, Jr., is a case in point. Physically, he looks farther left than Mark Rudd—shoulder-length hair, Mao jacket, cord bell-bottoms, etc. "It makes me a little more difficult for the SDS to attack," he said, going on to rap Max Rafferty, California's state superintendent of education, an idol of the Old Right: "I don't object to Rafferty politically. I object to him aesthetically. All that flag waving. Rafferty and Joe Pyne [a West Coast TV and radio personality] are examples of people we don't need. What we do need are people with style and wit, people who are hip to the media. Like Jerry Rubin."

Later in the evening, Phil Luce grew more somber. "You know what I'm afraid of?" he said. "Becoming a professional ex-Communist. They won't admit it, but lots of New Leftists go into a slump when they're out of school. There isn't any adult apparatus, like the old-style Communist Party, to keep their interest up. A while back, I had a public debate with Bettina Aptheker. You remember—she was the queen of the Progressive Labor Party a few years ago. I could see she just wasn't having fun anymore, standing there spouting the same old crap. She has a husband and a baby now. You settle down when you have a baby. I hardly had the heart to attack her."

Luce's own noticeably pregnant wife wandered over. They were married after meeting at a YAF convention. "Tell him about your mother," she teased. When Luce winced in embarrassment, she went on: "His mother made him get a haircut when she and my father-in-law came out to visit last month. It was right down to his coat collar. She came in and said, 'Phil, you head straight to the barber-shop this minute.'"

"I hadn't seen my father in eight years," Luce cut in. "He owns a drugstore in Illinois. We had a fight when I joined P. L. P. Now we're reconciled."

Barbara Luce smiled her approval. "We're thinking of moving to Mexico.



Phil wants to do some real writing. Non-political. Besides, I'm awfully nervous in La Jolla. The radicals are carrying guns out there now and they all hate Phil. They follow me around when I research his articles at the University of California in San Diego. He keeps changing his appearance—different hair styles, a beard sometimes—to fool them. I'd really be less nervous in Mexico."

Luce's account of his difficulties with older West Coast conservatives hinted at YAF's greatest source of frustration. In the words of political historian George Pentz: "No creature on the globe has more contempt for the young than the successful American businessman." For all the bumper stickers and posters and buttons, YAF remains virtually unknown outside the colleges. Part of the resulting pain is financial. The organization, according to its leaders, has more trouble raising money than does SDS. At times, YAF members almost seem to envy the fear and confusion generated in the adult community by the New Left, since fear and confusion at least indicate a perverse kind of respect. "I've had dozens of debates with leftists like Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis and Paul Krassner," Dave Keene said resentfully. "A lot of the programs were set up by business and professional groups. You can imagine how I felt when I learned most of them were paying the radicals \$1000 to appear and I was getting only \$250. I turn the fees over to charity, anyway, but it still burned me up. Now I insist on the same amount the left receives."

The problem was visible on another level during the Edwardsville conference. The restaurant and cocktail lounge at the Holiday Inn became saturated with hostility whenever a large number of YAF delegates appeared. The older guests—middle-aged married couples, businessmen, prosperous-looking farmers—just didn't know who those chattering, pamphlet-waving kids were. And they suspected the worst. The reaction was almost epileptic in two burly, balding men who seemed to be semipermanent occupants of the bar. At the very sight of a YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM badge, their faces knotted with anger. That the words young and freedom could be applied to an organization defending a great many things they held dear was clearly beyond their comprehension.

Their fears were confirmed when a dapper young Negro and a white reporter wearing YAF badges—required for admission to the formal sessions—sat down at the bar. Larry Sumner, 21, is an education major at Southern Illinois University. The son of a school custodian in nearby Cahokia, he was attending the conference to plug his candidacy for president of the university's Young Republicans. He did not belong to YAF. (The organization has a few black members,



*"What's nice about being king is I dish it out but I don't have to take it!"*

but none of them were on the campuses visited by the reporter.) "I just don't believe you can have real civil rights progress without order," Sumner said, after ordering a Coke. "That's why I supported Nixon. I think he'll fulfill his word to blacks. No one expects much from him. A man in that position can accomplish more than someone who's promised people the impossible."

Asked if he had considered joining YAF, Sumner frowned slightly. "I don't know," he began. "They have some good people, but—"

Before he could finish the remark, one of the staring businessmen left his companion at the other end of the bar, sat down next to Sumner and prodded the student's YAF badge with a heavy forefinger. "Do you mind very much if I ask you somethin'?" he said in the unctuously polite tone that often precedes a punch in the mouth. "What is this outfit, anyway? You gonna tell me?"

"Glad to," Sumner said. "The Young Americans for Freedom is an organization of college students dedicated to advancing the cause of civil libertarianism and reducing—or, preferably, eliminating—the power of the state to control the national economy."

The man squinted. It sounded like communism to him. Then he nodded curtly and returned to his friend. The stage whispers began immediately: "God-damned radicals coming in where they're not wanted. . . . This black-power shit has gone too far. . . . Ought to round up the whole lousy bunch and—"

Besides hinting at one reason for Larry Sumner's not having joined the Young Americans for Freedom, the incident illustrated anew the paradox that dogs every campus conservative. He is just as alienated from mainstream U.S. culture as the sandal-wearing, bearded leftist he derides. YAF leaders repeatedly emphasize that they share enemies with the New Left. Five years ago, most right-wingers would have been keelhauled before making such an admission. But it is now literally true—although the character of the enemy exists mainly in the eye of the beholder. To Tom Hayden and Eldridge Cleaver, university administrations and the Federal Government are dominated by bland, hypocritical front men for capitalist imperialism, veiled racial hate and a fascist military. To Dave Keene and Phil Luce, the same establishment figures are whining liberals out to crush individual initiative and, perhaps unintentionally, lay the groundwork for a Communist take-over. Both factions agree that symptoms of disease exist, disagree on the nature of the malady—but are often curiously close when proposing a cure. The unlimited personal "libertarianism" of the farthest-out YAF cliques would create a society virtually identical to that envisioned by the New Left's dreamier anarchists. Behind both philosophies lies a profound—if confused and semiarticulate—distrust of every phase of economic, social and political life in America. In short, the center had better watch the hell out.



## SWINGING ON THE STARS

(continued from page 154)

of his famous congeniality charts haven't turned out too well, e.g., Linda Christian and Tyrone Power, Zsa Zsa and George Sanders, Arlene Dahl and several calamities. Nor did his prediction that Leo-born Leo Durocher, then managing the Giants, would "have an extremely good year." The Giants finished in fifth place that season; but as astro-observer Robert Wallace puts it: "It is no crime to coat the old pill with moonshine instead of sugar."

Though Righter dauntlessly coats the pill with publicity, charm, courtesy and innate cunning, it is no mere planetary placebo with him. "I take my work dead seriously," he says, "and when it doesn't help someone, I am very, very sorry. When I was told, at 14, that I should be an astrologian, I thought it was idiotic, but after 16 years of study, I believed. Mother said, 'I have hatched a duckling.' Well, *quack, quack*. I love people. All my life I have wanted to help people. The more people who can be told about astrology, and convinced, the better. I always say, 'The stars impel, they do not compel.' And what you make of your life is largely up to you. Everyone is reaching for something. I don't think people can be astrosocial and still be communistic, and I feel I've been helpful in that respect. Astrology fascinates and aids. Even those who say, 'I don't believe in that stuff' usually add, 'but I'm a Virgo. Tell me about *me*.'" Pappy very much wanted to tell Marilyn Monroe about *her*, but admits he was on the wrong astral frequency: "I told her that she was born under the sign of Gemini, the same as Judy Garland, Roz Russell and Errol Flynn. She looked at me as if I were crazy and said: 'I know nothing about *them*. I was born at the same time as Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman and Queen Victoria!'"

"Nine out of every ten people you meet today can tell you their sun sign," says Sydney Omarr, who is known in the trade as "the astrologer's astrologer." Like Righter, Hollywood-based Omarr counsels the stars (Kim Novak, Jennifer Jones, et al.), is syndicated world-wide (about 225 papers) and hires mathematicians to draw up a client's chart, because that part of astrology bores him. Unlike Righter, Omarr's astrological diggings and several surprisingly solid books have drawn critical orchids from reputable writers, fellow astrologers and even scientists. After years of personal abuse and professional obloquy, he was considerably bolstered by the admission of the late John J. O'Neill, Pulitzer Prize-winning science editor of the late *New York Herald Tribune*, that "astrology is one of the most important fields for scientific research today, and one of the most neglected. . . . No stigma of any kind

should be associated with it in the mind of any scientist or layman."

While O'Neill admitted that "we know very little about the array of forces that are impinging on the earth" from afar, he concluded: "The hypothesis of the astrologers that different [terrestrial] effects will be produced by different configurations of the heavenly bodies is entirely consistent with modern developments in the field of chemistry, in which the properties of substances are stated in terms of the architectural configurations of the atoms within the molecules, and with the theories of the atom physicists that the properties of the atoms are associated with the orbital architecture of the electrons."

Though that is hardly the sort of stuff guaranteed to capture the imagination of the average fellow, it goes a long way toward shoring up the battered egos of beleaguered astrologers and dissipating the lunatic fringe's effect on the so-called pseudo sciences, or, in Omarr's argot, "scientific arts." And he has practiced them all, from reading palms at \$100 a throw in Bricktop's Mexico City boite to writing an eight-dollar book based on astrological and numerical symbolism (now in its eighth edition). He is the only member of the Armed Forces ever assigned full-time duty as an astrologer: Omarr was serving in the Air Corps on Okinawa when he accurately forecast the end of the War in the Pacific and predicted F. D. R.'s fourth-term election and death in office. The Armed Forces Radio immediately borrowed him to create a show in which he charted and analyzed horoscopes of hundreds of Servicemen, drawing the paunchiest mailbags of any show on Government airwaves.

He is even more in demand on radio and TV today, but the National Association of Broadcasters technically bars Omarr's appearance on member stations with a fusty code that says: "Program material featuring fortunetelling, occultism, astrology, phrenology, palm reading, numerology, mind reading or character reading is unacceptable when presented for the purpose of fostering belief in these subjects." Nevertheless, Four-Star International, currently shooting a half-hour TV pilot around Omarr, hopes to circumvent the code with the same disclaimer used by Carroll Righter's radio sponsors: "This program is being presented solely for your entertainment and is not intended to foster a belief in astrology."

Actually, Sydney Omarr has done as much as anyone to deflect the ridicule that traditionally is heaped upon the horoscope by the establishment sciences. He admits that the daily forecasts, on which many astrologers must depend for a living, are far "too general and superficial" to work. But most are based only

on the sun sign, and he is one of the few who takes the time to use the position of the moon and other planets in relation to each sign. "I cause amusement, but I don't cause harm. I never found anyone who did anything *but* benefit by astrology, if only to get a laugh." Moreover, he does not claim the planets have the power to *cause* events to occur nor to cause people to respond the way they do. "What we do claim is that there is a correspondence, a coincidence between the planetary patterns and mundane actions, reactions, events. Jung uses the term synchronicity. There *is* a synchronicity. We don't know why this should be. But it happens so often that it is a reliable indicator. Prediction per se is skating on thin ice. Astrology merely points the way to self-knowledge."

As the accumulated "knowledge" of the effect on man of all forces bombarding him from outer space, astrology has made herculean efforts to point the way since the beginning of time. In prehistory, the heavenly processions were doubtless studied for signs that might give some sensible form to man's intuitions, his psychic rumblings and sneaking suspicions of the cosmic order. Ruth Oliver, board member of the American Federation of Astrologers, a Vassar dropout and authority on ancient astrology, says that according to Mesopotamian tradition, the zodiac was discovered between 8000 B.C. and 6000 B.C., "at which time the winter solstice was the beginning of the year and the sun appeared against the constellation of Aries at that moment of the year."

Sometime between 4000 B.C. and 2000 B.C., the beginning of the year was changed to the vernal equinox, "when the sun appeared at that time of year against the constellation of Taurus," which marked the beginning of the worship of the bull in various parts of the world, notably Egypt. The ancients made constant adjustments "as new constellations slipped into place behind the equinoctial and solstitial positions," says Miss Oliver, but even this so-called evolving zodiac got its final polish around 1850 B.C. It was, she says, virtually the same zodiac that Ptolemy used almost 2000 years later and that is still in use today.

Along the way, the study of the heavens went through hell. A bloody shame in some societies, it became a bloody faith in others. It was not unusual, says another astrohistorian, for a major event in the heavens to be acknowledged by "a ritual murder rivaling the blood baths of the Aztecs." By the time of the Babylonian Empire, astrologers were considered the wisemen of the ancient world and archaeological evidence indicates that they founded the first universities, arranged the first calendars, became the first astronomers and mathematicians and physicians and built the first skyscrapers (the fabled ziggurats, or observatories) above the





*"If you would get home on time, I wouldn't  
have to entertain your friends!"*



Chaldean plain. Every Assyrian king employed astrologers. The Greeks adapted the same solar zodiac and ascribed to the planets those Olympian names which the Romans promptly changed to their own corresponding gods.

The Bible remains filled with astrological symbolism; and although the Catholic Church ultimately outlawed astrology, the Vatican is said to have the biggest astrolibrary in the world; and the Pope still bathes in a tub inlaid with the 12 zodiacal signs. In the Second Century A.D., Ptolemy wrote a fascinating source book on astrology called *Tetrabiblos*, in which he predicted all sorts of dire fates ("death by beheadings," "death by the halter or scourge") for those who ignored the malefic angles and aspects of their charts. But he also treated the more benign subject of astronometeorology ("Venus in Virgo brings rains and favors the crops of Amurru"), the principles of which are still written into the *Farmer's Almanac* and employed by scientists in predict-

ing weather conditions in the ionosphere.

During medieval times, astrology survived in the monasteries, of all places; and not a few of the Renaissance Popes hired astrologers on a full-time basis. Writers from Chaucer to Dante and from Shakespeare to Goethe loaded their poems and plays with astrosymbols (though Dante ultimately came to call his faith "the Love which moves the sun and other stars," not the other way around). During the 16th Century, Nostradamus cradled his predictions in cunning little conundrums to titillate the three kings he served, and they have since been interpreted to explain the fire of London, the rise of Cromwell, the birth of Napoleon, the French Revolution and both World Wars.

Galileo struck "the royal art" a near-fatal blow when he proved with his telescope in 1613 that Copernicus was right: The earth did revolve around the sun. The resulting astronomy-astrology breach has never been closed, though astrologers

—holding fast to their Aristotelian, earth-centered horoscope—claim that they have been vindicated by Einstein's theory of relativity, with its assumption of a point of reference that, says Ruth Oliver, "may shift according to the convenience and the intention of the observer, and from which one may observe the apparent movements of other bodies." In short, the earth is as functional a point of reference as the sun for contemplating the cosmos.

But between Galileo and Einstein, Western astrology had its own Dark Ages, in which it was dismissed as a superstition at worst, at best a fossil science for fossil historians. And except for part-time poetic dabblers such as William Butler Yeats, it was practiced mostly as a secret art until Catherine Thompson's short-lived vogue in Boston and Evangeline Adams' gaudy one all over the Eastern seaboard. To her Carnegie Hall *salon* came artists, writers, students, Enrico Caruso and J. P. Morgan, her most famous client. She was thrown off radio for making a prediction about the kidnaped Lindbergh baby.

But Miss Adams is best known for having tested an archaic New York law that classed astrologers with "acrobatic performers, circus riders, men who desert their wives and people who pretend to tell fortunes." Armed with "a mass of evidence that reached as far back as the Babylonian seers," she marched into court charged with fortunetelling and marched out again with an acquittal. Fortunetelling is still illegal in New York, but astrologers are no longer prosecuted and even advertise their prowess in the Yellow Pages, a practice still prohibited in most U. S. cities.

Benjamin Franklin gave astrological advice in his *Almanack* and Theodore Roosevelt kept his engraved natal chart on the chessboard near his White House desk. In 1922, Marc Edmund Jones, the dean of U. S. astrologers and the first (but, alas, hardly the last) to utter the classic cliché "It works," made a spectacular prediction: In the fall of 1942, when Neptune entered Libra, a cataclysmic event would alter the course of history. And, sure enough, in the fall of that year, the atomic age was born with the first laboratory-controlled nuclear reaction.

Practically everyone claims to have predicted John Kennedy's assassination; and, for some reason, astrologers continue to marshal gratuitous tons of unscientific and often contradictory evidence to illustrate the accuracy of their forecasts of this tragic event. The day before the President was shot, the New York *Daily News's* astrologer, Constella (Shirley Spencer), walked out of a TV studio when pressed about the Kennedys, on whom she had just done horoscopes. "All of the charts showed a severe disturbance," she explained later. "[Jack] had had an eclipse on his Saturn. He had



"He claims he was only nibbling her ear and attempting to look down her dress. So, it's up to you to prove he was cheating, Briggs."



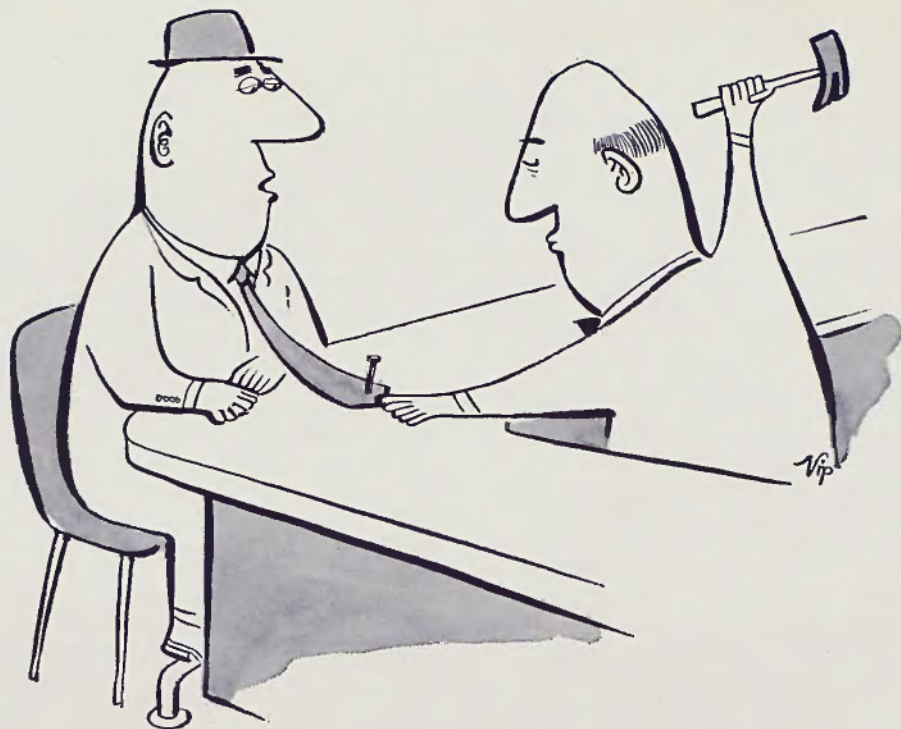
taken office under the fatal conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter. I was afraid."

As early as 1958, and again in 1959, crack astrologer Carl Payne Tobey predicted that the next President would die in office. Carroll Righter lamely claims that just before J. F. K. died, he warned Robert Cummings, "who had the same signs and aspects as the President," to be careful. (Nobody shot at Cummings.) And as she seems fond of pointing out, Jeanne Dixon, the seeress of D. C., forecast back in 1956 that "a blue-eyed Democratic President," elected in 1960, would die in office; but as astro-watcher Richard Armstrong points out, she marred it by predicting in 1960 that brown-eyed Richard Nixon would win, a matter that seems to have been overlooked in the best seller about her sooth-saying successes.

When they are asked about predic-tions that go wrong, astrologers' eyes tend to glaze over and they manage to change the subject swiftly, knowing that more go wrong than right. End-of-the-world predictions, none of which, at least at this writing, has been realized, are as old as astrology itself, which is as old as time. Famous astrologers predicted world inundation by water for 1186 and 1524, both years of spectacular droughts. In 1939, the top British astrologers agreed unanimously that there would be no war: when it came, they predicted the end would come the following year with the end of Hitler. Constella predicted that Eisenhower would not be a candi-date for re-election in 1956 and admon-ished: "You'd better bet on a Democrat . . . the luckiest may be Averell Harri-man." Jeanne Dixon predicted that Wal-ter Reuther would be a candidate for the Presidency in 1964. And in 1966, Zoltan S. Mason predicted that when Jupiter transited through the zenith of Jackie Kennedy's birth chart in the summer of 1968, she would be "strongly in the public eye in connection with important assign-ments of political and diplomatic duties. But Jacqueline will not marry again. She belongs to her country. This is what the stars destined for her at the time of her birth."

From his Institute of Abstract Science in Tucson, Carl Tobey predicted that the war in Vietnam would end on De-cember 26, 1968 ("give or take a couple of days"), when the sun was square with the lunar nodes, and Jupiter and Uranus conjunct with the nodes. He saw Ronald Reagan as the likely Republican Presi-dential choice—"he's got the horoscope to shoot all the way through"—and looked for James Rhodes of Ohio to "play an important role in the campaign."

Yet today, with a coast-to-coast audi-ence fast approaching 10,000,000, Tobey remains unflappable. He feels that racial strife won't end until the closing days of 1970, when Neptune will have passed through its 14-year Scorpio cycle. "Then



*"You must be pretty hard up for customers."*

a very emotional religious revival will sweep the country," lasting another 14 years. As for 1970 politics, Spiro Agnew "can have poetical moments of confusion and should be on guard against off-the-cuff remarks that can be misunderstood. Hubert Humphrey may be found run-ning around in multiple directions si-multaneously. Gerald Ford can have some real problems if he allows his re-sentments to build up. J. William Ful-bright doesn't have an easy road ahead—he should watch the health factor. Bar-ry Goldwater can be depended upon to do the unexpected. Ted Kennedy will be happier in private life. But he will con-tinue to leave too much to the public's imagination."

While predictions are the stuff that headlines are made on, Tobey feels deep-ly that "what people are seeking today is not predictions but understanding." His real love is the mathematical-scientific approach to astrology. "Astrology is a study of geometry," he says. "It is an acausal phenomenon. And a horoscope is the equivalent of a mathematical formu-la. It is the mathematical pattern accord-ing to which one human life functions. But we suddenly find ourselves classified not as scientists, philosophers or religious people but as entertainers. We are in show business."

In an effort to see that astrologers become better classified, Tobey has made exhaustive statistical studies. A sampling: In a survey of 91 hysterectomies, limiting himself to the study of aspects, he found that square aspects of the planets to

Mars (with which surgery has long been identified) were above chance expectan-cy. He studied 500 fat people and con-cluded that obesity is more common in Libra women than in any other. In 100 charts of premature widows, he found a preponderance of Mars-Uranus afflictions, concluding: "I know these women are sexual as hell and I strongly suspect they wore the men out. Death was their only escape. I warned one woman with a Mars-Uranus chart not to marry; she went ahead and her husband died the next morning." And in a survey of the sun signs of 100,000 people, he found that those born in winter were most likely to enter the professions (law, medicine, teach-ing), while those born near the summer solstice had a commerce-and-industry bent, with the Cancer male most likely to succeed.

Tobey is regularly consulted by Cali-fornia, Arizona and Texas millionaires and ranchers and by Wall Street broker-age firms; even the Foundation for the Study of Cycles at the University of Pittsburgh has sought his counsel on "extraterrestrial causes of cycles." He is proud to have sat at the desk of John Nelson of RCA-Communications "while he drew some diagrams and showed me how sunspots can be predicted by follow-ing the motions and aspects of the plan-ets." For more than 20 years, Nelson has, with more than 90 percent accuracy, pre-dicted disturbances in the earth's mag-netic field by studying planetary aspects. It was to Nelson that the Electronics Research Center of NASA turned when



faced with the problem of solar flares, which can now be predicted by studying the planets.

Tobey likes to remind skeptical astronomers that use of the planets to predict weather was advocated by Ptolemy in 150 A.D., adding: "Despite the fact that astronomers are open enemies of astrology on the surface, I have acted as an astrological advisor to a number of the most prominent astronomers in their personal lives—one of whom is conducting an astrology practice on the side in a large Midwestern university."

While astronomers may be astrologers' foremost enemies, they are hardly the most vociferous. USC psychologist Chaytor Mason indignantly contends, "You can find fairly strong belief in the subject by people who tend to be paranoid. Too, we are in a period of enormous social upheaval and flux, with the old cultural conventions breaking down. Freedom produces anxiety. So with increased freedom, you need other ways of seeking answers to problems of an indefinite future. Thus, many psychologists look upon the need for astrology as a sign of monumental insecurity; others go so far as to suggest even mental illness."

Dr. Charles Wahl, prominent analyst and professor of psychosomatic medicine at UCLA's Neuropsychiatric Institute, goes further: "I've seen astrology and the reliance on horoscopes do decided psychological harm, and my view corresponds with almost all scientifically educated persons, in that astrology is a system of belief maintained without any *shred* of scientific proof and, like all species of irrationality, it does, in the long run, incredible harm. It also gives charlatans an enormous advantage in preying on the minds of the easily influenced."

Though the American Federation of Astrologers, which requires members to take tests and sign a code of ethics, tries to police astrology's ranks, "to get rid of the frauds, fakers and pretenders," it is an uphill battle. As Ruth Oliver points out: "Fortunetellers put horoscopes in their tents to stay out of jail." Moreover, she feels that "it is unfair for psychologists to take a person who relies on astrology as a crutch as an indication of what astrology is all about. Astrology does not pretend to be psychology, but the psychologist often feels it gives a more rapid insight into a person and asks the astrologer for a chart of his patient."

She is correct. One New York psychoanalyst says: "I think a horoscope is more useful than a Rorschach test. The latter shows only a patient's condition at the time the test is taken. The horoscope reveals his basic psychological setup."

It was when he was doing psychological counseling of prisoners at San Quentin that an inspired eccentric named Gavin Arthur decided to employ astrology

much more if I could do their horoscopes, though I'd have undoubtedly been fired if anyone found out; but I always told them that heredity and environment play a large part, too. There are three ways to tell about a person: (1) from the genotype, that is, the genes in your making; (2) the shape of the macrocosm into which you emerge, setting its seal upon you, which is astrology; and (3) the environment you grow up in."

As the grandson of the 21st President of the U. S., the heredity and environment of Gavin Arthur—whose real name is Chester Alan Arthur III—were decidedly more signal than his astrology, which he has practiced among actors, artists, courtesans, dukes and camp followers since 1931. Alan Watts calls him the aristocrat of bohemians, and his museum apartment in San Francisco's Little Tokyo area is as colorfully disarrayed as his mind—vividly colored diagrams of cosmic principles transiting autographed photos of Walt Whitman, Woodrow Wilson and Ernest Hemingway, with Havelock Ellis conjunct Eleanor Roosevelt.

"Do you feel more like a lion than an intellectual spinster?" he asks a visitor, studying a chart with the sun in Virgo and 28 degrees of Leo rising. "You're sort of spread all over the place. You're not too yang or yin. If you were too yang, you'd be too masculine; if too yin, you'd be a dripping, nauseating Southern belle. You're quite flowing, mutable, gaseous. You have the moon in Capricorn in the fifth house, *not* a very romantic sign. The Jews are under it—it's the scapegoat sign. With a badly aspected sun and a beautifully aspected Neptuna—Neptune is incorrect, because the sea is feminine—you might die of some sort of cold through dampness, particularly wet feet. My grandmother just missed being the First Lady, but she got wet feet and died. Feet are your Achilles' heel. You were not too good a person in your last life and have to pay a certain amount of karma for it in this life—as you sow, so shall you reap."

The astrologer's preoccupation with the Hindu concept of karma and reincarnation is well known, and Arthur fervently believes he last lived in the 13th Century, "until I was trampled to death on the steps of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde in Marseilles. I was the son of the Count de Provence and, since I wanted to be close to the daughter of Necromancer, the forbidden alchemist and astrologer, I took lessons from him. I saw her recently in her current incarnation and she said: 'It's so wonderful to be with you after all these centuries.'"

Around the Bay Area, Arthur is best known as the author of an astrosexology book titled *The Circle of Sex*, which he wrote while casting horoscopes and sell-

ing newspapers on Market Street—except when old friends such as Tallulah Bankhead came around. She would trundle him to her suite at the Huntington for champagne and caviar—and a little cosmic counseling on the side.

As readers of Alan Watts's December 1965 PLAYBOY article, *The Circle of Sex*, will recall, it was his astrologer's passion for classifying people by the signs of the zodiac that gave Gavin the notion that there are 12, not two, sexual types, and he handled them like the horoscope clock. "The circular sequence of sexual categories came to my first wife, Charlotte, and me when we were living in Dublin in 1924, and a Lesbian friend wrote from New York that she was contemplating suicide," he says as insouciantly as one remarking on the weather. "We had been talking to Yeats about astrology and theories of reincarnation and, at that time, we rather imagined that perhaps the poor girl might be born again with a real penis." As even the most unmythical can see, one does not really go to Gavin Arthur to have his chart delineated at \$50 a throw, but for entertainment without price.

Today, most respected astrologers see no conflict between their "scientific art" and heredity, free will, psychology or religion, but as a helpful adjunct to all passions and philosophies. "That astrologers often foretell the future is only possible because the majority of men follow their passions," wrote Saint Thomas Aquinas. "For it is precisely the basic drives of human nature that are influenced by the heavenly bodies." And by applying his will and intellect, man can presumably arrange his very life in harmony with the heavens. "The wise man controls his destiny," says Sydney Omarr, interminably. "Astrology points the way."

So, if Constella or Celeste or Madame Xavora Pové or Dame Sybil Leek or Madame St. George Calliope—or any other of the commercial soothsayers—tells you that the month opens with the new moon in Libra, making the worst possible aspects to the majority of the big planets and, at the same time, alas, Mars in Sagittarius goes into battle with Uranus, immediately withdraw every penny from your joint checking account and leave home at once; for—so goes the interpretation of these evil aspects—"this could have a serious effect on your financial condition and stir up trouble in your home and with your family." However—and forecasters are wonderful at equivocating and hedging their bets—if you have the good Venus ray in your sign and Jupiter passes into it, too, "this should ease your tension." So you might just as well stay home, after all, be nice to your colleagues and make love, if you can. With such a benefic aspect, you *could* be in horoscoped heaven.





## REVOLUTION (continued from page 140)

they do nothing but that, that's a benefit. But what they have to do, what all militants have to do is translate some of the rhetoric of militancy into some kind of reality; translate the slogans into a meaningful program that people can attach themselves to."

To a generation that has seen Fidel Castro and Ho Chi Minh stand off the massed power of what was advertised as the greatest military machine the world has ever known, the fantasy of a guerrilla war that would bring down the American system must not seem especially more unreal than any other youthful fantasy.

Boys who were brought up on the myths of the great American Revolution of 1776 now take their dates to see *If . . .*, an English film that ends with kids spraying machine-gun bullets across the schoolyard. The movie, like the fantasy, goes no further. The adult, who knows that when sexual dreams become real babies are conceived (barring contraception), wonders what fruit this revolution would bear if it should ripen suddenly into success.

Unfortunately, no Declaration of Independence has yet emerged. There is a Times Square of flashing slogans fighting for attention, but no one has organized the riot of demands into a single, eloquent document stating the nature of the complaint. Even further away is anything resembling a draft of a constitution. As a result, it is easy for those who wish to do so to dismiss the whole business as chaotic anarchy, the delusional ravings of adolescent lunatics.

"I have a certain emotional sympathy for them," said the late Max Eastman, a Socialist and an authority on the Bolshevik rebellion, "but they are rather pathetic, because they have no plan. They just seek a revolution for its own sake."

In a widely publicized speech given at Swarthmore College in 1967, George F. Kennan, former ambassador to the Soviet Union and Yugoslavia and a member of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, stated the establishment position. His address, later reprinted in *The New York Times Magazine* and in *Reader's Digest*, as well as in his book *Democracy and the Student Left*, read, in part:

I submit that if you find a system inadequate, it is not enough simply to demonstrate indignation and anger by mass defiance of established authority. You have the obligation, it seems to me, of saying in what way this political system should be modified, or what should be established in place of it to assure that its workings would bear a better relationship to people's needs and people's feelings.

If the student left had proposals

for the constructive adaptation of this political system to the needs of our age, and if its agitation took the form of reasoned argument and discussion, then many of us could view its protests with respect. But when we are offered, as the only argument for change, the fact that a number of people are angry and excited, then we of my generation can only recognize that such behavior bears a disconcerting resemblance to the origins of totalitarianism. We have no choice but to rally to the defense of a public authority with which we cannot conceivably dispense.

To this kind of argument, former SDS president Carl Oglesby countered in *Containment and Change*, "The fundamental revolutionary motive is not to construct a Paradise but to destroy an Inferno."

When Tom Hayden was interrogated by the House Un-American Activities Committee, special counsel Frank Conley asked, "Is it your present aim to seek the

destruction of the present American democratic system?"

"That is a joke," Hayden replied.

"I am asking you, sir," Conley said.

"Well, I don't believe the present American democratic system exists," Hayden explained. "That is why we can't get together, to straighten things out. . . . I believe that you have destroyed the American democratic system—by the existence of a committee of this kind."

"When I was growing up, our country was the best in the world, as far as I was concerned," Tommy Smothers has said. "I mean, there was nobody that was going to do anything better than us. Then came Sputnik. It was the biggest shock I'd ever had. I thought, 'What the hell is that? That's not supposed to happen. We have more telephones, more cars, the best scientists.'"

"A crack began to appear in the national ego. Since then, the whole fabric has begun to fray. All these lies—the U-2, the Gulf of Tonkin, the whole war—have destroyed our willingness to believe in anything. For the ones who are younger than us, the college kids, may-



"Never mind the collar—the tights, man, the tights!"



be there was no willingness to believe in the first place."

In the Lion's Head, a saloon near the offices of *The Village Voice* in Greenwich Village, Paul Gorman, who wrote speeches for McCarthy, talked about the funeral of Robert F. Kennedy:

"Tom Hayden and I and Joe Krangle, this big boss from Erie County, stood by Kennedy's casket for a half hour. Tom Hayden cried and people put him down for crying. I didn't cry.

"It occurred to me then that what you got in the last eight or nine years is the first generation of people who realized that it wasn't getting better all the time in America. All of a sudden, between 1958 and 1968, a whole bunch of people realized that it's getting worse."

In a letter from Mexico City in July 1963, novelist Thomas Pynchon wrote:

From the time we were little kids, they brainwashed us with all kinds of jive about how lucky America was, is and will continue to be, world without end, amen, and how lucky we were to be living in it. They taught us Dr. Johnson's line ass backward, that there is much to be enjoyed, little to be endured, and we, saps and too young to know any better, believed it.

So, sure, when we run into things like hate, and ICBMs and cancer, it seems like too much to endure. And if enough evil and misfortune succeeds in piling around us like a heap of shit till it's up to our necks, and then some cat walks up, unzips his fly and prepares to piss on us, and it becomes a choice of whether to take it or duck, or to get out of the game completely, we not infrequently choose out.

Older people, like the Negroes we've put down for 300 years, have not forgotten that might makes right and talk is cheap. It is interesting that Negroes in America have survived indignity, pain, hunger, sickness and poverty of a sort and depth that would have driven most whites to suicide. I think it's because they never got a chance to start conning themselves, because it's root hog or die from the minute the cord is cut. It is something we can learn from them, maybe, if we're hip enough.

"I curse this country every day of my life, because it made me hate it and I never wanted to," SNCC veteran Mendy Samstein told Jack Newfield in 1965. The flag covered too many corpses, he felt, not only Schwerner, Chaney, Goodman, Medgar Evers and John F. Kennedy but also the anonymous ones who never got to be famous even in death, the Emmett Tills no one ever heard of.

According to novelist John Speicher, after the death of John F. Kennedy, "Young Americans began looking for

new heroes who could stake out new attitudes, attitudes that would not be subject to total ruin by the caprice of fortune." They began to demand a new conception of truth.

"Truth," said Dave McReynolds of the War Resisters League, "is never abstract. It is always concrete." Reality is expressed not by ideas but by people. The calendar is the list of celebrations of the birthdays of heroes. Each day has its own saint. Some of them, like Jesus Christ, are strong enough to make their influence felt throughout the entire society. The radical and New Left young demand that the calendar be changed. They feel it is time for their heroes to be on television. They want their saints—Ché, Martin Luther King, Bobby Kennedy, Jack Kennedy, Malcolm X—to be the names on the calendar.

"It is important for people to have a tradition," said Harry Edwards. "Integration has meant, 'Nigger, you get like me, because what you are is nothing.' For a long time, blacks bought this. They'd go to the movies and pull for Tarzan against the natives. They felt that the whites were right in turning down the 12 black women offered in exchange for one blonde-haired white woman by the tribal chief in *King Kong*.

"I remember sitting in the movies in California in 1963 and blacks actually laughed, 'He going to trade them 12 things for that woman?' They were pulling for the white folks.

"Every black church that you go into, with few exceptions, is white oriented. Jesus is white. Mary is white. The angels are white. The first thing the Negro preacher wants to do is tell you as a black person that as soon as you die and go on the other side of Jordan, God is going to wash you whiter than snow.

"No one can love and respect anything until he loves and respects himself. Let's recognize that we are not just dealing with Americans of a different color when we are dealing with Afro-Americans. We are dealing with an entirely different heritage, an entirely different American experience, entirely different problems.

"Let's develop education aimed not at teaching people how to make a living but at teaching people how to live."

Edwards' message is understood very well by those young white students who, like the blacks, somehow will not or cannot fit neatly into the American ideal. For a variety of reasons, they feel like strangers in their own land, either because they do not think right or because they do not look right.

"I see things other people don't see," Bob Dylan once said. "I feel things other people don't feel. It's terrible. They laugh. I felt like that my whole life.

"My friends have been the same as me—people who couldn't make it as the high school football halfback junior chamber of commerce leader fraternity

boy truck driver working his way through college. . . . I couldn't do any of those things, either. All I did was write and sing, paint little pictures on paper, dissolve myself into situations where I was invisible.

"I just didn't care what anyone looked like, just as long as they didn't think I was strange."

It is a condition observed not only in the United States but also throughout the Western world. "A child born in the United Kingdom today stands a ten-times-greater chance of being admitted to a mental hospital than to a university," British psychiatrist R. D. Laing wrote in *Ikona*, "and about one fifth of mental-hospital admissions are diagnosed schizophrenic. This can be taken as an indication that we are driving our children mad more effectively than we are genuinely educating them. Perhaps it is our very way of educating them that is driving them mad."

The radical prescription for curing the madness is to change the rules, redefine how a person is taught to judge himself. Instead of teaching our children to hate themselves, they propose that we teach them to love themselves. Instead of a rigid, central and authoritarian ideal, let us have one that is flexible, individual and permissive. Instead of forcing them to produce objects, let us allow them to produce joy.

"You start with the view that man is basically productive and creative," Abbie Hoffman said. "If he's given more and more freedom, this productivity and creativity will come to the surface. It should never be defined as work.

"Work is something that's necessary for a capitalist system. That kind of separation—this is your work, this is your religious life, this is your play area, this is your love life, this is your family—is necessary in a capitalist society, because then you can have consumers out there and you can cater directly to them. This product is for the women; this is for the black people; this is for the young; this is for the workers.

"Under capitalism, you have clean work and dirty work. You ask, 'Who's going to want to pick up the garbage?' You never ask, 'Who's going to want to be a doctor?' That's clean work. You know there would be people who would dig that.

"When I was a psychologist, there was a salesman in group therapy who came in complaining, 'I hate this. I hate my work. I hate my boss. I hate everything about my job.' But after a couple of months, when we had plowed through all that shit, it turned out he really dug what he was doing. He liked the whole game of trying different pairs of shoes on ladies, looking up their dresses and everything, but he was programed in such a way that he couldn't like his work. People in a healthy state, in a



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**Take it, or leave it.**





healthy society, dig what they're doing.

"In Cuba, on the Isle of Youth, formerly the Isle of Pines, 20,000 youths live in a totally moneyless, free society. I don't say they don't *play* very hard. I hesitate to use the other four-letter word—work.

"They live very hard and they live with a very strong commitment, but cutting cane is not separate from dancing in the streets."

As the rebels see it, government has grown so enormous and the weight of laws so heavy that individual happiness—which is what the system was originally designed to nourish—is being crushed. The adults are convinced that we cannot survive without all this structure. Their children are willing to try.

In effect, all the young are told is, "Do what we say and you will be happy." This works as long as a child's definition of happiness is the same as his parents'. As soon as a sense of self begins to appear, there is conflict. At that point, the adult can begin to let the child do as he likes or say, "Do what we say or we will hit you." The dispute between the superpowers and their client nations is the same as the struggle between parent and child. The revolt of the black man in the United States is also. And, obviously, so is the rebellion on campus.

This does not necessarily mean, as sociologist Lewis Feuer has suggested, that radical students are striking at stand-ins for their own parents. Dr. Misha S. Zaks of the Northwestern University Medical School told the American Orthopsychiatric Association Convention in New York that a majority of the Yippies who demonstrated in Chicago expressed favorable attitudes toward their parents, who were described as nonauthoritarian.

It is possible that what they are doing is attempting to force the society—the national parent, the collective superego—to treat its children in the same way that their parents treated them. Significantly, Dr. Zaks reported, the parents of Yippies were in the higher educational and economic levels. Forty percent had annual incomes of \$15,000 or more.

Hayden, writing with Norm Fruchter and Alan Cheuse in the spring 1965 issue of *Studies on the Left*, outlined the goal:

"What we seek . . . is a thoroughly democratic revolution, in which the most oppressed aspire to govern and decide, begin to practice their aspiration and, finally, carry it to fulfillment by transforming decision making everywhere. . . . Power in America is abdicated by individuals to top-down organizational units, and it is in the recovery of this power that . . . a new kind of man emerges.

"This kind of man cannot be purchased, because his needs cannot be translated into cash; he cannot be manipulated, because it is precisely against manipulation that he has defined his rebellion."

In the Port Huron Statement, written mostly by Tom Hayden for the 1962 SDS convention in Port Huron, Michigan, there was faith that radicals could work through the established liberal institutions in bringing about the creation of participatory democracy, a social system that would have two central aims: "That the individual share in those social decisions determining the quality and direction of his life; that society be organized to encourage independence in men and provide the media for their common participation."

At the bottom, this is what all the fuss is about. Many people would undoubtedly assume that America long ago achieved at least this. Theoretically, we have. There are few radicals who would not agree that the Constitution of the United States, faithfully and literally observed, would provide as much freedom as anyone could handle. Those radicals, however, maintain that, in fact, there is little freedom for much of the population. The debacle of Chicago, 1968, they say, illustrated the reality faced daily by the powerless who attempt to make themselves heard.

To the people of the ghetto, the spectacle of the Chicago police beating up convention demonstrators was no surprise. It was unusual only because it was happening on television and it was happening to whites. For the most part, the protesters were voluntary niggers. By allowing their hair to grow long, they had discovered what it was like to live outside the established order. The film *Easy Rider*, in which two long-hairs are killed merely for being different, expressed the paranoia of the young, a paranoia epidemic among those who see the forces of law and order as agents of a system that encourages racism, disease, poverty, destruction of the environment and the suicide of the American national ethic in a war whose essential character, they feel, was revealed at Song My.

The young reformer, attempting to eradicate these evils and others, sometimes finds that they exist not by accident or by inertia but because they serve someone's interest. It has been estimated, for example, that American industry saves 22 billion dollars a year by paying black workers less than whites for equivalent jobs.

Even hunger is sometimes directly maintained by the profit motive. When George McGovern's special committee investigating hunger visited migrant labor camps in Immokalee, Florida, the Senators were shocked by the squalor of the housing and the starvation diets of the workers. Fat back, corn bread and string beans were the typical scant contents of refrigerators in the dilapidated shacks. According to *The New York Times*, Collier County officials have for years kept Federally aided food programs

out of the area because the aid might be too costly, because migrant farm workers might be tempted to settle down instead of moving on and because the poor might refuse to pick the crops if they received free food.

After a few experiences such as this, the concerned young are inclined to conclude that the institutions of our society serve not the people who do the work but the people who collect the profits. The next conclusion is that the institutions themselves stand in the way of freedom and ought to be destroyed. This is where the radical and the revolutionary part company. Not all radicals are convinced that the entire structure of society has to be torn down and totally rebuilt, but even those who continue to operate within the political process have a limited view of what can be done.

"I think you have to begin with the premise that politics can't cure the ailments of the human condition," said political writer Jack Newfield. "You have to begin with the understanding that people are going to commit suicide and take drugs and be sad under any social system—capitalism, socialism, corporate liberalism, welfare state, Cuba, China, anywhere. What politics can do is redistribute economic power.

"I think we have to make a revolution so that sharecroppers in Mississippi can join the rest of the society sitting in front of their TV sets drinking beer and belching, and feeling threatened by their children. They are entitled to that agony.

"I'm willing to build a democratic movement primarily through confrontation in the streets and only secondarily in candidates and politicians who are schooled in democratic and activist values. I'm willing to concede that this movement will not come to fruition in my lifetime. I think that the problem with the New Left is the desire for instantaneous results. I'm willing to have revolutionary patience."

Change is not always brought about by patient people, however. "The greatest advances in human consciousness," editorialized *The Avatar*, an underground paper published in Boston for several months in 1967, "are made by people who demand too much." The student rebels have been demanding too much for quite some time now, but their accomplishments have pointed the direction in which the country could go, once it realized that these were not loony visions but actual possibilities.

The Freedom Riders demonstrated to the black people of the South that they could sit anywhere they wanted on public transportation. They also made it possible for white Southern ladies to see that they weren't going to break out in sores if they sat next to a black person. The same was true for the lunch-counter sit-ins. The anti-war protesters proved that



# Heart Line by JULES FETTER

THE PHONE  
WOKE ME  
UP IN  
THE  
MIDDLE  
OF THE  
NIGHT-



AND THERE  
WAS THIS  
ANONYMOUS  
CALLER  
ON THE  
OTHER END  
CALLING ME  
DIRTY NAMES.

SO I  
WARMLY  
AND  
QUIETLY  
SAID TO  
HIM:  
"I  
LOVE  
YOU."



AND WITH A  
CATCH IN HIS  
VOICE, HE  
REPLIED:  
"THANKS. I  
NEEDED THAT."

AND THEN HE  
SAID: "ALL MY  
LIFE ALL I  
EVER GOT  
FROM  
WOMEN  
WAS  
REJECTION,  
EMASCU-  
LATION AND  
INDIFFER-  
ENCE -



"CAN YOU  
UNDERSTAND  
THE HOPE  
IT GIVES A  
MAN WHEN  
HE DIALS  
A BLIND  
NUMBER  
IN THE  
MIDDLE OF  
THE NIGHT  
AND FINDS  
A STRANGER  
WHO OFFERS  
HIM LOVE?"

THEN HE  
ASKED IF  
I'D MIND  
IF HE  
SENT ME  
FLOWERS.



AND I  
SAID NO.  
AND HE  
TOLD ME  
HIS NAME.

MILTON  
GOMBO.



WHO I  
DIVORCED  
TWELVE  
YEARS  
AGO.

SO I SAID:  
"YOU CAN'T  
EVEN MAKE  
AN ANONY-  
MOUS PHONE  
CALL RIGHT,  
YOU CREEP!"



THEN I  
CALLED  
HIM  
DIRTY  
NAMES  
AND  
HUNG  
UP.



citizens could directly influence foreign policy. In each situation, the demonstrators were criticized for their bad manners and their defiance of law and order and threatened with a backlash.

Yet no meaningful backlash developed. The vote for George Wallace was not evidence that the country had moved to the right, but, rather, that a historically mute sector of the electorate had finally found a voice. The American Independent Party campaign was made possible not by any new outpourings of public fury but by a technological advance—television. For the first time in our history, it was economically possible to mount a national campaign that could successfully reach all of the scattered disaffiliated souls who have abandoned the Republican and Democratic parties. It would have happened had there been no protesters.

If anything, the country appears to be moving consistently toward acceptance of political equality. A nationwide survey by the Gallup Poll in 1969 revealed that 67 percent of the American people say they would vote for a Negro for President, a jump of 13 points from the previous measurement in June 1967. When Gallup first began polling on the subject in 1958, only 38 percent answered yes.

It may be quite some time before we see a black candidate of a major party running for President, but the prospect is inevitable. The Democratic primary-election victory of Thomas Bradley, a black man, over Sam Yorty, the white incumbent mayor of Los Angeles, was accomplished with white votes less than four years after the Watts riots. Although he lost the general election after the primary, Bradley drew 47 percent of the votes cast, even though only 15 percent of L. A.'s voters are black. This hardly seems proof of any backlash.

Now the student left is attending to its most immediate concern—bringing about change on the college campuses. Once again, even though there is almost general agreement among educators that the changes have been long overdue, radical students are being warned that a right-wing backlash is developing.

In fact, there probably ought not to be disruptions on campus and there almost certainly would be none—if the administrative machinery were capable of dealing with what appears to be justifiable discontent about the kind of education being offered, a discontent shared not only by students but by faculty as well.

Militant students, Margaret Mead wrote in the April 1969 *Redbook*, are rebelling against being "treated like package goods—so many to be processed, pushed through the educational maze, examined and granted degrees at the end of a standard course."

"Who can be surprised," she asked, "that one of the principal demands stu-

dents are making is for 'participatory democracy'—for the right to have a real voice in the decisions that affect their lives?"

Even the Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University, known as an enemy of campus dissent, told the 66th annual convention of the National Catholic Educational Association that "the strong tradition of paternalism" in Roman Catholic higher education was on its way out.

"God bless these difficult, demanding revolutionary students who are the reason and often the despair of our educational existence," he said. "We must take some chances and have more faith in this younger generation and have more understanding of their concerns."

As if to punctuate and underscore this fellowship with the rebel young professed by administrators, there was the voice of Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert Finch, who told a Congressional investigating committee that the academic world had created its own mess by allowing itself to be compromised by business, government and military research funds.

"It is at least in part against this corruption that the students of every continent are now in revolt," wrote Stringfellow Barr in *The Center Magazine*, published by the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

"Although the general public does not know it," he said, "the university professor has turned go-getter. His booty includes a fat salary from a business firm or a Federal grant big enough to support him and a couple of assistants. In this atmosphere of increasing affluence, of classified information and of pleasant expense accounts, the professor too often teaches as little as possible or not at all.

"Faced with this massive corruption of what once was the purpose of a profession, the student joins the revolt against the establishment," Barr explained. "Can he really be blamed? He was used to the lying television commercial, but he had thought of the university as a community concerned not with power, not with force, not with fraud but with discovering the truth and proclaiming it.

"In the long run, calling the police cannot save the universities."

All of this academic self-criticism does not reveal the reality at issue. The confrontation is not so much over particular demands such as black-studies programs or the admission of minority students who do not meet usual standards or giving grades or not giving grades. The fight is really about whose needs the university is intended to serve the administration's or the students'.

According to radical students, school administrations are obsessed with the business of measuring success—by the grades students achieve and by the drop-

out rate, and, more importantly, by the size of the university and the amount of money it controls.

Because there is no way in which the administrative measuring devices register unhappiness—if, in fact, there is any interest in doing so—rebellious students and sympathetic faculty believe they are forced to use unmistakably dramatic signals, such as kicking the president of the university out of his office to express what they feel. Those who criticize the rudeness of such forms of address seem to forget that it is possible that the lack of attention to more polite communications has been literally killing people. The suicide rate of college students—a scandal for many years now—may very well be the best evidence anyone needs to demonstrate how miserably the schools have failed.

The attempt to reduce human beings to numbers has been recognized as one of the most vicious and dangerous trends in modern life. It is much easier to kill a number than a person. It is not insignificant that Hitler's concentration-camp victims were tattooed with numbers instead of names; nor is it insignificant that the war in Vietnam is the first one whose progress we have measured by body counts.

A similar process of "deindividuation"—a word coined by Stanford University research psychologist Dr. Philip G. Zimbardo—has taken place on campus. Dr. Zimbardo described the dynamics of deindividuation in the society as a whole at the symposium on motivation at the University of Nebraska.

He suggested that the size of American cities, the enormous power of big institutions and the mobility of the citizen have made it more and more difficult for the individual to locate himself in any real way in the structure of society the way he once could in the family. The result, he theorized, is a feeling of anonymity and futility, as well as a weakening of restraints based on self-evaluation, and a growing rage at the inability to express personal needs in any way that will not only be acceptable to society but also produce a response.

Increased technology has not increased responsiveness, although there is no reason why it couldn't. Instead, it has often decreased the contact between the individual and the power structure. Anyone who has attempted to communicate with a telephone company or a power company or a credit agency will understand the feeling of frustration.

A threat, however, brings prompt—if unpleasant—results. "Conditions which foster deindividuation," said Dr. Zimbardo, "make each of us a potential assassin." He suggested that the increase in murder of the past few years, the beating and torture of 40,000 American youngsters each year by their parents or



brothers and sisters, the 230 violent urban outbreaks of the past five years and the assassinations may be symptoms.

It is possible that these effects might also be explained by the unusually large percentage of youths in the population mix, since youth is statistically a time of violence; but Dr. Zimbardo's argument is still perceptive and persuasive. A protest demonstration, certainly, is an attempt to prove that people exist as people. Sometimes there is an easily understandable tendency to forget that they exist. Until they start fighting back, they are consumers or workers or students or teachers or units. It is the nature of government officials to think this way, but the radicals have decided that the bureaucrats may not be allowed to fall into the convenient fantasy of smoothly functioning power.

Even revolutionaries themselves should not be immune from rude confrontations with reality. Although there is plenty to be indignant about, the indignation of the rebel often masks desires that are less noble than his cause. It is bad enough to have cops, without having also to put up with self-appointed anti-cops whose activities are sometimes almost as annoying.

"Eternal life to free pay toilets—that's our program," Abbie Hoffman said. "In the new society, there shall be only one law: It is forbidden to forbid."

In his book *Woodstock Nation*, Hoffman suggests that the mass communion of the great rock festival at Bethel, N.Y., where hundreds of thousands met in joyous anarchy without a single fistfight, is the kind of experience that grows out of the elimination of inhibition. He ignores the darker possibilities of desire without restraint. As 1969 ended, the Woodstock Nation was to have its own Chicago.

At the Rolling Stones's rock festival in Altamont, California, hundreds of thousands were present at a satanic spectacle in which four persons died and an uncounted number were injured. The Hell's Angels, hired to provide security, killed one man and beat many others. Among those hurt were Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones, punched in the mouth, and Marty Balin of the Jefferson Airplane, knocked unconscious.

At one point, an enormously fat young man took off his clothes and approached the stage. At Woodstock, this would have almost certainly been greeted with cheers. The fat man was displaying himself in an act of freedom. At Altamont, the Angels beat him bloody with sawed-off cue sticks. "To the Angel," read the caption under a photograph in *Rolling Stone*, "the naked man was so repulsive he had to get hit. And he did."

"To all complaints that they had been overzealous, too rough, in keeping the stage clear, the Angels simply replied that they was just doing their



*"I figure I'm good for another ten years before I have to learn typing and shorthand."*

thing, which is violence," the rock newspaper commented.

There are some people who believe that the Altamont disaster was simply a clerical error: Someone made a mistake in hiring the Angels. Others say that the festival was a moneygrubbing shuck to begin with, a publicity stunt for the Stones, who would make a fortune from the movie rights. Altamont, in their view, was a perversion of Woodstock, an exploitation doomed by greed.

These would seem to be excuses and apologies very much like those that followed Chicago—reasonable and sophisticated, but irrelevant. The real lesson is less glib. Those who insist on total freedom must accept the inevitable release of evil as well as good.

Ten years ago, in *Naked Lunch*, William Burroughs wrote:

Rock-'n'-roll adolescent hoodlums storm the streets of all nations. They rush into the Louvre and throw acid in the *Mona Lisa's* face. They open zoos, insane asylums, prisons, burst water mains with air hammers, chop the floor out of passenger plane lavatories, shoot out lighthouses . . . in nautical costumes ram the Queen Mary full speed into New York Harbor, play chicken with passenger planes and buses, rush into hospitals in white coats carrying saws and axes and scalpels three feet long; throw paralytics out of iron lungs (mimic their suffocations flopping about on the floor and rolling their

eyes up), administer injections with bicycle pumps, disconnect artificial kidneys, saw a woman in half with a two-man surgical saw, they drive herds of squealing pigs into the curb, they shit on the floor of the United Nations and wipe their ass with treaties, pacts, alliances.

By plane, car, horse, camel, elephant, tractor, bicycle and steam roller, on foot, skis, sled, crutch and pogo stick the tourists storm the frontiers, demanding with inflexible authority asylum from the "unspeakable conditions obtaining in Freeland," the Chamber of Commerce striving in vain to stem the debacle: "Please to be restful. It is only a few crazies who have from the crazy place outbroken."

In July 1969, the Black Panther Party organized a National Conference for a United Front Against Fascism, held in the Oakland, California, municipal auditorium. The purpose of the conference was to enlist white student support for the Panthers. Among the 3500 delegates representing themselves and 300 organizations was a man with long gray hair who was selling buttons with the word CRAZIES forming a stylized automatic rifle.

The pin was an appropriate symbol for those revolutionaries who believe that it is possible to fight for peace by brandishing imaginary weapons. The fantasy, like the button, is not backed up by any great armory. White students do not like guns, nor do they own them, but



they like to talk about them, perhaps in the same way that they like to talk about sex. There is a close relation between the psychology of violence and the psychology of sex. Those who use the pornography of sex do so to relieve the frustration that comes from being unable to manage the real thing. The same holds true for the pornography of violence.

Dave McReynolds had this analysis:

"Tom Hayden told a very small group of intellectuals one night in Chicago that the reason for using defensive violence is that the public has an image of us as being Jews, queers and Commies and that we've got to change this, because the country won't respect people they're viewing as Jews, queers and Commies.

"Of course, he was dead wrong. Tom was just dead wrong in his thought and function. The problem is that obviously, Tom's own conception of the movement is that it is composed of queers and Communists and Jews. The point is, that is precisely what it is and always has been. That's what is nice about the movement. It is the weak making it in their own way, the fragile, the neurotic. I don't want to prove otherwise. I don't have to prove otherwise. I am worried about this idea of proving things. It's as if the kids were not clear about their own definitions.

"But that's only one section. They want to prove they're very courageous. Another section doesn't give a damn about proving anything, but they are determined to do their own thing. The important point here is that there is a significant segment that has dropped out of a prosperous society or challenged it. Whether they challenge it stupidly or provocatively is not as important as the

fact that they made that challenge. They're saying this is not the kind of society that we want."

A letter signed "Doug Lummix" in the *San Francisco Express Times*, a radical underground newspaper, offered another perspective:

Birth is a kind of violence. . . . Anyone who can't stand the sight of blood had better not try to be a midwife. But anyone who decides that blood is the key to the process is a butcher abortionist, not a midwife.

The difference is rather important: It is the difference between life and death. In birth and revolution, the point is to make new life and keep it alive. Imagining you can cause a revolution by violence is like imagining you can make a woman give birth by kicking her until she bleeds.

Lenin was right that you have to break eggs, but you have to break them from inside.

At the Oakland conference Black Panther chairman Bobby Seale outlined a plan to promote referendums throughout the country to set up decentralized neighborhood police forces that would be appointed and controlled by locally elected commissioners. During the question-and-answer period, a young white girl in hippie uniform asked if this meant that the Panthers were giving up armed struggle and embracing the existing political system. Her tone suggested that she thought this was a form of treason to the ideals of the revolution.

"We are working at the level of the consciousness of the people," he answered, "giving the people something

that they would want to vote for, for a change. We're working at a level where they can begin to relate to it. We are trying not to get too far ahead of them.

"As long as those fascists are out there, baby, we are going to defend ourselves. We are talking about basic democratic rights being used as a means to combat the system, but we are not going to anarchistically place the right of self-defense out of context. We are saying that we have a right to have shotguns and rifles in our homes and we are going to have them.

"The street revolutionary who doesn't want to go forward and educate the masses with a practical, functional program is not a street revolutionary—he's a jive anarchist. All revolutionist organizations respect the anarchist's demands, but it is criminal to desire to lead the masses to emotional, anarchistic demands beyond what the masses can see and understand at their own level of consciousness."

Another girl, from New York, wanted to know what would happen if the community-control plan were voted into law and the police refused to disarm. It was nearly midnight, the end of the final day of the three-day conference. Seale was obviously exhausted, but he grabbed the question with ferocious enthusiasm.

"If they are not going to give up their jobs," he said, "that means the fascists are not going to give up control of the state and that means, baby, we got open, righteous revolution. The people that voted are going to move to what the revolutionaries told them. They're going to move to getting guns and keeping guns in their homes and defending themselves from those fascists."

Bobby Seale felt he had isolated the point at which revolution becomes legitimate and necessary. When all of the conventional means of translating the will of the people into government action fail to produce results, the government in power must be replaced. The United States of America, a constitutional democracy created by a revolutionary war, has survived by constantly renewing the authenticity of its authority in an orderly transfer of power from one generation to the next. In schools at every level, in every community, children are taught and retaught the central concept of our political system: The government official is a steward of the nation's wealth, an employee of the people, a hired hand who is supposed to take his orders from the voters. Like any worker, he ought to be dismissed if he will not obey the owners of the enterprise. As the decade of the Sixties ended, an increasing number of people were beginning to believe that the American Government no longer represented the American people and would have to be overthrown.

Yet the likelihood of a successful uprising does not seem to be very great, even



"All the airlines are trying to outdo one another."



to the most militant revolutionaries. In an interview held in the Berkeley, California, headquarters of the Black Panther Party, a Panther field marshal, who called himself D. C., said:

"We're out to change this system, smash it, destroy it—this bourgeois capitalism, dictatorship of the minority—and replace it with a government of the people, by the people and for the people. We know it can't be done through parliamentary procedures, through the election box. It has to be smashed, overthrown, and it's going to take violence to do that."

Despite this, D. C. was not looking forward to immediate battle. "Our job is not to start the war," he said. "We'd do a little bit of damage, but we'd be wiped out. Our job is to educate the people."

Unlike most white revolutionaries, the Panthers have seen police firepower close up. Since the beginning of 1968, D. C. said, 27 Panthers have been gunned down by police officers. During the same period, only three lawmen have been killed in shoot-outs with Black Panthers. In December 1969, Fred Hampton, head of the Panthers' Illinois chapter, was killed in a controversial pre-dawn police raid. Also killed was another member of the Panthers, Mark Clark. The Panther-police war, often ignored until then by the media, was front-page news.

When Bobby Seale arrived that day at the Berkeley headquarters, he was asked what the Black Panthers would do about the unemployed policemen who became unemployed as a result of the success of the community-control plan.

"What are we going to do with the unemployed cops?" he repeated in a tone of disbelief. "What have they done for the black people who have been unemployed all their lives?" Then, after a long pause, he said, "If we had a socialistic state and real socialistic education, maybe we could pay them to go to school to learn how to be human beings."

"Every revolution ends in the creation of a new privileged class," the Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes once wrote. It is possible that the young revolutionaries are only a new cadre of cops. Should their revolution succeed, it may be that they will become the new privileged class.

To those who have experienced the lessons of history in which Stalin, the policeman, inherits the structure created by Lenin, the revolutionary, and brings back the permanent terror of authoritarian rule, it may seem pointless to encourage the victory of one side or the other in the eternal war between cop and anti-cop.

To many of the young, who live in the seemingly endless present of first awakening, history is just another boring textbook. They feel the pain where the harness rubs and all they can think about is freedom, not knowing or caring that there is always another harness, that the

struggle for freedom is endless. Some of their leaders seem more interested in struggle than in victory.

Abbie Hoffman, in an interview, was unable to imagine anything he would rather do than make revolution. This was the problem that Ché Guevara faced. It drove him from Cuba to Bolivia and death. In this sense, the continued existence of the Government and repression in general serves to give meaning to the revolutionary's life. Hoffman defined his struggle as "life against death." He said that the only alternatives he could see were to work in an office at a job that he would hate or to be a revolutionary. In a sense, he is kept going by the police, who gratify for him what appears to be an obsessive love of martyrdom.

Hoffman has been arrested some 40 times. One of his latest arrests was for refusing to fasten his seat belt on a plane. He has been beaten many times by the police. In Chicago, he arranged for a girl to wave a bloody shirt and scream that he had been murdered. This was supposed to be a decoy. The girl chickened out and he was cheated of Tom Sawyer's thrill of seeing his own funeral.

Today's masochist can be tomorrow's sadist. In a letter to *The Village Voice*, he called Sirhan Sirhan a "freedom fighter." In an interview, he refused to deny that he thought there might be circumstances in which political assassination might be

justified. As he talked, he played with a Crossman air pistol. In his book *Revolution for the Hell of It*, he had told how a friend had given him a .22 pistol that he eventually got rid of. Three times, he told the story of his latest arrest, snapping the air-pistol trigger again and again.

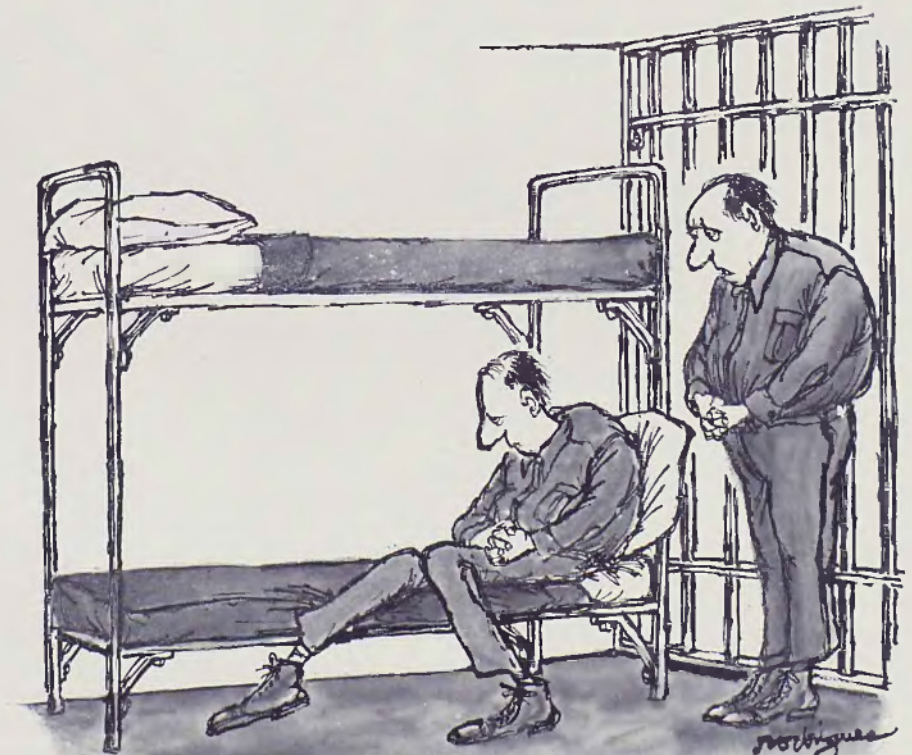
At the airport in Cedar Rapids, a student denounced Tom Hayden, citing a speech that had been delivered at Harvard. "Some people in this society," Hayden was reported to have said, "will have to be wiped out politically or exterminated."

"What is it that you object to?" he asked. The word exterminate, he was told. Who did he think would make the decisions of who would live and who would die?

"Individuals will make those decisions," he answered. Would he be one of the individuals who would make those decisions?

"How do you know I haven't already?"

About an hour later, the weather cleared just enough for Hayden's plane to take off; but for the next two days, the fog closed in and there were no more flights in or out of Cedar Rapids or Iowa City. Each night, however, the network television news showed scenes of rebellion in San Francisco. The Iowa kids thought that it was fun to watch. It may not be much longer.



"... Darling, I'm sorry I called you a dirty embezzler this morning. . . ."



# SAME TO YOU (continued from page 131)

interested," Edelstein replied, admiring his firmness of character.

The voice did not answer.

Edelstein called out, "Hey, if you're still there, please go away."

"My dear Mr. Edelstein," the voice said, "cynicism is merely a form of naïveté. Mr. Edelstein, wisdom is discrimination."

"He gives me lectures now," Edelstein said to the wall.

"All right," the voice said, "forget the whole thing, keep your cynicism and your racial prejudice; do I need this kind of trouble?"

"Just a minute," Edelstein answered. "What makes you think I'm prejudiced?"

"Let's not crap around," the voice said. "If I was raising funds for Hadasah or selling Israel bonds, it would have been different. But, obviously, I am what I am, so excuse me for living."

"Not so fast," Edelstein said. "As far as I'm concerned, you're just a voice from the other side of the door. For all I know, you could be Catholic or Seventh-Day Adventist or even Jewish."

"You knew," the voice responded.

"Mister, I swear to you—"

"Look," the voice said, "it doesn't matter, I come up against a lot of this kind of thing. Goodbye, Mr. Edelstein."

"Just a minute," Edelstein replied.

He cursed himself for a fool. How often had he fallen for some huckster's line, ending up, for example, paying \$9.98 for an illustrated two-volume *Sexual History of Mankind*, which his friend Manowitz had pointed out he could have bought in any Marlboro bookstore for \$2.98?

But the voice was right. Edelstein had somehow known that he was dealing with a goy.

And the voice would go away thinking, *The Jews, they think they're better than everyone else*. Further, he would tell this to his bigoted friends at the next meeting of the Elks or the Knights of Columbus, and there it would be, another black eye for the Jews.

"I do have a weak character," Edelstein thought sadly.

He called out, "All right! You can come in! But I warn you from the start, I am not going to buy anything."

He pulled himself to his feet and started toward the door. Then he stopped, for the voice had replied, "Thank you very much," and then a man had walked through the closed, double-locked wooden door.

The man was of medium height, nicely dressed in a gray pin-stripe modified Edwardian suit. His cordovan boots were highly polished. He was black, carried a briefcase, and he had stepped through Edelstein's door as if it had been made of Jell-O.

"Just a minute, stop, hold on one

minute," Edelstein said. He found that he was clasping both of his hands together and his heart was beating unpleasantly fast.

The man stood perfectly still and at his ease, one yard within the apartment. Edelstein started to breathe again. He said, "Sorry, I just had a brief attack, a kind of hallucination—"

"Want to see me do it again?" the man asked.

"My God, no! So you *did* walk through the door! Oh, God, I think I'm in trouble."

Edelstein went back to the couch and sat down heavily. The man sat down in a nearby chair.

"What is this all about?" Edelstein whispered.

"I do the door thing to save time," the man said. "It usually closes the credulity gap. My name is Charles Sitwell. I am a field man for the Devil."

Edelstein believed him. He tried to think of a prayer, but all he could remember was the one he used to say over bread in the summer camp he had attended when he was a boy. It probably wouldn't help. He also knew the Lord's Prayer, but that wasn't even his religion. Perhaps the salute to the flag. . . .

"Don't get all worked up," Sitwell said. "I'm not here after your soul or any old-fashioned crap like that."

"How can I believe you?" Edelstein asked.

"Figure it out for yourself," Sitwell told him. "Consider only the war aspect. Nothing but rebellions and revolutions for the past fifty years or so. For us, that means an unprecedented supply of condemned Americans, Viet Cong, Nigerians, Biafrans, Indonesians, South Africans, Russians, Indians, Pakistanis and Arabs. Israelis, too, I'm sorry to tell you. Also, we're pulling in more Chinese than usual; and just recently, we've begun to get plenty of action on the South American market. Speaking frankly, Mr. Edelstein, we're overloaded with souls. If another war starts this year, we'll have to declare an amnesty on venial sins."

Edelstein thought it over. "Then you're really not here to take me to hell?"

"Hell, no!" Sitwell said. "I told you, our waiting list is longer than for Peter Cooper Village; we hardly have any room left in limbo."

"Well. . . . Then why are you here?"

Sitwell crossed his legs and leaned forward earnestly. "Mr. Edelstein, you have to understand that hell is very much like U. S. Steel or I. T. & T. We're a big outfit and we're more or less a monopoly. But, like any really big corporation, we are imbued with the ideal of public service and we like to be well thought of."

"Makes sense," Edelstein said.

"But, unlike Ford, we can't very well establish a foundation and start giving out scholarships and work grants. People wouldn't understand. For the same reason, we can't start building model cities or fighting pollution. We can't even throw up a dam in Afghanistan without someone questioning our motives."

"I see where it could be a problem," Edelstein admitted.

"Yet we like to do something. So, from time to time, but especially now, with business so good, we like to distribute a small bonus to a random selection of potential customers."

"Customer? Me?"

"No one is calling you a sinner," Sitwell pointed out. "I said *potential*—which means everybody."

"Oh. . . . What kind of bonus?"

"Three wishes," Sitwell said briskly. "That's the traditional form."

"Let me see if I've got this straight," Edelstein said. "I can have any three wishes I want? With no penalty, no secret ifs and buts?"

"There is one but," Sitwell said.

"I knew it," Edelstein said.

"It's simple enough. Whatever you wish for, your worst enemy gets double."

Edelstein thought about that. "So if I asked for a million dollars—"

"Your worst enemy would get two million dollars."

"And if I asked for pneumonia?"

"Your worst enemy would get double pneumonia."

Edelstein pursed his lips and shook his head. "Look, not that I mean to tell you people how to run your business, but I hope you realize that you endanger customer good will with a clause like that."

"It's a risk, Mr. Edelstein, but absolutely necessary on a couple of counts," Sitwell said. "You see, the clause is a psychic feedback device that acts to maintain homeostasis."

"Sorry, I'm not following you," Edelstein answered.

"Let me put it this way. The clause acts to reduce the power of the three wishes and, thus, to keep things reasonably normal. A wish is an extremely strong instrument, you know."

"I can imagine," Edelstein said. "Is there a second reason?"

"You should have guessed it already," Sitwell said, baring exceptionally white teeth in an approximation of a smile. "Clauses like that are our trademark. That's how you know it's a genuine hellish product."

"I see, I see," Edelstein said. "Well, I'm going to need some time to think about this."

"The offer is good for thirty days," Sitwell said, standing up. "When you want to make a wish, simply state it—clearly and loudly. I'll tend to the rest."



Sitwell walked to the door. Edelstein said, "There's only one problem I think I should mention."

"What's that?" Sitwell asked.

"Well, it just so happens that I don't have a worst enemy. In fact, I don't have an enemy in the world."

Sitwell laughed hard, then wiped his eyes with a mauve handkerchief. "Edelstein," he said, "you're really too much! Not an enemy in the world! What about your cousin Seymour, who you wouldn't lend five hundred dollars to, to start a dry-cleaning business? Is he a friend all of a sudden?"

"I hadn't thought about Seymour," Edelstein answered.

"And what about Mrs. Abramowitz, who spits at the mention of your name, because you wouldn't marry her Marjorie? What about Tom Cassidy in apartment 1C of this building, who has a complete collection of Goebbels' speeches and dreams every night of killing all of the Jews in the world, beginning with you? . . . Hey, are you all right?"

Edelstein, sitting on the couch, had gone white and his hands were clasped tightly together again.

"I never realized," he said.

"No one realizes," Sitwell said. "Look, take it easy, six or seven enemies is nothing; I can assure you that you're well below average, hatewise."

"Who else?" Edelstein asked, breathing heavily.

"I'm not going to tell you," Sitwell said. "It would be needless aggravation."

"But I have to know who is my worst enemy! Is it Cassidy? Do you think I should buy a gun?"

Sitwell shook his head. "Cassiday is a harmless, half-witted lunatic. He'll never lift a finger, you have my word on that. Your worst enemy is a man named Edward Samuel Manowitz."

"You're sure of that?" Edelstein asked incredulously.

"Completely sure."

"But Manowitz happens to be my best friend."

"Also your worst enemy," Sitwell replied. "Sometimes it works like that. Goodbye, Mr. Edelstein, and good luck with your three wishes."

"Wait!" Edelstein cried. He wanted to ask a million questions; but he was embarrassed and he asked only, "How can it be that hell is so crowded?"

"Because only heaven is infinite," Sitwell told him.

"You know about heaven, too?"

"Of course. It's the parent corporation. But now I really must be getting along. I have an appointment in Poughkeepsie. Good luck, Mr. Edelstein."

Sitwell waved and turned and walked out through the locked solid door.

Edelstein sat perfectly still for five minutes. He thought about Eddie Manowitz. His worst enemy! That was laughable; hell had really gotten its wires crossed on that piece of information. He had known Manowitz for 20 years, saw him nearly every day, played chess and gin rummy with him. They went for walks together, saw movies together, at least one night a week they ate dinner together.

It was true, of course, that Manowitz could sometimes open up a big mouth and overstep the boundaries of good taste.

Sometimes Manowitz could be downright rude.

To be perfectly honest, Manowitz had, on more than one occasion, been insulting.

"But we're *friends*," Edelstein said to himself. "We *are* friends, aren't we?"

There was an easy way to test it, he realized. He could wish for \$1,000,000. That would give Manowitz \$2,000,000. But so what? Would he, a wealthy man, care that his best friend was wealthier?

Yes! He would care! He damned well would care! It would eat his life away if a wise guy like Manowitz got rich on Edelstein's wish.

"My God!" Edelstein thought. "An hour ago, I was a poor but contented man. Now I have three wishes and an enemy."

He found that he was twisting his

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hands together again. He shook his head. This was going to need some thought.

In the next week, Edelstein managed to get a leave of absence from his job and sat day and night with a pen and pad in his hand. At first, he couldn't get his mind off castles. Castles seemed to go with wishes. But, on second thought, it was not a simple matter. Taking an average dream castle with a ten-foot-thick stone wall, grounds and the rest, one had to consider the matter of upkeep. There was heating to worry about, the cost of several servants, because anything less would look ridiculous.

So it came at last to a matter of money.

I could keep up a pretty decent castle on \$2000 a week, Edelstein thought, jotting figures down rapidly on his pad.

But that would mean that Manowitz would be maintaining two castles on \$4000 a week!

By the second week, Edelstein had gotten past castles and was speculating feverishly on the endless possibilities and combinations of travel. Would it be too much to ask for a cruise around the world? Perhaps it would; he wasn't even sure he was up to it. Surely he could accept a summer in Europe? Even a two-week vacation at the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach to rest his nerves.

But Manowitz would get two vacations! If Edelstein stayed at the Fontainebleau, Manowitz would have a penthouse suite at the Key Largo Colony Club. Twice.

It was almost better to stay poor and to keep Manowitz deprived.

Almost, but not quite.

During the final week, Edelstein was getting angry and desperate, even cynical. He said to himself, I'm an idiot, how do I know that there's anything to this? So Sitwell could walk through doors; does that make him a magician? Maybe I've been worried about nothing.

He surprised himself by standing up abruptly and saying, in a loud, firm voice, "I want twenty thousand dollars and I want it right now."

He felt a gentle tug at his right buttock. He pulled out his wallet. Inside it, he found a certified check made out to him for \$20,000.

He went down to his bank and cashed the check, trembling, certain that the police would grab him. The manager looked at the check and initialed it. The teller asked him what denominations he wanted it in. Edelstein told the teller to credit it to his account.

As he left the bank, Manowitz came rushing in, an expression of fear, joy and bewilderment on his face.

Edelstein hurried home before Manowitz could speak to him. He had a pain

in his stomach for the rest of the day.

Idiot! He had asked for only a lousy \$20,000. But Manowitz had gotten \$40,000!

A man could die from the aggravation.

Edelstein spent his days alternating between apathy and rage. That pain in the stomach had come back, which meant that he was probably giving himself an ulcer.

It was all so damned unfair! Did he have to push himself into an early grave, worrying about Manowitz?

Yes!

For now he realized that Manowitz was really his enemy and that the thought of enriching his enemy was literally killing him.

He thought about that and then said to himself, Edelstein, listen to me; you can't go on like this, you must get some satisfaction!

But how?

He paced up and down his apartment. The pain was definitely an ulcer; what else could it be?

Then it came to him. Edelstein stopped pacing. His eyes rolled wildly and, seizing paper and pencil, he made some lightning calculations. When he finished, he was flushed, excited—happy for the first time since Sitwell's visit.

He stood up. He shouted, "I want six hundred pounds of chopped chicken liver and I want it at once!"

The caterers began to arrive within five minutes.

Edelstein ate several giant portions of chopped chicken liver, stored two pounds of it in his refrigerator and sold most of the rest to a caterer at half price, making over \$700 on the deal. The janitor had to take away 75 pounds that had been overlooked. Edelstein had a good laugh at the thought of Manowitz standing in his apartment up to his neck in chopped chicken liver.

His enjoyment was short-lived. He learned that Manowitz had kept ten pounds for himself (the man always had had a gross appetite), presented five pounds to a drab little widow he was trying to make an impression on and sold the rest back to the caterer for one third off, earning over \$2000.

I am the world's prize imbecile, Edelstein thought. For a minute's stupid satisfaction, I gave up a wish worth conservatively \$100,000,000. And what do I get out of it? Two pounds of chopped chicken liver, a few hundred dollars and the lifelong friendship of my janitor!

He knew he was killing himself from sheer brute aggravation.

He was down to one wish now.

And now it was *crucial* that he spend that final wish wisely. But he had to ask for something that he wanted desperate-

ly—something that Manowitz would *not* like at all.

Four weeks had gone by. One day, Edelstein realized glumly that his time was just about up. He had racked his brain, only to confirm his worst suspicions: Manowitz liked everything that he liked. Manowitz liked castles, women, wealth, cars, vacations, wine, music, food. Whatever you named, Manowitz the copycat liked it.

Then he remembered: Manowitz, by some strange quirk of the taste buds, could not abide lox.

But Edelstein didn't like lox, either, not even Nova Scotia.

Edelstein prayed: Dear God, who is in charge of hell and heaven, I have had three wishes and used two miserably. Listen, God, I don't mean to be ungrateful, but I ask you, if a man happens to be granted three wishes, shouldn't he be able to do better for himself than I have done? Shouldn't he be able to have something good happen to him without filling the pockets of Manowitz, his worst enemy, who does nothing but collect double with no effort or pain?

The final hour arrived. Edelstein grew calm, in the manner of a man who had accepted his fate. He realized that his hatred of Manowitz was futile, unworthy of him. With a new and sweet serenity, he said to himself, I am now going to ask for what I, Edelstein, personally want. If Manowitz has to go along for the ride, it simply can't be helped.

Edelstein stood up very straight. He said, "This is my last wish. I've been a bachelor too long. What I want is a woman whom I can marry. She should be about five feet, four inches tall, weigh about 115 pounds, shapely, of course, and with naturally blonde hair. She should be intelligent, practical, in love with me, Jewish, of course, but sensual and fun-loving—"

The Edelstein mind suddenly moved into high gear!

"And *especially*," he added, "she should be—I don't know quite how to put this—she should be the *most*, the *maximum*, that I want and can handle, speaking now in a purely sexual sense. You understand what I mean, Sitwell? Delicacy forbids that I should spell it out more specifically than that, but if the matter must be explained to you. . . ."

There was a light, somehow *sexual* tapping at the door. Edelstein went to answer it, chuckling to himself. Over twenty thousand dollars, two pounds of chopped chicken liver and now this! Manowitz, he thought, I have you now: Double the most a man wants is something I probably shouldn't have wished on my worst enemy, but I did.







*"I use this brand myself and, believe me, it works."*



## BASIC WARDROBE (continued from page 100)

the most important category of clothing in your closet. The cut, color and/or pattern directly affect both your business and social lives and give the informed observer immediate insight about how up you are on current trends. Although we've listed four suits in our chart (plus a shirt suit and a black dinner jacket and trousers), you'll want to arrive at your own optimal number, keeping in mind that versatility in proportion to your income is what you're after.

Most suits today reflect some degree of European influence. Jacket lines are slimmer and longer, with higher armholes and, occasionally, roped shoulders (a squared-off shoulder that rises slightly where the sleeve meets the shoulder padding), wider lapels and a deep center vent. Although single-breasted suits are more comfortable to wear than double-breasted, you'll want both. The six-button double-breasted three-to-button is being given tough competition by styles with one- or two-to-button that show more of your shirt and tie.

In our basic-wardrobe chart, you'll notice we've listed two dark suits—one for business and a more dashing model for dinner, theater and after. In addition, a light-colored suit in, perhaps, twill or linen and another in tweed or plaid will come in handy—either for business or to wear on casual weekends. Your occupation will determine what cuts and patterns to choose, just as your locale will dictate the weight of fabric you want.

Offering a refreshing change of pace are the belted business suits that come with matching self-belt or a contrasting one that's color coordinated to the material. Both are usually designer-created fashions (by this we mean a style from the workshop of an individual designer, such as Bill Blass or Pierre Cardin) and both are more often found in men's *boutiques* than in the neighborhood haberdashery. Before buying, however, we recommend that you try on other *avant* suit styles—rich wide-wale corduroys, velvets in strong and subdued colors and, possibly, a belted shirt suit that's fine for a cocktail party. And when an invitation arrives that specifies black tie, you'll want to show up attired in black dinner jacket and formal trousers, the cut of the coat being influenced by your own height and weight and style preferences, for the days of identical penguin-look formal-wear are stone-cold dead.

Turning to sports jackets, the international favorite remains the navy-blue blazer, which came into existence when the captain of H.M.S. Blazer ordered his crew to spruce up their appearance by wearing blue jackets with metal buttons. One double-breasted navy model is all you'll really need. Then concentrate on collecting other equally flattering jackets that draw attention to your fashion inde-

pendence—say, a lightweight suede bush jacket, a single-breasted velvet style or a patterned tweed or plaid shaped coat with wider lapels and an ample amount of flare from the waist.

Under the category of jackets, we also include sweaters—an item of apparel that's currently in a state of transition. Although there are plenty of V-necks, crew-necks, turtlenecks and cardigans on the market in both patterned and solid shades, the fashion-conscious buyer is acquiring both European-inspired skinny sweaters that are shorter and often ribbed, so that they hug the body, and longer belted cardigans and turtlenecks in assorted colors, which may take the place of jackets.

A portion of your basic slacks wardrobe, of course, should be coordinated to your jacket selections. Two solid shades—one gray and the other brown or black—are a good-looking beginning. Then add a patterned wool and Dacron blend that keeps its press and a minimum of three pairs of casual slacks in such interesting materials as polished leather, suede, wide-wale corduroy and velvet. Wide straight-cut or flared styles either cuffless or with two-inch cuffs are both correct.

What kind of shoes you slip into, lace up or buckle, depends on how conservative or daring your suit, sports-jacket and slacks wardrobes are. Regardless of your clothing preferences, be sure to fill your shoe rack, so that you can change your footwear often—thus giving each pair a chance to rest a day or two before being worn again. Business requires that most guys own no less than four pairs of black and brown shoes in broad-toed oxfords and slip-ons. After working hours, casual brighter-colored suedes and patents in both solids and two-tones (the latter includes such opposites as red and green) are being combined with slacks in bold plaids and solids. You'll also want one pair of demiboots to wear with a tweed or corduroy suit and other more informal outfits.

So that you'll be as well shined as you are shod, your collection of dress shirts should be fairly extensive (we recommend at least a dozen)—and it will give greater fashion versatility to your more limited suit and sports-jacket wardrobes we're advocating. Collar styles are one of the most important considerations—longer points, medium spreads and higher neckbands are all currently correct. French cuffs should be held together with a pair of elegant links. However, also check out models with double buttons to be worn as an interesting alternative. Colored shirts in bold solids, varying stripe widths and fancy prints, as we all know, have eclipsed whites. Then fill the remaining space in your bureau drawer with whatever leather, knit and woolen looks you choose—

along with a couple of formal shirts.

While shopping for your dress shirts, buy an ample supply of four-to-five-inch-wide ties, as this allows you to coordinate both color and pattern. We think six solids and eighteen patterns are a reasonable number—again for greater versatility. Add to these a half-dozen floppy bow ties, making sure one is a black dinner-jacket butterfly style, and six silk neck and pocket squares, both solid and patterned.

In our chart, we've listed outerwear requirements as two topcoats (dark camel's hair and cavalry twill); one dark cashmere overcoat, depending on climate; two raincoats (one double- and one single-breasted); one informal coat in tweed or suede; and two jackets (fitted leather or fur-lined). All your more formal outerwear and your rain-gear should fit close to the body and feature higher armholes, just as your suits do, thus giving the garments a lean, tailored look, which we heartily recommend. Other details to watch for include a deep center vent and a wide collar. We leave casual coats and jackets to your own choosing, as the pickings are plentiful.

When selecting sleepwear, you'll want about three sets (one should be a one-piece jump suit to be worn for late-evening lounging without a robe). Of course, there will be times when you will need a robe, and we think three should serve you in good stead: a cotton or synthetic-blend all-purpose kimono, a short terrycloth wrap-around for the bath and a full-length belted cashmere dressing gown that marks you as a gentleman of taste and means.

Lastly, you'll want 12 pairs of over-the-calf hose, 12 sets of underwear, four pairs of gloves (heavy pigskin gauntlets, calf for daytime dress, string-back leather for driving and sport, and suede dress), three belts (two wide and one narrow), two mufflers and hats, 24 pocket handkerchiefs, jewelry and whatever active sportswear fills your personal athletic predilections.

These basic fashion requirements for an urban male should not be interpreted as bare minimum. Your own income and life style, as we said, are the factors that determine just how extensive your wardrobe will be. And, obviously, we can't cover all the items of masculine apparel in men's stores and *boutiques*—nor have we attempted to. But we do think that what's in a man's wardrobe should be up to date and this calls for a constant weeding out of the old to make room for the new. Next month's *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast* will provide additional insight on lighter-weight gear. We suggest you tune in to it for our prognostications on what's soon to be in store—and in style—during the warm months ahead.





## RUDOLPH IN MONEYLAND

(continued from page 102)

went downstairs toward Calderwood's office. His mouth was dry and he had to wipe the palms of his hands against his trousers to get the sweat off them, but he made himself walk slowly, as usual, and nod and smile to the people he knew in the store.

Calderwood's door was open and Calderwood saw him immediately and said, "Come in, Rudy, and close the door behind you." The papers that had been in the manila envelope were spread over the desk.

Rudolph sat down across from the old man and waited.

"Rudy," Calderwood said mildly, "you're the most astonishing young man I've ever come across."

Rudolph said nothing.

"Who else has seen all this?" Calderwood waved a hand over the papers on his desk.

"Nobody."

"Who typed them up? Miss Giles?"

"I did. At home."

"You think of everything, don't you?"

It was not a reproach, but it wasn't a compliment, either.

Rudolph kept quiet.

"Who told you I owned thirty acres of land out near the lake?" Calderwood asked flatly.

The land was owned by a corporation with a New York City address. It had taken all of Johnny Heath's cleverness to find out that the real owner of the corporation was Duncan Calderwood. "I'm afraid I can't say, sir," Rudolph said.

"Can't say, can't say," Calderwood accepted it, with a touch of impatience. "The feller can't say. Rudy, I haven't caught you in a lie since the first day I set eyes on you and I don't expect you to lie to me now."

"I won't lie to you, sir," Rudolph said.

Calderwood pushed at the papers on his desk. "Is this some sort of trick to take me over?"

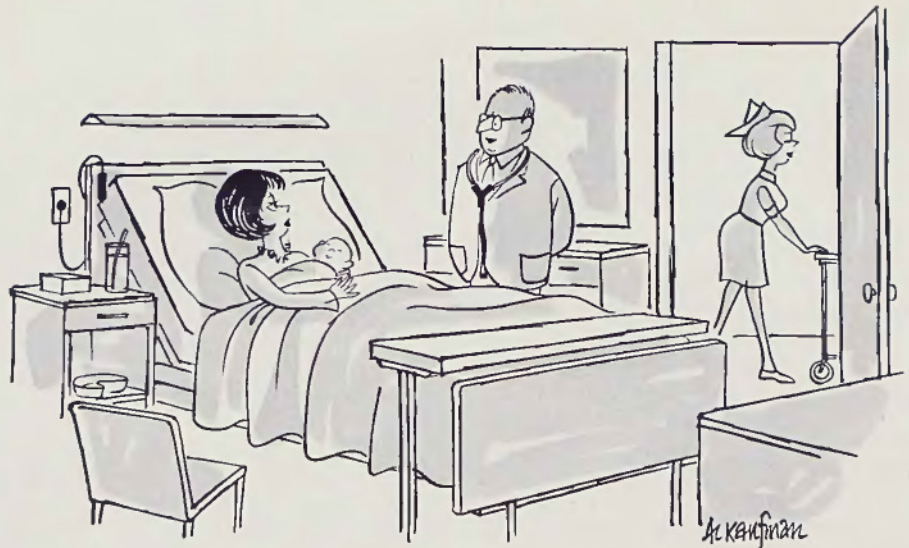
"No, sir," Rudolph said. "It's a suggestion as to how you can take advantage of your position and your various assets. To expand with the community and diversify your interests. To profit from the tax laws and, at the same time, protect your estate for your wife and children when you die."

"How many pages are there in this?" Calderwood said. "Fifty, sixty?"

"Fifty-three."

"Some suggestion," Calderwood snorted. "Did you think this up all by yourself?"

"Yes." Rudolph didn't feel he had to tell Calderwood that for months he had methodically picked Johnny Heath's brain and that Johnny's legal talent was responsible for the more involved sections of the over-all plan.



*"I thought you'd like to know, Miss Brown, that so far, four of the men from your office have offered to pay your hospital bill."*

"All right, all right," Calderwood grumbled. "I'll look into it."

"If I may make the suggestion, sir," Rudolph said. "I think you should talk this over with your lawyers in New York and your bankers."

"What do you know about my lawyers in New York?" Calderwood asked suspiciously.

"Mr. Calderwood," Rudolph said, "I've been working for you for a long time."

"OK. Supposing, after studying this some more, I say yes and do the whole goddamn thing the way you outline it—go public, float a stock issue, borrow from the banks, build the goddamn shopping center near the lake, with a theater, too, like an idiot; supposing I do all that; what's in it for you?"

"I would expect to be made chairman of the board, with you as president of the company, at an appropriate salary," Rudolph said, "and an option to buy a certain amount of stock in the next five years." Good old Johnny Heath. Don't niggle. Think big.

"You've got everything figured out, haven't you, Rudy?" Now Calderwood was frankly hostile.

"I've been working on this plan for more than a year," Rudolph said mildly. "I've tried to face all the problems."

"And if I just say no," Calderwood said, "if I just put all this pile of papers in a file and forget it, then what would you do?"

"I'm afraid I'd have to tell you I'm leaving at the end of the year, Mr. Calderwood," Rudolph said. "I'm afraid I'd have to look for something with more of a future for me."

"I got along without you for a long

time," Calderwood said. "I could get along without you now."

"Of course you could," Rudolph said.

Calderwood looked down morosely at his desk, flicked out a sheet of paper from a pile, glared at it with especial distaste. "A theater," he said angrily. "We already have a theater in town."

"They're tearing it down next year," Rudolph said.

"You sure do your homework, don't you?" Calderwood said. "They're not going to announce it until July."

"Somebody always talks," Rudolph said.

"So it seems. And somebody always listens, don't they, Rudy?"

"Yes, sir," Rudolph smiled.

Finally, Calderwood smiled, too. "What makes Rudy run, eh?" he said.

"That's not my style, at all," Rudolph said evenly. "You know that."

"Yes, I do," Calderwood admitted. "I'm sorry I said it. All right. Get back to work. You'll be hearing from me."

He was staring down at the papers on his desk as Rudolph left his office. Rudolph walked, slowly, as usual, smiling benevolently and youthfully among the counters on the ground floor of the store.

The plan that he had submitted to Calderwood was a complicated one and he had argued every point closely. The community was growing and growing in the direction of the lake. What was more, the neighboring town of Cedarton, about ten miles away and linked with Whitby by a new highway, was also growing in the direction of the lake. Suburban shopping centers were springing up all over America and people were becoming accustomed to doing the greater part of their shopping, for all sorts of



things, in them. Calderwood's 30 acres were strategically placed for a market to siphon off trade from both towns and from the upper-middle-class homes that dotted the borders of the lake. If Calderwood didn't make the move himself, somebody or some corporation would undoubtedly seize the opportunity in the next year or two and, besides profiting from the new trade, would cut drastically into Calderwood's volume of business in the Whitby store. Rather than allow a competitor to undermine him, it was to Calderwood's advantage to compete, even partially, with himself.

In his plans, Rudolph had argued for a place for a good restaurant, as well as the theater, to make the center a place that people would go to not only during the day but in the evening as well. The theater, used for plays during the summer, could be turned into a movie-house the rest of the year. He also proposed building a middle-priced housing development along the lake, where business blocks were prohibited by the zoning laws, and suggested finding a light industry to contract for a factory to be constructed on the marshy and, up to now, unusable land at one end of Calderwood's holdings.

Coached by Johnny Heath, Rudolph had meticulously outlined all the benefits the law allowed on enterprises of this kind—low-rate, risk-free loans from the Federal Government, tax exemption on the interest on the loans, deduction for depreciation over a period of ten years on the value of the entire property, once it had been built, all of which could be applied on Calderwood's tax bill against the profits of the Whitby store, if the project was all incorporated into the one company.

He was sure that his arguments for making a public company out of the new Calderwood Association were bound to sway the old man. The real assets and the earning power, first of the store and then of the center, would ensure a high price of issue for the stock. By holding a comparatively small percentage of the stock, Calderwood would retain control, while paying only a 25-percent capital gain on the stock he sold. It would mean a huge influx of cash for Calderwood, cash that could be reinvested in its turn, to bring in more income. And when Calderwood died, his heirs—in this case, his wife and three daughters—would not be faced with the possibility of having to sell the business itself at emergency prices to pay the inheritance taxes, but could sell off blocks of stock while holding onto the controlling interest in the corporation.

In the year that Rudolph had been working on the plan and digging into corporation and tax and realty laws, he had been cynically amused by the manner in which money protected itself le-

gally in the American system. He had no moral feeling about trying to turn the law to his own advantage. The game had rules. You learned the rules and abided by them. If there was another set of rules, you would abide by it.

. . .

Professor Denton was waiting for him at the bar, looking uncomfortable and out of place among the other patrons, none of whom looked as though he had ever been near a college.

"Good of you." Denton said in a low, hurried voice, "good of you to come, Jordache. I'm drinking bourbon. Can I order you something?"

"I almost never drink during the day," Rudolph said, then was sorry he had said it, because it sounded disapproving of Denton, who was drinking at a quarter past noon.

"Quite right," Denton said, "quite right. Keep the head clear. Ordinarily, I wait until the day's work is over myself, but . . ." He took Rudolph's arm. "Perhaps we can sit down." He waved toward the last booth of the row that lined the wall opposite the bar. "I know you have to get back." He left some change on the bar for his drink, carefully counting it out, and, still with his hand holding Rudolph's arm, guided him to the booth. He gave off a slight musty but not disagreeable odor of classroom. They sat down, facing each other. There were two greasy menus on the table and they studied them.

"I'll take the soup and the hamburger," Denton said to the waitress. "And a cup of coffee. How about you, Jordache?"

"The same," Rudolph said.

The waitress wrote the order down laboriously on her pad, illiteracy a family memory. She was a woman of about 60, gray-haired and shapeless in an incongruously pert, revealing orange uniform, with a coquettish small lace apron, age paying its iron debt to the ideal of America, that youthful country. Her ankles were swollen and she shuffled flatly as she went back toward the kitchen.

"You're doing well, Jordache," Denton said, hunched over the table, his eyes worried and magnified behind the thick steel-rimmed glasses, his tousled gray hair professorial. He waved his hand impatiently, to ward off any contradiction. "I hear, I hear," he said. "I get reports from many sources. Mrs. Denton, for one. Faithful customer. She must be in the store three times a week. You must see her from time to time."

"I ran into her only last week," Rudolph said.

"She tells me the store is booming, booming, a new lease on life, she says. Very big-city. All sorts of new things. Well, people like to buy things. And everybody seems to have money these days. Except college professors." Indigence creased Denton's forehead briefly. "No

matter. I didn't come here to complain. No doubt about it, Jordache, you did well to turn down the job in the department. The academic world," he said bitterly. "Rife with jealousy, cabals, treachery, ingratitude; a man has to walk as if on eggs. Better the world of business. Give and take. Dog eat dog. Frankly. On the up and up."

"It isn't exactly like that," Rudolph said mildly. "Business."

"No, of course not," Denton said. "Everything is modified by character. It doesn't pay to ride a theory too hard; you lose sight of the reality, the living shape. At any rate, I'm gratified by your success and I'm sure that there was no compromise of principle involved, none whatsoever."

The waitress appeared with their soup. Denton spooned in his mournfully. "Yes," he said, "if I had it to do all over again, I'd avoid the ivy-covered walls like the plague. They have made me what you see today, a narrow man, an embittered man, a failure, a coward. . . ."

"I wouldn't call you any of those things," Rudolph said. He was surprised at Denton's description of himself. Denton had always seemed to Rudolph to be pleased with himself, enjoying acting out his visions of economic villainy and the corruption of history in his classroom before a captive audience of young people.

"I live in fear and trembling," Denton said through the soup. "Fear and trembling."

"If I can help you in any way," Rudolph began. "I'd—"

"You're a good soul, Jordache, a good soul," Denton said. "I picked you out immediately. Serious among the frivolous. Thoughtful among the unthinking. Compassionate among the pitiless. On the search for knowledge, where others were merely searching for advancement. Oh, I've watched you carefully through the years, Jordache. You're going to go far. Mark my words. I have been teaching young men for over twenty years, thousands of young men; they have no secrets from me, their future has no mysteries for me. Mark my words, Jordache."

He finished his soup and the waitress came and removed the two bowls and put down their hamburgers and coffee.

"Before the war," Denton went on, chewing, "there were more young men of your mold, clear-seeing, dependable, honorable. Most of them are dead now, killed in places whose names we have almost forgotten. The best go first, of course. This generation"—he shrugged despairingly. "Crafty, careful, looking to get something for nothing, hypocritical. You'd be astounded by the amount of cheating, plagiarism, I find in each examination and term paper. Ah, if I had the money, I'd get away from it all, live on an island." He looked nervously at his watch. "Time, ever on the





Graham Wilson

*"Send over some more birdseed—and hurry!"*



wing," he said. He looked around the dark bar conspiratorially. The booth next to theirs was empty and the four or five men hunched over the bar near the doorway were well out of earshot. "Might as well get to the nub of it." Denton dropped his voice and leaned forward over the table. "I'm in trouble, Jordache."

He's going to ask me for the name of an abortionist, Rudolph thought wildly. "LOVE ON THE CAMPUS." He saw the headlines. "HISTORY PROFESSOR MAKES HISTORY BY MOONLIGHT WITH COED. DOCTOR IN JAIL." Rudolph tried to keep his face noncommittal and went on eating. The hamburger was gray and soggy and the potatoes oily.

"You heard what I said?" Denton whispered.

"You're in trouble, you said."

"Exactly." There was a professorial tone of approval—the student had been paying attention. "Bad trouble." Denton sipped at his coffee, Socrates and hemlock. "They're out to get me."

"Who's out to get you?"

"My enemies." Denton's eyes scanned the bar, searching out enemies disguised as workmen drinking beer. "There are currents, currents," Denton said, "ripples and eddies and whirlpools that the undergraduate never has an inkling of. In the faculty rooms, on the faculty boards, in the offices of power. In the office of the president himself. I am too outspoken, it is a failing of mine; I am naive, I have believed in the myth of academic freedom. My enemies have bided my time; the vice-chairman of the department—I should have fired him years ago, a hopeless scholar, I restrained myself only out of pity, lamentable weakness. As I said, the vice-chairman, yearning for my job, has prepared a dossier, scraps of gossip over a drink, lines out of context, insinuations. They are preparing to offer me up as a sacrifice, Jordache."

"I think you'd better tell me specifically what's happening." Rudolph said. "Then perhaps I'd be better able to judge if I could help."

"The witch-hunt." Denton said. "You read the papers like everybody else. Throw the Reds out of our schools."

Rudolph laughed. "I'm sure you have nothing to worry about, Professor," he said. He decided to make it seem like a joke. "I was afraid it was something serious. I thought maybe you'd got a girl pregnant."

"You can laugh," Denton said. "At your age. Nobody laughs in a college or a university anymore. The wildest charges. A five-dollar contribution to an obscure charity in 1938, a reference to Karl Marx in a class; for God's sake, how is a man to teach the economic theories of the 19th Century without mentioning Karl Marx? An ironic joke, picked up by some Stone Age moron in a class in American history

and repeated to the moron's father, who is the commander of the local American Legion post. Ah, you don't know, boy, you don't know. And Whitby gets a yearly grant from the state. For the school of agriculture. So some windbag of an Upstate legislator makes a speech, forms a committee, demands an investigation, gets his name in the newspaper—patriot, defender of the faith. A special board has been set up within the college, Jordache—don't mention it to a soul—headed by the president, to investigate charges against various members of the faculty. They hope to head off the state, throw them a few bodies, mine chief among them, not imperil the grant from the state; does the picture grow clearer, Jordache?"

"Oh, Christ!" Rudolph said.

"Exactly. 'Oh, Christ.' I don't know what your politics are—"

"I don't have any politics," Rudolph said. "I vote independently."

"Excellent, excellent," Denton said. "Although it would have been better if you were a registered Republican. And to think that I voted for Eisenhower." He laughed hollowly. "My son was in Korea and he promised to end the war. But how to prove it. There is much to be said for public balloting."

"What do you want me to do, Professor?" Rudolph asked. "Specifically?"

"Now we come to it," Denton said. He finished his coffee. "The board meets to consider my case one week from today, Tuesday at two P.M. Mark the hour. I have only been allowed to see a general outline of the charges against me—contribution to Communist front organizations in the Thirties, atheistic and radical utterances in the classroom, the recommendation of certain books of a doubtful character for outside reading. The usual academic hatchet job, Jordache, all too usual. With the temper of the country what it is, with that man Dulles roaring up and down the world, preaching nuclear destruction, with the most eminent men traduced and dismissed like errand boys in Washington, a poor teacher can be ruined by a whisper, the merest whisper. Luckily, they still have a sense of shame at the college, although I doubt it will last the year, and I am to have a chance to defend myself, bring in witnesses to vouch for me. . . ."

"What do you want me to say?"

"Whatever you will, boy," Denton said, his voice broken. "I do not plan to coach you. Say what you think of me. You were in three of my classes, we had many instructive hours outside the courses, you have been to my house. You're a clever young man, you are not to be fooled. You know me as well as any man in this town. Say what you will. Your reputation is high, your record at the college was impeccable, not

a blot on it, you are a rising young businessman, untainted, your testimony will be of the utmost value."

"Of course," Rudolph said. Premonitions of trouble. Attacks. Calderwood's attitude. Dragging the store into politics on the Communist issue. "Of course I'll testify," he said. This is the wrong day for something like this, he thought annoyed. He suddenly and for the first time understood the exquisite pleasure that cowards must enjoy.

"I knew you would say that, Jordache." Denton gripped his hand emotionally across the table. "You'd be surprised at the refusals I've had from men who have been my friends for twenty years, the hedging, the pusillanimity. This country is becoming a haunt of whipped dogs, Jordache. Do you wish me to swear to you that I have never been a Communist?"

"Don't be absurd, Professor," Rudolph said. He looked at his watch. "I'm afraid I've got to get back to the store. When the board meets, I'll be there." He dug into his pocket for his money clip. "Let me pay my share."

. . .

Rudolph walked slowly back toward the store, leaving his coat open, although the wind was keen and the day raw. The street looked as it always looked and the people passing him did not seem like whipped dogs. Poor Denton. He remembered that it was in Denton's classes that he had been given the first glimmerings of how to make himself successfully into a capitalist. He laughed to himself. Denton, poor bastard, could not afford to laugh.

He was still hungry after the disastrous meal and, once in the store, he went to the fountain in the basement and ordered a malted milk and drank it among the soprano twitterings of the lady shoppers all around him. Their world was safe. They would buy dresses at \$50 that afternoon and portable radios and television consoles and frying pans and living-room suites and creams for the skin and the profits would mount and they were happy over their club sandwiches and ice-cream sodas.

He looked over the calm, devouring, rouged, spending, acquiring faces—mothers, brides, virgins, spinsters, mistresses—listened to the conflicting, upper-octave fugues of the confident mid-century American female voices, breathed in the jumbled bouquet of perfumes, congratulated himself that he was not married and loved no one, thought, I cannot spend my life serving these worthy women, paid for his malted milk and went up to his office.

. . .

It was raining when he left the store at 6:15. Calderwood hadn't said a word since their talk in the morning. That's all I needed today, rain, he thought miserably as he made his way through the streaming traffic on the motorcycle,



the rain seeming to gel into ice as it struck his face and went down past the raised collar of his Mackinaw. He was almost home when he remembered that he had promised his mother that he would do the shopping for dinner. He cursed under his breath and turned the machine back toward the business section, where the stores remained open until seven. A surprise, he remembered his mother saying. Your loving son may be out on his ass in two weeks, Mother; will that be surprise enough?

He did his shopping hastily—a small chicken for frying, potatoes, a can of peas, half an apple pie for dessert. As he pushed his way through the housewives making their last-minute purchases, he remembered the interview with Calderwood and grinned sourly. The boy-wonder financier, the juggler with millions, the tax wizard, surrounded by admiring beauties, on his way to one of his usual elegantly prepared repasts at the family mansion, so often photographed for *Life* and *House and Garden*. At the last minute, he bought a bottle of Scotch. This was going to be a night for whisky.

He went to bed early, a little drunk, thinking, just before he dropped off to sleep, The only satisfactory thing I did all day was run this morning.

The week was routine. When he saw Calderwood at the store, he made no mention of Rudolph's proposition but spoke to him of the ordinary business of the store in his usual slightly rasping and irritable tone. There was no hint, either in his manner or in what he said, of any ultimate decision.

Denton didn't call again. Perhaps he was afraid that if given a chance at further conversation, Rudolph would withdraw his offer to speak in his behalf before the board the following Tuesday afternoon. Rudolph found himself worrying about his appearance before the board. There was always the chance that some evidence would be produced against Denton that Denton didn't know about or had hidden that would make Rudolph seem like a confederate or a liar or a dupe. What worried him more, though, was that the board was bound to be hostile, prepared to do away with Denton and antagonistic to anyone who stood in its way. All his life, Rudolph had attempted to get people, especially older people in authority, to like him. The thought of facing a whole room full of disapproving academic faces disturbed him. Throughout the week, he found himself making silent speeches to those imagined, unrelenting faces, speeches in which he defended Denton honorably and well while, at the same time, charming his judges. None of the speeches he composed seemed, in the end, worth while. He would have to go into the board meeting as relaxed as possible, gauge the temper of the room and extemporaneous-



Buck Brown

*"Look at it this way, lady—the whole damn world is down there looking up your dress!"*

ly do the best he could for both Denton and himself. If Calderwood could be kept from hearing about his appearance, so much the better. There was also the nagging question of how he could absent himself from the store Tuesday afternoon, without lying but without letting Calderwood know what he intended to do.

By the weekend, he was sleeping badly, his dreams lascivious but unsatisfactory. A ship pulled away from a pier; a girl, her skirts blowing in the wind, smiled at him as he ran desperately down the pier to catch the ship; he was held back by unseen hands, the ship pulled away, open water. . . .

Sunday morning, with the church bells ringing, he decided he couldn't stay in the apartment all day, although he had planned to go over a copy of the papers he had given Calderwood and make some corrections and additions that had occurred to him during the week. But his mother was at her worst on Sundays. The bells made her mournful about her lost religion and she was apt to say that if only Rudolph would go with her, she would attend Mass, confess, take Communion. "The fires of hell are waiting for me," she said over breakfast,

"and the church and salvation are only three blocks away."

"Some other Sunday, Mom," Rudolph said. "I'm busy today."

"I may be dead and in hell by some other Sunday," she said.

"We'll just have to take that chance," he said, getting up from the table, and he left her weeping.

It was a cold, clear day, the sun a bright wafer in the pale winter sky. He dressed warmly in a fleecy-lined surplus Air Force jacket, a knitted-wool cap and goggles, and took the motorcycle out of the garage. He hesitated about which direction to take. There was nobody he wanted to see that day, no destination that seemed promising. Leisure, the burden of modern man.

He got on the motorcycle, started it, hesitated. A car with skis on its roof sped down the street and he thought, Why not, that's as good a place as any, and followed the car. He remembered that Larsen, the young man in the ski shop, had told him that there was a barn near the bottom of the tow that could be converted into a shop for renting skis on the weekend. Larsen had said that there was a lot of money to



be made there. Rudolph felt better as he followed the car with the ski rack. He was no longer aimless.

He was nearly frozen when he got to the slope. The sun, reflected off the snow, dazzled him and he squinted at the brightly colored figures swooping toward him down the hill. Everybody seemed young and vigorous and having a good time; and the girls, tight pants stretched over trim hips and round buttocks, made lust a healthy outdoor emotion for a Sunday morning.

He watched, enjoying the spectacle for a while, then turned melancholy. He felt old and clumsy, lonely and deprived amid all those athletes. He was about to turn away and get his machine and go back to town, when Larsen came skimming down off the hill and made a dashing, abrupt stop in front of him, in a cloud of snow.

"Hi, Mr. Jordache," Larsen said. He had two rows of great shining white teeth and he smiled widely. Behind him, two girls who had been following him came to a halt.

"Hello, Larsen," Rudolph said. "I came out to see that barn you told me about."

"Sure thing," Larsen said. Supple, in one easy movement, he bent over to free himself from his skis. He was bare-headed and his longish fine blond hair fell over his eyes as he bent over. Looking at him, in his red sweater, with the two girls behind him, Rudolph was sure that Larsen hadn't dreamed about any boat pulling away from a pier the night before.

"Hello, Mr. Jordache," one of the girls said. "I didn't know you were a skier."

He peered at her and she laughed. She was wearing big green-tinted snow goggles that covered most of her small face. She pushed the goggles up over her red-and-blue woolen ski cap. "I'm in disguise," she said.

Now Rudolph recognized her. It was Miss Soames, from the record shop. Jiggling, rounded, blonde, fed by music.

"Good morning, good morning," Rudolph said, somehow flustered, noticing how small Miss Soames' waist was and how well rounded her thighs and hips. "No, I'm not a skier. I'm a voyeur."

Miss Soames laughed. "There's plenty to voyeur about up here, isn't there?"

"Mr. Jordache . . ." Larsen was out of his skis by now, "may I present my fiancée, Miss Packard."

Miss Packard took off her goggles, too, and revealed herself to be as pretty as Miss Soames and about the same age. "Pleasure," she said. Fiancée. People were still marrying.

"Be back in a half hour or so, girls," Larsen said. "Mr. Jordache and I have some business to transact." He stuck his

skis and poles upright in the snow, as the girls, with a wave of their hands, skied off to the bottom of the tow.

"They look like awfully good skiers," Rudolph said as he walked at Larsen's side back toward the road.

"Mediocre," Larsen said carelessly. "But they have other charms." He laughed, showing the magnificent teeth in the brown face. He made \$65 a week, Rudolph knew. How could he be so happy on a Sunday morning on \$65 a week?

The barn was about 200 yards away and on the road, a big, solid structure, protected from the weather. "All you'd need," Larsen said, "is a big iron stove and you'd be plenty warm. I bet you could rent a thousand pairs of skis and two to three hundred pairs of boots out of this place a weekend; and then there're the Christmas and Easter vacations and the other holidays. And you could get two college boys to run it for beans. It could be a gold mine. Next year, they're putting in a snow-making machine. If we don't do it, somebody else sure as hell will. This is only the second year for this area, but it's catching on and somebody's bound to see the opportunity."

Rudolph recognized the argument, so much like the one he had used that week on Calderwood, and smiled. In business, you sometimes were the pusher and sometimes the pushee. I'm a Sunday pushee, he thought. If we do it, I'll get Larsen a good hike in salary.

"Who owns this place?" Rudolph asked.

"Dunno," Larsen said. "It's easy enough to find out."

Poor Larsen, Rudolph thought, not made for business. If it had been my idea, I would have had an option to buy it before I said a word to anyone. "There's a job for you, Larsen," Rudolph said. "Find out who owns the barn, whether he'll rent it and for how much, or sell it and for how much. And don't mention the store. Say you're thinking of swinging it yourself."

"I get it, I get it," Larsen said, nodding seriously. "Keep 'em from asking too much."

"We can try," Rudolph said. "Let's get out of here. I'm freezing. Is there a place to get a cup of coffee near here?"

Larsen looked at his watch. "It's just about time for lunch. There's a place a mile down the road that's not bad. Why don't you join me and the girls for lunch, Mr. Jordache?"

Automatically, Rudolph almost said no. He had never been seen outside the store with any of the employees, except once in a while with one of the buyers or a head of a department. Then he shivered. He was awfully cold. He had to go in someplace. Dancy, dainty Miss Soames. What harm could it do? "Thanks, Larsen," he said. "I'd like that very much."

They walked back toward the ski tow. Larsen had a plowing, direct, uncomplicated kind of walk, in his heavy ski boots with their rubber bottoms. The soles of Rudolph's shoes were of leather and the way was icy and Rudolph had to walk delicately, almost mincingly, to keep from slipping, and he hoped the girls weren't watching him.

The girls were waiting, their skis off, and Miss Soames was saying, "We're starrving; who's going to feed the orphans?" even before Larsen had a chance to say anything.

"OK, OK, girls," Larsen said commandingly, "we're going to feed you. Stop wailing."

"Oh, Mr. Jordache," Miss Soames said, "are you going to dine with us? What an honor." She dropped her lashes demurely over freckles, the mockery plain.

"I had an early breakfast," Rudolph said. Clumsy, he thought bitterly. "I could stand some food and drink." He turned to Larsen. "I'll follow you on the machine."

"Is that beautiful thing yours, Mr. Jordache?" Miss Soames waved toward where the motorcycle was parked.

"Yes," Rudolph said.

"I *yearn* for a ride," Miss Soames said. She had a gushy, cutup manner of talking, as though confidences were being unwillingly forced from her. "Do you think you could find it in your heart to let me hang on?"

"It's pretty cold," Rudolph said stiffly.

"I have two pairs of long woolen underwear on," Miss Soames said. "I guarantee I'll be toasty. Benny," she said to Larsen, as though the matter were settled, "put my skis on your car, like a pal. I'm going with Mr. Jordache."

There was nothing Rudolph could do about it and he led the way to the machine while Larsen fixed the three pairs of skis on the rack of his brand-new Ford. How does he do it on \$65 a week? Rudolph thought. For an unworthy moment, he wondered if Larsen was honest with his accounts at the ski shop.

Rudolph got onto the motorcycle and Miss Soames swung lightly on behind him, putting her arms around his waist and holding on firmly, as though they did things like this every day. Rudolph adjusted his goggles and followed Larsen's Ford out of the parking lot. Larsen drove fast and Rudolph had to put on speed to keep up with him and the wind cut at his face. The sun was behind clouds now and the world was graying over and it was much colder than before, but Miss Soames, holding on tighter than ever, shouted in his ear, "Isn't this *bliss*?"

The restaurant was large and clean and noisy with skiers. They found a table near a window and Rudolph took off his Air Force jacket while the others stripped themselves of their parkas. Miss





*"Would you have thought twenty-five years ago that our second honeymoon would actually be more fun than our first?"*



Soames was wearing a pale-blue cashmere sweater, delicately shaped over her small, full breasts. Rudolph was wearing a sweater over a wool shirt and a silk scarf, carefully arranged around his throat. Too fancy, he thought, and took it off, pretending it was warm in the restaurant.

The girls ordered Cokes and Larsen a beer. Rudolph felt he needed something more convincing and ordered an old fashioned, to take the chill out of his bones. When the drinks came, Miss Soames raised her glass and made a toast, clinking her glass against Rudolph's. "To Sunday," she said, "without which we'd all just die." She was sitting next to Rudolph on the banquette and he could feel the steady pressure of her knee against his. He pulled his knee away, slowly, so as to make it seem merely a natural movement, but Miss Soames' eyes, clear, cold blue, were amused and knowing over the rim of her glass as she looked at him. She had taken off her cap and her thick blonde hair hung loosely down to her shoulders and swung in front of her face every time she turned her head.

They all ordered steaks and Miss Soames asked for a dime for the jukebox and Larsen was faster out of his pocket than Rudolph and she took the dime from him and climbed over Rudolph to go to the machine, getting leverage by putting her hand on his shoulder and walking across the room, her tight lush bottom swinging and graceful, despite the clumsy boots on her feet.

The music blared out and Miss Soames came back to the table, doing little playful dance steps as she crossed the floor. This time, as she climbed over Rudolph to her place, there was no doubt about what she was doing; and when she sat down, she was closer than before and the pressure of her knee was unmistakable against his. If he tried to move away now, everybody would notice, so he remained as he was.

He wanted wine with his steak but hesitated to order a bottle, because he was afraid the others might think he was showing off or being superior. He looked at the menu. On the back were listed a California red and a California white. "Would anybody like some wine?" he asked, putting the decision elsewhere.

"I would," Miss Soames said.

"Honey?" Larsen turned to Miss Packard.

"If everybody else does," she said, being agreeable.

By the time the meal was over, they had drunk three bottles of red wine among them. Larsen had drunk the most, but the others had done their fair share.

"What a story I'll have to tell the girls tomorrow at the store," Miss Soames, flushed rosy now, was saying,

her knee and thigh rubbing cozily against Rudolph's. "I have been led astray on a Sunday by the great, unapproachable Mr. Frigidaire himself."

"Oh, come on, now, Betsy," Larsen said uneasily, glancing at Rudolph to see how he had taken the Mr. Frigidaire. "Watch what you're saying."

Miss Soames ignored him, sweeping her blonde hair loosely back from her forehead, with a little, plump, cushiony hand. "With his big-city ways and his dirty California wine, the crown prince lured me on to drunkenness and loose behavior in public. Oh, he's a sly one, our Mr. Jordache." She put a finger up to the corner of her eye and winked. "When you look at him, you'd think he could cool a case of beer with one glance of his eyes. But come Sunday, aha, out comes the real Mr. Jordache. The corks pop, the wine flows, he drinks with the help, he laughs at Ben Larsen's corny old jokes, he plays footsie with the poor little shopgirls from the ground floor. My God, Mr. Jordache, you have bony knees."

Rudolph couldn't help laughing, and the others laughed with him. "Well, you don't, Miss Soames," he said. "I'm prepared to swear to that."

They all laughed again.

"Mr. Jordache, the daredevil motorcycle rider, the wall of death, sees all, knows all, feels all," Miss Soames said. "Oh, Christ, I can't keep on calling you Mr. Jordache. Can I call you the young master? Or will you settle for Rudy?"

"Rudy," he said. If there had been nobody else there, he would have grabbed her, kissed that flushed small tempting face, the glistening, half-mocking, half-inviting lips.

"Rudy it is," she said. "Call him Rudy, Benny."

"Hello, Rudy," Miss Packard said. It didn't mean anything to her. She didn't work at the store.

"Benny," Miss Soames commanded.

Larsen looked beseechingly at Rudolph. "She's loaded," he began.

"Don't be silly, Benny," Rudolph said.

"Rudy," Larsen said reluctantly.

"Rudy, the mystery man," Miss Soames went on, sipping from her wineglass. "They lock him away at closing time. Nobody sees him except at work, no man, no woman, no child. Especially no woman. There are twenty girls on the ground floor alone who weep into their pillows nightly for him, to say nothing of the ladies in the other departments, and he passes them by with a cold, heartless smile."

"Where the hell did you learn to talk like that?" Rudolph asked, embarrassed, amused and, he had to admit it to himself, at the same time, flattered.

"She is bookish," Miss Packard said. "She reads a book a day."

Miss Soames ignored her. "He is a mystery wrapped in an enigma, as Mr. Churchill said on another occasion. He has been reported running at dawn. What is he running from? He is reported as having been seen in New York, in low neighborhoods. What sins does he commit in the big city? Why doesn't he commit his sins locally?"

"Betsy," Larsen said weakly. "Let's go skiing."

"Tune in on this same station next Sunday and perhaps all these questions will be answered," Miss Soames said. "You may now kiss my hand." She held out her hand, the wrist arched, and Rudolph kissed it, blushing a little.

"I've got to get back to town," he said. The check was on the table and he put down some bills. With the tip, it came to \$15.

When they went outside, a light snow was falling. The mountain was bleak and dangerous-looking, its outlines only suggested in the light swirl of snow.

"Thanks for the lunch, Mr. Jordache," Larsen said. One "Rudy" a week was enough for him. "It was great."

"I really enjoyed it, Mr. Jordache," Miss Packard said, practicing to be Larsen's wife. "I mean, I really did."

"Come on, Betsy," Larsen said, "let's hit the slope, work off some of that wine."

"I am returning to town with my good and old friend, Rudy, on his death-defying machine," Miss Soames said. "Aren't I, Rudy?"

"It's an awfully cold ride," Rudolph said. She looked small and crushable in her parka, with the goggles oversized and incongruous strapped to her ski cap, pressing on her forehead. Her hair was bundled into her cap and made her head, especially with the goggles, seem very large, a weighty frame for the small, wicked face.

"I will ski no more today," Miss Soames said grandly. "I am in the mood for other sports." She went over to the motorcycle. "Let us mount," she said.

"You don't have to take her if you don't want to," Larsen said anxiously, responsible.

"Oh, let her come," Rudolph said. "I'll go slow and make sure she doesn't fall off."

"She's a funny girl," Larsen said, still worried. "She doesn't know how to drink. But she doesn't mean any harm."

"She hasn't done any harm, Benny," Rudolph patted Larsen's thick, sweated shoulder. "Don't worry. And see what you can find out about that barn." Back in the safe world of business.

"Sure thing, Mr. Jordache," Larsen said. He and Miss Packard waved as Rudolph gunned the motorcycle out of



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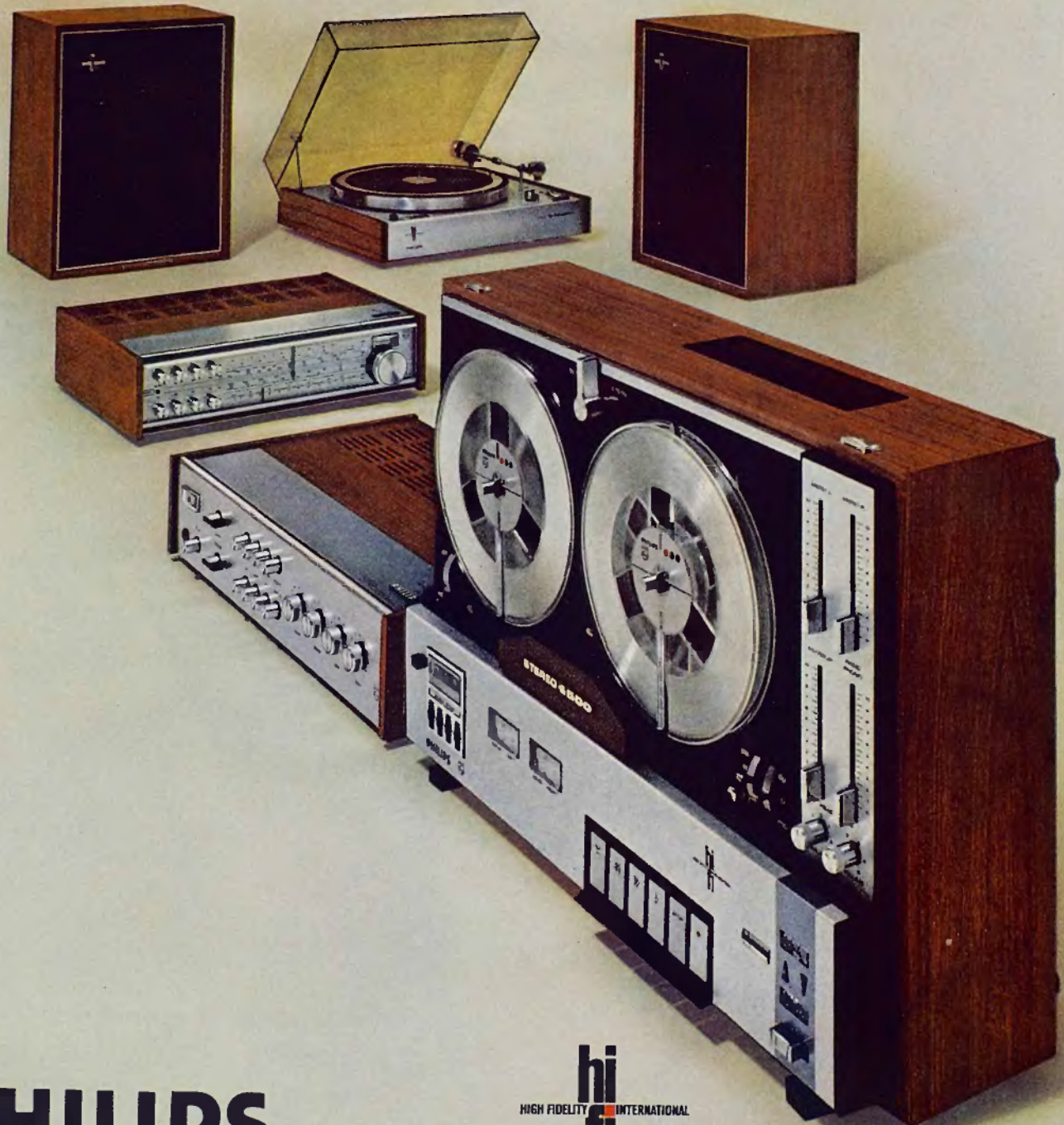
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At least you have this consolation: thanks to Swissair there is hardly a spot in the world more than one day away from a couple of days' holiday in Switzerland.



Isn't that too good not to be true?





the restaurant parking lot, with Miss Soames clinging on behind him, her arms around his waist.

The snow wasn't thick, but it was enough to make him drive carefully. Miss Soames' arms around him were surprisingly strong for a girl so slightly made; and while she had drunk enough wine to make her tongue loose, it hadn't affected her balance and she leaned easily with him as they swept around curves in the road. She sang from time to time, the songs that she heard all day in the record shop; but with the wind howling past, Rudolph could hear only little snatches, a few words here and there, a phrase of melody in a faraway voice, like a child singing fitfully to herself in a distant room.

He enjoyed the ride. The whole day, in fact. He was glad his mother's talk about church had driven him out of the apartment.

At the outskirts of Whitby, as they were passing the college, he slowed down to ask Miss Soames where she lived. It wasn't far from the college and he zoomed down the familiar streets. It was still fairly early in the afternoon, but the clouds overhead were black and it was quite dark and there were lights to be seen in the windows of the houses they passed. He had to slow down at a stop sign and as he did so, he felt Miss Soames' hand slide down from his waist, where she had been holding on, to his crotch. She stroked him there softly and he could hear her laughing in his ear.

"No disturbing the driver," he said. "State law."

But she only laughed and kept on doing what she had been doing.

They passed an elderly man walking a dog and Rudolph was sure the old man looked startled. He gunned the machine and it had some effect. Miss Soames held on, but she stopped her caressing.

He came to the address she had given him. It was an old one-family clapboard house set on a yellowed lawn. There were no lights on in the house.

"Home," Miss Soames said. She jumped off the pillion. "That was a nice ride, Rudy. Especially the last two minutes." She took off her goggles and cap and put her head to one side, letting her hair swing loose over her shoulders. "Want to come inside?" she asked. "There's nobody home. My mother and father are out visiting and my brother's at the movies. We can go on to the next chapter."

He hesitated, looked at the house, guessed what it was like inside. Poppa and Momma off on a visit but likely to return early. Brother perhaps bored with the movie and coming rattling in



*"Why don't you try rubbing me once in a while?!"*

an hour earlier than expected. Miss Soames stood before him, one hand on her hip, smiling, swinging her goggles and ski cap in the other.

"Well?" she asked.

"Some other time, perhaps," he said.

"Scaredy-cat," she said and giggled. Then she ran up the front walk toward the house. At the door, she turned and stuck out her tongue at him. The dark building engulfed her.

Thoughtfully, he started the motorcycle and drove slowly toward the center of the town along the darkening streets. He didn't want to go home, so he parked the machine and went to a movie. He hardly saw the movie and would not have been able to tell what it was about when he got out.

He kept thinking about Miss Soames. Silly, cheap little girl, teasing, making fun of him. He didn't like the idea of seeing her in the store next morning. If it were possible, he would have had her fired. But she could go to the union and complain and he would have to explain the grounds on which he had had her fired. *She called me Mr. Frigidaire, then she called me Rudy and, finally, she held my cock on a public thoroughfare.*

He gave up the idea of firing Miss Soames. One thing it all proved—he had been right all along in having nothing to do with anybody from the store.

He had dinner alone in a restaurant and drank a whole bottle of wine by himself and nearly hit a lamppost on the way home.

He slept badly and he groaned at a quarter to seven Monday morning,

when he knew he had to get up and run. But he got up and he ran.

When he made his morning round of the store, he was careful to avoid going near the record shop. He waved to Larsen in the ski shop and Larsen, red-sweatered, said, "Good morning, Mr. Jordache," as though they had not shared Sunday.

Calderwood called him into his office in the afternoon. "All right, Rudy," he said, "I've been thinking about your ideas and I've talked them over with some people down in New York. We're going down there tomorrow; we have a date at my lawyer's office on Wall Street at two o'clock. They want to ask you some questions. We'll take the 11:05 train down. I'm not promising anything, but the first time around, my people seem to think you got something there." Calderwood peered at him. "You don't seem particularly happy, Rudy," he said accusingly.

"Oh, I'm pleased, sir. Very pleased." He managed a smile. Two o'clock Tuesday, he was thinking: I promised Denton I'd go before the board two o'clock Tuesday. "It's very good news, sir." He smiled again, trying to seem boyish and naïve. "I guess I just wasn't prepared for it—so soon, I mean."

"We'll have lunch on the train," Calderwood said, dismissing him.

Lunch on the train with the old man. That means no drink, Rudolph thought, as he went out of the office. He preferred to be gloomy about that than gloomy about Professor Denton.

Later in the afternoon, the phone rang in his office and Miss Giles



answered. "I'll see if he's in," she said. "Who's calling, please?" She put her hand over the mouthpiece and said, "Professor Denton."

Rudolph hesitated, then stretched out his hand for the phone. "Hello, Professor," he said heartily. "How're things?"

"Jordache," Denton said, his voice hoarse, "I'm at Ripley's. Can you come over for a few minutes? I've got to talk to you."

Just as well now as later. "Of course, Professor," he said. "I'll be right there." He got up from his desk. "If anybody wants me," he said to Miss Giles, "say I'll be back in a half hour."

When he went into the bar, he had to search to find Denton. Denton was in the last booth again, with his hat and coat on, hunched over the table, his hands cupped around his glass. He needed a shave and his clothes were rumpled and his spectacles clouded and smeared. It occurred to Rudolph that he looked like an old wino, waiting blearily on a park bench in the winter weather for a cop to come and move him on. The self-confident, loud, ironic man of Rudolph's classrooms, amused and amusing, had vanished.

"Hello, Professor." Rudolph slid into the booth opposite Denton. He hadn't bothered to put on a coat for the short walk from the store. "I'm glad to see you." He smiled, as though to reassure Denton that Denton was the same man he had always known, to be greeted in the usual manner.

Denton looked up dully. He didn't offer to shake hands. His face, ordinarily ruddy, was gray. Even his blood had surrendered, Rudolph thought.

"Have a drink." Denton's voice was thick. He had obviously already had a drink. Or five. "Miss," he called loudly to the lady in the orange uniform, who was leaning, like an old mare in harness, against the end of the bar. "What'll you have?" he asked Rudolph.

"Scotch, please."

"Scotch and soda for my friend, miss," Denton said. "And another bourbon for me."

After that, he sat silently for a while, staring down at the glass between his hands. On the way over from the store, Rudolph had decided what he had to do. He would have to tell Denton that it was impossible for him to appear before the board the next day but that he would offer to do so any other day, if the board would postpone. Failing that, he would go to see the president that night and say what he had to say. Or, if Denton disapproved of that, he would write out his defense of Denton that night for Denton to read before the board when they considered his case. He dreaded the moment when he would have to make these proposals to Denton, but there was no question of not going

down to New York with Calderwood on the 11:05 tomorrow morning. He was grateful that Denton kept silent, even for a moment, and he made a big business of stirring his drink when it came, the noise a little musical barrier against conversation for a few seconds.

"I hate to drag you away from your work like this, Jordache," Denton said, not lifting his eyes and mumbling now. "Trouble makes a man egotistic. I pass a movie theater and I see people lined up to go in, to laugh at a comedy, and I say, 'Don't they know what's happening to me, how can they go to the movies?'" He laughed sourly. "Absurd," he said. "Fifty million people were being killed in Europe alone between 1939 and 1945 and I went to the movies twice a week." He took a thirsty gulp of his drink, bending low over the table and holding the glass with his two hands. The glass rattled as he put it down.

"Tell me what's happening," Rudolph said soothingly.

"Nothing," Denton said. "Well, that's not true, either. A lot. It's over."

"What are you talking about?" Rudolph spoke calmly, but it was difficult to keep the excitement out of his voice. So it was nothing, he thought. A storm in a teacup. People finally couldn't be that idiotic. "You mean they've dropped the whole thing?"

"I mean I've dropped the whole thing," Denton said flatly, lifting his head and looking out from under the brim of his battered brown-felt hat at Rudolph. "I resigned today."

"Oh, no," Rudolph said.

"Oh, yes," Denton said. "After twelve years. They offered to accept my resignation and drop the proceedings. I couldn't face tomorrow. After twelve years. I'm too old, too old. Maybe if I were younger. When you're younger, you can face the irrational. Justice seems obtainable. My wife has been crying for a week. She says the disgrace would kill her. A figure of speech, of course, but a woman weeping seven days and seven nights erodes the will. So it's done. I just wanted to thank you and tell you you don't have to be there tomorrow at two P.M."

Rudolph swallowed. Carefully, he tried to keep the relief out of his voice. "I would have been happy to speak up," he said. He would not have been happy, but, one way or another, he had been prepared to do it, and a more exact description of his feelings would do no good at the moment. "What are you going to do now?" he asked.

"I have been thrown a life line," Denton said dully. "A friend of mine is on the faculty of the International School at Geneva. I've been offered a place. Less money, but a place. They are not as maniacal, it seems, in Geneva. They tell me the city is pretty."

"But it's just a high school," Ru-

dolph said. "You've taught in colleges all your life."

"It's in Geneva," Denton said. "I want to get out of this goddamn country."

Rudolph had never heard anybody say "this goddamn country" about America and he was shocked at Denton's bitterness. As a boy in school, he had sung "God shed His grace on thee" about his native land, along with the 40 other boys and girls in the classroom: and now, he realized that what he had sung as a child, he still believed as a grown man. "It's not as bad as you think," he said.

"Worse," Denton said.

"It'll blow over. You'll be asked back."

"Never," Denton said. "I wouldn't come back if they begged me on their knees."

*The Man Without a Country*, Rudolph remembered from grade school, the poor exile being transferred from ship to ship, never to see the shores of the land where he was born, never to see the flag without tears. Geneva, that flagless vessel. He looked at Denton, exiled already in the back booth of Ripley's bar, and felt a confused mixture of emotions, pity, contempt. "Is there anything I can do?" he asked. "Money?"

Denton shook his head. "We're all right. For the time being. We're selling the house. Real-estate values have gone up since I bought it. The country is booming." He laughed dryly. He stood up abruptly. "I have to go home now," he said. "I'm giving my wife French lessons every afternoon."

He allowed Rudolph to pay for the drinks. Outside on the street, he put his collar up, looking more than ever like an old wino, and shook Rudolph's hand slackly. "I'll write you from Geneva," he said. "Noncommittal letters. God knows who opens mail these days."

He shuffled off, a bent, scholarly figure among the citizens of his goddamn country. Rudolph watched him for a moment, then walked back to the store. He breathed deeply, feeling young, lucky, lucky. He was in the line, waiting to laugh, while the sufferers shuffled past. Fifty million died, but the movies were always open. He felt sorry for Denton, but overriding that, he felt joyous for himself. Everything from now on was going to be all right, everything was going to go his way. The sign had been made clear that afternoon, the omens were plain.

He was on the 11:05 the next morning with Calderwood, composed and optimistic. When they went into the dining car for lunch, he didn't mind not being able to order a drink.





## LINCOLN'S DOCTOR'S SON'S DOG

for Buddy to have done this thing.

Judge Lockwood yawned and then said he was sorry but that the evidence indicated to him that the dog was guilty and should be destroyed. "Bailiff," the judge ordered, "take this dog away and put him to death!"

At that moment, Buddy leaped in the direction of the judge's bench with an angry growl, pulling his rope out of Sam's hand. As the dog mounted the steps leading up from the courtroom floor, Judge Lockwood rose in fear, his gavel in hand to protect himself.

But Buddy darted past the judge's seat and began to wrestle with something on the floor. No one but the judge could see what it was.

"Good Lord!" the judge exclaimed. "It's a copperhead!"

What had happened was that Buddy had sensed that a deadly copperhead had slithered in from an adjoining room and was making for the judge, and Buddy had rushed to attack the snake to protect him. In a few moments, Buddy had killed the copperhead and the snake had been taken away.

Buddy returned at once to Sam, who petted him and said, "Good dog, good dog!"

Tears were forming in the judge's eyes. "Well, I'll be . . ." he said. "That dog saved my life! Here I'd sentenced him to death and he saved my life."

"That just *proves* what a good dog he is!" Sam said happily.

"It proves nothing of the kind, you young idiot!" the judge snapped. "All it proves is that this damn dog will bite anything that moves! If an innocent little baby boy had crawled up behind me, he would have tried to kill him, too!"

"That's not true!" Sam shouted.

"Oh, shut up and sit down!" the judge barked. "My order still stands! Bailiff—take the dog!"

As the bailiff moved toward him, Sam rose. "Please, your Honor—I believe in American justice, and if you say Buddy has to die, you must be right, because you're a judge. But wouldn't you let me take care of Buddy myself? Please?"

"How do you propose to destroy him?" the judge asked.

"Well, I'll take him out into the north woods near the old forked cottonwood on top of the hill," Sam answered. "And I'll dig a little grave, and then I'll shoot Buddy through the head with my father's Service pistol from the Mexican War—which was a just war, no matter what anyone says—and then I'll bury him."

"How do I know you'll actually do it?" the judge snarled.

"Because I give you my word of honor that I will, and I'm Abraham Lincoln's family doctor's son, and when I say I'll do a thing, I'll do it!"

(continued from page 156)

"When will you do it?" the judge demanded.

"This very afternoon, sir," Sam answered.

After a moment of glowering thought, the judge said, "Very well. But if you *don't* do it, I will hold you in contempt of this court and you could go to prison for thirty years."

And so it was that later that afternoon, Sam limped miserably into the woods north of Springfield and up the hill on which was the old forked cottonwood. Sam carried his father's loaded pistol in a sack and had a shovel over his shoulder. Buddy danced around him at the end of his rope, for Buddy loved to go for walks in the woods.

Sam tied Buddy to the tree and then dug a small grave. Watching, Buddy wagged his tail eagerly, for he was stupid enough to think that Sam was digging up a bone for him.

The grave finished, Sam got out the pistol and then called Buddy to him,

and the dog came, wagging and wriggling with happiness. He licked Sam's hand—the same one that held the pistol.

Tears came once again to Sam's eyes and he felt he couldn't go through with it. But he had no intention of going to prison for 30 years, and so he cocked the trigger and took careful aim, directly between Buddy's soft and appealing eyes.

"Don't shoot that dog!" came a cry from the distance.

Sam turned to see Judge Lockwood running toward him, and just behind the judge was Dr. Morton, Sam's dentist. He was also Abraham Lincoln's family dentist.

"There might have been a miscarriage of justice!" the judge shouted.

"That dog might be innocent," said Dr. Morton, as he ran up. "Let me see his teeth!" He reached down and opened Buddy's mouth and looked into it. "I was right!" Dr. Morton announced.

"I don't understand!" Sam said.

Judge Lockwood explained: "Dr. Morton, here, happened to examine the



"Hey there, kid, I'm a major-league baseball scout. I've been watching you and. . ."



Robbins boy's leg, and he didn't think that a dog of Buddy's size could have made those wounds at all."

"If it was a dog," Dr. Morton said carefully, "it would have to have been a very small one. Buddy's canines are too far apart."

"Well," Sam said, overjoyed, "I just knew for *certain* that Buddy hadn't done it."

The reason that Sam knew this for certain was that it had been Sam himself who had been chewing the Robbins boy in the calf when Buddy had come along and tried to protect the child by biting Sam in *his* calf. It had been Sam's blood in Buddy's mouth. This was why Sam had been limping.

As it happened, Dr. Morton knew the truth, for he was quite familiar with Sam's occlusion and had recognized the tooth marks as being Sam's.

However, Dr. Morton was a wise and kindly man, and he was also a student of the occult and he knew an incipient werewolf when he saw one. But, also, Dr. Morton knew the cure.

When Dr. Haskins returned from Washington, Dr. Morton went to him and said that it was vital that Sam have lots of red meat in his diet. "Otherwise," said the dentist, "all his teeth are going to fall out. Also, he may well go blind."

"Is that a true medical fact?" asked Dr. Haskins.

"I assure you that it is," Dr. Morton said. "In addition, his fingers and toes might fall off."

"Good heavens!" Dr. Haskins exclaimed. Not only was he a badly educated doctor but he was also one of the most gullible men in Springfield. "Well, even though it's against my principles, Sam will have meat from now on."

From that day forward, Sam was given all the red meat he could eat—which was considerable. Dr. Morton was pleased to see that all of Sam's werewolf tendencies rapidly disappeared.

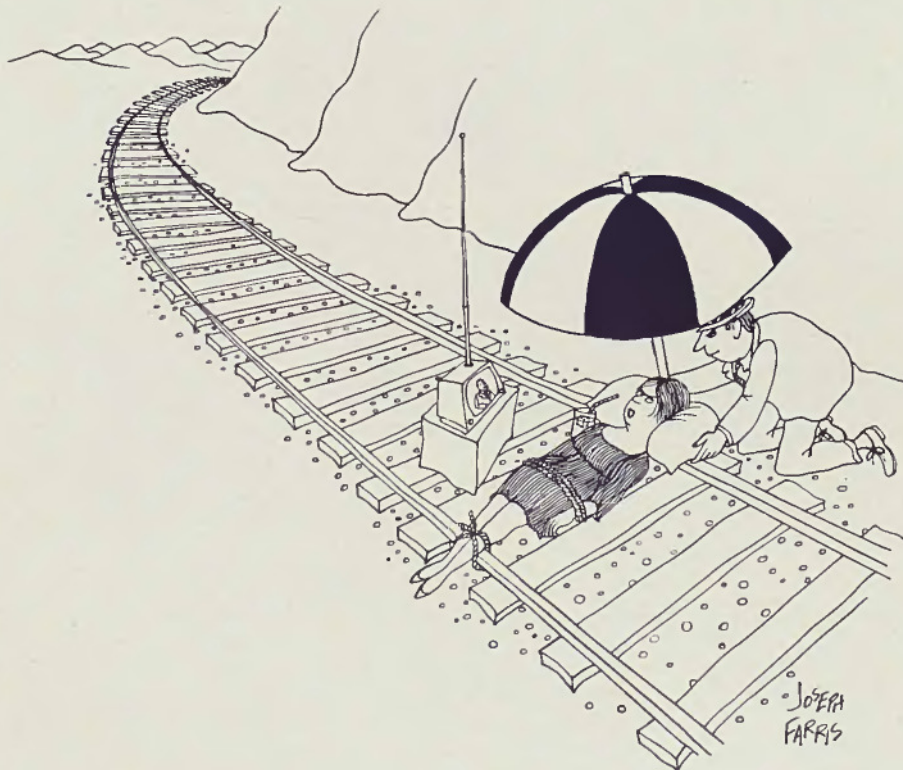
Buddy lived to a lovable old age.

As Sam grew up, his father pressed him to become a doctor or a lawyer, but Sam had other ideas. In later years, he was to become the most respected, successful, well-adjusted and sublimated retail butcher in all Springfield.

To me, this seems a perfectly straightforward and simple story, with touching human values and a happy, upbeat ending. In all modesty, I feel that the addition of young Tom Edison was a brilliant touch, verging on the profound.

I really don't know what kept Mark Twain from writing this story. But then, one of his great failings was that he wrote only what *he* wanted to write, rather than what people wanted to read.

This is, of course, why Mark Twain is not remembered as a writer today.



"I must admit, in your own sick way, you are considerate."

## A Million Elephants

(continued from page 126)

their job to scrape up whatever is left in the ashes and burned bushes and hot metal. Through eye signals alone, the air controller is sent down as investigating officer; while on the hill, a luncheon of jazzed-up K rations is served under a speckled camouflage net.

The Senator, bland as always, nods and listens to what is said. He seems to like everyone and to have been impressed. It is Grider's conclusion that the snow job (that is what it has been; that is what it had to be) has worked and that when it came to a vote (*if* it came to a vote; indeed, there was comfort in that, too), the Senator would be with them.

The afternoon is spent inspecting the mock village. Pits, tunnels, booby traps, Chinese weapons, hoards of rice.

And in the early Virginia evening, in an air-conditioned officers' club by the river, it is agreed by the officers concerned that they have just seen what the next wars will be like (they say this with sad shakes of the head) and they might as well, by God, be ready for them. For the first time that day, the Senator commits himself. If he is a bit pickled, that still does not affect his judgment.

"I agree," he says.

Nadolsky was basting in his own sweat. Andreas was a fool to call him at his office in the consulate. The lines were tapped by everyone and Marya Pleiset-skya, his secretary, had only recently been assigned from Moscow. New arrivals from Moscow were eager, sincere and more than likely had spent a term at what was laconically called the Hydroelectric Institute, a place known by all to be the K.G.B. training center ("Where," Andreas had once joked, "they learn to attach electric to your hydros").

Nadolsky hurried down the alley and turned into the garden at the rear of the Constellation Hotel. It was early afternoon and the heat made him pant. He stood in the striped shade of the areca palms and wiped his face with his large red handkerchief. Where was Andreas? All this secrecy, really.

"Pssst," Nadolsky heard. He jumped and looked for snakes. "Pssst," again brought him near panic. Then he saw Andreas crouching behind a lavender bush. Nadolsky wanted to shout and scold, but Andreas was grinning like a madman and he motioned for the Russian to join him in the hide-and-seek. Nadolsky was too tired to oppose.

"Alexander Nadolsky, Alexander Nadolsky," Andreas repeated with fervor.

"That is the name I travel by," Nadolsky answered. "Now, what is it you want to tell me? It had better be good." He could not squat any longer on his fat



haunches, so he fell back on his buttocks with a loud grunt.

"It is good. It is fantastic! You will not believe it."

"Andreas Papadopoulos, get to the point. If it's money you want—"

"No money! This is beyond money!"

Nadolsky laughed. "What is beyond money for you? My heart pounds! You are the only man I know who would charge admission for us to see the end of the world. And yet you say this is beyond money?"

Andreas went tsk-tsk in disappointment. "I am about to propose a joint venture."

"Ahh," spat Nadolsky in disgust, as he tried to rise.

"It concerns a beautiful woman who is now bedded in my hotel."

Nadolsky brushed his palms. "No good. Too many spies and people of poor consequence."

"I think I know a way to introduce you to her."

"Never!" cried Nadolsky, full of interest.

"In case you doubt my taste, may I say that this girl reminds me of Wampoom. But she is to Wampoom as the sun is to one of your satellites. She makes Wampoom look like a Sputnik with a head full of wires."

Andreas stopped talking. The two men sat motionless in the shade, a silent struggle of wills with the outcome never in doubt.

"You were saying?" Nadolsky finally surrendered.

Andreas leaned closer and whispered. "She arrived this morning. She claims she is ill. At least that is how I interpret her. I said I would bring a doctor." He paused again. "Surely you read my thoughts."

"They are filthy thoughts."

Andreas grinned. "I thought you would like them."

"I cannot pose as a doctor. Surely the girl would know we were fakes."

Andreas rubbed his hands like a miser. "Sometimes you underestimate your poor compatriot. I am giving you access to the perfect woman and when you see what I mean, you will trade one hour with her for another siege of Leningrad, such is her power."

"She will scream. She will betray us."

"That is, shall we say, the icing on the cake. For she cannot scream, she cannot talk."

"I do not understand."

"She is deaf and dumb," said Andreas.

Nadolsky jumped to his feet. "You are right! The perfect woman!"

With a rolling of drums in both their heads, they stepped, sprightly and lively, into the hotel, climbed the stairs, paused at the door to check dress and image. Andreas knocked, nothing was heard; knock again, nothing again. Enter the two rogues.



*"Oh, I agree with you, a girl should try everything once—but I've already tried everything once!"*

The wooden shutters were closed. Cracks of light seeped through and bounced off the ceiling. In the dim light of the chamber, Nadolsky could see an ancient four-poster decorated with dirty white damask trimming. There, in the center of the huge mattress, lay the spangled girl. She seemed phosphorescent, like salt water at night. Her dark hair was spread in a wide corona around her head. Nadolsky noticed nothing else, neither the cracks in the plaster nor the two lizards that crawled around the broken fan nor the dead and dangling light bulb.

"Madam Dawn," Andreas said nervously, as he touched her arm. "I have brought to you Dr. Alexander." Her eyes were shut tight. "For what ails you?" Her head turned slowly toward them and the eyelids flickered in recognition. Andreas took her hand and placed it firmly in Nadolsky's. "First the pulse?"

"Yes," said Nadolsky deeply, "always first the pulse, because the beat of the heart is like the signal of a drum." His fingers pinched and slipped about her wrist as he searched for the proper place. "Hmm, the pulse is rapid but sophisticated," Nadolsky stumbled in his excitement.

"Ah, yes, sophisticated," said Andreas as he wiped her upper lip with his forefinger. He felt her ears with his two hands, rubbing them between thumb

and fingers, as if he was feeling sand in oil. "She has only a little fever."

Nadolsky straightened up. "I am the doctor and will decide if she has fever or not. I do not expect a hotel owner to tell me these things."

Andreas shrugged. This was the time not to argue but to prepare.

"I am sure you will be fine, my dear, but I must make some tests, you understand?" Nadolsky patted Dawn's hand. "Some tests. Your symptoms are mild and I suspect nothing serious." As he talked, he tried to explain himself in sign language. He stroked his stomach and rolled his eyes, but it did not seem to communicate to her.

The two of them, in near perfect concert, pulled her to a sitting position and unwrapped the shawl from her shoulders. She tried to twist away. Nadolsky threw the rainbow cloth across the room and grabbed her by the back of the neck. "Ah, ah, my pretty, this is for your own good. I must make an exam."

Now only the material of the sari to shed. In the half-light, her shoulders looked more full, her breasts more high. Andreas tugged at the front of the sari and peeked toward her belly. She pushed herself flat against the bed. The struggle became more open and violent. Both men issued instructions. They could only control part of her, never her middle, but this in itself was frustrating to them.



as she humped and pumped her hips wildly.

"She is a fighting fish," said Andreas.

"Sit on her knees," Nadolsky heard himself yell at the top of his voice. Why was he so loud? Then he heard the helicopters overhead, a sound quite common in Chanda these days. They pounded the air above the hotel as they flew low into the airport.

"What?" Andreas asked, but his ears could contain only the thump of the sky wash above him.

For a few seconds, all were deaf-mutes.

And after the sound cleared the air, it still had not cleared the two men's heads and they kept shouting.

When in the door broke Harry Mennan. He had been sauntering over to check his cargo, hoping to get a little, now that she was settled in the bed, when he heard the aggressions, and up the stairs he roared, ready for bear. With wooden splinters in his shoulders, he stared at the two startled lechers. Slowly, they released Dawn. She rolled onto her

side with tears in her eyes and watched Mennan as he bowlegged deliberately across the tiles.

"Drop your meat and beat retreat, you motherfuckers," he growled.

Andreas fluttered like a crow. "Madam Dawn is ill, Harry Mennan, and she should not be disturbed."

"She couldn't be sicker than she is with you two hog-tying her, Andreas."

Nadolsky did not seem scared. "Your interest in her comfort and safety is touching. How protective you Americans can be when you want something yourselves."

"You're nothing but a dirty samovar, Nadolsky."

"If you would like a duel, we shall have a duel. But do not play Western movie star with me."

Mennan took a poke at the Russian's jaw, but Nadolsky was no chump and he countered with a hard punch to the gut. Andreas jumped on Mennan's back and the war was on. They rolled across the floor. Chairs busted and tables fell. Men-

nan was all knees and elbows; he fought like a cowpuncher. Nadolsky was more scientific and waited for the right moments to hit. Andreas was just plain dirty.

On the bed, the girl lay confused and frightened. She held the mosquito netting against her chest. The dust rose from the floor and she watched the motes in the light. She could not hear the grunts and thuds.

As she faced the broken door and waited for her fate, a new light fell on her back. She turned and saw the shutters swing open. There on the ledge, a vine like a rope in his hands, perched Charley Dog. He beckoned to her. She smiled and sat up. Gesture again; come with me. She wiped her eyes; why not? Slowly, unsteadily, she got to her feet and tiptoed to the sill. Charley Dog laughed to see her so cautious in the midst of battle. The rickety sink in the corner had just broken and was spilling gray porcelain over the three warriors. Still they fought.

Dawn waited to be shown what to do. Charley Dog reached around her waist. She hugged his neck and jumped lightly onto his thighs. He rose and stood full height in the window as she clung to him. He grasped the vine in both hands and pushed off into the air, slid the length and hit the deck.

"I don't know you, baby," he said into her eyes, "but I heard all them creeps talk about you and I figure we might as well let them talk some more." He laughed and picked her up again. "Come on, sweet chicken, there are better things to do in Chanda than fight."

She laughed soundlessly and they took off, running, through the garden, out onto the street that led toward the river, Charley Dog in his faded Levis and open shirt and rope-soled sandals, Dawn following, towed along on his arm like a bright falcon.

...

Spring in Washington, D. C. Early spring, that is, before the humidity hits and the cherry blossoms fall. Walter Glover has opened the windows of his apartment. The sounds of late traffic in Rock Creek Park come up to him. This report he is writing dominates his mind, even now. Margaret, a young chick from the department, is not paying much attention to his chatter.

"It's crazy the way things stay in my head," he says, embarrassed and almost laughing. "Like, at one time, seventy-eight percent of the Americans in Chanda were from Princeton. Seventy-eight percent!"

Neither one of them says anything for a while until, astride of him, she jokes, apropos of nothing in particular, "They don't teach you to pick locks at Princeton."

Silence again. Then he moans in new



"It's a very nice show, but when are they going to get around to the annual report to the stockholders?"



fatigue. "I've got to have that report ready by six this morning. I hate the early watch."

"T. S.," she says. She is Bryn Mawr, blonde and lean, bred like a race horse, and she combats the male world she works in by assuming a tough lingo.

"Come on," Glover whines, trying to get up, "cut that out." Terrierlike, she shakes the limp noodle in her mouth. He lies back again and recites any litany by rote, in an attempt to gain strength.

"'Chanda is the gateway to the rice bowl of Southeast Asia.' Everybody says that. I'm supposed to say it. I even thought of writing that Chanda was the gateway to the gateway of Southeast Asia. I mean, you'd have a pretty hard time getting people up in arms about a gateway to a gateway. Jesus, I wish there was somebody outside to talk to about it. I tried to leak a little to Edelman, but he won't write it up. Edelman had some reason for taking us out tonight. It wasn't just to spend his editor's money, was it? No, sir. He wants to go on our trip over there with General Grider. Inspection tour number one hundred and eight. When in doubt, inspect. I've got to get shots for that, too. Boy, I hate shots more than anything. Always have. I should have gone to law school and I wouldn't have to do all this dirty work. I'm just not cut out for it."

"Walter," Margaret scolds and raises her head.

"What, what?" he asks fast.

She sighs. "What, what nothing what. Jabber, jabber, jabber, Walter. Do you want to talk or fuck?"

Danny Campo woke up with a porcelain pillow under his neck. He thought maybe he was dead in a morgue. Come back, world, he said to himself. Ho, world, here, world, nice world, come on back. His eyes faded into focus. Shipboard? On a Chinese junk? What the fuck, hey, around him several slopeheads lying in their bunks and sleeping or staring. Campo found himself on the bottom tier. His ass rested on plywood. His mouth tasted like crushed violets.

A classy gook girl rolled pellets in her fingers. Campo raised himself on his elbow and looked at her. She was speaking to her counterpart, an old man of yellow skin and wispy beard, who sucked on his pipe as if it was sugar cane.

The girl took a pellet and held it over the flame on the end of a needle. In his fog, Campo thought perhaps she was roasting marshmallows. He signaled that he wanted one. She ignored him.

Campo lay in the bunk. Who was above him? Who was around him? His sins came back to him. I am a wild Indian, he said to himself. They will ship me out of here with my ass in a sling and my head tucked under my arm. I am over the hill in every possible way.

He plucked at his crazy-quilt memory. Fragments came back to him; Sang Woo and his silk suits, drinks of smoky Scotch, rice wine—when? When? Campo rubbed his knuckles in his eyes.

A light tap, tap sounded in his ear. The girl clicked the needle against the bamboo pipe to attract his attention. She neither smiled nor looked at him. He was holding up the works, he realized, so he took the pipe and puffed on it.

My head has been cutting out on me these past few years, Campo thought; I've got to watch that. He held the smoke in his lungs. It burned. But all around him, suddenly, there was the smell of earth, and he liked that. His pipe dreams were peaceful and (he thought this even while in reverie) licentious.

The pipe drew harder. A mild ache hit Campo somewhere behind his eyes. He tried to sleep.

After a time, he felt the girl shake his shoulder. He came to consciousness alert and ready. She pointed to the door. There, at the top of the stairs, pecked a pale face. Campo categorized it instantly. Shit, oh, dear, he thought, lieutenants are my special plague.

"Sergeant Campo?" the voice asked, pseudo tough and righteous.

"Yes, sir," Campo answered in resignation, and his mind added, Do wild bears shit in the woods?

"I'm Lieutenant Goodfellow. The colonel would like to see you. We've been looking all over for you, too."

Campo pulled in his belly as tight as he could and walked through the dusty halls. The lieutenant followed. Just as they climbed into the open jeep, Campo saw a black boy run past, goateed and frizzled, laughing and shouting to the shining girl he dragged along. Goodfellow spun the wheels in the red dust and lurched off. Wait a minute, wait a min-

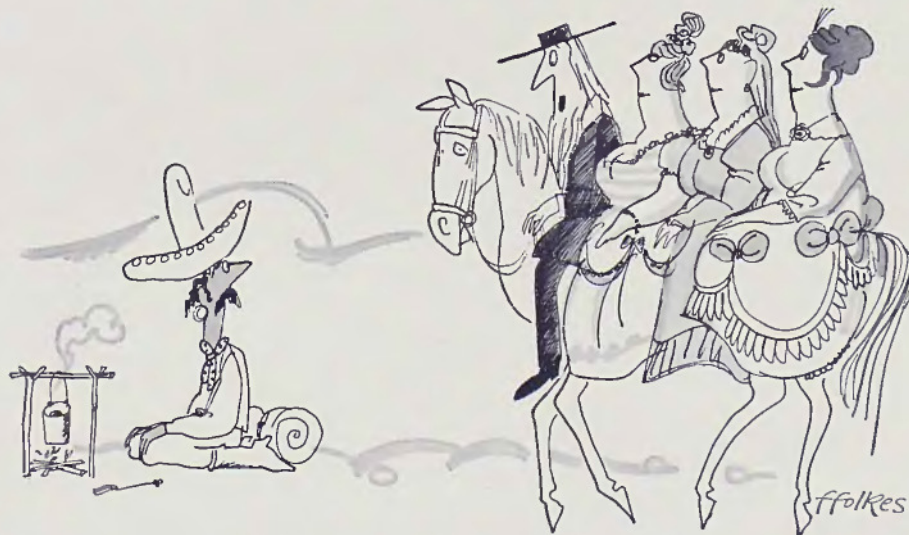
ute, Campo wanted to say, that's one of the finest *ojo-sans* I ever eyeballed. But he supposed the lieutenant would not understand, so he kept his mouth shut and sat back in the seat with his arms folded over his stomach.

His time had come. Time for the brig, he guessed. At my age, he thought, I won't get to that line halfway fast enough for those guards; the brig and me, we'll see too much of each other to fool each other.

Colonel Kelly held the message at arm's length. Then he took out his cigarette lighter (battered Zippo case, one of many in history that had taken shrapnel and saved a life and been kept as a token) and lighted the corner of the paper. Held at right angles to the breeze from the air conditioner, it burned fast and bright. Kelly singed the tips of his fingers before he dropped the flaming ashes into the ashtray. There, that did it, the small and impotent but nonetheless satisfying finger to those behind the message. First and last to General Grider, who had been a burr under the saddle of Colonel Kelly's career. They had started with the same date of rank, the same basic training, the same MOS; and yet Grider had done things right, had made general, and here was Kelly, out in the boonies and unlikely to ever be privileged enough to bask in a comfortable billet by the Potomac.

Inspection tours; bah, humbug.

General Grider's visit signaled upbeat. Kelly knew that; he was no constant fool. And to get true upbeat, the situation would have to be analyzed as deteriorating. And the easiest way to do that was to label as incompetent the job done so far. So the chips were down. Grider's team was coming, with its civilian advisor



"Can you direct me to Salt Lake City?"



and agricultural expert and topographical specialist and photo-interpretation officer. They would find what they had decided to find. They would talk to mirrors. It would be a time of surfaces.

It would be a holding action for Kelly. He would not receive praise; that he knew. But the point was to keep himself covered and to convince them that he had done all he could, given the paltry means at his command.

The colonel sat back and thought about that. What he needed was a big gesture that proved he knew the country and the people.

Coakley dropped in. His face was awestruck and pale, as if he had just felt twinges of a coronary. "They're coming," was all he could say.

"Uh-huh," Kelly sighed. "Grider and company."

"I don't have any records. They'll want to see my files, but I don't really have any."

"Your problem," Kelly murmured.

"They're bringing that little shit Glover."

"Who?"

"Walter Glover. I was in a foreign-service school with him once."

"Oh," said Kelly, not caring.

Coakley became more foppish in his anger. "You know, I always assumed that if they were mean enough to send us out here, the least they could do would be to leave us alone. Don't you think? You take the British——"

"I can't take the British."

"Hardly ever do you see Sumner-Clark flapping around the way we have to. It makes me so mad I could spit."

Colonel Kelly was only half listening while he ran down his own inspection check list. He kicked the wastebasket toward Coakley's feet. "So spit."

"I was using a figure of speech. You don't listen, either. No one listens out here."

"That's for sure."

"Yes, that is for sure." Coakley whimpered with a slight whine in his throat. "You could tell them the woods were burning and they wouldn't listen to you unless it fit their theories."

"The woods will be burning soon," said Kelly in a voice of doom.

Coakley sat silent and waited for an amplification of the remark. The trouble with me is I'm always playing the reporter, he thought to himself; I don't bitch enough; I listen too much.

"Yes, sir," Kelly went on, because the silence invited him to, "the woods will be fucking burning."

"I hate that word," said Coakley.

"I suppose you call them jungles, huh? Well, they are woods to me."

"I meant fucking. I hate the word fucking."

Colonel Kelly said in his head, Of course you do, you little queer. But he

only smiled on the surface, "Sorry 'bout that."

"Why can't they just leave us alone?"

"Don't know." Kelly shook his head. "I guess they get scared if something is left alone too long."

"Do you know I've been sort of chief of mission for three years now? Except for visiting firemen, of course."

"So what? Same here this year for me. But things are going to change now. Grider, he come. Heap big build-up, maybe."

"I don't have any files. Do you have any files?" Coakley seemed desperate.

"That's my business," gloated Kelly.

"Well," said Coakley in retaliation, "at least I haven't lost some of my people."

Kelly cringed. He had almost forgotten that for a moment.

Coakley kept the pressure on. "I hate to think what General Grider will say when he learns that one of your very own new and shining master sergeants has gone away. I mean. I may not have files, but you don't even have *people!*"

Coakley stood to his height and puffed his chest. Kelly held his head in his hands in despair. Frozen time, one in triumph.

When in came Lieutenant Goodfellow. "I've got him," he said in his lowest man-of-destiny voice.

Kelly jumped to his feet and yelped. "Where, where?"

"Here," Goodfellow said, as he pulled the shamefaced Campo past the door.

"You better get some files, Coakley," yelled the colonel, "because I've got all my people now!"

. . .

"Hey, Buon Kong," Charley Dog said as he smoked, "tell us about them *phi*." Charley Dog dragged the word out to a whistle—phceeeee. "Because if this place is as spooked as you make it sound, I may have to leave."

Dawn made another pipe for Buon Kong as he spoke.

"The *phi* are like ghosts. They are the living dead. They are in the trees and rocks and mountains. They are in animals and humans. No one who is harmonious should fear the *phi*."

"Uh-huh," said Charley Dog after a while, after it all sank in through the calm and happy fog. "Uh-huh. That's better." He placed his hands along Dawn's jaw line. "I am sure glad to hear that, because I'd hate to leave this little girl just when I was getting to know her."

"You must not be concerned," Buon Kong said to Charley Dog, "since the *phi* regard you as the elephant regards the bamboo tuft."

"Uh-huh," said Charley Dog again, but then he rolled onto his side and looked at the old man. "Wait a minute. The elephant steps on the bamboo tuft."

"Yes, and there are *phi* in your soul right now."

"That's not so good," Charley Dog moaned.

"The bamboo tuft springs up again. It grows and lives and lets the elephant live. So it is with the *phi*. They torment only those beings and objects that threaten life."

"Hey, Buon Kong," said Charley Dog, "that's beautiful. I mean, I don't really believe all of that, but it's beautiful, anyway."

"Sometime," said Buon Kong, "you may be fortunate enough to participate in our *phoo*, our gentle time, when the *phi* come together and demand harmony of everyone."

"Yeah," Charley Dog said with some interest, "that would be a super love-in, that *phoo* would." Feelings, vague but ever-present, made him search out Dawn again. She was lying back in her bunk, sound asleep, now that the pipes had been made. It had been a tough run to the river and a long hard day for her. Yes, it had. But there they were now, safe as cubs in this den, and Charley Dog decided that sleep was the next best thing for him, too.

. . .

Colonel Kelly tipped the cold ash of his dead cigar into the palm of his hand. He pushed it around silently.

It looks like a rat turd, thought Campo irrelevantly. He was accustomed to thinking stupid things in times of pressure; he did this on purpose. It cooled his mind.

The colonel was not talking about much, either. He was letting the silence grow on Goodfellow. In time, the lieutenant would leave, would get the picture that Kelly wanted this fish to himself.

Finally, Goodfellow bowed out. He did not want to stay any longer in that dead space.

That left Campo standing in his bright shirt and slacks, his beer belly pulled in as far as it would go, his posture at neither attention nor parade rest but somewhere between those formalities. The two old pros screwed up their energies and wits. Each saw his job as delicate.

Kelly set a tentative tone. "Sit down," he said.

Campo sat without a word. Another pause.

"Looks like you've got a problem," Kelly said.

Campo shrugged; it was a lead, anyway, Campo figured. Any man who tells you that *you* have a problem, well, that guy is trying to cover up his problems.

"Yes, sir," said Kelly (and Campo thought, Aha, a man who wants to be liked!), "a U/A on your page twelve would be a sad mark at the end of a long and worthy career."

Campo thought he had it now; it





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## Minolta



seemed that there was a bargain that might be made.

Another pause. Kelly sighed. "I'm waiting to hear from you, Top."

Campo sighed, too. He tried to make it sound like a compromise between repentance and boredom. "I don't know what to say, Colonel." Campo waited on that, but Kelly stared him down. "I don't even know why they sent me to Chanda, Colonel." This last came out as a bit of a whine and Campo held his tongue.

"We'll get to that. But first I have to complete my report."

Campo's stomach expanded again in relief. There was no report to complete, really. Either Kelly had listed him as absent in the unit diary or he had not. Give me two minutes in your files and I'd know how to play this, Campo thought.

"Well, sir," Campo began, and with some dignity, he explained most of what had happened. Kelly listened tolerantly. It was no confession, this monolog, just the high points, just enough that was personal so that Kelly would know Campo was placing himself at the colonel's mercy.

When the story was done, the colonel made his move. "OK, Top," he said slowly, "you don't know why you're here, right? Well, let me tell you something. You're here because I asked for you."

Thanks a load, Campo thought, but he tried to keep a straight face.

"It just so happens that you are a very particular Marine. Do you know why? Try to guess. Try to think of something in your background that is unique and individual."

Campo's fine sense of crudities rose up in him and he wanted to say, You've been talking with my wife. But this was a square and serious time, he guessed—it was getting more difficult for him to judge that as he grew older—so he did not joke. "I don't know," he said. "I got the same MOS as most folks here."

The colonel smiled like a teacher. "This doesn't have anything to do with that. Think back, way back." Campo pretended to. "Any clues?" Campo shook his head. Kelly preened himself. He loved power, and he took it any way he could get it. "Back to your boyhood days, eh, Top? What did you do then?"

"Not much I can talk about," Campo tried to joke, but it made no impression on the colonel.

"The circus, remember? The circus."

Maybe he's crazy, thought Campo, and then out loud he said, "Yes, sir, the circus. Yes, sir." He shook his head in supposed fondness for the days gone by. "How did you learn about that?"

"We have our ways," said Kelly, full of mystery and seriousness. "You worked in a circus. And what did you do?"

Why don't you tell me? Campo wanted to say, but he said, "Lots of things.

Helped fold the pram tents, drove stakes, stuff like that."

"Go on."

"Well, not much else. I was just a dumb kid who ran away from the farm. They put me on any work they had for me. Then I ditched that job and joined the Corps."

"You have left out one very important fact," said Kelly in irritation.

If you've got my jail record, you'd better bring it out, thought Campo, because that was years ago and I don't admit to much of it.

"And that fact can be summed up in one word," said Kelly.

"Which is?" asked Campo with no pretense of respect for this game.

"Elephants," said Kelly slowly, as if the word were a great delicacy that few understood. "Elephants."

There was a grim and gloating silence. Campo struggled to understand.

"You worked with elephants in the circus, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. Sometimes. I mean, I watered them and cleaned the shit out of their cages."

Kelly leaned back and chewed another cigar. "You like elephants, Sergeant Campo?"

"I never really thought about it, Colonel. They're OK, I guess."

Kelly chewed faster as he got more excited. "It's very hard to find people

who have worked with elephants. I suppose you know that?"

"Yes, sir," Campo agreed helplessly.

"But, I say again, *but* the elephant is a very important animal here in Chanda, right?"

"If you say so, sir."

"It seems to me, Sergeant, that we can hardly expect to do anything in this place until we show the slopeheads we understand their country. That's been my big problem here, see? Now I have a plan to change this and I want to put you in charge of it. I'm willing to forgive and forget. What the hell, every man needs some liberty."

Pause again. Campo filled it up with, "Yes, sir."

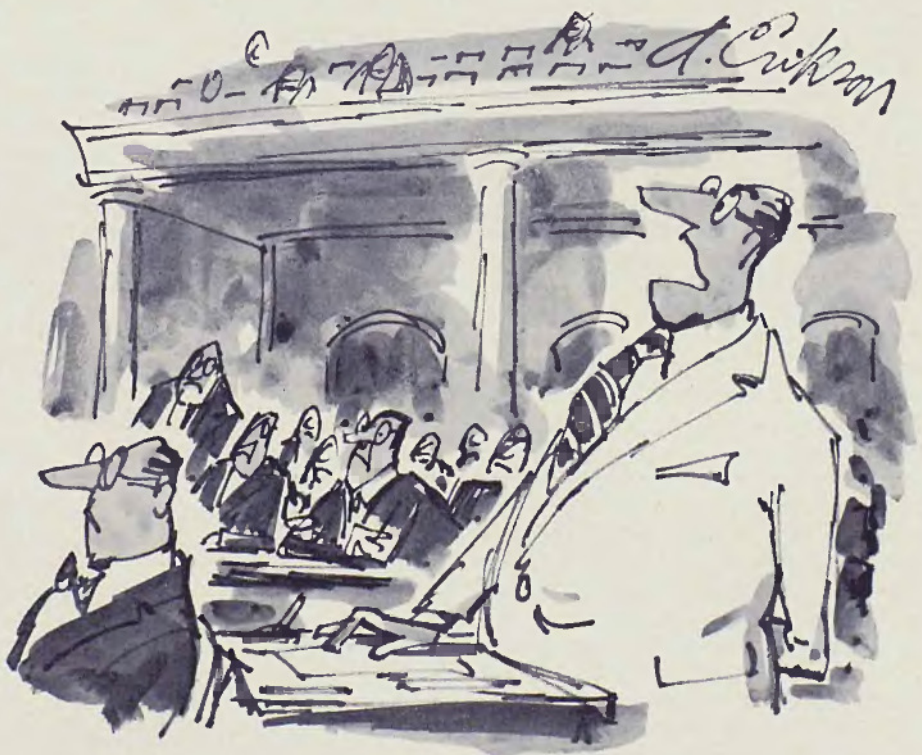
"I want to implement this right away. We've got a big inspection coming up and I don't mind telling you that I plan to have us ready, Top."

Maybe, just maybe, you shouldn't have told me that, Campo said to himself; because now I know you didn't file me out of here in your unit diary, because you don't want any embarrassments there on the paper; so maybe, just maybe, I'll bargain after I hear your terms.

"Now, the way I see it is we need an elephant."

Campo nodded, expecting the colonel to go on. There was a long silence.

The colonel cleared his throat. "Where



*"I move that the Ethics Committee be abolished, on the grounds that they have been conducting unauthorized wire taps."*



would we get an elephant, Sergeant?"

"I don't know, sir. I just got here."

"Well, it seems to me that has to be our first step. See what you can do about that. Shouldn't be too much of a problem for a man of your training and initiative."

The colonel laughed and Campo knew he was free and off the absence charge. "I'll try to get us one, Colonel," said Campo in that senior-N. C. O. tone that gathers the hymns of slaves and the orations of anarchists into the same pitch and voice.

"Now, I've been doing some reading on this, Sergeant, and we need"—he pulled out a small notebook and leafed through it—"we need a keddah, a howdah and a charjama."

Campo's mouth dropped open. "Sir?"

"A keddah, a howdah and a charjama. You know what those are?"

"No, sir."

"Neither do I, but I'll find out. Any questions, Sergeant?"

No more than a billion, thought Campo, but he waited until the jokes were in the back of his head again and he acted serious. "I was wondering what we were going to do with the elephant, once we get it. If that's not moving too far ahead, sir."

"Not at all, not at all, Top. Glad you asked. Well, I guess the first thing we'll do is ride it around town, just to show the folks what we're all about. Ride it to work, ride it to lunch, things like that. I know there will be problems, I know that. Anything worth doing has problems, right? But if we can show the people that we understand their customs, our job will be a lot easier. And General Grider will know we're doing our best. OK?"

Campo shook his head in a confusing motion that said yes and no at the same time.

"You know, Top, here in Chanda, we've got some real competition. The Russians are here, the British, the French, the North Vietnamese, the Chinese, and so on. The list is huge. And we have to look our best. As far as I know, nobody has ever thought of this idea. It'll be spectacular!" Kelly rubbed his hands. "You scout around. You snoop and poop and get me that elephant. Only one thing—don't disappear on me again, you understand? I'll write up more charges and specifications than you can dream of, if you go U/A again. I'll string your butt from the flagpole. You better believe that."

Oh, I believe it, I believe it, thought Campo. "Yes, sir, Colonel," he said, and then, to himself, As long as you need me, you will be OK, but may I save my own hide when the shooting starts.

Colonel Kelly stood and extended his hand. "Good to have you aboard, Top," he said in naval terminology that he thought would please the Marine.

"Thank you, sir, it's good to serve here," replied Campo, all the time thinking of the opium den and his dreams, all the time laughing at how easy it was to lie to a full bird as soon as you knew there were better things in the world.

. . .

Out at Andrews Air Force Base, Walter Glover felt as if he were handling a crowd scene. General Grider had not shown up and the ETD was an hour away. And what an hour. Four A.M. Glover raced between a pay phone near the magazine counter and the staging area. Margaret sat on her suitcase and yawned. Martin Edelman toyed with his press badge.

"Walter," Margaret said in half sleep, "why are you so fucking stupid?"

Walter ignored her. He was frantic. "He doesn't answer. I'm sure he's on his way. The officer of the day said he'd send a man over to his quarters."

Edelman looked at him with snake's eyes. They were not getting along. Glover retaliated. "I'm not working for you, you know, Martin? You know that? I have to try to get along with Little Miss Crypto here, but not you, Martin."

"What did I say, Walter?" asked Edelman. "I can't help it if the general wants me along for some good coverage. No matter what you told him. So peace, Walter, peace." He reached up and patted Glover on the shoulder. "It's too early in the day to get excited. There's no protocol at four in the morning. None. So relax. War is hell."

There comes a time, and it might as well be early, when every man needs to retaliate; that time is now, thought Glover. "Let me see your shot card, Martin."

Edelman pulled the yellow card from his wallet. "It's really none of your business."

"I'm in charge of the details side, Martin." Glover studied it and pretended to show surprise. "You need another polio booster. There are only two listed here."

Edelman looked desperately at the card.

"I can't let you on the plane until you . . . shoot up, you know? The dispensary is open."

"Come on. I can't lift my arm as it is. They gave us five shots yesterday."

"Sorry, Martin. That's on my check list and the general wouldn't be happy if you didn't comply."

"You would be carrying a Western disease into their country, Martin. Like syphilis into the New World. Go take a needle," said Margaret.

Edelman folded his coat neatly and tucked it under his arm. He rolled up his sleeve as he talked. "I hope someday I can repay this favor."

"OK, Martin, I've got lots to do. I can't be smoothing out the feelings of the press at four A.M."

"Remember one thing before we even lift off, babies. After every four in the morning, there is a five in the afternoon. And that's when the papers hit the street. Remember that."

Edelman walked like a wounded bear toward the open door.

"You know, he's right, Walter. Just because you think what you think, he's still a reporter."

"He'll write this up the way the general wants it, Margaret. And if he doesn't, his editors will. It's a setup and I don't want to talk about it. Let me see your shot card, sweetheart." Margaret wet her forefinger and swirled it around in Walter's palm. He jerked his hand away in embarrassment. "Let me see your shot card," he demanded, all the time looking around, to see if anyone had noticed.

"Hmm-hmm," Margaret whimpered in mock passion. "Let me see your needle first. I mean, I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours."

. . .

Danny Campo saw his life as a series of absurdities brought on by commanding officers. As he walked the streets of Royal City and tried to decide how to find an elephant, he thought back on the missions in his career that could match this one. Once, in Hawaii, he had been asked to bargain for 100 pairs of snowshoes; his company commander was convinced that the brigade would be sent on cold-weather operations. That ghost hunt failed when the men refused to contribute to the snowshoe fund. Then there was the American admiral in Hanoi who used Campo's services as bodyguard (this immediately after Dien Bien Phu) rarely, but who wanted two canteens of water mixed with Coca-Cola at his bedside every morning precisely at sunrise, that hour computed by a chart the admiral always carried. Now Campo was back on Asian territory, possibly to die there he had assumed, only to find himself wandering around like a zookeeper from Brooklyn, searching for an elephant.

Maybe I should put an ad in the paper, if they have a paper, thought Campo:

#### WANTED

One elephant (no tendency toward musth) to work part time American mission house; should be housebroken; pay scale and grading to be arranged; all interested, apply Colonel Kelly, field advisor.

Yes, sir, that would do it. If there was a paper, that is, and if elephants could read, and if, if, if.

Danny Campo stood in the center of Royal City's busiest intersection. He was at an impasse. The pedicabs swirled around him and the few taxis honked their horns at the sight of him. Campo shook his head. No, he didn't want a





*"The entire Juilliard Quartet! . . . You glutton!"*

ride; no, he didn't want to buy chewing gum; your sister? No, thanks; but if you've got an elephant? Yes, you have no elephants. OK, OK.

The jumble of sheet-metal roofs and palm fronds and bamboo frames hurt his eyes. This place could get busy, he thought. The Constellation Hotel, three stories high, looked like a skyscraper. As always when the confusion of a situation tumbled his equilibrium, Campo decided to drink.

In the dark and dusty bar just off the terrace, Campo ordered a beer from Andreas. His eyes adjusted to the shadows and he saw Andreas nursing a split lip. The Greek anticipated him: "Please do not mention this to me, Sergeant." So Campo nodded and drank his beer. Andreas applied wet cloths to the corner of his mouth.

After two beers and much silence, Campo cleared his throat. "Say, Andreas, you know where I could get hold of an elephant? Andreas?"

"There is no market for them these days. I suggest you think of something else."

"No, no. I want a live elephant."

Andreas shook his head as he looked at himself in a pocket mirror. "My lip will not be fit to kiss for a week."

Campo shut up and drank another beer. In mid-swallow, on a last draining, he choked as he felt a sharp slap on the back. "Mennan's the name, you old gyrene, and welcome to this booby hatch." Campo saw one of his own helt, with a cowboy hat pushed back on the neck and one puffed eye that crinkled as if it were smiling.

"Have a beer," Campo said.

"Sheecit," spat Mennan, "and fill the bank for that bastard? He gave me this and I gave him that fat lip and that's even trade. That don't mean I have to drink his liquor. Him and that Russian go for gang-bangs, don't you, Andreas? Yes, sir, hit 'em and go get 'em and slide both ways. Don't do your drinking here, Top, because nobody knows what kind of saliva that mother has. Come on, I got me a good place to drink."

With his arm securely around Campo's shoulder, Mennan led him out across the terrace and into the street. As they faded

into the afternoon, Andreas spit once on the floor. Then he finished a beer.

. . .

Marya Pleisetskya stared at Nadolsky. "An elephant?"

"Yes," he said as he put the phone on the hook. "Now, what would they want with that?"

"It is perhaps a secret weapon. I don't know. We must cable."

"Marya . . ." but he did not go on. It was no use to argue that one. She was independent, almost uncontrollable, her superiors not his.

"Alexander, you have been out here too long. You have no taste for detail. The heat has turned you into a Turk."

He wiped his face with his red handkerchief. The woman had power. She was beautiful, but she had power. And who was he to say she was wrong? He had recognized in himself of late a terrible and frightening desire to live in this jungle for the rest of his life. His requests for transfer, his increasing eccentricities (how could he have fallen in with the scheme of Andreas? How could he want to rape a deaf-mute? He felt a surge in his crotch and knew why.), his constant bitching about all things tropical had been protests against his new nature. He was appalled at what he had become, yet helpless. Some icicles planted in his mind by the climate of his youth had been melted forever by this kingdom.

And yet there was this fresh arrival, Marya the determined, who kept constant check and totaled up his weaknesses and mistakes (so many; he had become so human) and sent these totals in reports back to the steppes. Well, give the girl time out here and she would understand. But it was a question of timing. Would the subtle vibrations of Chanda jar her frozen attitudes before he was recalled?

Recall came swiftly. He knew more than one of his kind who had been carried onto planes while strapped on stretchers, their bodies (corpses?) swathed in bandages, local officials protesting ineffectively. Recall.

"In India," Marya said seriously, "they are using elephants to distribute birth-control propaganda. Perhaps the Americans hope to do the same thing."

To her surprise, Nadolsky leaned back in his chair and laughed long and loud. "What is so funny?" she asked. He shook his head, as if she would never understand. "Well!" she said in a huff and left the room.

Nadolsky stopped laughing. There, he had done it again. He had set her off balance. He had an idea that these incidents went immediately into her communique's, all worded to prove that anything extraordinary is subversive. And it probably is, he thought, and laughed again: Bless it, it probably is.

. . .

Night comes early and lasts long in Chanda. Late afternoon is a time for last preparations before the fog and darkness sock into the land. Up in the dusk, Mennan sideslipped the small plane and Campo felt his guts tug.

Mennan sang into the mike and Campo winced:

*"It's a long way to Sayaboury,  
It's a long, long way from home."*

In the slanting sun, the hills took on tinges of blue. Seen from the air, the earth looked like a green ash heap, smoldering in spots, where the tribes had slashed and burned the fields to clear them for themselves. Trails ran straight up to villages on the hilltops. The valleys were filled with shadows and mist. Campo wondered how Mennan navigated the craft. They were flying over a surface with no landmarks to speak of, and after they stopped following the river, Campo had lost himself completely. "What happens if the motor cuts out on you?" he asked, just to keep talking in the haze.

"Well, now," said Mennan, "let's see about that," and he cut the power down to near nothing.

"What, hey?" Campo said, scared. No noise except the putt-putt-putt of the dying contraption. Wind whistle and a slow prop. The plane drifted like a glider. Campo longed to hear the engine. Mennan cackled at his discomfort and then turned his wrist and brought the bird back to life.

"It's just over that saddle on the horizon," said Mennan.

They were headed toward the village that was the center of elephant training



in Chanda. Here, Mennan promised, they could order themselves a superduper elephant that would be just right for Colonel Kelly's plan.

Besides, Campo had logged no air time with Mennan, a fact that Mennan considered an insult. All his buddies were supposed to fly with him. It was a testimony to friendship, in his opinion, and he expected gratitude from those he waltzed through the air, those who were looped and curled and spun until the brown bag tucked over the radio receiver had been used and the buddy-victim was left gasping in his shoulder harness, his parachute heavy on his back. One of those manly christenings that demanded blood and vomit.

When the Royal City had disappeared behind them, Campo had been taken through the ritual. Now, after an hour's air time, they aimed for the spot on the red horizon.

"I heard they were having a little build-up somewhere around here," said Mennan. He tilted the plane again and looked idly over his left shoulder.

When up ahead, as if they had been placed there for decoration, two little puffs of smoke exploded on the flight path. "Shit," said Mennan without emotion, and he took the plane into a steep dive. Campo wanted to say, Climb, you bastard, climb! because the valley floor was coming

up hard and the plane was already below the shadow line. Mennan pulled it out after Campo had fainted briefly. They flew along the treetops, belly-hopping over the contours.

Mennan explained what he was doing in the fatherly tones a dentist uses with a patient. "Ceiling on this thing is only ten thousand. They can reach that easy as you can pull a tit. So when they fucky-fuck with us, we got to go for the floor. I say we head back to Royal City right now and forget those elephants. Ain't no beast worth flying through that crap for. I'll fly a spotter mission over here tomorrow with some on-call aircraft. And if they shoot at me again, they'll buy the farm. I promise you, they'll catch hell in a basket."

"Who is 'they'?" Campo said into the mike.

"How the hell do I know who they are? Somebody down there don't like us, though. And they got flak to prove it. Listen, two years ago, we didn't have to worry about that stuff. We had enough trouble hitting the landing strips and fighting the fog. So you ask me who 'they' is and I got only one answer: 'They' is anybody who makes my job tougher and my ass tighter. OK?"

"Roger OK sure," said Campo fast.

"Ah, yes, assassinations aren't what they used to be, you know. Delightful at

first, just the emotional shock to titillate us all; wake up and find the telly blasting away with pictures and replays.

"The best thing about the first Irishman's funeral was the illusion you all had that you were united in something, even if it was grief. I was in Washington then and I found it quite superior to anything I saw on the rest of my little tour. Really it was." Sumner-Clark looked to Coakley for some reaction, but he was not listening.

"You might as well relax. There's nothing you can do now. They are somewhere just over the skyline. I don't suppose anything is on time here in Chanda, is it? Not even American generals." Sumner-Clark smoked. "Besides, they're not coming here to see you. It's another kind of probe."

"They'll want to see my files," said Coakley softly.

"Excellent! I think we made up some peachy files. And if you'll screw up your bravado a bit, they'll never know the difference. I gave you some of our best material, love, so be grateful."

The two stood in the shade of the communications shack. The day was cloudy and hot. Their light suits showed sweat at the armpits. At least they were not standing on the tarmac griddle waiting for the plane to land.

Sumner-Clark went on filling the air with monologs to keep Coakley amused and, he hoped, a little less mournful. Coakley was such a child at times, assuming that a man like General Grider was interested in the slips and slides of an erratic and not very powerful clerk. "Nations need orgasms, too, don't they? Of course they do. Something a bit more exciting than normal to give the system a delicious jolt. A plucking of national strings. You see, I have this theory—listen to me, now!"

"Where the hell are they?"

"Slowly, slowly, my cabbage. They don't dare appear until Major Poon has his band ready."

Out on the tarmac, the major was trying to align the Royal Chanda Orchestra. They did not seem to know where to stand.

"Now, listen to me," Sumner-Clark said. "I want to tell you my theory."

"I don't give a damn about your theory. I want to get this inspection over with and get them the hell out of here and go back to the way things were. If they would just leave us alone."

"My theory is that soon, assassination simply will not be enough for us. We'll need more excitement. Take the last one. I heard about it on the BBC right here in Royal City. What did I say? It doesn't matter. But what did you say? What did the poor housewife say? What did all of you feel? I submit that if you





had a national-blood-pressure monitor at the moment people heard the news, you would have found virtually no response. No orgasm. Therefore, we are left with an inevitability." Sumner-Clark paused to see if he was in control of his nervous listener.

"Which is?" Coakley asked without interest.

"It's quite obvious, isn't it? Surely you and I know that. What happens when a thing, any *thing*, ceases to please us? We go on to the next step."

Coakley snorted at him.

"My dear boy, put away your whips before you feel too virtuous. Because the next step for this poor old impotent world is just ahead. We should acknowledge that, love. A progression of sensations. You know what I mean. You know."

In the deep silver stacked clouds, there was a flickering glint shining like tin foil. "That's them!" Coakley shouted.

Sumner-Clark set his spine against the corner of the shack. He wanted to feel the warm metal edge run from his shoulder blades down to the crease in his ass. Ah, that feels different, he thought when he had it all arranged properly.

Coakley wanted to go closer, in order to be part of the reception committee. "I'll stay here for a while," said Sumner-Clark. "After all, he's not *my* general."

As the DC-3 landed and rolled toward the loading area, Major Poon made his last frantic preparations. The wind did not help, kicking up as it did and rocking the small table and microphone.

Colonel Kelly stood rigid as a post and watched the approaching plane as if he expected it to explode or disappear or run over him. Lieutenant Goodfellow was equally hypertense. Sergeant Campo tried to be, too, but without a uniform, he could not put all his energies into this kind of thing.

Mennan ran toward the center strip and began a majestic series of hand signals to the pilot of the DC-3. He coaxed it across the narrow metal plates that connected the loading area with the runway.

Behind the high grate fence that defined the edge of the airport, a number of children and samlor drivers watched the ceremony. None of them smiled or waved.

From time to time, Colonel Kelly glanced nervously at the activities of Major Poon. He had not expected the major to be interested or active in this supposedly secret tour. Yet on arrival at the airport, the colonel had seen the band, the table with its silver cups and old coins and bananas. Flowers decorated the corners. Rice had been sprinkled all over the place.

"What is this shit?" the colonel had asked the major.

"Colonel, I am in charge of the peace-keeping force and I have decided that there will be no warlike visits to Chanda

without the kingdom presenting its own welcome." And the little man had turned away from the colonel's sputtering arguments.

So, as the ramp was wheeled to the plane and the door was unsealed, and as the colonel and his two aides snapped to attention, the Royal Chanda Orchestra (two trumpets, two bass drums, one khene pipe) struck up, in their fashion, the completely inappropriate *Hail to the Chief*. To Colonel Kelly's horror, the king appeared in his limousine, Wampoom at his side. The king carried a great garland of palm berries to the foot of the ramp and Wampoom sang into the mike:

*"Hail to American chief*

*Hail to American chief*

*Welcome to Chanda the people always happy*

*Welcome to city where all time flowers grow*

*You number one, oh, honcho General Grider*

*Number ten is sure the day you got to go."*

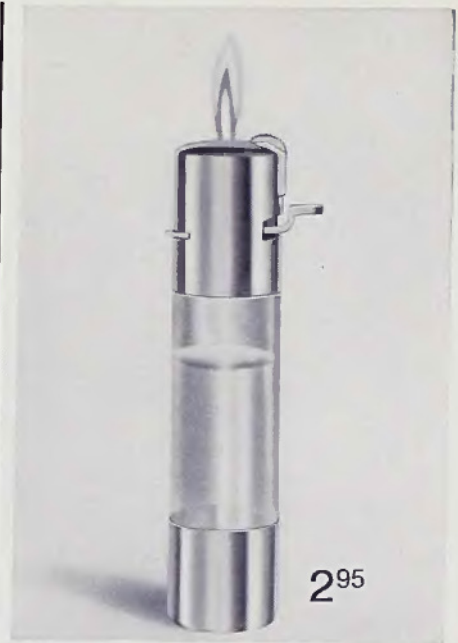
The music died away in the humidity. The general was paralyzed with anger at the publicity. The king smiled and waited. The colonel was terrified by the whole mess and for a few seconds, no one moved. Dead silence. Then Major Poon began to applaud. He turned in small circles, like a bullfighter, and clapped his hands rapidly, politely. The sound came hollow and sharp over the wind and into the microphone. The Royal Chanda Orchestra clapped. So did Coakley, who stood in the rear.

Soon everyone was clapping, even the general, as he stepped down the ramp, and the king, after he had thrown the garland around the general's shoulders, and Wampoom and, finally, Colonel Kelly. Each member of the inspection team was applauded as the plane emptied.

Then another pause in the improvisation. More uneasy grinning silence. Walter Glover whispered something to the general, who went toward the microphone and said, quite gruffly, while he was clearing his throat, "It's nice to be here." The general's dark suit was rumpled and he tugged at the center vent. "Thank you," he added. The loud-speaker screeched. Martin Edelman wrote rapidly on his scratch-pad.

The day darkened. The clouds moved fast. A wall of rain and fog rolled toward the airport. In this no man's land of new protocol, there seemed to be no one who could take charge and break the group out of its formation. It was as if they had come to a bad party and it was too early to leave. Silence again, while all wondered what to do.

When from across the way behind the airport fence came the strange sound of



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wolf howls: "Aiee, aiee," came the high falsetto. Sumner-Clark pushed his back away from the shack and scanned the fence line. "Aiee," again. The group around the plane began to look, too. But Sumner-Clark was closest to the crowd and he saw them first, although he did not understand what he was seeing. For there in the midst of the little people stood a tall black man with his closed fists raised in the air, the knuckles touching the barbed wire that crowned the grating. Making no sense to those who watched him from the tarmac. Charley Dog cried out his angry howls. As if that was not spectacle enough, Sumner-Clark's vision settled on the tall dark girl at the black's side. Draped in a sari of pheasant colors, she, too, had raised her hands and was shaking them. Her fingers formed the V sign. Truly, she was the more frightening of the two for Sumner-Clark. Her mouth was wide open and her head shook, but there was no sound from her, no sound at all, try as hard as she might, and Sumner-Clark thought for a moment that she was strangling on her own tongue.

The rain came.

. . .

"Tell me some more about them *phi*, Buon Kong," said Charley Dog. He was drenched and his clothes were drying on an upper bunk while Dawn rubbed his skin with coconut oil. "Tell me about the way the *phi* can help us."

"The *phi* are very disobedient," said Buon Kong. "And they help the disobedient."

"Hey, that's OK, Buon Kong. That's *bo penhang*."

"The *phi* are those spirits in us that seek liberty."

"I got *mucho phi* in me, then, Buon Kong."

The old man nodded through the smoke. "All men are born disobedient.

They must be forced to work, to fight, to respect leaders. They are twisted out of harmony."

Charley Dog sat up. "That may be, but I don't see the world changing, no, sir. Trouble with the *phi* is they can't do anything, you know?"

"Perhaps," said Buon Kong. "But perhaps, if we are ready to accept them, they can do things."

"I don't know, man. You talk about these here *phoo* love-ins and stuff. Maybe, I don't know."

"I will tell you a story," said Buon Kong. "Once upon a time, when Yak was king of Chanda, there was nothing but war. The people were tired of war, but Yak always said war was necessary for them. No one could break through his arguments, because no one else had his means of knowing things. If Yak said the country was being attacked, how could the people debate this? He rarely came to the market place himself. His ministers were able to make up convenient reports. How could the people know what to do?"

"But one day, Yak did come to the market. Too many people had been protesting his remoteness and he wished to pacify them. 'I am here to answer your questions,' said Yak.

"There were many questions from the crowd, but they were not disobedient questions, for Yak chose those who would be permitted to ask things of him in public.

"Then a voice asked, 'Do you eat rice, O King?' Yak smiled and said that he did. A vendor came forward. He held one small grain of rice between his thumb and forefinger. 'This is for you, O King,' the vendor said. The crowd laughed uneasily. They were not sure if this was insult or ignorance operating. 'Please eat my rice,' said the vendor. Yak

raised the grain to his lips in a sporting fashion. The vendor grabbed his wrist. 'But first, I must tell you that my rice is grown by the *phi*, O King.'

"Yak stiffened and the people gasped. The vendor went on. 'Each grain represents the hide of one buffalo. The harmonious man eats my rice and licks his lips and says, "My, what good rice." But the man out of harmony eats just one grain of my rice and the buffalo hide swells to its full size. That man is immediately marked for life with a stomach as large as a pregnant woman's. So eat my rice, O King, and let us see what you are.'"

Buon Kong puffed on his pipe and was silent.

"Well, come on, Buon Kong," said Charley Dog, "what happened? Did he eat the rice?"

"Of course not. He handed it back, saying that there were too many hungry people in his country to waste rice on the leaders, who were well fed."

"So that pissed the people in the market place, didn't it? They wanted to see the king take the test."

"Perhaps. But the ministers and others in the crowd cheered the king and many people followed their gestures."

"But the king was all shook up and things like that and there wasn't no more war while he was king, huh, Buon Kong?"

"Oh, no, there were many more wars while Yak was king."

"What's the fucking point, Buon Kong?" asked Charley Dog in exasperation. "I thought you were all for the *phi*, but I don't see what you got to prove with this story."

The old man handed his pipe to Dawn and stretched out on his pallet. "Well," he sighed, "I am sorry, too, but sometimes my stories don't turn out the way I want them to. Anyway, Charley Dog, think about it. It could happen."

"Yeah," said Charley Dog as he lay down for another massage. "yeah, it could. About the time I turn white and rich, Buon Kong. Right about then."

Buon Kong spoke very slowly in his near sleep. "We will need the *phi*, so please do not disown them. This city is filling up with unharmonious spirits and we must leave here soon."

"I'm for that, baby. This town is getting so fortified it looks like they're going to hold the next Democratic Convention here." Charley Dog relaxed as Dawn kneaded his shoulders. "And, speaking of that, who's the mayor of this place, you know, Buon Kong?"

The old man was asleep.

*This is the second installment of "The Land of a Million Elephants." The third and concluding installment of the novel will appear in our April issue.*





## STOCK MARKET *(continued from page 130)*

ignore), the median return on a random common-stock investment turned out to be 9.3 percent a year. It didn't matter what stock was bought, when it was purchased nor how long it was held. All that mattered was that one invest often enough and at random; one was bound to end up making money at a rate of over nine percent a year. The study also revealed that 78 percent of all 57,000,006 transactions showed a profit, which theoretically means that an investor's chances of picking a winning stock, blindfolded, from an outspread *Wall Street Journal* are something close to eight in ten.

The methodology of the study is open to criticism, but the results are probably representative. Not surprisingly, they caused great jubilation in the stockbroker community, though the mutual-fund industry, which by and large had been achieving lower-than-random results, was less pleased. (Despite recent setbacks, the funds are now doing better, and readers inclined toward this less-demanding form of investment are referred to *Playboy's Guide to Mutual Funds*, by this writer, published in these pages in June 1969.) Even subtracting income taxes, the Fisher and Lorie figures were still remarkable. The after-tax return for an individual with a taxable income of \$10,000 (based on 1960 dollars and tax rates) was 8.7 percent; for an individual in the \$50,000 bracket, 7.7 percent.

Relying on this information alone, tyro investors in every tax bracket might do well to confine their initial transactions to common stocks listed on the big board, where the deck seems provably stacked in their favor. This would lessen the preparatory study involved, eliminating the need to brush up on preferred stocks, bonds, convertible bonds, rights, warrants, puts, calls, straddles and all the other investment arcana, discussed further on, in which investors can also make or lose money. Presumably, the investor would hope to achieve a return considerably higher than the random rate, if only because he could nail down a risk-free ten percent these days just buying bonds. But even if the investor concentrates his early efforts on common stocks alone, his choice is far from limited. To the 1200-plus common stocks listed on the big board should be added a like number on the Amex and perhaps another 1000 of the better-known over-the-counter offerings. Clearly, the investor faces more choices than he can possibly grapple with, and some way has to be found to reduce them to manageable proportions.

The easiest way is to begin by exploring not the vast universe of possible common-stock investments but the smaller and more negotiable universe of the investor's own experience. Almost all of us,

if we thought about it long enough, could unearth an attractive stock from the personal world with which we're familiar. Perhaps it's the firm we work for, if we can confirm from personal knowledge that it's well managed and making fatter profits year after year. Or perhaps it's the competitor that always gives us so much trouble, that supplier who always exceeds quality standards, that hot-shot firm a fast-rising friend works for or a corporation that regularly produces new products we can't do without. Was anyone unimpressed with the first Polaroid camera he saw? A purchase of Polaroid stock, at any time up to 1965, would now have increased at least fourfold. That's almost 100 percent a year.

Unfortunately, the more a novice learns about the stock market, the less he'll be willing to rely on his own judgment. Once he begins reading *The Wall Street Journal* every morning, once he starts poring through the business and investment magazines, subscribing to an advisory service or two, hanging out in the brokerage board room, watching stock figures shoot across the wall and listening to what the traders are whispering about, shuffling through the volumes of financial data that supposedly enable him to make better investment decisions: once he has immersed himself in all this, how can he bring himself to buy a stock like Polaroid just because he owns and enjoys one of the company's cameras? The message should be clear: Never assume that anyone knows more about

the market than you do. The stock market, like the future, cannot be predicted. People who make correct forecasts are not oracular—just lucky. Your guess *has* to be as good as the next man's. For you, it's probably better, because it's personally suited to your own needs—psychological as well as financial. As will be seen, this is crucially important.

Yet, certain facts can help the would-be investor act intelligently. For instance, he ought to be able to interpret the stock-price figures in the daily newspapers. This is an especially useful point of departure. Not only is the information cheap and readily available but, since newspaper stock quotations consist solely of names and numbers, no one will be ruined by just reading them (as can result from a serious flirtation with a bad how-I-made-a-million-in-stocks book).

Whatever paper he reads, the investor will find that the daily quotations of the listed stocks look something like this:

119 65 $\frac{1}{4}$  Standard 2.70 679 119 119 $\frac{1}{2}$  117 $\frac{1}{4}$  119 $\frac{3}{4}$  + 4%

A cursory reading should reveal that the stock in question is Standard Oil Company of Ohio, which happens to be one of the shares that bucked the trend in last summer's market blowout. The first two figures—119 and 65 $\frac{1}{4}$ —are the highest and lowest prices at which the stock has sold during the year. (U. S. stock prices are invariably quoted in dollars and fractions of dollars, rather than in dollars and cents; and over the years, investors have come to think that way themselves, because it makes calculations easier. Typically, dollar signs are dropped for brevity, so \$65.25 becomes



*"It's fair enough. The little squirt borrows our car, we borrow his pot."*



65¼; then, to save breath and provide the proper aura of detachment, dollars become "points," so that an increase of \$2.50 is "up two and a half points.") The year's high and low figures are quite instructive, but, for some reason, only the better financial pages see fit to include them.

The figure following the company name represents the dividend the stock paid last year—in this case, \$2.70 a share. Companies that regularly pay dividends other than cash, usually in the form of stock, are indicated by a lower-case letter after the dividend figure. An alphabet soup of other symbols carries additional significance; but, since each wire service has its own symbology and since many newspapers deviate even from these, the investor would do well to consult the explanatory table that usually accompanies the quotations. The number following the dividend figure represents the day's trading volume in hundreds of shares; in other words, 67,900 shares of Sohio were traded that day. If the investor has been watching the stock closely, he might recognize that this figure indicates quite a bit of trading action. Typically, fewer than 25,000 Sohio shares change hands daily.

The next figures describe the day's price movement—opening price, high price, low price and closing price—and the final figure reveals that in the last transaction before the market closed, the stock was selling at a price of \$4.38 higher than that of the closing trade the previous day. (Many investors mistakenly think that the last figure, +4¾ in this example, tells how much the stock went up that day. Actually, the change during the day is the difference between the opening price and the closing price—which, in this instance, were 119 and 119⅞, giving a daily change of ⅞ of a dollar, 88 cents.)

The point of all this is to show that one small row of figures conceals a gold mine of useful information. It not only enables the investor to make a stab at charting the day's action in Sohio but it also hides clues to the direction in which the stock is heading. Needless to say, the clues are ambiguous. In this case, since the closing price of \$119.88 represents an advance of \$4.38 beyond the previous day's close, the stock must have closed the previous day at \$115.50. Then it opened the next day at \$119, for an overnight jump of \$3.50. Such a large opening gap is unusual. Either the market for Sohio is unstable or some new development has taken place overnight. (In this instance, both explanations apply.) The amateur investor might regard such action as ominous. Since the stock jumped sharply overnight and closed at its highest level of the year (actually, its highest level ever), he could well conclude that the stock is overpriced and should be sold. A more seasoned investor

might reach the opposite conclusion. Stocks that reach new highs tend to keep reaching new highs. So, on the basis of the same information, while the amateur is selling, the seasoned investor might be buying. Meanwhile, the professional investor could reach yet a third conclusion. The stock opened strong on a new high, but after the large initial leap, it didn't forge much higher. Whatever pushed it up an opening \$3.50 wasn't sufficient to move it one more dollar the entire day. So, despite the record high price, failure of the day's action to confirm the strength of the overnight upward move could indicate to the pro that the stock might not be likely to go up much farther. At the very least, the signals are confusing, so the pro would probably leave the stock alone.

In this case, he would have made the right decision; for, after reaching its new high of 119⅞, Sohio immediately dropped back to 110 and, a few weeks later, was selling in the low 90s. Our hypothetical amateur investor, acting for the wrong reasons, would have won; his more seasoned counterpart, acting for the right reasons but not examining the situation closely enough, would have lost; and the truly sophisticated investor, unwilling to risk his money in a dubious situation, would still have all his capital available for a more promising prospect. Quite often, this is just what happens.

While virtually all daily newspapers publish stock quotations, their investment usefulness beyond that is limited. For more substantial business news and investment information, two papers predominate: *The New York Times*, offering far-above-average financial coverage, and *The Wall Street Journal*, the vade mecum of the investing public. *Baron's*, a tabloid weekly published every Saturday, runs a most comprehensive compilation of stock statistics, including dividend dates and past and current figures on corporate profits—something no other newsstand publication offers. Besides its wealth of statistics, *Baron's* features perceptive articles on market analysis. A handful of biweekly or monthly magazines also cater to the needs of would-be or current investors, but they are almost uniformly dreary and suffer from a grievous conceptual flaw: the assumption that anyone who is interested in the stock market is also interested in business and businessmen. If an enterprising publisher were to produce a magazine edited not for businessmen but for investors, a magazine that talked about stocks instead of machines and interviewed speculators instead of executives, he would probably make a fortune. Until he comes along, investors must make do with what's available. *Forbes* deserves special mention, if only because it is so much better than its competitors. *Fortune*, unabashedly edited

for well-off businessmen, also publishes useful investment information.

A horde of stock-market advisory services, at last count, 2675 of them, fill the void left by the business and investment magazines with weekly newsletters telling investors when and what to buy and sell. Since anyone with a typewriter and a duplicating machine can get into the advisory business, it's not surprising that the value of most such advice is marginal. In the aggregate, the performance of the advisors' recommended stocks seems just slightly lower than the performance of stocks in general. Though this is quite a feat, it hardly justifies the price of a subscription, which can run as high as \$200 a year—tax deductible. Back in the Depression, delighted Congressional investigators unearthed a stock-market advisor who had achieved an enviable track record (and an income of \$40,000 a year) by picking stocks on the basis of an interpretation of the Jiggs and Maggie comic strip in his Sunday paper. Equally bizarre methodologies probably persist today; but by and large, the advisors are rational even when they're wrong, which is frequent. To be sure, some of them have been in business for decades, so they must have something worth saying. The better ones should be willing to provide a complete record of their past recommendations, so that the would-be subscriber could reasonably assess the value of their advice. And the best of the lot are probably those that provide hard facts on which the investor can base his own decisions. Most advisory services offer free copies or a reduced-rate trial subscription, so the patient investor may find one that suits his needs.

Whether he purchases advice or conjures up his own, the stock dabbler will soon learn that the process by which investors decide to buy or sell stocks is far from scientific. Despite its name—security analysis—stock guessing hinges heavily on the psychological make-up of the person doing the guessing. For purposes of description, the techniques divide into two broad groups: fundamental analysis and technical analysis. Fundamental analysis, the older and more established of the two, rests on the reasonable assumption that there is some relationship between the fortunes of a firm and the price of its stock. The fundamental stock watcher will try to sift through all the relevant information by which a company's present and future performance can be measured. This might include the firm's current rate of profit and growth, its past performance, its competitive position within its industry, the state of the economy, the firm's marketing capabilities, prospective new developments and all the other statistical insights that might be drawn from a balance sheet, a profit-and-loss statement,





*"Psst! Do-eet-yourself feelthy peectures?"*



a corporate prospectus or a quarterly report. Fundamentalists will spend hours sifting through these and other documents, jotting down figures, comparing past performance, evaluating management strength and computing net asset values and earnings ratios. (Corporate profits are rarely called profits; earnings sounds less crass.) The fundamentalist feels that the more he understands about a company, the better is his basis for assessing its potential and, thus, guessing how its stock will fare.

The fundamental approach is essentially a conservative one. Whether or not he realizes it, the fundamentalist is looking for investments that offer exceptional margins of safety. He seeks stocks that seem palpably more valuable than their current selling price, either because they promise dividends far above the prevailing interest rates or—more likely nowadays—because they promise growth through above-average earnings.

The advantage of investing on the basis of fundamentals is that once the fundamentalist has done his research, he needn't make the effort (it can easily become agony) to watch day-to-day price movements and day-to-day developments. Fundamental analysis locates long-term trends. If his analysis is sound, the fundamentalist can just sit it out—assuming he has the proper reserves of self-mastery and money. (Often, his patience runs out first; he sits on what he deems a promising stock for 18 months and

watches it go nowhere. The week after he abandons it, the stock skyrockets.) At worst—if he has chosen the right stock and keeps his cool—he shouldn't lose very much.

But there are psychological difficulties. Fundamentalists will agree that almost every company can provide them with more statistical information than they can properly cope with. Yet few agree on which fundamentals are most relevant and, even if they get past this hurdle, on just what these relevant fundamentals mean. A bull (who thinks stocks will go up) and a bear (his opposite number) can pore over the same data and reach contradictory conclusions. And in the unlikely event that they agree, the market won't necessarily follow, because, to repeat, stock prices are determined not by statistics but by people. A stock's fundamentals can look unarguable, but if would-be buyers don't like the company's industry, its long-range potential or even its *name*, the stock will just lie there. Years ago, a company called Seaboard Airlines invariably rose and fell with the airline stocks, even though its full name was Seaboard Airline Railroad and it was just that—a railroad; and recently, bemused investors watched Southern Gulf Utilities transmogrify overnight into Ecological Sciences Corporation. Of course, strict fundamentalists would deny the importance of such unquantifiable press-agentry. If they can find stocks whose fundamentals make them seem rel-

atively cheap, they are content, because they believe that sooner or later, the market will recognize true value and their toil will be richly rewarded.

One of the most consistently successful devotees of fundamental analysis is Fred Carr, who was in charge of the investing policies of Enterprise Fund during the recent years when that mutual fund outperformed all others. Carr is well known as an early and heavy investor in Kentucky Fried Chicken, which became one of the fastest-rising common stocks of the late Sixties. Remarkably enough, Carr's initial commitment in Kentucky Fried was based solely on a reading of the company's prospectus, a document that was available to anyone who cared to send away for it. His technique was elegantly simple: He figured out how much profit could be expected from each chicken outlet (in the fast-food-to-go business, this figure is very consistent) and multiplied it by the number of outlets the firm planned to open during the next two years. The resulting profit figure indicated to Carr that the shares were selling at a low price, compared with the finger-lickin' earnings that could be expected in 24 months' time; so he bought. The shares, which first sold at \$15, recently had a market value over \$300 each.

The devotees of technical analysis, called technicians or chartists, try to avoid the fundamentals. They believe that all the factors that can affect a stock's price are already reflected in the price, so the best way to locate the trend is to study the price movement itself, usually through charts. Many technicians keep their own charts, laboriously filling them in each evening or each weekend; but for those unwilling to compromise their time even to this extent, scores of technical services offer ready-to-use charts, for one stock or for thousands, airmailed to the subscriber every Friday night. If the technician reads his charts correctly, the market—which chart theory says already reflects the relevant fundamentals—will tell him what to do.

But the technician also faces psychological pitfalls. As with fundamental analysis, different temperaments can interpret identical charts differently; and even when they agree, the market can still drift off perversely in the opposite direction. But unlike the fundamentalist, the technician must keep a close eye on minor fluctuations; and unless he has both the time and the stamina to withstand the daily or even hourly crises that this sort of eyeballing entails, he may come to grief. Beyond this, stock charts by their very nature describe only the past. Especially in an area as fickle and as future-oriented as the stock market, one can surely question how relevant past performance is to future performance.

But technical analysis also has some undeniable attractions. Not only does it



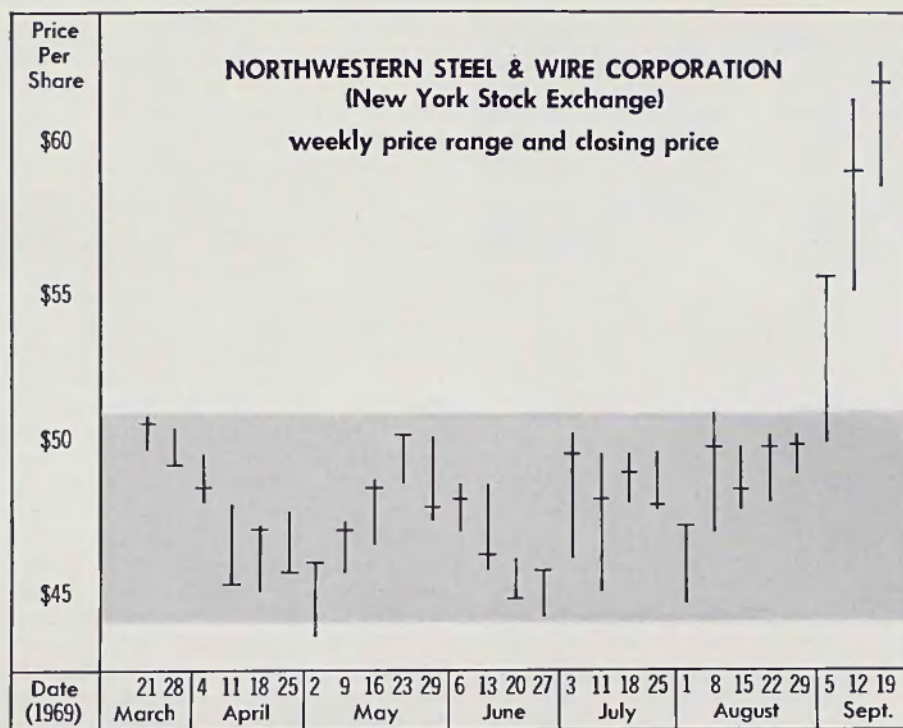
“... Now, you'd better be prepared for a few changes in the laugh-every-minute Chuck Brandt you used to know back in the old J. Walter Thompson days.”



avoid the ordeal of leafing through such weighty tomes as *Moody's Industrial Manual* but it also offers an investment technique that requires a minimum of economic expertise. The true technical analyst doesn't want his mind violated by a single fundamental. He reasons that any tidbit of tangible news he hears might prejudice his reading of the charts, which he feels already reflect all the news, giving just the proper weight to each development. *In extremis*, the technician would prefer to plot price movements without knowing what the price is or even what stock he's following. A West Coast stockbroker has actually succeeded at this. His advisory service sends him charts from which both the name and the price of the stock have been obliterated. After he selects the charts that seem most promising, he calls the service to find out what they represent. He's been doing this for years and, at last report, he was still active and prospering.

No matter what you may think of such a technique, trading by the charts is far from an occult science; a good deal of common sense supports it. The illustration (right) shows a technician's picture of Northwestern Steel & Wire Corporation, a big-board stock that traded in a well-defined range last spring and summer. As is typical with such charts, the vertical dashes indicate the week's trading range and the horizontal ticks show the closing prices. Between March and August, as the chart shows quite clearly, the stock never closed above 51 nor below 44. Common sense suggests there must be a reason for such constricted performance over six months. The simplest explanation is that some unknowable investors (perhaps the same people) were willing to buy all shares offered whenever the price went down to 44 and to sell without limit when the price got over 50. For anyone with sufficient capital, this can be a highly profitable activity. But once a stock has established this sort of trading range—here the technicians would call it a rectangular formation—it can be expected to move sharply if the price breaks out on either side. In early September, when the stock finally closed above 51, technicians would have rightly assumed that N. S. & W. had given a buy signal. Whoever was doing all that selling around 50 was obviously no longer in the market and technicians could expect the stock to rise, perhaps to a much higher level. The presumptive explanation is that all prospective buyers and sellers have finally been cleaned out of the trading range, so the stock must move on up to a new equilibrium. In this particular case, N. S. & W. ran right off the chart after its breakout. In October, it was selling in the mid-80s.

A host of other chart formations, variously described as flags, pennants, heads-and-shoulders, triangles, islands, saucers,



etc., are similarly reliable—or, when they give false signals, similarly misleading. Many defy common-sense interpretation, which would make their use questionable, if only they didn't seem to work fairly often in predicting price trends. One reason for their performance might be that chart trading is now quite popular; tens of thousands of technicians are buying and selling stocks every day. Right or wrong, they are staking hard cash on their calculations, and by their very number they can frequently make a stock conform to their notions of what it should do. Unfortunately, the more they rely on the same signals, the less well any of them should profit. Nevertheless, some large investors—notably mutual-fund portfolio managers—even though they may think chart trading is so much numerological gobbledygook, still follow charts religiously, just to get a feeling of what the chart traders are up to.

What most recommends chart investing is that it automatically limits losses. When the technician makes a mistake, it costs him relatively little; when the fundamentalist makes a mistake, it can cost him everything. The technician ponders his charts and determines that if a stock penetrates above \$58 a share, it should rise to \$70 or so. He buys automatically at the proper moment, and if the stock doesn't immediately conform to his expectations—in other words, if it drops instead of rising—he must sell. He was simply wrong, and he knows it at once. He takes his loss and goes back to the graph paper. Needless to say, chart trading will produce a number of such mistakes, even a disturbing number. But they will be small mistakes. If the technician can limit each loss to five percent or so, he can be wrong four times out of

five and still make a profit. If he is right half the time, his profits will be substantial. In other words, the technician enjoys the luxury of being permitted many mistakes.

Though the fundamentalist will make fewer mistakes, the errors he does make will tend to be whoppers; so he can't afford as many. This is due to the difficulties he encounters in limiting his losses. He buys the same stock as the technician at \$58 a share, not because his chart looks good but because he thinks it's underpriced. Again, underpriced or not, the stock begins to drop—all the way down to \$48. Whereas the technician would get out immediately, the fundamentalist can only return to his analysis, to see if he miscalculated. If he can't find any errors, the stock has to be a better buy at \$48 than it was at \$58; so he should probably purchase more. But if the stock then keeps going down—and many do—the fundamentalist will soon find himself in an impossible situation, "averaging down" to take advantage of bargain prices but, in the process, buying ever-larger chunks of an ever-deteriorating stock. Like the red or black roulette player who doubles up after every loss, he may find himself risking thousands to recoup a small bet. At his worst, the diehard fundamentalist in a losing stock resembles Nietzsche's madman, pleading the sanity of a stock he *knows* is worth \$100 in a market place of idiots who won't offer \$15 a share.

Many investors are unaware that the most cherished barometer of common-stock performance, the Dow-Jones Industrial Average, was developed as a technical tool. The D. J. I. A., recording the combined action of 30 blue-chip industrial stocks on the big board, was the invention





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of Charles Dow, father of Dow-Jones and Company and grandfather of technical analysis. Dow evolved what is now known as the Dow theory, the oldest and most respected technical device for predicting stock-market sea changes. The D. J. I. A.'s usefulness is far more than technical; it has become the popular figure for describing over-all market performance. Even though loaded with conservative stocks that are currently out of favor with the Wall Street *cognoscenti*, it's fairly accurate, because the 30 indexed stocks account for much more dollar volume than their modest number would indicate. The average has often been used as a historical index of stock-market performance; but this can be somewhat misleading, since the figure has undergone numerous face liftings since Dow contrived it around the turn of the century. Curiously enough, only one company listed in the average, General Electric, was a part of the figure when it was devised, and even G. E. was omitted for a while. Another dropout was IBM, which was discarded. Had it stayed in, it would have pushed the D. J. I. A. about twice as high as it is. Besides the D. J. I. A., a half dozen other stock indexes provide similar information and lend themselves to similar criticism. Since all market averages are just that—averages—they provide a fix on what stocks in general are doing, but they have little to tell the individual investor, who must buy stocks in particular.

Somewhere between the chartist and the fundamentalist lie those investors who use what are called mechanical trading rules. These are no more than formulas that supposedly predict the direction in which stocks (i.e., stocks in general) will move. One of the earliest of these formulas, cited by Benjamin Graham in his *Security Analysis*, was a theory developed by Colonel Leonard P. Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company in the Twenties. Ayres concluded that stocks should be purchased when the number of operating blast furnaces in America rises above 60 percent; and bonds should be unloaded 14 months after a low point in pig-iron production. This sort of theorizing may seem vaguely plausible when it is set forth, but only because it worked in the past. A future test is needed to ascertain its real usefulness. In this case, blast furnaces haven't operated below 60 percent (except during strikes) in modern memory and pig iron nowadays is nothing more than an anti-establishment euphemism for handcuffs.

In practice, all such efforts to develop a sure-fire formula to beat the market have been doomed to failure. The psychological barriers have seen to this. One man's successful system can be—and often has been—another man's ruin. Moreover, unbeatable formulas embody an economic paradox: Given an infallible system to predict stock-price movements, sooner or

later everyone would begin using it, and everyone can't win. Yet the search goes on. An enterprising New Yorker has developed an elaborate theory correlating stock prices with the length of women's skirts. His general rule—don't sell until you see the whites of their thighs—may have called the market top last year. And a computer, fed reams of statistical data about the top-performing stocks of the Sixties, advised its eager programmers to buy only those stocks whose names end in X. An even more recent discovery, the over-the-counter volume index, now tabulated by *Barron's*, has a contemporary history of accurately signaling market tops. The assumption is that whenever over-the-counter stocks are excessively popular, weak speculators dominate the market and a decline can be expected. But it should be obvious that any stock-market technique, whether fundamental, technical or mechanical, should be regarded with suspicion if it doesn't have a basis in common sense.

Sad to say, many investors—perhaps the majority—enter the market with no technique at all. They buy one stock on a friend's tip, another because they saw it touted in a newspaper column, a third because their broker says its chart looks good and a fourth because they've heard it's going to split. They might even make money with this mindless approach; after all, the odds are loaded in their favor. But without a single technique applied consistently, they cannot expect consistent results. Rather than investing, they are gambling. The man with one technique, consistently applied, gets feedback. He will either profit consistently or lose consistently. If he loses, he at least knows his technique is faulty, so he can amend it. And when emendations finally produce what for him is a winning technique, he can expect it to win for him with some regularity.

When the would-be investor finds a technique he thinks will work, he can check out its soundness by making paper transactions—pretending he's investing without really doing so and keeping track of the results as the months go by. Whatever valuable knowledge he comes by this way won't cost him a cent. Of course, it won't make him a cent, either; and, in a way, all the paper transactions in the world aren't nearly as instructive as one real investment, whether it turns out good or bad. It's astonishing how much you'll learn about the stock market once you have a few thousand dollars riding in it. Corporate reports, obscure chart formations, offbeat investment publications, all the detritus of the investment world will suddenly take on an almost cosmic significance when hard cash is on the line. Going in cold is certainly the easiest way to learn about stocks, but it's not the most profitable, because you should do your homework before you enter the market, not afterward.



Old-timers insist that real experience is the only teacher, meaning that you've got to lose money before you gain the right to earn some (with the implicit assumption that they expect you to lose money to them). But no matter to whom you might lose money, you learn nothing from losing except how to lose. Losing may teach you what not to do, but it doesn't teach what you ought to do. The way to learn to win is by winning, which you're not likely to do unless you learn the rules before trying to play the game. Among other things, this requires a stockbroker.

Finding a broker isn't a big problem. In fact, if while experimenting with the market you have succumbed to ads offering free copies of brokerage-house stock-research reports, you can be certain that brokers are already on your trail. Most of the major brokerage houses greatly expanded their staffs during the high-volume market that ended abruptly early last year. A few novices have been let go since then, but board rooms are still teeming with hungry young customer's men of great vision and small clientele. For the first time in years, it's a buyer's market for stockbrokers, and it's probable that from among the glut the would-be investor can find a good one. Good or bad, he should work for a firm with a membership in (or connection with) the major exchanges. All large brokerage houses, and most of the smaller ones, qualify.

There are two breeds of broker: the good and the glib. The good broker is a savvy investor in his own right. Perhaps he doesn't have the money right now (hot-shot young brokers, despite all their publicity, aren't paid nearly as well as most investors imagine). Perhaps his personal situation prevents him from taking the risks implicit in any stock-market transaction. Or perhaps he *does* have the money and *is* taking the risks, quietly building up a fortune toward that distant day when he can tell both clients and employer to go straight to hell, he doesn't need them anymore. Whatever his situation, such a man, while he remains a broker, will try to put his customers only into situations he believes in himself. He realizes that his best interest is his customer's best interest. He strives to build his clients' fortunes, because he knows that rich clients generate fat commissions, and fat commissions mean more money to enhance his own fortune. Obviously, good brokers are hard to find. Like good running backs, they fatten too quickly. Why get beat up every Sunday, if you own a chain of restaurants, a high-rise or three or a liquor distributorship?

Glib brokers are more common. These are men who have small investment sense themselves but who are so good at persuading others of their expertise that they can prosper, like wood ticks, from the constant procession of new hosts with

which their peculiar talent provides them. For the investor who can make his own decisions, it really doesn't matter which breed of broker he deals with. All that matters is that his broker follow orders. Actually, the glib variety, properly groomed, is superior at this, because he'll endorse any investment, however irrational, as long as it provides him a commission; whereas the good broker will obdurately and conscientiously oppose a new idea, no matter how perceptive, if it runs against the grain of his own investment sensibility, which is enormous.

The investor in need of stock-market advice must find a good broker. This is an especially difficult task, because the good broker, his truncated life expectancy notwithstanding, should have experience in down markets as well as up. Joseph Conrad once observed: "Any fool can carry on, but only a wise man knows how to shorten sail." In stock-market terms: An idiot can look like a prophet in a roaring bull market; it's the bear markets that try an advisor's mettle. The investor who must rely on his broker really has no choice but to find a man on whom others have relied successfully. He can ask his friends, his lawyer, his banker, even his doctor. Strangely, doctors are an especially good source; they have lots of money, invest heavily, hear from brokers frequently and seem to enjoy talking about stocks.

For the same reason that General Motors executives drive Cadillacs rather than Lincolns, brokers usually endorse the stock recommendations that are periodically emitted by the firms for which

they work. But this doesn't mean their customers should follow suit. Brokerage-house research departments are set up to accommodate big clients who generate big commissions. This includes mutual funds, pension funds, trusts, banks and insurance companies. By the time a brokerage-house report trickles down to the small investor, the big boys have already acted on it (assuming it's worth acting on) and may be girding themselves to sell. Investors who read the financial papers have been recently treated to an orgy of self-criticism, from the heads of the two biggest stock exchanges, directed at the quality of research that reaches the small investor. No matter that all this flagellation prefaces a big boost in small-transaction commission rates (as the president of the New York Stock Exchange engagingly put it: Stiffer commissions will provide "an incentive to provide more emphasis and depth in services to the small customer"), because the point should be clear: Free advice, no matter what its source, is worth just what you pay for it—nothing.

Like bartenders and barbers, stockbrokers have finely tuned instincts for their customers' psychological needs. Depending on the client, they can be expected to disgorge a computerlike print-out of unsolicited information or to perform their assigned chores in discreet and competent silence. The novice investor with more money than ideas can expect sufficient tips from his broker to keep him active through retirement or bankruptcy. And the investor who merely wants his orders executed promptly and accurately



"On your mark . . . get set . . ."



can find similar satisfaction, probably from the same man. It is the customer himself, through the signals he sends to his broker, who will determine the treatment he gets.

Besides executing orders, brokers are willing (even eager) to offer loans, in the form of money, if customers want to buy stock on margin, or in the form of shares, if the customers want to sell short. Both concepts are subject to popular confusion. Margin is the percentage of the cash value of a transaction that the customer must put up if his broker is to lend him the rest. Currently, the margin—set by the Federal Reserve Board—is 80 percent. The investor who wants to buy stock selling at \$5000 must bring at least \$4000 to the transaction. His broker will then lend him the remaining \$1000—at interest, of course—retaining the purchased shares as collateral. Before the great crash of 1929, margin rates were down to ten percent (even lower for favored customers) and money was easily borrowed. At today's high interest rates, the brokerage house might charge 10 or even 15 percent on the skimpy 20 percent that it can lend. In recent years, the margin rate has dipped as low as 50 percent and the interest rate on broker loans has gone as low as 5; should these happy conditions once more prevail, small investors would do well to margin themselves to the hilt, to profit from the increased leverage that accrues from working with borrowed money. But unless the investor is dealing in five- or six-figure sums, interest rates are so high—and borrowable funds so scarce—that margin transactions are barely worth the effort. Banks will make collateral loans against stock certificates—as long as you swear you don't intend to use the loan to buy more stock—and Canadian banks don't even require a loyalty oath. But wherever you go, the interest rate will be quite dear, so that these quasi-legal shenanigans are better postponed to days of easier money.

Short selling, however, deserves more serious consideration. From the earliest days of stock transactions, action-hungry speculators have been eager to profit not only when a stock moves up but when it declines. This is done by borrowing shares from someone who already owns them, then selling the shares in the market. Subsequently, if the price declines, the short seller can repurchase them at a lower price, return them to their owner, and pocket the difference. Borrowing shares to sell short is usually no problem, because brokerage houses are literally awash with stock certificates, posted as margin collateral or otherwise held on customers' behalf. (Many investors—especially short-term speculators—rarely see a certificate, preferring instead to let their broker provide safekeeping.)

Because stock prices usually fall a lot more quickly than they rise, short sell-

ing, properly timed, can be much more lucrative than outright investing. But it's also more difficult and fraught with unpleasant philosophical overtones. To buy a share in American industry is a respected and eminently justifiable pursuit. Here the investor is betting on progress and stands to prosper with the fortunes of the economy and of his firm. If he's right, everyone wins. But by selling short, the investor is betting on disaster. He stands to prosper only if his firm—or the economy in general—deteriorates. For this reason, a great many small investors view short selling as something close to un-American and refuse to have anything to do with it. Only one small-investor transaction in 140 is a short sale.

The ideological case against short selling is provably unsound, but the short seller does face real difficulties that the ordinary investor never encounters. If the amateur buys 100 shares of stock at \$20 a share, he knows in advance just how much he can lose. His prospective profits are limitless (the stock might go to \$1000 a share), but he can never lose more than the \$2000 with which he began. But with a short sale, the potentials are reversed. The best a short seller can do is double his money (if the stock he sells drops to zero), but there is no limit to the amount he can lose. If he shorts a stock at \$20 and then it goes to \$40, he'll lose his \$2000. But what if it goes on up to \$80, or to \$500, or to whatever level might cost him more than he has? This is a remote possibility, virtually an impossibility; stocks just don't shoot from \$20 to \$500; and even if they did, shell-shocked shorts would find room to bail out along the way. But to the small investor, especially if he is the sort who balances his checkbook every month, the prospect of limitless loss, no matter how remote, is not worth facing.

A highly sophisticated computer study of short selling, recently published in the *Financial Analysts Journal*, confirms that such large losses rarely—if ever—occur. Instead, the study found, short selling consistently produces *small* losses, at a random rate of 8–10 percent a year, a figure that seems to verify the Fisher and Lorie studies discussed earlier. But who needs small losses, especially *consistent* small losses?

Beyond this, both the Internal Revenue Service and the Securities and Exchange Commission view short selling less than cordially. Even if an investor should stay short on the same stock for a generation, the IRS denies him the tax shelter of long-term capital gains (profits from investments held over six months and taxed at half the ordinary rate or 25 percent, whichever is less). Profit from every short sale is taxable as current income. For its part, the SEC insists that short sales be made on what is called an uptick—which means that you can sell

a stock short only when it's rising. To top it off, the short seller must make good—to his broker and ultimately to whoever lent the shares—any dividends that might be paid on the stock he has shorted.

Whether the investor is a buyer or a seller, the sort of instructions that he gives his broker will depend on his investment technique. If he's like most smallish investors, eyeing a stock that he hopes will go up, he'll probably just ask his broker to buy it. This is really a request to buy "at the market," wherein the broker purchases the number of shares ordered at the best price he can get. The liquidity of the big exchanges is good assurance that such orders—in the quantities in which the small investor will deal—won't be filled at a price differing drastically from the last recorded transaction.

While market orders are by far the most common, there's nothing to prevent an investor from setting his own price, except that if it's very far from the current price, his order won't be filled. If he does name his own price, he's making what is called a limited order, which, not surprisingly, is any instruction that has strings attached. By far the most common limited order is known as a stop, because its most frequent use is to prevent losses. A stop is an order to buy or sell at the prevailing market price, *after* the stock has touched a level the investor specifies. In other words, a stop order automatically becomes a market order when the stop level is touched.

Stops are especially useful to technical-oriented investors. In the example of Northwestern Steel & Wire, whose chart is shown on page 225, the technician, once he had perceived the boundaries of the emerging rectangular formation (this was clear by July), could have placed two stop orders: a stop-buy order at, say, 51½ and a stop-sell order at 43½. Thereafter, if he were supremely confident of his technical expertise, he wouldn't even bother to watch the stock's price, knowing that the market itself would trigger his purchase (or short sale) at the appropriate time. He has no certainty, of course, that his buy order will actually be executed at the stop price of 51½; he might actually buy at 52 or 52½. But since any penetration to 51½ is a signal for him to act, he doesn't really care at what price his market order is filled, as long as it's filled right after the 51½ level has been touched. In the example shown, this finally would have happened in early September.

Stops are also used, by technicians and fundamentalists alike, to protect profits. To continue the previous example, once the investor has purchased Northwestern Steel & Wire in the low 50s and watched with delight as it ran up through the 60s in less than a week, he might begin wondering when to take his profits and





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go elsewhere. To avoid cashing in prematurely, he could put out a stop-sell order a few points below the previous week's closing price. Then, if the stock retreated back to his stop level, he would automatically be sold out. Once again, the market would be telling him what to do. And if the stock continued to advance, he could keep trailing his stop behind it, changing the stop level week by week, accumulating larger and larger profits until the stock finally reversed. (In this example, a stop trailing just two points below the previous week's closing price would not have triggered a sale until the stock reached the low 80s in late October.) Automatic orders like this are most easily placed in stocks listed on the two major exchanges, where specialists—brokers on the floor of the exchange who are charged with making the market in specific stocks—keep track of all outstanding orders above and below the market. But similar orders can also be set up, somewhat less effectively, for stocks traded over the counter.

There are many other types of limited order, all equally useful, and a good broker can probably comply with any order he can be made to understand. One that is not used as often as it should be is the MIT (market if touched) order, the opposite of a stop, requesting to sell a stock if it runs *up* to a specified level or to buy if the price runs *down*. MIT orders, favored by fundamentalists, are especially useful in getting in or out of a stock at a favorable price. The fundamentalist, with his eye on long-range values, can afford to wait for the market to come to him, rather than chasing it, as the technician so often does when his stops are triggered. Another common limited order is suggestively dubbed FOK (fill or kill)—also called a quickie. Here the investor sets his own price. If the order can't be filled immediately at that price, it is canceled. This device is used extensively in the commodities markets and is useful in buying or selling thinly traded over-the-counter stocks. But the investor would be laughed right out of the board room if he tried it in the popular stocks traded on the major exchanges. Limited orders are also circumscribed in time: good for one day, one week, one month or until canceled. As a courtesy, brokerage houses usually send out regular statements to customers, listing limited orders that remain unexecuted. Even the canniest investors are human, and these reminders obviate the costly possibility of forgetting to cancel an order.

Brokers, of course, are human, too, and the investor should never forget that they are essentially salesmen, paid in accordance with the volume of business they generate. Thus, they have a vested interest in action, while the prudent investor, like Hamlet, might have an equally strong interest in biding his time. In

any case, brokers' recommendations are almost invariably recommendations to buy. Buy-oriented research is infinitely more useful to brokers. After all, almost anyone can be persuaded to buy a stock. To make money from a sell report, a broker has to track down someone who already owns the shares and convince him to unload. So be wary of advice from brokers. They may mean well, and many of them do, but their interests are not necessarily your interests. Depend on your broker to execute your orders faithfully and promptly, and be thankful that you don't have to pay him too much for this valuable service.

Compared with the commissions charged in most other investment media, broker commissions are really quite low. They are assessed on each transaction, which means each purchase or sale of a different stock. The commission rate is almost impossibly complex. Here's a sample—for stocks sold on the two big exchanges—in the range in which the reader is most likely to be dealing:

CASH VALUE OF SHARES	COMMISSION
\$ 100-\$ 399.99.....	2% + \$ 3
\$ 400-\$2399.99.....	1% + \$ 7
\$2400-\$4999.99.....	1½% + \$19
\$5000 and up.....	1/10% + \$39

All these charges are for round-lot transactions—those involving 100-share units. (Very infrequently, a round lot of an expensive stock might be less than 100 shares—usually 10.) Odd-lot transactions, involving fewer than 100 shares, are assessed at two dollars less than these rates, plus an odd-lot fee of either 12½ cents or 25 cents a share. On the big board, the rate is 25 cents on shares over \$55 and 12½ cents on shares below; the break point on the American Exchange is \$40. In addition to all this, there are substantial discounts for high rollers who trade in units of over 1000 shares; rates by negotiation in transactions under \$100; special odd-lot fees for stocks that sell in units other than 100; small taxes and exchange fees that further add to the cost of each transaction; and a host of other tedious complexities. As a rule, it's not advisable to involve yourself in odd-lot purchases of stocks selling under \$10-\$15 a share, because the odd-lot fee, added to the broker commission, makes the price of admission relatively steep; and it's similarly unwise to invest less than \$400 a shot, because on smaller purchases, the commission will be too high.

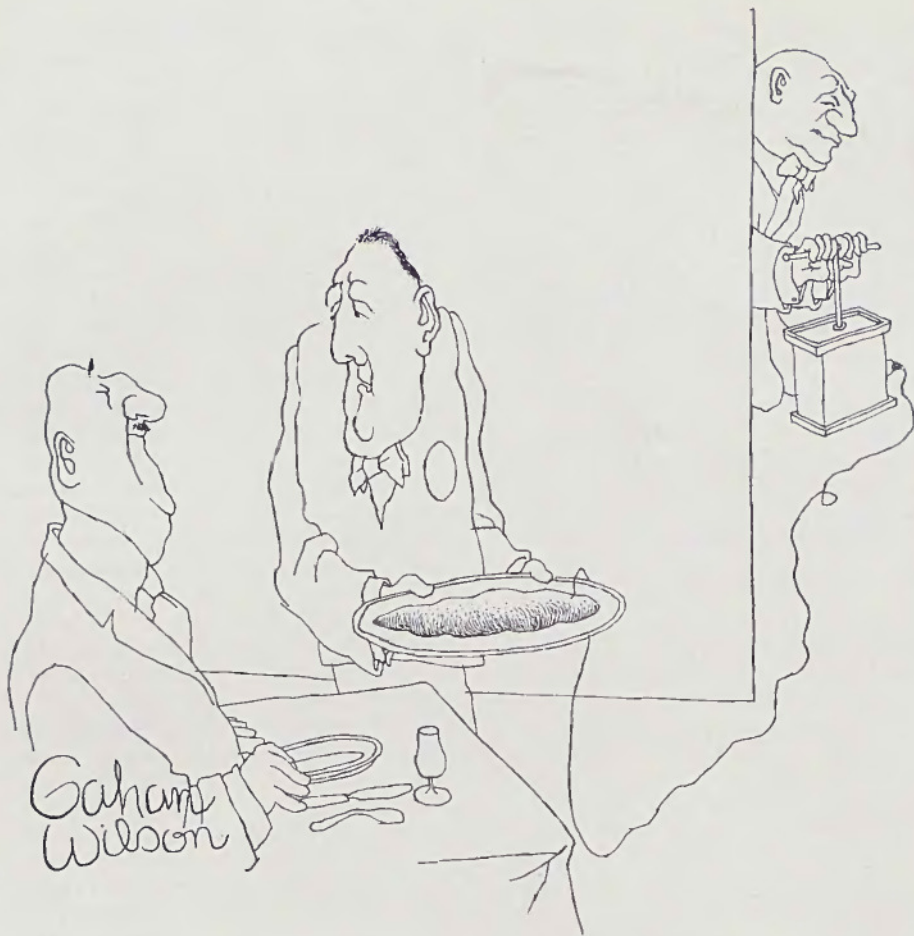
The biggest investment expense, however, is not usually brokerage commissions but taxes. But since the individual's rate of taxation can't be determined until the year is over, it's difficult if not impossible to estimate the tax consequences of a transaction when it's made.



As mentioned before, short-term capital gains—profits from investments held under six months—are taxed the same as ordinary income. You add your short-term profits to your salary income and pay taxes on the lot. Long-term gains—profits from investments held for more than six months—get preferential treatment, being taxed at half the ordinary rate or 25 percent, whichever is less. This means that while everyone has an incentive to make long-term capital gains, those in the over-50-percent brackets have even more incentive.

Unless you are infallible, you will probably incur losses as well as profits. When you pay your taxes, the law requires you to separate investment profits (or losses) into two bundles: long-term and short-term. Short-term losses are the most significant, because they can be used to reduce taxable income by as much as \$1000 a year. They should also be the most common, because if you've followed the general principle of taking losses quickly and letting profits run (discussed below), you'll frequently conclude an investment year with long-term profit and short-term loss. You will have to pay taxes (at the more favorable rate) on the gains, but you can also use up to \$1000 of the losses to reduce your income. For a bachelor in the 50 percent bracket, this represents a tax saving of \$500, which makes the \$1000 loss a lot more palatable. Losses over \$1000 may be carried forward to future years, and a sizable "short-term tax-loss carry forward," as it is called, can be a surprisingly useful thing for a young man on the way up. It allows him to dabble in short-term speculations that (in tax terms) might otherwise be less attractive. And as long as it lasts, the short-term tax-loss carry forward allows him to reduce his taxable income, year after year, by \$1000, a prospect that gets better and better as he moves into the higher brackets. Of course, it's still better not to have losses at all; but, as Bernard Baruch supposedly said, the only investors who never lose are liars.

In the Middle Ages, the well to do spent much of their time in search of the philosophers' stone—a device that would turn lead into gold. The 20th Century equivalent involves a quest for ways to transform short-term profits into long-term gains. Until a very few years ago, this could be accomplished with some consistency, but now the ever-watchful IRS has cracked down, so that, other than by holding an investment for the required six months, there is no alchemy to convert short-term profit into long term. But there are several ways to "freeze" a short-term profit and then push it forward into the next tax year or even push it forward indefinitely. Of course, the investor should have compelling reasons before he attempts to do



"Your tomato surprise, sir."

this, and he would probably want to employ competent tax counsel to make sure nothing goes amiss.

A minor money-maker but one worth noting involves a quirk in the tax law—it might unkindly be called a loophole—that permits up to \$100 in U. S. corporate dividends tax-free each year. Dividends over \$100 are taxable as ordinary income, so the investor has smaller incentive to receive them. But every investor, especially those in the higher brackets, should set up his portfolio to yield that first \$100 in dividend income. For the bachelor making \$20,000 or so a year, this is equivalent to \$200 in additional salary income; with returns as high as 12 percent currently available, an investment of as little as \$800 can reward him with two or three nights on the town every year for the rest of his life. A small consideration, to be sure, but fortunes are built on small considerations.

Most of the highest dividend payers are not common stocks but preferred. Preferred stocks can be likened to interest-bearing corporate I. O. U.s. They are generally issued in peculiar situations, often acquisitions, where the corporation wants to raise money without issuing more common shares. (More common might alienate current stockholders by diluting the value of their holdings.) The company

issuing preferred stock promises to pay a fixed annual dividend on each share, and it pledges to pay this dividend—no more, no less—as long as the stock is outstanding. (Dividends on common stock, of course, are not fixed; they rise and fall with the company's fortunes.) Preferred shares are so called because if the company is liquidated, preferred shareholders must get their money back before the common shareholders receive a penny. A preferred stock is thus similar to a bond, in that it promises only a fixed income. As with bonds, its market price tends to fluctuate not according to the prosperity of the issuing firm but according to the general interest rate.

An example should make this clear. When investors can get a seven percent return from U. S. Treasury notes, then the preferred stock of a first-rate company, just slightly less creditworthy than the U. S. Treasury itself, might sell in order to produce a dividend of eight percent. If the share's fixed dividend is \$8 a year, then the share itself would have a market value of around \$100, because the interest rate determines the price. If the return on Treasury notes should decline, say, to as low as three and a half percent a year, the preferred share might then sell to yield four percent. At this rate, a fixed income of \$8



annually is worth not \$100 but \$200, and the happy man who bought the preferred share at \$100 would have doubled his money. Unfortunately, in the past few years, interest rates have been rising, not falling, while rampant and persistent inflation has further undermined the putative security of a fixed income. Preferred shares have nosed steadily downward, to a point where investors are hardly willing to buy them. In fact, an investor these days might live a prosperous life without ever owning a single share. Preferred stocks—many of which trade on the New York Stock Exchange—will be worth buying whenever inflation is brought under control and the interest rate starts turning down. Surely, this will happen sooner or later, but few investors would be willing to risk hard cash on their ability to guess just when.

From a corporation's standpoint, preferred stock is also unattractive because the company cannot deduct the dividends it pays to its preferred shareholders. The Internal Revenue Service insists that dividends—whether preferred or common—are not an ordinary and necessary expense of doing business. Interest, however, is a legitimately deductible expense, and in the past few years, corporations have increasingly raised money through interest-paying securities, which are called bonds. As noted, bonds are essentially similar to preferred stock. The company borrows from individuals and gives them a bond as security. The company promises to pay the bondholder a fixed annual interest (the going rate is now close to nine percent) and, after a number of years, to return his money. Since bonds, like preferred stock, represent only a fixed income, their market value also fluctuates; inversely with the interest rate. In recent years, bonds have fared just as poorly as preferred stock. In fact, while the interest rate regularly reached new highs a while back, the bond market was just as regularly reaching new lows. The total amount of capital tied up in bonds amounts to some 300 billion dollars, and day after dreary day last summer and fall, every bond in the country was worth less than its purchaser had paid for it. The big-money investors, it seems, are not always right.

Many companies have circumvented the inhospitality of the bond market by issuing convertible bonds. These are ordinary bonds with a filip: They can be converted into a fixed number of shares of the issuing company's common stock. The investor who buys convertible bonds has the security of a fixed income (though the return is lower than that on straight bonds) and he also has the chance to profit if the common stock into which the bond is convertible should rise. This article is not the place for a full discussion of the pitfalls and potentials of convertible bonds (or their near cousins, convertible preferred stocks), but a work-

ing knowledge of them is useful for anyone seriously interested in the stock market.

Common stock, preferred stock and convertible bonds all have one thing in common: They represent a tangible obligation on the part of the issuing company. In one way or another, the investor who purchases them has a stake in the firm's assets. But investors can also make (or lose) money in scraps of paper not backed by corporate assets. One example is a warrant, representing the right to buy a share of stock at a fixed price. The best-known warrants are sold on the American Stock Exchange, but the majority trade over the counter. Among the most popular warrants these days are those of Leasco Data Processing Equipment Corporation, a recently formed and highly successful computer-leasing conglomerate. Each Leasco warrant represents the right to purchase one share of Leasco common (from the Leasco treasury) at \$34.80. At this writing, the common stock was selling for around \$25 a share, so, technically, the warrant was worth less than nothing. Yet each warrant was selling for around \$12. The reason for this is simple enough. If Leasco should quadruple in price (as it has been known to do), the holders of common shares would quadruple their money, but the owners of the warrants would fare even better, since, if the common sells at \$100, the right to buy a share at \$34.80 would be worth something over \$65. In other words, while the common increases by a factor of four, the warrants would increase by a factor of six or more.

Warrants, since they represent the right to buy something, rather than the thing itself, are a breed of option. Options also take other forms. Rights are identical to warrants, except that they are much shorter-lived. Warrants may be good for years or even forever; rights are valid for a matter of weeks. Generally, a company will distribute rights to its shareholders when it's planning to issue more common stock. When exercised, rights permit the purchase of the new common shares at a small discount. As with warrants, the recipients of the rights can either sell them to someone else or exercise them.

Far more prevalent than rights are puts and calls. A put represents the right to sell such and such a stock at a set price for a given period of time and a call is its opposite: the right to buy. Virtually all puts and calls are for 100-share blocks; they are bought and sold through any stockbroker, though the investor can also go directly to dealers in New York. The time period varies from 30 days to one year, but the most popular run for 190 days, to give happy holders of profitable options the shelter of long-term capital gains.

The cost of a put or a call varies tremendously, according to the volatility

of the stock, its price, the length of the option period and the vicissitudes of supply and demand. A 190-day call on 100 shares of a moderately volatile stock selling around \$50 a share might cost \$250 to \$400. This is expensive, but for a speculator who has found a stock he thinks is due for a substantial and imminent rise, purchasing a call can be vastly more profitable than buying shares outright. For a stock selling at \$50, for instance, an investor with \$5000-plus could purchase 100 shares. But with that kind of money, he might pick up calls on 1200 shares. If the stock conformed to his expectations and six months later was selling at \$75, he would make \$2500 on the outright purchase, but \$25,000 on the purchase of calls. Of course, if the stock had gone down or remained the same, the outright purchaser would lose relatively little, while the call buyer would give up his entire \$5000.

Besides offering the prospect of limitless profits and limited or at least knowable losses, puts and calls can be used as insurance, to minimize investment risk. In fact, the investor can involve himself in near-limitless put-and-call combinations. A straddle is a put and a call in the same stock (useful when an investor thinks a stock is going to go but doesn't know which way); a strap is one put and two calls; and a strip, one call and two puts. The use of the last two is arcane and complex, generally combined with the outright purchase (or short sale) of a block of the same stock in the pursuit of both profit and tax advantage. Novices enter this realm of the put-and-call game only at their peril. And they should beware of becoming so fascinated with insuring stock profits that they wind up with what is known in the trade as a Mongolian hedge—an investment so well insured that both profit and loss are impossible, with the investor's capital gradually dissipating in insurance premiums.

In addition to all this, an investor with sufficient cash or a suitable portfolio of stocks can get into the option business from the back side, by selling (or "writing") puts or calls, rather than buying them. This is a lucrative pursuit, too specialized to discuss here, but interested parties might consult their broker about it or read Paul Sarnoff's *Puts and Calls*, available for \$5.95 from the American Research Council, Box 183, Rye, New York 10580. Several impressive mathematical studies have shown that while big killings are undeniably made through buying these options, those who write them profit more consistently. This is no more surprising than observing that while you can win a fortune at roulette, you're better off owning the casino.

Once the investor has a grasp of the various elements that comprise the stock market, he can begin to put them to work. If he really craves action, for instance, there's nothing to prevent him





*"Come on, now, Mr. Rutleigh, they don't have things like that in it."*



from buying a call on a warrant—in essence, purchasing the right to buy the right to buy a stock. Given this sort of double leverage, even a small move in the stock at the end of the option chain can translate into enormous fluctuations in the value of the call. The warrants associated with Tri-Continental Corporation are a perennial favorite for this technique, because Tri-Continental is a diversified investment company, for all intents and purposes a mutual fund, whose price movement usually parallels that of the broad market averages. Popular feeling that stocks are about to turn is usually accompanied by heavy activity in Tri-Continental warrants.

Buying calls on warrants approaches the apogee of risk taking. Another two-sided technique, infinitely more conservative, is arbitrage. This involves the simultaneous purchase and sale of essentially similar securities, in hopes of profiting from small price discrepancies. A classic example would involve the purchase of 1000 shares of General Motors at \$72 on the New York Exchange and its simultaneous short sale, in San Francisco, at \$72.50. Here, the profits, after broker commissions, would be a lofty \$38 and the investor would need a five-figure sum to set it up. Not surprisingly, most such transactions are conducted by brokerage houses for their own account; they have the money, they're right on top of price movement, they have their own men on the exchange floors to assure getting the right price—and they don't pay commissions.

Other sorts of price disparity lend themselves better to individual participation. Arbitrage transactions can involve the purchase of warrants or convertible bonds and the simultaneous sale of the stock into which they can be converted; short sale of overpriced warrants and the purchase of the related common stock; purchase of convertible bonds and the sale of a call on the related common stock; and, in a proposed merger, buying the stock of the company to be acquired and shorting the would-be parent. This last is a somewhat risky pursuit nowadays, since so many mergers are going on the rocks; but because of the greater risk, profits (in a few weeks) of 20 to 30 percent are common—if the merger comes off.

Even quicker profits have been made by investors speculating in new issues—stock in companies whose shares are being offered to the public for the first time. The year 1968 was a banner one for such wares. Billionaire Perot's company, mentioned at the beginning of this article, was one example, though his stock took a full year to go from \$16.50 to \$136. A new issue called Educational Computer Corporation ran from \$7.25 to \$260 in just four months. In September 1968, when Weight Watchers International went public at \$11.25, delighted buyers waxed fat as the shares ballooned to

an overstuffed \$40 on the very day of the offering. And Integrated Resources, Inc., ran from \$15 to \$41.50 on its first day out; it had two full-time employees.

But speculators who pay large markups for unproven new issues do so at their peril. Whenever the performance of low-priced new issues begins to make headlines, it's a certain sign of excessive speculation. A decline, not only in new issues but in the entire market, can be expected to follow. This happened in 1962, after an orgy of new-issue speculation the year before, and it happened again last year, after the 1968 spree. Ironically, small investors didn't get so badly burned in the most recent new-issue debacle, mainly because the amateurs couldn't get their hands on too many of the hot new shares. Brokerage houses generally reserve a limited new issue for their best customers—mutual funds, pension funds and high-rolling speculators—all supposedly knowledgeable investors who have been acting out of character in the past few years.

Periodic new-issue benders explain in microcosm why stock prices rise slowly and then fall sharply. Since it's often impossible to say what a company will be like before it goes public, new-issue buyers operate on the Greater Fool Theory, which holds that it doesn't matter what you pay for a hot stock, because a Greater Fool will soon come along to pay more for it. For a time, this can work as a self-fulfilling prophecy. People hear that there's money to be made in the stock market, so they buy shares. The pressure of their buying forces prices up. Higher prices generate more publicity, which in turn lures more newcomers into the market, driving prices higher yet. Buyers begin to expect profits from stocks, not because their certificates represent real value but because stocks seem to go up all the time. But this kind of thinking—whether applied to common stocks or chain letters—carries the seeds of disaster. Someone at the end of the chain, presumably the Greatest Fool, will someday be left holding certificates for which there are no more buyers. The SEC recently attempted to trace the whereabouts of 504 firms that went public during the new-issue boom of the late Fifties and early Sixties. The SEC couldn't even locate 12 percent of the firms; another 43 percent were known to have gone bankrupt; and 26 percent were currently operating at a loss. The remaining 19 percent were actually operating profitably, so perhaps they made some money for those patient and prescient investors who got in, as they say, on the ground floor.

New issues are first sold in the over-the-counter market. As mentioned earlier, this is a vast, complex and tenuously related network of dealers who independently make markets in the tens of thousands of stocks that aren't traded on the big exchanges. Not only stocks but most

warrants and corporate bonds—and virtually all municipal bonds—trade over the counter. At this writing, more than 3000 OTC stocks can be purchased at the prevailing 80 percent margin. The rest you must purchase outright, unless you can talk your bank into accepting your shares as collateral against a loan.

Substantial, conservative stocks are traded over the counter—most notably, those of the Bank of New York, which has been paying dividends steadily since the days of George Washington—but the vast majority are small, highly speculative issues that don't qualify for listing on the big exchanges. Understandably, some of the best stock buys (and some of the worst) are to be found here. In 1968, the last year for which complete statistics are available, more than 1300 over-the-counter stocks increased by 50 percent or more (97 decreased similarly) and around 50 increased over 1000 percent. To be sure, 1968 was a very good year, and this record won't even be approached when the final returns come in for 1969. But good year or bad, stocks on the big board don't usually make 1000 percent moves; the last one to do so was Republic Corporation, and that was in 1967.

You buy over-the-counter stocks through your broker, but beyond that, almost everything about the buying process is different. Over-the-counter stocks take their name from the early days of the New York Stock Exchange. Back then, an investor could go to the exchange and buy some stocks at auction; but to buy others, he had to haggle with a banker, over the counter. The same conditions still prevail: Listed stocks are bought by auction, OTC stocks by negotiation. That's why over-the-counter prices are quoted in pairs: bid and asked. The bid price is what some dealer is willing to pay for the stock; the asked price what he is willing to sell it for; and the difference, rarely more than five percent, is usually his profit margin.

Over-the-counter transactions are not given instantaneously on a ticker tape or by computer. Instead, they are compiled every weekday afternoon in a magenta pad of paper known to brokers as the pink sheet, consisting of dealers' buy and sell prices for the various stocks they are willing to make a market in. The over-the-counter bid and asked prices published in the newspaper are a fractional distillation of the information contained in the pink sheet, so they are always a day late. There's also a green sheet, from Chicago, and a white sheet, from San Francisco; among the three, the investor will find buy and sell prices for virtually every unlisted stock in the country.

Usually, you pay standard stock-exchange commissions on an over-the-counter transaction. Your broker will buy at the asked price and take his commission on top. There are no odd-lot fees, but your broker might have to pay a



slightly higher asked price for small transactions. Many brokers supplement their income by acting as over-the-counter dealers themselves. So if you're buying an over-the-counter stock on your broker's advice, it's wise to find out whether the purchase will involve him as a broker or as a dealer. In the latter case, the cost should be lower, but there's the danger that instead of offering good advice, he's just trying to move merchandise.

We've pointed up all the specific guidelines, but it's impossible to over-emphasize that successful investment is largely a matter of psychology. Every investor has his own style and his own needs. Well-off executives who are pressed for time frequently prefer to put their capital in the hands of investment counselors. For a fee, such men provide professional and supposedly first-rate portfolio management. But even the best investment advisors often fail to recognize that their job isn't over when they've found good stocks. They must then get these good stocks into the hands of investors who can live with them. The family man who keeps savings bonds in a safe-deposit box and hears noises at the front door at night will probably be miserable owning a volatile over-the-counter stock—even if it skyrockets from the day he puts it in his portfolio. For him, every minor reversal will be a portent of imminent disaster. Relief will come only when he's sold the stock. Conversely, the bachelor who spends his pay check remorselessly and gets his kicks breaking speed limits in his Corvette would be equally uncomfortable with a portfolio of gilt-edged blue chips, even if they were to increase steadily every month he owned them. This man doesn't want stability, he wants action, and he will invariably tinker with his portfolio until he gets it. This is why the investment decisions you make yourself—assuming the proper elements of hard thought go into them—are the most satisfactory. Much more than just profit is involved.

While every investor's decisions will differ with his particular situation, a number of precautions and principles apply to all. The observations in the ten paragraphs that follow are simple to state. They all appeal to common sense and, if followed religiously, they will almost surely result in long-run investment success. Yet remarkably few investors—even canny old-timers who know all the rules—have the psychological discipline to act on them consistently.

1. One of the oldest stock-market chestnuts—so hoary that it's been elevated to the rank of cliché—concerns diversification: Don't put all your eggs in one basket. The assumption is that investing in a broad spectrum of companies and industries minimizes risk. But usually, this technique only minimizes profit. The investor who is morbidly preoccupied with avoiding risk should stay out

of the market altogether. And the investor who wants to make money should narrow his sights to the very few stocks that seem most promising. Investment writer Gerald Loeb has stated the principle succinctly: "Put all your eggs in one basket—and then watch the basket."

2. Never act on tips, no matter what their source. Only one genre of tip can have any validity: information from corporate insiders. But often, even insiders don't know what they're talking about. (A well-known conglomerate once advised his own mother not to buy his stock—too risky. The stock then ran from \$15 to \$165.) Even when insiders do speak knowledgeably, to act on their information before it is broadcast at large is probably illegal. There's little reason why tips from any other sources should include profitable advice. Obviously, chance alone dictates that many of them will. But to get a tip, act on it and then profit handsomely is often the most dangerous course of all. Bad tipsters, like bees, will sting you only once, but the tipster whose information pays off may come to seem infinitely wise, rather than just lucky. He can hurt you repeatedly.

3. Let profits run; take losses quickly and without self-recrimination. One's approach toward losses, rather than profits, usually separates the successful speculator from the ne'er-do-well. To win consistently, you must be willing to admit that you will make mistakes, not just a blunder here and there, but mistake upon mistake. Once again, this is a matter of psychology, but investment success can hinge on it. If you refuse to admit your own fallibility, you'll be reluctant to take losses, a mental paralysis that continually in-

capacitates the amateur investor. He sees all losses as paper losses and feels that a paper loss is somehow more tolerable than a real one. After all, the market could turn around tomorrow and give it all back. So he sits on a losing situation, waiting for it to return to where he bought it. This ties up capital, sometimes for years, that otherwise could be working productively; and it guarantees the investor—if he's both patient and lucky enough—that he'll someday break even. The losing investor not only lets his losses run but he takes his profits too quickly. "You never lose taking a profit" is a well-intended but erroneous maxim that has gulled speculators since the Dutch-tulip craze. Of course, you *can* lose taking a profit, if you take it too soon and if it has to cover those inevitable mistakes. Stocks move in trends; once a share starts moving, it tends to keep moving in the same direction. This may be a truism, but it works. Ride along with the trend, perhaps using the progressive-stop technique mentioned earlier, until the stock itself begins to indicate that the move is faltering. If the stock moves considerably, perhaps doubling, consider taking a profit by selling half your shares; that way, you have your original capital for other investments and you retain the other half as insurance against a further move. Whatever you finally sell for is additional profit. Plagued by losses, the unsuccessful investor won't let his winning stocks work for him. He sees every profitable speculation as a potential debacle. At the earliest opportunity, he tiptoes in to steal a miniprofit before the market can take it all back. Overeagerness to grab profits is just as costly as refusal to incur



*"I certainly don't see what you have to be grumpy about."*



losses. As noted, loss taking is much easier for the technical investor. The fundamentalist, for his own protection, must set some arbitrary loss limit, perhaps 20 percent or so, beyond which he cannot ride with a stock, no matter how sound it might seem. Such an approach will surely miss big moves in stocks that crouch before they leap; but it will keep him out of stocks that crouch only to fall on their faces, thus assuring that he'll still have most of his money to bring to the next opportunity. Just as loss limitation is easier for technicians, so do fundamentalists have less trouble in letting profits run. Since they have their eyes on real value, rather than on the shaky and confusing trail of short-term price action, they are less likely to be frightened out of a good stock on a minor setback. Technicians, for their protection, should refrain from watching the market too closely, once they're in a decisively winning position. If they use progressive stops, they should trail behind them by 10 or even 15 percent, thus assuring that they won't be sold out too early.

4. Don't try to call the tops and bottoms; go with the trend. When prices are rising, successful investors are buying stocks that losers are selling; when prices are falling, the winners are selling back to the losers. This is because the losing investor buys stocks that look cheap—compared with what they were selling for last month. But anyone who buys a declining stock because it looks like a bargain is implicitly betting that it won't go lower. He is trying to call the bottom. He'd do just as well buying lottery tickets. The successful investor would never have the *hubris* to think he could pick the tops and bottoms. He knows that if a stock is lower this week than last, chances are it will be even lower next week. That's how stocks move. When prices turn around, as they always do eventually, losing speculators tend to sell out when they break even and then steadfastly refuse to buy more, on the grounds that prices are now too high. Typically, prices will continue to advance, perhaps for months or even years, until the loser is finally convinced that they're going to rise forever, whereupon he leaps in precisely at the moment when the winning investor is unloading.

5. Average up, not down. At some point in his investing career, every losing speculator discovers the wonders of averaging down. He buys 100 shares of a stock at \$30 and then sits on it while it drops to \$20. Here, it occurs to him that he can now get 150 shares for the same price he originally paid for 100, simultaneously reducing his loss—or at least appearing to reduce his loss. Now he has 250 shares, for which he has paid \$6000; formerly, the stock had to rise to \$30 for him to break even, but now it need go only to \$24. If the stock then shoots back to \$40, he has made a very wise move.

But usually it doesn't. A stock that drops from \$30 to \$20 will probably drop lower yet. Investors shouldn't sit on declining stocks; and they certainly shouldn't keep sinking money into them while they decline. Averaging up is precisely the opposite technique, and it makes better financial sense, because it goes *with* the trend, rather than against it. A winning investor might buy 200 shares of a stock selling at \$20. If the stock goes down, he'll get out quickly. Only if it goes up would he add to his position. He might buy 100 more shares at \$30 and another 50 at \$40. He is buying with the trend and, by pyramiding in reverse (purchasing progressively smaller amounts), he is effectively locking in a profit. After his last purchase at \$40, the stock could go all the way back to \$26 and still give him a profit—though he'd surely be out before then.

6. Never lament hindsight profits; they are as gossamer and as conjectural as the road untaken. If a stock has been good to you and you decide to cash in and go elsewhere, who cares if it keeps rising after you've sold out? A high-flying stock you no longer own is no different from the other highfliers you've never owned. Despite the practical necessity of cutting losses short and letting profits run, once a stock *has* run, it's both foolish and dangerous to try to squeeze the last dollar from it. Selling at the top is as problematical as buying at the bottom. The pros are quite content to take their profits in the middle. They leave the fringes for the little people. One of the French Rothschilds, a fantastically successful speculator, wryly explained that he owed his fortune to "selling too soon."

7. As noted, whatever your investment technique, you must be consistent. Don't buy a stock because its chart action looks good and then, when the price goes against you, hold it because it's now relatively cheap on the basis of the fundamentals or because your brokerage house just declared it a buy. If you don't have a consistent plan, you can't expect consistent results. You may make a profit now and again, but you are staking your money on chance rather than on design.

8. Given a technique to apply consistently, you should enter the market only when it promises to give back more than you risk. Good poker players do this instinctively, assessing the odds between the pot and their bet, their hand and the draw. When the odds favor them, they stay in; otherwise, they fold. If the odds in the stock market were as precise as those in poker, investing would be a lot easier. Yet, one can make rough calculations. Figure that the downside risk in any common stock is at least ten percent. This calculus sensibly recognizes the unpredictability of the market. At the outset, every investment ought to be regarded as a speculation: Only when a speculation produces a profit can it be rewarded with the word investment. To

assume a ten percent risk in hope of knocking down a five percent gain is to fight the odds. With a presumptive downside risk of ten percent (or more), the investor shouldn't even consider a stock unless it promises profit well over 20 percent. This keeps the odds on his side. If he's right only half the time, he'll still make a profit.

9. As in poker, of course, you should never risk money that you can't afford to lose. Beyond this, you should never commit all your investment funds to make-or-break investments such as puts and calls, where you might blow everything in one mistake. Obviously, if you lose all your money, you won't be able to play anymore. Always allocate enough money to investments that will permit a comeback from the worst imaginable defeat. This might entail being overly conservative with half your stake, so that you can take larger risks with the rest.

10. And when you make a good profit, pull some of it out of the market. The ultimate measure of a successful investor is not the size of his portfolio but how much cash he takes home—for good. Assuming relatively consistent success, you can siphon off three fourths of your net profits each year and still see your investment capital grow handsomely. In addition, you'll be able to enjoy your winnings, which is what the game is all about, or what it should be all about.

Don't think the day of the individual speculator is over. Institutions—mutual funds, savings banks, insurance companies and pension funds—are supposedly dominating the market. Happily for the small investor, the facts don't bear this out. At the end of 1968, the total value of all U.S. corporate stock was 707 billion dollars, and of this, institutions owned only 123 billion dollars—less than 20 percent. The remaining 584 billion dollars was still owned by individuals. True, institutions account for a disproportionate share of the action; recent estimates involve them in half the trades on the big board. This means that institutions are generating huge brokerage commissions; whether they're producing comparable profits remains to be seen. At the current rate, more than a generation will pass before institutions own even half the corporate shares. Clearly, individuals still reign supreme in the stock market and they will for a long time to come. This should be especially good news for the beginning investor with a lifetime of bull and bear markets ahead of him. He probably won't make a billion dollars and, on occasion, he may lose much more than he bargained for. But over the long run, if he plays his hand wisely and well, he'll not only make money but have the considerable satisfaction of knowing he's a winner at a game that tests his own self-mastery.





*"If it's any consolation, ma'am, you were my second choice!"*



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Carlee Suits	30
Datsun Auto	27
Dingos by Acme Boot	41
Fisher Electronics	31
Freeman Shoes	15
Gant Shirtmakers	51
Great Books Card	Between 32-33
Hart Schaffner & Marx Suits	8
H.I.S. "Bushmaster" Jackets	13
Lee Flares	71
Literary Guild Card	Between 16-17
London Fog Maincoats	45
Marantz Electronics	28-29
Minolta Cameras	24
Mr. Hicks Slacks	32
Prince Gardner Card Case	12
Roberts Stereo Tape Recorders	40
Sony Electronics	46
Sylvania Electronics	1
Trujans Shoes	77
Worsted-Tex	45
Zenith Radio	22

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

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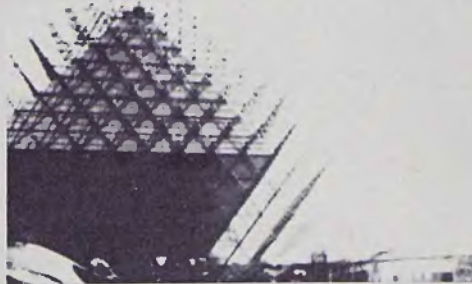
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## NEXT MONTH:



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FRIEND

**"OUR MORTGAGED FUTURE"**—HOW THE HEAVY TOLL OF WAR, MOST TRAGICALLY IN VIETNAM, CRIPPLES A NATION'S HUMAN AND FINANCIAL RESOURCES FOR DECADES AFTER THE HOSTILITIES HAVE CEASED—BY **JAMES CLAYTON**

**"BLACK SHYLOCK"**—AN EXCLUSIVE PREP SCHOOL PROVIDES THE SETTING FOR A DRAMATIC CONFRONTATION BETWEEN FATHER AND SON—BY **LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS**

**"THE GIRLS OF ISRAEL"**—A PICTORIAL ESSAY ON THE EXOTIC BEAUTIES WHO GRACE THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY

**DR. MARY CALDERONE**, THE FIRST LADY OF SEX EDUCATION, AIRS HER VIEWS ON FEMALE SEXUALITY, NEW APPROACHES TO MARRIAGE AND THE GROWING RIGHT-WING ASSAULT ON THE SCHOOLS IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"THE GREAT CAMPUS MANHUNT"**—CORPORATE COLLEGE RECRUITERS NOW ENCOUNTER MORE STUDENT SALES RESISTANCE, CONFRONT MORE ANTI-BUSINESS ACTIVISTS, YET HIRE MORE POSTGRADUATE TALENT THAN EVER—BY **MAX GUNTHER**

**"THE SPORTS HUSTLERS"**—HOW THE CON ARTISTS MAKE A LIVING PLAYING POOL, TENNIS AND GOLF, AT THE EAGER-TO-BE-TAKEN PUBLIC'S EXPENSE—BY **BARRY ROSENBERG**

**"DEAR OLD FRIEND"**—AN IRONIC STORY ABOUT THE DIS-INTEGRATION OF A LONG-STANDING FRIENDSHIP ON THE SHOALS OF BUSINESS AVARICE—BY **JOHN D. MAC DONALD**

**"MEMOIRS OF AN INTERMITTENT MADMAN"**—A MOVING, OFTEN SHOCKING ACCOUNT THAT EFFECTIVELY CHALLENGES MOST CLICHÉS ABOUT MENTAL ILLNESS—BY **CARLTON BROWN**

**"THE BILINGUAL PLEASURES OF MONTREAL"**—A GUIDED TOUR OF THE CANADIAN COSMOPOLIS THAT HAPPILY COMBINES THE DELIGHTS OF PARIS WITH THE URBANITY OF LONDON

**"BUNNY MYRA: SHE'S ENTITLED"**—A PHOTO FANFARE TO A LONDON COTTONTAIL WHO'S CURRENTLY MISS ENGLAND

**"DR. OTTO MATIC, I PRESUME"**—FREUDIAN COMPUTERS ARE FINE FOR SCIENCE FICTION, BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FIND ONE IN SANTA MONICA?—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

**"FURRY LEWIS"**—A POIGNANT VISIT WITH A NEARLY FORGOTTEN MEMPHIS BLUES MAN—BY **STANLEY BOOTH**

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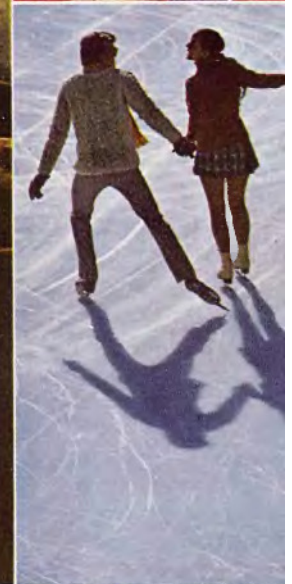
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