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TEN PAGES ON
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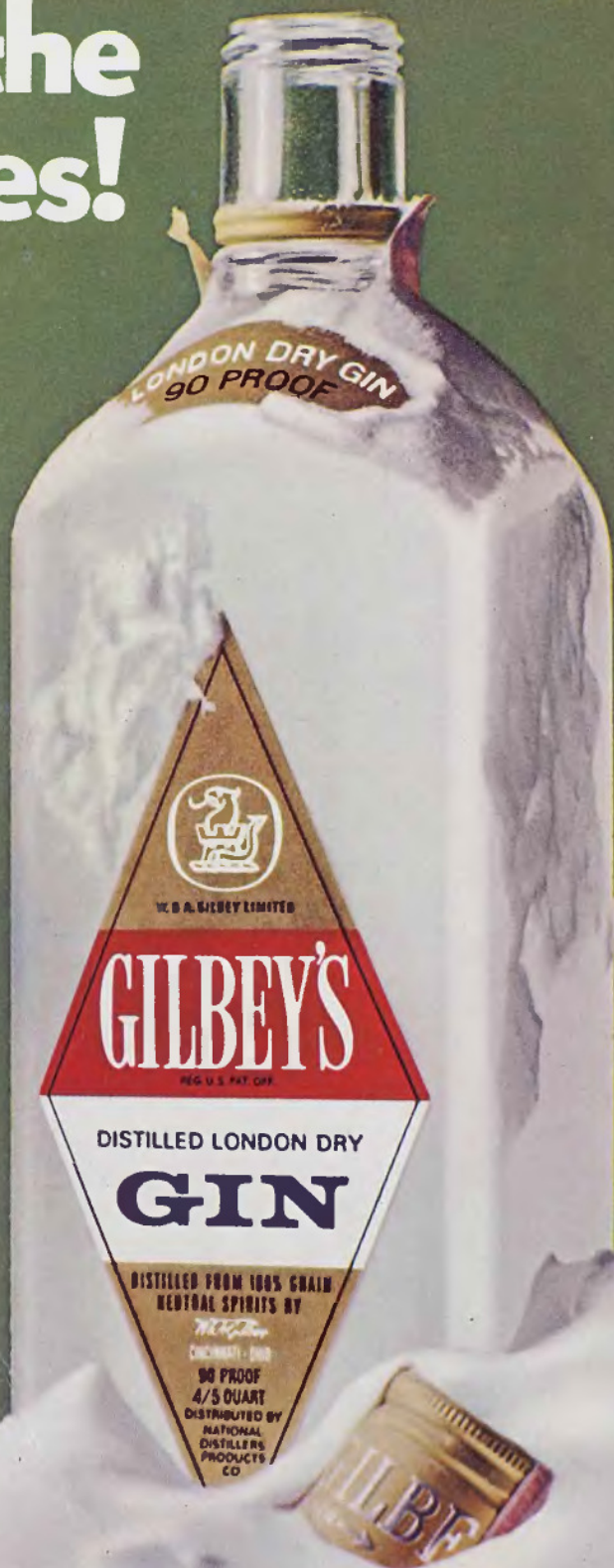
AN INTERVIEW WITH
GEORGE McGOVERN

"THE FUTURE
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PREVIEW



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PLAYBILL THE LAST SAD DAYS of the war in Vietnam have seen the slow breakdown of one of the mightiest armies in history. Quiet rebellions as well as near mutinies are commonplace in once-proud American divisions, and "fragging" has become part of the national vocabulary. In *Goodbye to the Blind Slash Dead Kid's Hooch*, Arthur Hadley, a World War Two veteran, ex-war correspondent and former assistant executive editor of the *New York Herald Tribune*, brings home the demoralizing reality of winding down the war. To evaluate the situation, Hadley spent two months in Nam talking with officers and Infantrymen with whom he slogged from Delta swamp to DMZ mountain range. The spreading malaise of the war is detailed poignantly by former naval officer John F. Kerry in his testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, presented as a special two-page supplement to *The Playboy Forum*; somewhat crudely by the grunts themselves in the graffiti of *The View from Kibroy's Head*; and eloquently by Presidential candidate Senator George S. McGovern, who in this month's *Playboy Interview* calls our Vietnam intervention "a criminal, immoral, senseless, undeclared, unconstitutional catastrophe." Interviewed by *Washington Star* syndicated columnist Milton Viorst, McGovern tells how he would end the war if he became President and how—through reallocation of national priorities—America could undergo a social regeneration. Our lead fiction, Hal Bennett's *Also Known as Cassius*, is the tale of a young black boy who, on one eventful Saturday, makes a dual discovery: sex (delightful) and a parental plan for upward mobility (perverted). This is Bennett's second *PLAYBOY* story; his first, November 1970's *Dotson Gerber Resurrected*, has been chosen by Martha Foley for inclusion in *The Best American Short Stories 1971*. Headlining a potpourri of sports fare, our pigskin prognosticator, Anson Mount, puts his reputation on the line with *Playboy's First Pro Football Preview*. Mount—an unrivaled expert on the college game—prepared for the pro grid assignment by reading some 500,000 words of scouting reports, then crisscrossed the country interviewing owners, coaches and players. He finds pro football surprisingly universal in appeal: "You see ad-agency executives sitting beside truck drivers and mink-draped dowagers in every stadium." Another game due for increasing popularity is tennis, if veteran champion Pancho Gonzales, whose *Net Assets* is featured in this issue, has his way. Pancho, who started playing at 12 in the public parks of Los Angeles, now operates a tennis ranch in Malibu for kids. In *\$888.12 a Second*, an engrossingly authentic account of America's

richest horse race, writer Richard Rhodes makes his first appearance in our pages. Rhodes's free-lancing—on such diverse topics as coyote hunts and Harry Truman—has proved sufficiently remunerative for him to retire (from editing Hallmark Cards' gift books) and work in his home at Lake of the Forest, Kansas, which he describes as "an ex-posh watering place going downhill. The lake is silting in and choking with kelp." That strikes a responsive chord for Associate Editor David Standish, whose *Fish Story* fancifully considers the first major skirmish of the Environmental Era, wherein the lovably ugly Asian Walking Catfish tackles water pollution. "My chief inspiration for the story," Standish says, "was growing up near Lake Erie." Contributing Editor Jean Shepherd mines his patented vein of humor-cum-nostalgia in *The Mole People Battle the Forces of Darkness*, a pastiche of everybody's summer-camp nightmares come true. Shepherd's latest book, *Wanda Hickey's Night of Golden Memories, and Other Disasters*, is due shortly from Doubleday. Also awaiting publication is Robert Sheckley's collection of short stories, *Can You Feel Anything When I Do This?*, scheduled for December, again by Doubleday. (The title story appeared in *PLAYBOY* in August 1969.) Sheckley now lives on the island of Iviza, locale of this month's *Three Sinners in the Green Jade Moon*—a kind of gastronomic *Rashomon*. One of Sheckley's characters nearly gorges himself to death on *rijsstafel*; Joseph Wechsberg faced a somewhat similar problem while researching *Champagne Country*. "A difficult assignment," he says, "because champagne no longer agrees with me, and my friends there always insist on a glass. They drink champagne from nine A.M. to nine A.M." The bubbly with which a wedding is toasted all too often turns to matrimonial vinegar, Morton Hunt finds in *The Future of Marriage*. His July 1970 *PLAYBOY* article, *Man and Beast*, recently won a Claude Bernard Science Journalism Award from the National Society for Medical Research. Hunt, who is currently writing a book on violent crimes, might well take note of the novel homicidal technique proposed by Ray Bradbury in *My Perfect Murder*. Bradbury, one of the world's masters of fantasy and science fiction, is launching into new fields: musical productions of two of his works and collaboration with composer Lalo Schifrin on a cantata, *Pius the Wanderver, or Space Madrigal*. Winding up our August offerings are photographer David Hamilton's portfolio, *The Age of Awakening*, to be published in September by William Morrow & Company as part of *Dreams of a Young Girl* (with text by Alain Robbe-Grillet), and the *Bunnies of 1971*. All in all, a bountiful summer harvest.

RHODES

HAMILTON

STANDISH

MOUNT



PLAYBOY

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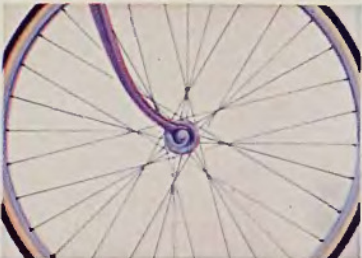
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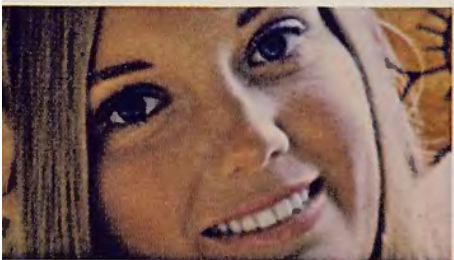
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DEAR PLAYBOY

 ADDRESS PLAYBOY MAGAZINE • PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

DEBATING THE DUKE

The John Wayne interview in your May issue was the best I have read in *PLAYBOY*. His clear thinking and straightforward approach leave one in awe. I think the American public would welcome more leaders with ideals like his.

Mark De Maranville
Amherst, Massachusetts

John Wayne represents all the prejudice, blind bias and chauvinistic attitudes that are destroying your would-be great country. His apparent apathy toward the My Lai massacre is an excellent example. When he finally passes on to that great ranch house in the sky, I sincerely hope all the attitudes that he represents go with him, never to return and influence any other generation.

Daniel Acks
Toronto, Ontario

Having read the interview with John Wayne, I would like to rebut his statement about me. I enjoy watching Wayne's movies, but I find his politics deplorable, his memory foggy and his facts, on occasion, fictitious. He worked for MGM while I was head of the studio—acting in a picture directed by John Ford. Consistent with my position that I would hire artists only on the basis of their talent, I employed many of Wayne's associates on the right and the far right—including Ward Bond and Adolphe Menjou—along with other creative people who were identified as being on the left and the far left. Wayne refers specifically to Morrie Ryskind. If Ryskind was under contract to MGM, that fact was never made known to me. I do know that at one time, Kenneth MacKenna, in charge of the writers, spoke to me about an assignment for Ryskind. I OK'd a proposed weekly salary of \$2000 but was told that he wanted \$3500 per week. I thought that was an exorbitant salary and turned it down.

I would like to add that the dialog that Wayne quotes between Carl Foreman and himself has the faint odor of an invented repartee written by an inept screenwriter. I know and respect

Carl Foreman and I doubt that he would have been frightened out of Hollywood by John Wayne.

In view of Gary Cooper's continued successes after having made *High Noon*, Wayne's dour prophecy that the film would ruin his career seems as wise as so many of his observations. Dear Duke, why don't you stop being a *nudnick* and go make some more of those movies that have made you a legend?

Dore Schary
New York, New York

As a graduate student and a Vietnam veteran, I want to commend you on your outstanding interview with John Wayne. He tells it like it is and speaks out for us gut conservatives who belong to the so-called silent majority. What we need in this country are a lot more John Waynes and a lot fewer leftist pigs who spit on the flag and thumb their stinking noses at the President.

Jack Cooley
Arizona State University
Tempe, Arizona

My initial reaction to John Wayne's white-supremacy stance was one of indignation. However, after re-examining his rationale and subsequent unerudite proclamations, I concluded that *PLAYBOY* has made another priceless contribution to the world: You have indisputably revealed that you don't need brains to become a millionaire movie star.

William E. Moore, Ph.D.
Southern University
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

It was with careful consideration that we read the John Wayne interview. Wayne's views are not surprising; this type of racist ideology has been and is one of the major problems in the United States. What happened 100 years ago is still happening. We do not seek to fix blame but to have people, including Wayne, accept the responsibility for their society. To us, these centuries of abuse and government-sponsored genocide have wiped out whatever any of us may have felt about white America's sense of decency. Wayne's attitudes can

Because an active man doesn't perspire just under the arms.



Pub Below the Belt

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be described only as sad, coming from a man of his age and in his position of influence.

What Wayne and other lily-white Americans can't seem to understand is that they are more deprived spiritually than we have ever been. Whining and bellyaching are not our way. Truth is strong medicine; it remains to be seen whether America can accept the facts of her own history. Admission of fallibility is the beginning of wisdom, especially in a 64-year-old man.

United Native Americans
San Fernando Valley State College
Northridge, California

John Wayne says he "can't understand" those who attempt to prevent the execution of criminals "yet have no thought for the innocent victim." John is right; he can't understand. His first problem is a bad case of the either-ors, an ailment common to zealots of the right and the left. John assumes in this case that you've got to side with either the criminal or the victim. That, as I say, is *his* problem. I feel two emotions when I hear of a crime: sympathy for the victim and anger at the criminal. Unlike John and American rightists generally, I don't proceed to argue that my anger entitles me to demand that the state murder the criminal in cold blood. The overwhelming majority of scholars who have studied the death penalty agree that it should be abolished. While logic isn't very often employed in Western movies, I'm sure John *can* understand that if (A) one believes the state should not execute *anybody* and (B) Caryl Chessman, Adolf Hitler, Sirhan Sirhan and Adolph Eichmann were *somebodies*, then (C) one is opposed to the execution of these people or any others. It was endearing of John to confess that he was a socialist as a college youth. I never was. A guy can get trampled to death here in the middle with all these true believers dashing back and forth to the opposite sides.

Steve Allen
Van Nuys, California

Leave it to the Duke to wade through all those pinko, pantywaist, liberal apologists and point out the real reason so many of today's young people are anties-establishment and leftist in their attitudes—*High Noon*. Why, who'd have thought that when old Coop ground his marshal's badge into the dust with the heel of his boot, he was just another Commie dupe! My God, just think of all those young minds that were so cruelly subverted as they sat in front of their TV sets and watched the endless reruns of *High Noon* on the *Late Show*. Little did they know that this was their first step down the road of un-Americanism.

Alan Segal
San Francisco, California

GOD IS LOVE

The Trip, by V. S. Pritchett (PLAYBOY, May), is one of the most unusual and moving stories I've ever read. Almost any man in any field that's remotely glamorous or important sooner or later runs across his groupie, his congregation of one, who insists on placing him on a pedestal. Sooner or later, of course, comes the disillusionment, or the maturing, as Pritchett would have it, and the roles abruptly shift. The worshiper is free and it's the one who was worshiped who bears the scars. Pritchett's analysis of his characters is superb, his handling of them touching. A magnificent story that deserves to be anthologized in a collection of the best.

Robert Weinberg
New York, New York

ELECTRIC STRAINS

Thanks to Robert Sherrill for his article *Power Play* (PLAYBOY, May), which shed a most illuminating light on the monopolistic trends of the fuel and electric-power industries in the United States. It is apparent that the situation Sherrill describes must be remedied if our country is to salvage not only its environment but also its economy. I was very disturbed, however, by his laborious attempts to convince the reader that the national grid system is not inherently socialistic, even quoting Walter Hicckel: "Some people think it is socialism, but it isn't." Sherrill then proposes exactly that: "If the people, through their Government, own and control the grid. . . ." Why not private ownership of the grid system, with sufficient Government legislation to prevent a monopoly of the system by the fuel and electric-power industries?

R. E. Baumberger
Newark, Ohio

Sherrill's suggestion that a national transmission grid would solve our power needs is naïve. The excess spinning reserve that he proposes to use in place of new plants represents, at most, 20 percent of the nation's total capability. This is a drop in the bucket compared with a demand that doubles every eight years. There are now in operation extensive grids doing just what Sherrill suggests. These grids grow as the needs dictate, with all forms of the electrical utilities participating—Federal, cooperative and investor-owned. An all-Federal system as proposed by Sherrill suggests a complete Government monopoly. The portion now privately held, paying taxes and without subsidy, would become a taxpayer's burden.

Sherrill's reference to a major grid rather than a costly investment in new power sources indicates that he believes transmission grids are of insignificant cost. They are, in truth, very expensive. Such grids are essential and are being expanded, but expansion is hardly less

expensive than, and certainly no substitute for, new power.

Allen H. Howes, Manager
Chicago District Sales
Foster Wheeler Corporation
Livingston, New Jersey

Robert Sherrill implies that the natural-gas shortage is being fabricated by the gas industry. Unfortunately for us all, the gas shortage is uncomfortably real. The FPC scrutinized producer records and, in a report just issued, said, "The evidence thus confirms beyond any doubt . . . that a serious gas-supply shortage does, in fact, exist throughout the nation's gas-supply areas." No one could be more anxious to have more gas available for sale than the gas-pipeline and distribution companies that form the membership of A. G. A.

F. Donald Hart,
Managing Director
American Gas Association
Arlington, Virginia

To take issue with one point in Sherrill's article: The five nuclear-power plants nearing completion around Lake Michigan will put as much heat into the lake in a year as sunlight does in about 15 minutes. How can we contend that this will damage the lake when, obviously, the vagaries of the weather are far more important? The electric utilities are anxious to shut down the oldest fossil-fuel plants, partly to eliminate the air pollution that is most severe from the old plants and partly because the old plants are uneconomical to operate. The utilities need the nuclear-plant output, though, so they can shut these old plants down. Aren't those who are obstructing the start-up of the nuclear plants therefore causing a major continuation of needless air pollution?

Robert W. Beckwith, President
Beckwith Electric Co. Inc.
Mt. Prospect, Illinois

THE UNGRATEFUL DEAD

The only trouble with T. K. Brown III is that he doesn't appear in your pages often enough. *Haunts of the Very Rich* (PLAYBOY, May) demonstrates his *unheimlich* imagination and adept writing. The literary quality of PLAYBOY would be greatly served by more frequent appearances of the sophisticated, spooky Mr. Brown.

J. D. Regan
Oak Ridge, Tennessee

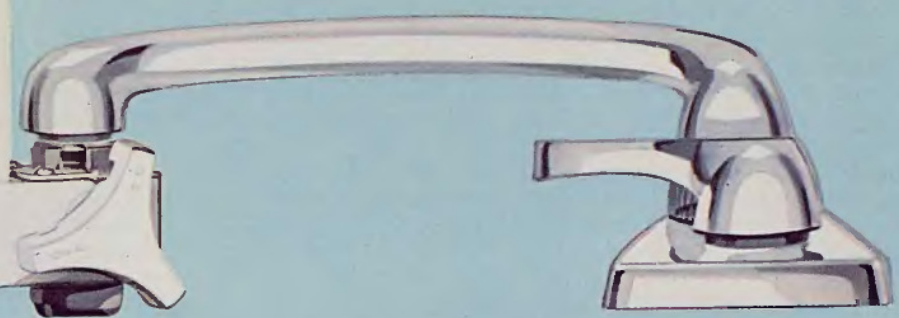
MYTH A MYTH?

The Procreation Myth, by James Collier (PLAYBOY, May), was both refreshing and enlightening. It is interesting that the hallowed belief that the sole purpose of sexual intercourse is reproduction is not substantiated from an evolutionary standpoint. Perhaps many of the sexual anxieties prevalent in



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Western societies are directly related to a somewhat distorted notion of the purpose of sexual intercourse. Congratulations to James Collier for a fine article.

Scott Schroepfer
Lawrence, Kansas

As a discourse on human sexual evolution, James Collier's *The Procreation Myth* glosses over some aspects of the human sociosexual picture in its eagerness to reach a conclusion. Collier takes one basic idea—that sex was the most important unifying force among primitive societies—attempts to prove it and haphazardly concludes that sex exists in our society primarily for pleasure. But the arguments he has used do not justify that conclusion.

The strongest drive among all animals, including man, is the drive to preserve the species, both individually in the existing generation and collectively in the perpetuation of the species through reproduction. Society evolved not because year-round sex made social living appealing, as Collier asserts, but because it was the most efficient means by which weak-toothed, slow-footed man could survive. The increase in the pleasure realized in the sexual act would not have contributed anything to the unification of society unless man was by nature a promiscuous being, which, as Desmond Morris points out in *The Naked Ape*, is irreconcilable with the idea of survival, since the female of our species is incapable of providing for our long-maturing young by herself. The only alternative to the pair-bond rearing of children is collective rearing, for which the only historical evidence is to be found in this century. Any study of the pleasures of the sexual act and the evolution of the same is going to have to take far more into account than Collier has; to try to pin such a broad subject down to such a narrow origin is foolish.

Randy Wright
Salt Lake City, Utah

Few would deny the right of James Collier to express his opinion, but it would be more intellectually honest if he were to check his facts first, instead of setting up a straw-man argument. The Christian Church holds to the evolution both of man and of sex. This latter fact was supported in the Second Vatican Council's *Constitution on the Church in the Modern World*, in which they explained that reproduction can no longer be named as the primary purpose of sex but that another equally important purpose must be recognized—that of expressing, sustaining and deepening the love relationship. In other words, in the belief of the Church, the primary function of sex is neither reproduction, nor is it merely having fun, although each would obviously be a part. The purpose of sex is to function as a ve-

hicle for human love, commitment and affection. Sex without love, not sex without reproduction, would therefore be considered imperfect, incomplete and distorted by the Church. It is upon this belief that the ethical code of Christian sexuality is based.

Vincent Pishioneri
Master of Divinity
Scranton, Pennsylvania

James Collier's exhaustive anthropological research is commendable, if a bit tedious, but in his zeal, he has inadvertently overproved his point. His conclusion is crystal-clear, but one wonders about his *motives*. What does he seek to accomplish by all this? There is no "prohibition" on sex, as it applies to consenting adults. In fact, never before in American history have so many variations, deviations and wrinkles been tolerated by so many people. Does Collier seek to inflict his own bent for frequency and variety upon those whose choice may well be once a week on Saturday night? One could conclude from the author's attacks on Victorian morality that he himself is a hangover from those times—a liberated male who has recently experienced a sexual rebirth.

John Luongo
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SUN BEAMS

It was refreshing to read such a right-on travel article as Reg Potterton's *Land of the Risen Sun* (PLAYBOY, May). Having spent 15 months in Japan, I found Potterton's writing a reminder of all the great times I had there.

John T. Scott
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Reg Potterton is either the son of a Japanese mother or one hell of a researcher. His article on Japan is most perceptive.

I am moved to write this unabashed fan letter because of my own experiences last year while teaching English in a private school in downtown Tokyo. During my year's contract, I was lucky enough to be taken in as a boarder by a Japanese family. The unusual experience gave me an outlook on Japan and the Japanese people quite different from that which is held by most non-Japanese. Potterton is one of the very few writers I have read who grasp the point of view held by the people in that small, great nation. To be enjoyed, Japan must be understood. And Potterton has done that quite nicely.

Boyden Ralph
Chicago, Illinois

TRAFFIC GEM

Hats off to David Butler for his article "Slow Down, You Move Too Fast" in your May issue. As a newly rated private pilot based at Pontiac, Michigan, I can

easily understand some of the problems of an air-traffic controller. Pontiac has the second busiest airport in Michigan and it's like a beehive on a sunny summer weekend. How these men retain their composure remains a mystery to me. No matter how busy they are, they always extend courtesy, politeness and understanding.

William C. Leonard
Pontiac, Michigan

"Slow Down, You Move Too Fast" tells it like it is. There is no question that our airways are improving and so is the safety of air transportation. And at last the Federal Government is beginning to commit to the airways the necessary financing and technology that the airlines and the manufacturers have built into the planes. There should be many more improvements forthcoming.

Sylvan M. Barnett, Jr.
Vice-President, Public Relations
American Airlines
New York, New York

I'm sure David Butler's article opened many people's eyes concerning what actually goes on at a major airport. I'm a controller at a naval base in Florida and it seems the only people who actually appreciate the job we do are persons in our own field and the pilots themselves. The majority of passengers are the last to commend a controller for the job he does but are the first to complain about delays, etc. For myself, I only hope that I become half as good as "Michael Caine," because with the position he fills, he must be a hell of a controller.

E. A. Powell, Jr., U. S. N.
Pensacola, Florida

SIDE-SHOW CHILLER

The master of the macabre, Robert Bloch, has done it again with *The Animal Fair* (PLAYBOY, May), reminding one that the author of *Psycho* has yet to be topped when he turns his hand to grinding out a thriller. So scary that I got rid of my bearskin rug the next day.

Mrs. Mark Saunders
Los Angeles, California

Anybody who has attended the freak shows and the animal acts in the sleazy carnies that play the tank towns and the country circuit will appreciate Robert Bloch's skill at evoking their kind of brooding horror. *The Animal Fair* is a classic of its type and proof once again that the best writers are not necessarily those whose pen the best sellers but, rather those whose talents can make you laugh—or make you frightened.

William Robinson
New York, New York

DELINEATING DICKEY

I found *The Stuff of Poetry* (PLAYBOY, May) an excellent profile of a fascinating

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and mysterious person. The only critical comment I would make is that Geoffrey Norman should not have wasted space on the biased and ignorant remarks made by Benjamin DeMott in his review of Dickey's *Deliverance*. Norman might also have spent more time on Dickey's poetry, particularly his poetry readings—which are extremely good. But Norman gives us a real sense of the man's presence and some sense of his genius, which would be impossible, perhaps, to really communicate.

Joyce Carol Oates
Windsor, Ontario

Geoffrey Norman's *The Stuff of Poetry* is an elegant, beautifully written study of a man. I liked it very much.

Faith Baldwin
Norwalk, Connecticut

I was delighted to read Geoffrey Norman's biographical narrative about James Dickey. Aware of Dickey by virtue of his poems, I was intrigued to learn of his life style and history. But most important was Norman's journalistic expertise. The literary value of your magazine is greatly enhanced by offerings of this nature. I hope we will be seeing more in future months.

Don Heinze
Adelphi, Maryland

IN OLD MEXICO

Two ears and a tail (from a bull, if you insist; from a Bunny, if you'll permit) for Brad Williams! His *One Good Turn* in your May issue was a picaresque, pungent tale that showed his keen knowledge of the *Alma Latina*. Hours after reading it, I'm still chuckling. And, as they say at the aviary, "One good tern deserves another." ¡Arriba! Brad Williams!

Alvin S. Palmer
Denmark, South Carolina

CANADIAN FREAK SET

With *World 42; Freaks 0*, in your May issue, Gary Wills has written not only a very humorous article but a very true one. A friend of mine who skipped the country and went to Canada last summer to avoid an all-expense-paid vacation to Nam writes about once a month to tell me how things are across the border. Well, I compared a few of his letters with Wills's article and both are about the same—the pot, the half-dead cars, about 100 kids to a house, etc. He can't find a job except for selling pot, which gets him just enough money to pay part of the rent and buy a new pair of Levis once every two months (he's on his fifth pair now). In the last letter he wrote to me, he said that if he could do it all over, he would go to Nam—at least it's a hell of a lot warmer.

Joseph L. Weinpert
Willowick, Ohio



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Although the event was billed as "A Dialog on Women's Liberation," New York's cultural elite and hundreds more in sold-out Town Hall one recent evening thirsted for more than a dialog. It was to be Norman Mailer *vs.* The Amazons. Mailer, long castigated by all sectors of fem lib as a sexist pig, had compounded his chauvinist sins with a long article, "The Prisoner of Sex," in *Harper's*. And since he was to be the chef-d'oeuvre of this night of the long knives, there had for weeks been conflicting portents and rumors of the impending comeuppance of Mailer or, alternatively, the dialectic rout of the female field. Several prominent women in the movement at first accepted and then abruptly refused to take part in the contest. (Pressure, it was said, had been applied by radical female cadres.) And there were reports that bands of Harpies and Furies might disrupt the meeting.

Before the curtains opened, a half-dozen men and women who had volunteered to nonviolently remove troublemakers from the premises were holding a strategy session with an official of Theater for Ideas, the organization cosponsoring the event.

"What if they get violent?" one of the volunteer Gandhians asked. "I might lose my temper and hit them, and I've never hit a lady before."

"That's OK," said a more confident colleague. "They're not ladies; they're liberated."

The main event began with Mailer introducing his four antagonists—Jacqueline Ceballos, a leader of the National Organization of Women (NOW), the NAACP of women's lib; Diana Trilling, a highly dignified literary critic; Jill Johnston, a proselytizing Lesbian and occasional writer on the dance for *The Village Voice*; and Germaine Greer. The last, a leggy, alluring and formidably intelligent Australian, currently a don at the University of Warwick and author of *The Female Eunuch*, was expected to be the evening's co-star. Wasn't she at least an intellectual match for Mailer? Was it true, as had been rumored, that she had amorous designs on the embattled Norman?

As it turned out, the only violence of the evening was verbal: Miss Greer was the star (not just the co-star); and there *was* sex onstage (but not heterosexual). Immediately after Jill Johnston delivered a witty, free-form paean to her sexual preferences ("All women are Lesbians except those who don't know it yet. . . . He said, 'I want your body,' and she said, 'You can have it when I'm through with it'"), a female friend leaped onstage. Jill and friend embraced, were joined by a third sister of Sappho, and all three laid loving hands on one another as they rolled about the floor (a first for Town Hall).

Mailer, in a climax of misunderstanding, snapped, "Come on, Jill, be a lady!" Jill by then was barely visible beneath the bodies of her friends.

"Jill!" Mailer grew stern. "Either play with the team or pick up your marbles and leave." Jill took him at his word and was not seen again that night.

Intellectual activity for the rest of the evening was fitful at best, since much of the time was consumed by Mailer beating off his hecklers ("Harridans!" he called them at one point). But there were a number of memorable exchanges.

"There's a woman outside who can't afford to come in!" a young man yelled. "She's on welfare! She's being thrown out! It's true, it's true!"

"It will always be true," intoned Mailer, the existentialist sage, "until it is no longer true."

But a more pragmatic woman in the audience yelled back at the young man who had called attention to the injustice, "Why don't you give her ten dollars?"

At another point, Mailer suffered a TKO administered by gentle-voiced Cynthia Ozick, a novelist and short-story writer. She reminded him he had once written that "a good novelist can do without everything but the remnants of his balls." Looking directly at him, she then asked, "Mr. Mailer, for years and years I've been wondering, when you dip your balls in ink, what color ink is it?"

Stunned, and sinking fast, Mailer al-

lowed: "I don't pretend never to have written an idiotic sentence in my life."

The evening's most consistently deft and biting polemicist was, of course, Germaine Greer, whether she was dealing with Mailer (whose timing was off most of the night) or with such combatants from the audience as dandyish *New York Times* book critic Anatole Broyard. The latter, addressing Greer as certain Congressmen used to address black petitioners, asked her to explain what women are asking for. "Relax," said Greer, "because whatever it is we're asking for, honey, it's not for you."

Greer was similarly pungent but even more cryptic in her serious moments, as when she declared: "Sexual politics has to do with the act of fucking. The one being fucked is always characterized as female and inferior. We are going to have to change the grammar of that situation."

NOW's Jacqueline Ceballos, meanwhile, was sounding very much like a labor organizer as she spoke of the need for marriage contracts that could be renewed every three to five years. "In fact," she said, "in the very act of drawing up such a contract, many people may find that they don't want to be married to each other at all." (Sighs of apparent agreement—or regret?—came from members of both sexes in the audience.)

Diana Trilling was doughtily and consistently individualistic throughout. Though capable of extraordinary misreadings of other people's works—as Mailer and Greer reminded her sharply and often—Trilling did strike a verbal blow for the pluralism of pleasure rather than for a single standard of peak sexual experience. ("I would hope we are free to experience such orgasms as, in our individual complexities, we are capable of, whether or not it furthers the public interests of our sex.")

Trilling had earlier been introduced by Mailer as "one of our leading, if not the leading lady literary critic in America." After more such uses of "lady" by Mailer, Susan Sontag, who had been smoldering in the front row, finally

instructed Mailer that "while it may seem like gallantry to you, the way you use 'lady' is most patronizing."

Mailer pledged on the spot never to use the word lady again in public. But he could not resist adding: "You know, I've always called every woman a lady until she gives me reason to think otherwise."

By the end of the long and fevered night, Mailer seemed to have mellowed somewhat. But the women had not. "Every female liberty," he said feelingly, "will be achieved as every other liberty has been achieved—against the grain. Against all that is against liberty. But I do recognize that human history has gotten to the point where the majority of women are rebelling. What we're going to have to find out is how much liberty men and women can share with each other."

"Stop teaching us!" a woman in the balcony roared.

"Fuck you!" Mailer answered merrily. "I'll teach you, and you teach me."

Strange bedfellows: A Toronto shop owner has been fined \$150 for carrying T-shirts showing Walt Disney characters involved in sex acts.

Texas is rivaled by few states in political nonsense and legislative recklessness, and a state representative decided to illustrate the Lone-Star style by sponsoring a resolution commending the Boston Strangler for his work in the field of population control. Like most routine resolutions in most state legislatures, it was passed by the house, along with a flock of others, simply because no one read it or opposed it. In typical revolutionary prose, it applauded Albert de Salvo, who allegedly killed 13 women in the Boston area, for serving "his country, his state and his community." It went on, "This compassionate gentleman's dedication and devotion to his work has enabled the weak and lonely throughout the nation to achieve and maintain a new degree of concern for their future," and further noted, "He has been officially recognized by the state of Massachusetts for his noted activities and unconventional techniques involving population control and applied psychology."

A notice posted on the bulletin board of a Nashville insurance office warned, ANY OF YOU SHOW UP WEARING THOSE HOTPANTS WILL HAVE TO TAKE 'EM OFF THE MINUTE YOU WALK THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR.

Congressional Medal of Humor: An article in *Ramparts* about the ever-increasing number of medals we're passing out in Vietnam concludes, "In the case of colonels and generals being decorat-

ed, the actual pinning-on-the-chest is not usually done in front of formation these days, because the troops have taken to laughing."

Incidental Intelligence, Ecological Division: The executive producer of David Wolper's Oscar-nominated documentary *Say Goodbye* has been named an "Honorary Beaver Defender" by Wildlife Refuge, Inc., the well-known conservationist organization. The fellow's name is Warren Bush.

This is the era, as we are all too frequently reminded, when nothing—or almost nothing—works. Telephone service has become so unreliable as to make even the French look good. Dishwashers flood kitchens. Cars won't start. Trains break down or don't run at all. Planes spend from April to October waiting to take off and from November to March waiting to land. So we can only hail with disbelief and delight the *live* TV commercial in which an announcer demonstrates that he can start his Sears, Roebuck Eager 1 lawn mower with the very first pull of the lanyard; there on the tube, untaped and unfaked, the announcer does it again and again and again. We have become so mesmerized by this performance that we've tuned in to it perhaps three dozen times. So far, to our knowledge, Eager 1 has balked only twice. Alas, we missed both times. Our TV set, overburdened by channel switching at all hours of the day and night, finally broke down.

New bumper sticker spotted at Big Sur: DON'T LABOR UNDER A MISCONCEPTION—SUPPORT ABORTION REFORM.

According to the Associated Press, a London psychiatrist who thinks people are at their best after lunch says, "If we were a civilized nation, we would send our workers to bed with their wives and girlfriends in the afternoon."

Department of Law and Order, Apartheid Division: In Johannesburg, South Africa, five black thieves escaped with \$700 by dashing through the "whites only" entrance of a railroad station. Six black pursuers, employed by the robbed firm, were stopped at the same entrance by a white railroad official.

We mourn the dwindling membership of the century-old Esoteric Fraternity, a religious sect that insists on "absolute abstinence from sexual activity." The only remaining members are its 89-year-old president and his 91-year-old brother.

American barbers have been grumbling that long-hair fashions are cutting into their profits, and a Chicago barbers-

union official went so far as to advise members and their families not to patronize firms that employ "long-hairs." But things are even worse in Chile. The national barbers union, citing a 70 percent drop in business in the past two years, has asked the government to issue a decree prohibiting males from wearing long hair in public places.

Inspired titling for two Los Angeles retail water-bed outlets: The Wet Dream.

Our nomination for the most candid personal ad of the month appeared in the Warwick, New York, *Valley Dispatch* and went like this: "Dear Mary. Please take me back. I love you. It was only a passing fanny. John."

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

At the risk of having the male-chauvinist gauntlet thrown in our face, we'll venture the observation that the principal difference between *Lily Tomlin* on *Laugh-In* and Lily Tomlin at Chicago's Mister Kelly's was her adoption of a noticeably no-bra look for her nightclub act. Also very apparent were Miss Tomlin's superior talents as a live comedienne and an adroit actress. She welcomed her audience by congratulating it for "smiling, laughing and chattering when you're so miserable inside," then gave just a quick flash of her high school cheerleader routine ("Gimme a 'P' . . ."). A rapid transformation (accompanied by much anticipatory applause) into Ernestine—the pinch-faced prototypical phone operator on the pipe with Mr. "Veedle"—was followed by an outrageously inventive remembrance of her friend Lucille, a rubber freak who went from eating rubber bands to downing erasers to chewing on doorstops, the backs of shag rugs, spatulas, garden hoses, and who finally blew her mind in a Playtex girdle factory. Lily informed us that Lucille kicked the habit and is now just an alcoholic. Miss T. then did a Jekyll-and-Hyde bit and became the world's oldest beauty authority (with a voice like Margaret Rutherford's), whose secret salve is Johnson's Glo-Coat and who rubs away wrinkles while reciting, "Lines, lines, go away / Go and visit Doris Day." Another magic transformation turned her into that beloved brat Edith Ann, who likes hamster sandwiches, puts peanut butter on her baby brother's head to kill the cooties and is going to be a pizza lady when she grows up. The high point of the evening, though, was Lily's reminiscences of life as a teenager at a high school dance of the Fifties. She miraculously captured every awful nuance of the greaser milieu. Television may have provided the

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BOOKS

It's probably safe to say that *The Onion Eaters* (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence) is the funniest novel ever written about triorchism, a malformation of the male sex organs that J. P. Donleavy's hero calls his "testicular trinity." The hero, Clayton Claw Cleaver Clementine (a direct American descendant of the Irish Baron Clementine of the Three Glands), has girlfriends who go out of their minds counting. Anyway, young Clementine, who has not been at all well, has been lent a castle in the west of Ireland by his great-aunt, her idea being that the air—or something—will do him good. The estate is called Charnel Castle; the name of the cook is Miss Ovary; and before long, the place is crowded with a curious group of strangers—Erconwald, Franz Decibel Pickle, George Putlog Roulette, Mr. and Mrs. Lead Kindly Light. There are also Major and Lady Macfugger from the castle next door. The whole thing is like one great profane rewrite of *Pilgrim's Progress*. Erconwald, who is something of a modern alchemist, is trying to extract a powerful aphrodisiac from deadly mamba snakes—when he isn't mining for gold under the floor of the grand hall. The Lead Kindly Lights would be saving souls but for her tendency to get into brawls and Mr. L. K. L.'s tendency to end up in bed with any available lady. There are drunken feasts, bullfights in the courtyard, an army of insurrection just over the hill, a yachting disaster and (something here for everyone) an all-night homosexual tea dance. It all ends with explosions, fires and a monumentally grotesque costume ball. *The Onion Eaters* is full of every sort of excess, written in the speedy, almost shorthand style that will be familiar to the readers of Donleavy's first novel, *The Ginger Man*. Quite often, it's very funny, indeed, sometimes it's merely chaotic and sometimes, when Clementine finds time to muse on such matters as prayer and confession, there are even hints that it all might mean something.

James A. Michener's analysis of *Kent State: What Happened and Why* (Random House) reads like a Dreiser novel—turgid, badly organized and, withal, powerful. The killing of four Kent students was an American tragedy with a cast of thousands. A master storyteller, Michener amplifies the inherent drama of the event with interviews with Kent residents, students and their parents, such as a high school teacher and mother of three Kent students who noted that "anyone who appears on the streets of a city like Kent with long hair, dirty clothes or bare-

footed deserves to be shot." Michener's analysis of the town's mood is on target—a fair sample of "one of the most virulent outpourings of community hatred in recent decades." In other areas of study, however, such as the radical leadership at Kent, Michener borders on the paranoid. He concludes a section on "outside agitators" with the Agnewesque innuendo, "To travel the way the professional revolutionaries do does require money, and where it comes from is a legitimate national concern. Captain Chester Hayth, of the Ohio State Highway Patrol, who has made a study of this problem, says, 'You'd be surprised at how much of the travel money comes from the sale of drugs.'" But it's Michener's suggestions for bridging the generation gap that ring truly sophomoric. After 457 pages devoted to what is supposedly an in-depth plumbing of events and moods, he advises the young to act within the law, respect the other person's moral convictions, tolerate those over 30, use language nicely, keep sex private and make some concessions on personal appearance, because "neatness and cleanliness do help society to function. They are the individual's personal ecology." In a paroxysm of evenhandedness, he also advises over-30s to acknowledge that the young are serious and rational in their protests, to stop trying to defeat the "reasonable" aspects of the new life style, to maintain contact with the young and to stop being so irrationally opposed to far-out hair styles, since our forefathers were as hirsute as today's youth. Such homilies—from one who spent months studying and recording one of the most tragic domestic events of the past few decades—are grossly simplistic, if not simple-minded.

If They're So Smart, How Come You're Not Rich?, by John L. Springer (Regnery), takes on the *whole* investment-advisory industry—member firms of the New York Stock Exchange, underwriters of new issues, publishers of investment letters, managers of mutual funds, trust officers in banks or pension funds. Together, those fiduciaries, either directly or by their advice, influence the investment of a cool half-trillion dollars—the scimpings of widows, orphans, millionaires and the rest of us. On the strength of Springer's pile of evidence, hardly any investment advisor knows what he's doing with our money. The customers' man at the stockbroker's office relies for his recommendations on virtually nonexistent research. The mutual-fund gunslinger runs with the pack. The writer of investment letters stands revealed as a peddler of unfounded rumor, wild imaginings, obsolete dope and mumbo jumbo. The banker, by his conservatism, wastes nest eggs. Springer's indictment is well document-

ed with SEC reports, academic studies, gleanings from the financial press and the confessions of money men. If, after all this, you're still looking for advice, you can find it in *The Battle for Stock Market Profits* (Simon & Schuster). Veteran investment counselor Gerald M. Loeb offers the average investor a pseudosystematic approach to selecting stocks. His book provides check lists to teach the rudiments of information gathering and rational analysis. Most readers will learn little from that approach (unless they take a business course as well) and, as a matter of fact, Loeb soon drops it in favor of a useful, if rambling, homiletic discourse. Be quick to sell your losers, he says over and over. Liquidate in a bull market and hold cash for bear-market opportunities. Trade, trade, trade. To Loeb, investing and speculating are synonymous. A more defensive guide to investing is *The Innocent Investor and the Shaky Ground Floor* (Trident), by consumer columnist Sidney Margolius. The first half of the book reviews a dreary batch of off-Wall Street investment swindles involving franchises, pyramided distributorships, referral sales, vending machines and other earn-at-home schemes. Margolius goes on to provide a respectable primer about mutual funds (beware the front-end load), stocks and fixed-dollar investments. Unfortunately, the plunge of interest rates early this year takes some of the bloom off the chapters on Treasuries, Governments, tax-exempts, corporates and mutual funds for investment in Government securities. Evidently, there's some risk in publishing books about investment, as well as in investing.

When an edifying book is also entertaining, you've got something rare. Samuel Eliot Morison's *The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages* (Oxford) is splendid history that reads like a salty sea story. Morison, a retired admiral as well as an accomplished historian, takes us on some of man's most daring and momentous voyages—more daring, he argues, than the journeys to the moon—with the Norsemen across the stormy North Atlantic to Iceland and Greenland and, finally, to Vinland (Newfoundland); with Giovanni Verrazano and Jacques Cartier and Sir Martin Frobisher and Sir Walter Raleigh; but, most important, with John Cabot, who rediscovered forgotten Newfoundland just five years after Columbus touched land far to the south. Although Morison's heart belongs to Columbus, his "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," it can be argued that Cabot's discovery was even more important, for Cabot was sailing for an English monarch, and the course of Western history since has hinged largely on the fact that North America eventually became an English colony. Morison the ironist tells with great



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delight of the mythical Atlantic isles that appeared on charts even into the 1800s, proving once again that myths are often harder than facts. And Morison the seaman tells us in fascinating detail how the tiny ships were built and rigged and provisioned, how the sailors worked and slept and ate. The book is handsomely illustrated with paintings, photographs, charts and maps, and its chapter-end notes are delights in themselves. And there's more to come. Despite his 84 years, Morison is now at work on the southern explorations. Happy voyage, Admiral.

The subject of Martin Garbus' *Ready for the Defense* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux) and Roy Cohn's *A Fool for a Client* (Hawthorn) is the law—and how it is used and misused by men of good and ill will. There the similarity ends. Garbus (subject of an *On the Scene* feature in September 1969) is a brilliant young trial lawyer with an irresistible attraction to the legal underdog. Garbus believes that when the prosecutor declares, "Ready for the People," and he answers, "Ready for the Defense," that the clients he represents more truly stand for the people. The five cases Garbus narrates concern a Mississippi black woman who sued her county sheriff for damages when he used threats and violence to prevent her from registering to vote; an Alabama black woman whose fight for her right to ADC payments led to a Supreme Court victory that changed the nation's concepts of welfare; a battle against the death penalty; and the defenses of Lenny Bruce and Timothy Leary. He weaves together characterizations of the principals, trial transcripts and his own thoughts and emotions in a quietly impressive way. It is, ultimately, a bittersweet book, for even when Garbus' clients win in the courtroom, they don't always win outside it. In the other book, Roy Cohn—famous since his youthful days as a gumshoe for Joe McCarthy—presents at wearying, confusing length an apologia for two criminal-conspiracy trials in which he was a defendant and in both of which he was exonerated. Cohn's motive for rehashing these cases is made clear by his book's subtitle: *My Struggle Against the Power of a Public Prosecutor*. Cohn claims that former U. S. Attorney Robert Morgenthau (abetted by Robert F. Kennedy) pursued a politically motivated vendetta against him. One needs to be terribly interested in Roy Cohn to keep all the details of his cases straight. To Martin Garbus, what counts is defending "principles affecting us all," so that he seeks to win a case "not only for one man but for many" against the "glaring injustices inherent in our society." What concerns Cohn is the time he won \$20,000,000 extra in damages from New York City for a bus-company client: "This was

probably the most significant victory in my legal career." And that is the most significant difference between these two lawyers.

Mary McCarthy has written a saga of middle-income intellectual America in her latest novel, *Birds of America* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich); and although the story opens during the Goldwater-Johnson campaign, its interests and main themes are surprisingly up to the minute: pollution and the widening gap that separates Americans from nature in all its aspects. The beginning of the novel reads like an irate, nostalgic cooking column, curiously combined with notes from the languid pen of an unnaturally intellectual nature writer. The middle and the end involve its hero, young Peter Levi, in a series of mind-denting and body-bruising mishaps with a female Parisian bum, a U. S. general, a sociologist on a foundation grant—and a black swan. Peter is an awfully nice kid who believes everything that his professor-father and his mother, the well-known harpsichordist, believe, and is also burdened by Miss McCarthy's opinions. What starts rather listlessly as a persnickety view of super-market America ends up portentously in a Parisian hospital with Immanuel Kant sitting on Peter's bed and telling him in somber tones that it is not God but nature that is dead. Unfortunately, even with such formidable philosophical backing, Miss McCarthy can't convince us of the truth of that pronouncement. Not that she doesn't try hard, by making her characters half dead, too—they're also part of nature, you see. But this aspect of her argument is, we fear, quite unintentional.

Yazoo (Harper's Magazine Press) is Willie Morris' memorable and often moving report on the agonies of racial integration in the schools of Yazoo City, Mississippi, his home town. In a peculiar way, Morris shares these agonies, having returned with painful reluctance and with a premonition that "Some bastard is going to kill me in Yazoo." As it turns out, the natives are friendly. The real danger to Morris is spiritual: He keeps trying to square his life as a literary luminary in the gleaming towers of Manhattan (one of which, as editor of *Harper's*, he recently vacated as the leader of a mass staff resignation) with his loyalties and attachment to Yazoo, "the dark and secret part of me." He finds it most touching, for example, that his dying grandmother keeps calling and groping for Viola, the family's ancient Negro maid, nurse and—by Southern lights—friend. But when he tells about Viola at a chic New York gathering, a well-known writer comments, "That's the

most racist description I've ever heard." And the writer's wife adds, "It's a racist description of a corrupt and racist society." So Morris goes back to Yazoo and watches his old school chums and neighbors struggling to stifle their racist habits and to obey a Federal court order to integrate the schools. He visits the grave of his father, "a simple man who loved this town," and guesses that his father "would be proud of the town now, and would see crucial days ahead." Something proud—and angry—stirs within the son. "Who gives a damn about the South anymore?" he asks. "Who, for that matter, gives a damn about integration?" Like other exiled Southerners before him—Robert Penn Warren, C. Vann Woodward—Morris concludes that the South may be America's last best hope. "I believe that what happens in a small Mississippi town with less of a population than three or four apartment complexes on the west side of Manhattan Island will be of enduring importance to America. . . . How many other little towns in America would have done nearly so well?"

Hugh Thomas' new book, *Cuba: The Pursuit of Freedom* (Harper & Row), surpasses even the achievement of his estimable *The Spanish Civil War*. Thomas covers the past two centuries of Cuban history with a scrupulous attention to detail that is likely to intimidate many readers; he tells far more than most will want to know. Yet the swift and turbulent flow of events is not obscured by the scholarship. Anyone with a serious interest in Cuba and its relations with the United States will want to own this big book. Although the long section on Cuba since the appearance of Castro will most interest most readers, about half of the 1700-page volume is devoted to earlier decades, a knowledge of which is necessary to an understanding of the land that was once the United States' best Latin friend and is now home of the hemisphere's most virulent anti-Americanism. While few will dispute Thomas on the period before Castro, his treatment of the time since will inevitably arouse controversy. Thomas writes as an English liberal: disdainful of the American preoccupation with communism, admiring of Castro's extraordinary achievements as a revolutionary and of much of what has been accomplished since the revolution, but severely critical of what he sees as a totalitarian, even fascist aspect of the Castro government. Yet few readers, even those who disagree with his judgments, will accuse Thomas of being unjust. His fair-mindedness is as remarkable as his scholarship—and that is no small compliment.

The Random House Dictionary defines *mania* as "a form of insanity characterized by great excitement, with or

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without delusions, and in its acute stage by great violence." In *Panthermania* (Harper & Row), Gail Sheehy focuses on what she considers a political manifestation of this phenomenon: the white liberal's uncritical acceptance of paranoid Black Panther charges of police persecution, as reflected in the left's reaction to the New Haven trial of 12 Panthers, including acting chairman Bobby Seale, on charges of conspiracy to kidnap and murder an alleged police informant. In the course of her study of the New Haven trial, billed by Panthers and their supporters as a Machiavellian "political frame-up," Miss Sheehy spent nine months in New Haven. Her book deals not only with the Panthers but also with the entire black community in New Haven, the dismal failure of the city's urban renewal and the lives and aspirations of two local blacks—a community organizer and a teenager enthralled by Panther revolutionary rhetoric. Miss Sheehy, a talented journalist, has unfortunately aimed too high and achieved too little; *Panthermania* is a disappointment at all its levels. Her investigative research is limp and spotty; none of the New Haven 12 were interviewed, for example, and there is no evidence of any firsthand contact with any member or leader of the Panthers. Her coverage of the legal proceedings is marred throughout by prejudgments and unquestioning acceptance of the prosecution's case. Though the charges against Seale and co-defendant Ericka Huggins have since been dismissed, Miss Sheehy may take some comfort in the conviction of one of the accused. But she never troubles to probe the complex and contradictory evidence introduced at the trial in order to arrive at an objective judgment about any of them. And when she leaves the Panthers to scrutinize life in New Haven's black ghetto, her account is equally turgid and superficial—although it does substantially flesh out the book. *Panthermania*, which was originally published in much shorter form in *New York* magazine, displays, in fact, all the attributes of a padded article, the kind of instant non-book that is notable mainly for its shoddy research, sweeping generalizations and occasionally embarrassing prose ("giant phallic blast of gunfire"). Miss Sheehy's book fails ultimately because she is more interested in advocacy than analysis—and thus becomes one more victim of *Panthermania*. Imamu Amiri Baraka, the former LeRoi Jones—once the scourge of the New York cocktail circuit, where he was for years content to unleash his rhetorical whip on the bent backs of the white liberals who hymned the brilliance of his venomous plays of the period (*The Dutchman*, *The Toilet*, etc.)—has chosen a similar escape into the psychological-

ly therapeutic fantasy of black separatism. Leaving his honkie haunts—and his white wife—Baraka/Jones has immersed himself in organizational and educational work within the black ghetto of Newark, New Jersey, one of the most squalid and depressed in the nation. His new book, *Raise, Race, Rays, Raze* (Random House), is a collection of essays published between 1965 and 1970 on a wide variety of subjects, from Newark politics to the imperatives of black revolutionary art. Apart from one rawly evocative description of the 1968 Newark racial upheaval, the book is a portentous and pretentious amalgam of racism and mysticism. "We are creators, the first to walk the earth," he writes. "Allah-God made Black Man first. Our color is what the closest substance to the sun would be." As for whites: "You do not believe they are devils? Well, what are they? People? Bullshit!" Baraka/Jones's hatred of everything white leads him finally into confrontation with the Black Panthers and their emphasis on a coalition with progressive forces of all races; he scornfully dismisses the "dumb-ass" Panthers as a misbegotten brain child of "Eldridge Cleaver and his misguided Jew-oriented revolutionaries." But in the final analysis, it is not Jones's ranting rhetoric that leaves a bad taste in the reader's mouth but the sheer waste of so much energy, if not talent. His book is more graffito than manifesto, and just as depressing as a scrawl on a latrine wall. And, ultimately, as impotent.

Also noteworthy: George Axelrod's *Where Am I Now—When I Need Me?* (Viking). Axelrod, author of *The Seven Year Itch*, has penned one of the funniest books of this or any other year, a madman's Baedeker to Hollywood, the black-power scene and, far from least, the inside operations of the Best-Selling Writers School of Condon Heights, Connecticut. A portion of the book appeared in the March 1971 *PLAYBOY*.

MOVIES

The hero of Thomas Mann's classic 1913 novella, *Death in Venice*, is a world-famous writer who goes to the fabled city on holiday and conceives a discreet but consuming passion for a beautiful young boy lodged at his hotel on the Lido. Ultimately he dies, either of the plague that infests the city or of the scalding sun and dry sirocco wind that stir impulses buried by a lifetime of dedication to art. From Mann's memorable study of decadence and stifled desire, director Luchino Visconti has wrought a subtle, stunning, richly romantic evocation of time and place that all but begs to be judged not only in film terms but

as painting and literature. Visconti's turn-of-the-century Venice is a cinematic dream, whether in the narrow, fetid alleyways where the doomed protagonist, Aschenbach (Dirk Bogarde), follows his quarry to the brink of disaster or at the sun-drenched shore, where aristocratic ladies stroll under white parasols and scraps of multilingual conversation float in a midsummer haze. Bogarde gives a superior performance, more difficult than it looks, because the film has almost no action and very sparse dialog. Thus, everything that happens must show in his face, which gradually becomes a grotesquely rouged, translucent mask reflecting images of death. Perhaps to minimize the literary aspects of the tale, Visconti has changed Aschenbach from a writer to a composer (two Mahler symphonies provide appropriate accompaniment on the sound track) and has worked in some flashbacks to establish the hero's heterosexual past as normal husband and father. There is also an attempt to spell out his inner conflicts in remembered debates with a pupil—a redundant addition to the cast—who argues for a world of sense and feeling as opposed to austere intellectual and spiritual values. Inevitably, there are slow spots. *Death in Venice* grants nothing to audiences who would spurn a classic for the giddy excitements of pop art. Yet seldom has a great writer's work been transcribed to the screen with such fidelity and taste; to call this a homosexual story would be like calling *Hamlet* a play about incest at court. It's all here, an unforgettable vision: a civilized man going quietly to pieces amid a world of potted palms and gleaming silver, his agony scarcely noticed by the elegant, remote Polish woman (Silvana Mangano, exquisite in palest chiffon) whose son he cherishes. As young Tadzio, the loved one, Björn Andresen has the face of a Botticelli angel and the unisexual symmetry of form that made many a lad's fortune in ancient Greece.

Because his humor is essentially verbal, and he himself is a perfect sight gag, funnyman Woody Allen is funniest when he just stands still. When he tries to act funny, he sometimes kills his own jokes. Fortunately for *Bananas*, Allen as director and co-author has provided 1001 jokes, about half of which survive his reckless approach to making movies. The best of *Bananas* is its hilarious opening sequence, *Wide World of Sport's* on-the-scene coverage of a political assassination, "live" from a Caribbean island republic called San Marco. In the barrage of gags that follows, Woody plays Fielding Mellish, a products tester and prize schlemiel who leaves Manhattan and inadvertently becomes San

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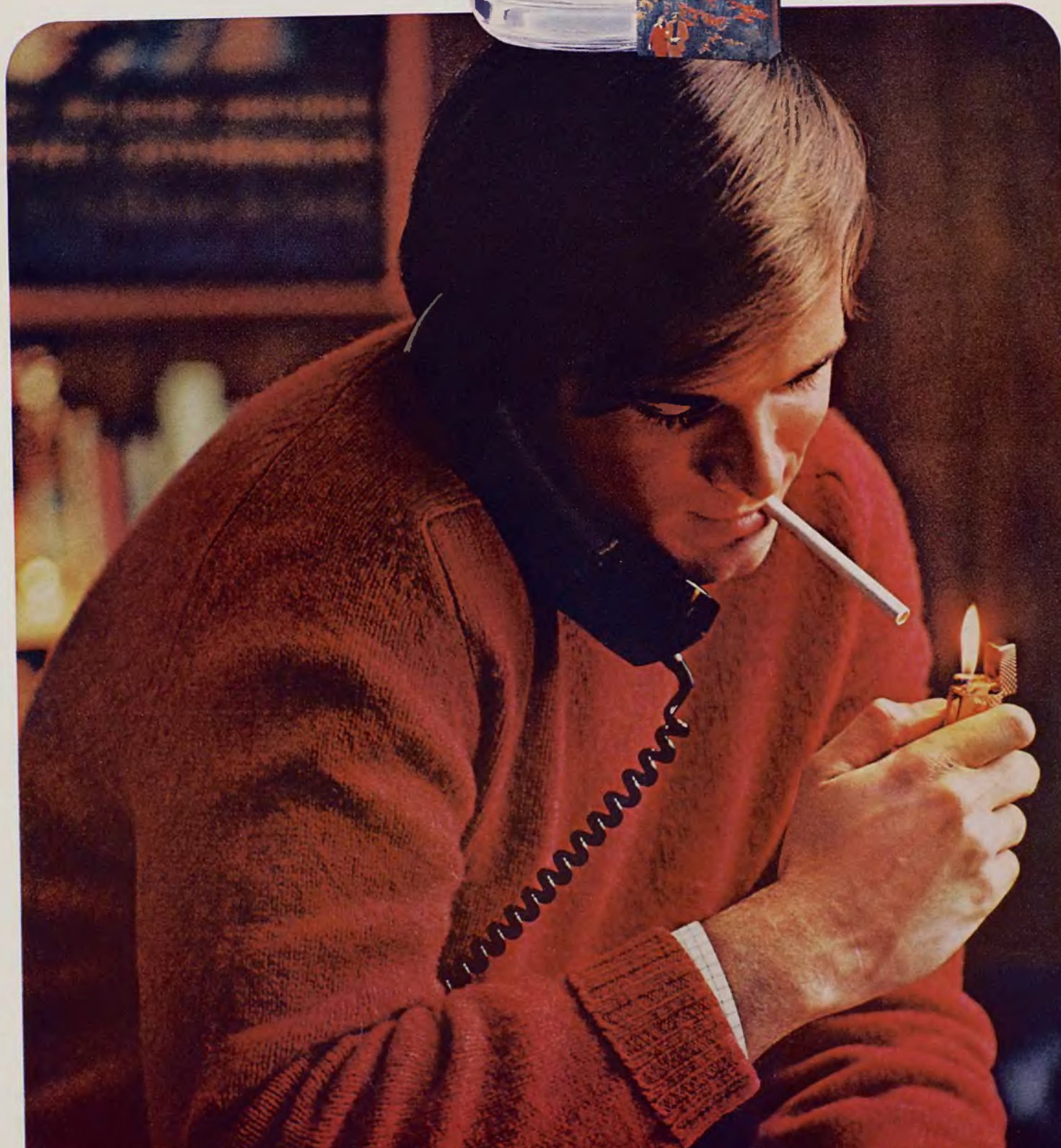
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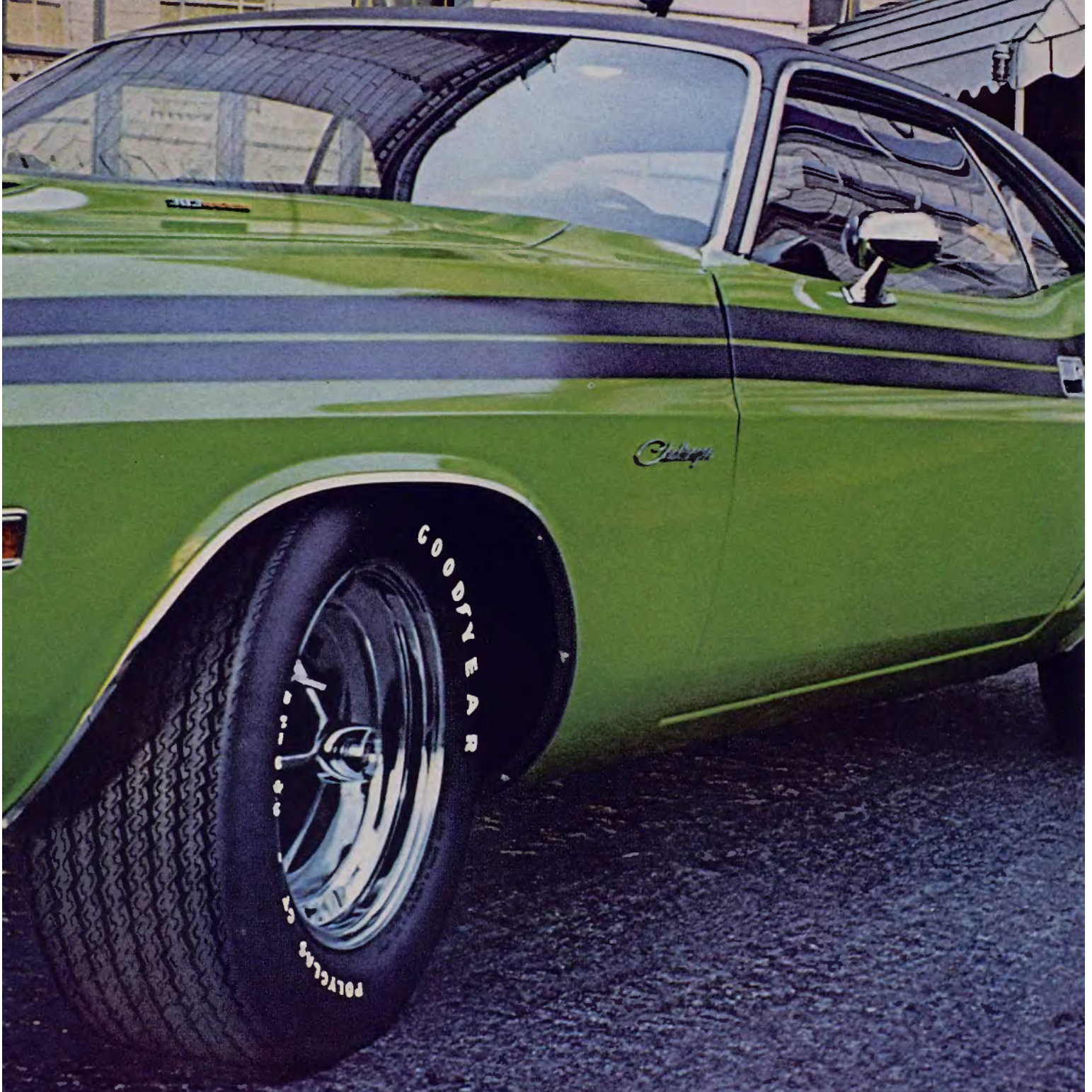
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Marco's leading importer of revolution, mainly because he's been jilted by a dumb activist chick with a passion for causes. As the girl in his life, Louise Lasser (Woody's divorced wife offscreen) is both delightful and believable. Woody directs his own performance with much less skill, as if he were standing apart from the movie, tongue in his writer's cheek, not caring a damn about comic rhythm but determined to throw in topical gags on every possible subject—from sex and automation to espionage, snack bars and old movies. Such quibbles, needless to say, will not spoil *Bananas* for hordes of loyal Allen fans, and we can't blame them. You'll also get a chance to glom onto the smashing Natividad Abascal, whom we featured with Woody in last month's PLAYBOY.

Jean-Luc Godard's sadly diminished stature as an artist reaches the brink of oblivion in *Vladimir and Rosa*. Titled as a more-or-less irrelevant tribute to Nikolai Lenin (real name: Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov) and German socialist martyr Rosa Luxemburg, Godard's latest act of protest was filmed in 16mm color, in French, and purports to be a satirical re-creation of the Chicago Conspiracy trial. The judge in the case is a sleepy-headed pornographic doodler named Himmler, which hints at the general level of sophistication. For the most part, *Vladimir and Rosa* consists of strident slogans shouted by actors who appear to make things up as they go along. Godard himself walks in front of the camera on occasion, rehearsing, pondering—or perhaps recalling those dear decadent days when he burst upon the world with a superb little movie called *Breathless*. The new film omits credits—which is fair enough, considering that it lacks a single discernible virtue as either cinema or propaganda.

Claudia Jennings, PLAYBOY's 1970 Playmate of the Year, launches her movie career in *Jud*, attractively playing a girl who is free with favors to a veteran just home from Vietnam. Otherwise, *Jud* finds nothing going right for a moody young man (Joseph Kaufmann, quite properly uptight in the title role) whose experience in combat proves a crippling handicap in civilian life—at least as it's lived among the greedy, stunted working class of Greater Los Angeles. Jud saw his best buddy die in battle; he still wakes up screaming about the part he played in a massacre of Vietnamese villagers; and his favorite girl married someone else while he was away. At 22, he comes back a forgotten man, trusting no one and looking around him at a tinsel world that offers few compensations for innocence lost. "How long since you have looked into the face of a child?" asks the friendly young school-

teacher (Bonnie Bittner) who tries in vain to get through to him. But her idealism is as corny as her dialog and he has worse luck with the other residents of a sleazy rooming house inhabited by used-car salesmen, frustrated working girls and a self-pitying homosexual eager to make friends. Written and directed by Gunther Collins and obviously produced on a shoestring, *Jud* is a second-rate but well-meaning movie that touches American society in a tender spot that bigger and better film makers seem determined to ignore.

Skeptics who complained that *Bonnie and Clyde* made a life of crime look romantic will take an even dimmer view of *The Crook*, a sleek and inventive thriller by French writer-director Claude Lelouch, whose adeptness at a velvety, lightweight style was proved by *A Man and a Woman*. Lelouch reportedly bought the film's plot from a former army pal, a real-life thief who came out of prison all set to perpetrate an ingenious new caper but ended up peddling it as a scenario. The story is fiendishly clever—a wild scheme for a kidnaping that would be dandy if played straight. Lelouch, of course, does almost nothing straight, because he is too fond of film making for its own sake. Just for openers, he offers a minimusical movie within the movie featuring machine guns, bangles, beads and a chorus of go-go girls led by a black hoodlum who behaves like Gene Kelly at a gang massacre. Next he introduces his supersmart amoral hero, played with concentrated cool by Jean-Louis Trintignant; his accomplices are two lovely ladies (Daniele Delorme and Christine Lelouch, the director's wife) and an assortment of professional roughnecks, all loaded with charm as well as talent (particularly Charles Denner as the kidnaped child's father). Though time is frittered away with "in" references to works by other film makers whom Lelouch admires, the action speeds along in tempo, so bent on pleasure that the kidnaping episode itself revolves around an unexpurgated Olympia theater performance by Parisian pop idol Sacha Distel. When affecting to be a satirical study of the modern criminal as a glorified organization man, *The Crook* is middlebrow and muddled. But as sheer entertainment, it's hard to resist.

Walter Matthau plays three roles in *Plaza Suite*, based on the Broadway hit by Neil Simon, who rarely writes anything but hits. Maureen Stapleton (sole survivor of the original cast), Barbara Harris and Lee Grant appear in order as the ladies registered with Matthau, for one reason or another, in suite 719 of Manhattan's grand old Plaza Hotel. At his peak opposite Maureen, Matthau

is grouchy but glorious as an aging philanderer who seems preoccupied with his waistline and his mistress, while his wife tries valiantly to celebrate the 23rd, or possibly 24th, anniversary of their marriage. Enter Barbara, with Matthau stomping around her as a horny Hollywood producer whose busy schedule allows him exactly two hours to make out with an old friend and ardent fan from Teaneck, New Jersey. After which he and Lee check in as the harassed parents of a blushing bride who locks herself in the bathroom just as her costly wedding is about to begin downstairs. Quip by quip, it's all sharp, self-deprecating New York Jewish humor. But the trio of playlets was much funnier on the stage, maybe because George C. Scott and company were directed by Mike Nichols, who established his characters in physical and emotional relationships that enhanced Simon's crackling dialog. Under director Arthur Hiller (he did *Love Story*, remember?), whose comic touch is considerably less assured, the actors onscreen are much too hyped up and stagy, particularly in the last two segments, imitating rather than re-creating a proven success.

Melvin Van Peebles, the first and only black director to significantly crack the color barrier, again demonstrates his explosive but undisciplined talents as writer, producer, director, editor, musical composer and star of *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*. Superior in most respects to Van Peebles' first two features, *Story of a Three Day Pass* and *Watermelon Man*, this scathing melodrama projects black-militant sensibility as a defiant cry from people with damned little to lose. Independently made and openly pitched to black audiences, *Sweet Sweetback's* message blazes across the screen during the final scene, with words to the effect that a baadasssss nigger is coming back to collect some dues. The implied threat, or promise, comes as climax to an interminable chase sequence, in which the hero (played by Van Peebles, a photogenic but indifferent sort of actor) is pursued from city slums to desert sands as a cop killer, after watching the fuzz work over a brother in the riot-ridden ghetto. All the slain cops are, of course, white, brutal and treacherous—for Van Peebles embraces the new black racism that denies the existence of a good honkie pig. So his picture is full of blind prejudice, slapdash writing and self-conscious cinematic gimmickry that ought to result in an unredeemably bad movie. Right? Wrong. Because Van Peebles excels at revealing a cross section of black society that throbs with a kind of gut truth rarely seen in American films. *Sweetback's* world is a black hustler's world, vividly real but at the same time a mocking comic-strip version of what

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white folks might imagine it to be. Born and raised in a bawdyhouse, Sweetback struts to a fare-thee-well, grows up to become the star attraction in a sexual side show and ultimately proves his prowess in competition with the amazon leader of a motorcycle gang; challenged to choose his weapons for the duel. Sweetback says, "Fuckin'." That's black supremacy, man, as recorded in white fantasies and played back with withering scorn.

The title role of *Percy* belongs to an unseen penis that's supposed to make a new man of a shy young antique dealer (Hywel Bennett) who has suffered a shocking dismemberment in collision with a chandelier. In other words, *Percy* concerns itself with a first in organ transplants by a brilliant British surgeon (Denholm Elliott) whose achievement is celebrated throughout the world with innumerable bad jokes. While the doctor whistles a tune he calls *Penis from Heaven*, a leering nurse pronounces the operation a huge success—"We'll see how it stands up in the light of day." And so it goes, with *Percy* getting off jolly japes about pubic hair and circumcision before the replumbed hero settles down proudly with the widow (Cyd Hayman) of his donor—a Don Juan whose *percy*, it turns out, was never very handy around the house. The moral of the tale, in case you were wondering, is that infidelity involves a whole man, not just a fickle phallus. Among the lovelies who help the hero trace his formidable benefactor are Britt Ekland and Elke Sommer. Improbable as it sounds, *Percy* was produced by a lady named Betty Box and is based, so they say, on a novel by Raymond Hitchcock.

Basketball, sex and campus revolution are the principal student goals at an Ohio university in Jack Nicholson's *Drive, He Said*, a mind grabber far superior to the general run of flaming-youth films. Though the Oscar nominee of *Easy Rider* and *Five Easy Pieces* is not in the cast, he might as well be, for his actors behave with his kind of cryptic, pissed-off toughness. They're mostly unknowns, but uniformly fine, especially William Tepper as a lanky basketball star named Bloom; looking like a new, improved Elliot Gould, Tepper takes over as the contemporary B.M.O.C. who fools around with a faculty wife (Karen Black, Nicholson's co-star in *Five Easy Pieces* but even better here) and discovers (1) he's got the clap and (2) she's pregnant. While the misadventures of Bloom shape up as a travesty of the rah-rah college shows of yesteryear, the stoned student society is represented by Michael Margotta as Bloom's profane roommate. Armed to the teeth with clichés about "a diseased culture," the rebel sees basketball as "stayin' after school in your underwear" and finally freaks out com-

pletely at his local induction center. Margotta makes his bum trip creepily credible. Failing at attempted rape (Karen again), he flees across the campus, stark-naked, to liberate rattlesnakes, lizards, mice and other repulsive critters from an unguarded zoology lab. By which time it becomes evident that the entire school is a Pandora's box. The film's photography, dialog, editing and inner rhythm are first-rate, and the campus types are accurately sketched—lots of youngish liberal profs whose beards are their badges and an athletic coach played by Bruce Dern as if every dribble were life and death. *Drive, He Said* serves notice that Nicholson the director, producer and scenarist (with Jeremy Lerner, who wrote the novel on which it's based) is in the same class as Nicholson the actor. Which is almost by himself.

RECORDINGS

Echoes of Jimmie Rodgers and Woody Guthrie, country-and-western exuberance, Gospel and blues all blend and surge forward in a continuous flow of music. The scene is a relaxed private jam for some of the best rock musicians in the business and the record is Delaney and Bonnie's *Motel Shot* (Atco). The joy and intensity in these grooves are rarely heard in such an all-star production, but the Bramlets are in charge all the way and this is *their* music to an extent not felt in their other albums. Bonnie is particularly outstanding in *Will the Circle Be Unbroken* and the bluesy *Don't Deceive Me*; Delaney does wonderful things to the traditional *Going Down the Road Feeling Bad*; Leon Russell's piano is a constant delight—everybody backs, fills and supports with power yet restraint. This record is one of the best things ever to happen in rock music.

Duke Ellington's *New Orleans Suite* (Atlantic) is a lovely thing—a tribute to the Crescent City that is ebullient, melancholy, funky and spiritual yet all of a piece. The opening *Blues for New Orleans* has Wild Bill Davis' organ added and it contributes just the proper touch of nitty-gritty *joie de vivre*. The album has tragic overtones; Johnny Hodges died between the two sessions required to record the album, but at least his transcendent horn may be heard on five of the numbers.

Mick Jagger said it in a recent interview—after a while, you get tired of playing the same old thing, even if, as in his case, the same old thing consists of the world's best hard rock. And that's as good an explanation of *Sticky Fingers* (Rolling Stones) as any. It's a sampler of the Stones' checking out what's going

down in pop music today. *Brown Sugar* and *Bitch* are vintage tough Stones, but this is a comeback year for horns, so both tracks have horns laced through the middle. *Can't You Hear Me Knocking* starts out like a classic rocker but is disappointingly transformed into a wandering jazzy Santana cut. And there's a fine tune called *Wild Horses* that sounds like they've been listening to the Grateful Dead. Because experiments by definition don't always work, this isn't a Stones album you'll play until you can hear it without putting it on, but it's still a high spot in a low-key year.

Sinatra & Company (Reprise) proves a mixed bag at best. Side one is a happy continuation of Frank's recording association with that Brazilian musical giant, Antonio Carlos Jobim, as he works his way through seven Jobim tunes—Jobim joins him vocally on *Drinking Water (Aqua de Beber)*—that have been splendidly charted by Eumir Deodato. Included are *Wave* (the best of the lot) and *One Note Samba*, which has managed to survive a horrendous amount of overplay. Side two, with arrangements by Don Costa, is another story. The session seems listless, the tunes—except for Joe Raposo's delightful *Bein' Green*—very uninspired. But the Sinatra-Jobim partnership is worth the price of the LP.

From the beginning, Bo Diddley has been typed and hyped as Big Rock 'n' Roll Daddy, "the most outrageous, badass guitar man alive," as the liner notes to his most recent disc have it. *Another Dimension* (Chess) contains some tripe along with the hype but mostly excellent numbers in which Bo demonstrates his power and versatility in songs by Robbie Robertson, Elton John and John Fogerty. He is accompanied by a fine big band, including musicians such as Al Kooper, which gets into its own all-too-brief instrumental thing on *Go for Broke*.

Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young have given pleasure to an awful lot of people and have made an awful lot of money. Because of their position as today's top pop group and because their previous live recordings have been unrelievedly ragged, their new two-disc live offering is doubly interesting. *4 Way Street* (Atlantic) consists of concert takes from the group's tour last summer, and the best of it is better than anything else C. S. N. & Y. have done, in or out of the studio. Absolutely great are two Graham Nash songs, one new (*Right Between the Eyes*) and one old (*Teach Your Children*). Neil Young's oblique and delicate ballad *Cowgirl in the Sand* is a solo effort, like much of the album. Stephen Stills's extended piece, *Carry On*, finds the whole group involved, though the guitars of

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Young and Stills are highlighted. *4 Way Street* shows the group finally getting its performing style together, avoiding both the studio slickness and the concert clinkers that have plagued it continuously.

Jimmy McGriff is a superfunky organist and Junior Parker, a vocalist of electric intensity. Together on *The Dudes Doin' Business* (Capitol), they've created a package that steams from beginning to end. It includes the Jones-Bergman cooker *In the Heat of the Night*, the Lennon-McCartney *Oh! Darling* and George Harrison's *The Inner Light*, along with a half-dozen similarly inclined items. But the most excitement is generated by the lead-off *Drownin' on Dry Land*, which is simply overpowering.

Leontyne Price's portrayal of the title role in Verdi's *Aida* (RCA) is a classic of the operatic stage, and it has been captured to perfection in a new complete recording of the opera conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. As the enslaved Ethiopian princess torn between patriotic duty and romantic love, Miss Price runs the gamut from lamentation to exultation without ever straining our credulity or losing her vocal cool. She is supported by a top-notch cast, including tenor Placido Domingo (Radamès), baritone Sherrill Milnes (Amonasro) and mezzo Grace Bumbry (Amneris). Two estimable basses—Ruggero Raimondi (Ramsfis) and Hans Sotin (the king)—complete the prestigious line-up.

Here's yet another sound-track album, but this one can stand on its own. Elton John and Bernie Taupin, the prolific pair, wrote the score for *Friends* (Paramount), a pretty disastrous film by most accounts. The music, however, is very much worth hearing for Elton's tart performances of some sentimental material and for Paul Buckmaster's 11-minute suite called *Four Moods*. This seems to derive from Aaron Copland, Samuel Barber and Henry Mancini and is thus something more than the typical film-music filler.

Carole King is a songwriter whose name has been lurking in small print on pop-music hits for over ten years. It's on The Shirelles' *Will You Love Me Tomorrow?*, the Drifters' *Up on the Roof*, Little Eva's *The Loco-Motion* and Aretha Franklin's *Natural Woman*, to name a few. Lately, she's taken to singing and playing piano on her own albums, and *Tapestry* (Ode) is the most recent. She's still writing songs—such as *It's Too Late* and *I Feel the Earth Move*—that The Shirelles or Aretha could get right into; but, unlike these ladies, Carole lays way back on them, usually substituting just

Playboy Throw Pillow . . . for delivering the old one-two (ever so gently). In black with permanently flocked white Rabbit, 100% cotton poplin, cord edged and kapok filled. MM329, \$6.



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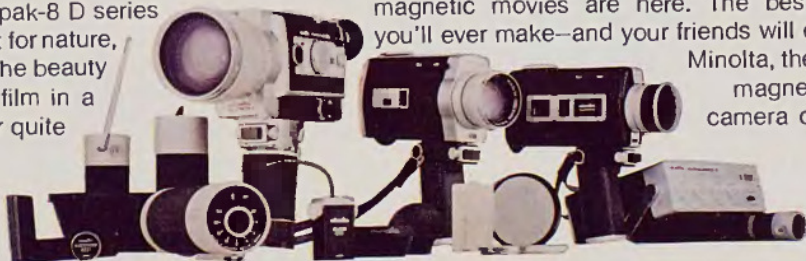
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her Gospel-tinted piano for tier upon tier of horns and strings—so that the mood is old friends in a living room instead of upbeat studio gloss. Her voice isn't exactly stunning, but she does good things with it, especially on her quiet slowed-down version of *Will You Love Me Tomorrow*?

THEATER

Narrative leaped off the page onto the stage and became *Story Theater*—no intervening playwright, just an inspired ensemble of actor-creators led by the improvisational wellspring Paul Sills. With the success of his well-reviewed evening of Grimm's fairy tales, Sills has added an evening of Ovid, in repertory—the notion being that Ovid would complement Grimm as an X to a GP. *Metamorphoses* deals mostly with gods descending to earth for sport. They “honor” mortals with their sexual presence; these mythic woods are thronged with molested maidens—seduced and abandoned by Jove and transformed by a jealous Juno into a cow or some other creature. Since transformation is the key to *Metamorphoses*—gods with human appetites, people turned into beasts, stones and even stars—it would seem most malleable material to be shaped by the *Story Theater* method. But something has gone awry. For one thing, the play is not sexy enough. Arnold Weinstein's intentionally anachronistic translation seems somewhat earth-bound. This is partly the fault of the players, talented as usual but not pushing themselves deep enough into their artistic resources. Exempt from all criticism, however, is the astonishing Paul Sand, who wears his anthropomorphic mantle like a magic cape. Donning it, he is transformed into a Circe-resisting Picus, a zinging Mercury, a hot-rodding Phaëthon harnessed to the chariot of the sun. Sand's winged comic genius transcends the show. At the Ambassador, 215 West 49th Street.

When the *Tyrone Guthrie Theater* appointed Michael Langham as its artistic director last summer, it was as if the heir apparent had belatedly been summoned to occupy the throne. The patriarch in this case was, of course, the late British actor-director-producer who, in 1963, founded the outstanding theater in Minneapolis that bears his name and who reigned over it for the next three years. Langham, also British, has a background similar to Guthrie's and is his logical successor. Both men directed at the Old Vic, at Stratford-on-Avon, in London's West End and on Broadway. Guthrie helped found the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Ontario; Langham was its director for 12 years. They were close friends; “Tony was a kind of adopted father to

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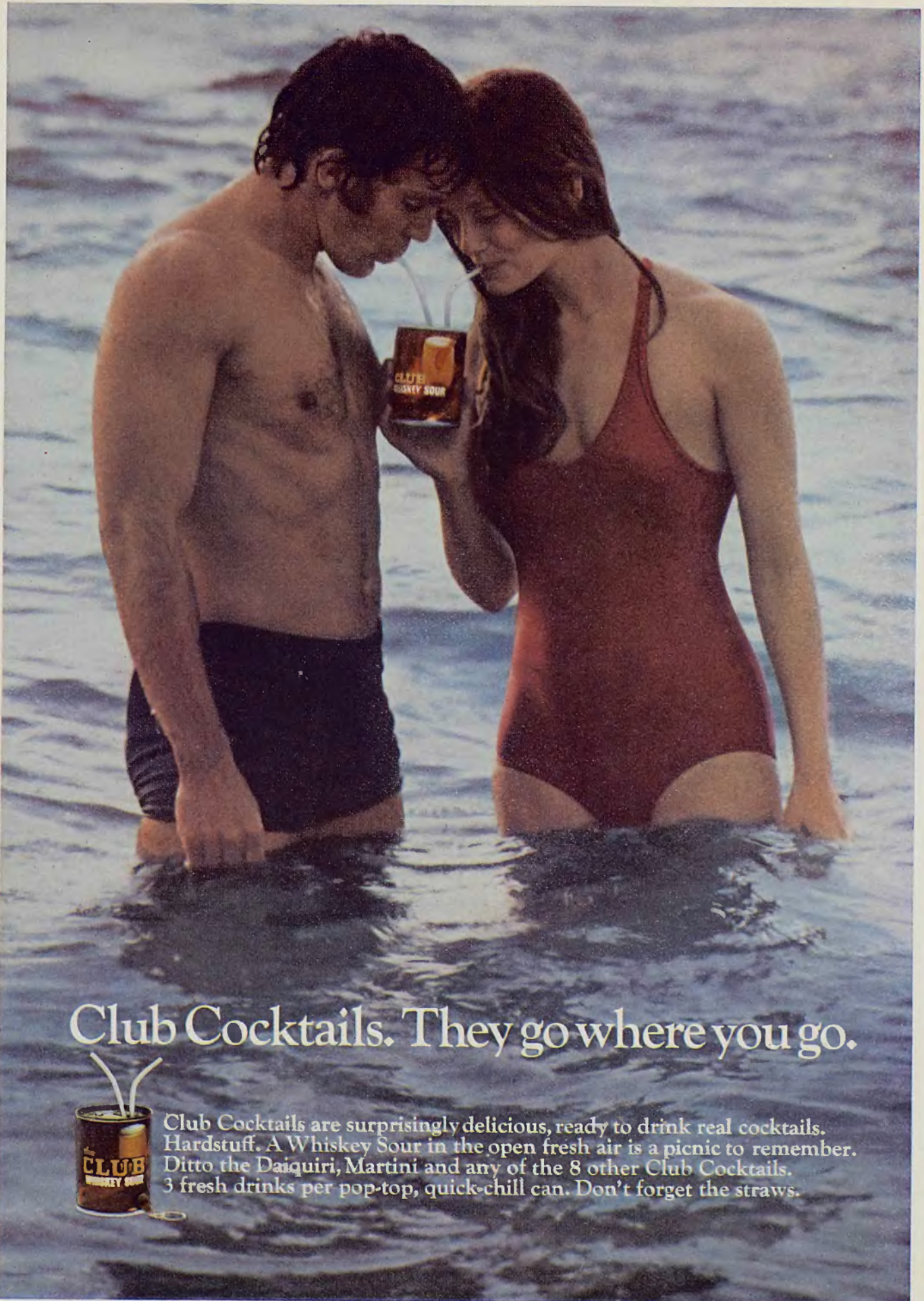
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me," says Langham. How did a pair of Englishmen become intricately involved with an American theater in a Midwestern city whose ethnic ties are primarily Scandinavian? The situation is not as improbable as it may appear. The Guthrie Theater was a British concept from the start. In the late Fifties, Guthrie announced his intention to create an American acting ensemble that would resemble the classic British repertory company. Its location could be anywhere outside the New York orbit, since Guthrie was disenchanted with "Broadway's tawdry commercialism." Several cities expressed interest, but only Minneapolis backed its invitation with a solid cash offer. Residents there raised \$2,500,000 and the Ford Foundation matched that sum. In 1963 came the dedication of an impressive steel-and-glass structure with 1400 seats fanning out from a thrust stage. Its inaugural production was *Hamlet*, the crown jewel of English drama. Three years later, when Guthrie felt, quite justifiably, that his theater was on firm footing, he resigned. From 1966 to July 1970, when Langham was appointed artistic director, the Guthrie Theater was under the direction and management of several people. Last fall, Langham directed the world premiere at the Guthrie of a drama by Nobel Prize winner Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, titled only *A Play*, a penetrating study of life in Soviet labor camps. It was a dynamic production. Langham's 1971 schedule (from July through December) maintains the Guthrie Theater's tone of distinguished traditionalism: Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*, in a new adaptation by English novelist-critic Anthony Burgess (opening July 22); *The Taming of the Shrew* (July 23); Shaw's *Misalliance* (September 24); Eugene O'Neill's *A Touch of the Poet* (September 25); Aleksandr Ostrovsky's *The Diary of a Scoundrel* (November 9). Langham has a long-range plan that may introduce another British concept to the Guthrie Theater: the production of films as well as plays. Britain's Royal Shakespeare Company, he points out, has been doing it for years. He deplores America's segregation of the two mainstays of the performing arts. "One of the dilemmas that face the American actor—and it's not true in any other country—is whether he will be a theater actor and live in the East or a film actor and live in the West. I would like the Guthrie company to associate with some young film makers and create theater that we can later translate into the film medium." A promising future for an enterprise with a short but proud past.



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But don't tell him.

After all, you just want to call his bluff. Not destroy his ego.

GTE SYLVANIA



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

For a number of months, I've been in love with a girl, but I've bent over backward to avoid making sexual advances, as she insisted she wanted to be a virgin bride. Now I find upon returning from a two-month stay in the Midwest that she has given away her virginity. She told me that I was the one who made her see the light. I smiled through my tears but couldn't think of a thing to say. What do I do now?—A. W., San Francisco, California.

Congratulate her. And enjoy the situation you helped create. Obviously, you don't want to let your attitude indicate that her virginity meant more to you than it did to her.

During the past several years, I have developed a dislike for the United States and its institutions, especially the draft. As a consequence, I am considering moving to Australia, but I wonder if they also have a draft and if it would be a case of exchanging the frying pan for the fire. What's the situation down under?—K. G., Chicago, Illinois.

Migrants to Australia are subject to two years' full-time service in the Australian army, with certain exceptions. Registration is on specified dates during the calendar half-year in which you become 20; you will not be called, however, until you have lived in Australia for two years. Those who have completed 15 months or more of service in the armed forces of another country will not be called at all; if less than 15 months, they are eligible for the difference between that and two years. At present, only about one in 12 eligible men is called up.

I've been living with my boyfriend for the past year but now am beginning to doubt the wisdom of remaining with him. During the time we've been together, I've found myself deferring more and more to him and ignoring my own desires. I've given up seeing dear friends of whom he disapproves and seldom mention or see my family, whom he also dislikes. Presumably, I should be able to bear the small things, but there are too many of them. We see only the movies he prefers; I prepare only the dishes he likes; we make love only when he's in the mood. I love him dearly, have been faithful to him and have met him halfway in almost everything. Do I stay with him and go slowly mad or do I become a quitter?—Miss H. D., Little Rock, Arkansas.

You haven't met him halfway, you've gone the whole distance. Loyal remaining by his side not only would be

difficult, it would even be inadvisable. As the 17th Century French wit La Rochefoucauld expressed it: "The violence we do to ourselves in order to remain faithful to the one we love is hardly better than an act of infidelity."

Do the letters in a radio station's call sign have any particular meaning or are they used merely to distinguish one station from another?—W. H., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Both. By international agreement, since 1927 the letters of the alphabet have been assigned to various nations for call-sign use. The United States was given three letters—N, K and W—but N is reserved for the Navy and the Coast Guard (the U.S. also shares the letter A, reserved for Army and Air Force use, with other countries). Generally speaking, stations west of the Mississippi have call signs beginning with K and those east of the Mississippi, W; exceptions are stations such as KDKA in Pittsburgh, which started before many inland or West Coast stations were established. The letters in a commercial station's call sign are also frequently the initials of the station's slogan or are symbolic of the city. Some examples: WGN, Chicago (owned by the Chicago Tribune, the "World's Greatest Newspaper"); WIOD, Miami ("Wonderful Isle of Dreams"); WTOP, Washington, D. C. ("Top of the Dial"); WMTG, Vancleve, Kentucky ("Win Men to Christ"); WGCD, Chester, South Carolina ("Wonderful Guernsey Center of Dixie"); WVON, Cicero, Illinois ("Voice of the Negroes"); and KABL, San Francisco (referring to the city's historic cable cars).

My boyfriend and I had originally planned to get married this June, after he graduated from college; then, for various reasons we changed our plans. Now, because I'm pregnant, he insists that the wedding is on again. I want to marry him, but not as long as he feels obligated. I am willing to give up the child or to have it alone; I love him and don't want to see his life ruined because he thinks he was coerced into marriage. What does PLAYBOY say?—Miss N. B., Boston, Massachusetts.

The key to your letter is in the ambiguous phrase "for various reasons." Why, indeed, did you change your plans? If it was for serious, substantive causes, then you're quite correct in not rushing to the altar until (and if) these problems have been overcome. But if it was because of some minor, resolvable matter, then you're foolish to call the whole



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thing off. It's true that many unhappy marriages are caused by a man's feeling obliged to marry a girl he's made pregnant (and doesn't necessarily love); but it doesn't follow that all men in such situations are acting out of loveless obligation. We suggest that you think—and talk—the situation over carefully before making up your mind.

According to a friend, the color of the foil wrapping around the neck of a bottle of German wine indicates the quality. Is this so, and if it is, what's the relationship of foil color to quality?—D. S., Albany, New York.

What you've heard is correct for some German wine makers but not all, and, unfortunately, the choice of colors is not consistent from one vineyard to another. The wines of Schloss Johannisberg, for instance, use a red seal to indicate the lowest quality, a green seal for the next highest and pink for the one following. The more expensive Kabinett-quality wines of the same vineyard bear orange, white, blue or gold seals, in that order. Schloss Vollrads wines, on the other hand, employ green foil for the least expensive, green with a silver stripe for the next and green with a gold stripe for the one after that. Their Kabinett-quality vintages have a blue seal, also using silver and gold stripes to indicate higher quality.

I am 24 years old and have started my own building-and-maintenance service, at which I'm doing quite well. Unfortunately, while most of the girls I meet find the business interesting and admire my ambition, their parents consider my line of work degrading and warn their daughters not to get serious with me. The girls, in turn, tell me that while I'm a nice guy, they're not willing to put up with the flak from their families if they date me. Any suggestions as to how I can change their attitudes?—N. A., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Continue to do well and the current economic situation should soon blunt the prejudice of most of those parents who put you down; a self-employed maintenance engineer who's doing well is a far better bet than an unemployed rocket specialist when it comes to the marriage sweepstakes. However, you might also ask yourself what kind of girls you've been dating who put their parents' concern with status ahead of their own (supposed) concern for you.

As a music lover, I am particularly fond of open-reel prerecorded tapes, which I think give a sound superior to that of LPs. Unfortunately, while most record shops carry a decent selection of tape cartridges and cassettes, few carry open-reel tapes at all. Do you have any

suggestions on how I can obtain such tapes?—B. N., Detroit, Michigan.

If local record shops don't stock them, write to Jack Woods, Ampex Stereo Tapes, 2201 Lunt Avenue, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007. Ampex makes almost 40 percent of all open-reel prerecorded tapes on the market and, because of the relative scarcity of open-reel tapes in retail outlets, is now selling direct. A catalog is available on request.

I date quite often and have no difficulty in bedding the girls who attract me. The dates and the bedding itself, however, are perfunctory, an acknowledgment of sexual drive and not much else. It's easy to play the dating game and, by now, it's automatic; at the end of an evening, I couldn't tell you what I asked my date nor what she answered. This isn't the way I want it; I would like to develop a genuine rapport with my dates but fear that my shell is so carefully constructed that they don't even recognize it as one. I would welcome a love affair—anything to get off dead center. Any advice for the indifferent?—R. M., Birmingham, Alabama.

The advice, sad to say, is easier to give than to follow. As in most human endeavors, the rewards in love are almost directly proportional to how much of yourself you're willing to invest. This involves a deliberate attempt on your part to interest yourself in your partner—not alone in what makes her tick but in what wound her up in the first place. It also, of necessity, involves a weakening of your own defenses—a willingness to share your emotional self as well as your physical one. A strong defense against the outside world is an acknowledgment of internal human failure. Or, as Marshall McLuhan put it in a different context: "The price of eternal vigilance is indifference." To be open is to risk being hurt, but to be closed is to ensure loneliness.

Home-broiled steak is one of the lures I dangle before prospective dates, on the assumption that a rare steak has more basic appeal than a rare etching. (Also, the more stuffed the date, the less fight she has.) Lately, however—and only partly because of the cost—I've begun to wonder about the differences among the grades of beef. Everybody knows prime is the best, but just what does it mean?—S. L., Des Moines, Iowa.

Official U. S. Department of Agriculture grades commonly sold at retail are prime, choice, good and standard, depending on conformation, the age of the animal, the quality and texture of the meat and the marbling (distribution of fat throughout the meat); it is primarily the youth of the animal and the marbling that makes a steak tender. Young animals fattened in feed lots may become

prime or choice, while range-fed cattle are usually lower grade. More than 75 percent of the meat that's Federally graded is rated choice; less than ten percent becomes prime—which may help explain the difference in price. How much you pay for a cut of beef usually has more to do with tenderness than with taste; in short, steak takes money, stew takes time.

Recently, I've been thinking of joining an encounter group, but friends say that they're not all they're cracked up to be, that sometimes people have bad reactions to such groups. Do you think I might be running a risk if I become a member of one?—R. S., Akron, Ohio.

It's possible. A study by Drs. Irvin D. Yalom and Morton A. Lieberman of 170 Stanford University students who had completed ten weeks of encounter therapy showed a "casualty rate" of almost ten percent. Yalom, a Stanford psychiatrist, and Lieberman, a University of Chicago psychologist, defined casualties as persons who suffered "an enduring, significant, negative outcome which, according to our judgment, was caused by their participation in the group." Groups with the highest percentage of casualties were those in which a charismatic leader pushed his own ideas and aggressively challenged the participants. In short, sensitivity-group leaders aren't always terribly sensitive.

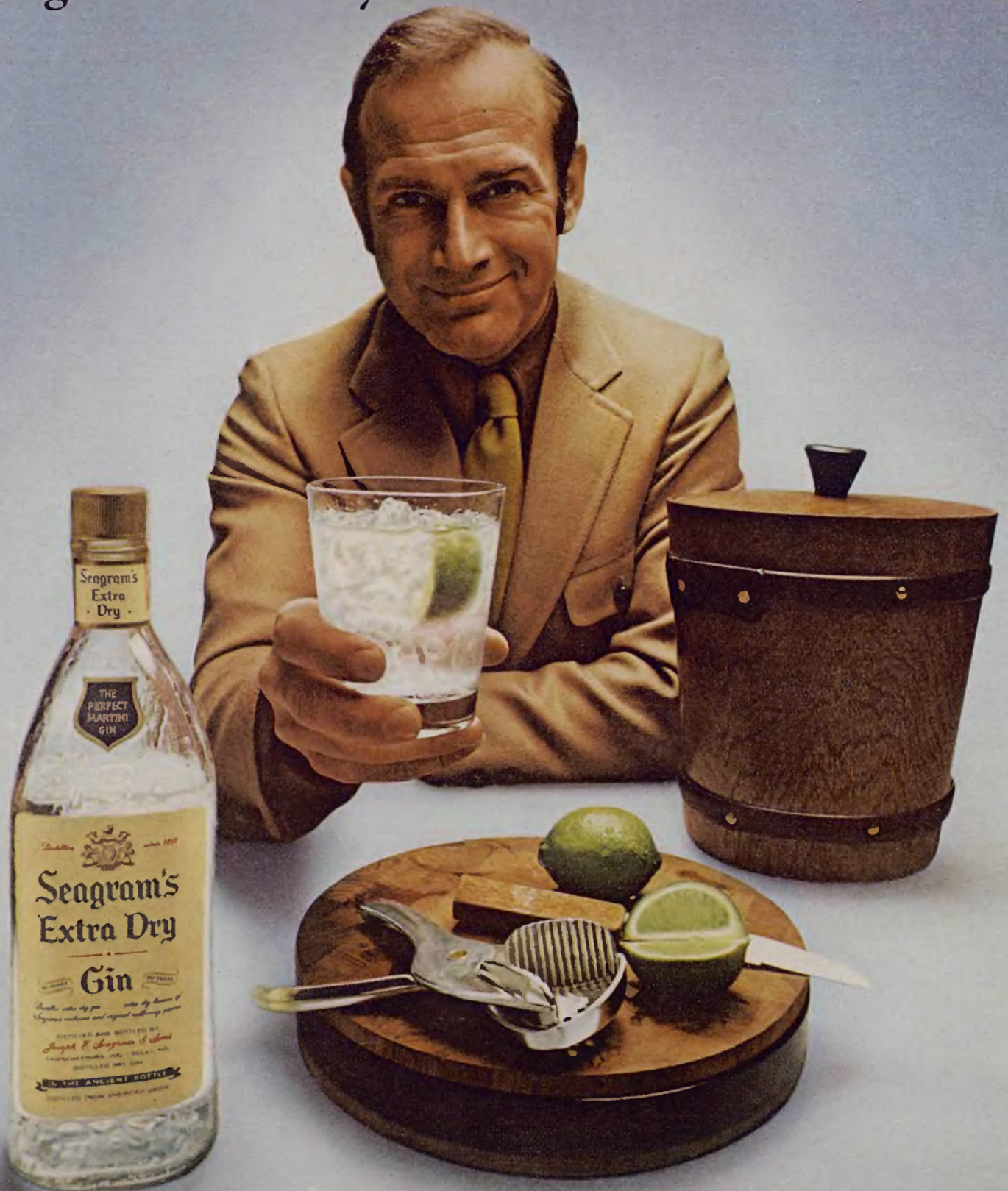
Do vaginal deodorants really have any medicinal properties, as implied in some of the advertisements for them, or are they essentially cosmetic? My girl thinks they're the greatest thing since sliced bread, despite my reassurances that I hardly considered her odor offensive before and much preferred her natural, well-scrubbed scent to that of wilted pansies or violets.—F. M., Newark, New Jersey.

From a health point of view, most of the sprays have no value, though they may contribute to a false sense of personal security. Vaginal odor is easily controlled by washing the external genitalia with soap and water; if an odor persists, it may be an indication of an infection and the woman should consult a doctor. The success of vaginal sprays, obviously, is traceable more to good merchandisers than to good medical men.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo 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"*

RAPE AND NEAR RAPE

I was recently told that a man can be convicted of attempted rape even if he is impotent. Is this true?

John Robinson
Cleveland, Ohio

Yes. In "*Granberry vs. Commonwealth*," a Virginia court held that an impotent defendant can be convicted of attempted rape, explaining:

The indictable offense for an attempt to commit a crime consists of an intent to commit a felony and the doing of some direct act toward its consummation without actually committing the crime itself. It need not be the last proximate act to the consummation of the crime in contemplation, but it is sufficient if it be an act apparently adopted to produce the result intended.

Really bizarre decisions, however, are less frequent in attempted-rape cases than in statutory-rape cases. Courts have found men guilty of statutory rape when it was proven that the man did not know the age of the girl, when it was proven that she had lied to him about her age, when it was proven that she had a history of promiscuity and even when it was proven that she was a prostitute. In fact, approximately 80 percent of the men serving terms in America today for rape were not convicted of forcible rape but of statutory rape.

WHY DON'T WE DO IT IN THE ROAD?

J. A. Kennedy is worried that too much sexual frankness will make people jaded and take the excitement out of sex (*The Playboy Forum*, April). This is the oldest logical pitfall of those who have rational minds but Victorian emotions—those, like Kennedy, who say, "I am not a puritan," and then ask, implicitly, for a return to a Calvinist mystification of sex.

Apply the argument to any other human activity and its absurdity becomes obvious. Champion golfers are not people who go to the links only once a month or who restrict themselves to one partner; they are people who practice vigorously, constantly, daily. The average duffer plays an inferior game precisely because he is not as promiscuous, public and obsessive as the champion. The same is true in boxing, hunting, chess or medicine. Scientists in general

were most happy with their work in those decades from about the mid-19th Century to the mid-20th, when neither church nor state placed any restrictions on them and they could shamelessly share each new discovery with the whole world. There is no evidence that writers have grown jaded as mass production has glutted the market with books, or that painters are bored with painting because museums and art galleries have multiplied. In fact, there is no human activity except sex that is thought to flower best in an atmosphere of secrecy. I find it unbelievable that sex has ever really flourished in that atmosphere, and I doubt that any degree of frankness will take the excitement out of what is, after all, an inexhaustibly intriguing indoor sport.

Harry Celine
New York, New York

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES

Learned authorities are still making bets on whether there has been a sexual revolution or whether it's all just talk. Perhaps Britain's Dr. John Slome, who read a most interesting paper to a medical conference in London, has the answer. I'm old enough to remember the time when a young man would wonder, at the end of an evening, whether his date would grant him a goodnight kiss. According to Dr. Slome, things have progressed way beyond that point, and making love has now become the accepted way of finishing off an evening's fun. "The kiss of the Forties and Fifties," he says, "has become the sexual intercourse of the Sixties and Seventies." All I can say is, I was born 20 years too soon.

James Jenkins
Chicago, Illinois

MISSIONARY POSITION

You have always given considerable coverage in *The Playboy Forum* to progress (and, alas, more frequently, regress) in the field of sex education. The stories in your pages refer most often to events in the U.S.A., but you may be interested in a newspaper article from the Papua, New Guinea, *Post-Courier*. It reads, in part:

Sex-education material is likely to be withdrawn from all primary T schools in the Gazelle Peninsula within the next few days.

This was announced yesterday by

perfect mixer

When there's just the two of you, entertain with the sleek Playboy Cocktails-for-Two Set. Fine for predinner cocktails or a late-date nightcap, the Set is a toast to your good taste . . . a liquid asset for your well-stocked bar. Complete with 16-oz. mixer, stirrer and two glasses, marked with the sign of the Rabbit. Please order by product number MY3020 \$6. Add 50c for handling.



Shall we send a gift card in your name? Please send check or money order to: Playboy Products, The Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. Playboy Club credit keyholders may charge.



tee up

with a Rabbit's head for luck. Rabbit head and PLAYBOY imprinted in black on your championship Playboy Golf Balls. 90 compression, liquid-center, tournament-quality balls with Cadwell cover. Conform to all U.S.G.A. specifications.

A great gift for your favorite golfer, or that business associate whose game is golf. Shall we send a gift card in your name? (Please attach recipient's address.)

One dozen, MM340, \$15.

Use product number and please add \$1 per item for handling and postage. Please send check or money order to Playboy Products, Department MY340, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.

the Catholic education office, in Rabaul.

Several boards of management are understood to have organized huge parent meetings at which the matter was discussed at length and unanimously rejected.

I am no sociologist and would not presume to comment on the import of this item. However, most of your readers will be familiar with the gist, if not the details, of Margaret Mead's original observations on life in these blissful, unfettered islands and may be shocked to hear of the strides puritanism is making in the earth's last paradise. There are, of course, many factors at work, but could not the tremendous growth of the missions—predominantly Catholic—be a highly significant explanatory factor?

Dr. J. A. Colebatch
Rabaul, New Guinea

WOMEN'S LIB AND LESBIANS

In response to a reader's question about the presence of Lesbians in the women's liberation movement, you stated: "A person whose heterosexual experiences have been nonexistent, unsatisfactory or downright awful is not likely to be much of an authority on love between the sexes" (*The Playboy Forum*, May). You would thus seem to limit meaningful discussion about relationships between the sexes to those whose experiences have been satisfactory. A very tidy way to curtail discussion.

Furthermore, if the *only* question with which the women's lib movement concerned itself was the quality of male-female sex, it would indeed be helpful to "know not only the nature of that experience but also how extensive or limited it has been." But the movement is concerned with the entire relationship between women and men. Any woman who has to deal with men—whether in fighting for equal pay and advancement on the job, making abortion legal, facing woman-baiting construction workers, splitting the housework, finding a day-care center or just trying to have a serious conversation—has something to say about love between the sexes. It's time PLAYBOY got away from the "But has she had a good fuck lately?" approach to the women's lib movement.

Sharon Smith
Los Angeles, California

We're not trying to limit "meaningful discussion," nor did we ever suggest that male-female sex was the only question in the women's liberation movement. We merely suggested that Lesbians cannot be regarded as authorities on that particular question. You're quite right in saying whether a woman has had a "good fuck lately" is irrelevant to the basic issues in the women's lib movement. It becomes relevant when a spokeswoman

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

ABORTION AMBIGUITY

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The U. S. Supreme Court has concluded its first major abortion case with an ambivalent decision that upholds strict state abortion laws but could hamstring efforts to enforce them.

In 1968, a Washington, D. C., judge dismissed an abortion indictment against Dr. Milan Vuitch on the ground that the law permitting such operations only to preserve a woman's "life or health" was too vague to provide a "clear standard to guide either the doctor, the jury or the court." But the Supreme Court reviewed the case and rejected the lower court's decision. Delivering the majority opinion, Justice Hugo Black stated that, although most state laws have placed on the physician the burden of proving an abortion is necessary to preserve a pregnant woman's health, this is "peculiarly inconsistent with society's notions of the responsibilities of the medical profession." Therefore, he concluded, the burden of proof is on the prosecution—to convince both judge and jury that a doctor did not exercise sound medical judgment with respect to his patient's health. Then Justice Black stated that the meaning of the term health must be broadly interpreted to include "psychological as well as physical well-being."

The Supreme Court has yet to hear two appeals involving the abortion laws of Georgia and Texas, in which the state statutes have been challenged on entirely different grounds: that they violate various constitutional rights, including the right of privacy in personal and marital matters.

ZAP, YOU'RE ABORTED!

PHILADELPHIA—Microwave radiation has been used to terminate pregnancies in rats, raising the possibility that this technique might be refined into a safe, quick and "noninvasive" abortifacient for humans. Dr. Robert L. Brent, director of Jefferson Medical College's Stein Research Center, modified a standard microwave oven to focus electromagnetic radiation on the uterus of the female rats. This procedure raised the temperature of the rats' uteruses by several degrees and caused resorption of the embryos with no apparent harmful effects on the rats.

PSYCHOSOMATIC SIDE EFFECTS?

A recent experiment seems to confirm what some doctors and scientists have long suspected: In many instances, the undesirable side effects attributed to

oral contraceptives may be psychological in origin. At the Southwest Foundation for Research and Education in San Antonio, Texas, Dr. Joseph Goldzieher studied 398 women through a total of 1523 menstrual cycles and found that some subjects tended to develop nervousness, nausea, breast tenderness and other adverse symptoms regardless of whether they were taking the pill or an inactive placebo. Although the women were carefully instructed to continue using standard contraceptives during the experiment, the placebo had one other undesired side effect: Several of the women became pregnant. Dr. Goldzieher stressed that the study did not mean oral contraceptives have no side effects but only that "the true incidence is far less than generally supposed."

FERTILITY RECESSION

SAN FRANCISCO—Doctors who specialize in delivering babies have been gently warned that they may one day be the economic victims of a "fertility recession." Donald J. Bogue, director of the Community and Family Study Center in Chicago, advised a convention of obstetricians and gynecologists in San Francisco that the U. S. birth rate has been steadily dropping, and that those physicians who confine themselves chiefly to childbirth had better diversify.

HARD TIMES FOR HARD CORE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Ruling on separate pornography cases, the U. S. Supreme Court has overturned two lower-court decisions and upheld Federal laws against the mailing and importation of obscene materials. At the same time, the Court refused to undertake any basic reassessment of what constitutes obscenity. Federal courts in California had held both the postal and importation laws unconstitutional mainly on the basis of a 1969 Supreme Court decision (*Stanley vs. Georgia*) that the states cannot prosecute an individual for simple possession of pornography; the lower courts reasoned that if a person could legally possess it, he could legally receive it, and this meant someone could send it to him. The Supreme Court thought otherwise. In the importation case, six Justices agreed that materials imported for public distribution could be banned without infringing on individual constitutional rights; four of the six also considered the ban to apply equally to pornography imported for private use. (This point should be clarified next term, when the Court considers a case directly raising the issue of private versus commercial importation.) In the postal case, a

majority of the Court concluded that while a citizen is protected from "governmental violations of his private thoughts or fantasies," this grants no "First Amendment right to do business in obscenity and use the mails in the process." In dissent, referring to both cases, Justice Hugo Black said the Court's decisions suggested that its own 1969 ruling could be applied "only when a man writes salacious books in his attic, prints them in his basement and reads them in his living room."

THE GAY PRESIDENT

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA—The winner in the student association presidential race at the University of Minnesota is not only happy but gay. Jack Baker, 29, a law student, self-professed homosexual and well-publicized crusader for homosexual rights, netted 2766 votes, defeating a popular antiwar activist (1873 votes) and the candidate of the conservative Young Americans for Freedom (1005 votes). A Y. A. F. spokesman, in a letter to the student newspaper, had denounced Baker as a "filthy queer" and advised, "Keep America beautiful by stamping out queers." Said Baker after the election: "It's definitely a victory for gay liberation—and for the students, too. They've matured enough to recognize that sexual preference is immaterial in a political campaign."

Baker and his male roommate have been trying to obtain a marriage license since May 1970 and are planning to carry their case to the U. S. Supreme Court.

HOMOSEXUAL HORMONES

LOS ANGELES—Research by three California scientists has revived the debate over whether homosexuality is caused chiefly by social and psychological factors or by inborn biochemical differences. Dr. M. Sidney Margolese, a Los Angeles endocrinologist, in cooperation with two UCLA researchers, has conducted preliminary studies that seem to show a strong correlation between homosexuality and an imbalance in two chemicals related to the male hormone testosterone. Dr. Margolese has since cautioned, however, that various news accounts of his studies have exaggerated the significance of his findings. He said the preliminary data have not yet been verified in studies of an adequate number of subjects, and even if verified do not necessarily imply cause and effect.

BOOZE ON THE BREATH

Breath tests, widely used by police in this country and in Europe to nail drunken drivers, may be grossly inaccurate if made too soon after a person has had a drink. A study published in Science magazine by N. Herbert Spector indi-

cates that for at least 20 minutes after contact with liquor, the lining of the mouth and throat retains enough alcohol to pronounce the subject plastered, according to breath analysis, even though little or no alcohol has entered the blood.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

SHAKER HEIGHTS, OHIO—For calling a police officer a pig, a 19-year-old youth was ordered to sit for three hours in a pigsty as the court's condition for suspending his 30-day jail sentence. The municipal judge who heard the case said that a three-hour visit with bona fide hogs would teach the defendant to distinguish between pigs and policemen, and he further advised that the court's probation officer had made the necessary arrangements with a local farmer who has "a very attractive pigpen." The youth served his sentence gracefully and apologized for his deed; the judge was pleased at this response and expressed the hope that, in the future, "none of these kids calls a policeman a crocodile."

SCHOOL-CERTIFIED DRUGS

STONY BROOK, LONG ISLAND—Students and health officials at the state university are attempting to launch an unusual and so far controversial anti-drug campaign. The plan is to provide a free and confidential drug-analysis service in order to demonstrate to students that almost all street-bought drugs are not just illegal or dangerous but often poisonous. A student possessing an illegal drug, such as LSD, could anonymously supply the student health service with a sample in an envelope with a code number; the results of the chemical analysis would be either posted or published in the student newspaper. School health officials support the idea in the belief that practically all street-purchased drugs contain dangerous impurities, toxic combinations of drugs or actual poisons such as strychnine and atropine. However, the Suffolk County district attorney warned that he would be compelled, under existing law, to confiscate any drugs submitted for tests, and others expressed concern that some dealers might use the analysis service to prove the superiority of their products.

NO NEED FOR FACTS

SAN CLEMENTE, CALIFORNIA—President Nixon has declared he will continue to oppose the use of marijuana and any efforts to legalize it, regardless of the findings of the present Federal drug commission or any recommendations the commission may make after completing its studies. The President announced his position two weeks after delegates to the White House Conference on Youth voted in favor of legalizing pot.

for feminism dogmatically declares that fucking is no good.

HERE I STAND

While women's lib is humanizing the country, it is undermining my own individuality. I studied for a degree in economics—because I was interested in the subject—long before there was a women's lib movement; now everybody assumes I'm in this allegedly masculine field because feminist propaganda led me there. My boyfriend helps with the dishes because he has a sense of fair play and realizes that he helped dirty them; now, people presume that I have brainwashed him with women's lib slogans.

Before the feminist movement came along, people took me as I was (for better or worse), but today I am regarded as a representative of some collective. I am not; I am still an individual.

Catherine Barker
Chicago, Illinois

THE UNTIE THAT BINDS

Not long after reading the April Playboy Forum letter from the woman in Houston who continued to live with her ex-husband after their divorce, I learned that this couple is not unique. According to an article by Joseph M. Treen that I saw in the Chicago Sun-Times:

There are cases of a continuing friendship, of continuing a joint social life, of continuing a joint sex life. There are cases of couples who live together after their separation or divorce. Some even divorce in order to live together. And some throw parties to tell their friends and to celebrate.

Treen quotes a statement from Morton M. Hunt's book *The World of the Formerly Married* that divorce "is never really final, it is only nearly final." Many divorced people who don't live together see each other regularly for various reasons, one of them being regular sex:

"I can't stand to be in the same room with my ex-husband for more than five minutes unless we're in bed," said one 32-year-old divorced woman. "I guess sex is the first to come and the last to go."

She said she and her ex-husband see each other only when he visits their three children, which is on a regular basis, or when they have sexual intercourse, which is on an irregular basis.

They were married for ten years and have been divorced for two. They still fight and are no longer married but the sex, she said, is getting better. "We've improved our relations in that area via other people," she said. "We learn from them and bring more variety to our

own particular experience. Sex was not one of our problems."

Another couple Treen tells about, a women's lib activist and her husband, wanted to get divorced because they had been telling their children that marriage is an oppressive institution and were afraid the children would suspect them of hypocrisy if they stayed married. Three lawyers refused to take the case, the last warning them that the judge might think they were crazy and try to take their children away from them.

Perhaps those who divorce and stay together are pioneering a new kind of sexual freedom.

R. P. Drake
Chicago, Illinois

THE LIMITS OF LIFE

Father Langer's humane proposal to use the electroencephalogram to determine limits on abortion (*The Playboy Forum*, April) is, unfortunately, a waste of time. A woman who seeks an abortion is unlikely to care about being able to measure the development of the life within her. Indeed, we already know a great deal about the life and activity of a fetus. The heart begins to beat about 18 days after conception; blood begins circulating within the first month and it soon becomes able to move its limbs. None of this impressive evidence of the presence of life has served to dissuade those who would allow women to obtain abortions when they want them. What separates the pros and the cons on the abortion issue is not the question of whether the fetus is alive but how important that life is judged to be.

Ruth Barnes
Paoli, Pennsylvania

POT AND ADOLESCENTS

I fail to see how PLAYBOY in good conscience can continue to push marijuana with the knowledge that many reports of adverse effects have been written.

The most recent such report, published in *The New York Times*, states:

Two psychiatrists have found that "normal" youngsters can suffer serious psychological disturbances following regular smoking of marijuana, without the use of other drugs.

They said their findings had suggested that adolescents might be particularly vulnerable to the effects of this mind-altering drug.

The doctors, Harold Kolansky and William T. Moore, of Philadelphia, described 38 such youngsters, aged 13 to 24, in a report published today in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*.

None of the young patients—believed to be the largest such group described to date—had used any drug other than marijuana or had

had any signs of mental illness prior to smoking marijuana, the doctors reported.

Eight of the youngsters became psychotic while on marijuana, and four attempted suicide. The 30 others showed less severe disturbances, ranging from paranoid delusions of grandeur to excessive sexual promiscuity.

Marijuana is foreign to the human system; it is not natural to man's normal mode of life. I will not take it, give it, sell it or encourage anyone else to do so, until more results of impartial research are known. PLAYBOY should take the same stand.

Henry C. Bailey
New York, New York

First, to set the record straight, we've never "pushed" marijuana or encouraged its use. We have stated that the present anti-pot laws are barbaric, more destructive than the drug itself and as unworkable as alcohol prohibition was. We have also said that, after several thousand years of use all over the world by hundreds of millions of people, marijuana has not been proved to be a seriously harmful drug. You can be sure that all the effects, good or bad, will be discussed in our pages, as we have discussed the negative effects of drugs such as the amphetamines and barbiturates.

As for the A. M. A. report summarized in *The New York Times* article, Dr. Joel Fort, an internationally recognized specialist on drug problems, has made the following comments (in part):

1. The authors practice child psychoanalysis in affluent suburbs and have no background or expertise in drug-use and drug-abuse research.

2. The authors required five years to find these 38 disturbed cases from which they generalize about the (approximately) 20,000,000 Americans who are marijuana users.

3. The authors saw the subjects only one or two times.

4. The authors claim to have excluded from their study all those whose problems might be due to other drugs, but no mention is made of probable alcohol use by their subjects, although it has been known for a century that alcohol-induced psychoses are common.

5. Nowhere is there a statistical breakdown of how many of the 38 suffered which symptoms, or for how long, or in what context.

6. Most of the information used by the authors was hearsay, acquired second- or third-hand from other psychiatrists or psychologists who saw the 38 subjects.

7. The symptoms, especially psychotic episodes and suicide attempts, are frequent in the age group of the subjects (13 to 24), and nothing in the report justifies the authors' conclusion that these

were directly attributable to marijuana use.

8. The authors demonstrate ignorance of the field by speaking of withdrawal from marijuana, whereas experts agree that there is no marijuana addiction and hence no marijuana withdrawal.

9. The authors indicate bias by citing a few other studies seemingly indicating damage caused by marijuana and ignoring the much larger body of studies suggesting that this drug is usually harmless or beneficial.

10. The 13 female subjects who allegedly exhibited promiscuity are, in fact—according to the Kinsey studies and other reliable data—behaving within the norm for their age group.

Dr. Fort concludes that the study is "full of inaccurate and inflammatory statements" and will add to "the poor credibility of the American Medical Association."

He also adds that "no drug, including aspirin, is totally harmless" and that "frequent or heavy use of any drug is likely to produce more adverse effects than moderate use." We are fairly sure that future research will eventually show that various harmful effects can occur with marijuana but not to the extent of the already proved massive abuses of alcohol and tobacco; if and when such misuse occurs it is a social and medical problem and should be handled by education and treatment. Adolescents should be particularly cautious in their use of alcohol, marijuana or other drugs. Sensationalistic, out-of-context statements and harsh laws are an injustice.

RARE OPPORTUNITY

Some time ago, a reporter from one of America's most prestigious magazines arrived in my division in Vietnam. He was preceded, however, by two memos that made very clear how the brass intended to use him. The first memo, from the divisional information officer, described the visit as a "rare, powerful, positive publicity opportunity" and instructed each officer to arrange for the reporter to meet two or three enlisted men who "are 'duty-honor-country' oriented." The second memo, from division headquarters, asked for the names of the duty-honor-country contingent in advance, possibly so they could be cross-checked to ensure that no wrong types accidentally got to talk to the reporter.

The correspondent's assignment, according to the first memo, was to find out how the people in the Army think and feel at present. The purpose of hand-picking the selection of men he met was to ensure that this didn't happen; he

On pages 48 and 49, "*The Playboy Forum*" presents a classic statement on the war in Indochina by a Vietnam veteran. Letters continue on page 50.



Playboy Club News



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Great Gorge Premieres in December

GREAT GORGE, N. J. (Special)—“There’s not a resort in the world that can match it,” says Arthur Miner, Vice-President for Planning and Design of Playboy Clubs International, Inc., about the new Playboy Club-Hotel that is rapidly nearing completion here.

Grand opening of the multi-million-dollar resort complex has been set for mid-December of this year.

With 700 rooms, the Great Gorge Club-Hotel is destined to become one of the great playgrounds of the Eastern Seaboard. Despite the seven-story size of the Club-Hotel, it seems to blend perfectly into the beauty of the unspoiled Vernon Valley of Sussex County.

“We’ve stayed pretty close to natural unpainted wood and concrete aggregate for the main building,” notes Miner. “We wanted to create the feeling of being outdoors even when you’re inside.”

To take advantage of the outdoors at Great Gorge, Playboy will offer golfing, skiing, tobogganing, hiking and biking, trap and skeet shooting, horseback riding and tennis, indoor and outdoor swimming.

And here’s what’s ahead for keyholders at Playboy’s great

indoors at Great Gorge:

- Seven unique entertainment rooms, featuring the best in Playboy’s hearty drinks and cuisine. All the best of the world of Playboy—the VIP Room, Playmate Bar, Sidewalk Café, Penthouse, Living Room and *discothèque*, plus something new, the Delicatessen—are planned for Great Gorge.
- Suites and guest rooms, each with either a king-size bed or a pair of double beds for the kind of relaxation Playboy vacationers demand. Naturally, the television-plus-quality-sound equipment is a fixture.
- A Health Center and Sauna just a few short steps away from the heated indoor pool (there are two others, plus a wading pool for the very young set).
- And for the keyholder who forgot a swimsuit or tie or who just wants to add a touch of tomorrow to his wardrobe, the Club-Hotel will house an indoor shopping avenue with *boutiques* and stores ready to cater to any whim.
- Convention facilities with everything from the newest electronic sound system to air doors that at the flick of



Club-Hotel’s south wing boasts a superb view of beautiful Vernon Valley.

a switch can divide larger meeting rooms into small, intimate spaces. And a massive car-capacity elevator will assure that no sales meeting or convention has to do without its display.

- And perhaps last but never least, Playboy Bunnies—scores of them in showroom and restaurant, *disco* and deli. For the ski buff, Playboy’s

Club-Hotel is directly across the valley from the Great Gorge ski area, already widely noted in the East for superior trails.

Keyholders may preview the outdoor world of Great Gorge with golf right now—with the great indoors coming up in December. Don’t miss out on Playboy’s worlds of pleasure—complete the coupon and rush it to Playboy at once.

Towers Adds Bright New Face

CHICAGO (Special)—The Playboy Towers hotel will offer a bright new welcome to guests this fall with the completion of major remodeling.

Already, the new Towers Bar in the main lobby is the most exciting watering hole on Chicago’s Gold Coast, with the Near North Side model-artist-writer-and-executive crowd making it standing room only during the cocktail hours.

The Towers Bar features

hearty Playboy-size drinks, and complimentary hors d’oeuvres are served daily during the early evening.

Playboy designers and architects, meanwhile, are giving the Towers’ guest rooms the look and comfort to match the lobby. Towers rooms will be as fresh and up-to-date as today’s newspaper.

Luxury Look

To create an open look, one wall of each room is fully mirrored and the shag carpeting (solid-color deep pile that stretches wall to wall) runs right up one wall for an extra elegant touch of pleasing color.

The individual climate-control system enables each guest to select his climate at the touch of a dial. Standard in each room are large-screen color television sets. Original LeRoy Neiman prints add brightness to wood-paneled walls.

Many of the refurbished suites have a wet bar for guests, and bathrooms are given a fresh look with handsome foil wall coverings.

Overlooking Lake Michigan,

Playboy Towers adds total comfort and delightful surroundings to the convenient location—close to the fashionable shops and offices of Chicago’s Magnificent Mile—at 163 East Walton Place.

Make the Towers your home away from home when you’re in Chicago—it’s just steps away from the Playboy Club and adjoins the soon-to-be-opened Playboy Center in the Playboy Building at 919 N. Michigan.

New Keyholders Enjoy 12 Issues of PLAYBOY at No Extra Charge

By applying now, you will receive certificates personally redeemable at most North American Clubs* for 12 consecutive issues of PLAYBOY. Certificates must be redeemed at Playboy Clubs. The magazine cannot be mailed. For legal reasons, these certificates cannot be redeemed in the California or Michigan Clubs.

*In Massachusetts, it’s Playboy of Boston.

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Coming—Great Gorge, N.J. (Club-Hotel)

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P1006

A SPECIAL "PLAYBOY FORUM" INSERT
THE VOICE OF THE WINTER SOLDIER

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country.

—THOMAS PAINE, *The Crisis*, 1776

When Paine wrote those words, he was a traitor to the country to which he supposedly owed loyalty, while the nation that did, in fact, have his allegiance was only a vision.

Today the Vietnam Veterans Against the War struggle in a world of similarly shifting definitions. Their commitment is best summarized by philosopher Steven Byington, who wrote, "It can never be unpatriotic to take your country's side against your government. It must always be unpatriotic to take your government's side against your country." Their country, like Paine's, is a fabric of hopes, a gossamer of aspirations, a vision of what America can be.

If Thomas Paine is their ideological ancestor, Richard Nixon could be called their George III. When they held their Winter Soldier Investigation recently—drawing up a catalog of war crimes that dwarfs the My Lai incident—the act echoed in its way the charges against King George in the Declaration of Independence. When they went to Washington to protest in April, they talked not to the Administration, which they feel has betrayed them, but to the Congress, which they hope still represents the people. And when their spokesman, John Forbes Kerry, a much-decorated former naval officer, testified before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations on April 22, he spoke in words that at times evoke those of Paine, Jefferson or Samuel Adams.

The nation will ignore Mr. Kerry's warnings at its peril. On page 112, Arthur Hadley, World War Two veteran and experienced combat reporter, details the still-continuing tragedy of Vietnam. When the horrors end and the last man, in Kerry's words, has died for a mistake, we shall still need to understand what has gone wrong in this nation and why. A major part of John F. Kerry's testimony follows:

I am not here as John Kerry. I am here as one member of the group of 1000, which is a small representation of a very much larger group of veterans in this country; and were it possible for all of them to sit at this table, they would be here and have the same kind of testimony.

I would like to talk on behalf of all those veterans and say that several months ago in Detroit, we had an investigation at which over 150 honorably discharged, and many very highly decorated, veterans testified to war crimes committed in Southeast Asia. These were not isolated incidents but crimes committed on a day-to-day basis with the full awareness of officers at all levels of command.

They told stories that at times they had personally raped, cut off ears, cut off heads, taped wires from portable telephones to human genitals and turned up the power, cut off limbs, blown up bodies, randomly shot at civilians, razed villages in fashion reminiscent of Genghis Khan, shot cattle and dogs for fun, poisoned food stocks and generally ravaged the countryside of South Vietnam, in addition to the normal ravage of war and the normal and very particular ravaging which is done by the applied bombing power of this country.

We call this investigation the Winter Soldier Investigation. The term winter soldier is a play on words of Thomas Paine's in 1776, when he spoke of the sunshine patriot and

summertime soldier who deserted at Valley Forge because the going was rough.

We who have come here to Washington have come here because we feel we have to be winter soldiers now. We could come back to this country, we could be quiet, we could hold our silence, we could not tell what went on in Vietnam, but we feel because of what threatens this country, not the Reds but the crimes which we are committing that threaten it, that we have to speak out.

The country doesn't know it yet, but it has created a monster, a monster in the form of millions of men who have been taught to deal and to trade in violence and who are given the chance to die for the biggest nothing in history; men who have returned with a sense of anger and a sense of betrayal which no one has yet grasped.

In 1970 at West Point, Vice-President Agnew said, "Some glamorize the criminal misfits of society while our best men die in Asian rice paddies to preserve the freedom which most of those misfits abuse," and this was used as a rallying point for our effort in Vietnam.

But for us, as boys in Asia whom the country was supposed to support, his statement is a terrible distortion from which we can only draw a very deep sense of revulsion and, hence, the anger of some of the men who are here in Washington today. It is a distortion because we in no way consider ourselves the best men of this country; because those he calls misfits were standing up for us in a way that nobody else in this country dared to; because so many who have died would have returned to this country to join the misfits in their efforts to ask for an immediate withdrawal from South Vietnam; because so many of those best men have returned as quadriplegics and amputees and we cannot consider ourselves America's best men when we are ashamed of and hated for what we were called on to do in Southeast Asia.

In our opinion, and from our experience, there is nothing in South Vietnam which could happen that realistically threatens the United States of America. And to attempt to justify the loss of one American life in Vietnam, Cambodia or Laos by linking such loss to the preservation of freedom, which those misfits supposedly abuse, is to us the height of criminal hypocrisy.

I want to relate to you the feeling that many of the men who have returned to this country express, because we are probably angriest about all that we were told about Vietnam and about the mystical war against communism.

We found that not only was it a civil war, an effort by a people who had for years been seeking their liberation from any colonial influence whatsoever, but also we found that the Vietnamese whom we had enthusiastically molded after our own image were hard put to take up the fight against the threat we were supposedly saving them from.

We found most people didn't even know the difference between communism and democracy. They only wanted to work in rice paddies without helicopters strafing them and bombs with napalm burning their villages and tearing their country apart. They wanted everything to do with the war, particularly with this foreign presence of the United States of America, to leave them alone in peace, and they practiced the art of survival by siding with whichever military force was present at a particular time, be it Viet Cong, North Vietnamese or American.

We found also that all too often, American men were

dying in those rice paddies for want of support from their allies. We saw firsthand how monies from American taxes were used for a corrupt dictatorial regime. We saw that many people in this country had a one-sided idea of who was kept free by our flag, and blacks provided the highest percentage of casualties. We saw Vietnam ravaged equally by American bombs and search-and-destroy missions, as well as by Viet Cong terrorism, and yet we listened while this country tried to blame all of the havoc on the Viet Cong.

We rationalized destroying villages in order to save them. We saw America lose her sense of morality as she accepted very coolly a My Lai and refused to give up the image of American soldiers who hand out chocolate and chewing gum.

We watched the United States falsification of body counts; in fact, the glorification of body counts. We listened while month after month we were told the back of the enemy was about to break. We fought using weapons against those people which I do not believe this country would dream of using were we fighting in the European theater. We watched pride allow the most unimportant battles to be blown into extravaganzas, because we couldn't lose and we couldn't retreat and because it didn't matter how many American bodies were lost to prove that point, so there were Hamburger Hills and Khe Sanh and Hill 81s and Fire Base Sixes, and so many others.

Now we are told that the men who fought there must watch quietly while American lives are lost so that we can exercise the incredible arrogance of Vietnamizing the Vietnamese.

Each day someone has to give up his life so that the United States doesn't have to admit something that the entire world already knows, so that we can't say that we have made a mistake. Someone has to die so that President Nixon won't be, and these are his words, "the first President to lose a war."

We are asking Americans to think about that because how do you ask a man to be the last man to die in Vietnam? How do you ask a man to be the last man to die for a mistake?

But the problem of veterans goes beyond this, because the largest corps of unemployed in the country—it varies depending on who you get it from, the Veterans Administration says 15 percent and various other sources 22 percent—but the largest corps of unemployed in this country are veterans of this war; and of those veterans, 33 percent of the unemployed are black. That means one out of every ten of the nation's unemployed is a veteran of Vietnam.

Suddenly we are faced with a very sickening situation in this country, because there is no moral indignation and, if there is, it comes from people who are almost exhausted by their past indignations, and I know that many of them are sitting in front of me.

No ground troops are in Laos, so it is all right to kill Laotians by remote control. But, believe me, the helicopter crews fill the same body bags and they wreak the same kind of damage on the Vietnamese and Laotian countryside as anybody else, and the President is talking about allowing that to go on for many years to come.

We are asking here in Washington for some action; action from the Congress of the United States of America, which has the power to raise and maintain armies and which by the Constitution also has the power to declare war.

We have come here, not to the President, because we believe that this body can be responsive to the will of the

people and we believe that the will of the people says that we should be out of Vietnam now.

We are here in Washington also to say that the problem of this war is not just a question of war and diplomacy. It is part and parcel of everything that we are trying as human beings to communicate to people in this country—the question of racism, which is rampant in the military, and so many other questions, such as the use of weapons; the hypocrisy in our taking refuge in the Geneva Conventions and using that as justification for a continuation of this war when we are more guilty than any other body of violations of those Geneva Conventions: in the use of free-fire zones, harassment interdiction fire, search-and-destroy missions, the killing of prisoners, all accepted policy by many units in South Vietnam.

An American Indian friend of mine who lives in the Indian Nation of Alcatraz put it to me very succinctly. He told me how, as a boy on an Indian reservation, he had watched television and he used to cheer the cowboys when they came in and shot the Indians, and then suddenly one day he stopped in Vietnam and he said, "My God, I am doing to these people the very same thing that was done to my people," and he stopped. And that is what we are trying to say, that we think this thing has to end.

We are also here to ask, and we are here to ask vehemently, where are the leaders of our country? Where is the leadership? We are here to ask where are McNamara, Rostow, Bundy, Gilpatric and so many others? Where are they now that we, the men whom they sent off to war, have returned? These are commanders who have deserted their troops, and there is no more serious crime in the law of war. The Army says they never leave their wounded. The Marines say they never leave even their dead. These men have left all the casualties and retreated behind a pious shield of public rectitude. They have left the real stuff of their reputations bleaching behind them in the sun in this country.

Finally, this Administration has done us the ultimate dishonor. They have attempted to disown us and the sacrifices we made for this country. In their blindness and fear, they have tried to deny that we are veterans or that we served in Nam. We do not need their testimony. Our own scars and stumps of limbs are witness enough for others and for ourselves.

We wish that a merciful God could wipe away our own memories of that service as easily as this Administration has wiped away their memories of us. But all that they have done and all that they can do by this denial is to make more clear than ever our own determination to undertake one last mission—to search out and destroy the last vestige of this barbaric war, to pacify our own hearts, to conquer the hate and the fear that have driven this country these last ten years and more, so when 30 years from now our brothers go down the street without a leg, without an arm or a face, and small boys ask why, we will be able to say "Vietnam" and not mean a desert, not a filthy obscene memory, but mean instead the place where America finally turned and where soldiers like us helped it in the turning.

On April 23, about 700 Vietnam veterans returned their medals to the Government, throwing them onto the steps of the Capitol as a protest. Contributing his own share to the symbolic act of repudiation, John F. Kerry discarded his three Purple Hearts, his Bronze Star and his Silver Star.

must have gone home with no idea at all of how the majority of us hate and despise this stupid, filthy, immoral war.

(Name withheld by request)
APO San Francisco, California

THE CALLEY CASE

When I see so many people protesting the conviction of Lieutenant Calley, I can only assume that there are too many people in this country with an affinity for violence.

It is ridiculous to acquit a man who slaughtered defenseless women and children, regardless of the circumstances. Lieutenant Calley equals, if not surpasses, Charles Manson in brutality. The Army no more made Calley do what he did than society made Charles Manson do what he did.

Chris Anderson
Seattle, Washington

I spent nearly nine months in the Americal Division in Vietnam during 1969 and 1970. On our fire base, we had a scoreboard listing four Infantry companies; its purpose was to post the number of human beings each company had slaughtered in 20-to-40-day outings in the field. The company with the most kills would be rewarded with an extra day's stand-down. I saw innocent people from two weeks of age to 90 years tortured and slaughtered.

Many GIs go to Vietnam with the attitude that anyone with slant eyes and black hair is fair game regardless of age or sex. Often, I went to sleep at night crying like a hurt child after seeing a little boy or girl lying in the mud, screaming for his mother, bleeding from the mouth and nose and writhing in pain, or a mother clutching a dying child in her arms.

Yes, you might say, Lieutenant Calley was a victim of circumstance as the first to be exposed. Whether or not he escapes punishment, he will have to live with himself and his conscience forever.

I think the guilty verdict on Lieutenant Calley has made a lot of people take a second look at the senseless, prolonged massacre we call the Vietnam war. People should quit crying out for Calley and cry out for peace.

Tony Steerman
College Park, Georgia

GEM OF PURE LOGIC

Last April, some Selective Service board members resigned in protest against the Calley decision. The state headquarters of Selective Service for Texas immediately sent out a letter to all local board members, featuring the following gem of pure logic:

The sentiments expressed by those who propose to retire are not unique among those unselfish citizens who deal with the difficult deci-

sions of Selective Service local-board operations. Their example, however, might very well result in spreading the numbers of resignations. Let us suppose that every local board member in the United States followed such a lead and resigned. The second effect of such action could very well be wholesale desertions, resulting in the complete collapse of our Armed Forces. The rejoicing at such events by Moscow and Hanoi would likely be followed by further military adventures against the United States and the free world. In addition, our troops in Vietnam would be placed in mortal danger. The final reaction in the absence of a well-manned, disciplined Armed Service could very well be the use of nuclear weapons.

In short, to defend our tradition of liberty we must voluntarily surrender our tradition of liberty. Rather like "Freedom is slavery," the famous Catch-22 and the great military brain who said, "It was necessary to destroy the village in order to save the village," isn't it?

(Name withheld by request)
El Paso, Texas

THE PEACE SYMBOL

I've noticed the widespread propaganda campaign against the peace symbol on the grounds that a symbol like it is supposed to have been used by witches, or something like that. On the basis of that logic, I submit that the Christian cross and the American flag are un-Christian, too. The cross was used by ancient Romans to put people to death slowly and painfully, as it was used to kill the founder of Christianity. The U.S. flag contains 50 pentagrams. The pentagram, as everyone should know, is a symbol used by Satanists in their occult rites.

I suggest people take these symbols for what they mean today, rather than engaging in futile debates about what they may have meant hundreds of years ago.

Gerald Matter, Jr.
Ft. Walton Beach, Florida

DEMORALIZED BY DEMONSTRATIONS

Alex Botha, Jr.'s letter in the May *Playboy Forum* just rehashes the tired arguments against our questioning or protesting anything the Government does. It never ceases to amaze me that we have all these wonderful freedoms and rights in this country of ours, but if we exercise any of these freedoms, we are accused of treason or worse.

Perhaps Botha can elaborate on his claim that student protest in America demoralizes Eastern Europeans. On the contrary, I believe that a logical scenario

can be constructed showing that protest in the U.S. gives the people of Eastern Europe hope:

1. The Communist government of X-ovia tries to create the impression that the U.S. is the most disgustingly dictatorial nation on earth. Mr. X-ovitch, a citizen of X-ovia, believes every word of this.

2. The government regales Mr. X-ovitch with stories and news items about student protest in the U.S. This, according to Botha, will lead Mr. X-ovitch to believe that there is no hope anywhere in the world.

3. Instead, Mr. X-ovitch asks himself how come the protesters can get away with it, if the U.S. is such a dictatorial land.

4. Mr. X-ovitch concludes that he's been ripped off, and that the U.S. isn't so bad after all.

One final question: What is the difference between Botha's telling protesters that they are aiding the Communists and the Soviet government's telling its dissenters that they are aiding the forces of imperialism?

Paul Kmecak
Waterbury, Connecticut

YOUNG RADICALISM

The venom against young radicals in some recent *Playboy Forum* letters is entirely misplaced. There is one cause, and only one cause, of the anger of youth. They want to see some honesty in our leaders. That's all they want. As long as this deep moral need is not fulfilled, their bitterness and alienation will continue to grow.

Incidentally, I am 83 years old.

The Rev. P. E. Roll
Massillon, Ohio

ANOTHER SILENT MAJORITY

I just saw the recent films on Red China and I imagine they must have been a vision of paradise to Agnew, Mitchell, Reagan, Wallace and John Wayne. There it was before our eyes: a real silent majority with everybody dressed alike, nobody wearing long hair, no dissenters and an orgy of patriotism. A dream come true, wasn't it, Spiro?

Philip Lamb
Charleston, Illinois

A STRANGE LAND

Shortly after the appearance of the famous photograph of a girl screaming in horror over the body of Jeffrey Miller, killed at Kent State in 1970, the girl was identified as 14-year-old Mary Ann Vecchio of Opa-locka, Florida. She had run away from home, but went back to her family. *Newsweek* reported:

She was swamped with abusive letters, one calling her a "hippie Communist bitch" and another

saying: "You dirty tramp. It's too bad it wasn't you that was shot." Parents warned their children to stay away from her. "No matter where Mary went, in a restaurant or anywhere, she was harassed," says her father. "She was told she was not welcome."

Driven into running away from home again, Mary Ann has now been committed to a juvenile home. It is instructive to compare the public's treatment of this girl, who was revolted by senseless brutality, with the outpouring of sentiment in defense of Lieutenant Calley. This is a strange land indeed.

Jeffrey M. Berger
Glens Falls, New York

Many such episodes of incredible stupidity and bigotry occurred as a consequence of the Kent State incident. In researching his book "Kent State—What Happened and Why" (see review on page 22), James Michener found that 25 percent of the Kent students interviewed said their own parents told them it might have been a good thing if their own children had been shot. These people are only relatively more callous than the 20 percent of our population who, according to a Gallup Poll, did not regard as a crime the killing of unarmed old men, women, children and babies at My Lai.

However, just as a few hundred Weathermen don't make a revolution, so a minority of massacre-applauders do not make the U.S. into a latter-day Nazi Germany. The Gallup Poll also reported that 71 percent of those who protested the outcome of the Calley court-martial did so because they felt that others should share the responsibility for the crime. And another Gallup Poll, taken at the end of January 1971, found that 73 percent of the American people want all the troops home from Vietnam by the end of 1971. Furthermore, in 1961, the people of this country elected Lyndon Johnson, who said he did not want to widen the war, over Barry Goldwater, whose image was far more hawkish. Again, in 1968, both candidates spoke of plans to end the war. Whether or not the electorate was deceived in these cases, the national will was clear. Therefore, we think that while there are plenty of strange people in this country, they do not make it a strange land but a country like most others.

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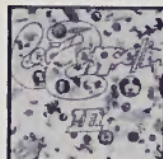
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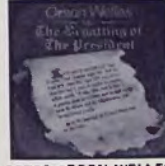
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GEORGE McGOVERN

a candid conversation with south dakota's outspoken junior senator and headline-making democratic presidential aspirant

A blustery Bronx dawn greeted George McGovern one day last March. For the sanitation men he was to meet—Latin, Slavic, black, Mediterranean—the dreary morning began as usual: with the cluster in the cold before their trucks, the ritual daily “shape-up.” To the accompaniment of reporters, tape recorders, audio cables and film crews, the Senator approached them cautiously, with a hand advanced and a small smile. His manner was polite, almost timid, with none of the backslapping bonhomie of a Rockefeller, the easy grace of a Kennedy nor the volubility of a Humphrey. He acted as if he felt that even a candidate for the Presidency should observe a certain decorum among people he doesn't know very well. But the men responded sympathetically—answering his questions about municipal sanitation, offering the opinions he solicited on the war and the Nixon Administration. Although the television cameras were nearby, McGovern made no speeches. Instead, he sipped coffee from a paper cup and listened—which is unusual for a political candidate. When he left that Bronx garage, it was unclear whether he had won any votes, but he had certainly found out something about the problems

of a great city and about the men who live and work in it.

Learning something of these problems is crucial if McGovern is to become President, for he is a country boy to the core. He knows that American society's crisis point is its cities, but he was raised among horses and chickens in South Dakota, and it's there that he still feels most at home. Even McGovern recognizes that it's fair to ask whether a man of 49 can learn enough about America's metropolitan malaise to lead, as he hopes to do, a Presidential campaign for social regeneration. He thinks the answer is yes—but the learning won't be easy. Hence his crash course in urban affairs through the dingy streets of the Bronx, past rows of abandoned buildings, across intersections crowded with junkies, into slum neighborhoods appalling even to hardened New Yorkers.

“If we had taken him into some of those buildings,” said an assistant to Bronx Congressman Herman Badillo, “it would have taken him a lifetime to forget the stench. He's not ready for that yet.” At one church, he heard blacks and Puerto Ricans denounce one another as racists. At another, they joined together

to excoriate the city administration, the Federal Government, the landlords, the poverty program. All day long, McGovern looked and listened—and exposed himself to the staggering variety of inhumanity one finds on the underside of urban life. When the tour was over, he collapsed into the air shuttle back to Washington, his body exhausted and his head swimming, but with the feeling that this had been an indispensable experience.

George McGovern didn't always want to be President. That would have been presumptuous for the son of a dust-bowl preacher growing up in Depression poverty. His father, the late Reverend Joseph C. McGovern, played semiprofessional baseball around Des Moines after World War One before setting out on an odyssey that took him from town to town organizing Wesleyan Methodist congregations. Finally, he set up his own pulpit in Avon, a South Dakota prairie town of 600 people. There George Stanley McGovern was born on July 19, 1922. Six years later, the family—which now included two boys and two girls—migrated to Mitchell, a comparative metropolis of 6000. Etched in McGovern's boyhood memories are days in Mitchell



“That Nixon can tell people that Vietnam is one of the finest hours in our history is not only a betrayal of the public trust that brought him into the White House, it is deceitful and dishonorable.”

“I can't imagine young people *not* being alienated from our policy in Indochina. It would take a rather dull and cold-blooded youth to endorse what we're doing there. I hope they stay alienated.”

“There's too much emphasis placed on ‘charisma’ in politics. It would be nice if I had a few more exciting qualities, but in Chicago in 1968, no one said, ‘Well, he's a nice guy, but he's dull.’”

when cabbage and potatoes were all the family had to eat. It is Mitchell that he still considers home.

Educated in the local public schools, McGovern was attending Dakota Wesleyan University when World War Two erupted. He enlisted in the Army Air Corps, won his wings as a bomber pilot and flew 35 missions over Europe from bases in North Africa and Italy. On his 30th mission, when flak struck his plane and mortally wounded his navigator, McGovern nursed the disabled aircraft to a crash landing on the tiny Adriatic island of Viz and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for valor. (He has often said that his military record established the credentials that entitled him to become a Vietnam dove many years later.) After the war, he returned to take his bachelor's degree at Dakota Wesleyan, then went on for a doctorate in history at Northwestern. It was during this period that McGovern, whose family was nominally Republican, became a Democrat—because, he explains, "My study of history convinced me that the Democrats were more on the side of the average American." In 1953, while he was teaching history and political science at Dakota Wesleyan, he decided to enter politics full time.

Just 30, McGovern became the first salaried organizer for the almost non-existent Democratic Party in South Dakota, which held no major offices and only two of the legislature's 110 seats. After three years of intensive and successful efforts to rebuild the party, he ran for Congress himself. His campaign was conducted on a shoestring, a contribution often consisting of a chicken, which would serve as the candidate's supper. Once he had to peddle campaign buttons at a picnic to earn his transportation to the next day's rally. Yet he won the election and remained in the House for two terms, where he made a name for himself as a man with thoroughly liberal convictions—and enough good sense to make sure the farmers back home were well cared for. In 1960, McGovern ran for the Senate against Karl Mundt, a conservative Republican, and lost. Then the newly elected President, John F. Kennedy, named him director of the Food for Peace program—a perfect platform for a farm-state humanitarian. By getting rid of farm surpluses and feeding the poor, McGovern endeared himself to liberals and conservatives alike. Then, in 1962, he ran for the Senate again and unseated the incumbent Republican, Senator Joe Bottum, by 597 votes.

If there is one issue that has dominated McGovern's entire Senate career, it has been his opposition to the Vietnam war. Since he made his first speech on the subject in September 1963, he has seen the antiwar movement grow from a

quixotic lost cause to a majority position, both in Congress and in the nation. It was Vietnam, more than anything else, that attracted him to the Presidential candidacy of Robert Kennedy in 1968, though he had personally been much closer to Hubert Humphrey. After Kennedy was assassinated, McGovern was urged to hold Kennedy's antiwar supporters together by running himself at the Chicago convention; it was a rear-guard action, but he received 116½ delegate votes. He also caught a severe case of Presidential flu. Since the election of Richard Nixon, and his own re-election to the Senate, McGovern has intensified his opposition to the war—and worked to solidify his Presidential ambitions for 1972.

Throughout the first years of the Nixon Administration, he made hundreds of appearances on college campuses, trying in his unostentatious way to keep antiwar ardor alive. In the Senate, he cosponsored with Oregon Senator Mark Hatfield a resolution requiring the withdrawal of all American forces from Indochina by the end of 1971. As chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, he fixed public attention on hunger in America and refocused on his old objective of feeding the poor. And as chairman of the Democratic National Committee's McGovern Commission, he pressed successfully for adoption of a new set of rules to avoid a repetition of the 1968 fiasco at Chicago by assuring the open, democratic selection of national-convention delegates. Meanwhile, he labored slowly and methodically to build the staff and organization necessary for a Presidential campaign.

On January 18, 1971, McGovern formally declared his candidacy, promising the American people "a way out of the wilderness." It was an unprecedentedly early announcement and the first of the political season. But it was necessary, McGovern explained, if he was to conduct himself with candor and, at the same time, make up lost ground on his better-known rivals. Since that time, he has stepped up his travels throughout the country, quietly seeking support, developing the themes of his campaign, looking and learning in a manner that befits a scholar and former professor. According to the latest polls, McGovern has been gaining in the race for the nomination—but he still has a long way to go.

It wasn't easy for the candidate to fit in the time for this "Playboy Interview" with Milton Viorst, a political columnist syndicated by the Washington Star. But after a few false starts, the schedule was set, the office phones were turned off, the neckties were loosened and the two men settled down to talk. McGovern made only one rule: He refused to criti-

cize his Democratic rivals. With that in mind, Viorst began by asking him to discuss his aspirations.

PLAYBOY: Senator, why do you want to be President?

McGOVERN: Basically, because I have the confidence and the understanding to do something about the most important problems that confront the country today. It may sound old-fashioned to say that I love this country, but I do and I'm deeply distressed over the mistaken directions we're pursuing. We're on the wrong course in the world and the problems we're neglecting here at home have become so acute that 1972 may be the last turnaround chance we'll have. If we continue under the kind of leadership we've had in recent years, it's an open question whether our society can survive.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think you're more qualified for this job than Nixon—or Muskie, Kennedy, Hughes, Bayh, Jackson, Humphrey and all the other Democrats whose names have been mentioned as Presidential prospects?

McGOVERN: In addition to my experience, I think I have a steady, dependable temperament, as well as a sense of history and some degree of imagination. And I don't think I explode under pressure.

PLAYBOY: Are you referring to the reports suggesting that your rival for the nomination, Senator Muskie, is short-fused?

McGOVERN: No, not at all. I'm just talking about an assessment of my own strengths; I think I have the capacity to stand up under enormous pressure. As a matter of fact, that's when I do best. I believe that, should I become President, the confrontation with difficult problems would draw out the best in me rather than the worst. I'm the type of person whose best writing, best speaking, best performances have always come at times of greatest challenge; that's a good quality to have in the President of the United States. I also think I have a broader and more sensitive perspective than the other candidates on the really crucial problems—and the alternative possibilities—before the country. I wouldn't be running if I didn't have the conviction that I had something to offer that the other candidates don't have. There's no point in running just to have a contest among equals.

PLAYBOY: What do you think are your most serious personal handicaps—in terms of not only becoming President but of exercising the powers of the Presidency?

McGOVERN: Well, I suppose the fact that I'm not as dynamic, as flamboyant a personality as a Theodore Roosevelt or a Franklin Roosevelt. Though I think there's entirely too much emphasis placed on "charisma" in politics, I must admit that it would be nice if, without being unnatural, I had a few more exciting personal qualities than I do. But I

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think those qualities will develop. I found in Chicago in 1968, strangely enough, a new vein of excitement running in myself. I was surprised at the way my brief bid for the Presidency stirred currents within me that I felt were transmitted to other people. There was no one in Chicago who said, "Well, he's a nice guy, but he's dull," when I confronted Humphrey and McCarthy on the only stage where all of us appeared. Many of those who were there, as a matter of fact, told me I came across as the most exciting of the three.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that a man must have an extraordinary sense of righteousness to want to be President, perhaps even a power neurosis. Do you agree?

McGOVERN: I don't think it requires a power neurosis. As a matter of fact, I believe anyone who *backs away* from the opportunity—if he's in a position to make a reasonable bid for the Presidency and has some understanding of what needs to be done—may be neurotic. It does require great self-confidence and maybe some degree of arrogance to run for the Presidency, but to me that stops short of being a neurosis.

PLAYBOY: It's also been said that a man who wants to run for the Presidency has to have a kind of political killer instinct—and that you don't have it.

McGOVERN: The great Presidents, in my judgment, weren't men with the killer instinct. The three biggest Presidential monuments in the Capitol are dedicated to Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. These were very tough-minded men, but it wasn't the killer instinct that guided them. I think these were men with a rare degree of prudence, wisdom and compassion—qualities that are much needed now. Some cynics feel that decency in a politician is a handicap. But I think a sense of decency—not prudishness nor sanctimonious self-righteousness but old-fashioned concern and love for others—will be essential in the next President. That's the kind of President I want to be.

PLAYBOY: Don't you find that you have to compromise yourself to some degree in order to raise money, to make alliances, to organize a coalition behind you, to disassociate yourself from supporters who have become liabilities?

McGOVERN: Well, I've probably had to do less of that sort of thing than most candidates setting out for the Presidency, because I've recognized from the beginning that the principal assets I have as a candidate are my reputation and my record of being myself, of not trying to create some kind of manufactured position or image. I've tended over the years to speak out with considerable candor. I haven't backed away from any of the tough issues, even though they required paying a penalty. It may well be that in seeking the nomination, I'll be more

circumspect about the kinds of groups I'm associated with, but so far I haven't rejected identification with controversial groups. I was one of the first to speak out against such sacred cows as J. Edgar Hoover, and I'm going to continue such direct talk, even recognizing that it may cost me support in some areas.

PLAYBOY: In this connection, is it possible that the press—or your opponents—will dredge up a scandal in your closet?

McGOVERN: I don't think so. I wouldn't want everything in my personal life spread on a billboard any more than anyone else would, because we've all had our escapades. But I've never in my life knowingly cheated anybody out of a penny nor taken a bribe nor done anything that I feel is basically dishonest. And I don't think there are any scandals that are so serious that, if they were spread around, would be of any particular consequence. They might be embarrassing, but I don't think they'd be fatal.

PLAYBOY: Who's supplying the money for your campaign?

McGOVERN: We've had a few contributions in the \$1000 or \$2000 range, but 99 percent of the more than \$300,000 we've raised so far has come in small amounts—averaging around ten dollars apiece—from direct mail, which may be new in American politics. I don't think any Presidential campaign ever began with a direct-mail fund appeal in advance of an actual announcement. And it's been successful. At least at this point, I can legitimately claim to be a grass-roots candidate.

PLAYBOY: How much money will you need between now and the convention?

McGOVERN: We'll need \$500,000 in 1971, probably another \$500,000 for the first couple of primaries—and beyond that, no one can tell. It can run into millions, depending on how many primaries we enter and on how well we do. We must show some strength in the early primaries to raise the kind of money it takes to campaign in such big states as California, New York and Illinois.

PLAYBOY: How do you see your strategy for the nomination shaping up at this stage? Will you stress personal political contacts or primaries or just try to make a big popular wave?

McGOVERN: I think we have to do everything. Every time I think we've got a neat strategy worked out, I see some missing element that we have to fill. I find it's a very bad operating procedure, for example, to go into a state without advance telephone calls and personal letters to key party leaders, labor leaders, farm leaders—those who regard themselves as the real movers and shapers in their state. All this takes an enormous amount of time, but it's essential when you consider that when it comes right down to it, the candidate will be selected by about 1500 of these people at the next national convention.

You can anticipate that 50 or 60 percent of those who were delegates in '68 are going to be back in '72. Though the delegations haven't yet been selected, I know at least a dozen people who will be delegates from South Dakota, because they're going to do whatever is necessary, no matter what the system of delegate selection is, to see that their names are put forward. That tends to be true in every state. If we're intelligent enough, we'll be able to anticipate and work with at least half of these former delegates.

Beyond that is the question of how you influence their votes. One way is to show that you have broad popular appeal and that you can be elected. That requires effective speaking when you're in the state and some demonstration that you know how to put together an organization. But if there's just one central approach that I'm trying to keep in mind, it's to demonstrate to people that they can trust me, that when I tell them something, I mean it. If there's any over-all strategy, it's to resolve every question on the basis of what is honest and then to stay with that position.

PLAYBOY: In view of the reforms of your own McGovern Commission inside the Democratic Party, aren't all convention delegates supposed to represent a popular mandate much more than before, so that as individuals they will, presumably, assume less importance?

McGOVERN: That's correct. But even within a perfectly open, responsive political system, the person who works the hardest at trying to get selected as a delegate is still going to do pretty well. No matter what system we devise—whether it's a primary or a caucus or a convention system—the most ambitious and the most persistent potential delegates are, in at least 50 percent of the cases, going to be the ones who come out as delegates.

But it's a fact that the 18 guidelines of the so-called McGovern Commission will make the next convention a more grass-roots convention than any political party has had in memory. The guidelines are devised to eliminate boss rule, to make certain that women and minorities are well represented, to prohibit excessive fees and expenses and to assure that delegates aren't chosen before the issues and candidates are known. In short, the guidelines will take delegate selection out of the back rooms of politics and into the open. I think it will make a difference in that the slates will be more representative than they've been in the past. I would think, for instance, that at the next convention we'll see a representation of blacks, young people, women, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans and Indians that's far closer to their proportion in the population, certainly closer than ever before in history.

PLAYBOY: You said the commission's guidelines have been devised to eliminate



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boss rule at conventions. Does that include Mayor Daley?

McGOVERN: Mayor Daley likes to win elections, and he saw the disastrous impact that boss-type images had on the Democratic Party in 1968. It wasn't an accident that Mayor Daley motioned at the Illinois State Convention to adopt the McGovern Commission guidelines unanimously. It wasn't an accident that he was the lead-off witness at the McGovern Commission public hearings in Chicago in 1969. He's a very able and astute political figure who realizes that it's not smart to be against political reform these days.

PLAYBOY: Are you the kind of man, like Mayor Daley, who surrounds himself with those who agree with you, or do you like to employ people who'll tell you the truth about yourself even when it isn't pleasant?

McGOVERN: I certainly wouldn't characterize Mayor Daley as you do, but speaking for myself, I can take criticism, though sometimes it depresses me if I hear it late at night when I'm tired. Yet I know it's desperately important to have people around you who'll tell you the truth. I think that's the greatest single hazard that a President of the United States faces. One of the best books on politics I've seen in a long time was written by President Johnson's press secretary, George Reedy. It describes with marvelous insight the way in which Presidents are isolated from reality by ambitious assistants, and also the way in which the office corrupts a President. He's flattered and cajoled. It's always helicopters waiting and drivers and Secret Service and secretaries and everything right at his command. He's also under such great pressure that anyone who wants to get his ear tends to develop views that are compatible with the President's.

The great master at that art was Walt Rostow, who could always put into a neat rationalization the horrible things that we were doing in Southeast Asia. Whenever some catastrophe would take place out there, Walt had a way of saying that it was part of Plan A or Plan Z, designed to give great difficulty six months from now to the Chinese Communists. Everything was rationalized into a pattern. You have to avoid the rationalizers, who are always trying to make you look good and who have a way of explaining away catastrophes instead of telling you the truth.

PLAYBOY: Do you think President Nixon has isolated himself as Johnson did from diverse opinion?

McGOVERN: Yes, I think he has. I think the people around Nixon are people who are generally compatible with him and with his views; I don't think he's got anyone on his staff who's really a devil's advocate. I don't think he really invites people who disagree with him in for lengthy discussions. In view of what

happened to his predecessor, I really don't understand why Nixon doesn't have a steady stream of people coming in from various parts of our society—people who are critical students of the American scene: journalists who will really level with him in private, clergymen, professors, poets, people of all kinds who will tell him the truth. I would do that if I were President—if only to keep myself intellectually alive.

PLAYBOY: Is your personality so different from Nixon's?

McGOVERN: I don't know Nixon very well. I really don't know what his personality is like. Of all the men prominent in public life, I know the least about Nixon and feel the most uncertain about what kind of person he is. Yet I would say, instinctively, that over the years I can't think of anyone I would regard as more of an antithesis of me than Richard Nixon.

PLAYBOY: In what ways?

McGOVERN: Well, in terms of the way we reach judgments and the way we deal with people, I have the feeling that Nixon is a very detached man who sees politics as a process in which you manipulate various levers to advance your career, rather than as a process you use to advance certain ideals. Maybe that's unfair to him, but much of his career seems to me to have been built on undercutting the reputation of other people. He's almost the last man I wanted to see become President of the United States. If someone had told me in his great witch-hunting days back in the Forties and Fifties, when he was on the Joe McCarthy line, that he would someday be President, it would have appalled me.

PLAYBOY: Does it appall you now?

McGOVERN: Well, yes, it does. I suppose one of the reasons I'm not more appalled is that I think the Democrats invited it by not addressing themselves to the transcendent issue of the Sixties, which was the Indochina war. We played into Nixon's hands in standing so faithfully by President Johnson's disastrous war policy, allowing Nixon to assure the American people, quite falsely, that he had a secret plan for peace. How any President can then go on to tell the American people that Vietnam is one of the finest hours in our national history—while claiming to be “winding down” the war—is just beyond my comprehension. Either he is so totally out of touch with reality that he should not be President, or he's willing to be just a cheap propagandist in order to put a false face on something the people need to confront for what it is. Nixon had an opportunity when he was elected to say, “I didn't start this war, but I did pledge to end it and I'm going to do it.” But when he says it's the finest hour in our history and that he's going to do whatever is necessary to meet any kind of

challenge from the other side, I think that's not only a betrayal of the public trust that brought him into the White House, I think it's also deceitful and dishonorable.

PLAYBOY: The President said not long ago that the reason he dismissed Gallup Polls indicating widespread public disenchantment with the war in Vietnam is that he “understands history” better than most Americans. What do you think of that?

McGOVERN: Nixon is a shrewd enough historian to know that where you stand in the polls in 1971 has very little to do with where you're going to be in 1972. I'm sure he figures that if he diminishes the war on the ground and reduces casualties and if the economy bounces back with some strength, he'll be in pretty good shape by Election Day. I think he does have that kind of historical perspective. As for the great trends of history, however, I think that the American people's sense that we're on the wrong course is more profound than the President's. He's more inclined to put a rosy interpretation on the situation than the American people are; I think they're closer to reality. In that sense, I believe his knowledge of history has failed him.

PLAYBOY: Does he have an anti-Communist ideologue's view of history?

McGOVERN: It may very well be that he's clinging to his old prejudices and, because of that, has cut himself off from sound historical perspective. But I must say, he seems to show signs of moderation. He's made overtures to the Chinese, he's let the SALT discussions go forward and he's been to central and eastern Europe.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel he's beginning to think in terms of coexistence?

McGOVERN: I hope so. Speaking for myself, I think communism is another economic system that doesn't happen to fit my view of how society ought to be organized, but I'm willing to live in a world of diversity and I think we can get along with the Communists. If people want to be organized under a Communist system, we've got to accept the fact that this is their judgment to make. The Soviets may be in competition with us, but that doesn't mean we can't coexist peacefully with them. And I think the same thing is true of the Chinese. We have had the view too long that because they are Communists, they are our mortal enemies.

I think even Nixon is beginning to see that. I mean, he seemed to enjoy being wined and dined in Romania by the Communist government. And he doesn't seem to be particularly disturbed about communism in Yugoslavia. He even talks of being concerned about Czechoslovakia because of its difficulties with the Soviet Union. So I think even he is beginning to see that you can

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survive in the same world with Communists, that we don't have to get involved in any more holy crusades to "stem the Red tide."

PLAYBOY: If that's true, why does Nixon remain so hostile to the idea of Communist representation in a postwar Vietnamese coalition government?

McGOVERN: That's where his anti-Communist instinct has survived most disastrously. You can't run a schizophrenic foreign policy. A foreign policy has to stand for—and against—the same things everywhere. I simply don't understand how he can reconcile himself to communism in Romania and yet not stand the prospect of communism in Vietnam. As far as I'm concerned, who controls Vietnam is of approximately the same strategic significance as who controls Albania. If we hadn't become involved there, most of us wouldn't even know where Hanoi is. I think it was Ken Galbraith who said that if we hadn't become involved, Vietnam would be enjoying the oblivion it so richly deserves.

PLAYBOY: We gather that you don't believe in the domino theory.

McGOVERN: If you're talking about the theory that when one country falls to communism, others will somehow follow it, sort of automatically, I don't believe that at all. In fact, I believe quite the reverse. Our meddling in Indochina has hastened the fall of the dominoes. Laos and Cambodia were doing quite well until we came along, and now I'm not sure what's going to happen to them.

PLAYBOY: Do you sympathize with the aspirations of the Viet Cong and their North Vietnamese allies?

McGOVERN: In that they're striving for national independence, yes. Their posture is more legitimate than that of General Thieu, who is really a creature of French and American power. I can scarcely condone the terror the Viet Cong and Hanoi have adopted as a military tactic, but they've been on the side of Vietnamese national self-interest ever since they expelled the Japanese and then the French. Now it's our turn.

However good our intentions may originally have been—saying we were going there to ensure self-determination—our purpose began wearing thin from the very beginning. The moment Eisenhower said Ho Chi Minh was the choice of 80 percent of the Vietnamese, we made ourselves into hypocrites by claiming we were there to advance self-determination. We were there for precisely the opposite reason, which was to prevent the overwhelming sentiment of the country from bringing into power what we felt would be a Communist government and to use all our military might to keep the unpopular anti-Communist government in power.

Toward that insane end, we have nearly destroyed their nation with our guns and our bombs. My Lai is just a

tiny pimple on the surface of a raging boil. The whole war is a massacre of innocent people and we all share in the guilt for it. Probably 1,000,000 innocent people have been slaughtered or maimed by American bombs and artillery. Another 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 have been systematically driven out of their homes and herded into miserable refugee centers. What makes Lieutenant Calley's acts so barbaric is that he personally looked down the barrel of a rifle and shot women and infants pleading for their lives. No matter how you explain it, that's more barbaric than a pilot under orders from a commander dropping bombs on a civilian target. But the results are just as devastating when you've killed several hundred people from 20,000 feet as when you've gunned them down in a village.

Calley may have disobeyed orders in doing what he did, but the devastation of Vietnam is a deliberate national policy that has the endorsement of the United States Government, its commanders in the field, its Armed Services Committee in the Congress and the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In that sense, we're involved as a free people in decisions that are murdering innocent individuals. So I think everybody from the President on down is as guilty as Lieutenant Calley. What I'm saying is that the whole Vietnam intervention by the United States is a criminal, immoral, senseless, undeclared, unconstitutional catastrophe, and the answer to the crime of our policy is not to pick out a few scapegoats. The answer is to indicate that we understand we made a mistake and to change our leadership.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the majority of Americans feel as you do?

McGOVERN: Yes, I think so. The fact that 73 percent of the people in a recent Gallup Poll said they favored the McGovern-Hatfield Amendment to disengage before the end of this year is indicative of the problems that confront Nixon. It's not just the war. It's the fallout from the war, the credibility problem, the economic distress, the inflation, the dislocations that the war has wrought in our own society.

PLAYBOY: If you should become President, and if the fighting is still going on by then—which the Administration claims won't be the case—how would you end it?

McGOVERN: I would announce on Inauguration Day that we were simply leaving on such and such a date—lock, stock and barrel. Perhaps I'd take a couple of days to notify the interested governments, but no longer. I would think that negotiations for the release of our prisoners and the safe exit of our forces could begin within 30 days after I became President. And once those negotiations were completed, I see no reason why a full withdrawal couldn't be executed in six or eight months' time.

I think the Nixon hang-up is that he

won't let go of the Thieu-Ky regime. He somehow feels that we have to continue the bombing even after we withdraw our troops, so that we can ensure the survival of the Thieu-Ky regime—which means, in realistic terms, that American prisoners will be left in Hanoi indefinitely. Obviously, Hanoi isn't going to release our prisoners as long as we continue military operations, even though American ground forces may be gone. It also means that the Americans who remain behind, in however reduced numbers, are in danger of being wiped out.

Suppose Vietnamization works and you get American forces down to 100,000 by the summer of '72; those 100,000 men could be wiped out any time the other side decided to stage another Dien Bien Phu. And, of course, the prisoners would stay in their jails. If that happened, would Nixon unleash the full power of the American Air Force against Hanoi? If so, the prisoners would be destroyed. And if we really jeopardized North Vietnam's survival, I suppose the Chinese would intervene. So I think the alternative to disengagement might well be World War Three.

PLAYBOY: World War Three could also be ignited by continued hostilities in the Middle East. Do you think the U.S. has a more legitimate stake in that conflict than it does in Vietnam?

McGOVERN: Yes, I do. The Middle East is more important than Vietnam in terms of both our security and our traditions. But I don't agree with the President that it's more dangerous and explosive than Southeast Asia. The Nixon Administration has done reasonably well in trying to get the Israelis and the Arabs together in face-to-face negotiations. But I don't think we can dictate a settlement, whether on the basis of Secretary Rogers' plan or any other. We must recognize the outstanding differences as essentially an Arab-Israeli concern, and no matter how important the outcome is to us, I don't think we can dictate it.

There are legitimate grievances on both sides. Even the Israelis recognize that the Palestinians who lost their homes have a right to a decent life. As Americans, we should do all we can to help them. It would remove a major obstacle to peace in the region. The principal concerns for Israel are to make sure that its borders are defensible and that its right to exist is recognized by the Arab states. I think Israel won't be fully secure until the United States and other countries guarantee its existence. Israel is the one free state we have in the Middle East. It represents democratic ideals, and I don't know of another country in the world that has the confidence and support of its own people to the degree that Israel has. I would be prepared to take whatever steps were necessary to ensure its survival.

PLAYBOY: Is Soviet expansionism in the



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Middle East creating the risk of a big-power showdown?

McGOVERN: I don't think the Soviets will press their expansion to the point where it precipitates a confrontation with the United States. And I don't think we will, either. I see the deepening Soviet involvement in the Middle East partly as an outgrowth of our obsession with Southeast Asia; I think the Russians thought they could make a little mischief in the Middle East while we were preoccupied with Southeast Asia. But the situation is dangerous. That's why it's so important for negotiations to proceed. Neither Russia nor the United States has the power to impose a solution on the Middle East. But as long as Russia keeps supplying arms to the Arabs, we have to make sure that the balance is sufficient for Israel to defend itself.

PLAYBOY: While we're at loggerheads with the Soviets in the Middle East, do you think we should cooperate with them on SALT talks for disarmament or on *détente* for central Europe?

McGOVERN: Yes, I do. I think, for example, we ought to have a standstill on any further ABM or MIRV deployment. We ought to unilaterally halt any further missile development and then press for agreements with the Soviets on the ABM. At least we could sign off on that one. We don't need the ABM anyway.

PLAYBOY: Why is the President unwilling to fulfill his promise to sign an anti-ABM agreement?

McGOVERN: I don't understand why. It may be a Cold War ploy; I'm sure he knows we don't really need it for our security. Or it may be the pressure of jobs and military contracts here at home.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the President would continue the arms race for the sake of jobs, when jobs can be created for peacetime use?

McGOVERN: Well, I think he probably sees the ABM as a kind of harmless device to both keep people at work and satisfy the pressures on him from the military. I think Nixon lacks the imagination to see that a human-needs program could be pushed through Congress with his leadership. He vetoed the school bill, the hospital-construction bill and the manpower bill. It's ridiculous to build ABMs and MIRVs when you have all these vital things people need in areas where they can be kept employed.

The most outrageous single factor in American politics today, if you leave Vietnam aside, is that we continue to waste billions of dollars on nonessential military gadgets while pinching pennies on providing public-service employment here at home. We desperately need housing, schools, day-care centers, health care, new transit systems, antipollution devices, environmental programs of various kinds. There's enough work in this country for every man and woman

who's capable of working, if we set our values straight.

PLAYBOY: Is there any way other than further arms expansion to ensure our national security?

McGOVERN: Indeed there is. The best way to ensure our national security is to improve relations with the Soviet Union in every area we can. That means expanding international trade and trying to reach an agreement on such outstanding questions as the Middle East, Berlin, Southeast Asia and arms control. But if we're going to get anywhere in any of these areas, we're going to have to abandon our paranoia about Russia's ambition to dominate the world. I think if the Russians had messianic views at one time, they've largely subsided. The Soviets are interested in a security zone to protect them from another invasion from the West, from revived German militarism, and they see American policy in western Europe as reviving German power and building a nuclear cordon around them. I've always felt that's the real reason they wanted a cushion of Communist states on their western border, from Poland to the Mediterranean.

Though they're not particularly interested in Southeast Asia, except in getting us out, they won't permit us to defeat North Vietnam any more than the Chinese would permit us to defeat North Korea. But the Middle East is different. There's an old czarist carry-over involved there, I think, of wanting to have access to the eastern Mediterranean. I suppose they're concerned about the oil in the Middle East, although perhaps not as much as we are. But they're going to be a force in the Mediterranean whether we like it or not; they're going to increase their sea power in that area.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't it be against our interests to let the Russians expand wherever their ambitions take them?

McGOVERN: Well, we can't ignore big-power expansionism—our own or anyone else's. We've got to press them for greater restraint and, at the same time, we must restrain ourselves. Perhaps the greatest anxiety of the Soviets today is their relationship with the Chinese. I believe it would be a mistake for us to try to exploit it by unduly increasing their tensions with Peking. Nobody would gain from an all-out war between China and Russia. But I think we've been right in seeking to counteract their mischief-making in the Middle East by selling arms to Israel. And we must leave no doubt that we are committing ourselves to Israel's survival.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Soviet world ambitions have been cooled by our military power?

McGOVERN: That's possible. But I think we've exceeded our necessary build-up. The enormous American build-up after World War Two almost guaranteed that the Soviets would attempt to offset it. If

we had moved with less ambition in trying to encircle them with nuclear power, they might have been less fearful and, therefore, less belligerent than they've become.

PLAYBOY: If we "let down our guard," to use the term heard in some circles, do you think the Russians would attack us?

McGOVERN: I think the United States ought to maintain its nuclear deterrents—at a reduced level—but we don't need as large a force in western Europe as we have. I don't see any signs that the Soviets want a major war with western Europe or with us, so we could very safely reduce the size of our military without subjecting ourselves to a Soviet danger.

PLAYBOY: How about the danger from China?

McGOVERN: I think the belligerent stance of mainland China, which so far has been largely rhetoric—and which now, of course, shows signs of softening—would greatly lessen if it became a part of the international community, if the government were recognized as the legitimate government of China and if it were made a part of the United Nations.

PLAYBOY: Then what should be done with Taiwan?

McGOVERN: I would leave that up to the people of China and Taiwan. It's not an American problem. Both Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung agree that it's a Chinese problem.

PLAYBOY: Would it remain so even if Peking attempted to unify the two Chinas by force?

McGOVERN: I don't think Peking would do that. I think the Chinese would work out some kind of peaceful arrangement, and my guess is that, if we recognized Peking and it was admitted to the United Nations, Chiang Kai-shek would make good on his pledge to withdraw from the UN. Then it would be up to him whether he headed for Paris or Geneva or sought to work out an arrangement for the future of Taiwan. If I were President, I would be prepared to recognize Peking as the sole and legitimate government of China, leaving the future status of Taiwan to be resolved peacefully by the people on both sides of the Taiwan Strait.

PLAYBOY: Would you recognize any obligation on our part to protect Chinese officials on Taiwan from reprisal?

McGOVERN: I think if they wanted to leave, as with those in the Saigon government who might not wish to remain behind when we leave Vietnam, we could make an offer of asylum; but I can't envision a situation in which the mainland Chinese would move in there and start massacring people on Taiwan. The primary responsibility for the people of Taiwan is in the hands of the Chinese government. You have to express the hope that it would deal with its people peacefully. We cannot determine the outcome ourselves.

PLAYBOY: In reassessing our relations

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with the Communist world, what do you think we ought to do about Castro?

McGOVERN: My maiden speech in the Senate in March of '63 was entitled "Our Castro Obsession Versus the Alliance for Progress," and the thrust of that speech was that we've blown up Castro out of all proportion to his real significance in the hemisphere. I don't know why we ever broke relations with Cuba. It was a mistake for the Eisenhower Administration to do it and to set up the invasion that John Kennedy later attempted to carry out. That's not the way to deal with a government whose ideology we happen to oppose. It was—and is—a mistake for the United States to be in a counterrevolutionary position in Latin America. I wouldn't recommend that this country support violent movements in Latin America, but I do hope that our policy would not be simply to support anti-Castro movements. It must be identified with the efforts of more enlightened groups to change the social structure. We should condition our aid to benefit the ordinary citizen.

PLAYBOY: However well intentioned, doesn't that proposal imply continued interference in the internal affairs of our neighbors?

McGOVERN: It's a different kind of interference. It's an effort to use the influence of the United States on behalf of the ordinary citizen rather than of the governments which have so seldom represented them. We have always intervened in Latin America but, unfortunately, on the side of dictators and of American corporations, which have been content largely with what resources they could withdraw rather than with raising the living standards of the people. It could be argued that we gave Castro the opportunity to seize power by our indifference to the exploitive role played by our own economic interests. Furthermore, we must be careful about the assumption that we can really influence social and political events in other countries. Our influence is extremely limited, particularly because it is suspect, but what we *can* do with American aid is attach certain conditions to it. We don't have any obligation to give monetary or other aid to an oppressive regime, and we shouldn't. But if there are progressive leaders in Latin-American or other countries who need assistance in carrying out social reforms aimed at better health, better nutrition, better agricultural practices, better population planning, then I think American influence could be both benevolent and constructive.

President Kennedy was very careful to try to give special attention to reform leaders in Latin America. He made a conscious effort to identify with Betancourt in Venezuela, Figueres in Costa Rica and Bosch in the Dominican Re-

public. He wanted the United States, in a subtle way, to indicate that we weren't going to glorify the Trujillos, the Jiménezes, the Batistas and the other dictators who were exploiting their own people. I think that what Kennedy attempted was to try to say to Latin America that we know the difference between a reformer and a son of a bitch.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel we have no commitment to protect the economic interests of American corporations overseas?

McGOVERN: No, I don't think we do. When American corporations go abroad, they have to take the risks implicit in the local political situation. Dollar diplomacy belongs with gunboat diplomacy in the early 20th Century. It's got to be abandoned.

PLAYBOY: How would you suggest we deal with the new Marxist government of Chile under Allende?

McGOVERN: If that government moves to address itself to fundamental economic and social problems, it will justify American assistance.

PLAYBOY: You don't regard a Marxist Chile as a threat to our national security or to our economic interests?

McGOVERN: Certainly not to our national security; to American economic interests, perhaps so. But I don't think it's our concern that Chile elected—and it appeared to be a legitimate election—a Marxist government. We've always said that we believe in self-determination, and that's just what they're practicing.

PLAYBOY: Why does the drive for social change in most of the underdeveloped world always seem to involve anti-Americanism?

McGOVERN: Part of it is legitimate, but part of it is scapegoating by political and social leaders who find it convenient to make the United States the whipping boy. But whatever the reason, and however justified it may be, throwing a brick through the window is not the answer. There needs to be more compassion and organized social action on the part of the reform leaders in Latin America, Africa and Asia, and that goes beyond berating the United States. As bad as our record is in these countries, the record of many governments in emerging nations, particularly in Latin America, is even worse. And their reformers have done very little to improve the situation.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with those who place runaway population growth high on the list of unsolved problems in the Third World?

McGOVERN: I certainly do. Unless it's checked, population growth will destroy those countries and any chance they have for peaceful survival or development. We can make a contribution to population control, but only in a limited way, in the form of educational and technical assistance, to alert them—as we must alert our own people—to the terrible dangers of unchecked popula-

tion. Because there's only so much room on the planet, uninhibited population growth is related to almost all the other problems we face, especially hunger and the protection of the environment. The Government should provide educational and birth-control assistance to all those who want them—both at home and abroad. This isn't a question of trying to limit the nonwhite population, as some may think, because there are even more poor whites than poor nonwhites in this country.

PLAYBOY: You have proposed a Family Allowance Plan that some say would encourage population growth. Is that true?

McGOVERN: What I proposed is that we cancel the then \$600 income-tax deduction for children and replace it with a \$600 cash payment for each child. The present income-tax allowance for children favors middle- and upper-middle-class families and does nothing for poor people, who aren't at a level of income where that means anything to them. My proposal wouldn't be a stimulus to population growth. All the statistics show that there is no correlation at all between child allowances and population growth. The Canadians have had this program for years and their population growth is the same as the U.S. growth, maybe slightly below. Though there are many reasons why families have children, collecting a baby bonus isn't one. But I saw myself spending the next couple of years trying to explain all that to people, so I dropped my plan.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we could devise some kind of program that would discourage having babies?

McGOVERN: The only way it can be done is by education, by making birth-control devices and information readily available—and not only to the poor. The average welfare family in the United States has somewhat fewer than three children—slightly below the level for more affluent families.

PLAYBOY: Since you're no longer pressing your Family Allowance Plan as a way to fight poverty, what do you think of President Nixon's Family Assistance Program?

McGOVERN: I give him credit for the program, which seems to me to be the most enlightened single initiative taken by his Administration. Poverty, after all, is concentrated in families with children. Yet I think Nixon has failed to see the full dimensions of the poverty problem. For example, his vetoes of modest increases by the Congress to provide better health care, better housing, better education, more public-service jobs, more job training, better programs for the cities, his dismantling of the Legal Assistance Program for the poor—all these things make me question whether or not the Family Assistance Program is anything more than a Pat Moynihan

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initiative that was sold to the President at a time when the welfare program was generally recognized as a mess. I think the greatest single economic and social problem before the United States today continues to be the simple fact that there are too many people who aren't sharing in the affluence that the rest of us enjoy. As long as that's the case, this society is going to be very unhappy.

PLAYBOY: Recently, the President made a number of rather revealing statements about his dedication to the puritan ethic—self-reliance, hard work, refusal of charity, that sort of thing. Do you think this reflects an insensitivity, an indifference on his part to the problems of the poor?

McGOVERN: I think it does. Even when Nixon was a boy, that view was unrealistic. At the time he was formulating those views, there were millions of people who, no matter what they did, were unable to find work. The only thing that saved us in the Thirties was that Roosevelt came along with programs that enabled people to go back to work. Admittedly, the programs were patchwork; they weren't as well developed as they might have been. But what is needed now is the recognition that there are still millions of people in this country who can't find jobs in the private sector. The jobs just aren't there, and it's going to require a wide range of public-service employment to create jobs for them.

I think if I were President of the United States, it would be one of my first orders of business to get all the agencies of the Government, in cooperation with the labor unions and private industry, to devise alternative sources of employment. I think the President could relieve a lot of the tension between blacks and whites if he stopped talking about welfare chiselers and said, "Look, everybody who wants to work is going to have a job. We don't know quite yet what you'll be doing, but you're going to have a good job. And the Government is going to guarantee employment at decent wages." There is enough important work to do in this country. Everybody should have a chance to work, and most people want that chance. I'd like to give it to them. That would be more helpful than delivering sermons on the puritan ethic.

PLAYBOY: Both you and Nixon were raised in a comparable Protestant atmosphere. How do you account for your liberalism and his conservatism?

McGOVERN: It's partly the fact that I was exposed to a much better education than Nixon was. Also, I think I came from a more compassionate family: I was taught that we had to respond to the needs of the poor. I can remember that, during the Depression, there was scarcely a day that we didn't have some-

one eating at our house. Maybe a young guy on the road looking for work would knock at our door and we would feed him. I just grew up with the concept that we have to help those who can't help themselves.

PLAYBOY: Your formative years were spent in rural America. But the majority of America's domestic problems today most seriously afflict its disintegrating cities. Isn't all that foreign to your personal experience?

McGOVERN: I admit that I don't feel as at home in a central city as I do in smaller towns or out in rural areas. But I feel a great sense of compassion for people who have to live in dilapidated neighborhoods, who are forced to live under demeaning circumstances, where the sanitation is bad, health service is inadequate, schools are poor, jobs are few. I think I see very clearly that what we have to do, if we're going to resolve the tensions among people living in the cities, is to broaden the whole spectrum of social and economic opportunities for everyone. In short, I don't find the transition from rural to urban concerns a difficult one to make.

PLAYBOY: Would Populist properly describe your brand of rural liberalism?

McGOVERN: I think so. The Populists had a great sense of indignation against the special interests that exploited the poor, in both urban and rural America. You still have great corporate wealth concentrated in the hands of a few people who are largely ignorant of or indifferent to what they're doing to the life of the ordinary citizen. As a Populist, I'm determined to fight for a more just tax system with fewer loopholes for the rich and the powerful.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an urban program, or a program for minorities, that you could talk about at this stage of your campaign?

McGOVERN: Yes, I do, though it needs to be more fully developed. But I can tell you this much: On my trips into the cities, I've met with community leaders, black and white, and I find that what they're interested in are programs that give them a fair piece of the action. They want to be a part of the economic development of the community. They want to run their own businesses, their own apartment buildings, their own shops, their own factories. They recognize that over the years they've been denied access to credit and business opportunity and they want some special consideration to help them get off the ground. If I were President, I'd try to help them do just that.

PLAYBOY: How about an Indian program?

McGOVERN: Well, I'm the author of what I think is the best proposal that's yet been made for Indians. It would provide the same kind of assistance for Indians that I've just talked about for the urban

poor. The Indian people resent the paternalism of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. They feel, for example, that they're perfectly competent to run their own affairs. They need financial assistance, but they don't want a bureaucrat from Washington running their lives, and they shouldn't have one.

PLAYBOY: Could the President's revenue-sharing program make a difference to the rural and urban poor?

McGOVERN: I think the President raises false hopes by talking about distributing substantial amounts of Federal revenues as unmarked grants, when we're faced with an enormous Federal deficit. The only thing we have to share is the deficit. I also object to the revenue-sharing plan because he's deducting the money from vital ongoing programs where the money is earmarked for specific purposes. Eleven billion dollars of the 16 billion dollars he proposes to give to the cities and states would have to be taken from education, health, welfare and conservation programs that the poor desperately need. I think Congress can earmark money for those purposes more responsibly than the local politicians who would control these funds, men who are under heavy and direct pressure from special local interests. God only knows where all that money would end up.

PLAYBOY: Do you agree with recent criticism of the President by the General Accounting Office for allowing money that was to aid in the desegregation of Southern schools to be spent for such purposes as cars for school boards?

McGOVERN: I certainly do. And the same thing has happened to crime-control funds authorized in the 1968 Omnibus Crime Bill. Instead of the money's being used to raise the professional standards of police, to provide more training, more education and more intelligent police methods, it was used in many cases to buy riot guns, machine guns and even fancy uniforms—all traceable to lax Federal supervision. These trappings hardly go to the heart of the crime problem. Such instances illustrate that what we really need is not indiscriminate hand-outs of Federal funds but more careful and intelligent Federal guidelines for administration of those funds.

PLAYBOY: Are you satisfied with the benefits to the poor of the anti-hunger campaign you've been leading?

McGOVERN: I think our campaign has been the greatest success story on the social front in the past couple of years. We've doubled the number of people who are receiving food assistance. I would say we're still short of a touch-down, but at least we've moved to the center of the field from the end zone.

PLAYBOY: Do you have the feeling that most of the current social-reform proposals that are being talked about, particularly among Democrats, are a little stale,



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and that you'd better start devising some fresh approaches?

McGOVERN: I think so. We've got to not only come up with a much better welfare-reform program but also—as I suggested earlier—develop a wide range of public-service employment, with the Government paying the entire cost. We've tended to talk about the Government as the employer of last resort, as though this were a kind of desperation measure. I don't see it that way. In some areas, the Government ought to be the employer of first resort. There are certain things that can be done *best* by public-service employment.

PLAYBOY: Wouldn't this sort of program permit the opposition to accuse you of trying to revive the old New Deal notion of putting the people to work on WPA projects?

McGOVERN: That's exactly what President Nixon said last year when Congress approved Senator Nelson's bill for a public-service job program. He vetoed the bill. But I'm not talking about make-work jobs. There are very useful things that can be done by aerospace and defense employees in civilian fields, on jobs that demand the full talent and ability of workingmen and -women.

PLAYBOY: Were you tempted to vote for the SST on the grounds that it would provide 50,000 jobs?

McGOVERN: No, I wasn't tempted at all, because I don't think we need that airplane. We need those workers and those resources for other things. We need a whole new housing industry in this country; we need new transit systems in our cities; we need to rebuild our schools. We need paramedical, paralegal personnel.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the *sine qua non* of any major domestic-reform program a drastic cut in the military budget?

McGOVERN: Yes, there has to be a cut of 30 to 40 billion dollars in the military sector, not only because we need that money but because we need the scientists, the technicians and the research people currently working in defense. We need to phase them out of military tasks and start using their talent to modernize our machine-tool, shipbuilding and transportation industries, and to develop more efficient housing construction.

PLAYBOY: Can you persuade the American people that a defense cut of that magnitude can be made without a threat to our national security?

McGOVERN: I think so. A good case could be made by an intelligent President that the national-defense structure has to rest on more than simply piling up new and more sophisticated weapons. I think you could convince the American people that their own health and education, and the state of the economy, are as important to national defense as another half-dozen aircraft carriers, most of

which would be sunk in the first few minutes of any major war, anyway.

PLAYBOY: Thirty to forty billion dollars is almost half of the current defense budget. Apart from aircraft-carrier construction, what would you cut?

McGOVERN: I think the first cuts would come by withdrawing our forces from Indochina and, secondly, by withdrawing all but one division from western Europe. I would discharge those people from service and put them to work on civilian enterprises or send them back to school on the GI Bill of Rights. I would also immediately freeze the ABM and the MIRV, halt the development of a new bomber and new supersonic fighters and cancel construction of a new tank that the military is proposing.

PLAYBOY: Would you expect the Russians to trim their own defense programs in response?

McGOVERN: I think they're desperate to get out from under the same pressures we're under, that they're looking for some opportunity to divert funds away from the military into their own economic-development plans. If they didn't, we might have to reassess these considerations: I wouldn't want to put the country in danger. But we've got an overwhelming deterrent now. The Russians know that if we didn't build another thing for the next five years, we'd have the capacity to completely annihilate them in a nuclear exchange. That ought to be enough.

PLAYBOY: The failure of the Nixon Administration to reallocate national priorities from war to peace is one of the reasons young radicals threaten what some have called "a new American Revolution." Would Nixon's re-election move us closer to that?

McGOVERN: I don't think a revolution of the kind the young militants are talking about would go very far in this country. The forces of counterrevolution are so much stronger that all you would get is a great era of repression. But even without a revolution, the re-election of Nixon would be a real cause for despair—on the part of not only the young but also a great many working people and old people living on fixed incomes. I think even a lot of the business class would despair if Nixon were re-elected. His defeat in '72 is imperative to restoring to the country the confidence to implement a more humane set of values. But it depends on who's going to replace him. We don't want a Democratic Nixon or an old Cold Warrior of the previous Democratic era. It would simply give us more of the same.

PLAYBOY: If you were elected, wouldn't you be one of the most liberal Presidents in American history?

McGOVERN: That's what's called for today. The problems are so vast—and the opportunities so great—that we really

need liberation, in the broadest sense of the word. We need to emancipate the poor, the young, the nonwhite, the unemployed—all the excluded classes—and make full use of their talents.

PLAYBOY: How about the silent majority? What have you to offer them?

McGOVERN: The hard-hats are concerned about their jobs and their neighborhoods: white-collar people feel squeezed by growing tax pressures, small merchants by business monopolies. They want leadership in the White House that is dedicated to establishing a just tax structure, job security and fair competition, that addresses itself to the construction of more homes and not more weapons. That's interested in building better neighborhoods, schools and health facilities. That's what I would fight to get for them.

PLAYBOY: Another of the items at the top of your Presidential agenda, you said some time ago, would be the dismissal of J. Edgar Hoover from the FBI. Do you feel he's outlived his usefulness?

McGOVERN: I don't think any man ought to be permitted ever again to hold the top job in the Federal Bureau of Investigation over a long period of time, as Hoover has been. Hasn't he been there 47 years? I would say one Administration is enough for any one man in a job with the capacity to compile dossiers on individual citizens. Hoover should have resigned 25 years ago. He has become paranoid. In that sense, he is not only a menace to personal citizens but a chief obstacle to proper law enforcement. The FBI's own documents, from the files in Media, Pennsylvania, show clearly how widespread is the intrusion of the FBI into the private lives of ordinary Americans.

PLAYBOY: Do you think our whole program of information acquisition-retention-retrieval—which has been the subject of hearings by Senator Sam Ervin—is a threat to liberty?

McGOVERN: Absolutely. The Army surveillance of civilians, the compilation of data banks on the moves that citizens make—all that material worries me, particularly when it's in the hands of men who are a law unto themselves, as Hoover is. The Congress ought to set up a permanent watchdog to keep that kind of surveillance under control and see that it doesn't reach the point where it jeopardizes personal privacy. I've had colleagues come up and say, almost in terror, "Aren't you afraid Hoover is going to spill your file to some newsman?" It's a terrible thing to be faced with that kind of situation. You shouldn't have to live in fear of J. Edgar Hoover. He ought to be accountable to us, not the other way around.

PLAYBOY: High on the list of law-enforcement problems deplored by Hoover are
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WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A man who follows the automotive action—whether it's Sebring's "Test of Endurance" or a long-awaited new model introduction. He insists on driving the very latest, on the track as well as off. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by 46% of all men 18 to 34 who plan to buy a new car in the next year; more than read any other magazine. Give your new car ad a head start—in PLAYBOY. (Source: 1970 B.R.I.)

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*it was his new-found
friend who scented the
grotesque truth that
finally revealed
itself to him*

ALSO KNOWN AS CASSIUS

fiction

By HAL BENNETT

SOMETIMES, as she sewed and rocked in shadows, listening to classical music on the radio, my mother would comment that appearances can be very deceiving. She particularly cautioned me against men who are not men and women who are not women—she called them “funny” people—and made me aware at an early age that things are rarely what they seem to be. So that by the time I was 12 years old, there was a running debate in my mind about things as they are and things as they seem to be.

We lived in a rambling old house on the outer rim of Glen Oaks, which had been an exclusive white neighborhood in Cousinsville until black people moved in and the whites fled farther out into the suburbs. The old house

creaked and groaned as though it was in the last stages of some dreadful death, and I sometimes felt that eventually it would die indignantly down on our heads, white clapboards and all falling in a fury on top of our blackness.

Sometimes, too, I wondered about the white people who had lived there and left a smell behind them similar to that of warm, moist dogs penetrating a dozen large rooms on three floors. With just my mother and myself, we certainly didn't need such a large house; and we used only the first floor. But I suppose that such extravagance satisfied my mother as much as it did other black people who lived grandly in Glen Oaks now, where most of them had worked as maids and handy men before.

Glen Oaks had even been written up in *Ebony*, that's how important we were. Our streets were broad and well cared for, and the neighborhood was very quiet. Along with my mother, most of the black people there worked at the veterans' hospital in East Orange and earned very good salaries. A lot of us were lonely—I know that I was—but I imagine that all of us in Glen Oaks realized that loneliness was a small enough price to pay for the honor of being in *Ebony* magazine. And for the fact that we had been able not only to escape from Niggertown, which is what those of us in Glen Oaks called the black ghetto of Cousinville, but to chase the white people from Glen Oaks as well.

As for my father, he had died in Vietnam while I was still a small child; but my mother talked to me about him every night to keep his memory alive. "Your father was a very brave man," she said, rocking in her chair beside the radio. We did not have television, because my mother thought that there were too many violent programs on television for a 12-year-old boy to watch. "I do hate violence, you know that . . . considering the way your father died. He certainly was a brave man, one of the first black men to die in Vietnam fighting for his country. And he was a hero, make sure you remember that."

If she was in an especially good mood, she would bring a photograph of my father from her bedroom, where she kept it wrapped in cellophane and locked in a drawer. The photograph showed my father to be a young, handsome black man dressed in boxing trunks. His curly hair held a part in it. He assumed a fighting pose, his strong left arm jabbing slightly to the center of the photograph, his right arm cocked like a powerful snake, as though he was about to strike the enemies of America. Something about his unsmiling face reminded me of Cassius Clay; but when I mentioned this to my mother, she brushed the idea aside indignantly. "Honey, you only twelve years old, so you really don't know. But your father fought for his country, indeed

he did. He was a great fighter, a great man and a great American." She wrapped the photograph back in the cellophane. "You go to bed now, darling. It's way past time for you to be sleeping." She kept the lights dimmed in the living room, and her face was a murky blur as I kissed her good night.

She was large and not a very attractive woman, which might have accounted for the fact that we had absolutely no friends at all in Glen Oaks, because my mother refused to mix with anyone and cautioned me to do the same. "People are so violent nowadays," she complained, moving her big shoulders in what seemed to be a shudder. "You've got to be careful of them, honey. Furthermore, I just can't stand the way they run their mouths all the time, telling their guts." Although she claimed to despise black, she wore black dresses, veils, hats, shoes and eyeglasses constantly, as though she were in mourning perpetually for some loss more urgent and immediate than the death of my father.

She rarely went anywhere except to work at the hospital. Sometimes she took me to a movie at night, but she would not allow me to go to the movies alone. "Them funny men just waiting for a tender young boy like you," she said, and she frowned disgustedly. There were other children in Glen Oaks that I might have gone out with, but all of us and our parents avoided one another as much as possible, as though we were afraid of contamination. But what it really amounted to was that we were trying to hide not from one another but from the occasional white traveler who drove through Glen Oaks to admire the fine old houses that dozed at a discreet distance from each other like desert sphinxes in the autumn sun. None of us wanted strange white people to know that Glen Oaks had finally become colored after more than three centuries of being white. And so we stayed indoors and kept our windows shuttered and tried to forget that only a plank fence separated Glen Oaks from Niggertown, where black people were probably closer and less lonely, but certainly less elegant as well.

Still, it would be a mistake to say that we were completely isolated from Niggertown. Occasionally, my mother claimed to be dining for some "down-home" food—which nobody cooked in Glen Oaks, as though the odor of neck bones or collard greens simmering there would further betray the presence of blacks. When those yearnings stirred my mother, then we crept out of Glen Oaks down to a greasy black restaurant in Niggertown called The Shangri-La and ate soul food at a rear table surreptitiously.

Shoveling corn bread and chitterlings into her mouth underneath her veil, my

mother squealed with pleasure as she replenished herself. "Honey, my taste buds been tantalizing for some food like this, I'm telling you!" Then she ridiculed, in nasty little whispers, the niggers and the roaches that seemed to inhabit The Shangri-La in equal parts.

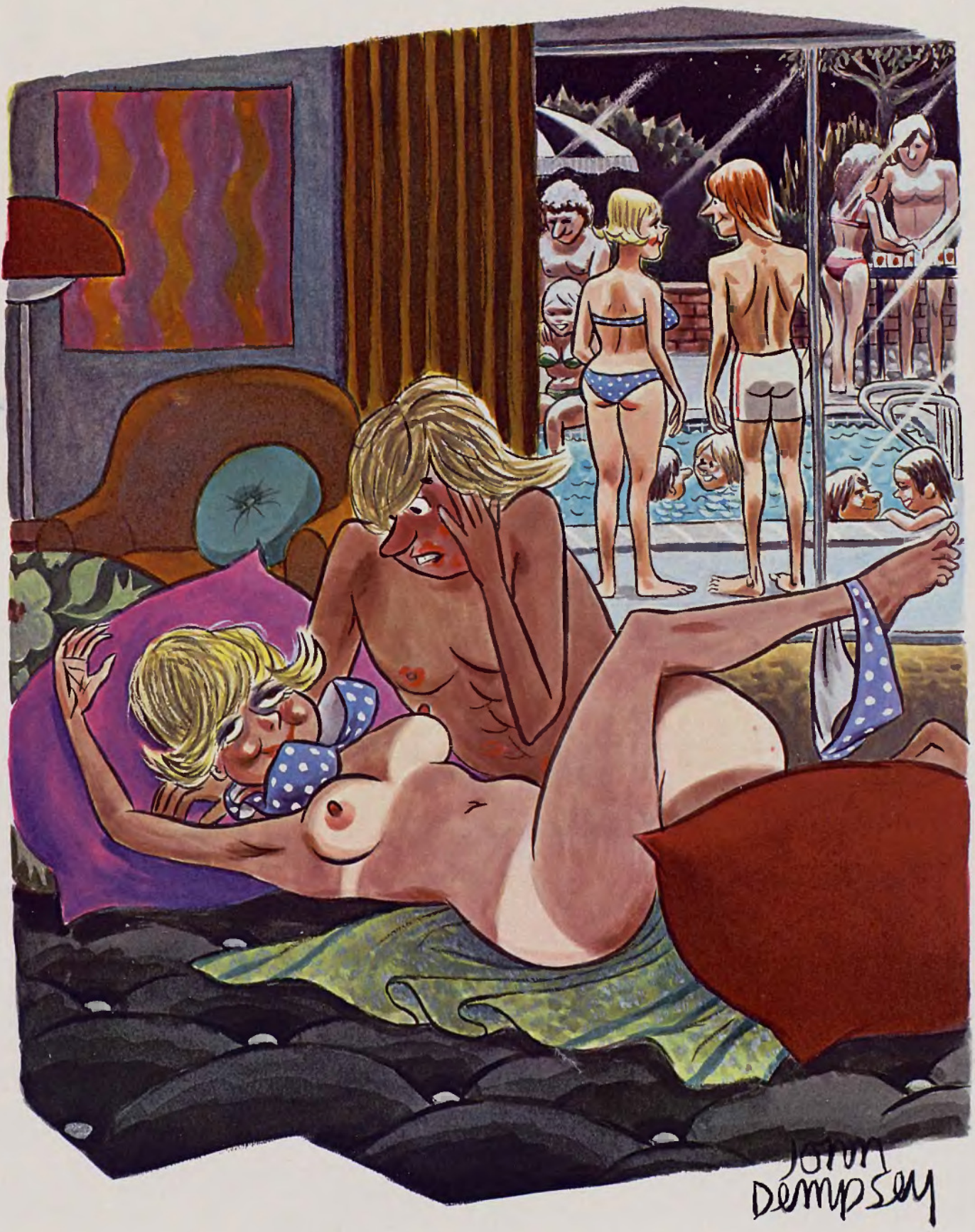
She had assured me many times that I had always lived in Glen Oaks. But somewhere at the back of my memory, there persisted an image as violent as a dark windstorm, where Niggertown spread its mass over me in a dream of noise and ruthless disorder as I luxuriated underneath its black weight. And on our last excursion into Niggertown for soul food, I looked at the black people there and felt confused, because it seemed that I belonged there with them, that, in fact, I had once been there with them—perhaps in the early days before my father died—and would someday be compelled to be there with them again.

My mother seemed to feel none of that. Wiping the grease from her lips and fingers with a large white handkerchief, she stared blankly through her veil at everything and everybody. When the bill finally did come, she paid it grandly and left an enormous tip. Everybody in The Shangri-La was looking at us and all the airs she was putting on. A toothless old black man sat in the kitchen doorway, peeling white potatoes from a sack between his legs; he giggled at us both. "Hurry up, honey . . . we've got to get back to Glen Oaks before sundown," my mother said in her loudest voice as she barreled through the screen door and we left The Shangri-La. Taking long, manlike strides, she walked so fast that her feet barely seemed to touch the ground. Everything in Niggertown offended her now that she was flying back to Glen Oaks with her belly bloated with enough black food to last until the next time.

But Niggertown excited me, crammed so exotically with dogs and buildings and very black people, and jukeboxes all playing the same hit song: *Revolution Revolution Revolution*. Men as gaunt as mummies. Rubbery-legged children dancing the funky chicken up and down the filthy street. Women misshapen by the burden of too many children born alive. The militant young primping arrogant Afros. *Revolution Revolution*. Drug addicts crumpled in doorways. Winos talking to themselves, playing with themselves. . . . "Hurry up, boy!" my mother scolded. She had stopped way ahead of me and I took two or three fast steps to satisfy her enough for her to turn around and go on.

It would be dark in another hour or so; still, I heard a rooster crowing—twice, three times—and it sounded somehow ominous to hear a rooster crowing that late in the day. At the same time, I wondered how that bird had managed

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*"Mrs. Felton! Jeez—but you and your daughter
are such look-alikes. . . ."*



*a low-camp farce starring the redoubtable
nobba-wawa-nockee boys' choir, under
the iron baton of col. d. g. bullard, u.s. army (ret.)*

The Mole People Battle the Forces of Darkness



humor **By JEAN SHEPHERD**

"CAMP NOBBA-WAWA-NOCKEE. Boy, what a great name!" said Schwartz as we squatted down, tying sheepshank knots

at scout meeting. Troop 41 was scattered around the church basement.

"Camp what?" Flick asked, snapping his rope at Kissel's bottom, causing

Kissel to kick him on the knee.

"Nobba-WaWa-Nockee," Schwartz answered. "Didn't you see that sign on the bulletin board? Take a look. Tells

you all about it."

Flick, Kissel and I read the notice:

CAMP NOBBA-WAWA-NOCKEE, A BOYS' CAMP IN THE SYLVAN MICHIGAN WILDERNESS. BOATING, LEATHERCRAFT AND A WELL-BALANCED, HEALTHFUL DIET. UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF COL. D. G. BULLARD, U. S. ARMY (RET.), CAMP DIRECTOR. SPECIAL RATES TO BOY SCOUTS.

There was a penciled note at the bottom: "See me. Mr. Gordon."

Mr. Gordon was our scoutmaster, who drove a truck for the Silvercup Bread Company, the official bread of all us kids, because they sponsored *The Lone Ranger*. Somehow, because Mr. Gordon worked for Silvercup, he seemed to have a direct connection with the Lone Ranger and Tonto, and he never denied it. We clumped over to Mr. Gordon, who was instructing two kids in artificial respiration. One lay flat on the concrete with his tongue hanging out, pretending he was drowned, while the other kid, Scut Farkas, sat on his back—Scut's favorite position—gouging away rhythmically at his rib cage.

"You count to yourself: 'One first-aid, two first-aid, three first-aid. . .'" Mr. Gordon stood over them, calling strokes, while the kid underneath turned purple trying not to laugh.

"Mr. Gordon, what about Camp Nobba-whatever-it-is?" Flick asked.

"Oh, yes." Mr. Gordon peered at us blandly through his thick glasses. "Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee is a truly splendid experience. I went there as a boy. You'll gain much from Colonel Bullard. Since I am an old Chipmunk myself, they have offered to give special rates to any boys in Troop 41."

I thought, What's a Chipmunk? I should have asked. It would have saved a lot of trouble later.

That night half the troop went home with brochures extolling the glories of Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee on the shores of Lake Paddachungacong. All over the neighborhood, skirmishes broke out as members of Troop 41 hurled themselves onto the floor and threw tantrums to be sent to camp. Ours was not a summer-camp neighborhood. In fact, summer was considered a time of glorious freedom, when we eddied up and down alleys, through vacant lots and over infields with no more sense of purpose than a school of minnows. Now, in our innocence, we were clamoring to be enlisted in Colonel Bullard's legions, where we would learn indelibly that there are *other* kinds of summers.

Camp began on the tenth of June, which was a week after school let out, and you could sign up for a four-week or an eight-week period.

"You'll have to talk to your father

about it." My mother sounded a bit uncertain as I tore around the house waving the brochure, already—in my mind's eye—paddling a birchbark canoe down the rapids in classic Indian fashion. It was bowling night and there was no telling how the old man would be when he got home. It all depended on how he rolled. Some nights, when his hook wasn't breaking and he wasn't picking up any wood, he'd come home sullen and smelling ripe of beer. He'd slam his bowling ball into the closet along with his shoes and go stomping around the kitchen, muttering. On those nights, nobody said a word.

My kid brother Randy, upon hearing about Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee, had run cheering around the dining-room table about five times, until he found out that kids under ten weren't allowed, after which he threw a fit, falling onto the floor, kicking off his shoes and crawling under the day bed, where he lay sobbing and punching the wall.

While I was throwing stuff all around my room, digging in my closet among the socks and baseball cards for my boy-scout ax, there was a roar in the driveway that meant the old man was home from bowling. Our Oldsmobile made a distinctive, loose-limbed, gurgling racket that came from 120,000 hard miles and gallons of cheap oil.

"YER LOOKIN' AT A GUY THAT JUST ROLLED A SIX-HUNDRED SERIES! My God, was I pickin' off them spares! You never saw nothin' like it!" He strode across the kitchen ten feet tall, smelling of Pabst Blue Ribbon and success. "You wouldn't believe it. I picked up a seven-ten split tonight that was like somethin' outa this world!"

He opened the refrigerator and grabbed a couple of cans of beer. "On the second game, I had six strikes in a row before I spared. Wound up with a two forty-eight. Even Zudock had to admit I was really layin' 'em in."

"Dad," I said, "I—"

"Ya know, kid, I'm gonna start givin' ya bowlin' lessons. If I'd a started at your age, lemme tell ya, I'd have a two-twenty average at least and—"

"He has something he wants to ask you." My mother broke in, setting a clean glass down in front of the old man. She was always trying to break him of the habit of sucking up his beer out of the can. He opened the Pabst, took a long swig from the can and wiped his mouth.

"Hey, what the hell's this?" He was looking at the Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee folder on the table.

"That's what he was going to ask you about," said my mother nervously. I could tell she was on my side. "You see, he wants to go to camp this summer."

"CAMP!" The old man set his beer down hard. "Camp!"

"Yes!" I leaped into the breach. "Mr. Gordon, our scoutmaster, told us all about Camp Nobba-whatever-its-name-is and Schwartz and Flick and Kissel are going and a lot of other kids from the troop and. . ."

My father peered at the brochure intently, looking at a picture of a bunch of kids sitting around the campfire.

"Camp? Well, I'll be damned. I never went to no camp when I was a kid." Then he read aloud: "'Indianlore and leathercraft with—' Hey, how the hell much is this gonna cost?"

I knew it was time for me to be quiet.

"It's on the back." My mother sounded cheerful as she poured the rest of the beer into the glass.

My father scanned the figures on the back. "Holy Christ!"

"They give boy scouts a special rate," said my mother hopefully.

"They'd better, at those prices." He started flipping the pages. "Hey, what's this?" He looked closer at the brochure. "What's this archery stuff?"

"That's bows and arrows," I squeaked.

"Bows and arrows!" The old man chortled. "Boy, you could'na paid me to shoot bows and arrows in the summer-time when I was a kid."

"And they have birchbark canoes, and they have this lifesaving badge with—"

The old man drained his beer. "Listen," he said, "you shoulda seen what I did on the third game. I started out with an open frame and it looked like I was gonna blow it, but then the old hook started to work and—"

"Don't you think just this once we might be able—" My mother hung in there.

"Camp? Sure, why the hell not? If the kid wants to mess around with bows and arrows, I guess you gotta get that kinda stuff out of your system."

At this, there was a sudden hysterical bleat from under the day bed.

"What the hell's eatin' him?" asked the old man.

"Kids under ten can't go to camp," I stated with deep-felt satisfaction. There were more muffled sobs and thumpings as Randy kicked the wall.

"KNOCK IT OFF!" the old man hollered. "You'll get your turn. You're too little to be messin' around with bows and arrows."

There was another shriek from under the day bed, but you could tell he didn't have his heart in it. I guess he knew it wouldn't do him any good to yell and holler anymore, and he might even wind up getting a swat on the behind if he kept it up.

I lay in bed that night stiff with excitement, even then aware that a new era had begun. Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee—with its dancing waters, its

(continued on page 86)



the age of awakening

*with rare sensitivity,
photographer
david hamilton
captures the ineffable,
elusive beauty of
emerging womanhood*

Caught in half sleep or in rapt self-contemplation while disrobing for a bath, the youthful beauties of David Hamilton's portraits are perfectly poised. Hamilton, whose camera seems an invisible presence, regards the placid composure of his models as central to his photographic art.



Hamilton's photos are illuminated not only by the golden glow of sun streams but also by the bloom of his slender young models, who seem to delight in the ripening of their lithe figures even in the innocent repose of sleep.



Adhering to a photographic style he calls "completely classic," Hamilton captures on film his subjects' languid limbs, their natural, artlessly erotic postures and the almost wistful, introspective expressions on their ingenuous faces.



Simplicity, soft light and perfect composition—as in studies of a pensive girl before a mirror or amid the disarray of castoff clothes—are, in Hamilton's words, "the whole thing," the special elements that make his portraits unique.



Hamilton usually shoots his sensitive tableaux in southern France, but he often journeys to Sweden in search of models "because Scandinavian girls are uncomplicated and very natural; they don't have complexes about their bodies."



"For me, it is necessary that beauty be very soft," Hamilton says of the lambent lighting in his subtle pictures. "Fortunately," he adds, "there is enough undiscovered beauty throughout the world for me to keep going forever."



In his early work, Hamilton shot mainly landscapes and flowers. Only in the past two years has he devoted himself to photographing women. Understandably, he plans to concentrate on the female form almost exclusively in the future.

The Mole People (continued from page 78)

zestful program of outdoor sports and recreational activities under the personal supervision of Colonel D. G. Bullard, U. S. Army (Ret.)—lay just ahead, glittering in the golden sunlight like the Emerald City at the end of the Yellow Brick Road of springtime.

The next night, at the kitchen table, my mother filled out the application—signing me up for a month—stuck it in an envelope, slapped a stamp on it and handed it to me.

"Here. Take this down to the mailbox before your father changes his mind."

I tore out of the house and flew down the street to the mailbox. It clanged shut. The die was cast! Though I didn't know it at the time, I was about to enter the sacred rolls of Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee, my name for all time inscribed on the birchbark scroll that was kept under glass in the Longlodge, the camp's main wigwam.

A week later, a message arrived for my mother on camp stationery, which featured a bright-yellow arrowhead and the silhouette of an Indian paddling a canoe in the moonlight.

Dear Madam:

We take pleasure to inform you that your son has been elected to the Chipmunk tribe of Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee. The Chipmunk tribe are the first-year boys, and I'm sure your son will enjoy being one. The following items must be brought to camp by your Chipmunk:

1. Single-bed-size muslin mattress cover.
2. Camping clothes, including shorts and hiking shoes.
3. Necessary accessories such as underwear, socks and toilet articles.
4. Writing equipment, as letter writing to home is mandatory.

Please be sure that every item of clothing, etc.; is clearly marked with your Chipmunk's name.

Your Chipmunk will appear at the downtown bus terminal in Chicago at seven A.M. June tenth to assemble with other campers, in order to be driven by the camp bus to Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee. Your son will be in good hands and I give you my personal assurance that we will return a more manly boy to you. Our methods have borne fruit over the years.

Sincerely,
Colonel D. G. Bullard,
U. S. Army (Ret.)
Camp Director

She read it over a couple of times and passed it to my father, who was studying the sports page—in vain—for the merest

hint of good news about the White Sox. He read it and turned to me.

"Well, Chipmunk, you all set for a big summer?"

"Yeah." It was about all I could think of to say. For some reason, I was beginning to feel a little scared.

The next couple of weeks were nothing but running around buying new shorts, T-shirts and underwear without holes. My mother toiled night after night with the name tapes, attaching them to every sock and handkerchief. My brother had become permanently sullen and spent a lot of time in the bathroom with the door locked, or under the porch.

Now that we were Chipmunks, Schwartz, Flick, Kissel and I drifted off from the kids who weren't going to camp. Already we were becoming part of the special world of Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee. On the way to the store at night, I would practice walking like an Indian, so that I could sneak up silently in the woods when I was hunting deer. I had read about it in Uncle Dan Beard's column in *Boys' Life*. I began to feel lean and sinewy as I moved like a shadow past the poolroom, a lone hunter in search of game.

The days crawled by with maddening slowness. The close of school, which usually ranked second only to Christmas in sheer ecstasy, passed almost without my noticing. Even bigger things were in store. Little did I suspect *how* big.

On the night before the big day, it took forever for me to go to sleep, and it seemed like five minutes later I was awake again. It was already 4:15. The alarm was set to go off in an hour. I sat there in the dark, listening to the old man snore. Outside, the rain was pouring down in sheets.

By 5:45 we were in the Olds, my huge suitcase piled in the back seat between me and my kid brother, who appeared to be glad that it was raining for my first day in camp.

"Jesus," said the old man, "I haven't been up this early since the Bumpus mob's white-lightning still blew up."

My mother, who was huddled in the front seat, bundled against the chill, with her hair all done up in aluminum rheostats, kept saying, "Now, you write. And you be careful, you hear? I don't want you getting drowned." Like all mothers, she had a thing about drowning.

We pulled up at the bus terminal at precisely 6:50. Already a milling mob of kids, with associated parents and sisters and a raggle-taggle crowd of kid brothers, all of whom looked mad, had formed in the main lobby under a canvas banner that read CAMP NOBBA-WAWA-NOCKEE. A short, round-faced man wearing

a khaki uniform with a yellow arrowhead on the sleeve stood on a folding chair amid the mob.

"I'm Captain Crabtree," he shrieked. "Now, all you campers listen carefully."

The excitement was electric. I spotted Schwartz in the crowd lugging a steamer trunk. Flick and Kissel were over on the other side. Mrs. Kissel was sniffing.

"HEY, SCHWARTZ!" I hollered.

"I said LISTEN!" Captain Crabtree stared balefully through his glasses at me. I had made my first false move.

"Say all of your goodbyes and make it snappy. We move out at 0700. Convey all your baggage over there to that platform. All Chipmunks raise your hands."

I stuck my hand proudly in the air, along with about a third of the rest of the kids.

"This is your first year, and you are not aware of the tradition of the Chipmunk cap. My assistant, Lieutenant Hubert Kneecamp, will pass them out. You will wear your Chipmunk cap at all times, so that you can be readily identified as a Chipmunk."

Oh, boy! A Chipmunk cap! It has often been noted that lambs go eagerly to the slaughter. So it was with Chipmunks. Lieutenant Hubert Kneecamp, who doubled as the bus driver, stumbled out onto the platform carrying a huge cardboard box. He was tall, very thin and had a sad expression that reminded me of Pluto in the Mickey Mouse cartoons.

The lieutenant opened the box and began to pass out bright-green beanies with a yellow arrowhead on the front. I pressed forward, so as not to miss my cap. Lieutenant Kneecamp shoved one into my waiting mitt. I quickly jammed it onto my head. It came down over my ears and I could barely see out from under the brim.

"They're all the same size," Lieutenant Kneecamp said over and over as he passed them out. I noticed Schwartz's beanie sat on the top of his head like half of a green tennis ball.

"NOW, ALL YOU CHIPMUNKS," Captain Crabtree shouted, "LINE UP ON THE PLATFORM. You will sit in a group at the rear of the bus. A Chipmunk does not speak unless spoken to."

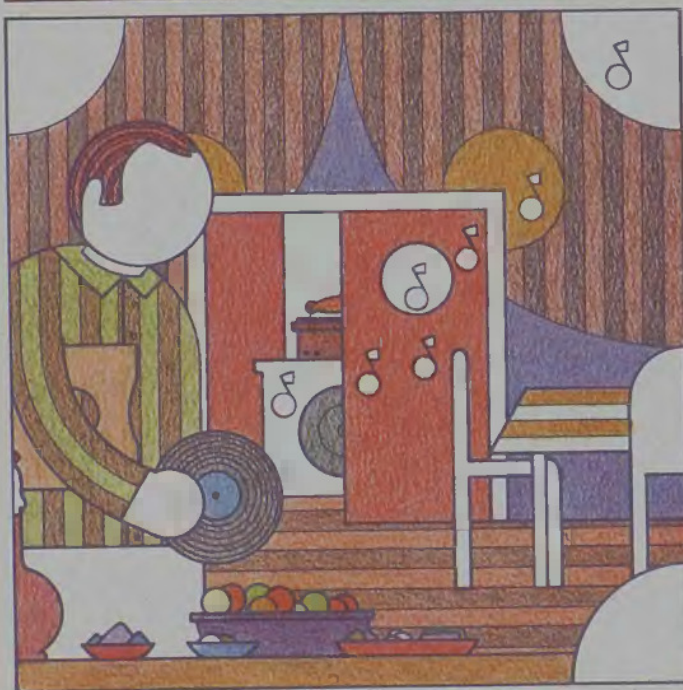
The non-Chipmunks among us were a head taller and a foot wider than any of us. They had the kind of faces that kids who smoke have. They hit each other in the ribs, laughed back and forth, and a few threw wadded-up balls of paper at us Chipmunks. They wore identical blue jackets and Captain Crabtree called them Beavers.

"OK, kid. Give 'em hell and hang in there." That was all my old man had to say to me.

My mother patted my hat down over my ears and whispered, "Don't forget what I said about your underwear. And

(continued on page 176)

THREE SINNERS IN THE GREEN JADE MOON



fiction By **ROBERT SHECKLEY** *was it the food, the music or a shameful secret that brought him back to the little café night after night?*

THE CHEF

Dear God,

The incident that I want to speak to You about took place some years ago, when I opened the best Indonesian restaurant in the Balearic Islands. I opened my restaurant in Santa Eulalia del Río, which is a village

on the island of Iviza. At that time, there already was an Indonesian restaurant in the port of Iviza and another in Palma de Mallorca. People have assured me that mine was easily the best.

Despite this, business was not good. Santa Eulalia was very small, but there were numerous writers and artists living in the village and in the surrounding countryside. These people were all very poor, but not too poor to be unable to afford my *rijsttafel*. So why didn't they eat more often at my place? Surely it was not the competition from Juanito's Restaurant nor Sa Punta. Even

granting those places full credit for their lobster mayonnaise and their *paella*, respectively, they could not approach my *sambal telur*, my *sate kambing*, above all my *babi ketjap*.

I used to think the explanation lay in the fact that artists are nervous, temperamental people who need time to accustom themselves to new things, and especially to new restaurants. I am that way myself and I have been trying to become a painter for many years. That, in fact, is how I came to open my restaurant in a place like Santa Eulalia. I wanted to live near other artists and to earn a living also.

Business was not good, but I was able to get by. My rent was low, I did my own cooking and I had a local boy who served customers and changed records on the player and washed up the dishes afterward. I didn't pay him much for all that labor, but only because I couldn't afford much. The boy was a marvel of a worker, always cheerful and clean, and with any luck he should someday become governor of the Balearics.

So I had my restaurant, which I called the Green Jade Moon, and I had my waiter, and within a week I had a steady customer. I never did learn his name. He was a tall, thin, taciturn American with black hair. He might have been 30 or 40. He came in at nine o'clock every night and ordered the *rijsttafel*, ate it, paid, left a ten-percent tip and left.

I exaggerate only slightly, for on Sundays he ate *paella* at Sa Punta and on Tuesdays he ate the lobster mayonnaise at Juanito's. But why not? I ate in those places myself. The five other nights of the week he ate my *rijsttafel*, usually alone, once or twice with a woman, sometimes with a friend. He ate quietly, while Pablo, my waiter, bustled around, serving dishes and changing records.

Frankly, I was able to live in Santa Eulalia off this customer alone. Not well, but I could live. Prices were very low in those days. Now, of course, when you find yourself in a situation like that, when you more or less live from the spending of one customer, you tend to study that customer with some care. That was the beginning of my sin. Like many sins, it seemed innocuous at first. I wanted to encourage this man. I began to study what he liked and what he didn't like.

I served a 13-plate *rijsttafel*, charging 400 pesetas, which was then a little over five dollars. *Rijsttafel* means rice table. It is a Dutch adaption of Indonesian cuisine. You put the rice in the center of the plate and soak it with *sajur*, a sort of vegetable soup. Then you surround the rice with various dishes—*kerie daging*, which is beef in curry sauce, and *sate babi*, roast pork on skewers in peanut sauce, and *sambal udang*, shrimps in red-pepper sauce. These are the expensive dishes, since they contain meat. Then there are *sambal telur* and *perkedel*, eggs in chili sauce and meatballs, and various vegetable and fruit dishes. Finally, there are the garnishes, such as peanuts, shrimp puffs, grated coconut, spiced potato chips and the like. Everything is served in little oval plates and it looks as if you are getting a great deal of food for your 400 pesetas. You are, of course, but not as much as it looks.

My customer ate with a good appetite and he usually finished eight or ten of the dishes, plus a little over half the rice. That is good going for anyone who is not a Dutchman.

But I was not content with this. I noticed that he never ate liver. So I took it upon myself to substitute *udang pindang ketjap*, shrimps in soy sauce. He seemed especially to like my *sates*, so I increased the amount and gave him plenty of peanut sauce.

Within a week, I could see that he was definitely gaining weight. That encouraged me. I doubled his portion of *rempejek*—peanut wafers—also the meatballs. The American began to eat like a Dutchman. He was filling out rapidly and I was helping him along.

In two months, he was some ten or twenty pounds overweight. I didn't care, I was trying to make him a prisoner of my food. I bought a set of larger plates and served him larger portions. I began to slip in another meat dish, *babi ketjap*, pork in soy sauce, in place of the peanuts he never touched.

By the third month, he was trembling on the frontier of obesity. It was mainly the rice and the peanut sauce that did it to him. And I sat back in my kitchen and played on his taste buds as an organist plays on an organ, and he dug in, his face round now and shining with sweat, while Pablo gyrated around with the dishes and changed records like a dervish.

It was evident now, the man was susceptible to my *rijsttafel*. His Achilles' heel was in his stomach, so to speak. But it was not even as simple as that. I had to assume that this American had lived his 30 or 40 years prior to meeting me as a thin man. But what permits a man to remain thin? An omission, I think, a lack of some food that really engages the specific desires of his taste buds.

It is my own theory that many thin people are potentially fat people who simply have not found their appropriate and specific food. I once knew an emaciated German who put on weight only when he went to Madras for a construction firm and encountered the astounding spectrum of southern Indian curries. I knew a cadaverous Mexican working as a guitarist in various London night clubs who assured me that he always gained weight in the city of his birth, Morelia. He told me that he could eat decently (though not voluptuously) anywhere in central Mexico, but that the cuisine from Oaxaca south to Yucatán, excellent though it was, was a total loss as far as he was concerned. And there was another man, an Englishman who had lived most of his life in China until the Communists expelled all foreigners, who assured me that he was wasting away for lack of Szechwanese food and that Cantonese or Shanghai or Mandarin cooking did not suit him at all; he told me that the regional differences of cuisine in China are (or were) greater than those in Europe and that his case was similar to that of a Neapolitan stranded in Stockholm. He told me that Szechwanese food was quite spicy, but delicate. He lived in Nice, on Provencal food, to which he added imported red-bean curd and soy sauce and God knows what else. He told me it was a dog's life; but perhaps his wife was partly to blame for that.

There are precedents, you see, for the behavior of my American. He was evidently one of those men who have never encountered a cuisine that really suits them. He had found it now in my *rijsttafel* and he was eating to make up for 30 or 40 years of sensation starvation.

Given a situation like this, the ethical chef must try to assume responsibility for (continued on page 161)



Tom Landi

"You're never going to make a Peeping Tom if you're going to stand there and yell, 'Boy, what an ass!'"

\$8884.42 A SECOND

article **By RICHARD RHODES**

BUNNY BID, a two-year-old colt (a male, that is; a female of the same age is a filly), lost America's leading quarter-horse race by a neck, and with it lost a healthy share of a purse that, in all three divisions of the race, totaled \$670,000. That is more purse than thoroughbred racing's triple crown. Bunny Bid did not go home impoverished.

He picked up \$83,817 for his owners, a group of six horse fanciers who operate out of Chillicothe, Texas. But the difference between second and first place, between a neck behind and a neck ahead, was \$94,671, and that's a hell of a lot of money for a neck. Or think of it in terms of time: Bunny Bid's time was 20.14 seconds, the winning horse's time 20.09 seconds. Ninety-four

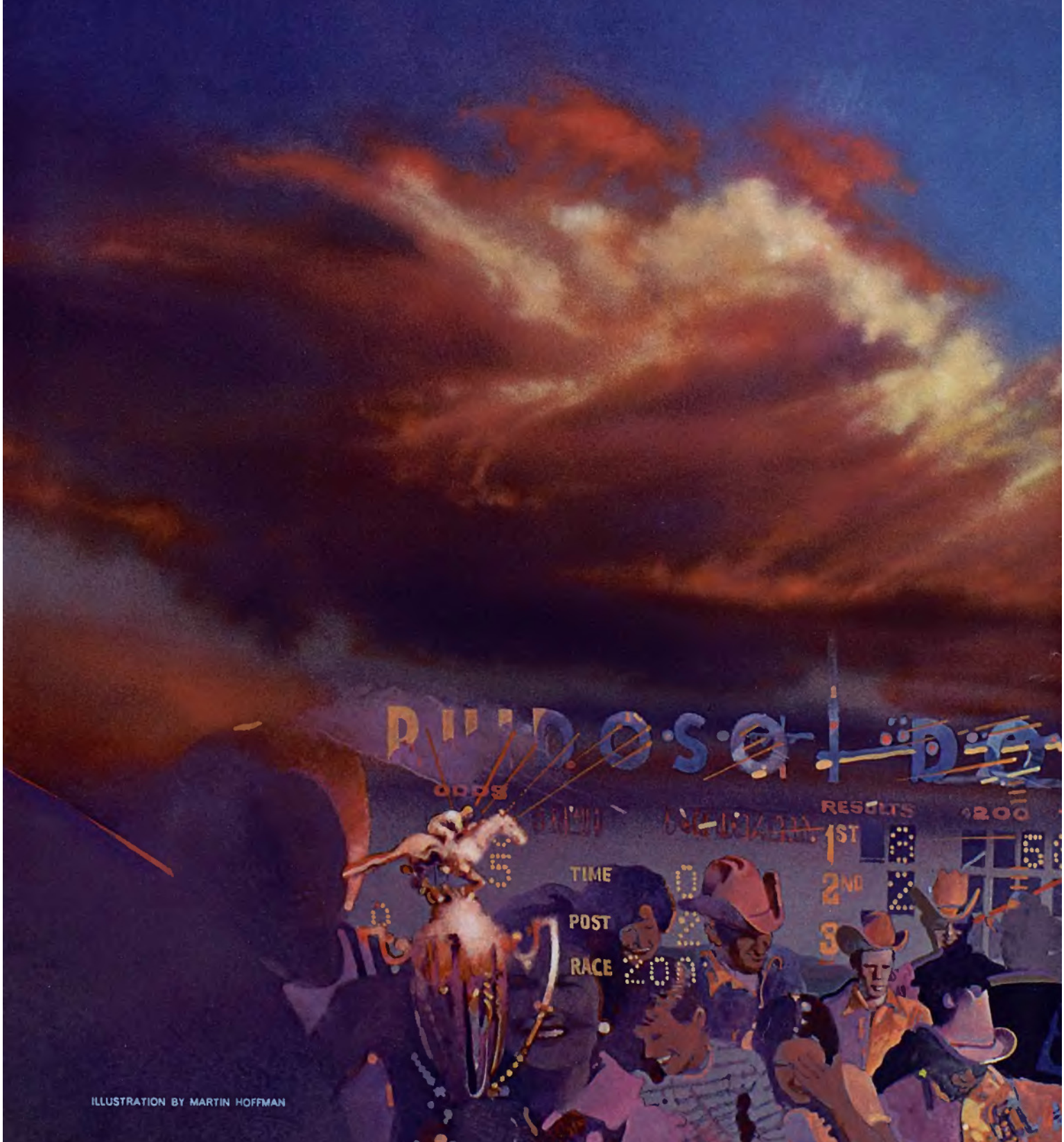


ILLUSTRATION BY MARTIN HOFFMAN

*down in a dusty corner
of new mexico,
they run a horse race
that's more like
a gold rush*



thousand, six hundred seventy-one dollars for five hundredths of a second. This side of aborted Apollo missions, you don't find money like that anymore. Money's not all of what quarter-horse racing is about, by far, but it does give you some perspective on the form.

This is what quarter-horse racing is also about: Ruidoso Downs, a village of 1600 people set 6400 feet up among piñon pines in the Sacramento Mountains of southern New Mexico, inaccessible except by car or private plane, crowded now on Labor Day with 15,000 people, most of them Texans but some from as far away as Hawaii, baking in the ultraviolet sun, and at the edge of the village in a bowl-shaped meadow a country track, good buff-colored turf watered and raked between races to keep it fast in that inhumid air, the jammed grandstand electric blue before the finish line, ten top two-year-olds at the gate breaking together at the bell and already, in two or three strides, running full at around 40 miles an hour straight down the track to a finish line a mere 400 yards away.

And this: rows of pale-cream Stetsons on tall, beefy men with pale-green and blue and gray eyes and weathered sun-burned faces; women beside them with high, coifed hair so fixed that it does not blow even in the incessant New Mexican wind, styles of hair long passed on in the East and even Middle West but still maintained here, because these are women of strident and straightforward sexuality in pointed high bras, whose models remain, as styles elsewhere change, the drum majorette and Miss America, women quick to anger but also quick to warm to strangers, quick to make you feel at home; the men downing bourbons in plastic cups that seem to have no effect at all except to add to the ruddiness of their faces and to tighten their intense silence as each of the day's 12 races go by and the betting tickets pile higher and higher in the aisles and on the floor beneath their feet; the women in slacks and pants suits jumping up and down and pounding their fists on their tables doubly animated because, except for a collective straining forward of backs and arms muscled by life in the outdoors, the men seem hardly animated at all; and then, as the day wears on and the heat mounts, the men gathering in knots across the grandstand as if conspiring some overthrow, chewing on toothpicks or cigars and talking intently from the corners of their mouths, their speech drawled, reluctant, their whole appearance, however much they have won or lost, the physical reality of the word *shrewd*; and down below in general admission, plain cowpokes and harder women watching almost evilly the races on which they have gambled their spare money; and

more than once from no particular corner of the grandstand a wild old-fashioned rebel yell; and on the floor playing with discarded tickets a boy of perhaps two years jutting from an enormous pair of Western boots.

And this: In a packed sale barn as luridly lit as any Moorish slave quarters, the wealthy and the not so wealthy of Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Kansas and Arizona (the wealthy rarely distinguishable from those who are not, often seedier, just folks) pull on their ears or tip their hats to drive up the bidding on yearlings that have not yet even been tried on the track to, in the case this year of Bunny Bid's half sister Darling Bid, \$58,500. Darling Bid could drop dead tomorrow. Assuming she does not, she stands a good chance of competing for the top stakes in next year's race.

The race is the All American Futurity, an annual Labor Day weekend event at Ruidoso Downs. It runs in three divisions, a second consolation on Saturday, a first on Sunday and the Futurity itself on Labor Day, with other thoroughbred and quarter-horse events added each day to fill the racing card. To get a horse into it, you must buy one that has been nominated for the race. Then you have to train the horse while making quarterly payments into the purse. That is why the purse is so enormous, because so many owners want to win the race. The All American Futurity is the best proof around that quarter-horse racing is here to stay. It has already reached the East. It may even reach England someday. It's the newest kind of racing in America if you don't count the chariot races (with quarter horses) in Rigby, Idaho. Ironically, it's also the oldest. Our ancestors (in Carolina and Virginia, not in Massachusetts—in Massachusetts they confined themselves to racing God into church and to the pillory) matched Spanish Barbs traded from the Chickasaw Indians down the main streets of their villages for fun and profit. Chickasaw horses they called the Indian stock, but the animals probably came through the Indians from the Spanish settlements in Florida. They originated in Arabia, nomad horses for a nomad people. We had no circle tracks in America in those days: Our first horse race was probably a straight quarter mile, run by stocky horses with thick shoulders and thighs and surprisingly small feet. And after the race the planter might well ride the same horse home. Ultimately, the length of the race would give the horse his name: quarter horse. The only refinement in the race since Colonial days has been to shorten the distance to 400 yards.

It can seem a disappointing race, especially if you are used to thoroughbred lengths. "You've got to *learn* to watch a quarter-horse race," one man told me at Ruidoso Downs. "You'll see this pack of

horses coming down the track and someone next to you will be saying to his wife, 'Number four stumbled coming out of the gate,' and you didn't see anything at all like that, you just saw a pack of horses start." It's the kind of race where every horse has at least the chance of winning. It's the kind of race that a jockey can win only if he and his horse do everything right from start to finish, and even then he will lose if another horse is natively faster. And it's the kind of race where what appear to be the smallest of details—a track slightly softer than it should be, the right breeding five generations back, a race run two weeks ago that the horse hasn't quite come back from—demand major attention.

Jockey Larry Byers, who might, in his dedication and his craft, have come straight out of the pages of *Death in the Afternoon*, except that he is happily married, who wanted to hear no excuses for riding Bunny Bid into second place in a race that he has worked for years to win, nevertheless heard from well-meaning bystanders after the race that Bunny Bid changed stride (he did, but then took the lead that the winning horse, Rocket Wrangler, then took away) and that the turf was better out at Rocket Wrangler's eighth gate than at Bunny Bid's second (it was: Larry wished he had had a muddy track, because Bunny Bid is a good mudder and Rocket Wrangler, whose legs aren't the best, isn't).

But it is also a race singularly suited to the character of the Southwest, and especially of New Mexico. Drive east from Ruidoso Downs little more than 100 miles and you will approach the edge of the Llano Estacado, the Staked Plain, among the most barren lands in all of America. It was on the Llano Estacado, in the 1890s, that a belated expedition of ranchers located 25 of the last buffaloes left in the entire United States from the 60,000,000 that had thronged the plains in the 1830s, when the systematic slaughter of the buffaloes for hides and tongues began. Only in the forbidding wilderness of the Llano Estacado could the buffalo find peace. That is the kind of state New Mexico is, barren mountains, barren plains, barren white desert, almost no natural surface water, so that you cross a bridge big enough to span a major river and see below you only cracked dry dirt. Yet New Mexicans don't care at all about the hardships of their state: They tout it to all comers as a miraculous place to live. If you like sun and a humidity that averages 15 percent and a wind that averages 12 miles an hour year round, or if you like quarter-horse racing, it is. It is also a place where you can be invited over to a table at a restaurant after the big race to be introduced

(continued on page 154)

modern living

THE BIKE BOOM

*for carefree relaxation and
pollution-free transportation,
the cry is: pedal power*

Daisy might still look sweet upon the seat of the bicycle built for two, but there cease all similarities between today's version and the tandem in the song. Our selection is a custom-built English ten-speed model weighing a scant 44 pounds; also available in a double-male combination, by Jack Taylor, \$375.



IN CONTRAST TO the sleek machines shown on these pages, one of the most famous early bicycles—a wooden hobby-horse developed by Baron Karl von Drais in 1816—was awkward, heavy and without pedals. The cyclist propelled it by shuffling his feet along the ground—no easy rider he. Foot pedals were devised some 20 years later and the bicycle's popularity really started rolling. In 1878, a penny-farthing—that immortalized model with the enormous front wheel—carried a price as high as its rider, around \$300 (that's \$1000 by 1971's inflated standards). Then, near the turn of the century, cyclists climbed down from their dizzy perch to try the first safety bicycle, an early variation of the balloon-tired, chrome-covered steed that, by the early Thirties, had become every paper boy's means of rapid transit. Today, of course, bikes are back where they started—in the hands of adults. Ecologists and other experts on urban survival point to the bicycle as the most healthful, pollution-free way to travel. And after taking a spin on one of the slimmed-down styles pictured here, we think you'll agree that two wheels can be as exhilarating as four.





One way to combat the hurly-burly rush-hour hegira that daily greets city dwellers is pictured at left—a bike that easily folds in half for the elevator ride to the owner's office. Other features include a Sturmey-Archer three-speed gear and trigger control, caliper brakes, 20" wheels, quick-release levers for easy adjustment of saddle and handle-bar height and a sturdy carrier to which a briefcase can be strapped, by Raleigh, \$87.95. Below: For the more serious cyclist, Schwinn offers the ten-speed Super Sport model equipped with turned-down handle bars mounted on a lightweight steel-alloy frame, newly introduced 27" x 1 1/4" tires, quick-release hubs and Twin-Stik controls. Colors include campus green, Sierra brown, sky blue and, that no-no word of the auto industry, lemon, \$124.95.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEX EBEL PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



Shown here are two sterling examples of England's traditional excellence in the art of building bikes. Both are lovingly crafted by the custom cycle firm of Bob Jackson and both come equipped with superlight frames made of scarce Columbus tubing. The road-racing bike at right weighs in at a featherweight 16 pounds and costs \$440—which includes the purchaser's choice of all frame dimensions, components and finish. Architect Mies von der Rohe's succinct advice "Less is more" might well be applied to the single-geared 14½-pound track bike below, which stands stripped and ready to go—but not to stop, since track bikes are traditionally sold without brakes, \$330.



VARGAS GIRL



*"Since I've read 'J'
and you've read 'M,' why
don't we compare notes?"*

Vargas



cooling it with lobster

a sumptuous crustacean salad to help you defy the dog days

food By THOMAS MARIO FOR TAKING THE HEAT OFF a sultry summer's day and for taking it easy at serving time, it's difficult to imagine anything better than a huge platter of deviled lobster salad in the shell served in the cool of your blessedly air-conditioned digs. You should start with lobsters freshly boiled by yourself, if you can get them live, or else by your seafood dealer. In any case, our recommended one-and-a-half-pound lobsters should be boiled ten minutes and not a second longer; this will keep the meat from toughening. Transforming freshly boiled lobsters into salad will then be smooth sailing. The accompanying julienne *(concluded on page 176)*





ALSO KNOWN AS CASSIUS

to survive here in Niggertown, where even the buildings looked greedy and tragic and so unsatisfied. Yet, hanging over everything, there was a scorching, sulphurous smell that could only have been the smell of sex—I recognized it as the hot smell of my own flesh when I copulated with myself—as though special ventilating systems were pushing the funk of agitated male and female tail out of every door and window and through each alleyway, as though that raunchy, unfulfilled smell was the essence of Niggertown and the substance of what Niggertown was all about in the first place. I sucked in lungfuls of the sex-drenched air—so funky and frustrated, yet so silky sweet—and stumbled on like a drunken child behind the black undulations of my mother's enormous, shelf-shaped butt. *Revolution*. It was the last I heard of the jukeboxes, for we went on into Glen Oaks, like taking an actual step up onto a green oasis where grass and flowers grew around our house, where delicate white birds floated like butterflies through the acacia trees that had already turned brown for the fall.

My mother went to the toilet as soon as we were home and came out fluffing her wig. Now that we were indoors, she seemed completely relaxed. "You do your homework," she said. She turned on the radio and a dim light in the living room and started to sew. "You hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am." Instead, I went to the kitchen and opened the curtains over the sink. I could see Niggertown and part of the vacant lot that was behind our house on the other side of the plank fence that separated us from it. The lot was strewn with bricks and cans, old shoes and tires and broken bits of furniture thrown there over the years by people in Niggertown where it touched the grassy elegance of Glen Oaks. As I looked, a young black boy came from Niggertown into the lot and started digging there with a shovel.

Just another nigger tramp, my mother would have said, tossing her head like a white woman at how dirty the boy was, his clothes too big for him and almost in rags. Now that I was back in Glen Oaks looking at Niggertown from this vantage point, I felt white myself—which is to say that I felt free of the chaos of being black, felt inflated with a superior sensation of being on top, so to speak, and of looking down, with a kind of arch benevolence, at the cheapest kind of nigger dirt.

Still, I paid careful attention to the black boy as he sent dirt flying in all directions for several minutes. Then he dropped to his knees and sifted dirt through his fingers, only to spring to his feet once more and begin again with his

(continued from page 74)

shovel. It was clear to me that he must be searching for something, but I couldn't imagine what it might be.

Digging in the vacant lot that way—Niggertown on one side of him, Glen Oaks on the other—he reminded me of myself, searching, perhaps, for answers among a wilderness of disordered questions that had to do with my father as well as my mother . . . about her detachment and solitude, about the smile that sometimes played on her lips as she was talking to me about my father . . . as though she was trying to give me a clue to something deep and mysterious not only about my father but about herself as well. Smiling crookedly, touching her wig, she had often sent me to sleep with questions that I could not ask her and could not find the answers to in my dreams. For example, had my father really been a hero in Vietnam? And why weren't there any pictures of him in his Army uniform, instead of just that one photograph of him in boxing trunks? What was it that my mother was trying to keep me from finding out about my father?

I looked out the window at the black boy. He was looking for something, too. I felt compelled to talk to him and I left the kitchen and sneaked down the hall.

My mother had turned the radio off a few minutes before and the house was quiet now, as though listening, guarding its usual creaks and groans in suspenseful silence. My mother sewed in her rocking chair. She was always sewing. Always. *Why sewing?* And that chair, creaking and groaning as the house sometimes did, as though they shared the same pain, the chair and the tall white house that had been forced to adopt a new identity when we moved in.

Quietly, I went downstairs into the cellar and outside through that door. There was a red sky over the horizon and dark pieces of clouds, like the beaks and wings of bats and vultures going home. But twilight was still with us in Glen Oaks; as I ran around to the vacant lot, I remembered that I had once seen a flock of birds lost and confused in a twilight snow. They flew around and around in the swirling snowflakes until they fell in clusters to the ground, exhausted, to die. The leaves in Glen Oaks were dropping from the trees stealthily. Like spirals of red and brown and golden snow. *Why does my mother always wear a veil?* I ran on into Niggertown, where the boy was digging in the lot.

. . .

"What you looking at?" he said, standing wide-legged over a mound of garbage. I had the feeling that he was two or three years older than I was; but

he sounded just like a girl, his voice did. Niggertown beyond him turned twilight purple and a thick haze settled over everything. "I'm not looking at much of anything," I told the boy, because it was getting darker by the minute and I really couldn't see him too well. Besides, I was far enough away from him to run before he could get to me.

But he just laughed. "You sure right about that," he said, pitching his voice like a spitball over the distance between us. "I ain't either one thing or the other. But I call myself Cassius," he said, arching his back so that his chest poked out some under the oversized jacket he wore. "You know that bit about 'float like a butterfly, sting like a bee'? Well, that's me, Daddy-Three. / I'm bad like Cassius, me."

He made me laugh. He was black, he was a nigger. He made me feel like a nigger, too. "Man, you don't sound bad to me. You sound like a girl to me."

He trotted halfway across the lot with his fists balled up. Then he stopped and grinned, showing a ridge of white teeth. "So I'm a girl, huh? You just trying to make me mad. But nobody look like you / Can make me mad like others do." Dancing and ducking, he sparred with an imaginary partner; then he went and picked up his shovel and started digging.

I went closer to him. "What you digging for?"

"A silver dime," he said.

"A what?"

"A silver dime. The ones they used to make before they took the silver out."

Man, I couldn't believe him. "You must be kidding! Man, I thought you were looking for something important!"

"It is important!" He sounded like a real girl now, his voice high with excitement. "Some of those silver dimes are worth big money. I know a boy who found one. He sold it to a coin collector for fifty dollars. Imagine that—fifty dollars just for a silver dime!"

I felt very disappointed. "Man, you can't tell me a thing," I said. And it was true. Whatever questions I had to ask somebody, I was sure that he would never be able to answer them. "I think you're crazy," I said and I almost felt like crying.

His voice cracked and became very ugly then. "Well, you just think on," he said. "But I know what's happening, where things are at. Look at you, dressed up like a little white fag." His voice was very shrill now. "Man, without money, you might as well be a fag, and that's the stone truth." He went back to his digging furiously, but he seemed drooped and tired at the same time, as though talking so much had taken the starch out of him. But all at once, he flung the shovel away and sat flat on the ground. "Shit, shit, shit!"

(continued on page 194)



"You know, these walls are like paper, and I could hear everything you two lonely fellows were saying."

NOTEWORTHY

*august's musical miss,
cathy rowland, has set her
sights on a singing career*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

Coming in from a stroll in the garden of her Laurel Canyon home, Cathy gets herself in the mood for a big singing day ahead by listening to records. Later, she meets friend Bob Hunt, who escorts her to the studios of Music Recorders, Inc.—where she's to make her first demonstration tape.



CANARIES MAY SING in cages, but knowledgeable bird watchers will tell you that most warblers give their best performances unfettered. That's the way it is for blithe-spirited Cathleen Lynn Rowland, our August Playmate, who's currently trying to sing her way into a recording career. Cathy's entire life style is deliberately unstructured: "Sure, I could make more money if I took a full-time job," she told us, "but I just won't be tied down. So I work through a temporary-office-help agency in Los Angeles, taking secretarial jobs a few days at a time—for a group of engineers here, contractors there—and, together with a few modeling assignments I get occasionally, that brings in enough bread to pay the rent." It doesn't, unfortunately, provide sufficient funds to enable Cathy to engage





Cathy sings her heart out at the taping; accompanied by studio musicians, she does a simple number written by a neighbor couple. "Most of my friends are musically inclined," she says. "I'm lucky to be able to draw on their talents." After the session, an exhausted Cathy leans on Bob for support.



a personal manager; so, in her efforts to further her musical career, she makes the wearying rounds of recording companies and talent agencies herself.

Cathy values her freedom not only because it leaves her time to work on her singing and dancing but also because it allows her the luxury of travel at a moment's notice. In the past few months, she has visited Mazatlán, Puerto Vallarta, Mexico City and Guadalajara; she's currently mapping out a trip to Montreal.

A native Angeleno, Cathy grew up in nearby Sherman Oaks, where her father was a fireman. After graduation from high school in Van Nuys, she studied science for a year at Los Angeles Valley Junior College before going to work, successively, as a stock-exchange clerk, computer typist and receptionist; at one



Completed tape in hand, Cathy pays a visit several days later to the offices of Monument Records on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. Robert B. Weiss, vice-president and director of Monument's international division, listens and gives Cathy a few pointers on developing her style and her repertoire.



time, she even enrolled in a dental-assistants' course. "But music is really my thing," she says now. "That and dancing. Three times a week I go to dancing class—studying ballet with Gene Marinaccio and modern jazz with Roland Dupree." Asked to describe her singing style, Cathy mused: "Well—contemporary, I guess; not really hard rock, more along the show-tune or ballad line. The song I'm pushing on my demonstration tape is a catchy little number called *I Love You*, written by some friends of mine. I think it could be a hit, but I need to develop a more complete repertoire—some standards as well as originals—before I can talk an agency or a recording company into taking a chance on me."

Home for Cathy is a big house in Laurel Canyon, shared with a former

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS AUGUST



Back home, Cathy wastes no time in getting into a more comfortable outfit for a romp with her dog, Joni. When it comes time to settle down for some summertime reading, Joni provides the most congenial pillow in all Los Angeles County.



high school classmate, Suzie Trammell, who works as a legal secretary. "It's a wonderful house for parties," says Cathy. "We had more than 100 people here for eggnog on New Year's Eve and about 75 for my 21st-birthday party last March." Cathy whipped up five quarts of margaritas and a giant bowl of *guacamole* for that occasion. "Mexican food is really my specialty," she says. "I make my own *salsa de chile* from scratch—burning the chilies, grinding them with garlic in a mortar, the whole scene. I had planned to serve a complete Mexican dinner on my birthday, but by the time I finished buying all that tequila, I was nearly broke." By Cathy's next birthday, we're rooting for an upturn in her career. Though she'll never be caught in a rut, we'd like to hear her in the groove.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The senior vice-president of a brokerage firm was out for his daily noontime stroll when suddenly a lovely young girl, completely naked, ran toward him, screaming, "I'm free, I'm free."

With an admirable admixture of executive diplomacy and fatherly concern, the man grabbed the girl by the shoulders, looked her straight in the eye and said, "Young lady, no matter how bad the market is—never panic."



Visiting a lawyer for advice, the wife said, "I want you to help me obtain a divorce. My husband is getting a little queer to sleep with."

"What do you mean?" asked the attorney. "Does he force you to indulge in unusual sex practices?"

"No, he doesn't," replied the woman, "and neither does the little queer."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *prudish librarian* as an unabridged virgin.

A boy was discussing his mother's pregnancy with one of his friends. "Well, I had a man-to-man talk with Dad about the facts of life," the lad concluded, "and it turns out she was knocked up by a giant bumblebee."

We know a 97-pound weakling who was sunbathing with his girl at a beach not long ago when a bully came along and kicked oil in his face.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pessimist* as a faults prophet.

The bartender was astounded when the inebriated fellow sat down at the piano and performed the *Moonlight Sonata* flawlessly. "You play beautifully," he told the man. "When did you take up the piano?"

"Many years ago," the drunk wheezed. "My martini kept falling off my violin."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *skin-flick starlet* as an ingénue.

During a brief lull in an exhausting night of passionate lovemaking, the tireless young man made several overtures to continue. "Oh, I can't," sighed his date contentedly, "I'm on strike."

"So am I," he answered, "but as soon as I can get a raise, we'll both go back to work."

A shapely callgirl attended a revival meeting and was caught up in the fervor of her surroundings. "Glory, hallelujah!" she cried, leaping to her feet. "Yesterday, I was in the arms of Satan and today, I'm with the savior!"

Came a voice from the rear of the tent: "What are you doing tomorrow?"

*In the back seat, Marlene was a terror,
But taking the pill seemed to scare her.*

*Said she, "Goodness' sakes,
I don't make mistakes."*

In nine months, she gave birth to an error.

And, of course, you've heard about the midget who entered a dancing contest in a nudist colony and was clubbed to death.

The nervous young bride became irritated by her husband's lusty advances on their wedding night and reprimanded him severely. "I demand proper manners in bed," she declared, "just as I do at the dinner table."

Amused by his wife's formality, the groom smoothed his rumpled hair and climbed quietly between the sheets. "Is that better?" he asked, with a hint of a smile.

"Yes," replied the girl, "much better."

"Very good, darling," the husband whispered. "Now would you be so kind as to please pass the pussy?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mate swapping* as a game of shuttlecock.



After a wild freeway chase, the motorcycle cop waved the speeding sports car over to the curb. When he walked up to the driver's window, he was surprised to find a very attractive redhead behind the wheel. "Ma'am," he said, "I'm afraid we're going to have to give you a Breathalyzer test to see whether or not you've been drinking."

The test was taken and as the officer eyed the results, he said, "Lady, you've had a couple of stiff ones."

"That's amazing!" the girl cried. "You mean it shows *that*, too?"

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



"Well, this certainly is a fascinating experience, but goodness—I keep wondering how Edwin and the children are getting along back on the safari."

article **BY ARTHUR HADLEY**

*on the undesirability
of being the last
american killed in vietnam*

GOODBYE TO THE BLIND SLASH DEAD KID'S HOOCH

FROM THE HELICOPTER at 1500 feet, the nightmare moonscape of Vietnam—a description that springs automatically into the mind of everyone who flies above this blasted, seared country—appears exotically beautiful and cool. Flying north, there are sharp green mountains on the left horizon and on the right bright-blue sea, as if a painter had smeared Caribbean colors upon the harsh coast of Greece. Beneath pass sections of totally desolate ground, first defoliated, then torn apart by gigantic Romes (tractors twice the size of tanks, named after their Georgia manufacturer), whose steel dozer blades churn through forests or jungle, leveling the land. Their unit motto: "We prevent forests." Throughout these dead wastes are strewn thousands of back-yard swimming pools—bomb craters and shell holes from previous actions, the rain water in them now multicolored from poisons thrown in by both sides to make it undrinkable. Through these nonplaces, this stubble where nothing lives, "we" and "they" sneak by night sowing booby traps.

Among the desolation, the mountains, the jungle and the sea, life goes on in checkerboards of rice paddies and bamboo groves, dotted with small villages and banana palms, all looking deceptively ordered and solid from high in the air. But as we start down, the pretty, abstract character of the ground changes: The bamboo groves jut thick, solid and tall,

CONSTRUCTION BY BILL BRYAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT





**RETURN
TO
SENDER**

and dark tangles of forbidding mangrove swamp appear. By 200 feet, the Lima Zulu into which we are to Charlie Alpha (landing zone into which we are to make a combat assault—abstraction of an abstraction) has turned from a solid, green field into a watery mass of tall grass jumbled by dikes. Behind us the four gunships turn in, ready to work over the LZ with rockets and cannon. The heat blasts up. Water and rice ripple beneath the blades of the chopper. From the grass in the center of the landing zone rise up a boy and a girl herding ducks.

"Pop green!"

From the helicopter, now at about ten feet, we throw out a grenade of green smoke the size of a beer can.

"Green LZ. Green LZ." The assault commander flying the helicopter is on his radio telling the gun helicopters not to work over the landing zone. The two children have made up his mind to go in cold, to land his six helicopters without shooting up the zone. Had he "popped red," the gunships would have unleashed their rockets, the landing zone would have been safer for his men, the children dead.

The assault commander is 23. He has been wounded three times and is on his second tour in Vietnam. He never graduated from high school. "In my first tour," he reminisced later, "we shot everything up." He put in 12 months around Huế as a lieutenant, a chopper pilot, in 1967–1968. He is now in the tenth month of his second tour, which gives him far more combat time than practically any officer in World War Two or Korea. "They'd say, 'There's V.C. in that village.' And we'd go out and blast it. Looking back, I'm sure we made more V.C. than we killed. It's different now."

The chopper circles and lands on a patch of white, resort-bright sand near three thatched huts in a bamboo grove. Pack on my back, M-16 in my hand, I am out almost before the chopper hits; helicopters on the ground make prime targets. I run a few steps and drop to one knee to brace myself against the wind of the chopper's take-off. I rise with difficulty beneath my pack and turn to face the four visible soldiers of the 36 with whom I will spend the next three days and nights.

I was first shot at in France as a lieutenant platoon leader 26 years ago. Three weeks ago, now 46 years old, I was shot at again. I missed Korea, covering that war from the Pentagon. I say this neither to boast nor to excuse, but because if I am certain of any one fact about Vietnam, I know that the country in its ancient and shifting complexity is a magic mirror reflecting back to the viewer his own background and beliefs. In Vietnam, people standing and talking tête-à-tête on the same spot of turf often appear to see totally different worlds.

The soldiers before me are part of a

company that lost 17 men last week, including their commander, in one hot half hour. Their basic mission is, of course, survival, like that of any combat soldier in any war. So is mine. Only mine is for merely 60 days. They are bound for 365. I look at the men to judge how professional they are; from their closed world—a combat unit is tighter than any Mafia society—they similarly eye me. I note that their weapons are clean, that they chat with one another (beware of the sullen unit with dirty weapons) and that their packs are too heavy; but only the most outstanding units insist on light packs. As they move out through the rice paddy, they keep properly distanced from one another.

"Don't walk too close to me, sir," says the radio operator as he passes, humped beneath his pack plus the radio, a total weight of around 80 pounds. The antennae swing behind and above him like a blind beetle's. "I'm target number one."

The line of men moves across the rice paddy, a formation familiar to us all through war pictures and television. What am I doing here? I ask myself, as the water begins to rise above my waist. (My notebook, like my food and extra socks, is in a waterproof pouch.) Answer: I am checking. Different generals, different colonels, different lieutenants, different sergeants, different privates all tell me different things. To check and recheck is the only way to elicit some truth from behind the magic mirror.

To get at that truth I have had to promise anonymity to those who gave it to me or, better, let me spend time where I could see it. I did this to protect them from their superiors, from Congress and even from irate readers. Everything in this article happened and has been checked. The quotations were all said. But to protect the sayers and doers, I have disguised the places and actions.

One of the most senior commanders in Vietnam is talking, gazing out the window of his air-conditioned office. For the most part, the brass live more austere in this war than their counterparts did in World War Two and Korea. Many of them as platoon leaders and company commanders were horrified at the lavish living of their superiors back then and vowed to live relatively simply if they made it. Even at headquarters in Saigon, life is comfortable but far from plush—no linen tablecloths or martinis served from silver pitchers. Everyone wears the same green jungle fatigues, only in the rear lines they're better pressed.

The general's subject is the wind-down. "Basically, there are two forms of control over a military operation," he says, "the dollar and the mission. When you concentrate on the enemy, the mission, you see one set of problems. When you concentrate on the dollar, you face

another set. We are going from thirty-two billion dollars [spent in Vietnam in fiscal 1970] to eleven billion this year. The President wants it. He's our boss. The able commander soon gets the word. We don't want people charging up the hill and getting their men killed. It's a question of morality. It's morally wrong at this time to shed American blood if the South Vietnamese can accomplish the same job by shedding theirs."

I ask him about the problems of discipline and morale during the wind-down.

"As we shift our concern from the mission to dollars, we'll have an authority problem. We're aware of that. And it probably will get worse."

A fire base is a small *beau geste*, a circular area containing roughly an acre hacked out of the jungle and surrounded by a broad trench and barbed wire. Helicopters ferry in supplies and an American battalion makes the area its temporary home. At one such base, late at night, a lieutenant colonel pulls a white file card out of his pocket and in the dull light of the bunker hands it to me.

"These are what guide my life."

On a 3 x 5 card is typed the number of rifle bullets, Claymore Mines, 81mm mortar rounds, artillery shells—and on up the line—his battalion can fire each month. In World War Two and Korea, such restrictions were imposed from time to time; but the restrictions on this card are much tougher. When it comes to one particular type of ammunition, I note, a unit in World War Two often would have fired his monthly quota in less than a week.

The colonel carries on another card the number of hours each day he can fly the various helicopters assigned to him. This limitation, called the blade-hour limitation and used throughout Vietnam, is the most rigid cost-control tool of the war. This year, helicopters will fly roughly one sixth the hours they did last year.

"The rules have changed," says the colonel. "A fellow battalion commander of mine got relieved the other day. He was killing more gooks than anyone else in the division. But he also had the highest casualty and malaria rates."

In the blazing sun at another fire base, the alert young major leans against a sandbagged bunker and says to me, "We are getting everything we need."

Fifty yards away from the major, a lieutenant is talking to his men about the sandbags they have laboriously filled two weeks before to make their holes safer. "These sandbags cost forty-two cents apiece, men. We need 'em in the new base where we're going. Empty half of 'em and take 'em with ya."

Loud groans, raised fingers and unprintable replies.

(continued on page 199)

attire By ROBERT L GREEN

KEEPING COOL is a breeze in this trio of summerweight knits that lend pleasurable patterns to your life style. Left: Polyester knit with hexagonal print is cut like a dress shirt, comes with double-button cuffs, by Van Heusen, \$13. Center: French-front, polinosic-cotton knit with allover angel print features long-pointed collar, barrel cuffs and square-cut bottom, by Nik-Nik Man, \$20. Right: Car-print cotton-Avril-rayon knit shirt with long-pointed collar, double-button cuffs and patch breast pocket, by Catalina Martin, \$12.

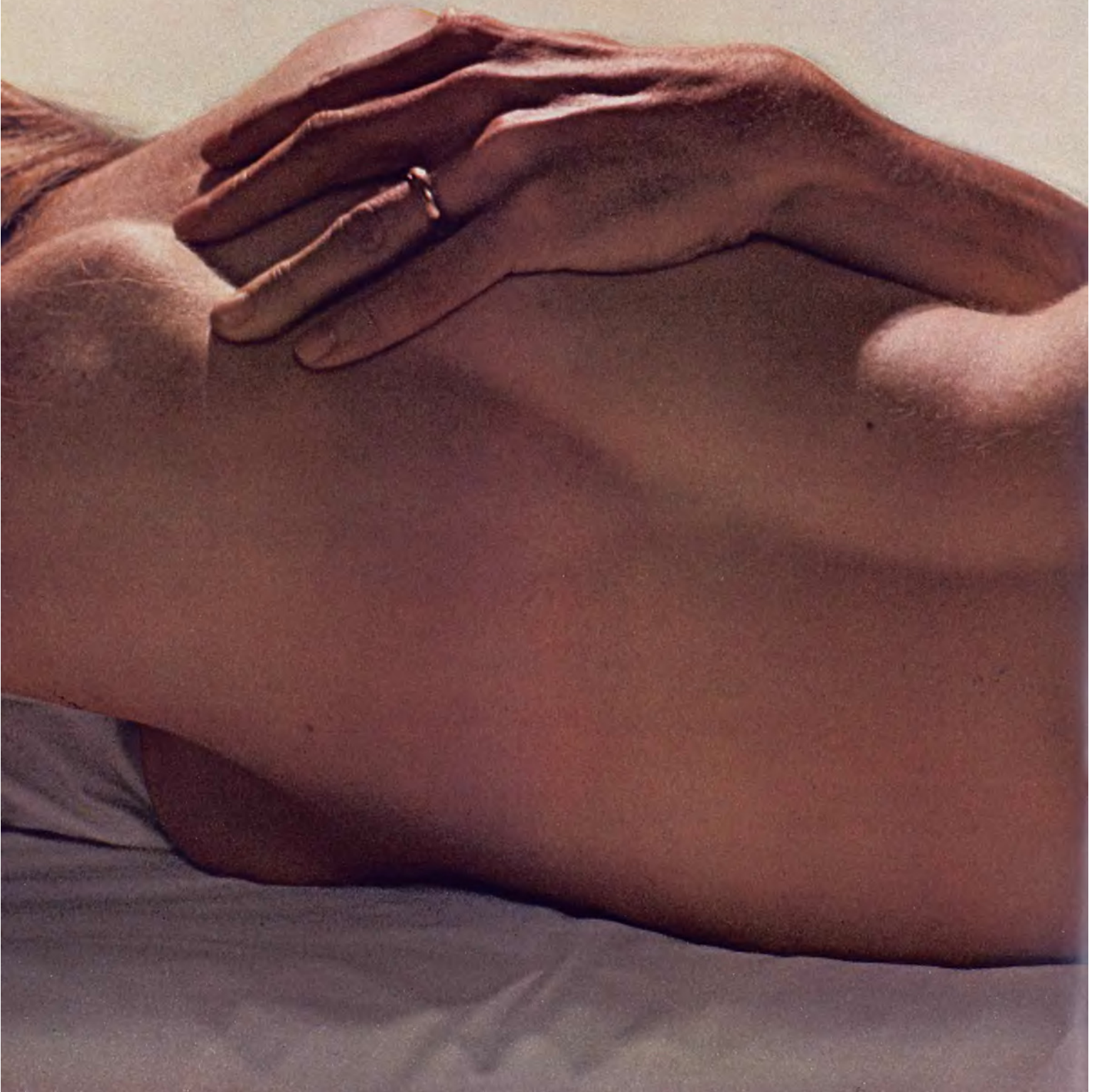
KNIT PICKS

*easy-wearing
casual shirts in
eye-appealing
patterns*

ILLUSTRATION BY ROGER HANE



**the
future
of
marriage**



article **By MORTON HUNT** *under the pressure of subcultures and social movements, matrimony is changing from the old patriarchal pattern to a new form of partnership*

OVER A CENTURY AGO, the Swiss historian and ethnologist J. J. Bachofen postulated that early man lived in small packs, ignorant of marriage and indulging in beastlike sexual promiscuity. He could hardly have suggested anything more revolting, or more fascinating, to the puritanical and prurient sensibility of his time, and whole theories of the family and of society were based on his notion by various anthropologists, as well as by German socialist Friedrich Engels and Russian revolutionist Pëtr Kropotkin. As the Victorian fog dissipated, however, it turned out that among the hundreds of primitive peoples still on earth—many of whom lived much like early man—not a single one was without some form of marriage and some limitations on the sexual freedom of the married. Marriage, it appeared, was

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL ARSENAULT



a genuine human universal, like speech and social organization.

Nonetheless, Bachofen's myth died hard, because it appealed to a longing, deep in all of us, for total freedom to do whatever we want. And recently, it has sprung up from its own ashes in the form of a startling new notion: Even if there never was a time when marriage didn't exist, there soon will be. Lately, the air has been filled with such prophecies of the decline and impending fall of marriage. Some of the prophets are grieved at this prospect—among them, men of the cloth, such as the Pope and Dr. Peale, who keep warning us that hedonism and easy divorce are eroding the very foundations of family life. Others, who rejoice at the thought, include an assortment of feminists, hippies and anarchists, plus much-married theater people such as Joan Fontaine, who, having been married more times than the Pope and Dr. Peale put together, has authoritatively told the world that marriage is obsolete and that any sensible person can live and love better without it.

Some of the fire-breathing dragon ladies who have given women's lib an undeservedly bad name urge single women not to marry and married ones to desert their husbands forthwith. Kate Millet, the movement's leading theoretician, expects marriage to wither away after women achieve full equality. Dr. Roger Egeberg, an Assistant Secretary of HEW, urged Americans in 1969 to reconsider their inherited belief that everyone ought to marry. And last August, Mrs. Rita Hauser, the U. S. representative to the UN Human Rights Commission, said that the idea that marriage was primarily for procreation had become outmoded and that laws banning marriage between homosexuals should be erased from the books.

So much for the voices of prophecy. Are there, in fact, any real indications of a mass revolt against traditional marriage? There certainly seem to be. For one thing, in 1969 there were 660,000 divorces in America—an all-time record—and the divorce rate seems certain to achieve historic new highs in the next few years. For another thing, marital infidelity seems to have increased markedly since Kinsey's first surveys of a generation ago and now is tried, sooner or later, by some 60 percent of married men and 30 to 35 percent of married women in this country. But in what is much more of a departure from the past, infidelity is now tacitly accepted by a fair number of the spouses of the unfaithful. For some couples it has become a shared hobby; mate-swapping and group-sex parties now involve thousands of middle-class marriages. Yet another indication of change is a sharp

increase not only in the number of young men and women who, dispensing with legalities, live together unwed but also in the *kind* of people who are doing so; although common-law marriage has long been popular among the poor, in the past few years it has become widespread—and often esteemed—within the middle class.

An even more radical attack on our marriage system is the effort of people in hundreds of communes around the country to construct "families," or group marriages, in which the adults own everything in common, and often consider that they all belong to one another and play mix and match sexually with total freedom. A more complete break with tradition is being made by a rapidly growing percentage of America's male and female homosexuals, who nowadays feel freer than ever to avoid "cover" marriages and to live openly as homosexuals. Their lead is almost certain to be followed by countless others within the next decade or so as our society grows ever more tolerant of personal choice in sexual matters.

Nevertheless, reports of the death of marriage are, to paraphrase Mark Twain, greatly exaggerated. Most human beings regard whatever they grew up with as right and good and see nearly every change in human behavior as a decline in standards and a fall from grace. But change often means adaptation and evolution. The many signs of contemporary revolt against marriage have been viewed as symptoms of a fatal disease, but they may, instead, be signs of a change from an obsolescent form of marriage—patriarchal monogamy—into new forms better suited to present-day human needs.

Marriage as a social structure is exceedingly plastic, being shaped by the interplay of culture and of human needs into hundreds of different forms. In societies where women could do valuable productive work, it often made sense for a man to acquire more than one wife; where women were idle or relatively unproductive—and, hence, a burden—monogamy was more likely to be the pattern. When women had means of their own or could fall back upon relatives, divorce was apt to be easy; where they were wholly dependent on their husbands, it was generally difficult. Under marginal and primitive living conditions, men kept their women in useful subjugation; in wealthier and more leisured societies, women often managed to acquire a degree of independence and power.

For a long while, the only acceptable form of marriage in America was a lifelong one-to-one union, sexually faithful, all but indissoluble, productive of goods and children and strongly husband-dominated. It was a thoroughly functional mechanism during the 18th and much

of the 19th centuries, when men were struggling to secure the land and needed women who would clothe and feed them, produce and rear children to help them, and obey their orders without question for an entire lifetime. It was functional, too, for the women of that time, who, uneducated, unfit for other kinds of work and endowed by law with almost no legal or property rights, needed men who would support them, give them social status and be their guides and protectors for life.

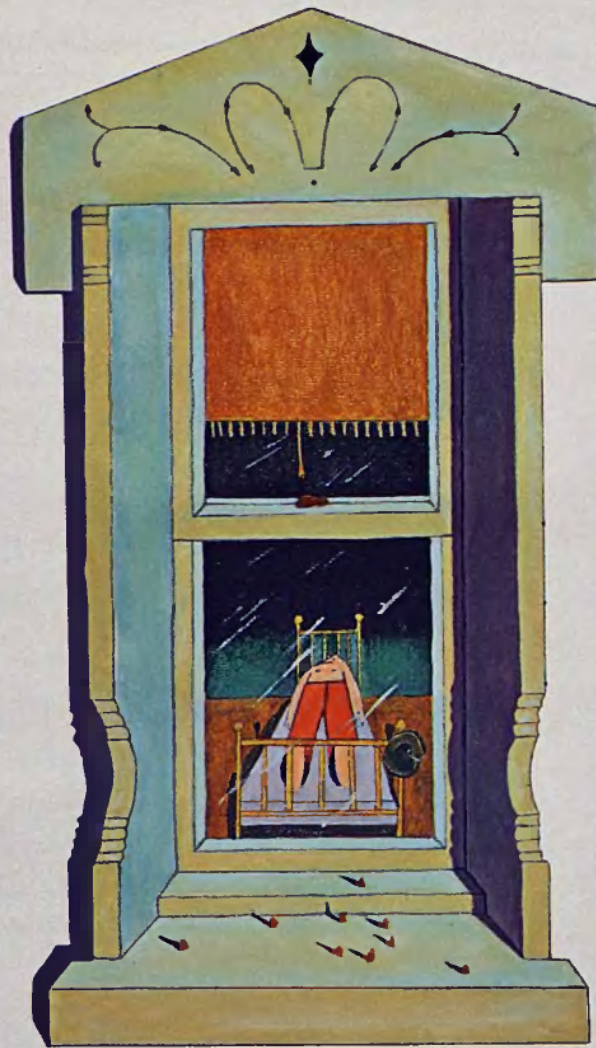
But time passed, the Indians were conquered, the sod was busted, towns and cities grew up, railroads laced the land, factories and offices took the place of the frontier. Less and less did men need women to produce goods and children; more and more, women were educated, had time to spare, made their way into the job market—and realized that they no longer had to cling to their men for life. As patriarchalism lost its usefulness, women began to want and demand orgasms, contraceptives, the vote and respect; men, finding the world growing ever more impersonal and cold, began to want wives who were warm, understanding, companionable and sexy.

Yet, strangely enough, as all these things were happening, marriage not only did not lose ground but grew more popular, and today, when it is under full-scale attack on most fronts, it is more widespread than ever before. A considerably larger percentage of our adult population was married in 1970 than was the case in 1890; the marriage rate, though still below the level of the 1940s, has been climbing steadily since 1963.

The explanation of this paradox is that as marriage was losing its former uses, it was gaining new ones. The changes that were robbing marriage of practical and life-affirming values were turning America into a mechanized urban society in which we felt like numbers, not individuals, in which we had many neighbors but few lifelong friends and in which our lives were controlled by remote governments, huge companies and insensate computers. Alone and impotent, how can we find intimacy and warmth, understanding and loyalty, enduring friendship and a feeling of personal importance? Why, obviously, through *loving* and *marrying*. Marriage is a microcosm, a world within which we seek to correct the shortcomings of the macrocosm around us. Saint Paul said it is better to marry than to burn; today, feeling the glacial chill of the world we live in, we find it better to marry than to freeze.

The model of marriage that served the old purposes excellently serves the new ones poorly. But most of the contemporary assaults upon it are not efforts to destroy it; they are efforts to

(continued on page 168)



*to avenge old wrongs
and quench a lifelong
hate, he crossed the
country in pursuit of
his boyhood tormentor*

my perfect murder

fiction **By RAY BRADBURY** IT WAS SUCH an utterly perfect, such an incredibly delightful idea for murder that I was half out of my mind as I crossed America.

The idea had come to me, for some reason, on my 48th birthday. Why it hadn't come to me when I was 30 or 40, I cannot say. Perhaps those were good years and I sailed through them unaware of time and clocks and the gathering of frost at my temples.

Anyway, on my 48th birthday, lying in bed that night beside my wife, with my children sleeping in other quiet moonlit rooms of my house, I thought:

I will arise and go now and kill Ralph Underhill.

Ralph Underhill? Who in God's name is *he*?

Thirty-six years later, kill him? For *what*?

Why, I thought, for what he did to me when I was 12.

My wife awoke, an hour later, hearing a noise.

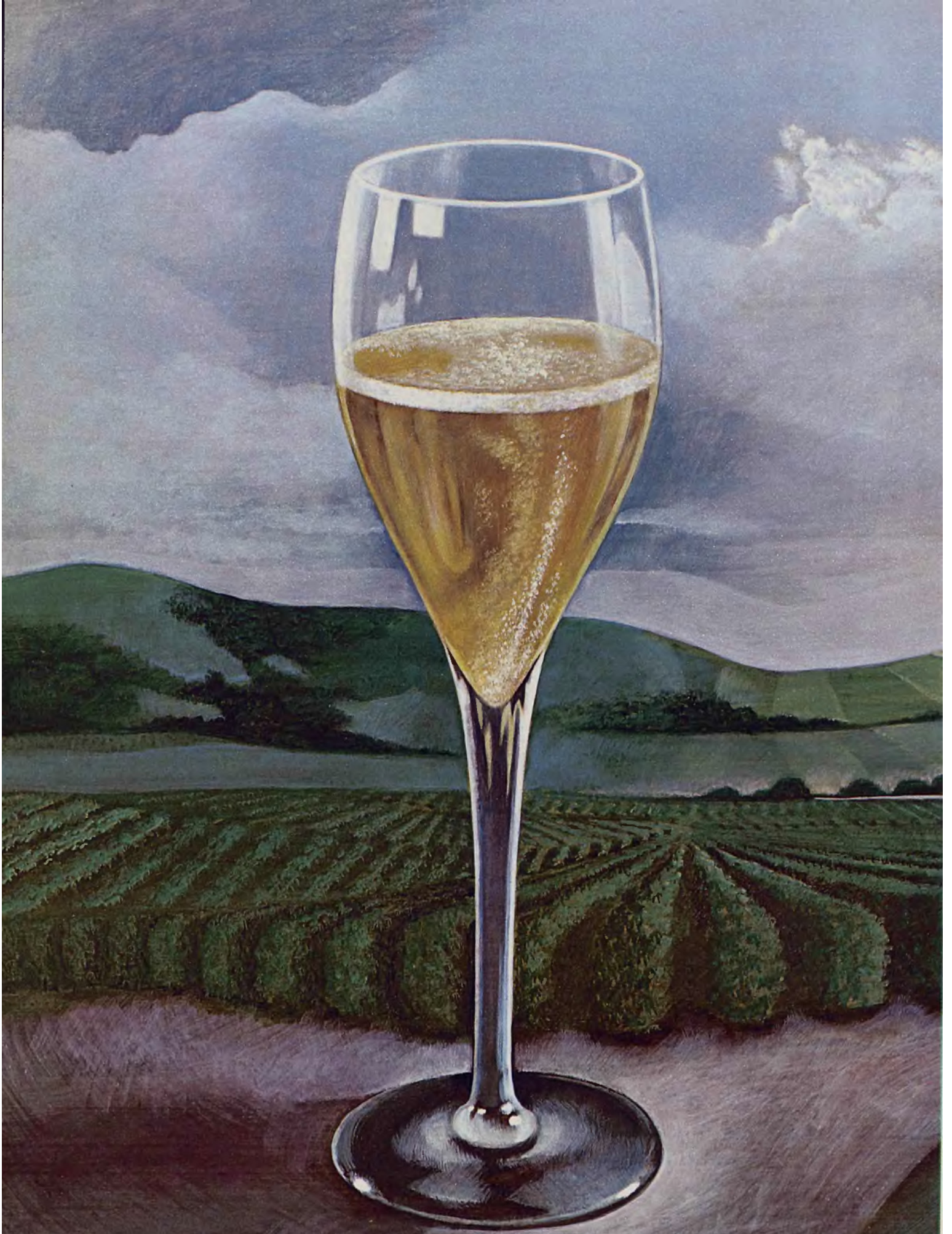
"Doug?" she called. "What are you doing?"

"Packing," I said. "For a journey."

"Oh," she murmured and rolled over and went to sleep.

. . .

"Board! All aboard!" the porters' cries went down the train platform. The train *(continued on page 126)*



Paul Davis

CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY

article By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

*a noted traveler and bon vivant gives us
a heady look at the land of the bubbly*

CHAMPAGNE IS THE MOST FAMOUS WINE on earth, the most difficult to make, the most frivolous and the most expensive. Other superlatives would be justified. Champagne is the wine of wines, used for the launching of ships, romances and marriages, all of which founder occasionally, perhaps from the wrong champagne. It's used as an aphrodisiac by aging roués and as an alibi by ladies of all ages who later wonder how on earth it could have happened. Champagne has that effect. It doesn't make you drunk—just exhilarated and irresponsible. During the Naughty Nineties, men would drink it out of the slippers of ladies who were no ladies. A pity, really, if it was good champagne. "Unless specified in detail, all drinks are champagne in Lottie's parlor at Shephard's Hotel," Evelyn



Waugh wrote about the Roaring Twenties in *Vile Bodies*.

Champagne is synonymous with wealth and luxury, and it is highly taxed. Old people drink champagne, often on their doctor's advice, to feel younger, and young people drink it when they feel they can afford it. For a long time, champagne was said to be capable of reviving the dead. Madame de Pompadour, the great friend of Louis XV, called champagne "the only wine that leaves a woman beautiful after drinking it." And desirable. It's a wine for all seasons, the perfect aperitif, good with most foods, a renowned hangover remedy. Last year, 102,000,000 bottles were sold, twice as many as ten years ago, but there is never enough of it.

Sparkling wines are made in many countries, but there is only one champagne. Though some foreign imitations are called champagne, the genuine article comes only from the champagne country, a region in northern France strictly delimited by the Law of July 22, 1927. "The Champagne" is located between Reims, Château-Thierry and Châlons-sur-Marne, mostly in the departments of Marne, Aube and Aisne, where wines have been cultivated since the days of Caesar. About A.D. 92, Emperor Domitian ordered the vines destroyed because his soldiers drank too much wine. Later, Emperor Probus restored the vines, whereupon he was slain by his ungrateful soldiers. He is now venerated like a saint by the *champenois*, as the region's inhabitants are called.

Champagne has been called the wine of the gods, the Devil's wine and the wine of love. There is little doubt about the last appellation. Casanova praises it in his memoirs. Napoleon said, "Champagne banishes etiquette." Lady Hamilton and Viscount Nelson often drank more of it than was good for them. The pleasant tradition remains strong in England, the biggest champagne consumer after France. King Edward VII drank nothing but champagne with his ladyfriends at Maxim's. Legend has it that one Monsieur Welby Jourdan drank over 40,000 bottles during his life, which lasted 94 years. Greta Garbo, in *Ninotchka*, got publicly tipsy on champagne served in terrible sherbet glasses. Marlene Dietrich is said to have had a clause in her Hollywood contracts giving her the right to champagne, unlimited, any time. In the champagne country, the great names are known as Messieurs du Champagne, though some of them wear skirts, as does Madame Bollinger, the *grande dame* in command of her firm.

Today, there are over 16,000 growers in the champagne country. Some own small properties all over the region, as a protection against scattered hailstorms. Many growers, independently or in cooperatives (*récoltants*), make a small quantity of their own champagne and become *mani-*

plants as well. Most sell their grapes to the big firms, the shippers, who may or may not have their own vineyards. Several houses of great prestige own no vineyards at all but buy their grapes. The wine derives its characteristic taste from the region's chalky soil, which reflects the sunrays to give the grapes their quintessential flavor. The forests serve to regulate the moisture in the air, and the year-round temperature averages a mild 52 degrees. These form the ideal conditions for a wine of quality rather than quantity.

. . .

One reaches the region of Champagne, some 90 miles east of Paris, by way of Château-Thierry or by the Route Bleue from Luxembourg or from Alsace via Verdun. Throughout history, this tranquil region has experienced the brutality of war. Reims, the coronation city of the French kings and site of a magnificent cathedral, is the region's celebrated capital. It was here that Saint Rémi, the venerated bishop, baptized and crowned Clovis I, and Charles VII, escorted by Joan of Arc, was consecrated king of France in 1429. Reims features such attractions as the basilica of Saint-Rémi, a fine mixture of Romanesque and Gothic styles; the Musée des Beaux-Arts, with its incomparable collection of Corots; the chapel of the Foujita-Lalou Foundation; and, naturally, the cellars of the champagne firms. Epernay's proud Musée de Préhistoire Régionale and the royal establishment of Moët et Chandon, the biggest firm of all, are also located nearby. Between the two cities, there are beautiful excursions, if you like woods and rivers, old abbeys and elegant châteaux. In the nearby Argonne, there are the haunted battlefields of the First World War. Distances are short and there are few good inns in the small places. Make your headquarters in Reims—the best hotel in the region is the Lion d'Or—and return there in the evening.

The ideal time to visit is autumn. Cruising leisurely down the Champagne Route from Reims to Epernay, one notices that the quaint villages are virtually deserted. Everyone is out in the vineyards, harvesting the grapes. Of the total area of 75,000 acres, 45,000 acres now bear vines. Everything is specified by law, and strict regulations prescribe a limited quantity and permanent quality of the world's finest sparkling wine. Close pruning and, later on, trimming and harrowing are done by legally defined methods. Only three kinds of grapes can be used. In the north, around the "mountains of Reims" (actually, 600-foot-high hills) and in the Valley of the Marne, there grow the black Pinot and black Meunier grapes, with midnight-blue skins on the outside, lusciously red on the inside. The juice is white, however, because it is immediately separated from the grapeskins; elsewhere, the same

grapes are pressed and then steeped with the skins, thus producing the deep-red burgundies of the Côte-d'Or, such as Chambertin.

South of Epernay, there is the Côte des Blancs (White Coast), famed for its elegant white Chardonnay grapes. Out of 8800 pounds of black or white grapes, no more than 2666 liters (596 gallons) of juice can be extracted in 13 successive pressings for the making of genuine champagne. The surplus juice is used by the growers for a *petit vin* that cannot be called champagne. "We can survive only by applying the strictest standards," says Monsieur Joseph Dargent, the general secretary of The Comité Interprofessionnel du Vin de Champagne (C. I. V. C.), the industry's self-regulating body.

In addition to some 3000 growers who make small quantities of their own champagne, there are 144 recognized shippers, but only 25 famous houses form the Syndicat de Grandes Marques. Eighteen of them sell more than 1,000,000 bottles each a year. It is a kind of club, without clubhouse and written bylaws but with severe standards of ethics. Most member firms are at least a century old and each inscribes the year of its foundation on the label. (The oldest, Ruinart, was founded in 1729, Moët et Chandon in 1743.) Certain practices, such as blatant publicity, are not permitted. The Syndicat has an obsession with "the dignity of the great *commerçants*." One is proud to be in the company of one's peers and a little snobbism is part of the game.

Hence, the great firms are actually "controlled" by their competitors. If they don't deliver, out they go. Several firms that were famous 20 years ago have faded away; no one talks about them anymore. There are no new firms. Once, all firms were family-owned, and today, most of them still are. Among them are Piper-Heidsieck, Taittinger, Pommery-Greno, Bollinger, Lanson, Lepître. Each of the houses maintains a strong sense of tradition, although the younger executives are quickly becoming aggressive merchandisers.

After a short time in the champagne country, the visitor may begin to note that more than a few great houses in Reims consider themselves "artists"; these take a patronizing view of those makers (*faiseurs*) in nearby Epernay, where the two biggest firms, Moët et Chandon and Mercier, happen to be located. Yet the Epernais claim that their town is "the cradle of champagne"—and history substantiates that statement. For it was there, in the Abbaye d'Hautvillers, that the Benedictine monks first exploited the natural effervescence of the wine and put the bubbles into champagne. However, even that claim is now disputed in Reims. On one claim, however, the two cities, Reims and Epernay, are united. It was most elegantly stated

(continued on page 156)



"I can't take you with me, Lula Belle. I'll be living in a bunkhouse with forty crude, rough cowboys. What kind of life would that be for a good-looking young girl?"

net assets

*a winning collection of topflight tennis gear
—plus wise words on the proper weapon for
beginner, weekend racketeer and would-be ace*

sports **By PANCHO GONZALES**

I'VE PLAYED TENNIS almost all my life and I've tested just about every model and type of racket ever dreamed up. I've used wood, steel, aluminum and alloys. I've used gut of varying weight and strength, and even steel wire. And I've played on every type of court conceivable—and, in some cases, inconceivable—in every part of the world, and in some places that were definitely out of this world.

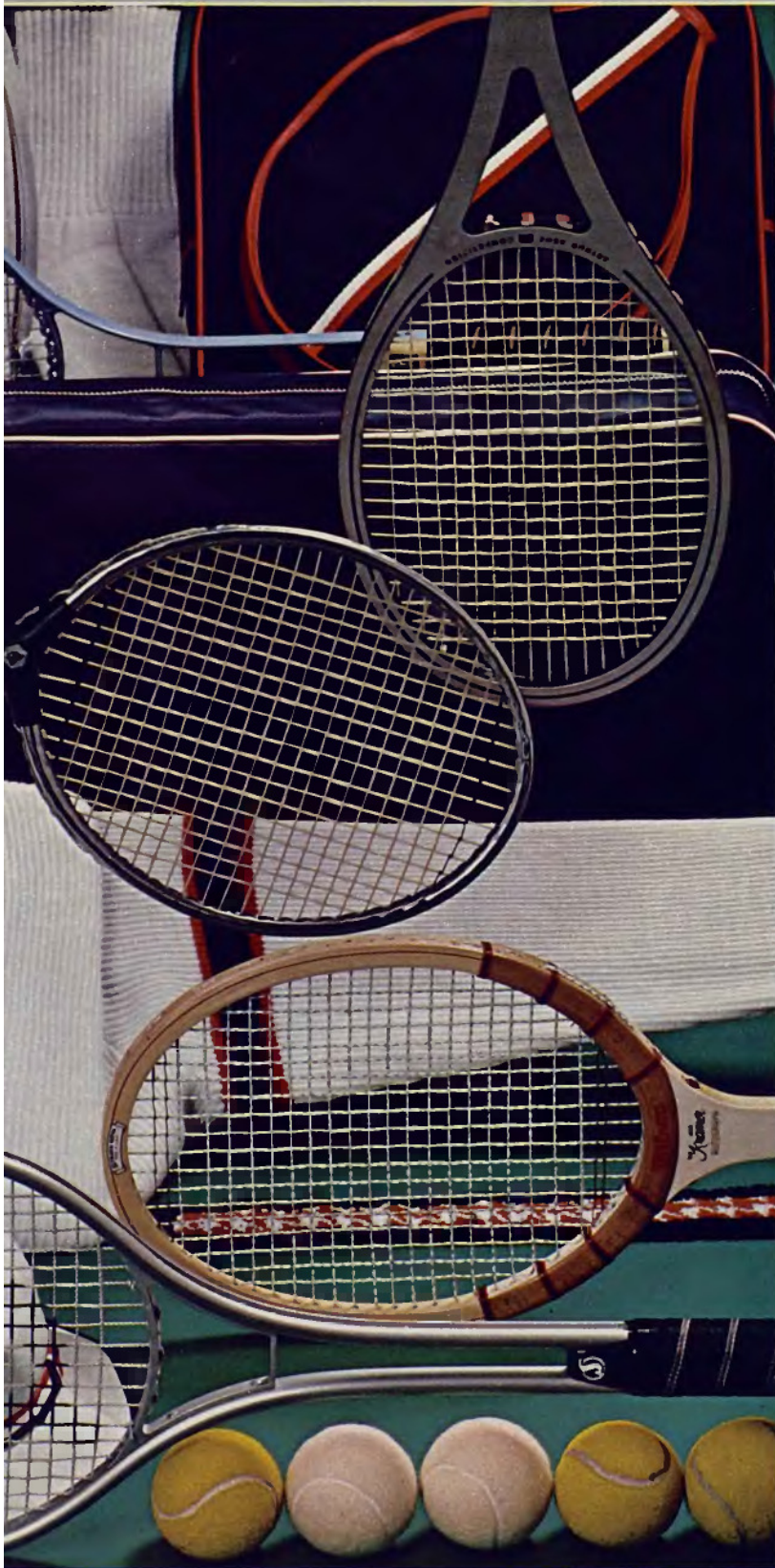
Though I'm a 43-year-old grandfather, I can still play with the best when I'm in shape. One of the reasons I can is that I've adapted my game to my racket throughout the years, ever since my mother gave me a 51-cent beauty as a present when I was a kid growing up in the Mexican-American sector of Los Angeles. If you are just beginning in tennis, or if you are already a fair-to-middling weekend player, I think I can tell you a few things about rackets that might improve your game.

If you study the rules of tennis—and very few people do, not even some officials I've met along the way—you'll find that there's nothing in them about rackets. You could use just about anything you'd care to, from a *jai alai cesta* to a baseball bat. There are no specifications for material, weight, grip or strings. But these are the things that determine whether a given racket is right for you and you should keep them in mind when you choose a racket.

First, material. Although several types of metal racket have become popular in the past few years, I would advise the beginning player to use a well-strung wooden racket until he feels confident that he has mastered the basic strokes and tactics (continued on page 166)



Tennis gear, anyone? Bottom row, left to right: Haillet model leather tennis shoes with foam-padded top edges and heel caps, by Adidas, \$16. Cotton gabardine tennis hat, from Saks Fifth Avenue, \$8. Smasher aluminum-alloy racket, the model used by Pancho Gonzales, by Spalding, \$45 nylon strung. Second row: Three-stripe stretch-nylon training suit with cotton lining, by Adidas, \$40. Arthur Ashe Orlon-acrylic V-neck sweater, by Catalina Martin, \$20. Jack Kramer racket, made from ash with beech reinforcements at throat and sides, by Wilson, about \$35 nylon strung. Terrycloth sweatband, from Marshall Field, \$1.25. Third row: Leather tennis glove, by Sparts



Accessories, \$7, holding International racket with steel head and manganese-boron shaft, by Dunlop, about \$60 gut strung. Red-vinyl carryall, by Regent Sports Corporation, about \$7. Blue carryall of nylon-reinforced plastic, by Head, \$35. Arthur Ashe Competition racket, with aluminum covering over fiberglass core, by Head, \$56 frame only. Top row: White plastic-coated vinyl bag, with extra-large clothing pocket, by Adidas, about \$18. S. T. R. colored-aluminum racket, cast in one piece by a patented process that eliminates warping, by Midland, \$30 nylon strung. Wool, nylon and acrylic socks, by Wigwag, \$2.25. Nylon carryall with striped racket holder, by Lork, \$19.50.

Below, left to right: Our rocketeer wears an acrylic worm-up suit, by White Stag, \$20. His partner wears a nylon knit dress, by Point Set, about \$30. The next stylish swinger digs a cotton knit shirt, by Izod, \$11, polyester-and-cotton shorts, by Izod, \$19, and a cotton-mesh hat, by Court Casuals, \$3.50. His courtmate sports a Bon-Lon stretch-knit romper, about \$16, and a Dacron skirt, by Ernst Engel, about \$22. All shoes by Jack Purcell for B. F. Goodrich, \$11 a pair.



my perfect murder (continued from page 119)

shuddered and banged.

"See you!" I cried, leaping up the steps.

"Someday," called my wife, "I wish you'd fly!"

Fly, I thought, and spoil thinking about murder all across the plains? Spoil the pleasures of oiling the pistol and loading it and thinking of Ralph Underhill's face when I show up 36 years late to settle old scores? Fly? Why, I would rather pack across country on foot, pausing by night to build fires, living on bile and my old, mummified antagonisms.

The train moved. My wife was gone.

I rode off into the past.

• • •

Crossing the Great Plains the second night, we hit a beaut of a thunderstorm. I stayed up until four in the morning, listening to the rave of winds and thunder. At the height of the storm, I saw my face, a darkroom negative print on the cold window glass, and thought:

Where is that fool going?

To kill Ralph Underhill

Why? Because!

Remember how he hit my arm? Bruises. I was covered with bruises, both arms; dark-blue, mottled black, strange yellow bruises. Hit-and-run, that was Ralph, hit-and-run—

And yet . . . you loved him?

Yes, as boys bear a kind of love that is all cruelty when they are eight, ten, twelve and the world is innocent and boys are evil beyond evil because they know not what they do. So, on some secret level, I *had* to be hurt. We dear fine friends needed each other. Me to be hit. Him to strike. My scars were the emblem and symbol of our love.

What else makes you want to murder Ralph so late in time? The train whistle shrieked. Night country rolled by.

I recalled one spring going to school in a new tweed knickers suit and Ralph knocking me down, rolling me in snow and fresh brown mud. And Ralph laughing and me going home, shamefaced, covered with slime, afraid of a beating, to put on fresh dry clothes.

I remember those toy clay statues, advertised on the *Tarzan* radio show. Statues of Tarzan and Kala the Ape and Numa the Lion, for just 25 cents. Beautiful! Even now, in memory, I hear the sound of the ape man swinging through green jungles far away, ululating! But who had 25 cents in the middle of the Great Depression? Only Ralph Underhill.

And one day Ralph asked if I wanted one of the statues.

"Want!" I cried. "Yes! Yes!"

That was the same week my brother, in a strange seizure of love mixed with contempt, gave me his old, but expensive, baseball catcher's mitt.

"Well," said Ralph, "I'll give you my extra Tarzan statue if you'll give me that catcher's mitt."

Fool! I thought. The statue's worth 25 cents. The glove cost two dollars! No fair! Don't!

But I raced back to Ralph's house with the glove and gave it to him and he, smiling a worse contempt than my brother's, handed me the Tarzan statue. Bursting with joy, I ran home.

My brother didn't find out about his mitt and the statue for two weeks. I told him in the course of a long hike out in farm country, and he promptly ditched me, leaving me lost because I was such a sap. "Tarzan statues! Baseball mitts!" he cried, as he ran away. "That's the last thing I *ever* give you!"

Somewhere on a country road, I just lay down and wept and wanted to die but didn't know how to give up the final vomit that was my miserable ghost.

The thunder murmured. The rain fell on the cold Pullman-car windows.

Is that the list? No. One final thing, more terrible than everything else.

In all the years I went to Ralph's house to toss small bits of gravel against his window to signal Fourth of July, six in the morning, or to call him forth for the dawn arrival of a circus at the cold railroad station, in all those years, never once did Ralph run to my house.

Never once in all the years did he, nor anyone else, prove his friendship by coming by. The door never sounded to a knock. The window of my bedroom never faintly clattered and belled with a high-tossed confetti of sand and rocks.

I always knew that the day I stopped going to Ralph's house, calling up to his window in the morning air, would be the day our friendship ended. I tested it once. I stayed away for a week. Ralph never called. It was as if I had died and no one came to my funeral.

When I saw Ralph at school, there was no surprise, no query, not even the faintest lint of curiosity to be picked off my coat: "Where *were* you, Doug? I need someone to beat. Where you *been*, Doug, I got no one to *pinch!*"

Add up all the sins. But the most important one is the one about mornings. He never came to my house. He never shouted me awake nor tossed a rice of gravel onto the clear panes to call me down to joy and summer days.

And for this last thing, Ralph Underhill, I thought, sitting in the train at four in the morning, as the storm faded and I found tears in my eyes, for this last and final thing, for that I shall kill you tomorrow night.

Murder, I thought, after 36 years. Why, God, you're madder than Ahab.

The train wailed. We ran across coun-

try like a mechanical Greek Fate carried by a black-metal Roman Fury.

• • •

They say you can't go home again. That is a lie. If you are lucky and time it right, you arrive at sunset, when the old town is filled with yellow light.

I got off the train and walked up through Green Town and looked at the courthouse, burning with sunset glow. Every tree was hung with gold doubloons of color. Every roof and coping and bit of gingerbread was purest brass.

I sat in the courthouse square with dogs and old men until the sun had set and Green Town was dark. I wanted to savor Ralph Underhill's death.

No one in history had ever done a crime like this. I would stay, kill, depart, a stranger among strangers.

How would anyone dare say, finding Ralph Underhill's body on his doorstep, that a boy aged 12, arriving on a kind of time-machine train, had gunned down the past? It was beyond all reason. I was safe in my pure insanity.

Finally, at 8:30 on this cool October night, I crossed town, past the ravine.

People, after all, do move away; but I felt certain he would still be there.

I turned down Park Street and walked 200 yards to a single street lamp and looked across. Ralph Underhill's white two-story Victorian house waited for me.

And I could feel him *in* it.

He was there, 48 years old, even as I felt myself here, 48 and full of an old, tired and self-devouring spirit.

I stepped out of the light, opened my suitcase, put the pistol in my right-hand coat pocket, shut the case and hid it in the bushes, where, later, I would grab it and walk down into the ravine and across town to the train.

I stood before his house and it was the same house I had stood before 36 years ago. There were the windows upon which I had hurled those spring bouquets of rocks in love and total giving. There were the sidewalks, spotted with fire-cracker burn marks from ancient July Fourth's when Ralph and I had just blown up the whole damned world in shrieking celebrations.

I walked up onto the porch and saw on the mailbox in small letters: UNDERHILL

What if his wife answers?

No, I thought, he himself, with absolute Greek tragic perfection, will open the door and take the wound and almost gladly die for old crimes and minor sins somehow grown to crimes.

I rang the bell.

Will he know me, I wondered, after all this time? In the instant before the first shot, tell him your name. He must know who it is.

Silence. I rang the bell again. The doorknob rattled. I touched the pistol in my pocket, my heart hammering.

The door opened. Ralph Underhill
(concluded on page 165)

FISH STORY

humor By DAVID STANDISH



a tender tale that asks the ecological question: can a sensitive asian walking catfish find happiness in a world of phosphates, mercury and richard nixon?

THESE DAYS, only one national pastime outranks fretting about environmental pollution—and that's polluting the environment. This may not sound precisely like the fastest way to solve the problem, but it does assure us of plenty to fret about. And I would be among the first to raise high my aluminum beer can in praise of the unwavering moral outrage that we share—if it weren't for one thing.

It's our petty, small-minded perspective. Most of us are only worried about the effects of pollution on *people*, and everything else can go choke. Admittedly,

there are a few bleeding hearts around—posing as ecologists, sportsmen and conservationists—who *seem* truly concerned about the effects of our pollution derby on other plant and animal life; but the intelligent majority of us have had the good sense to ignore them. Down deep, they're just looking out for old number one—humanity. The ecologists only grumble about how we're destroying delicate ecosystems because they want people to continue breathing and eating; the sportsmen want animals protected so they can occasionally hunt a few without wiping out an entire species; and the conservationists are fighting to preserve a few scraps of wilderness so future generations of people can see what the world was like before shopping centers. A selfish bunch, through and through.

Take water pollution, if you have the nerve. These environmental types are always moaning about its effect on fish—which is mainly to kill them. "We care," they cry. "Save our funny friends from destruction." Who could help admiring such fine sentiments? Not I, if they were authentic. But a recent *New York Times* article makes one wonder:

Ichthyologists have warned that the environment is being threatened by the importation into Florida of 50,000,000 live tropical fish yearly and the inadvertent release of many species. . . . Included is the famous walking catfish, a slimy creature from Southeast Asia that can live out of the water and transport itself on long, spiny whiskers. "The accidental release of the walking catfish in southern Florida . . . may be the most harmful introduction to any North America area so far witnessed because of its severe competitive habits," the ichthyologists reported.

Are these the words of men who love *all* fish, without regard to race, creed or edibility? If you were an Asian Walking Catfish, how would you feel after reading that? I think I'd get incredibly depressed and spend a week in bed pouting.

It's a slur, pure and simple. Apparently, we're supposed to loathe him because he's a little tougher and smarter than those weak, cowardly fish that faint at the sight of a huge breaker of raw sewage rolling their way, that keel over dead just from splashing through noxious progress near some factory site, that turn yellow belly up the moment their lake turns emerald green from algae. We're supposed to weep for them and treat Asian Walking like some sort of pariah. Hath not a Walking Catfish a heart?

But the last laugh will be on the cold-blooded ichthyologists, because in spite of their mudslinging campaign, destiny is on the side of Asian Walking. He is the

FISH OF THE FUTURE

The fish that can cope with the complexities and anxieties of modern, nonreturnable life

MOTHER NATURE'S LATEST MODEL

This is because he's relearned the trick that some avant-garde fish picked up on a few million years ago—walking. That first revolutionary fish must have been drunk or worse when he stumbled onto land, but he apparently lived to tell about it. Hey, you're not gonna believe this, but I found this place where there isn't any water. No, honest, I did. I don't know what that stuff is up there, but wow, you get an incredible rush when you sniff it.

He obviously started a fad, because pretty soon, every wild kid in the neighborhood was trying it. Unfortunately, some of them took one sniff too many and they couldn't keep it together. They were hooked. I can't stay away from it, I can't! And then one bleak day, these poor, misguided youths awoke to discover that they were, the shame of it, amphibians. I'll never do it again, I swear—just give me back my gills!

Asian Walking, on the other hand, has considerably more integrity and self-control. True, he may look like a benign tumor with a mustache, but his head is together, and that's what counts. A. W.'s rough exterior gives him a certain *machismo* charisma in the tradition of Belmondo and Spiro—and,

furthermore, he's got a great gimmick. Whenever he feels like taking a jaunt on shore, he simply gulps up a bunch of water in his factory-issue sacs and takes off for the weekend.

Suppose he sets up housekeeping in a nice little split-level stream in southern Florida. The water is cool, spring-fed and sweet. He hasn't much more to do than keep an eye out for antisocial alligators and take an occasional stroll in the country. The good life. But—what's this? Tastes . . . tastes like . . . yecdh . . . it is! Somebody's turning the neighborhood into a slum! So he indignantly marches out of the water to find out what's up—and discovers that what's up is a brand-new paper mill. Now, your ordinary stick-in-the-water fish would have to hang around and watch property values plummet. But not Asian Walking. He simply sublets his place and splits.

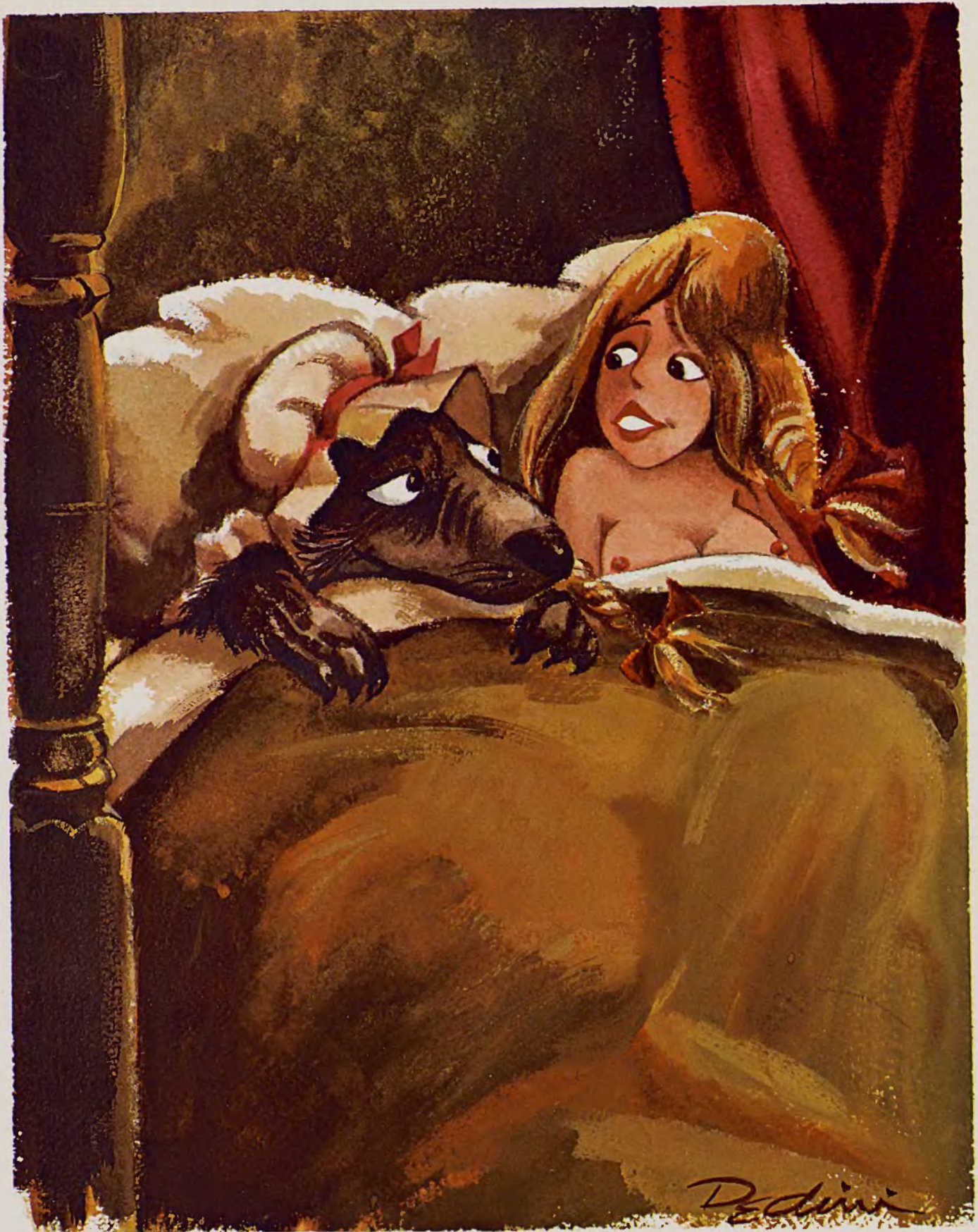
He may not realize, as he trudges through the saw grass, cursing quietly, that the future is on his fins. For he shall inherit the clean water. At first, of course, it won't be obvious. He'll just get bunions from moving around a lot and a reputation as a no-account drifter. But his heroic and tragic role will become increasingly clear as pond after creek after bayou succumbs to the siren call of those three malevolent enchantresses, Phosphate, Mercury and DDT. Sometimes, after hot-finning it away from the terrible trio, he'll find a great new pond—only to be told by its residents to get out by sundown, because we don't want none of them hippie dropouts around here. At other times, though, he may be greeted by the backwoods locals as some sort of ugly messiah. Look—he can walk on land! Oh, Lord, he can walk on land! It's a miracle, a sign! But in Asian Walking's list of virtues, burning social conscience ranks right after his pretty face, so instead of leading his would-be disciples toward the nontoxic Promised Water, he'll go climb a tree until they all calm down. And on that enzyme-active day when those magic whiteners appear and start bleaching out the mud and minnows around him, he'll heave a sigh and mosey on.

He is obviously in for a sad, lonely life; which, as Rod McKuen could tell you, is often the lot of a leader. While less resourceful fish are expiring around him, Asian Walking is fated to be the cold-blooded Kerouac of the Pollution Era, continuously wandering the face of the land, always hoping that the next pond will be the last. And one day, if we manage to keep up our splendid record-breaking pace, it probably will be. Clean water will be so far away that he'd have to be the Asian Flying Catfish to get to it. Then comes the good part.

You're Asian Walking, and every body of water you check out tastes like last week's crawfish. You run into several buddies on the road, and they tell you it's the same all over. NO ASIAN WALKING CATFISH NEED APPLY. Having read your history, you know that there's only one way to beat such oppression—guerrilla warfare. Humans are ripping off what's left of the good water, so there's only one alternative: Off the people.

When the first few militant schools of left-fin Weatherfish attack by night, draining swimming pools and triggering sprinkler systems as they go, it's going to scare local folks right out of their barbecue aprons. Alice, a bunch of fish just jumped out of the shrubs and attacked our swimming pool. Harry, have you been drinking your after-shave lotion again? Soon, it will take a brave man to wash his car outdoors, and while bathing, prudent souls will always take the precaution of inviting a few friends to join them.

The crisis mounts, spreading its inevitable whiskers ever northward. Walter Cronkite reports that 81-year-old Tennessee farmer Jed Mingee battled dozens of them for three hours before driving them off. When asked what prompted him to so bravely protect home and hearth, Mr. Mingee replied, "Didn't bother me none when they captured muh hog wallow and clumb down the cistern, but it made me madder'n a wet rooster when them critters went for muh still." In a responsible democratic reaction to the menace, the House and Senate hastily draft a joint bill declaring it a Federal offense for anyone with a temperature lower than 98.6 degrees to cross state lines, adding, for good measure, (concluded on page 190)



"But will you love me when I'm old and gray?"



*playboy presents its annual
array of intercontinental cottontails*

BUNNIES OF 1971

PLAYBOY'S BUNNY BEAUTY CONTEST, now entering its third year, mirrors the mobility of today's freewheeling society. Finals of the first contest, at which the Bunny of the Year—1970 was chosen, were held at the Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin; the following year, the arena was switched to the newly acquired Playboy Towers hotel in Chicago, where the pageant served as an opening celebration for our refurbished hostelry. And the Bunny of the Year—1972 will be named at a gala spectacle next March in the Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge, New Jersey, which is scheduled to open in mid-December of this year. The Bunnies also reflect the liberated life style of the Seventies—Jane Fonda is gradually replacing Jackie Onassis on their list of most admired women—but they exhibit a heightened interest in educational and career advancement, too, says Toni LeMay, Playboy's International Bunny Director and a Bunny Mother since 1963. Toni credits much of this development to Playboy's tuition-reimbursement program and its policy of promoting Bunnies to management positions—as Bunny Mothers, catering managers, room directors and the like. One cottontail constant, however, is beauty, as evidenced by the selections on these pages. Playboy keyholders will vote for their contest nominees early next year; herewith we present a preview of the probable competition. After you've scrutinized these likely candidates and their hutchmates at the Clubs, you be the judge: Who would be your Bunny of the Year?



Racing fans applaud—but Cincinnati keyholders bewail—Joan Lusenhop's latest aspiration. Joan (opposite) contemplates doffing her cottontail costume for a set of jockey silks. Now enlivening the Playboy Plaza, Miami Beach, is Donna Silsby (above); brown-belt judo expert Deonna Baker (below) presides over Denver's bumper-pool table.



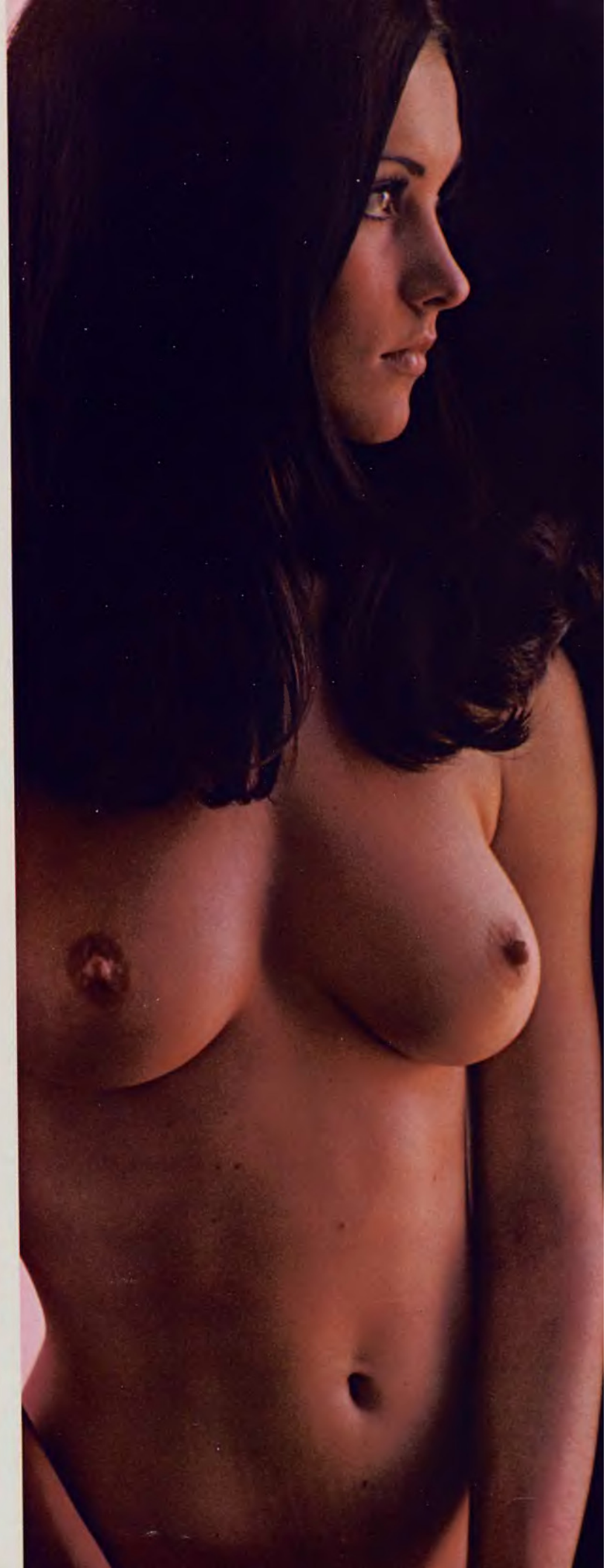


Blondes Lindo King (above) and Songé Songey (below), both former bank employees, are among the sunny attractions of the San Francisco Playboy Club. Songé was once on airline hostess, as was New York Bunny Mary Avrom (right). Mory, who claims she used to live in a happily haunted house, is a student of witchcraft.





Judy Juterbock (above), a minister's daughter and onetime art student, graces the New York Club. Kansas City is home grounds for Crystal Smith (right), a senior at Kansas State University who owns and operates a dance studio. Atlanta's Nicole Cisar (below) is rozzed about her height—5'10½". But tall girls are hard to put down.





Outdoor sports appeal to this trio of Bunnies: Wendy Abbett (left) of San Francisco plays first base on a softball team; London's Morilyn Cole (above) spends weekends soiling with her family near Portsmouth; and New Orleans Bunny Brittney Lee (below) goes in for a hearty combination of riding, bicycling, bowling and tennis.





"Someday I'm going to play Juliet," says Ann Shettle of Baltimore (above); she's saving her Bunny money for acting lessons. Arts and crafts interest Detroit's Brenda Honey (left), whose skills include sketching and rugmaking. A fond memory for Jackie Sabatino, St. Louis (below), is her 1966 reign as the Sports Queen of that city.





It's not surprising that many Bunnies double as models. Among them are Chicago's Ava Cherry (left), whose pet haunts are the city's smart boutiques; Manhattan's Gino Loren (above), who writes songs and roises robbits; ond Boston's Morgan Wyler (below), an erstwhile legal steno who'd win a lot of verdicts.





Strictly a hometown girl is Bunny Lynn Cole of Baltimore (above), but both Mary Taylor (right) and Carolyn Bedient (below) have wanderlust. Carolyn, a native Nebraskan, now works at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel, and Californian Mary is banking her Los Angeles hutch earnings to finance her ambition to travel.





Kim Bjornson (above), whose blonde hair and sparkling eyes afford striking testimony to her Swedish heritage, became a cottontail in Cincinnati last September. Carol Vitale (below), who first donned ears and tail at the Miami Playboy Club, has crossed Biscayne Bay to enlist in the Playboy Plaza's Miami Beach Bunny brigade.



Aspiring authoress Lorna Scoville (above) represented Montreal in last year's Bunny Beauty Contest—where she was named Miss Photogenic. Half of a spectacular sister act is Carole Green (right) of the Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel; readers may recall her sibling Cathy as a San Francisco entry in our Bunnies of 1970.







"You know, acting's really not my bag, but I just love coming out for auditions."

"NICCOLO NERI, thou hast been accused, tried and found guilty of grossly violating a respectable young woman of this town. Her testimony, as thou knowest, was given incognito—only the provost knows her identity—and I hereby warn thee, upon pain of bodily punishment, not to speak that name.

"Thou comest before this court dressed in dirty rags and tatters, thy face scarred, thy nose flattened in a drunken brawl. Let all witness the wicked downfall of a former gentleman. Thou hast spent thy patrimony of 14,000 ducats on the furnishings of a mansion wherein thou hast entertained whores and wild fellows, gambled and spermatized thy wealth away. Piece by piece, thou hast sold thy lands and furnishings, coming at last to be thus bare and undone; falling thence into cardsharpping, dice cogging, spunging and tavern fighting.

"Now, it is the will of God and judgment of the podesta that thou shalt die by hanging on the harlot's gibbet three days hence." Thus spoke the provost.

Niccolo laughed. Then the guards led him back to his cell.

That evening, the podesta was at work in his study when Bartolo, a respectable wool merchant, was shown in secretly. Displaying a distressed face and tears in his eyes, the visitor said, "With shame and sorrow, I have come to beg for the life of Niccolo."

"You?" asked the podesta. "I fail to understand."

"Forgive me," said the merchant, "but my wife has confessed to me. It is she who is the accuser, and now she has persuaded me to beg for mercy, lest she kill herself through grief. Apparently, she was with Niccolo one summer day near the river when quite by chance . . . well, it was somewhat the fault of both. . . ."

"I am greatly sorry to hear this, but judgment has been passed," said the podesta, and Bartolo went away weeping.

A little later, there came a tap at the window and the podesta, on opening it, found Giovanni, a well-to-do landowner of the neighborhood, hiding there. "Hist, your Lordship," said Giovanni, "I plead for mercy for the criminal Niccolo. My poor, sweet daughter seems likely to go mad if the scoundrel is hanged. It was she whom he seduced—one September afternoon, it seems, in the milking shed, when he took advantage of her innocence and the fact that she had forgotten to put on her drawers. . . ."

"What will be, shall be," said the podesta firmly, "though you have my deepest sympathies, friend." The podesta shut the window and turned away, greatly puzzled.

He was even more puzzled the next morning, when Aurelio, the vintner, came to him as he walked in his garden, requesting pardon for Niccolo and con-



fessing that it was his lovely sister who, through some madness, had let Niccolo fall between her legs. Later in the day, it was the innkeeper on behalf of his foolish young wife; then the master carpenter begging for the sake of his pretty ward; even a young gentleman speaking for his aunt. All of these ladies, to hear tell, were on the verge of madness or suicide.

The podesta was staggered. In the

course of that day and the next, virtually all—with two notable exceptions—of the most upright ladies of the town had secretly tried to intercede for Niccolo. The podesta remained unmoved. Yet he could not help being amazed at the man's exploits.

On the hour of the execution, the whole town turned out. The guards put a big gilt rope around Niccolo's neck and a gilt miter on his head to show that he was the king of scoundrels. Hands bound before him, he was marched between two guards on the way to the gibbet. Girls and ladies, looking distraught, lined the way or stood on the balconies of houses. Niccolo called out to them by name and blew them kisses. The great bell of the town hall tolled steadily to announce the execution.

Niccolo was made to mount the gibbet platform among the black flags and, amid quiet sobbing and female lamentation in the background, the podesta read the death sentence aloud. The hangman tied Niccolo's hands behind him and brought the noose. Suddenly, there was a commotion at the foot of the platform.

Hair in disorder, skirts flying, clapping her hands, a young woman broke through the guards and ran up the steps. Everyone craned to see—it was Donna Lucia, a respectable widow who held a position of some importance in the society of the town.

She knelt at the podesta's feet and cried, "I take this man Niccolo for my husband! It is the old law!"

Amazed, the podesta said, "But you were not among those who petitioned—" Then he stopped himself. He looked at the provost, who was shaking his head.

"It is, indeed, an ancient law of the district," said the provost. "I had almost forgotten it. Whereas a man is condemned for some crime of carnality, he may be reprieved if some unquestionably respectable woman offers to marry him and to assure that he will henceforth lead an honest life." Then he said to Donna Lucia, "Madam, you have lost your senses."

But the thing was done; Niccolo was released, smiling. A great female cheer went up.

Later, at home, the podesta sat in bafflement and considered the strange events of the day. "I do not understand," he said to his wife, "why the women of this town were so bent on preserving the life of that ugly ruffian."

Unthinkingly, she answered, "Oh, it was all for the common good! To rescue the greatest piece of artillery ever seen hereabouts! The most formidable pizzle I myself have ever—" Then she stopped in confusion. The podesta could only stare at her, dumfounded.

—Retold by Jonah Craig

PLAYBOY'S FIRST PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW

sports **By ANSON MOUNT** *an early line on the teams and players in both conferences of the n.f.l.*

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL, as 40,000,000 neglected wives and girlfriends will readily agree, has displaced baseball as the Great American Spectator Sport. Armchair psychologists go so far as to speculate that football is much more closely attuned than baseball to the American psyche. It delivers a weekly package of controlled violence mixed with intricate teamwork and superspecialized skills, plus the joy and strife of regional chauvinism, packaged in all the color and gimmickry that American showbiz know-how can concoct.

But pro football's pre-eminent place in the American sports scene is relatively new. In only a dozen years, 12 teams have become 26, attendance has tripled and millions of people who once thought football began and



ended at college are glued to their television sets because tickets to the pro games are usually sold out by mid-May.

The story of the precipitous growth of pro football is in the best American tradition. In 1959, Lamar Hunt, rich son of ultrarich H. L. Hunt, decided he would like to bring a pro football team to his native Dallas. Following protocol, he went to Chicago and called on George Halas, then chairman of the National Football League's absurdly titled Expansion Committee. There was an excited flurry in the press about all this and Halas omnisciently announced to reporters that pro football had reached its full growth potential at that time and there was neither room nor sufficient fan interest for expansion.

So Hunt, seeing that the National Football League owners were sitting on a tight little monopoly and had no intention of giving an outsider a piece of the action, decided to fight his way in. He forthwith rounded up other money-laden would-be sports impresarios and started the American Football League, keeping the Dallas franchise, naturally, for himself. The new A. F. L. owners went into the open market, bidding for football talent against the



This dramatic construction, done by Ron Villani with acrylic paint on polyurethane foam, depicts Dallas tackle Jethro Pugh breaking through to Baltimore's Johnny Unitas in the 1971 Super Bowl, on what may have been one of the last plays of the great quarterback's career.

established N. F. L. owners, and the player war was on.

Barely a month after Hunt and his partners announced the founding of the A. F. L., Halas and Pittsburgh owner Art Rooney, the other member of the N. F. L. Expansion Committee, called a press conference in Houston, where the Bears

and the Steelers were playing an exhibition game. Halas and Rooney announced that, by golly, there *was* room for N. F. L. expansion, after all, and the first two franchises were to be in Dallas and Houston, the two key A. F. L. cities. (Houston's franchise was promulgated in the belief that Rice Stadium would be available

for N. F. L. use—a false assumption, it turned out, so the Houston franchise was switched to Minneapolis, the next most desirable proposed A. F. L. site.)

The N. F. L. Dallas franchise went to Clint Murchison, Jr., son of another Texas oil zillionaire, who, seeing Hunt buy himself a football team, decided he wanted one, too. In the uncertain months before either the A. F. L. teams or the Dallas Cowboys began play in 1960, Murchison apparently had second thoughts. He went to Hunt and offered to sell him half the Cowboy franchise if he would drop plans for founding the A. F. L. Hunt said no dice. A few weeks later, Murchison called and said Hunt could have the whole Cowboy franchise if he would drop his A. F. L. plans, explaining that all he wanted was to see Dallas have a first-class pro football team—and, of course, that meant an N. F. L. team. Hunt, who has a frontier sense of integrity, again demurred, explaining that he couldn't abandon the other A. F. L. owners, who had gambled so much on his idea.

The first two years of A. F. L. competition were marked by feeble fan interest, generally inept and ragged play, financial crises and frequent press predictions that the whole thing would collapse in a season or two. The American Broadcasting Company, looking for sports programming on the cheap, agreed to televise A. F. L. games for a relative pittance. But it was a beginning and the television exposure recruited an increasing number of followers for the young league.

Meanwhile, the Dallas Cowboys, who had opened for business in the fall of 1960, almost immediately won over the Dallas fans. The Cowboys' attendance gains were the Dallas Texans' losses. Finally, in 1962, when Hunt's Texans won the A. F. L. championship but still drew fewer paid spectators than the Cowboys, who won only a couple of games, Hunt decided to move his franchise to Kansas City.

From then on, it was all uphill for the A. F. L., but the league was helped by the reluctance of N. F. L. owners to match some of the A. F. L. clubs' fat contract offers. A few players fresh out of college took less lucrative N. F. L. contracts merely for the honor of playing in "the big league." But, in general, the A. F. L. teams were getting their share of the available speed, brains and muscle, and the price war for talent threatened to become disastrous. Finally, the N. F. L. owners realized that the only way they could continue to make reasonably exorbitant profits was to take in the interlopers. The event that triggered this change of heart occurred in January 1964, when the A. F. L. got an astonishingly juicy TV contract from NBC, making it obvious that the league not only would survive but, for the next five years at least,

THIS SEASON'S WINNERS

| | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| NFC Eastern Division: | DALLAS COWBOYS |
| NFC Central Division: | MINNESOTA VIKINGS |
| NFC Western Division: | SAN FRANCISCO 49ERS |
| NFC Play-offs: | MINNESOTA VIKINGS |
| AFC Eastern Division: | NEW YORK JETS |
| AFC Central Division: | CINCINNATI BENGALS |
| AFC Western Division: | KANSAS CITY CHIEFS |
| AFC Play-offs: | CINCINNATI BENGALS |
| Super Bowl: | MINNESOTA VIKINGS |

THIS SEASON'S TOP ROOKIES

(In approximate order of value to their teams)

| | | |
|------------------|------------------|----------------------|
| Leon Burns | Running Back | San Diego Chargers |
| Elmo Wright | Wide Receiver | Kansas City Chiefs |
| Joe Profit | Running Back | Atlanta Falcons |
| Archie Manning | Quarterback | New Orleans Saints |
| Frank Lewis | Wide Receiver | Pittsburgh Steelers |
| Jim Plunkett | Quarterback | New England Patriots |
| John Riggins | Running Back | New York Jets |
| Don McCauley | Running Back | Baltimore Colts |
| J. D. Hill | Wide Receiver | Buffalo Bills |
| Rocky Thompson | Wide Receiver | New York Giants |
| Happy Feller | Kicker | Philadelphia Eagles |
| Vernon Holland | Tackle | Cincinnati Bengals |
| John Brockington | Running Back | Green Bay Packers |
| Isiah Robertson | Linebacker | Los Angeles Rams |
| James Harrison | Running Back | Chicago Bears |
| Joe Moore | Running Back | Chicago Bears |
| Jack Tatum | Defensive Back | Oakland Raiders |
| Richard Harris | Defensive Tackle | Philadelphia Eagles |
| Virgil Robinson | Defensive Back | Green Bay Packers |

would also have plenty of bread with which to buy talent. So Tex Schramm, Murchison's general manager, called Hunt and said, "Let's get together." After a supersecret courting, marriage vows were exchanged in 1966, with the A.F.L. required to pay a multimillion-dollar dowry for the honor of joining the "in" crowd. Four years later, after Hunt's Kansas City Chiefs had thrashed the Minnesota Vikings in the Super Bowl, the Bonehead Club of Dallas gave Hunt its Bonehead-of-the-Year award for "paying \$18,000,000 to join a bunch of losers."

Without further pre-game commentary, here's our prognostication on the winners—and losers—of the upcoming season.

EASTERN DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

| | |
|---------------------|------|
| Dallas Cowboys | 11-3 |
| St. Louis Cardinals | 9-5 |
| New York Giants | 7-7 |
| Washington Redskins | 7-7 |
| Philadelphia Eagles | 2-12 |

Even the Dallas Cowboys' proclivity for snatching defeat from the jaws of victory may not keep them from a return visit to the Super Bowl. For one thing, the squad will be virtually an exact copy of last year's edition, and presumably the Cowboys are nursing wounded pride from their exercise in ineptitude last January. Also, it rankles the Texas psyche to be even second best, so feverish preparations have been under way for the coming season and a mood of Spartan determination has fallen over the Cowboy camp. This is a situation made to order for coach Tom Landry, whose icy personality and craggy features evoke images of a Nova Scotian landscape in late November.

One new face in the Cowboy starting line-up may be the pink-cheeked visage of quarterback Roger Staubach. The frequently injured and infrequently impressive Craig Morton may be more useful as a back-up man, and Staubach appears to have the personal qualities—and now the maturity—to keep the psychic fires burning in the sometimes listless Cowboys. If Staubach can put some juice in their offense, thus giving an occasional breather to the best defense in the business, the Cowboys will have to invent new ways to lose in the Super Bowl. They certainly won't have too much trouble getting there; their schedule is the weakest in either conference. Dallas' nondivisional opponents collectively won only a third of their games last season.

It has been 23 years since the St. Louis Cardinals—then the Chicago Cardinals—won a football championship. With a little luck (and a few slips by Dallas), the drought could end in '71. The needed manpower is on hand. In

fact, the only really new man on the Cardinal scene is head coach Bob Hollway, recent zookeeper to Minnesota's famed Purple Gang defense. Hollway knows a good thing when he sees it. He has had other head-coaching offers before but has shrewdly waited for a chance to take over a team with the right ingredients of quick success. His patience and judgment have paid off: The Cardinal camp contains the necessary parts, just waiting for the right leader to hang them all together. Last year, the Cards had young and mistake-prone talent that suffered some bad luck and crippling internal personality conflicts. Now Hollway is bringing order out of chaos. All spring, he has been making noises that would lead opponents to believe he has brought with him from Minnesota the Bud Grant philosophy of methodical, grinding football. But don't believe it. The Cardinals have the speed and slash that are missing in the Viking offense and Hollway is too smart a guy not to take advantage of them.

The New York Giants could also challenge Dallas. Coach Alex Webster is into his third year of rebuilding the team and the results so far have been little short of phenomenal. Last year, with eight rookies on the roster by the end of the season, the Giants were in solid contention for the divisional championship up to the final game. Those new men have matured and this year's draft should produce at least two more instant starters in the persons of wide receiver Rocky Thompson and linebacker Ronnie Hornsby. The big questions are whether the Giants can again enjoy last year's reprieve from excessive injury and whether quarterback Fran Tarkenton can repeat last year's performance, the best of his career. Coach Webster's main problems are shoring up the offensive line and the linebacking corps, both of which have geriatric problems despite the presence of a few talented youngsters. If the new men have learned enough and if coach Alex Webster can find some reliable depth, the Giants should continue to improve.

George Allen takes over at Washington to continue the revitalization begun by the late Vince Lombardi. Lombardi's is a hard act to follow, but if anyone can do it, the single-minded Allen is the man. His strength—or perhaps his downfall—will be his private football prejudices. First of all he is incurably suspicious of callow youth. He also thinks the idea of building for the future is merely a cop-out for present incompetence. "The future," he says, "is now!" Add these personal prejudices to the situation that Allen inherited (one of the best offensive teams in pro football and one of the worst defenses) and you have a simple explanation of Allen's extraordinary move on arrival in Washington.

He traded away virtually his entire 1971 draft plus a big chunk of the 1972 draft for seasoned defensive help. Allen got the Rams' three starting linebackers (Myron Pottios, Jack Pardee and Maxie Baughan), plus blue-chip defensive tackle Diron Talbert. The Rams threw in guard John Wilbur to sweeten the pot.

Virtually every pro coach we've talked to insists (off the record) that George Allen got taken in the trade. The new Los Angeles coach, Tommy Prothro, they say, was just about to turn those three linebackers out to pasture anyway. We'll soon know who took whom in the trade.

The Redskins have a fabulous offense. Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen, at 37, is still one of the best in the country. He has some top-grade receivers in Charley Taylor and Boyd Dowler, who will be ably abetted by rookie Cotton Speyrer, and Larry Brown is the best runner in pro football. The big problem is the defensive line, which was so miserable last year that even the addition of Diron Talbert probably won't help enough to make it respectable.

"Pity the poor old Eagles," the Philadelphia sportswriters have been wont to intone over the years, and the phrase is as pertinent now as ever. It is a mystery how a team such as the Eagles can finish near the bottom for so long, thereby inheriting a perennially good position in the draft grab bag, and still do such a lousy job in the fresh-meat department. Along with the thin ranks, the Eagles' coaching staff has been torn with disension. One of the few pluses the team enjoyed until this year was the better-than-adequate quarterbacking of Norm Snead; but, for some inexplicable reason, general manager Pete Retzlaff traded Snead off to the Vikings, leaving no passers of remotely comparable quality to replace him. As if all these problems weren't enough, those poor old Eagles face the toughest schedule in pro football.

CENTRAL DIVISION

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

| | |
|-------------------|------|
| Minnesota Vikings | 12-2 |
| Detroit Lions | 10-4 |
| Green Bay Packers | 5-9 |
| Chicago Bears | 5-9 |

If the Minnesota Vikings could find some outside running speed, they would be the best team in pro football. They might be the best this year anyway, if they can avoid crippling injuries among the wide receivers and linebackers, where depth is thin. They certainly have everything else, including Bud Grant, the best coach in the National Football Conference. They also have a large stable of bull-like runners, two well-seasoned quarterbacks in Gary Cuozzo

and Norm Snead and the best defensive line in football.

The Vikings are not one of the sport's glamor teams. Rather, they come at you like the Minnesota winters: cold, bleak and relentless. The defense is mean and immovable; the offense is tightly controlled, elementary and usually uninteresting to watch. Both squads retain a flavor of the early years under former coach Norm Van Brocklin, when momentum often was a substitute for skill. But now the Vikings also bear the Bud Grant trademark—thoroughness, cold pragmatism and a freight-train offense.

Grant doesn't believe in cheap scores and certainly isn't going to give up any to the opposition. The offense plays it close to the vest because it can afford to. Dave Osborn, Clint Jones, Bill Brown, Oscar Reed and Jim Lindsey are not fancy runners, but all are good for three yards a carry. Gary Cuzzo has the single most overlooked attribute of a great quarterback: intellectual agility. He was Phi Beta Kappa at Virginia and was number one in his class in dental school at Tennessee. Tackle Ron Yary is destined to become a superstar. He has everything, including size, mobility and a mean streak. Add it all together and it comes out this way: The Vikings have the best chance in the National Football Conference to beat the Cowboys to the Super Bowl.

The Detroit Lions have climbed a long way from mediocrity in the past couple of years and, had they been in any other division, they probably would have made the play-offs each of the past two seasons. The Vikings are a formidable roadblock for any ambitious team and the Lions may well wind up second best again this year. But they'll make a tough scrap of it. The two big problem areas have been the pass-rush—which has been unaccountably anemic in light of the truculent tonnage in the defensive line—and the passing offense, which was woefully unproductive last fall. Quarterbacks Bill Munson and Greg Landry are both excellent passers, so look for the Lions to open up the air lanes this year. Also, for the first time in a long while, the Lions went primarily for defensive stalwarts in the draft to beef up their pass-rush. They came out with some goodies, notably tackle Bob Bell from Cincinnati and linebacker Charlie Weaver from Southern Cal.

Perhaps the greatest thing the Lions have going for them is sheer mechanical discipline. Only 70 penalties were called against them all last season, the best record in the conference with a lot to spare, and they gave up the ball on mistakes 17 times fewer than opponents. This may sound like a lot of dull statistics, but it makes the difference between a 4-8-2 season and a 10-4 season, which is exactly how far the Lions have come in the past two years.

A new coach takes over the Green Bay Packers this season, but fans shouldn't expect to see a lot of difference in either playing style or results. Dan Divine abandoned cozy security at Missouri for the heady challenge of the pro game. That's an indication of the kind of man he is. But there was method in his move. In playing style and velocity, the Packers have been almost a perfect professional counterpart of Divine's Missouri Tigers.

Presumably, Divine will bring a platoon of medics with him from the Missouri School of Medicine. "I've never seen so many people hurt or half hurt," he says, sizing up his new herd. Top concern, of course, is the throwing arm of Bart Starr. Last year's back-up man, Don Horn, was swapped to the Broncos, so Zeke Bratkowski was reactivated, which probably gives the Packers the oldest pair of quarterbacks in captivity (Starr is 37 and Bratkowski is 39). That isn't exactly a liability, judging from the way Johnny Unitas and Earl Morrall handled Baltimore's offense last year.

Don't give Starr the arthritic count-down because of his age; last year, he did better with a sore arm than Horn did with a good one, and that's why Horn is throwing balls around Mile High Stadium in Denver this year. Part of the deal was that the Packers got Denver's position in the first round of the college draft, enabling them to pick off power runner John Brockington ahead of the surprised Chicago Bears, who had covetous eyes on the Ohio State battering ram. It was a wise choice, because Brockington will probably be the first man to make Packer fans forget Jim Taylor. The team will need him, Travis Williams having been dealt to Los Angeles.

Packer followers shouldn't count on miracles. Dan Divine's philosophy is the opposite of George Allen's. He is willing to work patiently and methodically toward future excellence. After meeting his squad last spring, he said, "I'm finding out right now that certain guys on the team are not going to buy me. I know who they are and I'll have to do something about them. We've got a big rebuilding job to do here; the team needs it more than I thought." Does that sound a little like Lombardi?

The Chicago Bears have been victims of their own ineptitude in the draft. Not since the '65 draw that brought Gale Sayers, Dick Butkus and Dick Gordon have the Bears had a really good crop of rookies. As a result, owner George Halas has had to resort to the trading block in order to replace the lame and the aged, and the ranks have been resultantly thin. Fortunately, the trades have been shrewder than the draft choices and last year's Bear squad was improved enough to approach the mediocre. Biggest flaws were the defen-

sive backfield and the running corps that was made up of one injured great (Sayers) and several barely adequate runners. The quarterbacking can be charitably described as unfulfilled potential, and if coach Jim Dooley didn't have an embarrassment of riches in the receiving department, the passing game would be almost nonexistent.

Halas opened his wallet this year and spent \$100,000 on scouting. The big happy surprise package of the draftees could easily be James Harrison, running mate of Joe Moore (also a Bear draftee) at Missouri. When Harrison and Moore were freshmen, Columbia sportswriters were making noises about Harrison's being a future combination of Jim Thorpe and Bronko Nagurski. Moore was just another freshman who could run a little. But it was he who had the guts and drive to become the best college runner in the nation—until his shoulder separation in midseason last year. Harrison still has the tools; he is 6'4", weighs 242 pounds and, when his adrenaline is flowing, he really runs. If Dooley can motivate him, the Bears could have the best three-man infantry platoon in the country.

| WESTERN DIVISION | |
|------------------------------|------|
| NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE | |
| San Francisco 49ers | 9-5 |
| Los Angeles Rams | 8-6 |
| New Orleans Saints | 3-11 |
| Atlanta Falcons | 3-11 |

The San Francisco 49ers' rush to the top—it took them 21 years in the N. F. L. to win their first divisional title—was one of the big surprises of last season. They seem to be in even better shape this year. One refreshing change is that coach Dick Nolan isn't relying on the rookie crop to strengthen his starting units. There won't be much change in offensive nor defensive tactics, because Nolan isn't one to tinker with a winner. It's easy to see why he isn't too worried about his offense. Quarterback John Brodie has finally matured and last year's brilliant performance should be repeated in '71. One reason for the blossoming of Brodie was the maturity of the offensive line, which allowed him to be decked only eight times, an N. F. L. record. What the running attack lacks in breakaway speed it makes up for in sheer power. Ken Willard has become one of the most devastating blockers around; and if rookie Joe Orduna pans out, the 49er offense should be one of the two or three best in the country. The principal (and almost totally overlooked) key to San Francisco's newfound defensive excellence is Nolan's unique system of using eight starting defensive linemen. By constant shuttling, he



Rowland B. Wilson

keeps a fresh front four on the field at all times, with the result that the 49ers' defense often dominates the fourth quarter. Defensive end Cedrick Hardman should become the best in the country within a couple of years.

Rarely does a pro football organization change as drastically from top to bottom as the Los Angeles Rams have this year. Shortly before the death of owner Dan Reeves, one of pro football's great pioneers, his stormy relationship with head coach George Allen was terminated and UCLA coach Tommy Prothro was hired. Prothro's motivations for taking over the Rams were much the same as Dan Divine's for going to Green Bay: New challenges were more inviting than old securities. But where Divine will not bring many immediate changes to the Packers, Prothro's innovations will probably dazzle fans in the first exhibition game. He brought along five of his UCLA assistant coaches, retaining only one member of last year's staff. Also, despite the Rams' excellent material, many new names will be listed among the starters. Main reason for this is Prothro's football philosophy, which seems to be the opposite of Minnesota's Bud Grant. Prothro goes for the big play, maneuvering the game situation until he gets in perfect position to spring some preplanned but unexpected

game-breaking play. Whether this will work as well for him with the Rams as it did at UCLA remains to be seen, but veteran pro coaches to whom we've talked seriously doubt it. The main thing Prothro has going for him is his quarterback. Along with everything else, Roman Gabriel has the stature and the stamina to stand up to the charging behemoths who man defensive lines.

Both the offensive and the defensive lines are prime beef, but the running backs have been battering-ram types with not enough outside speed for Prothro's sudden-big-play style of football. That problem may have been solved with the acquisition of Travis Williams from Green Bay. Despite the doubters and the cynics, we have a feeling that canny Tommy Prothro will do his job in spectacular fashion. His main problem will be dealing with advancing age among his squad members. The five regular offensive linemen, for example, have an average age of 30, and that borders Medicare country in the world of pro football.

The fight for the division title will be strictly limited this year to Los Angeles and San Francisco; neither Atlanta nor New Orleans has a chance. They and Philadelphia form the poverty belt of pro football. Best chance to climb to some kind of respectability probably be-

longs to New Orleans, on the strength of a few super rookies (quarterback Archie Manning, offensive linemen Sam Holden, Larry Di Nardo and Wimpy Winther and running back Carlos Bell). Manning, of course, is the cream of them all. Rarely is a rookie quarterback expected to shoulder full responsibility for running the team, but Manning has the qualifications, and the need is painfully obvious. New Orleans fans are going to see a lot of new faces this year, not only because of the excellence of the new troops but because of the all-encompassing ineptitude of last year's squad. The offense, which consisted of an inexperienced quarterback directing a group of runners whose most frequent body contact was with a surgeon's knife, did make the record book: It drew more penalties than any other attack unit. If you can believe it, the Saints' defense last year was almost as bleak as the offense. It couldn't even pressure an opposing passer with a blitz. Coach J. D. Roberts is trying to do a patch job with some position changes and a few rejects from other teams, but the prospects are poor.

Atlanta appears to be in even worse shape than New Orleans. There are also a few similarities: Most of the few good players on the squad are optimistic about recovering from surgery, the offensive line is green and this season's hopes are largely based on a rookie (runner Joe Profit) with fine credentials. Atlanta's greatest advantage is an excellent defense built around ends Claude Humphrey (the best in the business) and John Zook and linebacker Tommy Nobis. Prospects at the quarterback position are grim, indeed. Nobody really knows how good a quarterback Bob Berry can be, because of the inadequate offensive line. Berry spends most of his playing time crawling out from under 260-pound tackles. In short, it looks like a grim year in Atlanta.



"It seems harmless enough. I didn't realize that was what they meant by pacification."

EASTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

| | |
|----------------------|------|
| New York Jets | 10-4 |
| Baltimore Colts | 9-5 |
| Miami Dolphins | 8-6 |
| New England Patriots | 3-11 |
| Buffalo Bills | 3-11 |

Every pro team suffers injuries in the course of a season. But the New York Jets last year had more than their share. Says coach Weeb Ewbank, "One time I looked up and we had only four of our offensive regulars in the game. If we had been healthy, I don't know if anyone could have caught us. Before the season, we had a better team than the one that won the Super Bowl."

The Jets still have it. The passing game is the best anywhere, the running is adequate and the defensive crew has

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been the stingiest in the conference for three years. Better yet, all the manifold injuries seem to have healed, including Matt Snell's Achilles' tendon and Joe Namath's wrist, and in the draft Ewbank got some depth where he needed it most, at running back (John Riggins, who shows a merciful aversion to injury), in the offensive line (John Moor-ing) and in punt and kickoff returns (Chris Farasopoulos and Vernon Stud-dard). Another welcome addition is English soccer kicker Bobby Howfield. Last year, the kickoffs were so flaccid that the Jets had to resort to squib kicks after two regular kicks had been returned for touchdowns.

One crucial problem that appears to be fixed is Joe Namath's tender sensibili-ties. He seems to have decided that he does, indeed, want to play football again. Whether Namath's legs will take the beating is another matter. He is essentially a cripple, as anyone who has ever seen him walk upstairs can attest, and his teammates fear that one more good shot by a defensive lineman could end his career. Yet his return and his new dedication could be the spark that ignites the Jets. That is, of course, if they stay reasonably healthy.

Last year, the Baltimore Colts par-layed a pair of aging passers, a glaringly inadequate running game and plenty of everything else into the world cham-pionship. We doubt if they can repeat, but not for reasons of either age or inadequacy. Age, after all, says coach Don McCafferty, is a relative thing, and it matters little that your two top quar-terbacks have a combined age of 75, if they just happen to be the best duo in the business. A more serious problem is the availability of Johnny Unitas. Like the turn-of-the-century stunt man who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, then killed himself by slipping on a banana peel, Unitas survived 15 seasons of man-handling, then ruptured an Achilles' tendon while playing paddle tennis. At this writing, there seems little chance of his ever playing again. Best bets to back up Earl Morrall are Sam Havrilack (a running back last year who, Colt coaches say, could be a future star at quarter-back) and Karl Douglas, a reputed dia-mond in the rough from Texas A&I.

The running problems will probably be solved by the return to health of Tom Matte, the arrival of rookie Don McCauley (who is the same kind of smart runner as Matte, only better) and the continued improvement of Norm Bulaich. Everywhere else, the Colts have the same depth, talent, size and speed. So why not a repeat, at least of the division championship? The main reason is that most of the Colts' opponents will be even more improved.

Expansion teams seem to follow a pattern, a journey from pitiable impo-

tence to championship in five or six years. Only gross inefficiency by manage-ment and coaches alike can prevent this inevitability. We've seen the pattern played out in past years at Dallas and Minneapolis; last year, the big break-through came at Cincinnati and Miami. The Dolphin emergence was especially dramatic and the causative factors were typical. Created in 1966, the Miami squad consisted of a few rookies and several dozen of the least-wanted squad-men from other A. F. L. franchises. The morale and collective self-esteem of such an aggregation are precarious at best, but the consistently bad won-lost records for the next few years produced bumper crops of draftees. As the talent tank filled, the Dolphins' confidence grew, they got sick of losing, opponents con-tinued to take them lightly and sudden-ly they were championship contenders last fall. Coach Don Shula looked like a miracle worker in his first year, but the truth is that he timed his arrival perfectly.

The Dolphins have everything except depth. That could be an insurmountable impediment to another successful year. Teams rarely win championships without back-up men who are as good as the players they may have to replace. Attrition from injuries is an inevitable consequence of a 14-game season, espe-cially among running backs. Miami again is a case in point: Much of last year's success resulted from a superb ground attack built on only three qual-ity runners—Larry Csonka, Jim Kiick and Mercury Morris—all of whom stayed relatively healthy. Several first-year men made it big last season and presumably they will be even better in '71. They will need to be, because the surprise factor is gone. No one takes the Dolphins lightly anymore.

The next pro team to fight its way into the glory circle could be either the New England Patriots or the Buffalo Bills. The reasons have been noted: A few years of low finishes have brought both clubs several of the best recent products of college football and both squads are showing signs of hunger.

Things are happening so fast in Bos-ton that it's difficult to keep up with them. The activity and enthusiasm in the Patriot camp dazzle the visitor. They have a new, gung-ho general manager, Upton Bell, a new coach, Johnny Mazur, a new super rookie quarterback, Jim Plunkett, a jazzy new stadium (in Foxboro) and a new name (in January they were the Boston Patriots, in Febru-ary they became the Bay State Patriots, in March they decided to be the New England Patriots; if they try to annex any more territory, the United Nations may intervene).

Whatever other claims the Patriots can make this year, they will surely have the best second-string quarterback in the

country. Joe Kapp signed on last season (too late to be of much help) and Jim Plunkett is reputed to be the best quar-terback prospect in history. It's good to see some skill and finesse being inter-mingled with the hell-for-leather *ambi-ance* of the Patriot squad. Boston fans have always preferred gutsy hitters in their sports heroes, like the good-hit, no-pitch Red Sox of Ted Williams and Carl Yastrzemski, which probably ex-plains their enduring patience with the Patriots' proclivity for losing. The Pats haven't given the Boston fans many vic-tories (2-12 in '70), but they have pro-vided a spectacle in mayhem. The squad is composed of such dainties as guard Len St. Jean (a former lumberjack who once split his hand open while chopping wood and calmly sewed it up himself with catgut) and Bull Bramlett (a for-mer pro baseball player who got his name by chasing a fly ball *through* a fence). The only category in which the Patriots have consistently led in the league is forced fumbles.

Buffalo has had even better recent draft pickings than the Patriots. As a result, the Bills paid the price in 1970 of having a rookie-dominated offense. Last year's youth corps—led by runner O. J. Simpson and quarterback Dennis Shaw—is joined by another prize crop of yearlings featuring receiver J. D. Hill and tight end Jan White, who fortun-ately fill a couple of the Bills' biggest needs. The specialty teams were sad last year, but the blazing speed of Hill add-ed to that of O. J. and Tim Beamer should make the Bills very dangerous in kickoff situations.

The Buffalo squad is both talented and young; of the 48 veterans, 31 have been on the team two years or less. Add the newest crop of rookies and the Bills will probably be the youngest aggrega-tion on the pro circuits. So give them a couple of years. They'll be great. But if the Buffalo city fathers don't come up soon with a suitable stadium, some other city (such as Seattle, Tampa or Memphis) may inherit an instant-championship club.

| CENTRAL DIVISION | |
|------------------------------|------|
| AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE | |
| Cincinnati Bengals | 11-3 |
| Cleveland Browns | 8-6 |
| Pittsburgh Steelers | 5-9 |
| Houston Oilers | 4-10 |

The Cincinnati Bengals are the team of the future. And the future could easily be this year. Last season, the Ben-gals stunned their followers with a whirlwind finish, winning seven games in a row after losing six straight. This was the result of an earlier-than-expect-ed fruition of Paul Brown's plans. Brown is a coach who combines brilliant analytical intelligence with an austere,



"It's only fair to warn you—I'm loaded with mercury!"

ultracompetitive hunger for excellence. His genius is best illustrated by his choice of player personnel. Every year, he seems to come out of the draft with a fine group of players whom nobody, except the players' relatives and the pro scouts, has ever heard of. The Bengals' most terrifying quality—to opponents—is their youth. Amazingly, only five players on the entire Cincinnati squad are more than four years out of college. The best hope for the Bengals this season is the return of superb passer Greg Cook, who sat out the '70 season with an injury. With him back, watch for the Bengals to get off to a quick start and dominate their division.

A new head coach, Nick Skorich, takes over the Cleveland Browns, and at least one problem he won't have to solve is that of motivation. Nonwinning seasons are exceedingly rare at Cleveland, and last year's 7-7 record is a psychic wound that festered all winter. Cleveland's first season in the American Football Conference was a disappointment, largely because the Browns were unable to adjust adequately to the bump-and-run pass defenses of their new opponents. The most notable—and most hopeful—development during summer training will be the emergence of quarterback Mike Phipps, who has been destined for greatness since he was a freshman at Purdue. Despite the negligible experience he gained as a rookie last year, his size, strength, mobility and intellect should win for him. Presumably, his passing will be augmented by better running than last year's injury-prone backfield could provide. If Leroy Kelly stays healthy and Bo Cornell lives up to his advance billing, the Browns' infantry should show its traditional excellence.

The Pittsburgh Steelers made a big haul in the draft. And they can certainly use it. The case in point is Frank Lewis, a wide receiver from Grambling College who is billed as the best player ever developed at that school—an impressive recommendation, indeed. Add linebacker Jack Ham, tight end Gerry Mullins and running backs Steve Davis and Brad Hubbert (obtained in a trade with San Diego), to mention a few, and Steeler fans may have trouble recognizing their team this fall. We're sure they'll welcome the change. The Steelers won only five games last year, but even that was a four-game improvement over the year before. The key to Steeler emergence could be the solution of the ancient quarterbacking problem. Last season, Terry Hanratty and Terry Bradshaw shared the position. These two have probably matured somewhat, and at least one of them should emerge as a strong leader. One headache has been the lack of really good receivers. All of last year's top receivers were rookies, but they had plenty of native ability and

now they're joined by another nugget, Lewis. The running game will have a welcome shot in the arm with the arrival of Hubbert and Jim Evenson, a refugee from Canada. Both they and Warren Bankston are in the 240-pound range, so the Steelers' running strategy may be simply to steam-roller the opposition. This is the best Steeler squad in a decade, rich in young talent and needing only a little more to play on even terms with the other teams in its division.

With a little luck and some hard work, the Houston Oilers could be the surprise team of the country. They certainly have all the pieces, if new coach Ed Hughes can just fit them into place. Like the Steelers, Houston came out of the college draft with what appears to be a prize haul. One need was to get some back-up strength for aging passer Charley Johnson. So what happened? They grabbed off Dan Pastorini and Lynn Dickey, two of the best fledgling passers available. Even greater help could come from the new runners. Last year's rookie sensation, Joe Dawkins, will be joined by two new backs who may make an even bigger splash. Willie Armstrong is a bruising 230-pound speedster and Andy Hopkins—who can run 100 yards in 9.2 seconds—will be the fastest player in Oiler history. Coach Hughes steps into an enviable situation: He inherits a team that won only three games last year but will have some excellent veterans plus a crop of sensational rookies.

WESTERN DIVISION

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

| | |
|--------------------------|------|
| Kansas City Chiefs | 10-4 |
| Oakland Raiders | 8-6 |
| Denver Broncos | 7-7 |
| San Diego Chargers | 5-9 |

The lapses and lethargy that often overtake a championship team seemed to beset the Kansas City Chiefs last season. They didn't even make the play-offs. But nothing restores incentive like being a has-been, and this year the Chiefs seem to be deeper in good material—if that's possible—than ever. There isn't another team in football that looks as loaded with speed and tonnage, and in the areas where each is most vital. Needless to say, coach Hank Stram—despite his pride in his own tactical inventiveness—is too smart to tear apart a winning machine and try to rebuild it, so fans won't notice much difference in the team this year. Perhaps just more hunger and hustle. At least part of the hustle will be provided by a surprisingly good harvest from the draft. Nobody was more surprised than Stram when he got lucky and was able to pick off receiver Elmo Wright from the University of Houston. Wright is so good that he'll probably

break into the starting line-up his rookie year, despite the wealth of receiving talent already on hand. Another bonanza from the draft is defensive tackle Wilbur Young. A behemoth from the Bronx, he has recently slimmed down from 350 pounds to a svelte 305, harasses passers by lobbing offensive linemen at them and runs the 40 in five seconds flat.

Over the past four years, the Oakland Raiders have won four straight Western Division championships while winning 45 games, losing eight and tying three, the best record in pro football for that period. The main reason, aside from the obvious material assets, has been the hard-nosed leadership and dedication of some of the old-timers on the squad, notably center Jim Otto, who for 11 years has been the best in the business, though very few people have recognized it. It was he, perhaps even more than the coaching staff, who pushed his fellow players toward excellence. In the very early days of the American Football League, Otto was hurling defiance in the face of football establishmentarians and newspaper writers, whose favorite hobby was sneering at the upstart A. F. L. "Don't worry," Otto told his teammates, "the day will come when we'll kick the shit out of them." Few sages are so fortunate as to see their prophecies fulfilled in their own lifetime.

Nevertheless, Otto and the other anchor men on the Raider squad are not getting any younger, and unless George Blanda has handed them his secret map to the Fountain of Youth, the wear and tear should begin to show. Therefore, we doubt seriously that the Raiders can be as sharp this year as in the recent past. The increased potential of their Western Division opponents should have something to do with it, too.

Last year, the Denver Broncos were one good quarterback, one speedy receiver, one cornerback and one linebacker away from being a championship team. The quarterback may have been acquired when the Broncos got Don Horn in an off-season trade with the Packers. The speedy receiver turned up in the draft in the person of Dwight Harrison. Rookie Cleophus Johnson may be the needed cornerback and Doug Adams from Ohio State will help at linebacker. If these new cogs fit, Denver could sneak up on everybody.

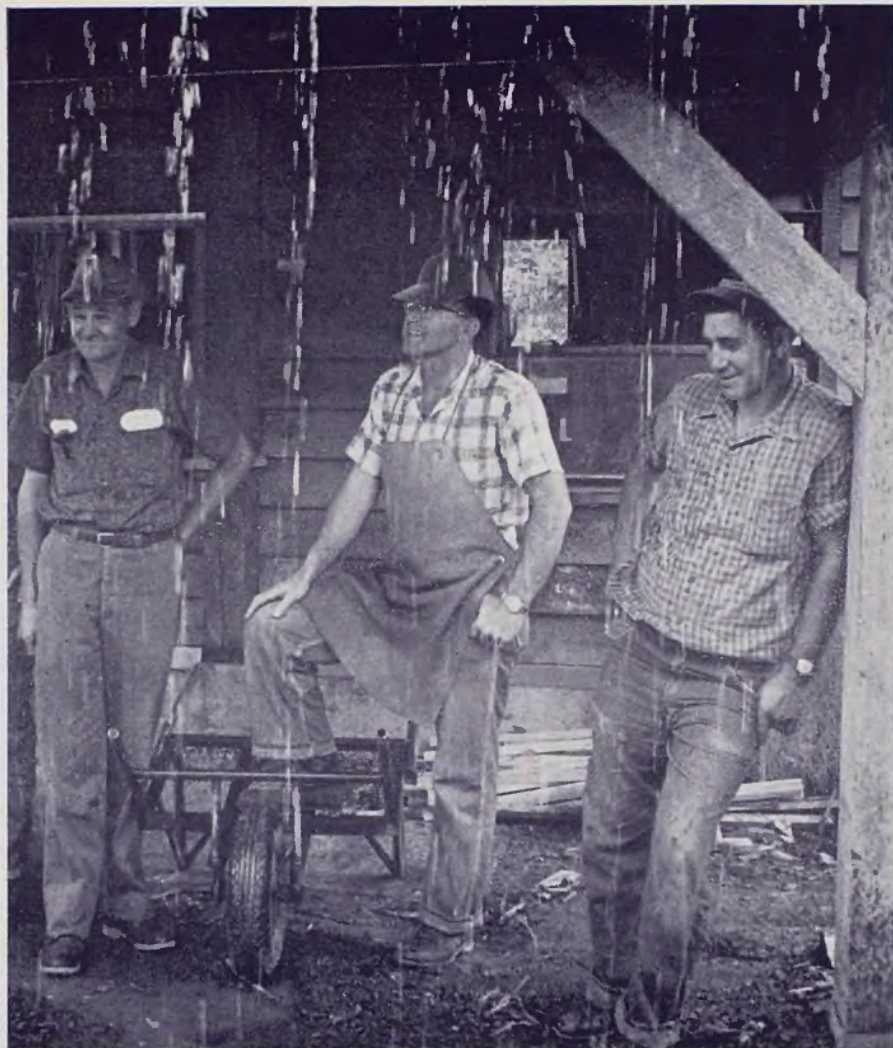
Denver fans certainly deserve this kind of break, and therein lies a story. During the hundreds of meetings between N. F. L. and A. F. L. brass prior to merger, A. F. L. founder Hunt likes to recall, it got to be a running joke among A. F. L. representatives that at the end of every meeting, no matter what subjects had been discussed, the N. F. L. representatives would always wind up the discussion with the observation that the Denver franchise had to go, because

"the city of Denver will never be able to support a pro team." In their ten years of existence, the Denver Broncos have never had a winning season, yet last year they sold 43,580 season tickets in a 50,000-seat stadium; all the standing-room-only tickets for the entire season were sold out by October fourth; on game days, fans show up early with wire cutters and remove whole sections of the Cyclone fence in order to get into the stadium. One Denver assistant coach is reputed to have acquired the local distributorship for wire cutters. There are few teams that wouldn't like to be in a city that won't support pro football the way Denver does.

The San Diego Chargers may not win any more games this season than last, but they certainly are the most entertaining squad in the country. The offense (or, more precisely, the offensive potential) is spectacular. The quarterbacking—in the persons of John Hadl and back-up man Marty Domres—is merely adequate and promising, respectively. Who needs great quarterbacks with a stable of receivers like the Chargers own? Gary Garrison is the best in the country and rookies Chuck Dicus and Sammy Milner should prove to be excellent complements. The running department looks even better. With super halfbacks Mike Garrett and Dickie Post already on hand, coach Sid Gillman used his first draft choice to pluck Leon Burns from the grab bag. A few of Burns's credentials are his size (6'1", 223 pounds), his speed (100 in 9.4), his build (size-50 coat, 32-inch waist and 22-inch biceps) and his strength (he has pressed 555 pounds).

It's great to have all those blazing offensive guns on hand, but draft watchers were puzzled by the way Gillman exercised his choices, because all that attack talent operates behind an atrocious offensive line, which may be helped by the acquisition of Tony Liscio and Pettis Norman from Dallas. But it probably won't improve in the immediate future, unless rookie Chip Kell can help.

That's how it looks as summer-training camps open and some 1800 pro players begin the grind of preparing for the first exhibition games. Most of the veterans and perhaps a third of the hopeful rookies will have survived the final player cuts when the regular season opens on September 19. How well the 40 men on each squad weather the mayhem of the season's 14 games will probably have more effect on the final outcome than the coaches' philosophies and plottings. In the last analysis, attrition—or the avoidance thereof—has become the name of the game in pro football.



A COOL SHOWER is always welcome to Jack Daniel's sawyers and rickers who make the charcoal to smooth out our Tennessee whiskey.



It gets pretty hot when we're burning ricks of hard maple. But the charcoal that results makes it all worthwhile. You see, it's ground up and packed tightly 12 feet deep in vats. Then our

just-made whiskey is seeped down through it...drop by drop. This is called charcoal mellowing. And the rare *sippin'* smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is worth all the rick-burning, rain or no rain.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

☾
DROP

☾
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE © 1971, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.
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to an attractive and wealthy young woman who lost both legs when her plane smashed into a mountain and who then invites you to dance with her and outdances you on her artificial legs and then laughingly suggests that you come back to watch her ski sometime. Or where a new friend, a man who thinks and looks and sounds like Will Rogers, casually mentions over a drink that he has cancer. This is the kind of state, these are the kinds of people who run a horse at top speed merely 400 yards and hand over \$670,000 for the privilege. And throw in a thoroughbred race or two for the small change.

Quarter horses really got their due in the Old West, working cattle. Watching one cut calves is like watching a cat work a mouse: He sways with the indecisive calf and when it bolts he jumps, pounces, to a new stand in front of the calf, forefeet braced and head down, mean as hell, looking to bite the calf if it makes the mistake of getting close enough, and the calf breaks again the other way and the horse is already running at full speed for the fence and he catches the calf there and begins backing the animal up until it backs into the other quarter horse behind it. And then the calf gets roped and branded for its trouble. The horse that could cut and ride and race, the horse with the most comfortable of all gaits, the short gallop or lope, the fastest of all horses in the quarter mile, was the logical horse for the West. He was ideal for cowboying and first choice for bank and stagecoach robbing. He could go places and do things that no other animal could.

He got no stud book until 1940, when the American Quarter Horse Association was formed in Fort Worth, Texas. He is only now getting any attention outside the Southwest and on the Pacific Coast. He is very much the pride of the people who raise him, race him and go to watch him race. He is their answer to the thoroughbred with its Eastern airs, running his biggest race at two years, when the thoroughbreds just get started, running faster than any thoroughbred in the quarter mile, running for bigger purses than any known to races of blood horses anywhere. And running from stock beaten out of the working brush merely 30 years ago, which may be the most important reason of all for the Southwesterner's fervor for him. Most of them didn't hang diamonds on their hands—women and men—much earlier than that.

The race that lasted, for the winner 20.09 seconds and for Bunny Bid 20.14 seconds, started long ago, perhaps as long ago as the day when jockey Larry Byers' grandfather watched the shoot-out at the O. K. Corral and wrote a letter

(continued from page 92)

home about it, which Larry still keeps. At 119 pounds for the race, nine pounds sweated out in the last few days, Larry wears the dandy silks of the professional jockey but would look more at home in plain ranch clothes; he is of the West and of horses as naturally as a Comanche, began jockeying professionally at the age of 11 and now at 32 has been jockeying for 21 years and has reached the point where all his friends hope he will retire, but he won't because he hasn't won the All American Futurity yet and intends to keep on jockeying until he does. His dark face juts sharp as a hatchet and his narrow, weathered eyes slant almost Orientaly, set back under overhanging black brows and quiet and shrewd. He says, the day before the race, that if he wins you can call his horse Rocket Wrangler Strangler, knowing whom he must beat, a horse owned by J. R. Adams of the construction business and ridden by calm, boyish Jerry Nicodemus. Bunny Bid posted the fastest qualifying time in the Futurity trials, an incredible 19.91.

In two other races on the day of the All American, Larry brings his horse from behind, once from a box in the middle of the pack, to win by a length or more, building for himself a psychology of victory that almost sees him through. Nicodemus places and shows but doesn't win his earlier races and now that you are committed to Bunny Bid, you hope that his psychology isn't built on holding back a little for the big race. But then a jockey is ill and Nicodemus volunteers to take his race and you begin to wonder at the man's cool. After the race you meet him and you understand about the cool, a fact of life for Nicodemus like breathing or talking to the press or catching up his little girl for a tickle while J. R. Adams nervously regards the press camera and the track manager calculates the day's handle. And you think, fine, but Larry even in loss has something else, some quality of inner tension that goes beyond cool, beyond even the obvious flirtation with death that is the essence, as Mr. Hemingway so carefully told us, of all violent sports, of bullfighting and automobile racing and ski jumping and the others. You hear that Larry broke his back a year ago falling off a horse. "We just assumed he was dead when we saw the way he fell," a friend of his says. You hear that Larry has a jinx about Labor Days, his father died just as he was beginning a race on one Labor Day, Larry broke his leg in five places on another. That's the death thing, certainly, and Larry treats it with expected contempt.

But the other thing—his wife is the daughter of an English jockey and has other jockeys in her family, she knows

all about the life, expects the problems, follows Larry to his races, bringing the children, too—the other thing has to do with art, with style but also with the substance of style, the impulse to shape a moment of time and a moving pulse of animal material into a recognizable but unique whole, and to do that shaping not with clay nor oil nor marble nor even white sheets of paper but with time itself, and of time one of the smallest recognizable portions in all of sport, a quarter-horse race, a race so nearly impossible to win that not merely the weather and the horse and the track and the gate and the exact force of every hard stride must be on your side but all the gods of Olympus, too, looking down over their bourbon and branch and giving you their quirky odds in token of their esteem.

And yet also not small, not unrecognizable, because if anyone took the time to break down all the things that happen in those mere 20 seconds, he would have a gigantic film, a play in 50 acts, and that would be horse racing, quarter-horse racing, too: the brave wix tickets yellow with red borders with the same rag-threaded surface as dollar bills but thicker, so that they feel more permanent than Government paper and yet fluctuate in value in 20 seconds more wildly than the German mark fluctuated in 1923, and the timid pink black-bordered PLACE tickets and the withdrawn noncommittal pale-blue black-bordered SHOW tickets clutched in hands lining the tables that edge the upper grandstand, two tickets or three in most hands, dozens neatly rubber-banded together in the plump brown manicured hand of the squat Mexican gambler five places down, his thick wallet chained within a front pocket to his belt; the gates opening and the horses beginning to run, which you see not as a whole but as a glimpse through the window of a forearm next to you bent up to hold a man's binoculars. Behind you men and women standing on chairs, some of them already beginning ritual chants they will repeat in rising voices throughout the race, "Hit him hard, hit him hard, hit him hard," or "Go now, go now, go on now, go on now," or "Make him go, make him go, make him go"; the horses seeming to reduce speed to slow motion because for three days you have been anticipating this race, learning not only how bets are placed and who the horses and the people are but also learning to watch, to see more than human eyes were intended to see but not more than the human mind can handle, no limit to that, as any good film maker knows, the horses stretching out so that what seemed tall and blocky now seems attenuated into a smooth brown line. (And even as you watch you remember driving past Bunny Bid's stall last night and

seeing him rocking his head from one side to the other, rubbing his neck against the yellow-plastic covering of the chain that only formally holds him in who could kick hell out of that weathered wooden box but refrains because he is an even-tempered horse and because his mascot, a thievish and mischievous black nanny goat leashed to a post outside the stall, would like him to and he isn't about to give a nanny goat that kind of satisfaction.) The horses pass the furlong post now, more than halfway there, the post electric blue like the roof of the grandstand with a comic white ball on top lacking only stripes to proclaim the track one vast barbershop, and beyond the post an incongruous shield-shaped lake drying up in the New Mexican sun faster than the fountain in its center can fill it out, and beyond the lake, higher up, the silent hills that surround the track playing with cloud shadows with entire disdain for the brief and finally disappointing pleasures of men. And then your attention snaps back to the race and for the first time you pick out Larry and Bunny Bid in the lead. Larry instantly recognizable not by his colors but by his posture, the way he sits the horse, his legs drawn up under him closer and tighter than any of the other jockeys, his whole body thrown far forward so that his face is almost buried in Bunny Bid's mane as if he intended not to ride the horse to victory but to pull him there by the sheer effort of his body to get ahead and stay ahead, and then you realize what this race is all about: a man doing what he cannot do to make a horse do what it cannot do, which is to move from one place to another with no elapsed time intervening, like electrons changing orbits around a nucleus, instantaneous, defying all Newtonian laws, and that, too, would seem to be something Larry understands, who refuses to quit racing until he has come as close to doing that impossible thing as, in his world, it is possible to come, and in his world he can come closest by winning the All American. And now the horses throw themselves across the finish line and the automatic camera makes its impartial record while dozens, hundreds of other cameras make their partial record, little Instamatics and huge Graflexes and telephoto Pentaxes and television and movie cameras all slicing out a piece of the moment so that later you can look at what happened dozens, hundreds of different ways and remember the event with as many eyes as a bee might have who remembers the most succulent flower of his life, and if you are a horse owner or even merely a gambler, you will look at those pieces of the race over and over again, come-ons, really, teasing hints that something happens once a year on Labor Day that is absolutely



"When are you going to tell me why they call you Tex?"

vital to your life, a ritual event, a moment outside of other moments when you don't think of your bladder or your hunger or your desires but weld yourself to a horse, ride with a tough Western jockey and feel his strain in all your muscles, become horse and jockey for a few enormous seconds.

And then it is over. The lights on the tote board blink their benediction. The head of the West Texas Florists' Association walks to the grassy ring in front of the tote board carrying a blanket shaped like an elephant's saddlebags made of green satin and covered with red roses held in place by brass pins sticking outward, a bed of nails if the jockey were to sit on it. Jerry Nicodemus rides Rocket Wrangler onto the grass, grins clownishly at the battery of cameras before him. J. R. Adams in a blue short-sleeved shirt appears with his attractive blonde wife, who is shaking with excitement. Others, family, friends, officials, the horse's trainer, arrive to be photographed with the winners, horse and man.

I look for Larry and find him stepping onto the scales to be weighed out, his face drawn and hard, holding himself together by realizing better than anyone else on the track except perhaps Nicodemus, whose thoughts today are elsewhere, that what he has just done is absurd, has no connection with reality, an event completely artificial in its construction, in its purpose, in its conclusion, but also realizing that the absurdity dooms the event to a greater share of reality than anything real, and humanly

angry with himself for having placed second, for having won for Bunny Bid's owners only \$83,817 less his own ten percent, for having worked a day's work at a rate of something like only \$420 per second or \$1,500,000 an hour. But even in his anger he is objective where the rest of us are not, knows that horse racing has its roots in our most ancient past, that races have run before and will run again, that among centaurs he is one of the best and that by riding he is fulfilling a destiny within his family and within himself that binds him irrevocably to the American West of his grandfather and the British countryside of his father-in-law.

And Bunny Bid, his saddle off, is already on his way back to his stall and his nanny goat, and one of his owners has a benediction for him, too. "He doesn't know he lost," the man says quietly. "He's always been the kind of horse that hates to be behind, but with his blinkers on he didn't see Rocket Wrangler pull a little ahead. He doesn't know he lost." Can say that, can think about the horse, when the rest of us, the visitors, the dudes, are thinking about the race and the people and the money we won or lost. And that may be the ultimate reason why horse racing, and in the Southwest quarter-horse racing, will be around awhile yet, at least until the air is too thick with monoxides and particulates for man and horse to breathe, and even a little while after that.

CHAMPAGNE COUNTRY (continued from page 122)

by Voltaire, in champagne's greatest commercial:

*This wine where sparkling bubbles dance
Reflects the brilliant soul of France.*

Champagne history is a combination of fact and legend. In answer to the eternal query, "Who *did* put the bubbles into the bottle?" many say it was Dom Pérignon, who renounced the world in 1653 and joined the Benedictines in Hautvillers, where he died in 1715. Pérignon was a blind man with a fantastic sense of taste and smell. As cellarmaster of the abbey, he experimented until he found that corks tightly drawn in the bottle would retain the naturally expanding gas without being forced out. Previously, each bottle had been plugged with tow and a little olive oil dropped on top to keep out the vinegar bacteria. A tight cork, Pérignon discovered, permitted the so-called second fermentation, which occurs in the bottle and is essential for a true champagne. Some years ago, Moët et Chandon named its most famous champagne after the blind monk.

Champagne is a blend of different wines, from 10 to 30, all from the tightly circumscribed region. They are artistically married, so that each firm's champagne will have the same characteristic color, bouquet and aftertaste year after year.

The difficulties with making champagne begin at harvest time, which usually starts late in September and lasts from 10 to 15 days. The exact date is determined by laboratory tests of grape acidity. Teams of men and women—local people aided by students, miners, workers imported from elsewhere—pick the bunches with scrupulous care, cutting away bruised or imperfect grapes. The pickers fill willow baskets; sorters examine the grapes and throw out those that are unripe, overripe or spoiled; porters and loaders take the baskets on trucks to nearby press houses (*pressoirs*) that belong to individual growers or to some 100 cooperatives.

At the Goutte d'Or cooperative in Vertus, a village at the southern end of the White Coast, one could observe men in blue overalls and high boots bringing in baskets with white grapes and throwing their contents into the presses. Others were arranging the grapes (*le marc*) in

a flat mass. The work was fast and frenetic.

"We must be fast," said Monsieur Gregoire, president of the cooperative. "The grapes must be pressed before their skins are broken. When we press black grapes, the must [juice] might be tainted by prolonged contact with the skins. Nineteen seventy was a wonderful year for us. An enormous quantity and very good quality." Some people say it was one of the biggest harvests of the century. Everyone made more money in 1970 in the champagne country than in the past 10 or 15 years, but quantity created problems. Some firms didn't have enough space to store all the wine. Moët et Chandon scrubbed out four Marne river barges and turned them into fermentation vats.

Monsieur Gregoire said the must from the first pressing, *tête de cuvée*, obtained after two hours, makes the best wine. The juice is quickly transferred to "purifier" casks and drawn off into tank trucks for transportation to the fermenting vats of the larger firms—in a hurry. The precious juice must not start fermenting in the trucks.

In the cellars, a little cane sugar dissolved in wine is usually added to the juice before fermentation, just enough so that the wine will contain 12 percent alcohol. The first, "tumultuous" fermentation formerly took place in oak barrels but now is mostly performed in modern tanks made of glass or stainless steel, at temperatures from 95 to 104 degrees. For a few days, the juice boils and bubbles, emitting deadly dioxide (which can cause dangerous gas build-ups in the cellars). After three weeks, the young wine is racked off several times to make it clear, exposed to colder temperatures, which causes the sediment to be precipitated, and then drawn off once more.

Now begin a number of delicate operations peculiar to champagne. Soon after the new year, the experts in each champagne firm meet in clean, odorless blending rooms to compose a *cuvée*—the blend that will match their own house types. It's a tough job. At that point, the wines are acid and ugly, totally unrecognizable from the frothy champagne that will eventually result from the blending.

"One is gazing into the future, like looking at a ten-week-old baby and trying to guess whether he'll someday win the Nobel Prize," says Monsieur Jacques Lepitre, the head of Champagne Abel Lepitre in Reims. Though his is a big firm, Monsieur Lepitre still personally attends to all operations. At Moët et Chandon, Count R.-J. de Vogüé leaves the job to his experts. In the large firms, the marriages are attended by master tasters, by sales directors, who know what the public wants, and by financial experts, who decide how to price the wines. They often disagree, but in the end they always come up



"We don't have a retirement plan. We don't think the country will last that long."

with a miraculous mixture that will once more taste—and cost—like the champagne of the firm. Often wines from the current year are “balanced” with older wines from the reserves, to add subtlety, style and quality. Only in certain blessed years, when the harvest is of unusually high quality, are no reserve wines added.

After the blending, the mixture is fined (filtered), racked a final time and a second dose of sugar is added. The wine is then put into bottles, where the sugar ferments to alcohol. This is the second fermentation, lasting three months and producing the carbonic gas that creates the delicate bubbles, the sign of a great champagne. The smaller the bubbles (the bead), the finer the champagne. It's a slow process: A wine needs from three to four years to mature.

The bottles are stored in the immense underground cellars of the champagne country. The enormous catacombs underneath Reims were excavated by the Romans as chalk mines. Nearly 150,000,000 bottles are stored there. No one should miss the opportunity to see the cellars; all the large firms offer free daily tours. Pommery-Greno in Reims has the most extensive cellars, more than ten miles of galleries ventilated by air shafts. Taittinger, a firm that produces almost 2,500,000 bottles a year, has chalk cellars 100 feet underground. The house owns large vineyards, which protect it against the vicissitudes of the trade (for there are seldom enough first-rate grapes) but which create problems for Claude Taittinger, who runs the firm.

“During a few critical weeks, late in May, when frost may hurt the young plants, and again in June, I often don't sleep at night,” he says. “In the middle of the *nuit blanche* [white night], I look at the thermometer. When it gets down, I telephone my people. A few hours of cold could undo a whole year's work. No wonder everybody [in the district] was happy after the harvest in 1970, a record-breaking 130,000,000 liters of wine, compared with only 70,000,000 liters the year before.”

The 8,000,000 bottles stored in the cellars of Taittinger remain at a constant temperature of 48 degrees; there is no atmospheric humidity. During the two World Wars, German troops ransacked the cellars of hundreds of thousands of bottles. After the Liberation, Claude Taittinger often played golf with Dwight Eisenhower, who lived on the same street and ran the final phase of the war from SHAEF headquarters in Reims. Don't fail to visit the Collège Technique de Reims (the little red-brick schoolhouse) on Franklin Roosevelt Street, where everything has been left in the War Room of SHAEF as it was on May 7, 1945, when the Germans signed the surrender.

No one can explain why, on occasion,



“It's one of nature's ways of keeping down the grass.”

the young wine in the bottles ferments a third time. This is called the change of life; and it can be a very valuable phenomenon, as the Lanson firm can attest. During World War Two, the Germans carted off a huge quantity of Lanson champagne—batches that happened to be undergoing the change of life. Even Hitler's retinue found the wine undrinkable at that stage. When the war ended, French troops, led by a young Lanson, found the stolen wine in the cellars of Berghof in Berchtesgaden. It had fulfilled the second fermentation, was magnificent—and returned to France.

The second fermentation disperses a sediment throughout the wine in the bottle. To get rid of it, the *remueurs* (stirrers) walk past the racks (*pupitres*) every day for four months, giving each bottle a slight twist to the right and a slighter one to the left and tilting the bottle slightly downward, so that the sediment is gradually collected in the neck of the bottle. The *remueur* must look at the wines, using a candle; he treats the bottles individually, as though they were his children, working with both hands at once. His job will never be done by machines. An expert *remueur* handles 30,000 bottles a day. Toward the end of the *remuage*, the bottles are standing almost on their necks and the sediment rests against the bottom of the cork.

The next, most ticklish job is to extract the cork with the sediment, without losing the carbonic gas that creates the bubbles; otherwise, champagne would go flat. The job is done by the

dégorgeur (discharger), who needs a five-year apprenticeship. The cork is pulled and flies out into a hood, the deposit shoots out, a little wine is lost, the *dégorgeur* sniffs the wine to see whether it's in good condition—all this in less than two seconds. Nowadays, the larger firms freeze the neck of the bottle briefly for about an inch above the cork and the sediment is ejected in a plug of ice. Then the space in the bottle is filled by a machine with a *dosage* of fine cane sugar soaked in champagne liqueur. The percentage of sugar depends on the type of champagne. *Brut* (literally, “rough”), the driest, contains not more than one percent; *extra-sec* (extra-dry), one to two percent; *sec*, two and one half to three percent; and *demi-sec*, God forbid, has four and one half to six percent sugar. (Champagne *doux*, even sweeter, is no longer made by the best firms.) *Brut* is the finest champagne precisely because it contains very little sugar to hide imperfections. In the sweeter champagnes, the sugar often disguises a lack of quality. Such wines are popular in Spain, Venezuela and Mexico. The Italians are beginning to switch from dry to extra-dry; the Germans still prefer dry champagnes. The Americans are beginning to enjoy *brut*, the favorite of the English.

All the champagne needs now is to be corked. Only the best, toughest Spanish corks will be used in this delicate operation. A machine puts the metal cap on the cork, tightens the wire muzzle around it and forces the cork in—just

the right length. If the cork goes in too far, the muzzle won't hold, the cork might get loose, the bubbles would fizz away. The corks must have the word CHAMPAGNE stamped on the surface at the end that is in the neck; in the case of vintage champagne, the year must also be stamped on the cork. The bottle is then labeled and the champagne rests until it is ready to be shipped.

During the harvest, everyone works hard from early morning until night-fall. There is no time for celebrating. The *fêtes champenoises*, held in the days when labor was plentiful and competition less brutal, have disappeared. "Thirty years ago," says Claude Taittinger, "there was some folklore in the champagne country. A hundred and fifty people would live in the large dormitories near our press houses. Often there would be dancing; I myself often opened the evening. There were often some *gitanes* [gypsies], who were very gay. Nowadays, the workers come from all over Europe and North Africa. This year, we have Finns and Algerians and, unfortunately, there is no friendship among the groups. The French keep apart as well; no more fun, no dancing." At the end of the harvest, the cooperative or the individual grower may give a small party, *une fête de cochelet* (probably from *cochon de lait*, the suckling pig that used to be served). Outsiders are

rarely invited. On January 22, the day of Saint Vincent, the winegrowers' patron, and at the end of June, on the day of Saint Jean, the patron of the cellar-men, there are some minor celebrations, attended by gaily dressed *champenoises*. The champagne girls are attractive—and prudent. "When you're brought up on champagne," a pretty one told me, "you don't lose your head quickly."

The quality of the champagne depends on the grapes and on the people who make the wine. Every bottle goes through more than 100 hands before it is ready to be shipped. (At some firms, each worker gets two bottles a month free, each foreman or executive gets six; many sell their bonus wine.) Consequently, the best champagne is always expensive. Last year, one kilo of good grapes cost one dollar; one and a half kilos are needed to make a bottle of *brut*. The experts who make champagne are highly paid and the capital investment is tremendous. "Millions of dollars' worth of champagne is stored in your cellars and you wonder how much more money you could make by investing these millions elsewhere," a shipper says wistfully.

American-style marketing methods remain somewhat suspect in the champagne country. No big buyers come to taste the wine, as in Bordeaux or Burgundy, because it's known that the important firms make the same cham-

pagne each year and a special *cuvée* in a vintage year. The large shippers have their own agents in various parts of France, as well as inspectors to supervise them. The largest French customers are popular night clubs. The Lido in Paris, offering show and dinner, including half a bottle of champagne, for 98 francs (\$19.60), buys over 150,000 bottles a year.

Almost two thirds of last year's output will be drunk by the French, who have always known a good thing. (Ironically, 50 percent of all Frenchmen have never tasted champagne.) The best foreign customers after Britain are the U.S., Italy, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Canada. (At the end of the line is Bulgaria, where 942 bottles were shipped.) The United States bought 4,500,000 bottles in 1969, fewer than the 5,000,000 bought in 1910. One reason for the decline is that much of the 13,700,000 gallons of sparkling wine made in the U.S. today is respectable, if not excellent. "A bottle of French champagne costs twice as much as a bottle of California champagne," one shipper concedes. "I don't blame the American customer for taking the less expensive wine. Probably he wouldn't taste the difference."

Indeed, champagne is the world's most widely imitated wine. Monsieur Dargent of the C. I. V. C. spends much of his time trying to stop foreign firms that produce "Spanish champagne," "California champagne," "Canadian champagne" or "champagne made in Japan." The last, Monsieur Dargent claims, tastes as though it were made of potatoes. When he complained to the producer, the Japanese said, "Oh, you also make champagne in France? Go ahead, it doesn't bother us at all." In London, Monsieur Dargent had to sue a firm that put out a champagne-shaped bottle with the label THE CHAMPAGNE OF BUBBLE BATHS, 1860 VINTAGE. Obviously, anything with the name champagne on it will sell.

"Someday," says Monsieur Dargent, "the Japanese are going to sell their 'champagne' in China. Millions of Chinese who have never heard of French champagne will think the Japanese make the real thing. Very dangerous, because it's public opinion that gives meaning to a word. What would the Americans say if we tried to sell a French Cadillac? Unfortunately, champagne is a mark of origin, not a registered trademark. We are trying to find a way of protecting the name, but it isn't easy."

The French call a wine *complet* if it is perfectly developed and virtually without shortcomings. A Blanc de Blancs, champagne made from white grapes only, is often *complet* when it comes from Cramant, Avize or Mesnil, small towns along the Côte des Blancs. Blind tastings, with the labels removed from the bottles,



"Be sure to book a stopover in Madrid. My favorite nephew is doing time on a pot rap there."

which always cause great excitement in Bordeaux and Burgundy, are rare in the champagne country, for it is almost impossible to distinguish more than three different champagnes. Recently, the head of a famous firm joined a few colleagues in tasting several bottles of unlabeled vintage champagne. One man, who rated a certain champagne second-class, was startled when he discovered it was made by his own firm.

The thing to remember about champagne is not whether one bottle is better than the next. Good champagne is always good. But a *very* good champagne remains elegant and lively in your glass after half the bottle is drunk. The factor that distinguishes a fine champagne from a well-made sparkling wine is that the fourth glass is as good as the first. Admittedly, some *vins mousseux* are acceptable—provided you drink only one glass. But after the third, it seems to get heavier and almost blocks your throat.

Paradoxically, the champagne country is not a gastronomic paradise. When a *champenois* wants to eat really well, he goes to Paris. The *Guide Michelin*, still the most reliable culinary chart for France, awards two stars to only one local restaurant. The Royal Champagne is located on a hilltop on the road between Reims and Epernay. The patron, Monsieur Desvignes, offers *filets de sole au champagne* (made with *brut*) and *poulet sauté au bouzy* (prepared with a *vin rouge nature*). In Epernay, the Berceaux features *délice de sole berceaux* and its version of *poulet sauté au champagne*. The city of Reims (population 160,000) has a one-star restaurant. Le Florence, owned by an Italian, *Signor Zoboli*, serves delicious ravioli and cannelloni and a concoction of crawfish tails called *gratin de queues de langoustines au ratafia*. (Ratafia is a liqueur made of champagne wines.) And there is La Chaumière, owned by Gaston Boyer and his son, Gerard, who has worked in the kitchen of Lasserre, a great Paris three-star restaurant. The Boyers make a delicate *feuilleté d'escargots à la champenoise* (snails in a light pastry shell with cream and mushrooms) and an *omelette du curé* (the omelet of the priest), satanically filled with lobster and a cream sauce. The restaurant of Reims's Lion d'Or hotel also has a good reputation.

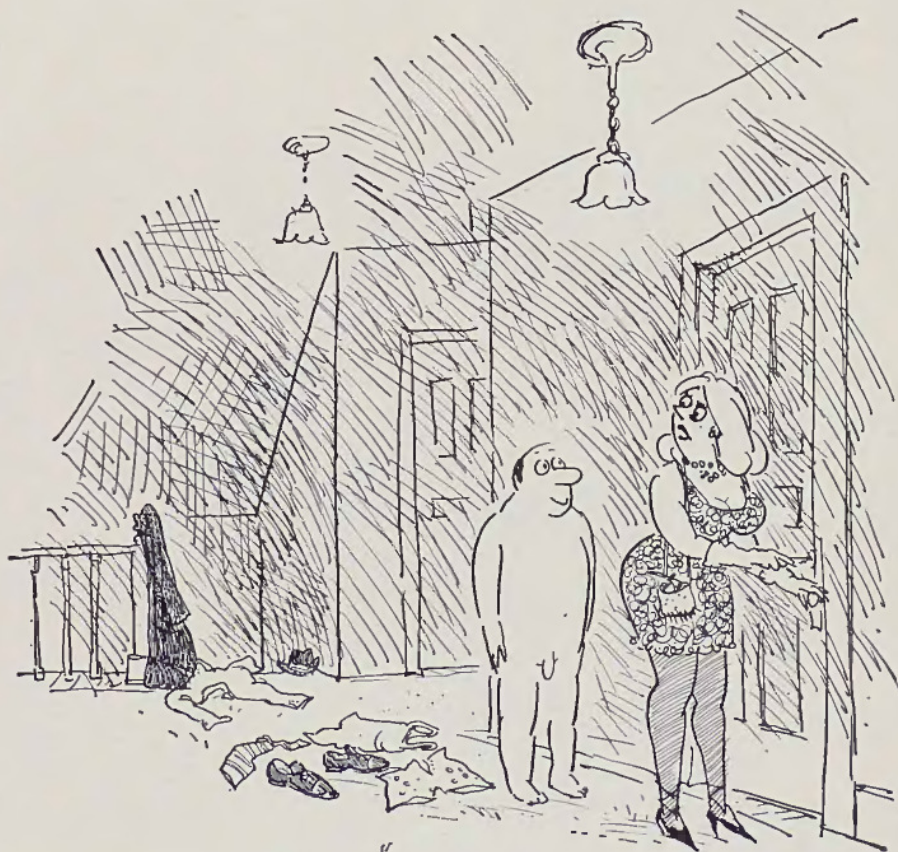
All restaurants in the champagne country boast outstanding wine lists, serving the best champagnes and the fine *vin nature*. The PDGs—the *présidents-directeurs-généraux*, the big shots of the big firms—take their friends and customers to the restaurants to sample products of their competitors. Yet champagne has never become an important ingredient in the *grande cuisine*, primarily because, when used in cooking, it loses its greatest charm—the bubbles. Some outstanding restaurants serve dishes

made with champagne; however, this is mainly for prestige. Lucas-Carton, the lovely old restaurant near the Madeleine in Paris, features a *bar* (sea bass) *au champagne*. Lasserre prepares *saumon braisé au champagne*, Drouant has *soles soufflés au champagne* and Prunier offers lobster cooked with dry champagne. The finest champagne dish of all is *turbot au champagne* at the Pyramide in Vienne, Isère, the contribution of the immortal chef Fernand Point, whose love for champagne was perhaps excessive. (Slices of turbot are poached in the bubbly with crushed tomatoes and parsley for about ten minutes, then placed on a serving dish. The sauce is reduced, cream and seasonings are added and it is poured over the turbot.) Point also created the *choucroute*, sauerkraut braised with champagne, sprinkled with Blanc de Blancs, and served with ham and bacon slices, sausages and potatoes. One can almost taste the bubbles.

Champagne belongs in every well-organized bar. A glass of *brut* is the ideal drink before any meal, and that includes breakfast. In the champagne country, they say the best time of the day for a flute of champagne is midmorning. The bubbles prevent you from drinking it too fast. Why anyone would add

something to such a perfect liquid is difficult to understand, but it is done. There is the champagne cocktail, created in Paris in the Twenties (a small cube of sugar, a drop of Angostura, the glass filled with champagne, decorated with a slice of orange). Rather idiotic, but there it is. Or the champagne club (gin and cognac with champagne); the black velvet (equal parts of champagne and Guinness, beloved by the British), recommended for hangovers; the champagne cup (champagne, cognac, soda water, maraschino, lemon peel—absolutely crazy); the champagne sidecar (lemon juice, cognac, Cointreau, shaken and strained, with champagne added); and the Riviera cocktail, which Raymonde, my bartender friend on the S. S. France, made for me on a gloomy morning: half a glass of fresh orange juice, filled to the brim with *brut* champagne. It had been a hard night's night, and afterward I saw things in a soft orange glow. Raymonde explained that the orange juice was added as liquid nourishment. "You can't live on champagne alone," he said. Why not?

Champagne should be chilled but never iced. It must not be shocked by being cooled too fast. Again: Wine is a living thing. It may be chilled slowly in the least cool section of the refrigerator or



WOODMAN

"For a first date, you're pretty damn sure of yourself."

"Supah!
Gordon's London Dry Gin
makes a smashing
brilliant martini,
eh what?"



**Gordon's.
It's how the
English
keep their
gin up!**

Biggest seller in England, America,
the rest of the well-refreshed world.

in a bucket of ice and water: The best temperature at which to drink it is from 42 to 48 degrees. If it's too cold, much of the finesse and fragrance are lost. If it's too warm, it may become heavy. The bottle should be opened gently, without losing the precious froth. The cork should not fly across the room, because much of the sparkle may be wasted. Unwire the muzzle; slant the bottle, with a clean napkin placed between your hand and the neck of the bottle; hold the cork firmly with the other hand and slowly rotate the bottle away from it. (This works better than twisting the cork away from the bottle.) If the champagne is properly chilled, there will be a discreet burp and some foam—but into the glass, not all over the rug. Wipe the rim of the neck with the napkin. Taste the first glass, to make sure it's all that it should be. When pouring, hold the bottle at its base; pour slowly into the tilted glass.

The glass is very important. It should not be saucer-shaped, like the glasses used for sherbet. (These disperse the bubbles and ruin the champagne.) It should be tulip-shaped, with a base from which the bubbles rise, concentrating the aroma, prolonging the effervescence. The rim should be bent slightly inward, so the glass will retain the bead. The glass should be chilled and only half filled. To stir the wine with a swizzle stick is plain idiocy, though many Frenchmen can be observed dispersing the bubbles this way. It took at least three years to get the bubbles in and it takes less than four seconds to get them out. If you don't like the bead, buy still white wine and leave the champagne for us.

There are no bargains in champagne country, no matter what anyone may tell you; fine quality must be paid for. The size of a firm's output is meaningless. Krug produces only 400,000 bottles a year, but its champagne is appreciated by connoisseurs and sommeliers in great restaurants for its reliability. As to which you may prefer, it's a matter of taste. Some like blondes and some like brunettes, and who could turn down a pretty redhead? In the case of champagne, though, the rosés, which were once very fashionable, are overrated. The color is often produced by adding some still red wine from the champagne country, such as Bouzy.

The great houses can be divided roughly into two groups. Some make the lighter, brighter, racy champagnes that the French like. Others produce the heavier, golden-colored, *consé* (full-bodied) wines preferred by the English, Americans, Belgians and Swiss. A few firms make both. Abel Lepitre produces the fine, light Blanc de Blancs and Crémant, but also owns Georges Goulet, known for darker, heavier wines.

To each his own. The French like gay, modern labels; the British prefer

the old, classic labels. Champagne is sold in standard bottles (26 fluid ounces), in quarter and half bottles, in magnums (two fifths of a gallon) and in jero-boams (four fifths of a gallon). In the old days, there were even bigger bottles for great banquets, up to the nebuchadnezzar (the equivalent of 20 standard bottles). The most practical sizes are bottles and magnums.

The trend appears to be going, as in food and perfume, from the heavier to the lighter products. Houses making champagnes that are lighter and brighter, fresh and "easy to drink" are, in alphabetical order: Laurent Perrier, Lepitre, Piper-Heidsieck, Pommery and Taittinger.

The houses that specialize in heavier, darker champagnes, *goût anglais*, are: Bollinger, Georges Goulet, Heidsieck Monopole, Krug, Moët et Chandon, Perrier Jouet, Pol Roger and Veuve Cliquot.

For champagnes that are somewhere in between, there are: Lanson, Mumm and Roederer.

These lists are not complete nor objective, but my own. Some people consider Mumm a light wine, somewhat acid; it's very popular in hot countries. Some think that Roederer makes rather fresh and fruity wines. The only way to learn about champagne is to taste it.

Several houses make special *cuvées*, often in "antique" bottles, that are premium quality at a premium price: Réserve de l'Empereur (Mercier), Dom Pérignon (Moët et Chandon), Florens Louis (Piper-Heidsieck), Cuvée Grand Siècle (Laurent Perrier) and Comtes de Champagne (Taittinger).

One needs no cellar to store champagne: Any cool, dark cupboard will do, provided there is minimal temperature fluctuation. The bottles must be placed horizontally, so that the cork is covered by the liquid and doesn't dry. After bringing home some champagne, let it rest for a few weeks. Try not to keep it for more than two years, because after that some wines may lose their sparkle and the color deepens. Many firms now sell their wines earlier rather than late, to get their financial investment back, but the leading houses sell their champagne when they are at their best. The lighter Blanc de Blancs and Crémant may be drunk earlier than the heavier wines.

Is it worth it to pay higher prices for vintage champagne? Many people seem to think so. They want to be sure about the year of their champagne and say that vintage champagne may easily keep a dozen years. True. Others claim that the best nonvintage *brut* of a famous firm is better than the vintages of a less famous one. Also true. If you are in the Onassis tax bracket, by all means buy the vintage bottlings of your favorite firm. Otherwise, the dance of the sparkling bubbles is open to all.

THREE SINNERS

(continued from page 88)

his gluttonous customer. The chef, after all, is in the position of puppetmaster; and it is he who manipulates the culinary desires of his customer. I knew a French chef in Paris, imbued with the spirit of Escoffier, who simply would not serve certain of his customers another portion of his *quiche lorraine* or his *tarte d'oignon*, two of his specialties, saying, "Seconds of anything are a distortion of a balanced meal, and I, for one, will not lend myself to the perpetration of perversities for a few lousy francs."

I applaud that master chef, but I was unable to emulate him. I was not really a chef at all, simply a poor Italian with an unaccountable flair for preparing *rijsttafel*. My true desire was to be a painter. My character, much to my regret, was and still is opportunistic.

I continued to stuff my customer and my anxieties tended to increase. It seemed to me that I owned the man now, although I had no legal bond. Late at night I would wake up trembling; I had dreamed that my customer had looked at me out of his enormous moon-face and said, "Your *sambals* are lacking in savor. I was a fool ever to have allowed you to feed me. Our relationship is now at an end."

Recklessly, I doubled his portions of *sate kambing surabaja*, served his rice fried in oil and saffron rather than boiled, added a generous portion of *sate ayam*, chicken in chili sauce with ground nuts: all very fattening, all designed to maintain and increase his dependency on me.

It seems to me that I cooked, and he ate, in a state of delirium. Surely, by this time, neither of us was quite sane. He had become gross, a distended sausage of a man. Each pound that he put on seemed to me a proof of my hold over him. But it was also a source of increased anxiety for me, for he could not keep on gaining weight forever.

And then, one night, it all changed. I had planned a little additional delicacy for him, *sambal goreng udang*, shrimps in coconut sauce, a pure extravagance on my part when you consider the cost of shrimps. Still, I thought he would enjoy it.

He did not come to the restaurant, even though it was one of his regular nights. I stayed open two hours later than usual, but he did not come. The next night he did not come either. On the third night he did not come.

But on the fourth night he waddled in and took his accustomed table. I had never spoken to the man in all the time he had eaten in my restaurant. But now I took the liberty of walking over to his

table, bowing slightly and saying, "We have missed you these past nights, *mijnheer*."

He said, "I was sorry that I was unable to come. But I was indisposed."

"Nothing serious. I trust?" I said.

"Certainly not. Merely a mild heart attack. But the doctor thought I should lie in bed a few days."

I bowed. He nodded. I returned to my kitchen. I poked at my serving pots. Pablo waited for me to ladle out the order. The American tucked the enormous red napkin I had bought specially for him into his collar and waited.

I became fully aware then of what I must have known all along: that I was killing this man.

I looked at my pots filled with *sambals* and *sates*, my caldrons of rice, my vats of *sajur*, and I recognized them as instruments of slow death, as efficacious as a noose or a club.

Every man has his cuisine. But any man can be killed by the skillful manipulation of his appetites.

Suddenly, I shouted to my customer, "The restaurant is closed!"

"But why?" he demanded.

"The meat has turned!" I replied.

"Then serve me a *rijsttafel* without meat," he replied.

"Impossible," I said. "There is no *rijsttafel* without meat."

He stared across the room at me, his eyes wide with alarm. "Then serve me an omelet made with plenty of butter."

"I do not make omelets."

"A pork chop, then, with plenty of fat. Or just a bowl of fried rice."

"*Mijnheer* does not seem to understand," I told him. "I make only *rijsttafel*, properly and in the correct forms. When this becomes impossible, I make nothing at all."

"But I am hungry!" he cried like a plaintive child.

"Go eat lobster mayonnaise at Juanito's or *paella* at Sa Punta. It wouldn't be the first time," I added, being only human.

"That's not what I want," he said, almost in tears. "I want *rijsttafel*!"

"Then go to Amsterdam!" I shouted at him and kicked my pots of *sates* and *sambals* onto the floor and rushed out of the restaurant.

I packed a few belongings and caught a taxi to the city of Iviza. I was in time to catch the night boat to Barcelona. From there, I caught an airplane to Rome.

I had been cruel to my customer, I will grant that. But I thought it necessary. He had to be stopped at once from eating. And I had to be stopped from feeding him.

My further travels are not pertinent to this confession. I will only add that I now own and operate the finest *rijsttafel* restaurant on the Greek island of Kos. I

**"Right you are!
Mine's so delightful,
I think I just
saw the olive
smile at me!"**



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It's how the
English
keep their
gin up!**

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get by. I serve mathematically exact portions, not a gram more even to my regulars. There is not enough money in the world to induce me to give or sell second helpings.

Thus I have learned a little virtue, but at the price of a great crime.

I have often wondered what happened to the American and to Pablo, whose back wages I sent from Rome.

I am still trying to become a painter.

THE WAITER

Dear God,

My sin took place some years ago, when I worked as a waiter in an Indonesian restaurant in Santa Eulalia del Rio, which is a village on Iviza, one of Spain's Balearic Islands. I was young at the time, no more than 18. I had gone to Iviza as one of the crew of a French yacht. The owner had been caught smuggling American cigarettes and his boat was impounded. The rest of the crew scattered. But I remained on Iviza, going at last to Santa Eulalia. I am Maltese, so I have a natural gift for languages. The villagers thought I was an Andalusian and the foreign community thought I was an Ivicenco.

When the Dutchman opened his *rijst-tafel* restaurant, I was uninterested at first. I helped him out for a day because I had nothing better to do and because no one would work for the miserable wages he paid.

But in that first day, I discovered his record collection. This Dutchman had an extensive collection of 78s, some of them jazz classics. He had a good player, an adequate amplifier, and speakers that, in those days, were considered first-rate. The man knew nothing about music and cared less. He considered music a mere accompaniment to dining, an amenity, like candles in straw-covered bottles and strings of peppers and garlic on the wall. One played music while people ate: That was all he knew about it.

But I, Antonio Vargas, whom he called Pablo, I had a passion for music. Even at that young age, I had already taught myself how to play the trumpet, guitar and piano. What I lacked was an intimate knowledge of American jazz forms, which were my particular field of interest. I saw at once that I could work for this Dutchman, perhaps earning enough to keep myself, and, in the meantime, play and replay his collection, learning the American musical idiom and preparing myself for the life of a musician.

The Dutchman was amenable to my playing the records. He had little choice, for who else would work for his wages? Certainly not the foreigners. Not even the native Ivicencos, who dress poorly but tend to be prosperous. There was only me, and I considered myself well paid by the Louis Armstrong alone. I sorted and classified and dusted his rec-

ords, forced him to order a needle with a diamond point from Barcelona, rearranged the locations of his speakers to avoid distortion and worked out harmonious programs of jazz. Frequently, I would open with Duke Ellington's band playing *Mood Indigo*, reach Stan Kenton by the mid-point and close by way of decompression with Ella Fitzgerald singing *Bye-Bye Blues*. But that was only one of my programs.

I soon noticed that I was playing to an audience of one, not counting myself and not counting the Dutchman, who couldn't tell Ravel from Ravi Shankar. You see, I had acquired a listener. He was a tall, thin taciturn Britisher and demonstrably an *aficionado* of jazz. I saw that he ate in tempo with the music I played, slowly and lingeringly if I had on *Mood Indigo*, quickly and abruptly if I played *Caravan*.

But more than that, his moods altered visibly as I changed records. Ellington and Kenton tended to elevate him; he would eat furiously, beating time with his left hand as he shoveled in the *rijst-tafel* with his right. Charlie Barnet and Byrd acted as depressants, no matter what their tempos, and his eating would slow down and he would purse his lips and knot his brows.

When you are a musician as myself, you wish to please your audience—always staying within your *métier*, of course. And I set out to capture my only listener. I leaned heavily on Ellington and Kenton at first, because I was still unsure of myself. I could never accustom him to Charlie Parker's monumental fantasies and Barnet seemed to grate on his nerves. But I educated him to Louis Armstrong, Ella Fitzgerald, Earl Hines and the Modern Jazz Quartet. I was even able to pinpoint the individual sides he liked best and to orchestrate an evening for him alone.

The Britisher was a stupendous listener. But he paid a price, of course: Night after night, he had to eat the Dutchman's *rijst-tafel*, which was a collection of little stews with various names, most of them possessing the same overspiced taste of chili sauce. There was no getting around this; the Dutchman did not encourage people to hang around without eating. When you walked in, he stuck a menu in your hand. As you finished the last dish, he put the bill on your table. This may be acceptable practice in Amsterdam, but it is simply not done in Spain. Particularly the foreign community, which acted more Spanish than the Spaniards, disapproved and stayed away. As a result of his crudeness and greed, the Dutchman could rely on only a single customer, the Englishman, who really came to hear the records.

After a while, I noticed that my listener was gaining weight. I accepted that as an accolade for my beloved jazz and for

me, the selector and orchestrator of that jazz. Anyone who could continue to plow through that monolithic and unspeakable *rijst-tafel* was an *aficionado*, indeed.

I was young, careless, irresponsible. I took no heed to my duties as a musician; viz., to provide balance and catharsis as well as fascination. No, I was out to capture this man, win him with my records, enslave him to Armstrong, Ellington and myself.

The Englishman grew fat. I ought to have played something austere and classical, like Bix Beiderbecke or some of the other Dixieland formalists. They were not to his tastes, but they might have had a restraining effect upon him. But I did not. Shamelessly, I gave him what he wanted.

What is worse, I perverted my own taste to please him. One evening, I spun Glenn Miller's *String of Pearls*, an amiable piece with no great pretensions. I did it as a sort of musical joke. But I saw at once that the Englishman had a taste for big-band swing.

I should have simply ignored it, of course. The man had talent as a listener, but he was musically uneducated. Had I been willing to take the gamble, I might have taught him something important, might have demonstrated to him what music is really about.

But I did no such thing. Instead, I catered shamelessly to his sentimental passion. I played Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Harry James. I covered myself aesthetically by spinning Benny Goodman; but I sank to the depths by brazenly spinning Vaughn Monroe.

It is a terrible thing to have such power over another person. Within months, I could program my listener as well as my records. When he came in, I might toy with him slightly, playing *Muskrat Ramble*, a composition beyond his comprehension. Then abruptly I would turn to Vaughn Monroe's *Racing with the Moon* and the Englishman's frown would depart, a slight smile would touch his gross lips and he would shovel away at the unpalatable *rijst-tafel*.

The chef, in his vanity, loaded up the man's plates. But it was I who made him eat. Sometimes, when I was playing *A-Train*, for example, or Armstrong's *Beale Street Blues*, the Englishman would sigh petulantly, put down his fork, seem incapable of eating any more. Then I would quickly put on Glenn Miller's *String of Pearls* or his *In the Mood* or *Moonlight Serenade*. Or I would hit him with Harry James's *You Made Me Love You* or Jimmy Dorsey's *Amapola*.

These frivolities acted upon him like a drug. His bullet head nodding in time, tears forming in his eyes, he would dig in with his soup-spoon. He grew monstrous and I continued to manipulate

him like a trained rat. I don't know where it might have ended.

Then one night he didn't show up. He didn't come the next night, either, nor the one after that.

On the fourth night, he came to the restaurant and the chef (understandably worried about his only source of income) inquired about his health. The man replied that he had had an ulcer attack, had been ordered to stay on bland foods for a few days but was now feeling fit again. The chef nodded and went back to dish up his fiery stews.

The Englishman looked at me and addressed me for the first time. I remember that I was playing Stan Kenton's *Across the Alley from the Alamo* at the time. The Englishman said, "Forgive my asking this, but might you be so good as to play Vaughn Monroe's *Racing with the Moon*?"

"Of course, my pleasure," I replied and walked back to the player. I took off the Kenton side. I picked up the Monroe. And I realized then that I was killing this man, literally killing him.

He had become addicted to my records. The only way he could hear them was by eating *rijsttafel*, which was making holes in his stomach.

At that moment, I grew up.

"No more Vaughn Monroe!" I shouted suddenly.

He blinked his great saucer eyes in bewilderment. The chef came out of his kitchen, amazed that I had raised my voice.

The Englishman said, in a pleading voice, "Perhaps a little Glenn Miller. . ."

"No more of that," I told him.

"Tommy Dorsey?"

"Out of the question."

The unfortunate man was trembling and his great jowls were beginning to quiver. He said, "Duke Ellington, then."

"No!"

The chef said, "But, Pablo, you like Duke Ellington!"

The customer said, "Or play Beiderbecke or even the Modern Jazz Quartet! Play what you like, but play!"

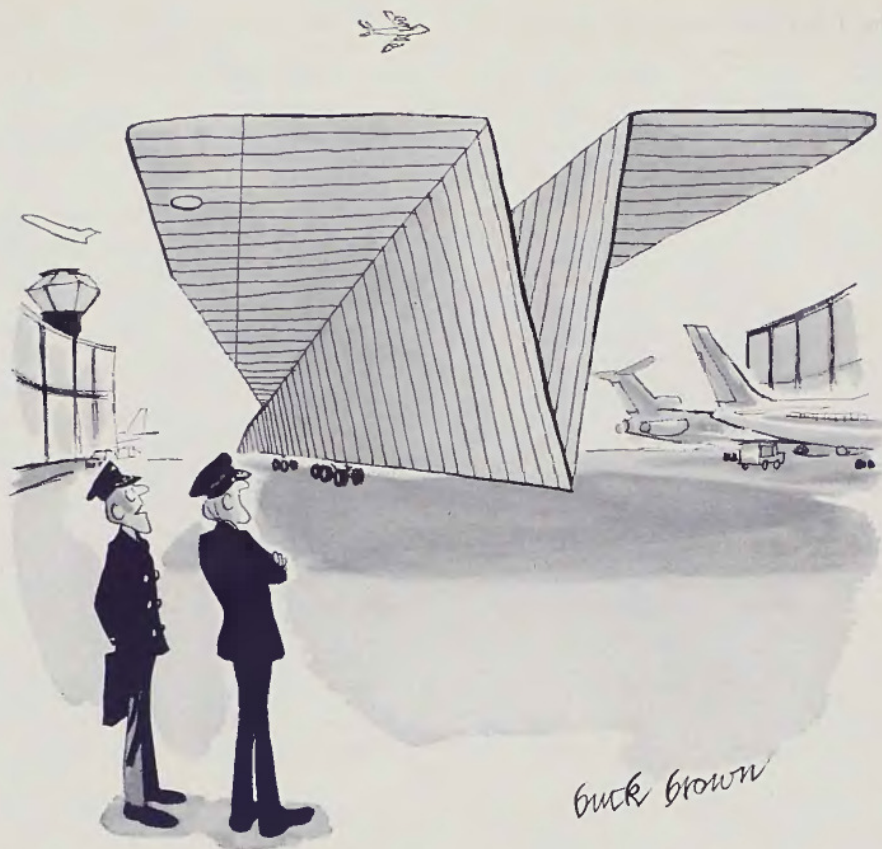
"You've had too much," I told him.

"As far as I'm concerned, the music is finished."

I brought my fist down on the amplifier, shattering various tubes. The chef and the customer were speechless. I walked out, not bothering to ask for my two weeks' back wages. I hitchhiked into the port of Iviza and took deck passage on a ship to Marseilles.

Today I am a saxophone player of some renown and can be heard every night except Sunday at Le Cat's Pajamas Club on the Rue de Huchette in Paris. I am admired for my classical purity and form and I am respected as a purist of Dixieland jazz.

But I still have this sin upon my head, of hypnotizing and stuffing that poor



"Then Congress started slashing the research-and-development funds."

Englishman by giving him the music he desired.

I regret it most sincerely.

I have often wondered since then what happened to the chef and to the customer.

THE CUSTOMER

Dear God,

My sin took place many years ago, in a little Spanish town called Santa Eulalia del Río. I have never before acknowledged this sin, but now I feel impelled to do so. I had gone to Santa Eulalia to write a book. My wife had gone with me. We had no children.

While I was there, a man opened up a *rijsttafel* restaurant. I think that the man was a Finn or possibly a Hungarian. His restaurant was welcomed by all the expatriate colony. Before this man came, we had our choice of eating *paella* at Sa Punta or lobster mayonnaise at Juanito's. The food was fine in both places, but after a while, even the best of dishes become monotonous.

Many of us began to eat at the Yin-Tang, as he called it. Things were always lively there. Add to that the fact that the Hungarian had a fine collection of records and a more-than-adequate sound system. A place like that could not fail.

I began to eat there about five nights

a week. My wife was a lovely woman but not much of a cook. I was one of the Hungarian's regular customers.

After about a week, I took notice of the waiter.

He was young, no more than 16 or 17, and I think he was an Indonesian. He had coloring of the purest shade of olive oil and his hair and eyebrows were sooty black. He was slender, graceful, quick. It was a pleasure to watch him darting around, serving dishes and changing records.

Harmless-sounding, isn't it? But what ensued was a darker, less innocent complication.

As I said, I admired his grace and beauty, as one man may admire the attributes of another man. But by the second week, I found myself taking special notice of the tender lines of his cheek, the proud lift of his head, the set of his shoulders and back and the exquisite curve of his buttocks.

I entered into a state of self-deception. I told myself that I was admiring the boy much as one would admire Greek statuary or the heroic figures of Michelangelo. I told myself that my interest was aesthetic and nothing more. And I continued to go to the restaurant almost every night and to eat *rijsttafel*, 163

which is one of the most fattening cuisines on earth.

By the end of the month, I realized, with terrible dismay, that I was infatuated with the boy. I became aware that I wished to touch him, stroke his hair, trace the lines of his body and do other, even more awful things.

I have never been a homosexual. I have never had any reason to consider myself a potential homosexual. I have always enjoyed sexual relations with women and have never been able to understand how any man could enjoy the body of any other man.

Now I knew, to my regret.

I was spared the shame of my realization only because of the immensity of my obsession. Every night, I went to the restaurant and stayed for as long as I decently could. The chef took to giving me extra portions and I ate them, grateful for an excuse to remain longer.

And the boy? I cannot think that he was unconscious of my thoughts. I cannot think that he did not reciprocate. For, as the days and months passed, he hurled himself around the restaurant in a veritable frenzy, changing records, emptying already clean ashtrays, displaying himself in a rather shameless manner.

Often we exchanged meaningful looks, the boy and I. At this point, my wife had gone back to the United States. The chef was oblivious to anything but the consumption of *rijsttafel*. And the boy and I eyed each other, made our intentions clear but never exchanged a word or a touch.

I gained weight, of course. Who could pack away two or three pounds of *rijsttafel* a night and not gain weight? I gained weight insensibly, caught up in my obsession and in my self-loathing. I neglected my friends, paid no attention to my appearance. I would leave the restaurant each night, my stomach groaning at the mass of overspiced food within it. I would go to bed and dream of the boy and wait impatiently for the next night, when I could see him again.

Our looks became bolder, more brazen. Sometimes, when he served the dishes, he would rest his hand upon the table, as if daring me to touch it. And I would clear my throat, my eyes reproaching him for being a shameless flirt.

Swept up in this madness, I do not know how long things might have gone on nor where they might have gone to. I was losing my shyness, losing my pride; I was coming close to speaking to the boy outright. Then, quite unexpectedly, I noticed something.

I noticed that I was the only customer that the restaurant had left.

I thought about this. I pondered it deeply. I had dropped my friends over the past months or they had dropped me. Still, why had they stopped eating at the *rijsttafel* restaurant?

Once, I tried to break my habit, avoiding the place for three whole evenings. But it was impossible. My fascination drew me back again and thereafter I went night after night and it was the

same; I was the only customer. Yet I could detect no loss of quality in the food nor in the music. Everything was the same, except for me.

I saw something then. It came to me on a night much like all other nights, when I was plowing through the usual tremendous servings. I saw that I had grown monstrously fat over the course of several months. And, for a moment, I viewed myself from the outside:

I saw a disgustingly gross man seated in a small restaurant. A man fat enough to turn your stomach. A man in whose company you would not want to eat.

It came to me then: I was the reason the Hungarian had lost all of his customers. For what man in his right mind would want to eat with *me* there? And I was there all the time.

An insight like that must be acted upon immediately or lost forever. I pushed the table away and got to my feet, not without some difficulty. The chef and the waiter stared at me. I began to waddle toward the door.

The chef cried, "Is something the matter with the food?"

"Not with the food," I replied, "with me."

The boy said, with downcast eyes, "Perhaps I have offended you. . . ."

"Quite the contrary," I replied. "You have pleased me immensely, but I have offended myself beyond measure."

They didn't understand. The chef cried out, "Won't you at least eat a plate of pork *sate*, just made, fresh and delicious?"

And the boy said, "There's a new Armstrong record that you have not heard yet."

I stopped at the door. I said, "Thank you both very much. You are kind people. But I happen to be destroying myself here under your very eyes. I shall go away now and complete that task by myself."

They stared at me, wild-eyed and uncomprehending. I waddled out of the restaurant, to my apartment, packed a light suitcase and found a taxi to take me into Iviza city. I was just in time for the night flight to Barcelona.

Years have passed since that time. Time and distance stripped away my obsession. I have been in love since then, but never again with a boy.

I live now in San Miguel de Allende, in Mexico, with my wife (not the same one I went to Santa Eulalia with) and our two children.

I have often wondered what happened to the chef and the waiter. Presumably, they continued their business and prospered. They may still be in Santa Eulalia, for all I know. Unless, of course, my lustful sin destroyed them in some way.

I regret my sin sincerely.

I am still trying to become a writer.



Cliff Roberts



my perfect murder (continued from page 126)

stood there. He blinked, gazing out at me.

"Ralph?" I said.

"Yes . . . ?" he said.

We stood there, rooted, for what could not have been more than five seconds. But, O Christ, many things happened in those five swift seconds.

I saw Ralph Underhill. I saw him clearly. And I had not seen him since I was 12.

Then he had towered over me with pummel and beat and scream. Now he was a little old man.

I am five feet, eleven. But Ralph Underhill had not grown much from his 12th year on. The man who stood before me was no more than five feet, two inches tall. I towered over him.

I gasped. I stared. I saw more.

I was 48 years old. But Ralph Underhill, at 48, had lost most of his hair, and what remained was threadbare gray, black and white. He looked 60 or 65.

I was in good health. Ralph Underhill was waxen pale. There was a knowledge of sickness in his face. He had traveled in some sunless land. His was a ravaged and sunken look. His breath smelled of funeral flowers.

All this, perceived, was like the storm of the night before, gathering all its lightning and thunder into one bright concussion. We stood in the explosion.

So this is what I came for? I thought. This, then, is the truth. This dreadful instant in time. Not to pull out the weapon. *Not* to kill. No, no. But simply—

To see Ralph Underhill as he *is* in this hour. That's all. Just to be here, stand here and look at him as he has become.

Ralph Underhill lifted one hand in a kind of gesturing wonder. His lips trembled. His eyes flew up and down my body, his mind measured this giant who shadowed his door. At last his voice, so small, so frail, blurted out: "Doug . . . ?"

I recoiled.

"Doug," he gasped, "is that *you*?"

I hadn't expected that. People don't remember! They can't! Across the years? Why would he know, summon up, recognize, recall?

I had a wild thought that what had happened to Ralph Underhill was that after I left town, half of his life had collapsed. I had been the center of his world, someone to attack, beat, pummel, bruise. His whole life had cracked by my simple act of walking away 36 years ago.

Nonsense! Yet some small crazed mouse of wisdom in my brain screeched what it knew: You needed Ralph, but—*more!*—he needed *you!* And you did the only unforgivable, the wounding thing. You vanished.

"Doug?" he said again, for I was

silent there on the porch, with my hands at my sides. "Is that *you*?"

This was the moment I had come for.

At some secret blood level, I had always known I would not use the weapon. I had brought it with me, yes, but time had got here before me, and age and smaller, more terrible deaths. . . .

Bang.

Six shots through the heart.

But I didn't use the pistol. I only whispered the sound of the shots. With each whisper, Ralph Underhill's face aged ten years. By the time I reached the last shot, he was 108 years old.

"Bang." I whispered. "Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang."

His body shook with the impact.

"You're dead. Oh, God, Ralph, you're dead."

I turned and walked down the steps and reached the street before he called:

"Doug, is that *you*!"

I did not answer, walking.

"Answer me?" he cried, weakly.

"Doug! Doug Spaulding, is that *you*?"

Who is that? Who *are* you?"

I got my suitcase and walked down into the cricket night and darkness of the ravine and across the bridge and up the stairs, going away.

"Who is that?" I heard his voice wail a last time.

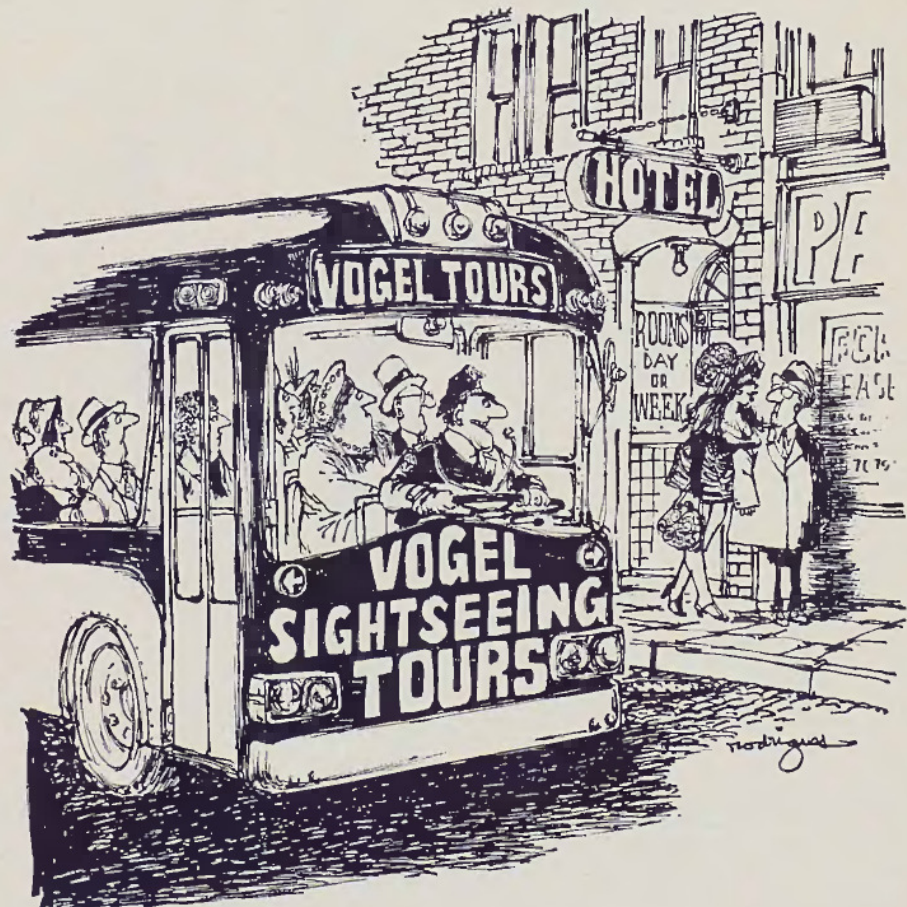
A long way off, I looked back. All the lights were on in Ralph Underhill's house. It was as if he had gone around and put them on after I left.

On the other side of the ravine, I stopped on the lawn in front of the house where I had been born. Then I picked up a few bits of gravel and did the thing that had never been done, never in my life.

I tossed the few bits of gravel up to tap that window where I had lain every morning of my first 12 years. I called my own name. I called me down in friendship to play in some long summer that no longer was.

I stood waiting just long enough for my young self to come down to join me.

Then swiftly, fleeing ahead of the dawn, we ran out of Green Town and back, thank you, dear Christ, back toward now and today for the rest of my life.



"We'll just hold up here for a few moments, folks, and see if she scores."

net assets

(continued from page 124)

of the game. With a wooden racket, the player develops control and he learns to hit the ball without becoming dependent on the racket to do the work for him. A wooden racket also helps develop the arm muscles; it makes the player work and builds the strength he'll need later on, when he turns from novice to competitor and must call upon himself for everything he's got in a five-set match.

There's also a fairly mundane reason for suggesting that a beginner use a wooden racket: He probably won't be able to recognize the variables among tennis rackets. Of course, I hope that a person interested in the game doesn't remain a beginner but tries to progress to an advanced stage. When he does, he'll be able to appreciate and to exploit the different characteristics of the many rackets available today. Once he has learned the fundamentals of play, he is

in a position to take advantage of something I have learned—that an aluminum racket delivers a true response and provides a bit more speed than wood. Aluminum gives the improving or accomplished player a more delicate touch, as well as the certainty that the ball will go precisely where it has been directed. From among the many aluminum rackets on the market, I prefer the Smasher, made by Spalding. But please don't misunderstand; I'm not trying to knock any other racket, be it wood, steel or aluminum. I'm simply offering my opinion, which is that the Smasher has undergone the kind of patient testing necessary to perfect a tennis racket, and is the best for me and will consequently be good for others as well.

As for steel rackets, virtually all models on the market are well made. However, I find that steel has more of a

trampoline effect on the ball than does aluminum; the ball seems to "shoot" off the strings, making it harder to control. Steel also has a little more whip to it than aluminum, which provides more power, but decreases control. If you think you need the extra power, you can get it by using a stiff aluminum racket and stringing it a bit loosely.

Whether aluminum or steel, the main advantage of a metal racket is that it offers more power for a given weight and therefore permits the use of a lighter racket. A lighter racket, of course, is an obvious advantage for the older player as well as for the weekend player whose arm may not be too strong; but it also helps the aggressive player who spends a lot of time at the net, where the ability to move the racket quickly is crucial.

Speaking of racket weight, if there is one fault I find more than any other among newcomers to the game, it is that they use rackets that are too heavy. I cannot for the life of me understand why some men think that the heavier the racket, the more "man" they are or why some women insist on lugging around a racket designed for men. The point, after all, is to swing the racket, not to use it as a club to bludgeon the ball over the net. A racket that is too heavy is an invitation to strain in the arm, shoulder or elbow, which may lead to either bursitis or "tennis elbow."

But what is the proper weight? That's not an easy question; the answer depends on one's strength and on his style of play. As I have mentioned, a lighter weight helps both the weaker player and the net player. A slightly heavier weight might be all right for someone who spends a lot of time hitting ground strokes from the base line. As a general guide, I'd say that a medium weight, around 13-13½ ounces, is one that most players can live with comfortably—as long as the weight is distributed properly.

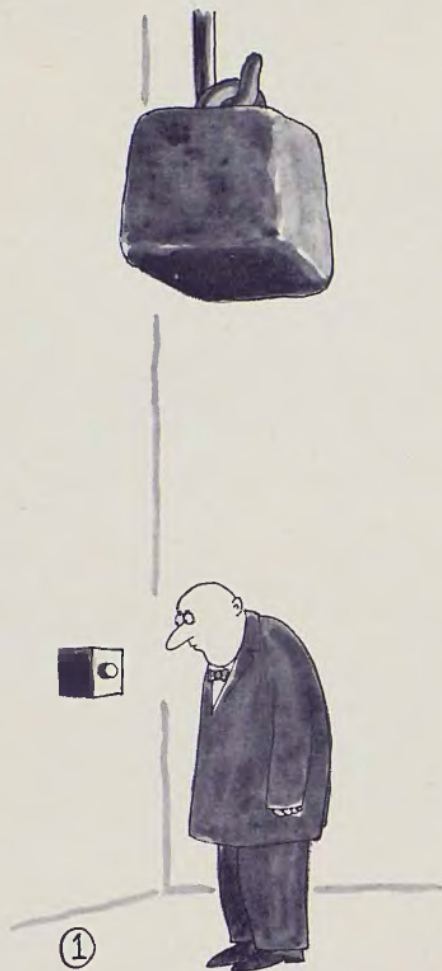
Most of the weight should be in the part of the racket that hits the ball: up around the head. Handle weight may give you the impression of power, but it's a false impression. Shifting the weight to the head may produce a heavier feel, but the weight is the same and is where it will do you the most good. The same principle that determines the swing weight of a golf club applies here.

There's another important variable that must be considered if you're going to buy a racket: the strings. First, let me say that gut is the material of my choice. There are some reasonably good grades of nylon string available that have the advantages of being quite durable and relatively inexpensive, but for the best resiliency and playing quality, most accomplished players prefer gut.

How much tension should be applied to the strings is a highly individual



"I'm beginning to think I lack the killer instinct."



matter. A lot of people are unaware of the fact that top players, especially myself, will vary the tension to accommodate things like the effect of an indoor arena's size and its effect on the density of the air and, consequently, on the liveliness of the ball. Of course, the average player won't be likely to worry about things that subtle, but he should know that strings that are too loose cost him power, while those that are too tight result in loss of control; the ball comes off the racket too quickly and in a flattened shape. Under ordinary conditions, I would suggest that a racket be strung at around 55 pounds of tension.

There is also the gauge of string to think about. As I get older, I find myself using a very light, thin gauge that gives me more speed with less effort. It's far more expensive, of course, because the thinner gauge wears out very quickly. The reward of playing better tennis with less effort is worth it to me, but this is a personal thing.

People occasionally complain to me about a racket they've been using for quite some time. I check it and find nothing particularly wrong; the weight and string tension seem right. Then I

check the grip and find that it is wrong for the owner. If it's too large, the racket twists when the ball is hit and the shot will be off. If it's too small, the skin on the palm may wrinkle and pinch, resulting in blisters. It is essential that the grip size be correct.

The majority of men would do quite well with a $4\frac{3}{8}$ -size grip; very few fellows have a large enough hand to control a $4\frac{3}{4}$ or a $4\frac{7}{8}$ grip. In fact, many men could probably drop to a $4\frac{1}{2}$ comfortably. As far as women are concerned, I recommend nothing larger than $4\frac{1}{2}$, with $4\frac{3}{8}$ the norm. Rarely will you find a woman whose hands are large enough to use a $4\frac{5}{8}$ or a $4\frac{3}{4}$.

Oh, yes; there's one more factor to consider: cost. Prices vary widely. You can still get a good wooden racket for from \$25 to \$40. Aluminum and steel come higher, sometimes as much as twice the price of wood. While it's true that I started with a 51-cent racket, I don't recommend that you do. Like almost everything else, an item of lasting value costs more. Of course, if it's going to last, you'll have to take care of it. I'm often amazed to find that people will buy even the most expensive rackets and

then fail to take simple precautions in their care. They shouldn't be tossed casually about like baseball bats, nor used as doorjamb. Their care is simple: Hang them up and keep them covered. Obvious? Yes. Always done? No.

One final word. In tennis, as in skiing, golf or photography, it's very easy to be seduced by the sheer volume of available wares into becoming an equipment freak. But equipment, no matter how good nor how expensive, can at best enhance ability; it can never by itself make a tennis player. In fact, as I have already pointed out, a certain degree of competence is required before a player can even begin to appreciate the differences among the many kinds of rackets on the market. That competence is the result of desire and determination to improve, demonstrated by hours spent on the courts. So if you buy a new racket, don't expect it to turn you into a world-beater overnight. Give yourself and it a chance by using it for two or three weeks before making a judgment, all the while remembering that there is only one proven path to tennis excellence. Play tennis!



future of marriage (continued from page 118)

modify and remold it. Only traditional patriarchal marriage is dying, while all around us marriage is being reborn in new forms. The marriage of the future already exists; we have merely mistaken the signs of evolutionary change for the stigmata of necrosis.

Divorce is a case in point. Far from being a wasting illness, it is a healthful adaptation, enabling monogamy to survive in a time when patriarchal powers, privileges and marital systems have become unworkable; far from being a radical change in the institution of marriage, divorce is a relatively minor modification of it and thoroughly supportive of most of its conventions.

Not that it seemed so at first. When divorce was introduced to Christian Europe, it appeared an extreme and rather sinful measure to most people; even among the wealthy—the only people who could afford it—it remained for centuries quite rare and thoroughly scandalous. In 1816, when president Timothy Dwight of Yale thundered against the “alarming and terrible” divorce rate in Connecticut, about one of every 100 marriages was being legally dissolved. But as women began achieving a certain degree of emancipation during the 19th Century, and as the purposes of marriage changed, divorce laws were liberalized and the rate began climbing. Between 1870 and 1905, both the U.S. population and the divorce rate more than doubled; and between then and today, the divorce rate increased over four times.

And not only for the reasons we have already noted but for yet another: the increase in longevity. When people married in their late 20s and marriage was likely to end in death by the time the last child was leaving home, divorce seemed not only wrong but hardly worth the trouble; this was especially true where the only defect in a marriage was boredom. Today, however, when people marry earlier and have finished raising their children with half their adult lives still ahead of them, boredom seems a very good reason for getting divorced.

Half of all divorces occur after eight years of marriage and a quarter of them after 15—most of these being not the results of bad initial choices but of disparity or dullness that has grown with time.

Divorcing people, however, are seeking not to escape from marriage for the rest of their lives but to exchange unhappy or boring marriages for satisfying ones. Whatever bitter things they say at the time of divorce, the vast majority do remarry, most of their second marriages lasting the rest of their lives; even those whose second marriages fail are very likely to divorce and remarry again and,

that failing, yet again. Divorcing people are actually marrying people, and divorce is not a negation of marriage but a workable cross between traditional monogamy and multiple marriage; sociologists have even referred to it as “serial polygamy.”

Despite its costs and its hardships, divorce is thus a compromise between the monogamous ideal and the realities of present-day life. To judge from the statistics, it is becoming more useful and more socially acceptable every year. Although the divorce rate leveled off for a dozen years or so after the postwar surge of 1946, it has been climbing steadily since 1962, continuing the long-range trend of 100 years, and the rate for the entire nation now stands at nearly one for every three marriages. In some areas, it is even higher. In California, where a new ultraliberal law went into effect in 1970, nearly two of every three marriages end in divorce—a fact that astonishes people in other areas of the country but that Californians themselves accept with equanimity. They still approve of, and very much enjoy, being married; they have simply gone further than the rest of us in using divorce to keep monogamy workable in today's world.

Seen in the same light, marital infidelity is also a frequently useful modification of the marriage contract rather than a repudiation of it. It violates the conventional moral code to a greater degree than does divorce but, as practiced in America, is only a limited departure from the monogamous pattern. Unfaithful Americans, by and large, neither have extramarital love affairs that last for many years nor do they engage in a continuous series of minor liaisons; rather, their infidelity consists of relatively brief and widely scattered episodes, so that in the course of a married lifetime, they spend many more years being faithful than being unfaithful. Furthermore, American infidelity, unlike its European counterparts, has no recognized status as part of the marital system; except in a few circles, it remains impermissible, hidden and isolated from the rest of one's life.

This is not true at all levels of our society, however: Upper-class men—and, to some extent, women—have long regarded the discreet love affair as an essential complement to marriage, and lower-class husbands have always considered an extracurricular roll in the hay important to a married man's peace of mind. Indeed, very few societies have ever tried to make both husband and wife sexually faithful over a lifetime; the totally monogamous ideal is statistically an abnormality. Professors Clellan Ford and Frank Beach state in *Patterns of Sexual Behavior* that less than 16 percent

of 185 societies studied by anthropologists had formal restrictions to a single mate—and, of these, less than a third wholly disapproved of both premarital and extramarital relationships.

Our middle-class, puritanical society, however, has long held that infidelity of any sort is impossible if one truly loves one's mate and is happily married, that any deviation from fidelity stems from an evil or neurotic character and that it inevitably damages both the sinner and the sinned against. This credo drew support from earlier generations of psychotherapists, for almost all the adulterers they treated were neurotic, unhappily married or out of sorts with life in general. But it is just such people who seek psychotherapy; they are hardly a fair sample. Recently, sex researchers have examined the unfaithful more representatively and have come up with quite different findings. Alfred Kinsey, sociologist Robert Whitehurst of Indiana University, sociologist John Cuber of Ohio State University, sexologist/therapist Dr. Albert Ellis and various others (including myself), all of whom have made surveys of unfaithful husbands and wives, agree in general that:

- Many of the unfaithful—perhaps even a majority—are not seriously dissatisfied with their marriages nor their mates and a fair number are more or less happily married.

- Only about a third—perhaps even fewer—appear to seek extramarital sex for neurotic motives; the rest do so for nonpathological reasons.

- Many of the unfaithful—perhaps even a majority—do not feel that they, their mates nor their marriages have been harmed; in my own sample, a tenth said that their marriages had been helped or made more tolerable by their infidelity.

It is still true that many a “deceived” husband or wife, learning about his or her mate's infidelity, feels humiliated, betrayed and unloved, and is filled with rage and the desire for revenge; it is still true, too, that infidelity is a cause in perhaps a third of all divorces. But more often than not, deceived spouses never know of their mates' infidelity nor are their marriages perceptibly harmed by it.

The bulk of present-day infidelity remains hidden beneath the disguise of conventional marital behavior. But an unfettered minority of husbands and wives openly grant each other the right to outside relationships, limiting that right to certain occasions and certain kinds of involvement, in order to keep the marital relationship all-important and unimpaired. A few couples, for instance, take separate vacations or allow each other one night out alone per week, it being understood that their extramarital involvements are to be confined to those times. Similar freedoms

have been urged by radical marriage reformers for decades but have never really caught on, and probably never will. For one simple reason: What's out of sight is not necessarily out of mind. What husband can feel sure, despite his wife's promises, that she might not find some other man who will make her dream come true? What wife can feel sure that her husband won't fall in love with some woman he is supposed to be having only a friendly tumble with?

But it's another matter when husband and wife go together in search of extramarital frolic and do their thing with other people, in full view of each other, where it is free of romantic feeling. This is the very essence of marital swinging, or, as it is sometimes called, comarital sex. Whether it consists of a quiet mate exchange between two couples, a small sociable group-sex party or a large orgasmic rumpus, the premise is the same: As long as the extramarital sex is open, shared and purely recreational, it is not considered divisive of marriage.

So the husband and wife welcome the baby sitter, kiss the children good night and drive off together to someone's home, where they drink a little and make social talk with their hosts and any other guests present, and then pair off with a couple of the others and disappear into bedrooms for an hour or so or undress in the living room and have sex in front of their interested and approving mates.

No secrecy about that, certainly, and no hidden romance to fear; indeed, the very exhibitionism of marital swinging enforces its most important ground rule—the tacit understanding that participants will not indulge in emotional involvements with fellow swingers, no matter what physical acts they perform together. Though a man and a woman make it with each other at a group-sex party, they are not supposed to meet each other later on; two swinging couples who get together outside of parties are disapprovingly said to be going steady. According to several researchers, this proves that married swingers value their marriages: They want sexual fun and stimulation but nothing that would jeopardize their marital relationships. As sociologists Duane Denfeld and Michael Gordon of the University of Connecticut straight-facedly write, marital swingers “favor monogamy and want to maintain it” and do their swinging “in order to support and improve their marriages.”

To the outsider, this must sound very odd, not to say outlandish. How could anyone hope to preserve the warmth and intimacy of marriage by performing the most private and personal sexual acts with other people in front of his own mate or watching his mate do so with others?

Such a question implies that sex is in-

tegrally interwoven with the rest of one's feelings about the mate—which it is—but swingers maintain that it can be detached and enjoyed apart from those feelings, without changing them in any way. Marital swinging is supposed to involve only this one segment of the marital relationship and during only a few hours of any week or month; all else is meant to remain intact, monogamous and conventional.

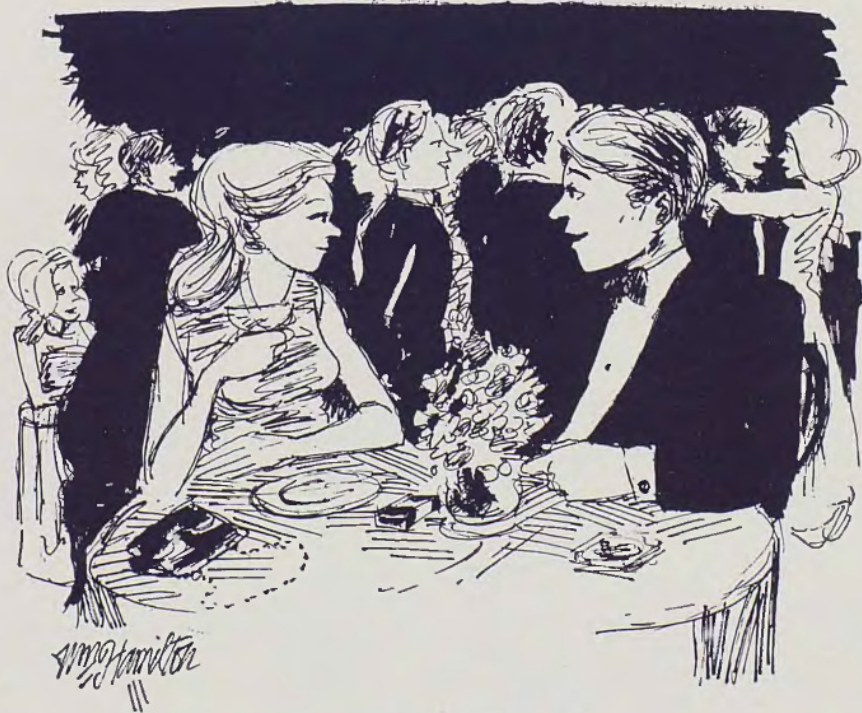
Experts maintain that some people swing out of neurotic needs; some have sexual problems in their marriages that do not arise in casual sexual relationships; some are merely bored and in need of new stimuli; some need the ego lift of continual conquests. But the average swinger, whatever his (or her) motive, normal or pathological, is apt to believe that he loves his spouse, that he has a pretty good marriage and that detaching sex—and sex alone—from marital restrictions not only will do the marriage no harm but will rid it of any aura of confinement.

• • •

In contrast to this highly specialized and sharply limited attitude, there seems to be a far broader and more thorough rejection of marriage on the part of those men and women who choose to live together unwed. Informal, nonlegal unions have long been widespread

among poor blacks, largely for economic reasons, but the present wave of such unions among middle-class whites has an ideological basis, for most of those who choose this arrangement consider themselves revolutionaries who have the guts to pioneer in a more honest and vital relationship than conventional marriage. A 44-year-old conference leader, Theodora Wells, and a 51-year-old psychologist, Lee Christie, who live together in Beverly Hills, expounded their philosophy in the April 1970 issue of *The Futurist*: “‘Personhood’ is central to the living-together relationship; sex roles are central to the marriage relationship. Our experience strongly suggests that personhood excites growth, stimulates openness, increases joyful satisfactions in achieving, encompasses rich, full sexuality peaking in romance. Marriage may have the appearance of this in its romantic phase, but it settles down to prosaic routine. . . . The wife role is diametrically opposed to the personhood I want. I [Theodora] therefore choose to live with the man who joins me in the priority of personhood.”

What this means is that she hates homemaking, is career oriented and fears that if she became a legal wife, she would automatically be committed to traditional female roles, to dependency. Hence, she and Christie have rejected marriage and chosen an arrangement



“Then, with the war ended, the environment restored, the blacks enfranchised and the Indians’ lands returned, I’d devote the rest of my Administration to saving wildlife.”

without legal obligations, without a head of the household and without a primary money earner or primary homemaker—though Christie, as it happens, does 90 percent of the cooking. Both believe that their freedom from legal ties and their constant need to rechoose each other make for a more exciting, real and growing relationship.

A fair number of the avant-garde and many of the young have begun to find this not only a fashionably rebellious but a thoroughly congenial attitude toward marriage; couples are living together, often openly, on many a college campus, risking punishment by college authorities (but finding the risk smaller every day) and bucking their parents' strenuous disapproval (but getting their glib acceptance more and more often).

When one examines the situation closely, however, it becomes clear that most of these marital Maoists live together in close, warm, committed and monogamous fashion, very much like married people: they keep house together (although often dividing their roles in untraditional ways) and neither is free to have sex with anyone else, date anyone else nor even find anyone else intriguing. Anthropologists Margaret Mead and Ashley Montagu, sociologist John Gagnon and other close observers of the youth scene feel that living together, whatever its defects, is actually an apprentice marriage and not a true rebellion against marriage at all.

Dr. Mead, incidentally, made a major public pitch in 1966 for a revision of our laws that would create two kinds of marital status: individual marriage, a legal but easily dissolved form for young people who were unready for parenthood or full commitment to each other but who wanted to live together with social acceptance; and parental marriage, a union involving all the legal commitments and responsibilities—and difficulties of dissolution—of marriage as we presently know it. Her suggestion aroused a great deal of public debate. The middle-aged, for the most part, condemned her proposal as being an attack upon and a debasement of marriage, while the young replied that the whole idea was unnecessary. The young were right: They were already creating their own new marital folkway in the form of the close, serious but informal union that achieved all the goals of individual marriage except its legality and acceptance by the middle-aged. Thinking themselves rebels against marriage, they had only created a new form of marriage closely resembling the very thing Dr. Mead had suggested.

• • •

If these modifications of monogamy aren't quite as alarming or as revolutionary as they seem to be, one contemporary experiment in marriage is a genuine and

total break with Western tradition. This is group marriage—a catchall term applied to a wide variety of polygamous experiments in which small groups of adult males and females, and their children, live together under one roof or in a close-knit settlement, calling themselves a family, tribe, commune or, more grandly, intentional community and considering themselves all married to one another.

As the term intentional community indicates, these are experiments not merely in marriage but in the building of a new type of society. They are utopian minisocieties existing within, but almost wholly opposed to, the mores and values of present-day American society.

Not that they are all of a piece. A few are located in cities and have members who look and act square and hold regular jobs; some, both urban and rural, consist largely of dropouts, acidheads, panhandlers and petty thieves; but most are rural communities, have hippie-looking members and aim at a self-sufficient farming-and-handicraft way of life. A very few communes are politically conservative, some are in the middle and most are pacifist, anarchistic and/or New Leftist. Nearly all, whatever their national political bent, are islands of primitive communism in which everything is collectively owned and all members work for the common good.

Their communism extends to—or perhaps really begins with—sexual collectivism. Though some communes consist of married couples who are conventionally faithful, many are built around some kind of group sexual sharing. In some of these, couples are paired off but occasionally sleep with other members of the group; in others, pairing off is actively discouraged and the members drift around sexually from one partner to another—a night here, a night there, as they wish.

Group marriage has captured the imagination of many thousands of college students in the past few years through its idealistic and romantic portrayal in three novels widely read by the young—Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* and Robert Rimmer's *The Harvard Experiment* and *Proposition 31*. The underground press, too, has paid a good deal of sympathetic attention—and the establishment press a good deal of hostile attention—to communes. There has even been, for several years, a West Coast publication titled *The Modern Utopian* that is devoted, in large part, to news and discussions of group marriage. The magazine, which publishes a directory of intentional communities, recently listed 125 communes and the editor said, "For every listing you find here, you can be certain there are 100 others." And an article in *The New York Times* last December stated that "nearly 2000 communes in 34 states have turned up" but

gave this as a conservative figure, as "no accurate count exists."

All this sometimes gives one the feeling that group marriage is sweeping the country; but, based on the undoubtedly exaggerated figures of *The Modern Utopian* and counting a generous average of 20 people per commune, it would still mean that no more than 250,000 adults—approximately one tenth of one percent of the U.S. population—are presently involved in group marriages. These figures seem improbable.

Nevertheless, group marriage offers solutions to a number of the nagging problems and discontents of modern monogamy. Collective parenthood—every parent being partly responsible for every child in the group—not only provides a warm and enveloping atmosphere for children but removes some of the pressure from individual parents; moreover, it minimizes the disruptive effects of divorce on the child's world. Sexual sharing is an answer to boredom and solves the problem of infidelity, or seeks to, by declaring extramarital experiences acceptable and admirable. It avoids the success-status-possession syndrome of middle-class family life by turning toward simplicity, communal ownership and communal goals.

Finally, it avoids the loneliness and confinement of monogamy by creating something comparable to what anthropologists call the extended family, a larger grouping of related people living together. (There is a difference, of course: In group marriage, the extended family isn't composed of blood relatives.) Even when sexual switching isn't the focus, there is a warm feeling of being affectionally connected to everyone else. As one young woman in a Taos commune said ecstatically, "It's really groovy waking up and knowing that 48 people love you."

There is, however, a negative side: This drastic reformulation of marriage makes for new problems, some of them more severe than the ones it has solved. Albert Ellis, quoted in Herbert Otto's new book, *The Family in Search of a Future*, lists several categories of serious difficulties with group marriage, including the near impossibility of finding four or more adults who can live harmoniously and lovingly together, the stubborn intrusion of jealousy and love conflicts and the innumerable difficulties of coordinating and scheduling many lives.

Other writers, including those who have sampled communal life, also talk about the problems of leadership (most communes have few rules to start with; those that survive for any time do so by becoming almost conventional and traditional) and the difficulties in communal work sharing (there are always some members who are slovenly and lazy and others who are neat and hard-working, the latter either having to expel the former or give up and let the commune slowly die).



"Say . . . is it hot in here or is it just me?"

A more serious defect is that most group marriages, being based upon a simple, semiprimitive agrarian life, reintroduce old-style patriarchy, because such a life puts a premium on masculine muscle power and endurance and leaves the classic domestic and subservient roles to women. Even a most sympathetic observer, psychiatrist Joseph Downing, writes, "In the tribal families, while both sexes work, women are generally in a service role. . . . Male dominance is held desirable by both sexes."

Most serious of all are the emotional limitations of group marriage. Its ideal is sexual freedom and universal love, but the group marriages that most nearly achieve this have the least cohesiveness and the shallowest interpersonal involvements: people come and go, and there is really no marriage at all but only a continuously changing and highly unstable encounter group. The longer-lasting and more cohesive group marriages are, in fact, those in which, as Dr. Downing reports, the initial sexual spree "generally gives way to the quiet, semipermanent, monogamous relationship characteristic of many in our general society."

Not surprisingly, therefore, Dr. Ellis finds that most group marriages are unstable and last only several months to a few years; and sociologist Lewis Yablonsky of California State College at Hayward, who has visited and lived in a number of communes, says that they are often idealistic but rarely successful or enduring. Over and above their specific difficulties, they are utopian—they seek to construct a new society from whole cloth. But all utopias thus far have failed: human behavior is so incredibly complex that every totally new order, no matter how well planned, generates innumerable un-

foreseen problems. It really is a pity: group living and group marriage look wonderful on paper.

. . . .

All in all, then, the evidence is overwhelming that old-fashioned marriage is not dying and that nearly all of what passes for rebellion against it is a series of patchwork modifications enabling marriage to serve the needs of modern man without being unduly costly or painful.

While this is the present situation, can we extrapolate it into the future? Will marriage continue to exist in some form we can recognize?

It is clear that, in the future, we are going to have an even greater need than we now do for love relationships that offer intimacy, warmth, companionship and a reasonable degree of reliability. Such relationships need not, of course, be heterosexual. With our increasing tolerance of sexual diversity, it seems likely that many homosexual men and women will find it publicly acceptable to live together in quasi-marital alliances.

The great majority of men and women, however, will continue to find heterosexual love the preferred form, for biological and psychological reasons that hardly have to be spelled out here. But need heterosexual love be embodied within marriage? If the world is already badly overpopulated and daily getting worse, why add to its burden—and if one does not intend to have children, why seek to enclose love within a legal cage? Formal promises to love are promises no one can keep, for love is not an act of will; and legal bonds have no power to keep love alive when it is dying.

Such reasoning—more cogent today than ever, due to the climate of sexual

permissiveness and to the twin technical advances of the pill and the loop—lies behind the growth of unwed unions. From all indications, however, such unions will not replace marriage as an institution but only precede it in the life of the individual.

It seems probable that more and more young people will live together unwed for a time and then marry each other or break up and make another similar alliance, and another, until one of them turns into a formal, legal marriage. In 50 years, perhaps less, we may come close to the Scandinavian pattern, in which a great many couples live together prior to marriage. It may be, moreover, that the spread of this practice will decrease the divorce rate among the young, for many of the mistakes that are recognized too late and are undone in divorce court will be recognized and undone outside the legal system, with less social and emotional damage than divorce involves.

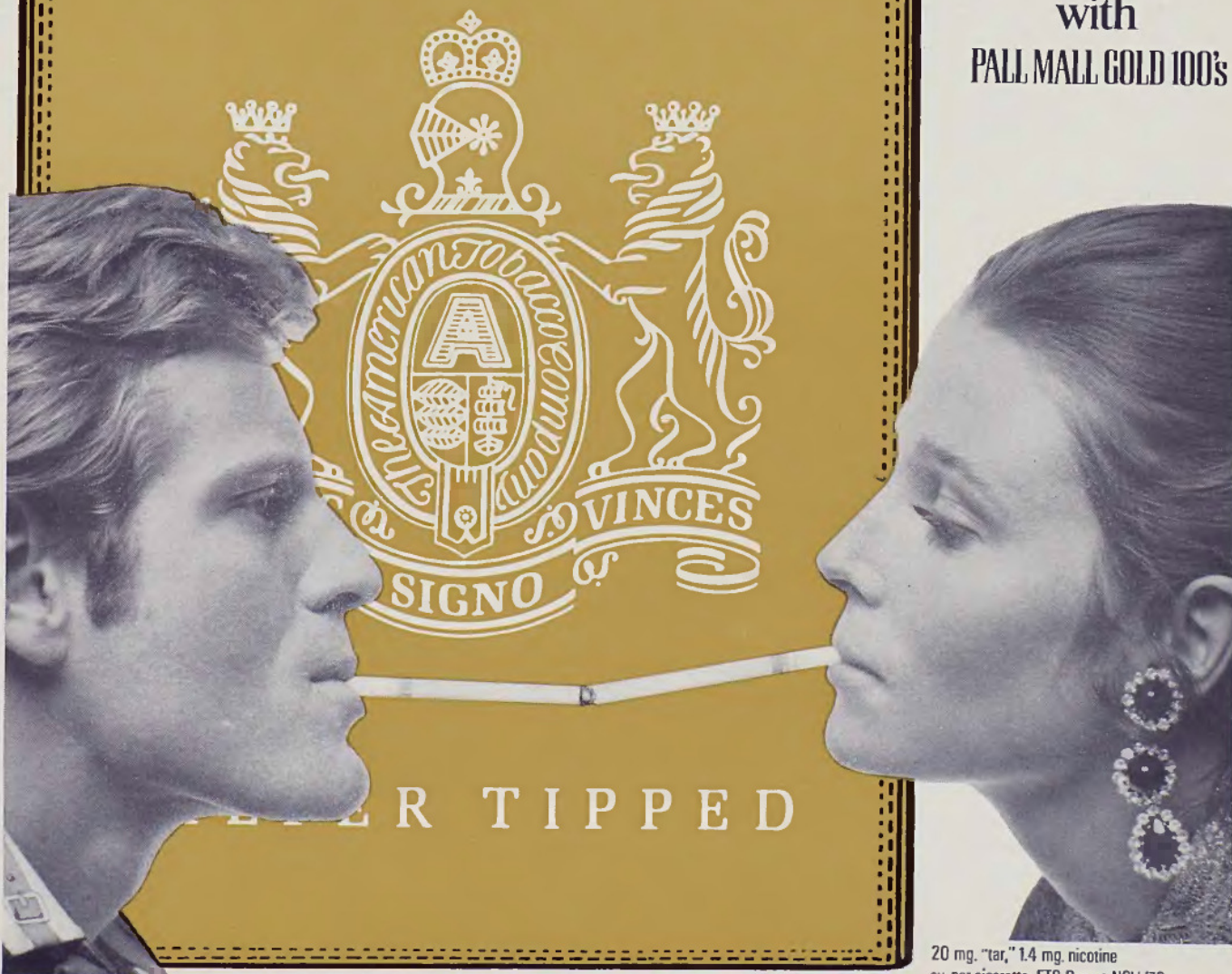
If, therefore, marriage continues to be important, what form will it take? The one truly revolutionary innovation is group marriage—and, as we have seen, it poses innumerable and possibly insuperable practical and emotional difficulties. A marriage of one man and one woman involves only one interrelationship, yet we all know how difficult it is to find that one right fit and to keep it in working order. But add one more person, making the smallest possible group marriage, and you have three relationships (A-B, B-C and A-C); add a fourth to make two couples and you have six relationships; add enough to make a typical group marriage of 15 persons and you have 105 relationships.

This is an abstract way of saying that human beings are all very different and

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that finding a satisfying and workable love relationship is not easy, even for a twosome, and is impossibly difficult for aggregations of a dozen or so. It might prove less difficult, a generation hence, for children brought up in group-marriage communes. Such children would not have known the close, intense, parent-child relationships of monogamous marriage and could more easily spread their affections thinly and undemandingly among many. But this is mere conjecture, for no communal-marriage experiment in America has lasted long enough for us to see the results, except the famous Oneida Community in Upstate New York; it endured from 1848 to 1879, and then its offspring vanished back into the surrounding ocean of monogamy.

Those group marriages that do endure in the future will probably be dedicated to a rural and semiprimitive agrarian life style. Urban communes may last for some years but with an ever-changing membership and a lack of inner familial identity; in the city, one's work life lies outside the group, and with only emotional ties to hold the group together, any dissension or conflict will result in a turnover of membership. But while agrarian communes may have a sounder foundation, they can never become a mass movement; there is simply no way for the

land to support well over 200,000,000 people with the low-efficiency productive methods of a century or two ago.

Agrarian communes not only cannot become a mass movement in the future but they will not even have much chance of surviving as islands in a sea of modern industrialism. For semiprimitive agrarianism is so marginal, so backbreaking and so tedious a way of life that it is unlikely to hold most of its converts against the competing attractions of conventional civilization. Even Dr. Downing, for all his enthusiasm about the "Society of Awakening," as he calls tribal family living, predicts that for the foreseeable future, only a small minority will be attracted to it and that most of these will return to more normal surroundings and relationships after a matter of weeks or months.

Thus, monogamy will prevail; on this, nearly all experts agree. But it will almost certainly continue to change in the same general direction in which it has been changing for the past few generations; namely, toward a redefinition of the special roles played by husband and wife, so as to achieve a more equal distribution of the rights, privileges and life expectations of man and woman.

This, however, will represent no sharp break with contemporary marriage, for the marriage of 1971 has come a long

way from patriarchy toward the goal of equality. Our prevalent marital style has been termed companionship marriage by a generation of sociologists; in contrast to 19th Century marriage, it is relatively egalitarian and intimate, husband and wife being intellectually and emotionally close, sexually compatible and nearly equal in personal power and in the quantity and quality of labor each contributes to the marriage.

From an absolute point of view, however, it still is contaminated by patriarchy. Although each partner votes, most husbands (and wives) still think that men understand politics better; although each may have had similar schooling and believes both sexes to be intellectually equal, most husbands and wives still act as if men were innately better equipped to handle money, drive the car, fill out tax returns and replace fuses. There may be something close to equality in their homemaking, but nearly always it is his career that counts, not hers. If his company wants to move him to another city, she quits her job and looks for another in their new location; and when they want to have children, it is seldom questioned that he will continue to work while she will stay home.

With this, there is a considerable shift back toward traditional role assignments: He stops waxing the floors and washing



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dishes, begins to speak with greater authority about how their money is to be spent, tells her (rather than consults her) when he would like to work late or take a business trip, gives (or withholds) his approval of her suggestions for parties, vacations and child discipline. The more he takes on the airs of his father, the more she learns to connive and manipulate like her mother. Feeling trapped and discriminated against, resenting the men of the world, she thinks she makes an exception of her husband, but in the hidden recesses of her mind he is one with the others. Bearing the burden of being a man in the world, and resenting the easy life of women, he thinks he makes an exception of his wife but deep-down classifies her with the rest.

This is why a great many women yearn for change and what the majority of women's liberation members are actively hammering away at. A handful of radicals in the movement think that the answer is the total elimination of marriage, that real freedom for women will come about only through the abolition of legal bonds to men and the establishment of governmentally operated nurseries to rid women once and for all of domestic entrapment. But most women in the movement, and nearly all those outside it, have no sympathy with the anti-marriage extremists; they very much want to keep marriage alive but aim to push toward completion the evolutionary trends that have been under way so long.

Concretely, women want their husbands to treat them as equals; they want help and participation in domestic duties; they want help with child rearing; they want day-care centers and other agencies to free them to work at least part time, while their children are small, so that they won't have to give up their careers and slide into the imprisonment of domesticity. They want an equal voice in all the decisions made in the home—including job decisions that affect married life; they want their husbands to respect them, not indulge them; they want, in short, to be treated as if they were their husbands' best friends—which, in fact, they are, or should be.

All this is only a continuation of the developments in marriage over the past century and a quarter. The key question is: How far can marriage evolve in this direction without making excessive demands upon both partners? Can most husbands and wives have full-time uninterrupted careers, share all the chores and obligations of homemaking and parenthood and still find time for the essential business of love and companionship?

From the time of the early suffragettes, there have been women with the drive and talent to be full-time doctors, lawyers, retailers and the like, and at the same time to run a home and raise children with the help of housekeepers, nannies and selfless husbands. From

these examples, we can judge how likely this is to become the dominant pattern of the future. Simply put, it isn't, for it would take more energy, money and good luck than the great majority of women possess and more skilled helpers than the country could possibly provide. But what if child care were more efficiently handled in state-run centers, which would make the totally egalitarian marriage much more feasible? The question then becomes: How many middle-class American women would really prefer full-time work to something less demanding that would give them more time with their children? The truth is that most of the world's work is dull and wearisome rather than exhilarating and inspiring. Women's lib leaders are largely middle-to-upper-echelon professionals, and no wonder they think every wife would be better off working full time—but we have yet to hear the same thing from saleswomen, secretaries and bookkeepers.

Married women *are* working more all the time—in 1970, over half of all mothers whose children were in school held jobs—but the middle-class women among them pick and choose things they like to do rather than *have* to do for a living; moreover, many work part time until their children have grown old enough to make mothering a minor assignment. Accordingly, they make much less money than their husbands, rarely ever rise to any high positions in their fields and, to some extent, play certain traditionally female roles within marriage. It is a compromise and, like all compromises, it delights no one—but serves nearly everyone better than more clear-cut and idealistic solutions.

Though the growth of egalitarianism will not solve all the problems of marriage, it may help solve the problems of a *bad* marriage. With their increasing independence, fewer and fewer wives will feel compelled to remain confined within unhappy or unrewarding marriages. Divorce, therefore, can be expected to continue to increase, despite the offsetting effect of extramarital liaisons. Extrapolating the rising divorce rate, we can conservatively expect that within another generation, half or more of all persons who marry will be divorced at least once. But even if divorce were to become an almost universal experience, it would not be the *antithesis* of marriage but only a part of the marital experience: most people will, as always, spend their adult lives married—not continuously, in a single marriage, but segmentally, in two or more marriages. For all the dislocations and pain these divorces cause, the sum total of emotional satisfaction in the lives of the divorced and remarried may well be greater than their great-grandparents were able to achieve.

Marital infidelity, since it also relieves

some of the pressures and discontents of unsuccessful or boring marriages—and does so in most cases without breaking up the existing home—will remain an alternative to divorce and will probably continue to increase, all the more so as women come to share more fully the traditional male privileges. Within another generation, based on present trends, four of five husbands and two of three wives whose marriages last more than several years will have at least a few extramarital involvements.

Overt permissiveness, particularly in the form of marital swinging, may be tried more often than it now is, but most of those who test it out will do so only briefly rather than adopt it as a way of life. Swinging has a number of built-in difficulties, the first and most important of which is that the avoidance of all emotional involvement—the very key-stone of swinging—is exceedingly hard to achieve. Nearly all professional observers report that jealousy is a frequent and severely disruptive problem. And not only jealousy but sexual competitiveness: Men often have potency problems while being watched by other men or after seeing other men outperform them. Even a regular stud, moreover, may feel threatened when he observes his wife being more active at a swinging party than he himself could possibly be. Finally, the whole thing is truly workable only for the young and the attractive.

There will be wider and freer variations in marital styles—we are a pluralistic nation, growing more tolerant of diversity all the time—but throughout all the styles of marriage in the future will run a predominant motif that has been implicit in the evolution of marriage for a century and a quarter and that will finally come to full flowering in a generation or so. In short, the marriage of the future will be a heterosexual friendship, a free and unconstrained union of a man and a woman who are companions, partners, comrades and sexual lovers. There will still be a certain degree of specialization within marriage, but by and large, the daily business of living together—the talk, the meals, the going out to work and coming home again, the spending of money, the lovemaking, the caring for the children, even the indulgence or nonindulgence in outside affairs—will be governed by this fundamental relationship rather than by the lord-and-servant relationship of patriarchal marriage. Like all friendships, it will exist only as long as it is valid; it will rarely last a lifetime, yet each marriage, while it does last, will meet the needs of the men and women of the future as no earlier form of marriage could have. Yet we who know the marriage of today will find it relatively familiar, comprehensible—and very much alive.



cooling it

(continued from page 98)

potato salad takes somewhat more time and patience, but if you own a razor-sharp knife and if your kitchen is a heat-resistant oasis, you'll enjoy assembling this cold meal-on-a-platter salad.

STUFFED LOBSTER SALAD PLATTER
(Serves six)

- 6 boiled northern lobsters, 1½ lbs. each
- ½ lb. fresh mushrooms, ½-in. dice
- 1 tablespoon butter
- Salad oil
- Salt, pepper, celery salt
- ¾ cup mayonnaise
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 2 teaspoons wine-flavored Dijon mustard
- ¼ teaspoon Tabasco sauce
- 2 lbs. potatoes
- ½ cup white- or red-wine vinegar
- 2 cups onions, julienne
- 1 cup leeks, white part only, julienne
- 3 large cloves garlic, very finely minced
- 2 cups celery, julienne
- 4-oz. jar pimientos, drained, julienne
- 2 ozs. anchovy fillets, drained, julienne
- 1 bunch water cress
- 6 hard-boiled eggs

Sauté mushrooms in butter and 1 tablespoon oil until all liquid has evaporated. Sprinkle mushrooms with salt and pepper; set aside. Detach lobster claws; crack claws and remove the large front section of each in one piece. Save the six largest pieces of claw meat for later use. Cut balance of claw meat and meat from behind the claws into ½-in. dice. Cut lobsters in half lengthwise. Remove sac in back of head and intestinal vein. Remove lobster meat from tail, including tomalley (the green liver) and roe, if any.

Cut the meat into ½-in. dice. Save six of the halved lobster shells for stuffing. The remaining shells may be discarded. Stir mayonnaise, lemon juice, mustard and Tabasco in mixing bowl. Add diced lobster, tomalley, roe and mushrooms, tossing well. Add salt, celery salt and pepper to taste. Carefully pile the lobster mixture into the six shells. Place stuffed shells and reserved claw meat in a large shallow pan and cover with clear-plastic wrap. Chill in refrigerator. Peel potatoes and cut into julienne strips about 1½ ins. long and ⅛ in. thick (the best procedure is to first cut them into ⅛-in.-thick slices and then cut slices into strips). Place potatoes in boiling salted water. When water comes to a second boil, potatoes will be almost tender. Cook only until tender; drain at once. Place potatoes in mixing bowl; add ½ cup salad oil and wine vinegar; set aside. Onions, leeks, celery, pimientos and anchovies should be cut the same size as the potatoes. Heat 2 tablespoons oil in large sauté pan. Sauté onions, leeks and garlic, stirring constantly, just until onions are limp, not browned. Add onion mixture to potatoes. Add celery, pimientos and anchovies. Toss all ingredients in bowl, adding salt and pepper to taste and more vinegar, if desired. Cover bowl and chill. Just before serving, place potato salad in a high mound in the center of a large platter. Then arrange stuffed lobster around rim of platter, adding sprigs of water cress between lobster and potato salad. Slice eggs with egg cutter and overlap slices on lobster. Put a piece of claw meat at the head of each lobster; then say goodbye to the summer culinary blahs.



The Mole People

(continued from page 86)

you be careful! You hear me, now?"

"ALL RIGHT, CHIPMUNKS, ONTO THE BUS. SINGLE FILE, THERE. MOVE OUT."

The captain herded us onto the bus. We surged to the rear, battling for seats next to the windows. I squatted down in the back between Flick and Schwartz. Kissel sat a few rows up, next to a big fat Chipmunk who looked scared and was sobbing quietly. Then the Beavers whooped and trampled aboard, and Captain Crabtree stood in the aisle.

"Now, I don't want any trouble on the trip, because if there is, I'm gonna start handing out demerits. Y'hear me? You play ball with me and I'll play ball with you." This was a phrase I was to hear many times in future life.

The parents stood on the platform outside the bus, waving and tapping on the windows, making signs to the various kids. Up front, Lieutenant Kneecamp started the engine with a roar. As it bellowed out, the fat Chipmunk next to Kissel wailed and began sobbing uncontrollably. Captain Crabtree stood up and glared angrily around the bus until he spotted Fatso.

"I DON'T WANNA GO!! WAA-AAAAA!! WAAAAAAAAA!!!!"

Lieutenant Kneecamp peered wearily around from the driver's seat with the expression of one who had witnessed this scene many times before. A couple of the grizzled Beavers laughed raucously and one gave a juicy Bronx cheer.

"WAAAAAAAAA!! I AIN'T GONNA GO!" The fat Chipmunk had hurled himself onto the floor of the bus and was crawling toward the door. Captain Crabtree, with the practiced quickness of a man who had seen it all, grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and said in a cold, level voice:

"Chipmunks do not cry. We will have no crying."

The fat Chipmunk instantly stopped bawling and retreated slightly, his eyes round and staring.

"Put that hat back on, Chipmunk. NOW!" The fat Chipmunk quickly jammed his hat back onto his head.

"Lieutenant Kneecamp, will you please proceed?" Captain Crabtree had the situation well in hand. Pale and shaken, the fat Chipmunk slumped down next to Kissel. He had a wad of gum stuck on his knee. The lieutenant threw the bus into gear and we slowly pulled out of the terminal, amid frenzied waving and cheering among the assembled parentage. We rumbled out into the gray, rainy street, and the last sight I had of my family was the familiar image of my old man holding my kid brother by one ear and swatting him on the rump.

Captain Crabtree stood swaying in the



"Please don't mind Edgar—he used to be a frog."

aisle. "In three hours we will arrive at camp. We will make one stop, in precisely ninety minutes. If you have to go to the toilet, you will hold it until then."

I had already felt faint stirrings. Now that he mentioned it, they flared up badly. I had been so excited that I'd forgotten to go after breakfast.

"We will now sing the *Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee Loyalty Song*," Captain Crabtree shouted over the roar of the engine. "Here, pass these songbooks back. I have counted them. I want every one of them returned at the conclusion of the trip." He needn't have worried.

He handed out mimeographed blue pamphlets. There were mutterings here and there. The fat Chipmunk had closed his eyes and appeared to be holding his breath. I was handed a songbook. The lettering on the front read NOBBA-WAWA-NOCKEE TRUE-BLUE TRAIL SONGS.

"All right, men. The *Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee Loyalty Song* is the first song in the book. It is sung to the tune of *Old MacDonald Had a Farm*. You all know it. Ladadeedeedada-dum," Captain Crabtree sang tonelessly. I opened the book. Schwartz and Flick, their hats jammed down on their heads, had their books open, too. Life at Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee had officially begun.

The captain produced a pitch pipe that looked like a little harmonica. He blew briskly into it, producing a wavering note that was barely audible over the bellow of the worn Dodge motor.

"Now, sing it out. All together. I want to hear some life in it." He blew into his pitch pipe again. Led by the Beavers, we began to sing the *Loyalty Song*:

"Nobba Nobba WaWa Nockee . . .
EeEiiiiiEEEEIiii OHHH . . .
With a weenie roast here . . . and a
snipe hunt there . . .
EeEiiiiiEEEEIiii OHHH.
With a leathercraft here . . . and a
volleyball there . . .
EeEiiiiiEEEEIiii OHHH."

There were 37 verses, which made reference to pillow fights, totem poles, Indian trails and the like, with the concluding blast:

"Colonel Bullard is our chief. . . .
We love him, yes we do.
Nobba Nobba WaWa Nockee
EeEiiiiiEEEEIiii OHHH."

Again the bus exploded in a roar of cheers and stompings, with a few hisses and a couple of raspberries from the Beaver contingent. The rain drummed on the sides of the bus as we hurtled toward our gala summer.

"Boy, lookit those great jackets all the big kids have," said Schwartz enviously.

"Yeah," said Flick. "And what's that yellow thing on the front?" Over each boy's heart was a golden emblem.

Kissel, who overheard us, squinted

closely at the Beaver sitting in front of him. "I dunno," he stage-whispered, "it looks like a picture of a rat holding an ice-cream cone."

The Beaver turned savagely, baring yellow teeth, his bull-like neck bulging red with rage. "That's the Sacred Golden Tomahawk of Chief Chungacong, you stupid little freak!" he snarled. "Hey, Jake! You hear what this stupid little kid called the Sacred Beaver?"

"Yeah. I heard. I think we gotta teach 'im a lesson, eh, Dan?"

Dan Baxter, as we were later to find out to our sorrow, believed we should all be taught a lesson.

The fat Chipmunk, without warning, again hurled himself to the floor of the bus. A skinny Chipmunk yelled out: "HEY! He's doin' it AGAIN!"

Captain Crabtree rose ominously from his seat, staring back into the swaying bus. The fat Chipmunk lay sprawled in the aisle, kicking his feet like a grounded frog, his eyes clamped shut, his arms held rigidly to his sides. I had seen that move many times before. My cousin Buddy was famous for his spectacularly creative tantrums. One of his specialties was the very same catatonic beauty that the fat Chipmunk was now performing surpassingly well. If anything, he was even better than Buddy at his peak. The bus slowed to a crawl as Captain Crabtree lurched down the aisle.

"GET UP!" he barked, his voice crisp and cutting. The fat Chipmunk just lay there, quivering. One of his feet flicked upward, neatly disengaging his shoe, which bounced off the captain's chest. It was a nice touch. The entire busload of

kids, all of whom from time to time had themselves practiced tantrum throwing, recognized a tour-de-force performance.

"I SAID GET UP!" The fat Chipmunk quivered again, this time producing a venomous hissing sound—an interesting detail.

"What was that?" The captain's voice was menacing. "What did you say?"

The hissing continued, now accompanied by a curious sideways writhing of the body that produced a rhythmic thumping as his plump buttocks drubbed on the bus floor.

"OK," Captain Crabtree barked. Reaching down with a quick, swooping motion, he hauled the fat Chipmunk to his feet. Instantly, Fatso's legs turned to rubber in counterattack.

"I've had about enough out of you," the captain muttered, his glasses sliding down his nose from the exertion of holding the fat Chipmunk erect.

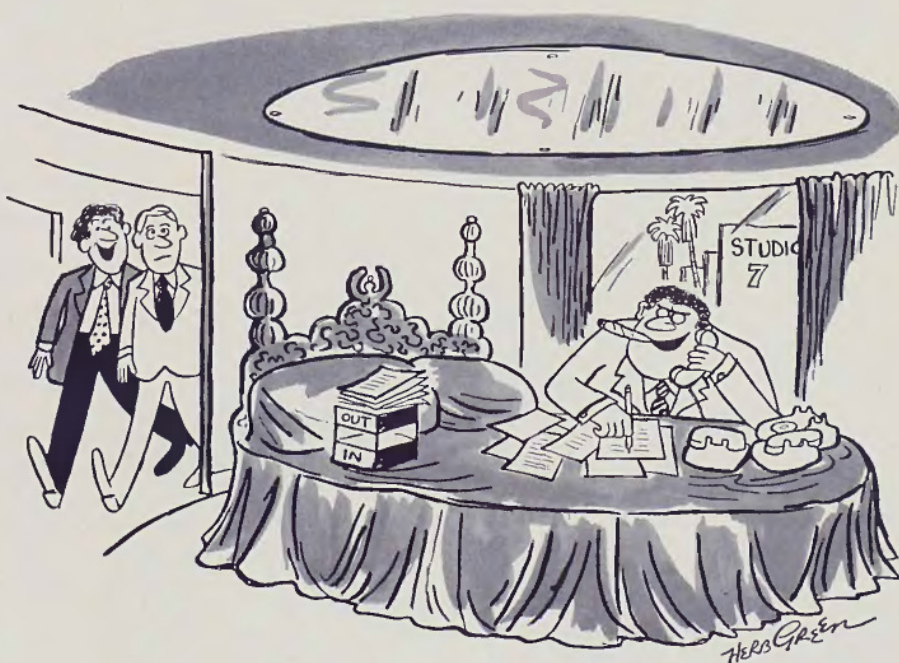
"This guy's great!" Flick whispered, more to himself than to any of us. It was obvious that we were witnessing a confrontation that could go either way.

"I'll give you one more chance to sit down and behave."

Captain Crabtree steered the blubbery, quivering mass toward his seat. The fat Chipmunk seemed to swell up like a toad, his face turning beet-red. Just as the captain was about to lower him to his seat, he let fly his ultimate crusher, a master stroke of the tantrum thrower's art.

"BRRAUUUUUGGHHHH, BRAAAAHHHHHKKKKK!"

For a moment, none of us could comprehend what was happening. It was



"Rumor has it all he lives for is work and breads!"

done so quickly, so cleanly, so deliberately. The captain staggered back, belching incoherently. A pungent aroma filled the rear of the bus. The captain reeled, dripping from his necktie down to his brass belt buckle. The fat Chipmunk seemed to have shrunk two sizes as he squatted on his seat, exuding malevolent satisfaction at a job well done.

"STOP THE BUS!" the captain hollered brokenly. "NOW!"

His crisp suntans were completely soaked by a deluge of vomit. The bus careened to a halt. The captain rushed up the aisle and out the front door. He disappeared into the weeds at the side of the road.

Immediately, the crowd broke into an uproar, with a few scattered bursts of applause coming from the Beavers up front. The fat Chipmunk had won instant respect. Schwartz, his voice rising in excitement, asked, "Hey, kid, how'd ya do that?" There was no reply.

Flick, who was the naturalist among us, since he raised rabbits and hamsters, put the event in perspective. "He's like a human skunk. When he's trapped, he just lets 'em have it."

The fat Chipmunk had opened his right eye and fixed Flick with a piercing glare. From that instant, he was known as Skunk. It was not in any sense a term of derision. He had clearly demonstrated that he could handle himself exceedingly well and was, in fact, lethal.

The captain, drenched to the skin from the driving rain, with bits of residual vomit staining his tie, but once again in charge, re-entered the bus.

"All right. Let's move out," he ordered in a voice still shaking with rage. "One more incident and the colonel will get a full report."

Comparative peace settled over the mob, which was now somehow changed as we rolled on through the rain. There was a brief stop at a gas station with an adjoining diner. We lined up outside the john.

"Hey, take a look at Skunk," Flick said to me. Skunk was on a stool in the diner, taking on more ammunition in case there was further trouble.

We moved out again in a haze of drowsiness. It had been a long trip. The country had turned to farms, Bull Durham signs and occasional run-down vegetable stands that all seemed to be closed. Old, gray, sagging farmhouses with hand-lettered signs reading FRESH EGGS AND HANDMADE QUILTS FOR SALE rolled past. We were in Michigan. It wouldn't be long now.

Finally the bus slowed at a crossroad. A rutted gravel road wound off to the north. A swaying yellow arrowhead attached to a tree trunk read CAMP NOBBAWAWA-NOCKEE 2 MI. The bus exploded in a tidal wave of cheers as it wheeled onto the gravel road. We were almost

there. I felt a wild tightening in the pit of my stomach. In just a few minutes, I was going to be at camp. *Camp!*

It was raining even harder now. The ditches on the side of the road were rushing torrents of muddy water. We were among heavy, dripping trees, and the branches intertwined over the road until we were rolling forward through a dark, green-black tunnel. Anxious and subdued, the Chipmunks peered out the windows into the passing gloom. We lurched around a bend and headed down a slope.

Schwartz hit me sharply on the shoulder. "Hey! Look!" He half rose from his seat, pointing toward the front of the bus. I stared ahead. The windshield wipers slapped back and forth. Then I saw it—a gray, flat gleam through the tangled trees ahead.

"What is it?" Flick asked, squinting. A tall, sandy-haired Beaver turned a scornful glance in our direction. "What does it look like, stupe?" He nudged the bulletheaded Beaver next to him and said loudly for our benefit:

"Jee-zus. They're getting worse every year. Guys like that wouldna lasted five minutes when we were Chipmunks. Right, Jake?"

Jake, the bulletheaded Beaver, laughed a grating cackle that boded ill for any Chipmunk who crossed his path.

"It's the lake!" I shouted. "Holy smokes, it's Lake Paddaclunka-whatever-they-call-it!"

An expanse of choppy water lay ahead. The short, broad Beaver turned at this remark, his red neck straining again at his T-shirt.

"Hey, Jake!" he barked. "They don't even know Old Piss-hole when they see it."

At this, five or six Beavers began poking each other and making incomprehensible cracks. Jake turned and grinned mirthlessly in our direction. He was missing three lower teeth and one of his ears appeared to be badly chewed.

"Y'mean none a'you know what Paddachungacong means?" He waited for an answer. All we could do was stare dumbly back. "Well, I'll tell ya. It means Sacred Place Where Big Chief Took a Leak."

Again the Beavers roared in appreciation of Jake's cutting wit. We later found out he was telling the truth. That's exactly what Paddachungacong means.

By this time, the bus had rolled onto a broad clearing that sloped down to the lake. A row of stubby square log cabins with green tar-paper roofs straggled off toward the woods. The bus lurched to a halt in front of a long, flat, low building with a dark, screen-enclosed porch.

"All right, men, let's move out." Captain Crabtree again stood in the aisle, directing the troops. "Watch out for the puddles. And move up onto the porch."

The yelling, scrambling mass of Beavers up front charged out the door and up onto the porch, slamming the screen doors. We followed quietly, not knowing quite what to expect. The rain had let up, but the mud was two inches deep. My shoes had grown four sizes by the time I had walked a yard.

"Quit splashing, Schwartz!" hollered Flick as Schwartz kicked up sheets of muddy water behind him. A chill wind blew off the lake. Just before I reached the steps, a sharp sting hit me on the back of the neck. Instinctively, I swatted at it. Already a huge welt was rising next to my left ear. I could see several other Chipmunks swatting at invisible attackers.

"I see why they got screens all around that porch," muttered Flick as he scratched frantically at his ribs.

Inside the building, which was a big empty hall with a lot of long wooden tables pushed together at one end and a row of naked light bulbs hanging from the ceiling, the Beavers milled around as though they owned the place, with the cool, on-top-of-it air of battle-scarred veterans. Captain Crabtree climbed up onto a chair and clapped his hands for attention.

"All right, men. Let's quiet down here. Colonel Bullard will be along shortly. He wants to greet you personally and will perform the initiation rites."

The rain, which had picked up again, drummed heavily on the roof. Here and there, a few puddles soaked into the wood of the floor under dripping leaks. I stared out the windows to my right. A few kids who had arrived earlier in other buses trudged back and forth wearing raincoats. Somewhere off in the distance, I heard the sound of a ping-pong ball being batted back and forth.

"When the colonel arrives, I want all of you to stand up straight and be quiet, y'understand?"

The crowd shifted restlessly. Outside I spotted a tall figure wearing a trench coat rounding the corner of the building. There was a loud clumping on the steps, the screen door swung open and Captain Crabtree snapped to attention.

"Ten-shun!" he shouted. "COLONEL BULLARD!"

The colonel, his face deeply tanned and seamed, as though carved from rich mahogany, strode to the center of the room. "Jesus," said Flick, "he must be seven feet tall!"

The colonel was wearing a peaked military cap with a large gold eagle. He wore gleaming black boots and carried a whiplike swagger stick, the first I had ever seen, which he slapped smartly against his dripping trench coat. The room fell silent, except for the steady patter of rain on the roof. He towered above Captain Crabtree, who was standing at attention atop his chair.

"At ease." His voice was deep, resonant,



"Fred, I think you're spending altogether too much time down here with these mushrooms!"

official. "This looks like a fine body of men. We'll soon whip them into shape, eh, Crabtree?"

Captain Crabtree nodded briskly four or five times and descended from his chair. Colonel Bullard cracked his face into a huge grin, his teeth gleaming brightly in the gloom. For the first time, I noticed he had a thin mustache, like Smilin' Jack.

"Fellows," he boomed, "we run a tight ship here." He slapped his swagger stick hard against his whipcord puttees. "But a happy one. Right, Beavers?"

It was a rhetorical question, since none of the Beavers answered.

"But happiness, fellows, must be earned. A good workout in the morning, a few hours of honest labor, and then we have fun. Now, all you Chipmunks raise your right hand. So." His gloved fist shot up nearly to the ceiling. "And repeat after me the Sacred Oath of Chief Chungacong."

He extended his forefinger and thumb at right angles, his forefinger pointing at the ceiling, his thumb jutting out sharply. "This is the secret sign of the Brotherhood of Nobba-WaWa-Nockee. Now," his voice grew richer and fuller, "repeat after me: 'Oh, Great Spirit of the Woods, Oh, Giver of Life. . . .'"

Our forefingers pointed like a forest of toothpicks at the leaky roof.

"We shall work hard and play hard, with clean minds and clean bodies, to thy greater glory."

Together we shouted out the creed. The colonel paused dramatically. "And now, for the most important part of our ceremony—the Secret Wolf Call of our camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee. Captain Crabtree, perform the call."

The captain, eyes closed, tilted his head back and from deep inside his khaki tunic came a high, rising, spine-tingling wolf call. It echoed from floor to ceiling, from jukebox to screen door. The colonel, his face solemn after the last note died, said in a low voice: "Men, once you have joined your brothers in the sacred Nobba-WaWa-Nockee wolf cry, you will be bound together forever." A hush fell over the mob. Even the grizzled Beavers were caught up in the occasion. "Together, men. Let's hear it."

The colonel waved his swagger stick like a wand over the crowd. Slowly at first, but then with gathering momentum, a great collective howl rose to the rainy heavens. I found my eyeballs popping, my neck bulging as some strange primitive beast deep within me rose to greet the rolling storm clouds. Schwartz, sweat pouring down his nose, seemed to be rising from the floor. The fat Chipmunk, his glasses steamed up in excitement, yowled in the corner. It seemed to go on and on. The colonel, his face impassive, loomed like a great oak amid

the banshees. Just as the wail reached its peak, he slapped his swagger stick hard against his trench coat. Instantly, as if a switch had been thrown, the howling ceased, leaving a ringing silence. The colonel stared slowly around the hall, his gaze direct and level, taking in all of us.

"Men, we are now brothers." He turned and strode from the hall without as much as a backward glance.

"HOORAY! YAY! YAY! HOORAY!" A ragged cheer broke out.

Captain Crabtree was back on his chair. "All right, you guys. Let's get cracking. We've got to move into the lodges before noon chow. Let's go."

Led by the Beavers, we charged out of the hall back into the rain. Lieutenant Kneecamp had unloaded all the baggage, which was piled up in five neat pyramids with signs on each one. He shouted into the hubbub: "Whatever pile your bag is in is what lodge you're assigned to. I don't want no arguments. That one over there is Eagle Lodge, that one's Grizzly Bear Lodge, that one's Hawk Lodge, that one over there is Polar Bear Lodge and that one on the end is Mole Lodge."

We finally found our stuff, after a lot of rooting around, in the Mole pile. It figured. I hoisted my suitcase, which felt 20 pounds heavier, since it was now soaked with Michigan rain water. Three or four new counselors had appeared, dressed in khaki jackets with yellow arrowheads on the sleeves.

"All right, you guys from Mole Lodge, follow me," one of them called out listlessly. We fell in behind him as we struggled up a slippery clay slope toward the long line of log cabins.

A motley collection of kids squatted in cabin doors or lurked about in slickers and ponchos, watching the new shipment check in. A couple hollered: "You'll be sorreeee!"—an ancient cry that must have echoed around recruiting camps in the day of Attila the Hun.

The counselor glared in the direction of a pimply kid who ducked behind a cabin after chucking an apple core at Schwartz. The counselor scooped up the apple core on the first bounce and winged it back at the retreating figure. It caught him neatly between the shoulder blades, splattering wetly as it hit.

"That'll be three Big Ds, Klooberman."

"Sir?" asked Flick as he staggered along under his huge steamer trunk. "What's a Big D?"

The counselor glanced at Flick. "A Big D, kid, is a big fat *de*-merit. You get more'n five and they cut off your ice cream. More'n ten and forget the swimming. After fifteen, y'go on bread and water. Klooberman just went over twenty."

"What's gonna happen to him?" Schwartz asked, looking scared.

"Wait and see." That was all he said as he swung open the creaking door of

our little log-cabin home, standing aside for three startled squirrels to vacate the premises before walking in.

"Here it is, you guys, and you better keep it shipshape or you're gonna answer to me, Morey Partridge, personally. Y'got it?"

We got it.

"And another thing," he went on. "Once you pick your bunks, I don't want no movin' around, because of bed check. You pick yer bunks, y'stay there."

We clumped into the dim little cabin. The walls were lined with bunks stacked three high, making six in all. The far wall had a tiny window that looked out into the black forest. Schwartz, Flick and I were the first in. Behind us three other Chipmunks toiled lugging their heavy baggage. The one at the end of the line was the fat Chipmunk. He dragged a monstrous steamer trunk over the threshold and without a word collapsed on the low bunk nearest the door. I don't think he could have gotten any farther. He took off his glasses, which were round and metal-framed, with white tape holding one earpiece together.

"I wanna top one!" Schwartz said excitedly as he clambered up the narrow ladder to the highest bunk, up near the eaves. I shoved my suitcase onto the middle one. Within five minutes, we all had our individual territories staked out and we were ready for business.

"What's your name?" I asked the strange Chipmunk in the bunk opposite me. He was unpacking a pair of water wings from his suitcase.

"Calvin Quackenbush," he said over his shoulder, somewhat defensively.

The fat Chipmunk snorted nastily. Quackenbush glared at him. "What's so funny, Fatso?"

Life in Mole Lodge was already hardening into the pattern it would follow in the weeks to come.

From somewhere out in the rain a bell clanged—immediately followed by the thunder of hundreds of galloping hooves.

"What the heck is that?" Flick hollered, rushing to the window and peering into the woods—the only point on the compass from which sound wasn't coming. The thunder grew. Schwartz threw the front door open. Kids hurtled by, kicking up muddy water, yipping and yelling as they ran, hundreds of them pouring out of the lodges, from every building, all rushing down the slippery slope that we had just struggled up. There's something about a rushing crowd of people that sort of sucks you in. In a moment, I found myself out the door and running with the crowd, sloshing through puddles, Schwartz panting beside me. Flick brought up the rear, falling down and getting up and falling down again. We must have run 100 yards amid the ravaging mob when

Yes



The World is saying Yes
to bold gold
BENSON & HEDGES

Have you said Yes yet?



Swimming pool at the Racquet Club,
Acapulco, Mexico.
Photographer: Art Kane.

Hot sun.
Girls smile.
Ice chinks.

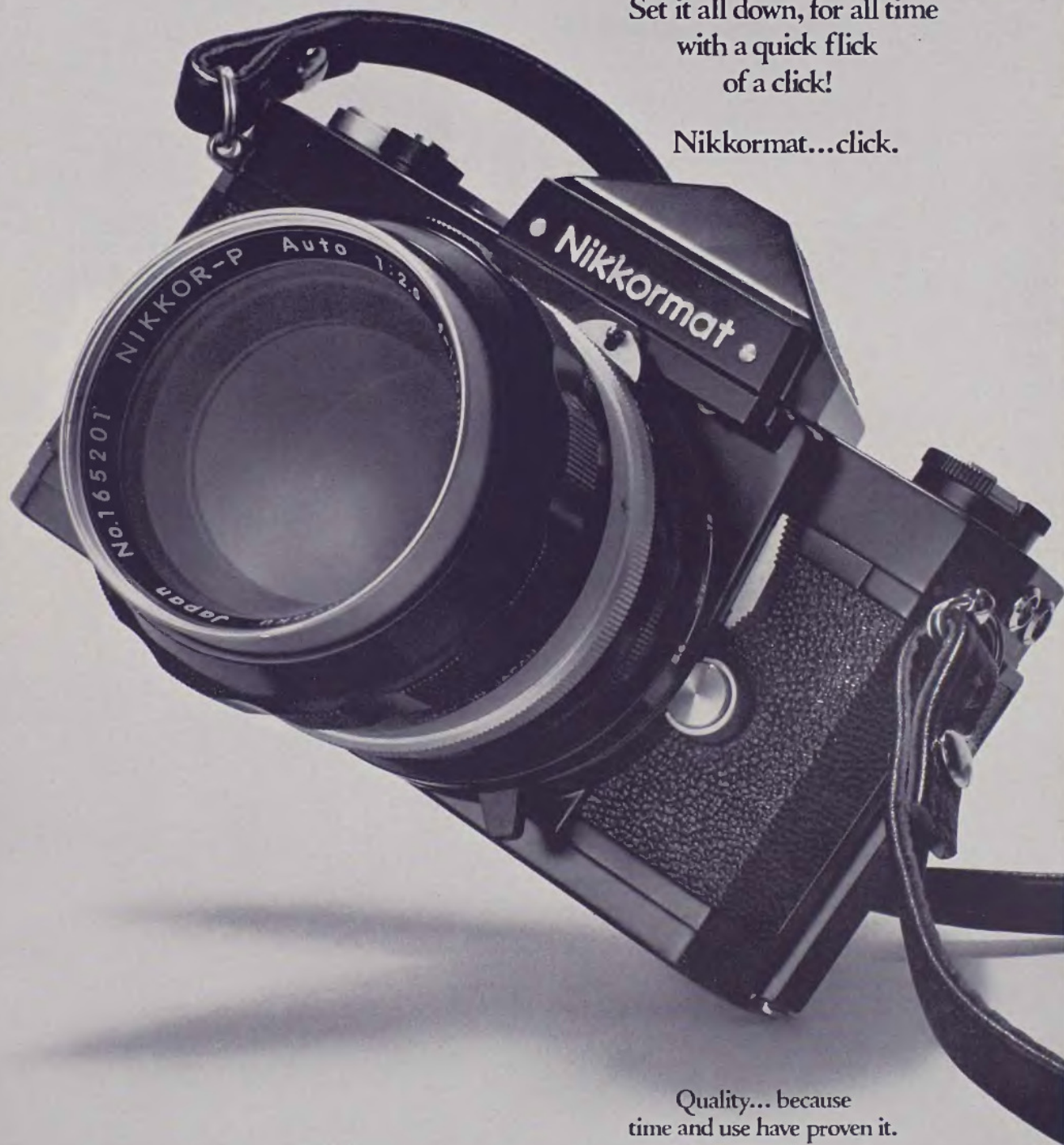
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From left to right :
MARTINI & ROSSI "Tonic" : In a tall glass, one measure Martini & Rossi Sweet over ice. Fill with tonic water, add lemon slice.
MARTINI & ROSSI "On The Rocks" : Over ice, pour Martini & Rossi Sweet. Add twist of lemon.
MARTINI & ROSSI "Formula 2" : Over ice, pour 2/3 Martini & Rossi Sweet vermouth. 1/3 Martini & Rossi Extra-Dry vermouth.
Juice of 1/2 grapefruit. Dash of tonic water. 1 slice of orange. 1/2 slice of grapefruit. 1 slice of lemon.
2 maraschino cherries.


Jet set zoom click.
Discotheques
go go click (wow) click.
People, presents,
penthouse parties (giggle) click.
Set it all down, for all time
with a quick flick
of a click!

Nikkormat...click.



Quality... because
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SOBRANIE VIRGINIA
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The more you know about horseracing,
the more you like Longchamp

The more you know about Scotch,
the more you like Ballantine's

Imported from Scotland



Schwartz, gasping and wheezing, shouted at a tall Beaver who was going past us like a freight train, his knees snapping high, his arms flailing.

"HEY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON?"

Without looking aside, the Beaver tossed back, "It's Hamburger Day!"

We had arrived at Nobba-WaWa-Nockee a few minutes before the absolute pinnacle of the week: Saturday lunch.

From all directions, streaming hordes of kids surged toward the mess hall. Some raced up from the lake, carrying paddles; others dropped tools and Indian beads as they ran, fresh from leathercraft. I saw a counselor, attempting to slow the mad dash, engulfed and overrun by the mob. Up the steps we ran, spraying mud and gravel. Inside the mess hall, most of the tables were already filled with hardened campers who knew the ropes. The meal, served by fat ladies in white uniforms, turned out to be light-gray hamburgers, soggy French fries, cole slaw and pitchers of cherry Kool-Aid—a true kid meal. The uproar was deafening as pieces of bun flew through the air and counselors battled the barbarian hordes, attempting to maintain some semblance of civilization.

"NOW, SIDDOWN! YOU CAME IN HERE TO EAT, NOT THROW POTATOES AROUND!" Captain Crabtree, in a momentarily clean uniform, shoved at writhing bodies amid the turmoil. It was all over in a couple of minutes. Stuffed with hamburgers and soggy with Kool-Aid, we followed the crowd back out into the rain.

"Hey, you guys!" It was Morey Par-

tridge. "You better not be late for forestcraft. Down at the rec hall in ten minutes. Y'get two Big Ds for every minute you're late, so get your rumps in gear." He scurried off into the drizzle to break up a wrestling match that had broken out in the mud.

Out of breath, faces red, clothes clammy, we squeezed into the crowded rec hall, which was already filled with Beavers and fellow Chipmunks. Another counselor stood on a platform next to a blackboard, peering at his wrist watch. At the stroke of one, the lecture began:

"Forestcraft consists of learning to live off the land in the wilderness. The Indians. . ."

Behind us the screen door slammed noisily and three Chipmunks attempted to skulk in unnoticed. The lieutenant at the board rapped his pointer sharply on the floor.

"Sergeant, get those men's names and lodges. We'll deal with them later."

A chunky counselor wearing a Nobba-WaWa-Nockee T-shirt and a business-like crewcut closed in on the cowering malefactors. There was a brief session of muttering in the corner and the lecture continued. It was all about how you could tell what direction north was by looking at the moss on trees and how, if you knew where north was, everything was OK. The moist atmosphere of the rec hall slowly approached that of the Amazon jungles as 100 tightly packed bodies exuded noxious gases and the flat voice of the lecturer twanged on. Schwartz dozed off and suddenly slumped sideways against the leg of the

pool table. Immediately, the sergeant rapped him sharply across the neck with a rolled-up copy of *Field & Stream*.

Schwartz started violently, his eyeballs round and glassy. "It's got my foot!" he blurted incoherently. Apparently he'd been trapped in the middle of a nightmare. Chipmunks snickered for yards around.

"What's your name, Chipmunk?" The sergeant peered into Schwartz's face.

"Uh . . . Schwartz."

"What lodge are you in?"

"Mole." Schwartz had yet to learn that no enlisted man ever gives his right name or serial number to an MP.

"That'll be two big ones for interrupting the lecture." The sergeant scribbled something in a notebook.

"The direction that vines and creepers grow on the trunks of trees is important. When lost, a woodsman. . ." After what seemed like several days, the lecture was over. The wilted mob surged out with relief into the driving rain.

"Boy, this is fun," Flick said earnestly to no one in particular. "If we ever get lost, now we can find where north is."

"Yeah." It was all I could come up with, since I was too busy keeping an eye out for the sergeant, who was picking kids out of the line ahead of us. He got the three of us with a single scoop of his hand.

"You guys are on cleanup detail. Let's move."

We joined a clump of Chipmunks who were cowering next to a battered pickup truck. For the next couple of hours, we hopped in and out of the truck, picking up candy wrappers and



"Hey, mister . . . you wanna fight?"

stray twigs around the grounds. Between the trees, I could occasionally glimpse groups of campers in ragged formation, on mysterious missions. And from somewhere in the distance, the sound of a ping-pong ball continued, as it would day and night for the weeks to come. Though expeditions were formed to find the table and those who were playing on it, no one ever did.

"Get that cigarette butt over there. By that big rock." The sergeant, whose name was Biggie Clagg, a second-year defensive guard at the University of Iowa (first string), didn't miss a thing.

"If I ever catch the little crumb who was smokin' that, he'll be sorry he ever heard a cigarette. They stunt yer growth an' they wreck yer wind. I don't wanna catch none a'you guys puffin' on a butt, y'hear?"

So it went as we drove in the rattly truck back and forth through the trees and over the trails.

"You guys are really lucky getting the cleanup detail today," said the sergeant from behind the steering wheel. "Now you got it over with. You won't catch it for another week." We all agreed that we were lucky indeed. If we hadn't been on this great detail, we might have been wasting our time playing ball or puffing on butts. We looked out at the other campers as they marched about, with honest sympathy for their having missed the chance to be with us.

"Maybe you guys don't know what good work does for ya, but one day you'll realize it's the best thing for ya. Keeps ya sharp. Cuts the fat off ya. Good for yer wind." Biggie continually flexed his muscles as we scurried among the weeds, carrying burlap sacks and searching for bits of paper.

"Hey! I found a dead turtle!" Flick hollered excitedly.

"In the sack," Biggie barked. "We don't want no dead turtles clutterin' up the trails."

Flick poked the turtle with a stick. It lurched forward. In a single motion, it snapped the stick cleanly in two. Flick leaped back wildly with a cry of mortal fear. The turtle, in high dudgeon, lumbered off into the undergrowth.

"Boy, what a chickenshit!" sneered Schwartz, flailing a branch about and looking for another turtle.

"YIKES!" he screamed a moment later, leaping upward, his feet churning to keep him off the ground. "HELPI A SNAKE!!!"

The entire detail of Chipmunks scrambled onto the truck in about two tenths of a second. A tiny green garter snake slithered away unconcernedly. A garter snake's life in a boys' camp is a hectic one.

We drove on. "I don't know what you guys would do if ya ever saw a rattler,"

Biggie rumbled in his raspy voice. "What a buncha pantywaists."

The rain had petered out. From time to time, the sun broke through the overcast. Out on the lake, a fleet of green canoes milled about on the choppy waters.

"Look at those guys out in those rowboats," said a Chipmunk near the front of the truck.

"You'll get your turn tomorrow," Biggie answered. "And they're not rowboats, stupid. Those are canoes."

They were the first canoes any of us had ever seen in the flesh. They looked great. Occasionally, from the lake, we could hear muffled shouting followed by wild splashing, but we were too busy picking up candy wrappers to watch.

Our first day in camp ended with supper in the mess hall—corned-beef hash, canned peas, dill pickles and grape Kool-Aid, followed by watery Jell-O and Nabisco wafers. My mother would have had a conniption fit at our diet, but we thought it was great.

As we were finishing, Morey Partridge came over to our table to announce: "Since this is the first day in camp for you Chipmunks, there won't be a sing-song tonight, so's you can get settled in your cabins. You get the night off."

We wandered out of the mess hall into the twilight. The second shift of mosquitoes had come on duty. A great swirling cloud drifted over us from the lake. We swatted and scratched.

"Boy, do I have to go to the toilet!" said Flick uneasily, shifting from foot to foot as he slapped. I was with him on that. We hadn't gone since the diner back on the road. The time had come.

"I think it's over there," Schwartz pointed up a path that wound behind the rec hall. We joined a long caravan of fellow campers winding up the dim trail. A wooden shed with a swinging door lit by a yellow light bulb stood at the head of the line. From time to time, a kid would come out, ashen-faced, with an apologetic air. As each appeared, a cheer went up.

The line inched forward painfully. It was getting more serious moment by moment.

"Jeez, I'm goin' in the bushes," Flick finally said after a quarter of an hour.

"Y'better not," said Schwartz between clenched teeth. He already had two demerits. "If Biggie found that on a cleanup detail, he'd really get sore."

After an eternity, and just in the nick of time, Flick and I finally got inside the shed. It was lit brilliantly. There were four holes cut in an elevated wooden platform. Two other Chipmunks were hard at work. Furtively, we got down to business. The four of us squatted in embarrassed silence. Three frantic-looking Chipmunks who stood in the doorway formed an impatient and ribald audience. Somehow I had never thought of this side of camp life. It was

my first experience with mass facilities, and it had a curiously inhibiting effect. I found that I didn't have to go as much as I thought I had. As a matter of fact, nothing happened at all.

"Come on, you guys! Yer just sittin' there!" One of the audience banged his fist on the wall in desperation.

Still nothing happened.

The kid on the end hole stood up, buckled his belt and scurried out with the air of a man who had done nothing but had taken a long time doing it.

"Oh, wow!" The loud Chipmunk beat another kid to the hole, ripped his pants down and squatted with obvious relief. Three other Chipmunks entered and began pacing and observing. The new kid on the end hole, who'd been so anxious, fell silent. He, too, was having problems.

"I guess I didn't have to go," Flick whispered and left with his face to the floor. I followed shortly. It was the beginning, although we did not yet know it, of a mysterious ailment known as the Nobba-WaWa-Nockee Block, or Campers' Cramp. Many a kid went for two weeks or more before finally giving in.

Back at Mole Lodge, we prepared to spend our first night in the woods. You've never seen a dark night till you've spent a night in the Michigan woods. We were glad to be indoors. There were great shadows on the walls as I climbed up into my bunk. The fat Chipmunk already lay in his bunk, reading a thick paperback, holding it close to his nose in order to make out the print.

A face appeared in the screened doorway: "Lights out in half an hour, at nine-thirty." It disappeared.

Schwartz's head peeked over the edge of his bunk. "Ain't this great, you guys?"

From somewhere in the gloom, Flick answered, "Yeah. Sure is."

I lay dead tired from the long day, the bus ride, the lecture, Captain Crabtree, the rain, the cleanup detail, Biggie; all of it was like some endless dream. I had been away from home only since morning, and already I could hardly remember my kid brother, my mother and the old man. The lights went out. After a brisk flurry of whispering, silence.

I shifted restlessly on my muslin mattress cover. The mattress seemed to be filled with fingernail parings. Constellations of prickly things jabbed me everywhere. Finally, I slipped off into a troubled sleep.

"What's that?" It seemed like I wasn't asleep for five minutes when Flick's voice, trembling with fear, made me start straight up. I hit my head a reeling crack against the bunk above and fell back stunned.

"There's something *out* there!" Flick's voice ended with a slight sob. Mole Lodge was in a turmoil. From the window, the dim-gray light of early dawn fell on the board floor.

I heard Schwartz mutter, "Look out and see what it is!"

There was a pause. Another voice answered, "Oh, yeah? Do it yourself. It ain't gonna get me!"

It was the dreaded Thing in the Woods syndrome that afflicts all denizens of every kid camp everywhere. We lay petrified until the sun came up and reveille was blown. Only the fat Chipmunk slept through it all. He was the first person I ever saw who slept with his glasses on.

It was a sharp, brisk, sunny day. Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee swung into action. After breakfast—oatmeal, milk, raspberry jam, burnt toast—Morey Partridge announced:

"Wolves, Eagles, Polar Bears, Jaguars and, oh, yeah, Moles—it's time for leathercraft. Let's go. On the double."

Leathercraft! There are few among us who have not felt the pain of a needle piercing a thumb, the inexpressible boredom of toiling over a wampum belt or a lumpy wallet bearing the likeness of Roy Acuff done in colored Indian beads. For the next couple of hours, we fumbled with pieces of leather, hacking and chopping away. A tall, reedy counselor who called himself Cliffie moved among us in his tight pants and furry shoes, clucking sweetly.

"Yes, boys, we certainly love to make things, don't we? My, just think how pleased your mommies and daddies are going to be with the wonderful leatherwork you'll bring them from camp. Made by your very own little hands!"

I decided on a spectacular creation featuring the silhouette of *The End of the Trail*, which was a picture of an Indian on a horse looking down sadly at the sunset. I had admired it on a calendar my old man had gotten from the Shell station. I figured I would do it with beads and copper rivets.

"That's very nice," said Cliffie, peering over my shoulder. I could smell a faint whiff of perfume. "What is it?" I told him. "My, my, your mother will love that," he commented in a somewhat stunned voice, maybe because it was more than four feet square. That was the only way I could figure out how to get all those beads and rivets into the picture. "Well, keep up the good work." He patted me affectionately on the behind and strolled off.

Kissel was bent over a shoulder holster with fringe for his father's bourbon bottle, and Flick was deeply involved in a grotesque catcher's mitt that already looked like a dead octopus. We toiled away happily until Jake, the muscular Beaver, barged in.

"What the hell is that silly thing?" he sneered, poking at Kissel's creation. Kissel said nothing, his face crimson. We sensed trouble.

"Jee-zus, is that supposed to be an

Indian?" Jake snarled at my laboriously penciled outline. "Looks like a scarecrow takin' a crap on some kind of a goat." He cackled at his own rotten humor. I peered down at my drawing. He was right. It *did* look like a scarecrow taking a crap on a goat.

"Oh, yeah?" I answered, with my famous slashing wit. Jake paid no attention. He turned his attention to Flick.

"Hey, kid!" Flick looked up from his monstrosity. "Wait'll Cliffie boy sees yer makin' a jockstrap for your pet elephant."

The fat Chipmunk, who was silently working away on some obscure object at the other end of our table, glanced up, his tiny eyes expressionless behind his thick glasses.

"Who ya lookin' at, Fatso?" Jake glared at him. The fat Chipmunk sniffed quietly and returned to work. "Boy, Chipmunks are gettin' worse every year." Jake went back to his crowd of Beavers over in the corner.

That afternoon we set off on a hike, led by Captain Crabtree wearing shorts and a baseball cap. "Now, boys, a hike is not just a walk. A woodsman is alert. He knows the meaning of every broken twig. He can identify every leaf in the forest. I want you to examine things and learn. Off we go now, follow me."

At a rapid pace, the captain charged off into the woods. We followed, grunting and scrambling.

"Look around you, boys. Nature is kind," the captain sang out. We looked.

Ten minutes later, an uproar broke out as a Chipmunk near the rear yipped frantically past us—pursued by 12,000,000 angry hornets. Chipmunks flew

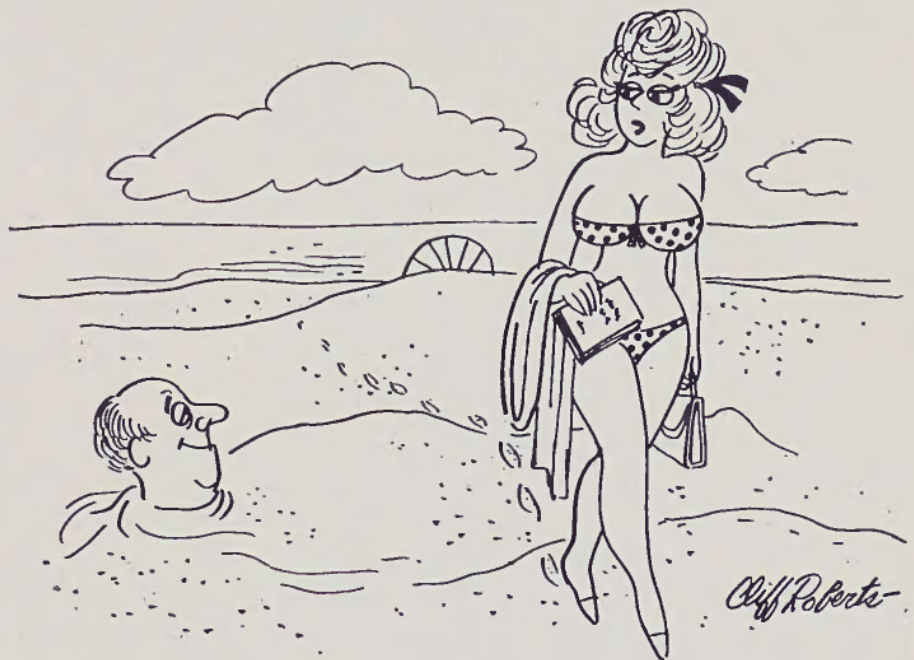
in all directions, yelling and screaming.

The captain stood in the middle of the trail. "STAND STILL, BOYS. THEY WON'T STING IF YOU STAND STILL! THEY'RE MORE AFRAID OF YOU THAN YOU ARE OF THEM!"

I burrowed deep into a thick growth of shiny green leaves that I wasn't to learn until my second nature lesson—too late—were called *Toxicodendron*, commonly known as poison ivy. I caught a glimpse of a cloud of hornets settling on the captain, who stood like a statue. Foraging patrols of free-lance hornets ranged up and down the path, searching for scurrying Chipmunks.

The captain suddenly bellowed hoarsely and took off in the direction of the camp. An angry wedge-shaped formation of hornets streamed after him. We didn't see the captain again until three days later, when he snuck in the back door of the mess hall. We didn't recognize him at first. Once again, the notorious Stand Still and They Won't Hurt You theory had failed. But the captain, a true nature lover, didn't give up on it until the following year, when he tried it on a bull grazing in a meadow.

In those three days, meanwhile, the lines had been drawn clearly. Being a Chipmunk, we learned, consisted mostly of attending lectures, making wallets and fighting off Beavers, who could spot you a mile off wearing that damned Chipmunk cap. The only time you didn't have to wear your cap was when you were sleeping, which wasn't often—between being scared every night by the Thing in the Woods and having to



"Do what again?"

get up at three A.M. and wait in line to go to the toilet. We quickly fell into the rhythm of life at Nobba-WaWa-Nockee.

A few days later, Biggie Clagg gave us a swimming lesson, but not before we had been warned by two Beavers in the mess hall to beware of the monster that lived in the lake.

"Y'gotta watch it," one said. "Y'remember Marty?" he said to his friend, who had a pinched face and a worried look. "It grabbed him right over there by that big rock. He barely got out alive. It's got some kinda spines that sting ya, and it's got suckers on its feet, and if it ever gets ya, it'll drag ya right down to the bottom and catcha."

I stood quivering in six inches of icy lake water—but not because it was cold. If there's anything I don't like, it's suckers and things with spines.

"Let's go. Come on." Biggie, his massive thighs working like pistons, charged into the water, huffing and blowing as he thrashed about. A few Chipmunks waded in gingerly after him.

"What's the matter with you guys? Let's get pumpin' here!" shouted Biggie, his voice echoing across the lake.

The news about the suckers and the spines had swept like wildfire through the Chipmunks. We cringed together in a craven knot with the water up to our ankles. A foolhardy few had ventured out to where the water lapped at their kneecaps.

"Now, I'm gonna show you the dog paddle. That's the first thing you gotta learn." Biggie apparently hadn't heard about the monster. He swam briskly twice around the rock where it lurked and headed back for shore, his huge feet splashing out behind him.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEE! IT'S GOT ME!" The Chipmunk farthest out in the water—a kid named Elrod from Monon, Indiana—struggled wildly toward shore. Instantly, panic surged through the crowd. We fled screaming toward the beach.

"WHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"IT'S AFTER ME!"

"HELLLLLLLLP!"

As I struggled over the jagged rocks toward the shore—through four inches of water—I felt slippery things clutching at my ankles, suckers grabbing at my heels. "EEEEEEE! IT'S BITING ME!"

"FER CHRISAKE, WHAT THE HELL'S GOIN' ON HERE?" Biggie boomed out as the squealing horde scampered up the beach. Biggie followed, his hair dripping. We huddled together on the sand. "There's nothin' out there but sunfish. Don't tell me I got a buncha girls on my hands. Get back in that water!"

Reluctantly, we waded back out into the lake. For an hour we practiced the dog paddle, but the terror never left us. Nobody got within 50 yards of the rock.

That was the night of our first weenie roast. We sat around the sputtering campfire by the tennis court as a tidal wave of mosquitoes enveloped us in a humming black fog. Moving closer to the fire to escape them, we roasted the entire front of our bodies—leaving our rear flanks completely exposed. It created an interesting pattern of skin irritations. And, as things turned out, the mosquitoes ate better than we did.

"My tongue! It's burning up! It's on fire!" Schwartz cried out in pain after he had bitten into a smoldering charcoal weenie. For a week afterward, his tongue looked like a barrage balloon.

At least he got to taste his. I held a weenie in the flames for a couple of seconds until my green twig, which wasn't supposed to burn, flared into a raging inferno. Waving the stick to put out the fire, I knocked 57 other kids' weenies into the flames. I wouldn't be here to tell the tale if we hadn't been issued two weenies apiece. I didn't want to take any chances on the second one, so I gulped it down raw, following it up with 15 or 20 of the marshmallows that Beavers hadn't heated into boiling white balls of pitch and then dropped down Chipmunks' backs. It wasn't until later that we discovered the raw weenies really *were* raw weenies, and the action that night at the latrine was spectacular.

As we milled around the fire, battling at mosquito squadrons, scuffles broke out in the dark as Beavers waylaid Chipmunks who had foolishly strayed too far from the firelight. Then Colonel Bullard made a sudden and dramatic appearance, his face lit by the flames.

"This is the stuff, eh, boys? Cooking your own food under the heavens! Living the clean outdoor life! I am reminded of my own youth, spent in the clean air of God's own prairies. Now, all together, boys, let's sing our beloved *Nobba-WaWa-Nockee Loyalty Song*."

With the fervor of a Methodist choir-master, he led us in a droning, endless performance, punctuated by the obligato of slapping and scratching at the fringes of the circle. Schwartz's tongue was so thick by now that you couldn't understand what he was singing. I looked up at the deep ebony arch of Michigan sky, luminous with millions of stars, and all the travails of the day were forgotten. What fools we mortals be.

After the weenie roast, we trooped up to the rec hall. It was letter-writing night. Every three days, it was compulsory to write home. We hunched over the pool table and every other writing surface in the place, racking our brains for something to say to the home folks. I struggled over the blue-lined tablet my mother had bought for me. It had a cover with a red Indian head on it.

Dear Mom & Dad & Randy,
I am at camp.

I pondered long and hard, trying to think of something else to say. But nothing came, so I printed my name at the bottom and put it in the envelope. Just as I was about to seal it, I remembered something else. I took the letter out and wrote under my signature:

P.S. Schwartz burned his tongue. It is really fat. There is a funny thing in the lake that has suckers on it.

I ran out of gas again. Cliffie, who was in charge of letter writing, swooped from kid to kid, making sure they were saying good things about the camp. He glanced at my letter.

"My, my. This is very good." His eyes narrowed a bit at my reference to the thing with suckers, but he let it pass.

Kissel licked the stub of a pencil and started on the third page of his meticulous description of the shoulder holster he was making in leathercraft. Flick hid what he was writing.

As I lay in bed that night, my stomach rumbling ominously with fermented weenies, Schwartz sprawled above me, whimpering over his bulging tongue. Flick, who had gotten a half-dozen strategic hornet stings, writhed in his sack. The kid who had the bunk above the fat Chipmunk had been picked up during the day by a gleaming Cadillac and swept out of our lives forever. For the time he was with us, he had said nothing, but he cried a lot at night. Mole Lodge was shaking down into a tight unit. Little did we realize, however, that there was a hero among us.

"The canoe paddle is held thusly. It's all in the wrist. Y'gotta have a steady, even stroke, like this."

At last! All my *Boys' Life* fantasies were about to come true. They just didn't have canoes in our neighborhood. A canoe was something you read about that Indians paddled around on Lake Gitchee-Goomie. We converged on seven or eight or so canoes that were pulled up on shore—long, imperially slim, forest green, each emblazoned with the proud yellow arrowhead of Nobba-WaWa-Nockee. Canoes are so beautiful that even the dullest clod of a Chipmunk got excited at the sight of them. Like most things of beauty, they are also highly dangerous.

An unfamiliar counselor who wore a black cowboy hat, green swimming trunks and an orange life jacket over his camp T-shirt neatly flicked the canoe paddle, demonstrating the stroke.

"Y'gotta have a beat. One . . . two . . . three . . . DIG. One . . . two . . . three . . . DIG. Steady. Even. Got that, gang?" We had it, or thought we had. "The bow paddle gives you the power, while the stern paddle gives you power and steers."

Schwartz whispered to Beakie Humbert,



*"Well, it's definite—you're a nymphomaniac
but you aren't very good at it. . . ."*

another kid from Troop 41, "Which one's the bow?"

"The one in the back, jerk. Boy, you don't know nothin'!" Beakie was famous in the troop for his knot tying and for his merit badge for wood carving, which he got for chopping out a totem pole from a railroad tie.

"Now, you guys over on this end go first." The counselor pulled his cowboy hat down over his eyes. "Two to a canoe—but put them life jackets on first."

Mine was already on; I leaped forward eagerly. The next 30 seconds were a blur. I remember stepping into the front of the canoe from the little pier, with Schwartz right behind me in the back, then shoving off into the water just the way he had told us. A split second later, I found myself deep underwater, having caught a brief glimpse of the gleaming bottom of our canoe flashing in the sunlight. Wildly afraid that the thing with suckers would get me, I flailed to the surface, my life jacket jabbing me in the armpits. Weeds streamed from my hair. A frog and a small bullhead skittered out of my path. Schwartz, blowing frantically, arms flapping like a windmill, stood hip-deep in the mud a few feet away. Waves of raucous horselaughs rolled out over the water.

I struggled up onto the pier, scraping my knee as I did. Schwartz continued to flounder helplessly in the weeds. The counselor paddled his canoe expertly to the wreckage.

"All you guys just saw how *not* to do it, right?" More catcalls. "Now, let's try it again."

This time I clung desperately to the pier while I put first one foot, then the other, and finally my whole weight into the canoe. Schwartz, who had sworn off canoes for the rest of his life, had retired to the shore and was hiding behind a stump. Flick eased himself into the stern, his face looking like poured concrete. We were in and still upright.

"Now, push off and paddle like I showed you."

I gave the pier a tiny shove, and immediately the canoe, seemingly propelled by hidden forces, glided across the water, heading rapidly for the opposite shore, two miles away. I dug my paddle into the waves to keep from cracking up on the other side. We spun rapidly counterclockwise.

"Hey, Flick, paddle, willya?" I holstered, looking back over my shoulder and seeing that Flick was sitting low in the stern, his hands clamped like vises on both sides of the canoe. His paddle floated some 30 or 40 feet behind us.

"I don't like this," he squeaked. We were drifting out to sea. My life started flashing before my eyes. I dug in again. We spun faster. We probably would have spent the next week corkscrewing around the lake if the counselor hadn't paddled out and towed us to shore.

"All right, you guys. Give somebody else a chance."

We joined Schwartz behind his stump.

"Boy, I never knew paddling a canoe was so hard," said Flick as we watched two other Chipmunks flip over, their paddles flying high in the air.

"Whaddaya mean, paddle?" I answered. "You didn't do nothin' but sit there."

Flick thought about this for a bit, then answered, sounding bugged: "Whaddaya expect? That was the first time I was out. *You* were out with Schwartz before." That was true, so there was no point arguing.

The gulf between the Chipmunks and the Beavers widened as the weeks went by. Rumors swept the mess hall that five Beavers, led by Jake, had pulled off a daring panty raid in the night on the girls' camp across the lake, that Jake and his mob were planning to burn down Eagle Lodge and Jaguar Lodge, and would mop up Mole Lodge just for laughs. One Chipmunk had fled screaming into the night when he discovered that he was sleeping with a woodchuck. Jake and his cronies immediately claimed credit and threatened reprisals against any Chipmunk who reported the incident to Crabtree. It was even rumored that Crabtree himself was an undercover agent working for Jake's mob. Morale among the green-beanie wearers sank rapidly. Even Clifflie, in self-defense, was trying to curry favor with Jake and his truculent toady Dan Baxter, the short, broad Beaver with the red neck and yellow teeth who had bedeviled us on the bus ride to camp, ten years ago.

One quiet Tuesday, Mole Lodge was struggling fruitlessly to win a volleyball game from the Chipmunks of Jaguar Lodge, which had two 6'6" monsters who kept hammering the ball down our throats, since the rest of us averaged about 4'6". Suddenly, in the middle of the game, a rumpus broke out in the woods back of one of the Beaver cabins.

Biggie had trapped Baxter red-handed with a freshly lit Lucky Strike clamped in his jaw.

"OK, Baxter, I got you at last! You're the one that's been throwin' them butts around. Hand over that package."

We crowded around in a big circle as Baxter, his face a rich crimson, his stubby neck bulging with anger, hauled out a freshly opened pack of Luckies from the pocket of his shorts and handed them over.

"You like cigarettes, Baxter? OK, buddy boy, you're gonna get cigarettes. You keep puffin' until I tell you to stop. You're gonna smoke every one a'these coffin nails one after the other. Now, get puffin'. One a'you guys go get me a bucket from the latrine."

A Beaver behind me who had obvi-

ously been around hissed in a low tone, "My God, it's the bucket treatment!"

Baxter puffed away sneeringly on the Lucky while Biggie stood over him. Jake and his scurvy crew mumbled in the crowd, giving bad looks to any Chipmunk who dared to smile. Someone came running back with the mop bucket.

"OK, Baxter." Biggie grabbed the bucket and lowered it upside down over Baxter's head. A murmur swept through the audience. "Now, you puff on that Lucky, y'hear me in there?"

Biggie knocked on the top of the bucket with his knuckles, making a hollow donging sound. Smoke billowed out from under Baxter's helmet. "Keep puffin', Baxter. That smoke is gettin' thin." Biggie knocked again on the bucket. More smoke billowed out.

"How long can he keep it up?" said the Beaver behind me in an awed voice.

We found out. Baxter cracked at a little over six minutes. A hollow, gurgling sound came from under the bucket.

"Had enough, Baxter?" Biggie lifted the bucket. Baxter, his face the color of a rotten cantaloupe, lurched into the weeds, retching violently.

"Watch it there, Baxter. You're gonna have to police that up." Biggie rubbed it in. "Hey, Baxter!" he yelled. "What you need is a nice Lucky to calm your nerves."

There was another storm of retching, then silence.

"All right, you men. Get back to what you were doin'. This ain't no show."

We scattered. Another Nobba-WaWa-Nockee legend was born. Naturally, there were repercussions. A Chipmunk who had laughed openly at Baxter's humiliation was mysteriously set upon in the dark one night, depantsed and found in the latrine, his head protruding from the second hole. He was rescued just in time. Cross-examined for hours in relays by various counselors, he wisely refused to say who had perpetrated the deed. Every Chipmunk in camp knew that Jake Brannigan and Dan Baxter had struck again.

"Come on, you guys, quit screwin' around. I gotta find my sweater! You heard what old Fartridge said. We got ten minutes to get out by that crummy flagpole before they start this crummy treasure hunt." Flick was rooting around in his laundry bag as Schwartz and a couple of other guys rolled on the floor, battling over a bag of malted-milk balls they had found cleverly concealed under the fat Chipmunk's mattress.

"Fartridge," of course, was Morey Partridge. Because of his complexion, he was also known as "Birdshit" among the Chipmunks. Historically, prisoners of war have always given deserving names to their jailers. Clifflie, for example, was better known as "Violet" or "That Fag" among the green-beanie crowd. It was reported that even Mrs. Bullard herself

called the colonel "Old Leather Ass." Biggie had become "The Tank" or "Lard Butt" and Crabtree had evolved to "Crap-tree" and finally to "Crappo." He was even, among the Beavers, known affectionately as "Crabs" in commemoration of a legendary invasion that had occurred the year before at Nobba-WaWa-Nockee, after Crappo had spent a big weekend in town. The resultant furor culminated with every camper's being doused with DDT, green lime and Dr. Pilcher's Magic Ointment, but all to no avail. The scourge was finally defeated by marinating everyone, including Mrs. Bullard, in drums of kerosene. There was even talk among the state authorities of burning the camp down. Mercifully, the crabs took the hint and departed for the girls' camp across the lake.

The treasure hunt was the traditional high point, the crowning event in the panoply of camp life. By now, we were scarred, mosquito-bitten, smoke-blackened veterans of almost four weeks on the shores of Lake Paddachungacong. The hunt began with everybody in camp—Beavers and Chipmunks alike—gathered in a huge circle around the flagpole. A tremendous campfire lit up the ring of faces with a flickering orange light. For the past week, the treasure hunt had been the number-one topic of conversation. Now, here it was—zero hour. The heat from the roaring flames blossomed the festering blotch of poison ivy under the thick coating of calamine lotion on my back. It was the darkest night we'd had since coming to camp. No stars, no moon, just the pitch black of the Michigan woods. The lake had disappeared with nightfall and become a black, sinister void.

At the base of the flagpole, in the center of the ring, Colonel Bullard swept us all with the gaze of imperious command. Across the circle, I could barely make out the stolid bulk of Dan Baxter skulking behind Jake Brannigan, who was whispering to his circle of veteran Beavers. The light glinted on their golden badges of rank. I adjusted my Chipmunk cap, setting it squarely on my head. It was going to be a long night. I heard Schwartz chomping nervously on a malted-milk ball next to me in the darkness. All around me my fellow Chipmunks waited for the starting gun.

"It's a perfect night for the treasure hunt, eh, men?" The swagger stick slapped smartly for punctuation. Beavers and Chipmunks shifted expectantly. "As you doubtless know, the treasure hunt is our yearly competition between the Chipmunks and the Beavers. And the Chipmunk or Beaver who unearths the concealed Sacred Golden Tomahawk of Chief Chungacong will bring eternal honor to his lodge. All members of his lodge will receive the Camp Nobba-WaWa-Nockee Woodsman Award. My

wife, Mrs. Bullard herself, designed this handsome badge. The winners will deserve their award for their valiant performance in the deep woods!"

A current of fear zipped up and down my spine as he said "the deep woods."

"Now, Captain Crabtree, issue the secret envelopes. And good luck to you all, men."

The colonel saluted Crappo, who led his crew of lieutenants around the circle. The envelopes glowed dead white in the blackness of the night. Each lodge had elected one kid who would accept the envelope and act as leader, a purely honorary title, since leadership was not a strong point among the Chipmunks. We had elected Schwartz to represent Mole Lodge.

"Stupe! Get out there! Do something!" whispered Flick from somewhere back in the crowd. Schwartz, beads of sweat popping out on his forehead, lurched forward. The Tank handed him the envelope.

"Give 'em hell, kid!" Biggie slapped Schwartz on the top of his beanie with a tooth-rattling smack and passed on to the next lodge leader.

We knew the rules, which said that we couldn't open the envelope until the signal. After that, every lodge was on its own, and the one to come back with the Sacred Golden Tomahawk was the winner. Each lodge had been supplied with an official Boy Scout flashlight to help us follow the clues in the envelope—clues that would carry us, in the dead of night, through the wilderness and straight to the treasure. Lieutenant

Kneecamp (better known as "Peecamp") tossed a bundle of branches onto the fire. It roared and crackled, sending sparks shooting off into the blackness.

"Ready, boys? Remember, play the game well." Colonel Bullard's hand shot skyward. He clutched a gleaming silver automatic.

"ONE!"

Schwartz sniffed loudly.

"TWO!"

Jake Brannigan, across the circle, crouched like a sprinter.

"THREE!"

BANG!

The circle dissolved into a maelstrom of stumbling kids. The Beavers, with the craftiness of veterans, immediately melted into the darkness and were gone. Then the Jaguar Lodge fled whooping off and disappeared into the woods. Schwartz stood there tearing frantically at the envelope.

"Come on, Schwartz! What the hell's in that thing?" somebody yelled. In his frantic haste, Schwartz ripped the envelope down the middle, tearing the clue into two neat halves that fluttered to the ground. Struggling to turn on the flashlight, I felt my thumbnail split back to the knuckle. Bodies hurtled past us. Schwartz and the fat Chipmunk scurried about in the blackness on their hands and knees, looking for the torn clue.

"Gimme some *light*!" Schwartz grunted. I felt his hand grasping my Keds.

"Leggo my foot!"

"Shut up!"

The light glared forth. Quickly we



"Well, men . . . offhand, I'd say that we've discovered the Fountain of Ugliness!"

"This is a sorry spectacle! What's this nonsense about a Thing? What Thing? There's nothing in those woods but the gentle creatures of the forest—right, Crabtree?"

Crabtree nodded, but you could tell he wasn't sure.

"This is the first year in the history of Nobba-WaWa-Nockee that no lodge has returned with the Sacred Golden Tomahawk. I am appalled at the craven behavior—"

"Excuse me, Colonel Bullard, sir. I beg to differ, sir." From somewhere off to my right, a reedy voice broke in. The colonel, who was not accustomed to interruptions, slapped his thigh angrily with his swagger stick.

"What's that?"

"Excuse me, Colonel, sir. Is this your sacred golden hatchet?" The voice was drenched with sarcasm.

A figure stepped out into the circle of firelight. Great Scott! It was Skunk! His Nobba-WaWa-Nockee T-shirt was crisp, his green beanie square on his head, his thick glasses gleaming brightly. He held something in his hand.

"By George, that certainly is the Sacred Golden Tomahawk. **SPLENDID!**"

"Thank you, sir. When my fellow members of Mole Lodge childishly panicked, I simply took matters into my own hands. It was quite interesting, ac-

tually, although ordinarily these idiotic games bore me."

The camp was in an uproar. Mole Lodge had come through!

That night, back in our snug cabin, covered with iodine and Band-Aids, Schwartz sidled up to Skunkie and asked him where he had found it.

"In the Longlodge, of course, in the case where it's kept on display all year round. It was simple deduction that they'd try to mislead us into believing the tomahawk was buried somewhere in the woods, rather than right here in camp in plain sight of everyone. The clues led me straight to it." We didn't know whether to put him on our shoulders or throw him into the lake.

The next day, Saturday, our last day in camp, was bright with golden sunshine, turning the lake into a billion flashing diamonds. After our last breakfast, the Chipmunks and Beavers, in two platoons, assembled on the tennis court. Colonel Bullard addressed us:

"You Chipmunks have come through magnificently. And now for the moment we have all awaited. There have been good times and difficult times, but we have come through it with clean bodies, clean minds and stout hearts. I now pronounce you, with the power vested in me by the Great Spirit of Paddachungcong, full and honored members of

the Sacred Clan of Beavers."

The ex-Chipmunks cheered and, in the hallowed tradition of Nobba-WaWa-Nockee, flung our hated Chipmunk caps into the air. A storm of green beanies rose over the tennis court.

A moment later, I zipped up my crisp new blue Beaver jacket with its golden emblem bright over my heart. We sauntered back toward Mole Lodge, over the gravel path, past the administration building. We had three hours to kill until the buses picked us up and took us back to civilization. There they came now, wheezing up the rutted road. I saw a row of pale, staring faces all wearing bright new green Chipmunk beanies. Casually, we swaggered past the rec hall. Someone nudged me.

"Lookit that buncha babies." It was my fellow Beaver Jake Brannigan.

"How 'bout that short little twerp?" I barked cruelly. "Let's throw him in the crapper."

"Nah." Jake answered, spitting between his teeth. "That's too good for the little bastard. How 'bout a cow flop in his soup?"

"Not bad, Jake," I answered, as we set out for the nearest meadow. "These kids are gettin' worse every year."



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FISH STORY

(continued from page 128)

a vitally needed increase in Congressional salaries. Gleeefully, J. Edgar Hoover lurches out of his posh suite in the Federal Geriatric Clinic to enforce the stiff new No-Swim laws, immediately tossing all aquarium owners into concentration camps as fellow travelers.

Meanwhile, back in the unpalatable drink, hard times are upon us. All the algae and detergent foam make it a little hard to see, but it looks like the new "in" thing to do is float belly up on the surface, although gasping seems pretty popular, too. A bunch of tough-looking teenage carp are hanging around the sewer conduit, but the algae's too thick to tell what they're up to. Probably waiting to beat the shit out of the next wise-ass Walking Catfish that drops in and tries to be sympathetic. Down here, Asian Walking Catfish are only slightly less popular than they are on land. They make the other fish feel as cheery as the farewell crowd did at the launching of Noah's ark. *Have a nice trip, sure wish we could go along!*

Where will it all end? In the agony of glory, or the victory of defeat? What will all the news that's fit to print be?

BODY COUNTS REACH NEW HIGH IN ASIAN WALKING CATFISH WAR.

Special to *The New York Times*

WASHINGTON, April 6—According to a sanguine Pentagon source, last month's enemy dead in the Asian

Walking Catfish War, now in its second grim year, numbered 47,050. This represents an increase of 271 percent over the previous month's figures.

NIXON PITCHES STRIKE; CATFISH DROP BIG ONE

Special to *The New York Times*

WASHINGTON, August 21—Using a tricky curve that he picked up playing in the Congress, President Nixon personally tossed out the last hand grenade today, officially ending the Asian Walking Catfish War.

Standing at the edge of Contwoyto Lake, District of Mackenzie, a full 50 miles south of the Arctic Circle, he threw a fast strike that just nicked the corner of the last unpacified catfish's head, making the United States official winner of the series.

CONGRESS VOTES TWO BILLION TO SAVE ENDANGERED SPECIES

Special to *The New York Times*

WASHINGTON, November 19—Congress today voted to appropriate two billion dollars for a powerful House Un-Extinction Commission (HUEC). Chief beneficiary of the move will be the Asian Walking Catfish, one of the few remaining species of fish. Over a billion dollars will be spent building favorable environments for the seven remaining Walking Catfish. President Nixon hailed the move as a great humanitarian step.



"If you ask me, I think justice triumphed all too easily!"

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 70)

those associated with drug abuse and the erosion of traditional moral values. What's your own view of drugs and sex in our society?

McGOVERN: I'm terribly worried about the drug problem. I think it's an enormous danger—the way it's crept down even to the grade school level. I believe that especially to the average thoughtful black in the ghetto today, drugs are a very serious worry. He's terribly afraid that his children may become hooked on heroin and other addictive drugs. As for the change in sex mores, I'm not particularly concerned about it. People today are simply more honest about and at ease with sex. I don't see any fundamental change in sexual morality. But the drug thing is different. It's being deliberately pushed to enrich the underworld, and I think a larger segment of law-enforcement agencies ought to be going after those people. We ought to do much more in the way of education and rehabilitation of drug addicts, and medical people ought to be better trained to deal with the problem.

PLAYBOY: What do you think should be done about the widespread use of marijuana?

McGOVERN: Well, it worries me, because I know that in some cases it leads young people into emotional difficulties. Particularly with adolescents, marijuana can tend to make the pressures of life more severe. It leads, in some cases, to a dramatic fall-off of interest in academic excellence and to a lessening of interest in self-improvement. I don't know whether or not it has any physical effects; I guess we don't know enough about what damage it does. It's probably no more harmful than alcohol or tobacco, but I know for a fact that, with some youngsters, it's an emotionally destabilizing influence in their lives.

PLAYBOY: Have your own children brought you any insights into drugs?

McGOVERN: Yes. Like other kids, they point to the hypocrisy of adults' using alcohol and tobacco excessively, then crying out in anguish about the use of marijuana. That seems to be a recurring theme with young people. We have one daughter, however, who used marijuana to the point where it really had a disruptive impact on her life. She may be a rare case, but she developed serious emotional difficulties. She's well now, though.

PLAYBOY: Have you drawn any conclusions from her experiences, and from what you've observed elsewhere, about the extent of alienation by young people from society?

McGOVERN: There would be something wrong with them if they weren't alienated from the policies we're pursuing today. I can't imagine idealistic young

people *not* being alienated from our policy in Indochina. It would take a rather dull and cold-blooded youth to endorse what we're doing there. And the same thing goes for racism. I don't have any trouble understanding why young people are alienated, given a set of national values that permits some people to go hungry while others hide behind their tax shelters. Those are the things that alienate the young—and me. I hope they stay alienated, not by dropping out but by remaining indignant to the point where they won't accept our society until we correct these deficiencies in our national life. Some of them feel that our society is too corrupt, too far gone to save, but I really have to combat anger on my part when I confront that kind of attitude, because I know it's not true. You *can* make a difference, and you don't have to be a Senator or a Congressman. Ralph Nader has more influence on the attitudes of this country than the most powerful corporation executive in America. Yet he is just one young man. He and many like him perform a great service for all of us.

PLAYBOY: At one point, you said you were going to run for President with the young, the poor and the black as your chief constituency. Do you still feel that way?

McGOVERN: What I said was that the young, the black and the poor provide the core with which I'd begin. But no one is going to be elected President with that coalition alone. I want to develop programs that have broad appeal for workingmen and -women, organized and unorganized. As we move along, I also want to speak out on the concerns of women. And I intend to focus on the problems of rural America as well as of the cities. I'm not a one- or two-issue candidate.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it hard to speak out with complete candor on many issues without breaking up your coalition?

McGOVERN: No, I don't think so. The programs that will improve the standards of life for the poor and the black will also improve life for the white workingman and the middle class. Those groups are warring with each other because the Government hasn't provided enough opportunities for black, brown, red, yellow or white working-class people. There are too few jobs, too few decent neighborhoods. That exacerbates tensions between them.

PLAYBOY: Did your feeling for the young, the poor and the black have much to do with your decision to work for Robert Kennedy rather than Eugene McCarthy for President in 1968?

McGOVERN: No question about it. I admire very much what Gene McCarthy did in New Hampshire—the way he stood up to Johnson on the war issue; he made a great moral challenge there,



"Château Rothschild '29 . . . Château Rothschild '29. . ."

for which he deserves much credit. Kennedy was late in seeing the possibilities, but once he came into it, Bob recognized that the problem was broader than the war, that we had enormous social and economic injustice here at home that had to be redressed. Bob Kennedy really bled for the poor, the blacks, the Indians, the down-and-outers. Gene McCarthy, in contrast, somehow addressed himself to the issues that were compatible with the interests of the middle class. He lacked empathy with the guy at the bottom.

PLAYBOY: Why did you make that foredoomed last-minute effort in 1968 to win the nomination at the Democratic Convention?

McGOVERN: I did it largely under pressure from the Kennedy delegates, many of whom told me they just wouldn't go to the convention otherwise. I didn't believe them at first and I asked why they couldn't stick together on the war and move to the McCarthy camp. But they were adamant and the whole Kennedy apparatus threatened to fall apart.

PLAYBOY: Did they dislike McCarthy so?

McGOVERN: I suppose it was a personal bitterness and also it was partly because they didn't feel McCarthy spoke with genuine conviction on domestic problems—on racism, poverty, hunger.

PLAYBOY: Have you heard people say they can't forgive you for ruining McCarthy's chance at the nomination, thus blowing the opportunity to nominate an antiwar candidate and saddling the party with Vice-President Humphrey?

McGOVERN: Of course, but that's a lot of nonsense, because if I had thrown my support to McCarthy, many of the Kennedy delegates simply would have stayed home. Before I announced, 32 of them quit in the California delegation alone. I waited, you know, for a period of time, thinking there might be some

movement toward McCarthy, but if I had waited longer than I did, perhaps as many as one third or one half of the Kennedy delegates wouldn't have shown up at the convention at all. Even the combined vote that McCarthy and I got, finally, wasn't enough to nominate Gene. If I hadn't been there to bring the Kennedy votes together, it would have been even worse.

PLAYBOY: It's academic, of course, to speculate about history, but do you think there was any chance that Bobby could have swung the convention and won the nomination in '68?

McGOVERN: It's conceivable. I think the presumption is that he wouldn't have been able to do it, since a third of the delegates were picked before 1968, before Bobby even thought about running, and they were all L. B. J. delegates. They were picked at a time when we all assumed we were going to Chicago simply to ratify Johnson's renomination. Johnson also controlled the favorite-son candidates: Connally of Texas, McNair of South Carolina, McKeithen of Louisiana, Smathers of Florida. Then the big labor bloc—many of whom were Johnson's—switched to Humphrey. I know the Kennedy people think that he would have gone on to sweep the nomination. My own view has always been that, in addition to the delegates that he won in the primaries, he might have been able to pick up 300 to 400 more during the summer—but not enough to bring it off.

PLAYBOY: There was talk at the convention that Mayor Daley was thinking of withdrawing his support from Humphrey and throwing it to Ted Kennedy. Was there any truth to that?

McGOVERN: I may be wrong, but I think that was a ploy to get Teddy out to run as Vice-President with Humphrey. But Daley would never publicly endorse



Smilby

"This is my private elevator—it doesn't actually go to any floor."

Kennedy. Kennedy asked him and said, "Before I would consider coming out, I would have to have an endorsement from you." Daley wouldn't give it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think McCarthy will be back in the race in 1972?

McGOVERN: I doubt it. Only Gene would know this, but I can't believe he'd have retired from the Senate if he had plans to run for the Presidency again. I know he's been talking about a third-party candidacy, but I think that might happen only if the Democrats nominate somebody Gene felt was simply a Democratic Nixon. I think if he thought there was a real choice, he would see no point in running on a third-party ticket. The only result would be to throw the election to Nixon by splitting the peace-progressive vote two ways.

PLAYBOY: What would you do if Humphrey were nominated again?

McGOVERN: I'd probably support him.

PLAYBOY: How would you justify that?

McGOVERN: I'd justify it on the grounds that, in the past few years, he has endorsed the McGovern-Hatfield Amendment. He has also publicly said he was wrong about the war and has urged the United States to accept the Soviet offer of a freeze on the ABM, which puts him in a different stance from the Administration on arms reduction. He's been much better than he used to be on economic policy here at home and he's taken issue with Nixon's tight-money policy. I think Humphrey is the kind of guy you could persuade to go for a full-employment approach of the kind I described. And he's always been good on civil rights; he never got proper credit for leading the civil rights fight in 1948, when it was a very hazardous thing to do. So Humphrey to me stands in sharp contrast to Nixon now, much more so than he did in 1968. But even in 1968, I quickly endorsed him and campaigned for him once he got the nomination. I have no regrets about that decision.

PLAYBOY: Despite the fact that there was no indication in 1968 that Humphrey would have settled the Vietnam war?

McGOVERN: That's right. That's why I challenged him in Chicago. But I thought that on all other issues he was preferable to Nixon. I made the judgment that he would have been the better of the two candidates and that sitting on the sidelines wasn't the answer. I feel even more certain today that he would be a much more progressive and peace-oriented President than Nixon.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there's any chance that Senator Henry Jackson or someone else from the pro-war wing of the party will receive the Democratic nomination?

McGOVERN: That could happen if we got too many people in the Democratic primaries representing similar views. A

Lindsay candidacy—as a Democrat—might deliver the nomination to Jackson if you had Lindsay, Hughes, Muskie and myself all competing in the New Hampshire primary, going on to Wisconsin, Oregon and California. You might fracture that segment of the party to a point where a man like Jackson could walk off with the nomination.

PLAYBOY: Does the Jackson wing of the party have any real strength in the Democratic Party?

McGOVERN: It sure does. Though I don't think it's a majority, that wing has a very powerful strength. To whatever extent the military-industrial complex has power, Jackson would have the full backing of those who favor present military priorities, as well as the supersonic transport, ambitious space programs and the development of new weapons systems. Programs of that kind still have a solid and well-financed constituency in this country.

PLAYBOY: Yet you think you would be the strongest Democrat to face Nixon in 1972?

McGOVERN: I think I could defeat him. It's hard to say who would be the strongest candidate, but I'm confident I can defeat him if I get the nomination.

PLAYBOY: As of now, Senator Muskie is regarded as a leading contender. How do you expect to overtake him?

McGOVERN: The Democrats who choose our nominee in 1972 will be looking for a candidate with a broad range of concerns, one who has been looking ahead at ways of solving many kinds of urgent problems. The Democrats will want a man who can think and talk clearly about the challenges facing the country without being burdened by the myths of the past. I think that describes me pretty well. And if I have a better political organization than the others, it will make my prospects even better.

PLAYBOY: Do you think 1972 will be a Democratic year no matter who the nominee is?

McGOVERN: I'm not sure of that at all. I think the Democrats could boot it away. If they don't call for a fundamental change in priorities, I think a lot of people may well decide to go along with Nixon again.

PLAYBOY: Which Democrats do you think might lose to Nixon?

McGOVERN: I'd rather not speculate.

PLAYBOY: When you look at the prospects for a year from now, do you sincerely believe you can and will be the nominee?

McGOVERN: I do. I have a strong feeling that the positions I've taken will gradually become majority positions in this country. As I look back at the positions I've taken in the Senate since I first came here in '63, there isn't one I've had to alter fundamentally. By 1972, I think

I'll be recognized as the most broadly based candidate and the one who has the best chance of winning not only the nomination but the election.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you a little intimidated at the prospect of being the President of the United States?

McGOVERN: No; as a matter of fact, I'm thrilled at the prospect. The opportunities that lie ahead for the United States in the Seventies are so great, and the dangers so vast, that I can't resist an all-out effort to advance the values I think the nation ought to be pursuing.

PLAYBOY: What will you do if you're not nominated?

McGOVERN: If I don't make it myself, I will in all probability be out campaigning for the Democratic nominee. And in 1974, I suppose I'll be working very hard on my South Dakota constituents to convince them they ought to re-elect me to the Senate. Next to the Presidency, I think a United States Senator has the greatest job in the world. I've come to realize the limitations on a Senator in changing national policy, but I've also come to appreciate the fact that you can wield considerable influence in the job. That's where I would want to spend my service for whatever time I have left.

PLAYBOY: As exhausting physically and emotionally as it certainly is going to be, do you dread or look forward to the next 15 months of campaigning?

McGOVERN: I think it will be a very zestful experience, though the major mistake we've made so far is overscheduling me. We had thought we were going to be able to block off some rest periods, but I find that my campaign staff doesn't properly appreciate the demands on me as a Senator who feels an obligation to remain active in the Senate. They tend to schedule me as though I'm doing nothing but running for the Presidency. But a tough schedule is a minor consideration.

I had a meeting with my staff several weeks ago and I said I thought I had the greatest opportunity that's ever open to any American: to talk thoughtfully, with common sense and passion to the American people about our aspirations and our hopes for the future, as a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. There is no way I can possibly lose, no matter what the vote count is. I will have participated in the most marvelous educational undertaking that's available to a human being. The thought that a man from South Dakota, a small rural state, could now be running for the Presidency of the United States stirs my soul. No matter what else happens, I'll go through this experience with a spirit of joy, anticipation and—I hope—deep satisfaction.



ALSO KNOWN AS CASSIUS

Man, I want me some money, I need me some money. You look how I'm dressed . . . you think I don't need me some money?" When I didn't say anything, he looked me up and down like a fox. "I bet you're one of them rich niggers from Glen Oaks. Ain't you?"

I half nodded, because he frightened me now, inspecting me with such dark calculation on his pointed little face. "Living in Glen Oaks," he said, "I bet you think I ain't shit. Well, I been in Youth House. You know what that is? That's where they put you when you commit a real bad crime."

He was clearly bragging. "What did you do?" I said. "I mean, what crime did you commit?"

"I stole something."

"What?"

"Just something."

"But what?"

"I stole this shovel," he said. "They got me for breaking and entering." His voice was as meek as a mouse's. "I couldn't dig for dimes with just my hands, could I?"

Man, I think I wanted to hug him. Maybe even kiss him. He'd stolen that shovel and went to jail just so he could dig for dimes that somebody might give him money for, so he could escape from Niggertown. Man, maybe he could answer me some questions, after all. My whole heart sang inside me, and that's the truth.

"What do you know about white people?" I said.

"Huh?" He seemed surprised. "White people? Man, I don't know nothing about them. Except they got everything. I stay away from them as much as possible."

"And what do you know about black people?"

He shook his head. "There ain't nothing to know. We're sad, that's all."

It seemed a terrible condemnation, but I didn't see any way to deny it. Glen Oaks and Niggertown both seemed to be monuments to a massive kind of sadness.

Darkness fell then. Beyond us, in Niggertown, neon lights flared up like a hundred, a thousand, untrimmed candles. Night whooshed around us with a sound like bats' wings; and inside all the quiet commotion that comes with the end of evening, I heard my mother's voice raised discreetly but firmly, calling me, the way a white woman would call her son.

"Do you know anybody who wears a veil all the time?" I said.

He laughed. "No. Do you?"

I felt so foolish. "No." I didn't even know what to say. "My mother sews all the time."

Now his voice did sound ugly. "Mine fucks all the time," he said. "When she's

(continued from page 100)

not shooting drugs." Then neither of us said a thing. Niggertown seemed to be glowing red, as though someone had built a bonfire in the heart of the ghetto and was burning up niggers.

"I've got to go now," I said.

Cassius—if that was his name—picked up his shovel and leaned on it. "Is that your mother calling?"

"Yes."

"You live in that big white house there?"

"Yes."

There was disdain as well as envy in his voice. "I'd sure like to see the inside of a house like that," he said. He went back to his digging, looking for that stupid dime, although it was certainly too dark to see anything.

"You doing anything Saturday?" I said. "My mother works all day Saturday. I can show you the house then."

He was excited, although he tried not to show it. "Man, that's fine. Real fine. I'll be here Saturday morning, waiting for you. OK?"

"OK."

He swaggered away, then turned. "You bullshitting, man? / Tell the truth, if you can."

"I'm not bullshitting." That was the first time I had used that word in my life. "I'll be here Saturday morning."

He raised a clenched fist and said, "Right on, brother man!" Although it was too dark for me to see his face then, I knew that he was grinning. I ran home, grinning, too.

My mother had turned the radio back on and she was sewing again. "Is that you, boy? I was calling you. Where in the hell did you go?"

"I went out to get some air."

"You don't need no air," she said from the living room. "Now, do your homework and then go to bed. I'll be in to talk about your father before you go to sleep."

"Yes, ma'am."

I went to bed that night without doing my homework. My mother came in to talk about my father when I was half asleep. Talking in a deep, almost gruff voice, she was a hazy blur before my eyes. "Your father, he went to the Army and saved his money so we could buy this house, so we wouldn't have to live over yonder in Niggertown. Ain't you glad you don't have to live over yonder with all them niggers? Honey, when you say your prayers, you ask the good Lord to bless your father wherever he may be. You ask the good Lord to bless him. . . ."

When I woke up the next morning, my mother had already gone to work. I fixed my own breakfast and went to school. All day long, I wondered if the black boy would come to the lot that evening. But he did not come then nor

the two days following. When I saw him again, it was exactly Saturday morning, as he had promised, after my mother had gone to work.

The house was so lonely. I watched the boy awhile. From where I stood in our kitchen, he certainly did look funny. But I had promised to show him the inside of our house. Now I didn't feel like it. I didn't even want him inside my nice house, a black nigger like him. He sure did look funny.

But . . . it was Saturday morning and that part of Niggertown was crawling with people then. A white policeman directed traffic only a block away from the empty lot; and it seemed safe at least to go and talk to the black boy, although my mother had told me to stay in the house until she came home. But the old house was so lonely and stank of white people. And my head was crammed with questions. *She wears black all the time. She wears black glasses.* I went to talk to the black boy.

"You think you look neat / Look at your feet," he said flippantly. But I was looking at him. I mean *her*. Because he was a girl now, a little cleaner, a lot more polished, but undeniably a girl. Sort of pretty, wearing an Afro. No breasts at all that I could see. And still dressed like a boy.

"Man, why you walk around dressed like a boy?"

"What's so wrong about that?" she blazed. "Don't you know about Flip Wilson? He dresses up like a woman."

"That's different. He's an entertainer. You're not an entertainer."

She did two or three rocking little steps. "That's what you think . . . fink. . . I'm a poet / My feet show it." She sounded sassy, but she looked like she was trying not to cry.

So I said, "You make a very pretty girl." Which was not exactly true. Her Afro was sort of seedy and her face was too pointed for her to be very pretty. She wore blue jeans and a denim jacket that was a size or two too large for her; but it was still easy to see how skinny she really was. And she was a girl, all right. Because the minute I paid her a compliment, she started primping.

"You want to know why I dress up like a boy? Well, you go over to Niggertown and be a girl. You know what I mean? I mean *everybody* tries to get their hands on you. Little boys, big boys, old men, young men." She frowned and spat. "Even some women. Some of those funny women. That's why I dress up like a boy. Besides, there must be something wrong with you if you can't tell the difference between a boy and a girl."

"I can now. But I couldn't that night. It was dark out here that night."

"Not that dark. Come on, now. Are you going to take me to your house like you promised?"

I didn't want to. But I didn't know how not to. "Come on," I said.

Glen Oaks was especially beautiful that morning, gleaming under the mid-morning sun. It looked just like a rich neighborhood where white people lived. So peaceful and elegant, the heady odor of autumn in the air. The girl and I were the only people in the street. But she seemed not to notice that. She kept talking about herself.

"If you're a black girl," she said, "everybody tries to screw you. That's all people think black girls do is screw." She was clearly warning me not to try anything after we entered my house. Or was she? She didn't even appeal to me that way.

"What's your real name?" I said.

She rolled her eyes and laughed. "I bet you are working with the cops. Well, you can call me Cassandra, honey. Just call me Cassandra." And she smiled so sweetly that I didn't believe her for a second.

The acacia tree on our lawn was quietly dropping its leaves. In fact, all around us the leaves were falling silently. "This is where I live," I told the girl.

"Big deal," she said. "It looks like a white barn." But it was easy to see that she was impressed.

We went inside. The old house, so quiet and secretive this morning, smelled of decay and damp dogs. Farther along the hall, the knob to my mother's bedroom glittered under a ray of sun that sliced through the hall window. We stood there and watched the shaft of light for a minute. Then Cassandra grunted. "It's like a funeral parlor in here. You sure you live here?"

"I live here—with my mother. Don't you want to sit down? Don't you want to listen to the radio?"

"Jesus Christ! Don't you even have television? I mean—seriously—you strike me as being a real lame cat / That don't know where it's really at. There's a lot you can learn from television. Do you know who won the National League pennant last year?"

"No."

"Well, I know. And I'm a girl. Who won the all-star game?"

"I don't know. I don't like sports."

"Well, what about television? What's your favorite program on television?"

"We don't have television. I told you that."

"Well, do you like the movies, then?"

"Yes. I go to the movies sometime."

"What pictures?"

I was on very firm ground now. "Mary Poppins. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. The Sound of Music."

She slapped her thigh almost angrily. "They're for girls! White girls! Don't you know that? How come you go to so many movies for white girls?"

I knew it! "My mother takes me." I knew it!

"Your mother? Boy, she sounds like a real character, your mother does. But let's not get on that subject. I could tell you some things about my mother that would make your hair stand on end. What about your father? What does he do?"

"He's dead. He died in Vietnam. He was a boxing champion in the Army. He was a hero, too."

"I know all about boxers," she said. "From Cassius Clay and Joe Frazier right on down. What was your father's name?" When I told her, she shook her head. "Never heard of him, I'm sorry to say."

She seemed completely uninterested now and I was terrified that she would go. I asked her, "Were you really in Youth House for breaking and entering?"

"Sure I was."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure I'm sure." She looked at me very suspiciously. "Why you want to know so much about that? You working for the cops or something?"

"I just want to know, that's all. You tell me something about Youth House. What do they make you do there?"

Her lips curled. "They make you get up at five o'clock in the morning and eat cold oatmeal. They make you scrub floors. They make you play jacks."

"Play jacks? Even if you're a boy?"

"Especially if you're a black boy," she said. "They do their best to make a sissy out of you if you're a black boy."

"How do you know that, if you're a girl?"

"I talk to boys sometime," she said.

She sounded very bored. "I'm talking to you, ain't I?"

"Yeah. Come on. Don't you want to go upstairs?"

"What?"

"Don't you want to go upstairs? There're rooms upstairs on the second and third floors."

"Just rooms?" She grunted. But she did follow me to the stairs and we went up to the second floor, then to the third. "They're just common, ordinary rooms," she said, after we'd inspected them. "I'd put some furniture in them if I lived here. Well, I've got to be going now."

I couldn't let her go then. I reached out and touched where her breasts should have been. She could have knocked me into the universe, but I couldn't let go. She was the first girl I'd ever touched in my life.

She just stood there, looking at me. But I couldn't stop. I ran my hands down between her legs, leaning toward her at the same time, so that my mouth was close to hers. "Kiss me," I said—I *whimpered*—"Kiss me, please." Her lips were swollen like two soiled bee stings. She was breathing like a bellows. Then, miraculously, she pivoted her head—I nearly peed in my pants—and swallowed all my mouth and half of me in a wild and greedy kiss. "I thought you were a sissy," she murmured. "I thought you'd *never* get down to business."

We got naked in the front room on the third floor and made love in the dust with the noon sun rubbing its bright hand over my back and butt and balls. Cassandra kept her eyes closed. "Sweet sweet sweet," she said. She'd done



"And all this time I thought I was just a leg man."

this before, but I hadn't. I closed my eyes and pretended that she was a larger and juicier and much more animated version of my right fist. And it worked beautifully, without my wrist even getting tired.

Between grunts, Cassandra said, "I'm . . . only . . . doing . . . this . . . because . . . you're . . . not . . . like . . . those . . . dirty . . . Niggertown . . . boys. . . . You're . . . clean . . . you're . . . sweet . . . you're . . . innocent. . . ." I plugged her mouth with my tongue and she crushed me nearly to death with her thighs. I remember that I whimpered some more, that my heart stopped in mid-stroke for several seconds when the sperm reared up and slashed its way out of me, impaling her, exploding, driving her deeper into the sparse dust that danced around us in bright motes. "So . . . sweet . . . so . . . sweet . . . so . . . innocent," she said. I felt sad. Then I felt good. Very good. I felt like shouting in that damned old house—how carefully and quietly it had listened all the while!—because I *wasn't* innocent. Not anymore.

My mother's bedroom was next to mine on the first floor. Many nights she opened and closed drawers, clumping about for hours, as though looking for something that she had lost or mislaid, until I fell asleep and left her still making noise. And she always kept the door to her bedroom locked. Whatever I was looking for had to be in there. "Come on," I told Cassandra. "Let's go break into my mother's bedroom."

And then I held my breath, because Cassandra's eyes became shrewd and disappointed all at once. She was lying flat on her back and her naked body was brown and smooth as a chestnut. She had no breasts at all. "What do you mean, break into your mother's bedroom?"

I pulled my sweater over my head to keep her from seeing my eyes. "She keeps it locked," I said.

"So that's why you brought me here," Cassandra said. "That's why you talked to me the first night in that lot. Why you asked all those questions about Youth House." Her hand trailed helplessly in the dust. "Why we did *this*."

"No. No. Don't say that." I had on just my shirt and sweater. The sun had left the window, but it was still warm there. I crawled between Cassandra's legs and kissed and licked her on the flat of her belly, where hair was sprouting like the young stubble on a man's face. "Don't say that, Cassandra. I just thought about it, about going into my mother's bedroom. Don't say that." My tail was getting ready again; I rammed it inside her before she could say that again.

Then we went downstairs to my mother's bedroom. Cassandra seemed doubtful but resigned. "You just like all the other niggers I know. All you want to do is use me. You just wanted somebody to

break into your mother's bedroom."

"No I didn't! No I didn't!" But she knew that I did; and I kept my hand on her butt to keep her inspired.

"Yes you do. Yes you do. How old are you, anyway?"

"I'm twelve." I was almost ashamed to admit it, because I felt so much older than that.

"Well, I'm fourteen," she said. "And if I have any more trouble with the police—if I even *spit on the sidewalk*, that's what the judge said—then they're going to send me to Jamesburg. You know what that is, don't you?"

She liked my hand on her butt. "This won't be no trouble. I mean, I'm *asking* you to do it. Right? I mean, you won't get into trouble, as long as my mother doesn't find out."

Her eyes grew greedy at once. "You all do have some very nice things here," she said. She moved about the living room, fingering a silver-plate set, a bronze African statue, a heavy crystal bowl. "Some very nice things," she said.

But I went down the hall to my mother's bedroom door. "There're better things in here," I said.

She hunched her shoulders and looked up and down the hall. Then she tried to open the bedroom door. "It's locked," I said. "My mother always keeps it locked."

That seemed to excite her even more. "Is that so?" She knelt and inspected the lock, then the keyhole. "Bring me a fork," she said. "An old one. I'm going to have to bend it."

We didn't have any old forks, so I gave her a new stainless-steel one from my mother's good set. She stuck a tine into the keyhole and twisted until it bent out of shape. Then she inserted the twisted tine into the keyhole and tinkered with it until I heard a solid click. Grinning, she stood and turned the doorknob. And the door to my mother's bedroom swung open on soft, oiled hinges.

"Whew!" Cassandra said. She whistled through her teeth. I just stood in the doorway and looked. It was the first time that I had ever been in my mother's bedroom.

It looked like a dress factory. There was a line of identical white dresses hanging on a large rack. And a long blonde wig on a stand. My mind reeled at the unexpected sight. The wig and all those dresses were obviously for some little white girl that my mother knew. Cassandra was riffling through them happily.

Aside from those dresses—who could that white girl be?—the room was an ordinary-looking one. There was a double bed set between the two windows that opened onto our front lawn. There were a night table, several chairs, a vanity and the dresser with locked drawers where my mother had told me she kept the picture of my father. "Here's

the dresser," I told Cassandra. "Can you open it?"

She seemed puzzled by something as she worked the fork into the lock. "You see all them dresses?" she said. "Every one of them is sewed with great big stitches, like somebody who didn't know how to sew."

But I was interested in the drawer now. "Open it," I said. She jiggled the fork until the drawer sprang open.

There were two dimes in the drawer and Cassandra pounced on them with considerable excitement. "They're silver!" she cried. "They could be worth fifty dollars each!" I took them from her and dropped them into my pants pocket.

The picture of my father was there in the cellophane paper. "That's my father," I said. But Cassandra was looking now at the three or four rings there and a man's gold watch. I closed the drawer and handed her the photograph. "That's my father," I said.

"You must be kidding," she said. "That can't be your father."

"Why not?" I was almost deafened by the blood pounding in my temples.

"Because that's Joe Louis when he was heavyweight champion of the world. If you were his son, you'd be a lot older than you are now. And you wouldn't be living here, I assure you."

I had heard of Joe Louis, but I'd never seen a picture of him. At least not to recognize.

"How come you thought that was your father?" She looked frightened now. "Who told you that was your father? And did you look at those *dresses* yet?"

I looked at them. They were sewed in big awkward stitches. Every one of them. By somebody who didn't know how to sew.

By somebody sewing all the time in dim light so that *she couldn't be seen too clearly*.

Which is why she wore the veil.

And the dark glasses.

Cassandra was sniffing around the room like a dog. "Don't no woman live in this room," she said.

"What? What did you say?" My head was spinning. Something was trying to come to me, but I couldn't get it.

"Don't no woman live in this room," Cassandra said.

My God!

I dived for that drawer and yanked it open again.

And dug through it until I found what I must have been looking for.

It was another photograph. Of my mother dressed as a man.

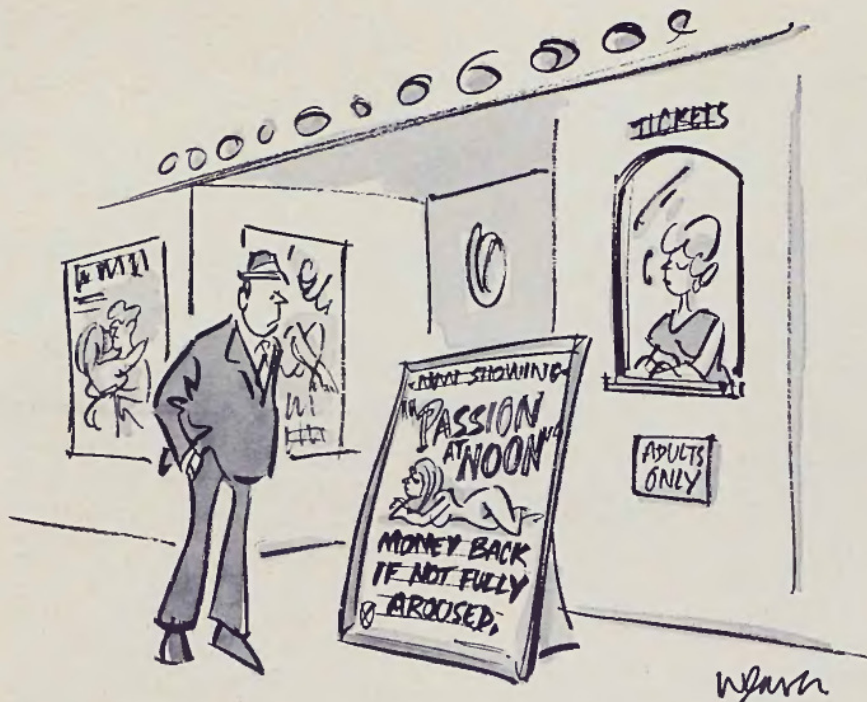
. . .

I just stood there. I thought I would die. Cassandra was looking at me strangely. "You all right?" she said. "You look like you're going to kick off." She snaked her hand into my pocket. "Can I have those dimes, then?"

But I shoved her away. "You'd better



"Listen, let's put away these silly clubs, run up to my place and then you can really show me how to swing!"



go now," I said. My voice sounded hoarse, like an old man's.

"Hey, what is this?" Her pointed little face became as ugly as a rat's. "What kind of bullshit is this?"

"You get out of here!" I screamed. Her mouth flew wide open. "Get out before I call the cops! I'll tell them you broke in! I'll tell them. . . ." I was getting ready to cry.

She ran to the door. "You're a sick son of a bitch," she said. "Fag / Drag / What's your bag?" She grinned uncertainly. But I pushed her down the hall and out the front door and locked it behind her.

Then I went back to the bedroom. I thought about hanging myself. *Those dresses, that wig. They're for me. I tore the picture of Joe Louis into little shreds. Then I sat down in the middle of the floor and cried. Joe Louis wasn't my father at all, and I guess I had known it all along.*

When I couldn't cry anymore, I got up and looked at those dresses again. And that wig. I nearly threw up.

And heard a key in the front door, a noise in the hallway.

Then he stood in the bedroom door, looking at me. My father. He took off the hat and veil, the dark glasses, the wig. His face was drawn and haggard. "So now you know," he said. "I wondered if you'd ever find out. Sometimes I was afraid you wouldn't find out, that you'd go through life as blind as a bat, not knowing a thing."

He looked like a circus freak, that black dress, that lipstick. "What happened to my mother?" I almost couldn't bear to look at him.

"You were three years old." He was crying and tears streaked the thick powder he wore. "We lived over in Niggertown. I couldn't get a job, because nobody wanted to hire a black man in those days. So I took your mother's place when she died."

"I bet you never even went to the Army," I said. I absolutely hated him.

And he couldn't even look at me. "They wouldn't have me. But I did save my money. I bought this house, didn't I? And we *are* living where white people used to live, which is more than most niggers can say." He had the nerve to sound proud, standing there in a dress and high-heeled shoes and lipstick.

"It was the violence that frightened me," he went on. "You don't remember those days. They were killing niggers left and right back in the late Fifties and early Sixties. Sometimes I'd get so scared that I'd nearly mess in my pants. Then they had that riot over in Niggertown and your mother accidentally got killed. I was standing there in the funeral parlor, looking down on her, when I decided to take her place. Do you understand that? It was like something *flew* from her body to mine and I took her place. Things went real good for me from then on. I got this job at the hospital. I saved me enough money to buy this house. We got out of Niggertown, thank the Lord. But I did it all for you, honey. All for you. There's certainly no percentage in being a black man, I found that out. So I brought you here to Glen Oaks and I tried to raise you right."

He tried to raise me like a white girl, that's what he meant. And it almost worked. Almost. But I certainly

didn't feel white anymore. That was the last thing I felt.

"They had that riot in winter, in a snowstorm. Your mother died then because I couldn't support her as a man. They said she was trying to break into a food store. That's when I decided to take her place. They apologized afterward for shooting her; they said it was an accident. The world's a whole lot safer for a black woman than it is for a black man. A black woman has more opportunity, more respect. White people aren't afraid of her."

My mind felt as though it would crack open. Those goddamned dresses and the whole room seemed to be swirling in kaleidoscopic colors. And then stopped. I *made* them stop.

I had to get away from him. But he backed away in front of me, half whining. I could see madness crouching in both his eyes like small dark animals, waiting to spring. "Get out of my way," I said. I was so disgusted I felt like hitting him right in the face.

But he scooted to the clothes rack and pulled down a dress. "Don't you know that I *love* you? You just look what I been making for you. I just been waiting for you to grow up, honey. Wouldn't you like to try one on? Honey . . . ?" Somewhere over our heads, the old house sighed maliciously. One of us, at least, would be leaving.

I walked out of that house. He stood in the door, calling me, but I didn't even look back.

There were white birds flying through the acacia tree, like a reminder of the eternalness of sorrow, no matter how delicate and graceful they seemed to be. Caught in the light from street lamps, they sparkled like diamonds in a crazy kind of quiet dance, as though for my eyes alone, dancing so silently in the blackness around them. At the same time, I heard that rooster crowing over in Niggertown; and I felt really free. That's what birds are all about, the divinity of wings and free sky.

I walked out of Glen Oaks and around to the vacant lot. I threw the two silver dimes into the lot. Maybe Cassandra would find them there. Maybe not.

I walked on over into Niggertown and I knew what it smelled like now. It smelled like between a woman's legs after you've made love. The brightly colored jukeboxes thundered like cannons. *Revolution Revolution*. But over the jagged rooftops of the tall buildings, the rooster crowed more exuberantly than the jukeboxes. *Right on, Jack!* If he could survive and still sing in all the world's sorrow, evil and deception, then so could I. *Shit.*

KID'S HOCH *(continued from page 114)*

In the back of a truck-maintenance shed in the black hours of a rainy night, a chaplain and two of his assistants are scarring new plywood with a blowtorch and then smearing it with black paint. They have gotten the new plywood from an engineer company. But there is a rule in Vietnam that there can be no new military construction except out of salvaged matériel. So the chaplain is making old boards out of new wood to build a chapel.

When the lieutenant colonels carry fire restrictions on cards, the grunts empty sandbags and the chaplains cheat the eye, all in the name of cost control, the word is out. U. S. participation in the war is not just winding down. It is flooding toward the close. Some 15,000 men a month leave Vietnam.

The company I am walking with now moves single file through tall grass and white sand, next through a section of palms and red mud. Peewees and other birds with a high warbling note chirp around us. From the undergrowth comes the chant of "Fuck you, fuck you" from small lizards, not unexpectedly called fuck-you lizards. The sun is brilliant, the sand white, the cactus burnished and bright, the palms and bamboo a rich green. We could be walking toward the beach on a tropic vacation or be in some maneuver area back in Louisiana. We stop in a graveyard flanked by high ferns and cultivated strands of manioc. The captain is not quite sure where he is. This area, a V. C. stronghold, has been fought over for 20 years and the maps show villages that are no longer there, while new roads and trails are unmarked on the maps. The distant hills are too far away for a compass sight. All rice paddies look the same. I suggest firing an artillery smoke round to get our position.

"We don't have the ammunition for that," the captain replies.

I have arrived at his company by what I hope has been a conscious process of selection. Commanders naturally steer me toward their good units. I wish to see all types, though when there's danger I don't wish to be with the fuck-ups. Through the selection of the units he reports on, an observer can mirror to the world any face of Vietnam he chooses. Back at the rear—the battalion fire base, called the front by many reporters—I ask questions. In the answers that follow, the more polite ones are from officers.

"You might try Alpha Company, but I'm not sure."

"You'll be safe with Charlie Company."

"No contact Charlie, man. They run when they see V. C."

"Baker's pretty steady."

"Delta's commander is coming along."

"They step on their dicks down in Delta."

"Alpha, they used to be cold steel. Now they're cold soup."

"Baker's got their stick together."

I am with Baker. Now, as we take a break on the sand beneath the banana palms, several men drift over to me.

"What are you doing here?" they ask.

"Covering the end of the war."

Laughter. "The end of the war. That's rich. You hear how we got blown away last week?"

"Yes."

"Tell it like it is. Tell 'em back in the world who's really fightin' this war. The age of the guys. How we get shit on."

The young general restlessly shifts his hands about the can of cola he holds. It's late at night again, but cold, wet and unpleasant. The general is a deeply troubled man. I had not known him before but have been passed on to him by the old-boy network along which I travel, a group of officers, some of whom I fought with in World War Two, others whom I met as bright juniors in the Pentagon or knew as cadets during my occasional lectures on "press power" at West Point.

Most of these men are bright and

articulate, some with Rhodes scholarships, others with Ph.D.s or books behind them. Most are on their second or, occasionally, even their third tours in Vietnam. Many have grave doubts about the war. Some few are outright doves and have been since General Ridgway fought against coming to the aid of the French at Dien Bien Phu. Others are equally convinced that history will judge the Vietnam effort a necessary, if confused, exercise of our national power.

"You see what's happening, don't you?" says the general. "You don't need me to tell you. We are economizing on everything else to spend our psychic energy and blood."

"Two years ago, on my last tour, everywhere you moved you heard airplanes. Now the air has practically vanished from the sky, except for a few tactical emergencies, the criteria for which become increasingly more stringent. The artillery is no longer accurate or responsive. It's full of economic restrictions and there are also command restrictions because we're afraid we may kill someone by accident. But the restrictions themselves will kill people in an emergency. Armor has vanished from the roads. You'll fly over this whole AO [area of operations] and not see a single tank, except in the rear, and then they're



"It's agreed, then, gentlemen—the Arab states will provide the site for the peace conference and the Israelis will do the catering."

dead-lined for lack of parts that aren't stocked for reasons of economy. The fire bases crumble and grow old, dangerous and unsanitary, and I can't move them or even repair them because of dollar restrictions. I haven't been able to build a new base since August fifth. Now the helicopter blade hours are being drastically cut again.

"The senior noncoms who gave a unit its tone are gone. We threw three Vietnam tours at them in a row; and they quite properly decided to quit and grab some of the richness of America for themselves. At the same time, the captains and the lieutenants lack experience. The battalion commander must spend a great deal of time and energy doing things that should have been done further down the chain of command. It was much easier to have a battalion when I had one.

"Lieutenant colonels also must expend themselves dealing with the ten percent, the hard core, the anti-authority people, both black and white. They must continually explain why, because men will not move from A to B merely on the basis of an order. That's all very well now, but in an emergency it may kill us. And it drains our good men.

"And who are the young men we are asking to go into action against such solid odds? You've met them. You know. They are the best we have. But they are not McNamara's sons, or Bundy's. I doubt they're yours. And they know they're at the end of the pipeline. That no one cares. They know."

They do.

. . .

Checking his map beneath the palm trees, the captain, relaxed and easy, says, "I want ten guys for patrol." He has no trouble getting a corporal and ten men. Among the volunteers, I note two who a while ago told me firmly they are "through with this whole fucking war and are never goin' to pull no fucking trigger again."

But the captain has taken the easy, unfair way. In an outstanding unit, the patrols rotate by squad, so the danger is spread evenly. As I spend time with a succession of Infantry platoons, I am conscious of a vast sieve sifting beneath the young men of our society. No one who objects violently will end up in the Infantry. From avoiding the draft to cultivating a noncombat specialty to merely dragging his feet, a man can assure himself of—at worst—a safe rear-area assignment. As a result, Infantry companies are peopled by a highly select group of men, though the selection is unconscious and bureaucratic. To take a line company and ask for volunteers from it further divides unfairly an already unfairly divided risk. Though when the going gets tough even the finest outfits call for "ten hard-charging dicks."

A new soldier, his first day in combat, approaches the captain and asks to volunteer. He is quite shy about it. Half eager to belong, half ashamed for volunteering.

"Corporal," calls the captain, "here's one more man."

The young man walks off to join the patrol. He is black. About ten percent of this unit and other front-line units, give or take a few points either way, are black. The reports that in this war blacks are dying out of all proportion to their numbers in our society are false. Judging from the number of black faces in the rear, it appears that they may be drafted out of proportion to their numbers, but in the dying units or the hospital wards containing wounded, the ratio of blacks to whites seems to be about the same as in the civilian population.

Notably absent are Ivy Leaguers and graduates of other prestigious non-Catholic universities. In two months with front-line units, I met only two Ivy Leaguers. If our future continues to resemble our past, and if being a veteran remains almost a must in politics, then a generation of Ivy Leaguers may have Jim Crowed themselves out of politics.

Also usually absent are the very poor, black faces and white faces alike being mostly those of the middle class of each race. The psychological and physical health of those raised in poverty does not adapt to the strains of combat. The Vietnamese war, which the radicals so violently protest, actually unites them and the poor in safety, while the best of the middle class gets blown away.

The patrol moves without packs, carrying only weapons and ammunition. The sun is blinding and hot. We traverse the edge of a rice paddy, trudge across a field of something I don't recognize, move through a bamboo grove with giant cactuses on both sides of the trail. I study the red-and-blue flowers entwined in the grass. The war becomes tiresome and unreal. We are walking well spread out, fearful of booby traps. From the fields beside the trail an occasional woman or child stares at us. This is hard-core V. C. country. They are probably either V. C. families or under Communist control. I am walking number six. First comes the point man, then the drag, a combination closer than any marriage. They are followed by the patrol leader, a corporal, peace symbol dangling from his neck; behind him the radio operator, M-16 beneath his arm, telephonelike receiver at his ear, wearing five strands of red and blue beads. Then a rangy, bearded guy in a stocking cap; then me; and behind me a short, smily kid with a grenade launcher. I wish I knew more about booby traps.

. . .

Several weeks later, I am at another fire base deep in the jungle, one that

has twice been almost overrun: sappers breaking through, gun tubes destroyed, 40-plus enemy bodies found in the wire next morning. For miles around the base the tall teak trees stand defoliated, bare of green, like the burned areas in Western forests. But the leaves of these trees have been replaced by the hanging white blooms of parachute flares, thousands and thousands of flares fired during three years of anxiously watching the night around the base. On the dead branches, seemingly part of the parachute flowers, bulge the mud nests of ferocious hornets.

The battalion commander and I are talking; as usual it is late at night. The lieutenant colonel has his shirt off, revealing the ringworm splotches and mushroom-shaped splashes of jungle rot that stain his body like birth defects. Beneath this scabby mess are the deeper scars of Korea, his first war: a long incision down the back for radical *débridement* and nerve grafts, a large, jellyfish blob across his left shoulder to emplace the artificial socket. As he smears ointment on himself, I am acutely conscious of the missing finger on his left hand. He has nine more days left in Vietnam on this, his second tour. He is wasted, drained, almost somnambulant.

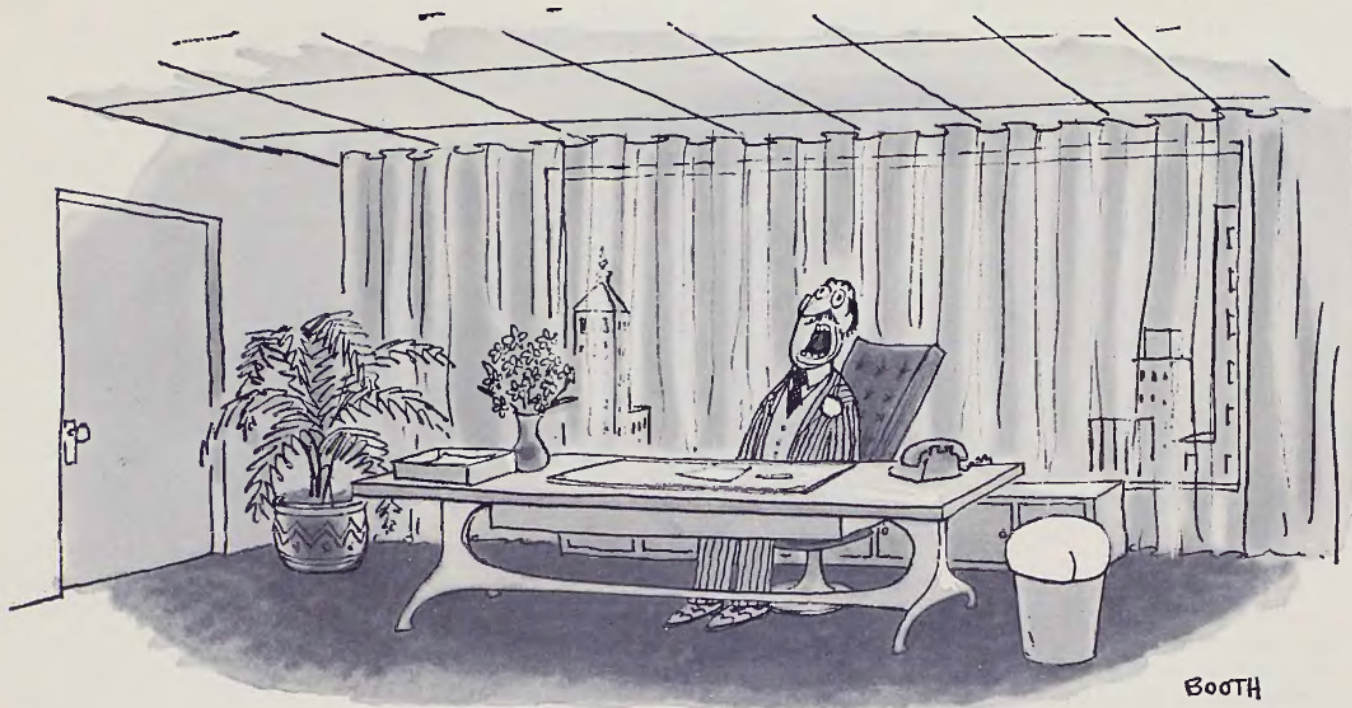
As he walks around the fire base "kicking ass," as he calls it (actually, binding men to him by some form of mystic Irish insight), he seems not to step very hard upon the earth. Perhaps after so much combat he does not really believe himself still here. He has not been fragged or even threatened with murder, as have a majority of the battalion commanders I talk to. Such threats were occasional in World War Two, now they are more common and hold more terror. The hooch—Vietnamese for hut—in which he lives has been tear-gassed twice.

"Mostly for laughs," he says. "It's different now. When you praise a man for being a good soldier, he looks at the ground and shuffles his feet. It's not much fun anymore." That phrase I had heard and would hear time after time, along with "No one cares anymore."

Still, the lieutenant colonel perked up, things had been worse perhaps in Korea. He took over a company there in the front lines, in contact with the enemy. Its captain had simply disappeared, walked toward the rear and not returned the night before. The first sergeant was drunk. There were no lieutenants. And when he inspected his perimeter that night he discovered only one of the nine squads on guard awake.

Later yet he shows me his real map, not the public one for visitors. Within his area of operation he has crosshatched several areas with grease pencil.

"I just don't send my men in there," he says. "It's too heavily booby-trapped. I bush [ambush] the trails coming out.



"My wife is gone. You may come out, Miss Honeycutt."

If the dinks want to stay in those swamps and eat roots, let 'em. I'm not getting my men blown away going in after them."

• • •

As we walk on, my M-16 gets heavier and heavier at the end of my arm. The trail closes in and I switch the sight to close range with my thumb. I realize my vision is beginning to narrow, drawing back from the distant mountains and bright palms at the edge of the farther rice paddies to the little sector of ground beneath my feet and to my immediate front. We have fallen silent. I speculate on how many more days I have to go in Vietnam. Undoubtedly, other men about me are doing the same. With each man putting in 12 months in Vietnam—or as few as nine, recently, as the war winds down—everyone has an individual end to his private war. That is why the end of the war itself does not loom as importantly to Infantrymen as it does to rear-area soldiers and reporters.

The trail bends left and I lose sight of all but the stocking-capped man in front of me. Suddenly he stiffens, leans forward, M-16 coming up, the classic pose of the surprised. Almost at the same instant, the shooting starts. Instinctively I race forward to help in someone else's unreal war now suddenly become my own. Off to my left two figures rise and run toward a mangrove swamp. Expecting to find men in black shooting at me, I check fire for an instant, seeing men in camouflage capes running. But their position and actions make them enemy. I

squeeze off three shots. Around me other men are firing full-automatic bursts. It's hard to hit anything that way. The firing stops. I don't like the way the men bunch up as soon as the shooting is over. That kills you. The V.C., five of them, have gotten away, leaving blood trails.

I move up slowly, keeping my distance, two garbled lines of Yeats throbbing in my head:

*This is no country for old men,
The young at one another's throats.*

The men bring in two women prisoners who were eating with the five V.C. we surprised. I am still amazed at how easily we surprised them. Perhaps because we were moving during the heat of noon, when most American units rest. Ritual kills.

A soldier pulls the pin on a grenade and yells, "Fire in the hole." He brings back his hand to toss the grenade into a storage tunnel beneath a hooch. As his arm starts forward, a child crawls out.

"Goddamn it, you dumb kid, don't you come crawling out of holes that way," the soldier yells, furious with mixed tension and relief. The child, maybe four or five years old, looks at him uncomprehendingly.

Close.

But no closer than in other wars. All soldiers, myself included, have grenaded cellars of enemy houses. And the two women did not say a word as the grenade arm came back. Did they want the atrocity for propaganda more than they wanted the child for manhood?

"Check those other holes out," yells the corporal.

"We ought to go into the swamp and find 'em," yell several. One grunt explains: "We get a case of beer for every V.C." (Other units reward the capture of a prisoner with three-day passes or Bronze Stars.)

There is haphazard surging into and exploration of the borders of the mangrove swamp. To penetrate deeply after armed, wounded men is beyond the emotional and physical resources of the patrol. One of the surges produces an AK-47, a Chinese-made automatic rifle, a major find that can be taken home or sold as a souvenir; also several jungle pouches filled with documents and ammunition. The men again bunch together dangerously around the pouches. The captain and the lieutenant arrive to take over the operation and yell at the men to spread out.

"If I might suggest, sir," says the radio operator to the lieutenant, who has only two weeks of combat, "one or two fire teams to the east, sir. In case they make a break for the road."

In time-honored tradition, the old sergeant is breaking in the new lieutenant.

A shout from the swamp. One of the surges has produced a prisoner, shirtless, black pants, the lower part of his left leg shredded and mangled like a badly carved chicken's. The Kit Carson scout (a Vietnamese, usually a defector, assigned as a guide to a combat unit) begins to question the prisoner as he lies in agony on the ground. Doc, the

medical sergeant, binds up the prisoner's leg, fixing a tourniquet, wrapping the white, sterile bandages around a bamboo splint furnished by another soldier.

The prisoner officially surrenders, or *chou-hoys*, by giving the location and number of his fellow V. C., their weapons and their unit. There are seven of them in the mangrove swamp. They have two machine guns, a grenade launcher and five rifles.

Such information entitles the prisoner to treatment as a defector. The doc— young, intense, a high school graduate from east Texas with a cross around his neck—wants to call in a helicopter to medevac the prisoner. He turns to the patrol's radio operator, who is standing in the circle around the prisoner, and asks him to call for a medevac dust-off.

"I ain't goin' to do it, Doc," says the radio operator.

"You gotta, man. He's *chou-hoyed*."

"I hope the son of a bitch bleeds to death."

"Let him die," says another soldier standing beside the radio operator. Other men nod, while others, including one of the officers, drift away to be out of the argument.

"He's *chou-hoyed*," pleads the doc, with an intensity close to tears.

The radio operator shakes his head.

The doc shuffles across the sand to the patrol leader.

"You got your job, Doc. I got mine. Mine's gettin' tracker dogs to find the bastards still in there." The corporal jerks his head toward the swamp. There is no hostility between the two, merely a pair of lawyers arguing a case.

The bandage around the Viet Cong's leg is turning red. He lies on the sand twisted in pain, still being questioned by the Kit Carson scout. Once outside Magdeburg I got into a bomb crater to get between two German POWs and the GIs who were about to shoot them because one of them was wearing U.S. Infantry boots. Other times I didn't do so much.

The young medic, bare-chested and demoralized, walks across the patch of sand to the captain's radio operator, standing in the shade of a banana palm.

That operator is smooth. "Doc, I got to keep my radio set up on higher. You know how it is with V. C. *beaucoup* close."

Mouth set, the doc walks back to the patrol radio operator.

"Gimme that microphone, I'll call in medevac myself."

The operator does not move. Doc reaches over the operator's shoulder, un-hooks the microphone and puts it to his mouth.

"The radio's not set up on the right channel, Doc," says the operator.

"Set it up."

"Nope."

THE VIEW FROM KILROY'S HEAD

a compendium of vietnam graffiti

IN ENLISTED MEN'S latrines and officers' bathrooms, in the dingy toilets of Saigon bars, in hospital johns and dining-hall men's rooms, wherever men in Vietnam relieve themselves, they also relieve their tensions by writing on the walls. It is not an easy job. The establishment paints and repaints to smother and cover the poetry and cursing; in some cases, black paint is used as a final solution. But the GI remains undaunted. He writes in pen and pencil and finally in chalk or penknife or bayonet. He is determined to have his say—to leave his mark.

What does he write about? Sex, his superiors—particularly lifers, career soldiers—his hatred of the war and the country he was sent to. He philosophizes and exchanges ideas. (Often, a simple sentence results in a dialog that fills a whole wall—a seminar of sorts.) Mostly, he writes of the time he has left before going home. The most commonly used word in Vietnam is short, meaning there's not much time left before a man's tour is over. He draws pictures, then mutilates them. He is original and brilliant, clichéd and dull. Frequently, he is a racist. Some of his thoughts are the same as those scratched in the sand by Caesar's legions. Others are new to this war.

Here is just a sampling of them. They are the words of Americans in Vietnam, 1961-1971.

—Ken Sams and Irving Breslauer

LET'S BOMB THEM
ALL AND LET
GOD SORT IT OUT.

TAKE A VC TO DINNER TONIGHT
Okay, but what restaurant
serves dog meat?



This crapper door is
in its fourth
printing

STOP THE WAR! I WANT TO GET OFF!

J.B.M. Gipple Creek, Colo.

WORSE THAN VN

ANYBODY WHO FUCKS A VIETNAMESE
IS TOO LAZY TO MASTERBATE

Give Nixon time with
his withdrawal program

WITHDRAWAL IS SOMETHING NIXON'S
FATHER SHOULD HAVE DONE 58 YEARS

AGO You shithouse philosophers
have all the answers

BETTER THAN YOU NON THINKING LIFERS

HOORAY FOR THE
GREEN BIDETS!

IN VIETNAM, THE WIND
DOESN'T BLOW, IT SUCKS

I cannot relate to
this environment

YOU DON'T HAVE TO RELATE—
JUST FUCK THEM

Suppose they have V.D.?

ONLY 50% HAVE V.D.
THE REST HAVE T.B.

Okay, just fuck the
ones who cough

Peace Sucks

Loyal
Intelligent
Fearless
Energetic
Responsible

BORN TO KILL

kill a
commie
for christ

GENERALS SLEEP WITH
THEIR LIGHTS ON.

Bomb Haiphong

BETTER YET, GET BOMBED
ONLY LIFFERS GET
BOMBED

THEN BOMB HAIPHONG WITH LIFFERS

America lost her virginity
in Vietnam

AND SHE CAUGHT THE CLAP, TOO

That's nothing, so did I

I did too, but now I watch who I
go out with

SO SHOULD AMERICA

PEACE IS A
CASUALTY OF WAR

Is that a bunny?

No, ya dumshit, it's
the peace symbol.



STOP THE WORLD...
I WANT TO GET
BACK ON!

8965 DAYS TO GO
HOW COME?
I'M VIETNAMESE!



VIETNAM
IS A
BOB HOPE
JOKE

NAFALM IS A FIGMENT OF THE
COLLECTIVE IMAGINATION OF THE COMMIE
PINKO HIPPIE YIPPIE LEPTIST QUEERS
-AGNEW

ONLY 364 DAYS TO GO—
SEEMS LIKE I GOT
HERE YESTERDAY

You did, you
stupid shit

FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM IN VIETNAM
IS LIKE FUCKING FOR VIRGINITY.

As I slide down the
banister of life,
I'll always remember
Vietnam as a splinter
in my ass

This is a war of the unwilling
led by the unqualified
dying for the ungrateful

LBFM'S never come
What's an LBFM?
A LITTLE BROWN FUCKING MACHINE

SHORT
CUTS
I'm so short I
can fit under
the door

VIETNAM-LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT
OR FUCK IT

Lazy
Inefficient
Fuck off
Expecting
Retirement

Why me?

I'M SO SHORT,
I LEFT YESTERDAY--THIS IS A
RECORDING

Hands across the sea is
a long way to COME

I think I've fallen in love with my hand

Don't you wish you
were ambidextrous?

We'll bring peace to this land if
we have to kill them all.

CUSTER

Vietnam Sucks

HEREAFTER, SUBMIT ALL GRAFFITI IN FOUR COPIES

Five soldiers gather in a circle to watch.
The two officers have disappeared.

Doc pulls the confidential code book-
let containing the channel frequencies
out of the radio operator's top left-hand
jungle-fatigues pocket and slips the book-
let from its waterproof plastic bag. He
leafs through it to find the medical heli-
copter's frequency. He has to stand right
up against the operator's chest to do this,
because by order the booklet is chained
to the operator's clothes. Before Doc's
determination the operator relents.

"OK, Doc, it's on the right channel.
The medevac call sign is dusky lobster."

Doc pushes the microphone button:
"Dusky lobster, this is Husky 56." The
medevac operation has commenced. In
the end, the chopper bearing the dog
tracking team arrives first and the pris-
oner is lifted out on that.

During the wait for the dogs to do
their stuff (they fail), Doc comes over
and sits down beside me. He wants to
make certain I understand why the men
behaved as they did.

"You know they got a lot of friends
blown away last week. They're uptight
about the V. C. You can't blame them."

"I don't. Two weeks from now, or in
another hour, they may react differently.
Besides, they rely on you being there."

He turns on me with almost saintlike
intensity, the tropic sun glinting on his
gold cross, his jungle hat with the ser-
geant's stripes on it pulled down against
the glare.

"It's so unfair! It's so unfair! It's
the hard chargers who are dying. The
guys who've got it all together. It'll end
up being the hard-assed guys who go
into the swamp after them. The rest will
hang back. And all those in the rear.
And back in the world. It's the best are
getting killed, sir. The best."

"I guess, Doc, if I learned any one
thing from World War Two, I learned
just that. There were always a few guys
stuck their heads up first. Time after
time, the same guys. And they got killed
first. Welcome to the club."

He nods. "Why?" The question sinks
into the Vietnamese sand. We sit there
25 years and two wars apart, bound by
the same agony: that we are alive while
better men are dead.

I have known the colonel a long time,
since he was a captain, badly wounded
in Korea, returned to staff duty in the
Pentagon. He is a man torn. He is one
of those who have been against this war
since the beginning. He was relieved from
one important assignment because of his
opposition to the war. Now he is finally on
the list to make general.

"There are actions you could call war
crimes," he says, "actions you could legal-
ly classify as war crimes, going on every
day in my area. Given the attitude of the
country toward this war, the people who

are over here, what the enemy does to us, what can I do? The division commander is a good man. I mean that. He is. He understands the problem. We run a school for selected new arrivals on how to regard the enemy and the civilian Vietnamese. But Christ, it don't amount to no more than pissin' on a forest fire. As soon as the men get into the old units they learn the old ways.

"I talk to all the officers that come into my brigade and tell 'em what I want. You know, you can't even give officers an order anymore, you have to explain. That's all right in its way; but it's sure wearin'. We got a team that investigates the hell out of any injury to any civilian Vietnamese. And all sorts of restrictions on the artillery and air so we won't kill Vietnamese by accident. And I make those restrictions stick. And the men hate me for it.

"We have to get clearance from the Vietnamese before we fire artillery. But you can't trust that. Some of the ARVN commanders get paid off by villages not to fire in their area or to fire on others. I don't know what to do."

We are walking toward the hospital, where the colonel is to give out Purple Hearts to three of his men. He looks at the hospital and pauses. "We had a lieutenant come to in the postoperative ward and saw a V. C. beside him, recovering on the next bed. He reached over and yanked all the tubes out of him. The doctors wanted to court-martial the lieutenant. I wanted to hang the doctors for being so stupid as to put the two of them together. Ain't doctors human?"

"I hate giving out Purple Hearts. I hate it. It's meaningless. Meaningless. There's not one goddamn thing in my whole AO worth one rancid peanut to the United States. Not one rancid peanut. What we're doing is meaningless."

He turns away from me to face the jungle fringing the base beyond the booby-trapped barbed wire. The dirty tears groove down the red dust on his face.

"I'm going to get out, Hadley. It's no fun anymore. And no one cares."

Before our walk to the hospital I have been sitting with the colonel in his office. The problems on his desk resemble a metropolitan police blotter rather than those of a military command. He voices the universal complaint of all commanders: that they have to spend 60 percent of their time with the ten percent who won't fight, because the Army system of justice has broken down before the determined onslaught of militant blacks and whites. "And since the passage of the omnibus crime bill," he adds, "the military system of justice is less restricted than the civilian."

Two captains have been murdered by grenade attack as they slept in his area in the past two months. One murderer is

still free, the other convicted. The captain's division is losing about ten M-16s a week, stolen by a criminal population that floats from base to base and probably sells the weapons to the V. C. One Service Club has been entirely taken over by black militants. "When you start losing more men from beatin' each other up than from enemy action, you're in trouble," the colonel said.

Last night, a few blocks from where we are talking, four blacks were fragged by someone while standing in their company area. I talk to one of the wounded and get nowhere. In this particular division, fraggings in the rear area have become so common that Purple Hearts are awarded to those wounded in such incidents.

"I hope we learn from this war," says the colonel as we leave the hospital, "like the Russians learned from the Finns. Because right now I do believe the Arabs could wipe our ass all over the desert."

• • •

Behind the paddy dike some more soldiers drift over to talk to Doc and me. They ask me about World War Two. This, too, always happens. They and I are experts in the same trade, but we practiced it on different planets. They are avid to learn the differences and similarities. How accurate were the mortars? What did I fear most? How were the lifers? The officers? Did we dig? Wear steel pots? How many killed each day? From this we drift naturally into my questions about Vietnam. How do they feel? Should we be here? What happens next?

From the edge of the mangrove swamp, a V. C. machine gun opens up on a group of men off to my right. It's ineffective, and we lie in safety behind our dike, smiling into the sun. There is a good deal of debate, more than I like, over what to do next. We decide to put artillery on the swamp. After another long wait, the first round arrives. It screeches in way short and slams into the ground among us, while we cower in the dirt.

"How much do you get paid for this, sir?" asks the soldier on top of me.

We shuffle back through the sand to get out from under our own artillery, more a group than a military unit. I have picked up enough clips of ammunition from the sand to refill my bandoleer, only half full when we started. The world, once beautiful, soft and vacation-like, now appears transformed. The cactus tears at my pants, the bird calls sound like enemy signals, the sand stirs up choking dust and the bamboo is ugly. I remark on the change to the captain.

He nods: "You mean all hostile. I know. This country hasn't looked any other way to me for a long time."

Someone has forgotten one of our radios. After a good bit of debate over whose fault this is, the lieutenant and one man run back toward the swamp to retrieve the radio. The artillery has not gotten the word and fires an eight-gun salvo. Fortunately, this time the rounds are off target to the far side and the two race back safely, though still minus the radio.

Another, longer wait behind another dike, while the artillery works over the swamp. It turns out that the captain spent his honeymoon on Martha's Vineyard, where I live. Such random contacts seem incredibly important at these moments, confirming the existence of "back in the world," a reality beyond this all-inclusive present.

The captain climbs to the top of the dike with his radio operator to place the artillery more on target.

"Captain, me beads, me beads, easy on me beads," pleads the radio operator as the mike cord gets tangled in his neck-ware.

The artillery fires some more. The group of men lying with me behind the dike remark on the high percentage of duds. About one round in three does not explode.

"We'll get them back as booby traps," remarks one soldier.

"Back in the world," asks another, "can you write it like it is?"

"Yes," I answer.

"About what's happening to us. That Kit Carson scout there." The men point toward the Vietnamese scout. "A little kid—can you imagine that?—put a hand grenade in one of our jeeps the other day. Blew away a guy bad. The Kit Carson saw the kid running and shot him. Now they want to investigate our Kit Carson. That's shit."

The others nod agreement.

"Nobody likes this war," says another man.

"Roger that," the rest reply.

"Thank you for walking with us, sir."

"Thank you for having me."

"You know what we say?" asks another soldier. "Calley dies for our sins, man."

This is months before the trial and verdict. Again the others nod and several repeat: "Calley dies for our sins."

The captain scrambles back down the dike and the men drift off. The captain is wondering whether he can get an air strike on the swamp.

"This is taking an awfully long time," he keeps repeating, "an awfully long time. The way to get them is to push into the swamp after them."

After the third time he says this, I belatedly get the message. He is alone and would like to lean on my gray hairs a little.

"Captain, in this war, at this time,



"They have seven hundred hand signs and they all mean no."

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 (See page 25.)

you'd be crazy to push in there. Crawling through swamps man to man is playing Charlie's game."

"That's how I feel," he replies, relieved.

• • •

At a small rear base outside one of Vietnam's most beautiful cities, five lieutenant colonels and I are seated around an officers'-club table eating steak, drinking and listening to two of the group, both battalion commanders, argue.

"The action is down there at Ah Thin mountain," repeats the first lieutenant colonel. "That's where Charlie is. I want to take my battalion down there and clean them out."

"That's where the action most definitely is not." The second lieutenant colonel is getting hot. "The action is protecting the population. Let the dinks sit on Ah Thin mountain and get malaria."

"You protect the population by killing V. C."

"Agreed, buddy. But you don't kill V. C. by charging up their mountain. Not my outfit. That's what the enemy wants. You kill him by strengthening the forces of this country. And by bushing at night—selectively."

"No sir, you want to. . ."

A captain approaches our table and whispers in the ear of the colonel who won't charge up the mountain; he is also my host.

"Oh, shit," he says, "not again." He turns to me. "Another race riot in my area. You might as well see how we live. Come on."

He and the post commander and I walk rapidly out of the club and dogtrot through the blacked-out night toward the disturbance. It isn't much this time. Three black soldiers have been hassling a black first sergeant and a noisy crowd has gathered. The colonel breaks it up quickly. "What's going on, stud? . . . Let's break it up, stud. . . Get back to the barracks. . . OK, OK, stud, this is Colonel X. That's enough. Now!"

The crowd dissolves. The first sergeant is shaking with rage. The colonel takes him aside and spends five minutes walking him up and down the road in the dark—sympathizing, reassuring, calming.

The senior noncommissioned officers—master sergeants, first sergeants and platoon sergeants—are mangled victims of America's rapid social change. They have come to the end of a long career and instead of rewards find threats. Their love affair with the Army has turned sour and their remarks about the military are more violently anti than those of any SDS member.

"I'm on my third tour in my third war," says one first sergeant, a scholarly Jewish man who was a platoon sergeant with the First Infantry in Aachen. "I'd been wounded twice before some of these sons of bitches calling me pig and mother-fucker were born."

I am sitting in a senior N. C. O. club, a small board shack bare of decoration but containing a stove and an icebox. The windows, which can be quickly shuttered with thick wooden boards, are also covered by heavy screening to prevent grenades from being tossed inside by the men they lead.

"We come to this grubby place," says the battalion sergeant major, "and eat Spam and eggs, 'cause that's all we can get, and have a beer, so we won't have to eat with the filth they've got in the Army today."

"Ninety percent of the men are all right," says another, a big Irishman with arms the size of watermelons and the deceptive softness of a professional boxer about him. "It's just that they're too easy swayed by the hard-core ten percent."

The other N. C. O.s jump on him.

"Ninety percent all right, nuts!"

"Are you kiddin'?"

"Where have you been?"

"You sound like a general."

"Generals tell you today's generation is the best. That's bullshit."

"The officers lie to the public. They stand before a graph with all the arrows pointing up. They should deal with the scum we get."

These sergeants sitting here in the humid heat remind me of professional football players, both in their size and their outlook. They have the same self-assurance about everything but words. Their views are hard and passionately held but not particularly aggressive. A month ago, one of their number was blinded by a booby trap rigged in his own hooch by his own men. Another was beaten so badly he was shipped home. The sergeant major wears a pistol when he makes bed check.

"First they threaten you. Then they spit in your face. And the officers won't back you up."

"You can't court-martial a man anymore. Hell, a D. D. [dishonorable discharge] is a badge of honor to these kids."

"You can't even send the sons of bitches home."

"They'll throw a grenade under your hooch. Sure, it's only a dud or a tear-gas grenade. But you don't know that. You feel your stomach drop as it pops."

"Draft boards are giving us the dregs. What the home, the community and the church have failed to mold."

The home, the community, the church. What obsolete words are these? Who has them today? As often in Vietnam, I feel I am talking under water to men already dead.

"We're the professionals."

"The forgotten men."

These are words the lifers use about themselves all the time: "professional," their highest accolade, and "forgotten men." I suddenly remember Joe Wolff, a regular, and my platoon sergeant back in 1942, confiding to me just after I'd

made lance corporal how the Army was going to hell with all the draftees in it; and how any dumb son of a bitch who kept his ass clean could now make sergeant.

But these men face problems Wolff and I would not have believed.

The sergeants invite me back to a party two nights later and I go. We sing the old songs I thought had been forgotten: *You Are My Sunshine*, *Red River Valley*, *Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella*, *The Ballad of Lill* ("Lill was a school-teacher from way out West, / Who took up fucking 'cause she liked it best").

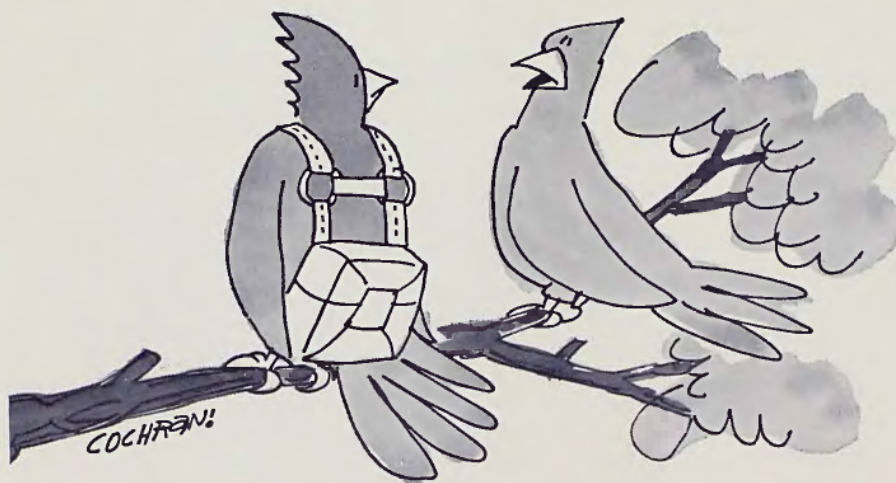
As we get through singing *God Bless America*, someone tosses a grenade against the wall of the club. We hear the pop. It is a dud. They are right. Your stomach does drop.

The patrol halts deep in the jungle. I grab a tree root to keep from sliding farther down the muddy hill and sit panting. In the 35 hours I have been with this unit, no one has spoken above a whisper. The man in front of me, the only one I can see, holds up three fingers. I turn and hold up three fingers to the man behind. In response to some code I do not know, the unit silently rearranges itself, the machine gunner and his assistant slither forward past me, the grenade launcher climbs back up the trail toward the rear. The jungle is unbelievably thick, the basic plant being a squat, saw-toothed palm with narrow leaves. Old Vietnamese hands say the jungle is less passable now since defoliation. Destruction of the top cover has let more sunlight through to the plants below.

This is the most professional unit I will visit in Vietnam. The men's packs are checked for extra weight. No one carries soda pop off the landing zone, because the "pish" of a soda being opened makes too much noise at night. They do not inflate their air mattresses or cut branches to make poncho tents for the same reason. They never bunch. Their weapons and ammunition are spotless.

After a wait of about ten minutes, the man in front of me points at me and beckons. Using hand holds, I slide the last 30 yards down the hill toward the invisible green jungle river. At the edge of the river bed, suddenly feeling naked in a patch of sunlight, I fetch up against the captain. He is 24 years old, on his second tour. He has had 20 months of combat. His first tour he spent as an advisor to a South Vietnamese ranger company. During the first half of this tour he led long-range patrols into North Vietnam.

Pulling a leech off the back of my neck, he kneels down beside me and, pointing up the trail along the riverbank, explains in a slow whisper: "What I've found here is this trail made by between ten and twenty men. You can



"The trouble with you, Sheldon, is you lack self-confidence."

tell from the way the leaves look, it's between five and ten days old. We've been along it about a hundred yards and found a tin of sardines, a package of Kools and an almost empty bottle of Vitalis. Kools are the favorite cigarette of the NVA. Sardines are used by both the NVA and the ARVN. But this can had a little bit of oil left round the edge and the NVA usually leave a can really clean. Finally, there's the Vitalis. I've never known the NVA to carry that; but the ARVN use it all the time. We're right on the edge of an ARVN AO. What I judge we've got here is an old trail where a South Vietnamese patrol crossed into my area to work up the stream a ways. We'll go downstream."

Later we break for lunch. The radio operator, a rifleman and I cook our C rations over little bite-size pieces of C-4 explosive. The rifleman's C ration is ham and lima beans, a ration the Army stopped making in 1967. "Old stuff," he whispers. A monkey rustling in a tree gives us a case of the ass for a moment, then the jungle is quiet again, no one visible but ourselves and the outline of the man before and the man behind. In whispers still, we talk about the war, dope, the black-white problem.

"We don't have any problem here; it's back in the rear," says the radio operator. "We're all buddies here and we swear we'll never think those things about blacks again. But back in the world we start up the same things."

The rifleman shakes his head. "We'll remember something."

I remark that the unit is so professional they must have seen a lot of combat. Both men think about this. Then the radio operator, who has only five days to

go and has seen a lot of combat, says no. The two men run through the company. Seventy percent have never heard a shot fired in anger.

"We're lucky to have this captain," whispers the rifleman. "He's cool to the max. We may get blown away; but we won't get blown away fucking up."

A few miles away, I visit another company. The officers and men had gotten drunk the night before and staged a fake mortar attack on themselves to see the helicopters shoot and maybe pick up a few Bronze Stars.

You can see any face of Vietnam you want.

After breaking up the mini-race riot and calming down the first sergeant, the lieutenant colonel, the one who won't charge up the mountain, takes me on a tour of his area of the base. Back of his headquarters company stands the long wooden shed of a latrine, brilliantly floodlit in the center of a floodlit field.

"That's one of my failures," says the colonel. "When I took over this outfit I found my headquarters company had gotten completely out of control. Completely. The officer I succeeded was a fine soldier, a brave man, but he'd spent all his time out in the field fighting his vehicles and he'd let his rear get away from him."

Black militants had segregated themselves onto one floor of one barracks and with their tight organization were charging whites and "Oreos"—black on the outside, white on the inside—a toll to go to the latrine without being beaten up. The colonel put MPs on the latrine. That didn't work. Finally he had to tear down the commandeered barracks, move

the latrine into the center of the field and floodlight the whole place.

"In the maintenance barracks," the colonel continued, "the lights were on all night. The studs were jiving and smoking pot. By day no one did any work. So I said, this has got to stop. And set an eleven-P.M. lights-out curfew. Two nights later, the first sergeant came to me and said, 'The men won't go to bed.'

"I got the company commander and he and I and the first sergeant went into the barracks. I said, 'Studs, it's time for bed.' No one moved. We had to go down the line—the battalion commander, the company commander and the first sergeant—and order each man into bed personally under threat of court-martial. I tell you, it's no fun commanding anymore."

As the colonel moved to take control of his outfit, he and the other officers and noncoms began receiving death threats. The sergeant was blinded by a booby trap in his hooch. Another was severely wounded by a Claymore Mine exploding on him as he went out the door of his hut. Thanks to a tip in the nick of time, two booby traps were discovered in the gas tanks of helicopters, rigged to explode while the ships were in flight.

The Criminal Investigation Division came in and uncovered a ring of black revolutionaries who had infiltrated one of the major companies that supplies technical experts to help the Army with its maintenance problems. These men were sent home and seven of the more

militant soldiers went to jail for persistently threatening officers. The colonel himself was fragged.

"I think it was more to scare me than anything else. I was coming up the walk toward my hooch late one night when the grenade was tossed from between the buildings. It hit the wall and exploded on the far side. If they'd really wanted to get me, they'd have waited till I was asleep and slipped it through my window."

Three weeks before I arrived, while the colonel was away, a group of 12 soldiers, white SDS members and blacks, from a neighboring battalion, marched on his command post with loaded M-16s to "stop the brothers from being killed." The officers and N. C. O.s inside the command post took up firing positions at the windows. The MPs were called out and surrounded the area.

"Thank God everyone kept their heads," the colonel says. "There was no shooting. The studs surrendered readily enough. Actually, all they wanted was to get out of going to the field themselves."

Taunting signs put up by the marchers remain here and there on the post. GOING HOME, COURTESY OF THE SDS reads one.

• • •

On patrol again, with a different unit: A monsoon is forecast. A month ago, seven men were drowned in this area during a monsoon, and headquarters, firmly closing the door after the vanished horse, has ordered that we move to higher ground. The platoon grumbles as

they strike their poncho tents. The company command group is moving with this platoon, the captain, his two radio operators, the artillery forward observer and his radio operator. The artillery lieutenant has a magnificent beard.

The platoon itself has a brand-new lieutenant, arrived yesterday. "You can tell the war is winding down," the captain laughs. "We finally got enough lieutenants."

We move out across a rice paddy. Once again I have the feeling I am outside the present and frozen in some ancient tapestry or marble frieze on an antique temple, celebrating a rite whose meaning is lost though the ritual continues. My pack, many pounds lighter than anyone else's, is for me staggeringly heavy; because of the monsoon threat, I am packing extra rations. The point man leading us across the paddy is a biker, as have been several other point men I have met. Since I ride a trail bike and my sons ride "big mothers"—and he himself a big mother with a suicide shift, back in the world—we have become good friends.

Other soldiers in the unit have told how great the biker is. "Man, he is one fantastic shot," said one. "A bird started up in front of him once, and he was all uptight and blasted it with his M-16. The feathers came down and hit him in the head. Mex said to him, 'What'd you do, Cowboy? Shoot an Indian?'"

Mex walks number two, drag. He is one of a family of 11, one of whose brothers died shooting up. "No one wants to be here. But to respect yourself, when you've got a job to do, man, give it your best." Back in the world, he plans to go to college and be a social worker. Behind his 11-Bravo designation, the Army occupational-specialty number for rifleman, he carries the 4-Yankee of a parachute pathfinder.

The 24 men are still burned up over yesterday's action. They were meant to get a helicopter-delivered hot lunch with cold sodas. But they were in a fire fight at the time and couldn't get to the landing zone and so missed the lunch. (Days later, I ask their battalion commander about this. It's true, he says sadly. Their fight lasted past their lunchtime and the helicopter had used up its blade hours and had to return to base.)

The company knows this area well. They have operated in it for several months and refer to its parts by nickname: "the birthday hooch area," where the captain celebrated his birthday; "the one-legged man's hooch"; "the Frenchman's hooch" (no Frenchman lives there, but it's larger than the rest); "the daffy duck's hooch"; and "the blind slash dead kid's hooch."

The blind/dead kid once lived peacefully in his particular small valley with his family. The V. C. tried to recruit his family, who refused. So the V. C.



"All right. And this is an expression of my revolt."

murdered them and burned out the eight-year-old's eyes. This made him the blind kid and his home the blind kid's hooch. The company tried to backhaul him by helicopter to a refugee center; but the kid refused so passionately they let him stay. He starved most of the time and the company gave him food when they came through his area. One time when no one was watching the kid picked up some C-4 explosive and ate that and died. In the company's mock Army nomenclature, his home then became the blind slash dead kid's hooch.

We are making for a hooch that stands up a little slope from the rice paddies behind a section of mixed bamboo and banana palms, with the jungle curving up the hills behind. It's high enough so there's no danger of floods.

"Does the hooch have a name?" I ask.

"No. It'll pick one up someday."

The column halts. Where the trail traverses a hedgerow between two paddies, the biker, walking point, has spotted a slope-stick booby trap. A cry of "Fire in the hole." Those in front fall flat. Those of us 100 yards to the rear squat down. The trap, made from a dud U.S. 105 round, explodes harmlessly.

We move on and arrive at the hooch where we will wait out the storm. Its three brick sides and 30-foot-long front wall have been blown out, but its brick-tile roof still stands—though full of holes—on the wooden frame. In the center of the building's single long earthen room is the bare frame of a battered double bed. At one end is a mound of earth over the storage cellar, at the other a cupboard and some cooking utensils. The place smells of dead fish.

"I'm going to have to sleep with my nose in my armpit," says the artillery lieutenant.

Machine guns are set up at both trail entrances and the men cut stakes and palm leaves in an attempt to make their poncho tents a bit more monsoonproof. I wish we had a mortar tube with us.

The platoon sergeant, who won a Silver Star as a helicopter door gunner on his first tour and volunteered for the Infantry on his second—he tried civilian life but found the phone company dull—is arguing with the captain.

"You got to send that son of a bitch to the rear."

"Use him as a body to haul stuff."

"He lies down. . . . He throws the stuff away."

"Catch him doing that, I'll have his ass in L. B. J. [Long Binh Jail]."

"He's pullin' us all down, Captain."

"I hate to see him get out of the field."

"We don't need the son of a bitch."

The sieve keeps sifting.

The Army maintains elaborate statistics on what is happening to its units, surveying 20 different indices each



"Honest, miss, my name is Virgil Dortmund!"

month to measure the morale of major commands. "Though after what McNamara did to us with statistics in Vietnam, we're a little careful," remarks one officer who deals with them. "For example, re-enlistment is often used by Infantrymen as a means of getting out of the field. So a high re-enlistment rate that used to indicate a good outfit may now indicate a poor one."

Nevertheless, when studied with care, the statistics reinforce the image one gets on the ground. As the war winds down, A. W. O. L.s, crimes and drug abuse are all rising rapidly, with by far the greatest rise in the rear. Article 15s (punishments by unit commanders) are up from 16 per 1000 men in fiscal 1970 to 20 per 1000 men this year. In fiscal 1970, 1589 Article 212s (less-than-honorable discharges) were given to rear-area soldiers, only 1080 to combat-area soldiers. Yet the combat-area soldiers outnumber rear-area soldiers three to one.

Fascinatingly enough, at the same time general courts-martial, which mete out the most serious punishments, are declining. This represents a profound change in the basic attitude of the Army in Vietnam toward its duty. "We used to feel that it was our responsibility to take the individual provided us by the draft and try and make a soldier out of him, return him to society a better man," said a general in Saigon who commanded troops on his first tour. "Now we 212 the bastard back into society the way we got him."

The monsoon has now been hammering down on us for a night and half a

day. We are all cold and at least partially soaked. A patrol comes back to report that "hotel hooch," another of the company's private landmarks, has floated away.

"Don't let me go to sleep," the captain says and lies back on some boards we have placed across the double bed. He passes out almost immediately. His men let him sleep, moving the radios where they won't wake him. After a while he cries and shakes in the grip of nightmares.

"It's going to be a long fucking day," the bearded artillery lieutenant keeps repeating. He turns out to be a fantastic cook: Producing refried beans, enchiladas and hot sauce from his pack, he whips up a gourmet dinner out of long-range patrol and C rations cooked over burning explosive. "It's the baby fried bananas and green peppers give it the punch."

The captain wakes and later calls for another patrol. Again the same volunteers—the sergeant, the biker, the Mexican, a black, one other man and a machine-gun team.

"My hard core," the captain says proudly.

I nod sadly, glad that I don't have to slog through the hard rain to get shot at.

About an hour later we hear the sound of automatic-weapons fire in the distance. The patrol returns, bringing with them two women prisoners. They had surprised three NVA in front of a hooch and killed one. The women were

with the men. The patrol has recognized one of the women.

"We picked her up before in our old AO, remember Captain? And the South Vietnamese let her go."

"By God, we did."

"She probably follows us around."

We are in the eye of the storm now and the rain has subsided to a drizzle. The patrol retires to their poncho tents or comes inside the hooch to get a little dry. The Kit Carson takes the two women off to the perimeter to question them. They are sullen and hostile. He gets nothing. A group of soldiers, not those who went on patrol, gather round the two women.

"You watch 'em or that young one will run away, just like the young one in Ah San."

"They think 'cause they're women we won't blow 'em away."

"I say kill 'em now."

"No. Let 'em live."

"We picked the young one up before. She give us *beaucoup* trouble. Dink her."

"Man, you always was one hard-assed soldier."

"You're fucking soft."

"I say kill 'em. I'd kill 'em."

"I would, too."

"There's a time for killin' and a time for lettin' live."

"Shit."

"Point your gun at her and pull the trigger, then. Go ahead. Go ahead. You're so fucking hot. I ain't going to stop you."

The sergeant comes up. "Get the prisoners in the hole," he says, pointing to the cellar beneath the hooch. The debate stops.

The rain strikes from a new quarter. The afternoon drags on. The biker and I talk about drugs and Ken Kesey's *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*. We are joined by the sergeant and five other soldiers, including one second-tour corporal: "Man, you don't know what it's like in my home." The talk follows its usual pattern: World War Two, Vietnam, why we are here. No one wants to be here, though some believe "We got to stop 'em here, or we'll be fightin' 'em at home." But the majority believe the war neither right nor necessary.

This belief, however, is not accompanied by the tendency often found in peace circles back in the world to glorify the enemy. Charlie is respected for his courage but despised for his cruelty. "These guys are worse than Hitler must have been; but we don't belong here" is a phrase I hear often. By their murder and torture of civilians and prisoners, the V.C. and NVA have helped keep up American morale.

• • •

Continuing to compress and restraighten his can of cola, the young general talks on.

"When Lyndon Johnson made the decision not to call up the Guard and the Reserves, a decision to fight this war on the cheap, he forced the Army to live out of its hide. So at one end of the scale you have officers on their third and

occasionally their fourth tour. [I never found anyone on his fourth tour.] And on the other end you have platoon leaders and company commanders with practically no command experience.

"By Sixty-six-Sixty-seven, it was obvious to at least a few of us that neither we nor North Vietnam could 'win' this war. But by then, we were moving inevitably to the commitment of large units and the taking of hills, to the strategy of World War Two and Korea. While they, with equal inevitability, were moving toward Tet and the slaughter of their best people, because their strategy taught that all wars are colonial and similar. So we were both caught in rituals developed for other times and other moments of combat."

We gossip awhile about technicalities of military rituals and mutual friends who were or were not caught up in them. Then I ask, "What's going to happen next?"

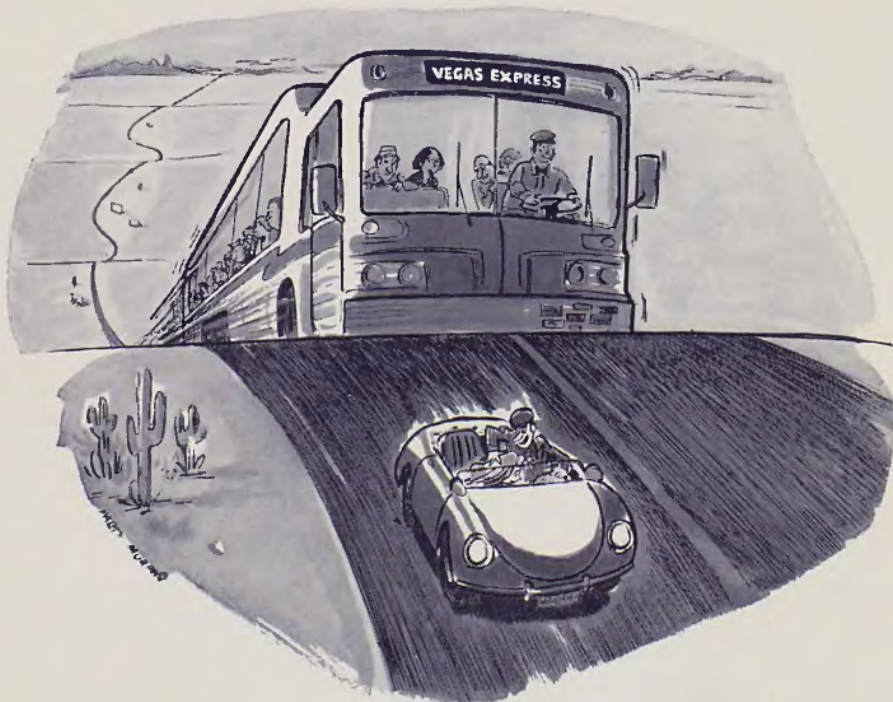
"Things will get worse. The problem of motivation will grow as the level of combat winds down and the war, for us, drags closer to its close. North Vietnamese doctrine has always stressed that a real victory is a victory over the opponent's spirit. As our able officers go elsewhere, the senior noncoms leave, the men get more careless, morale sinks, ammunition, air and other assets become scarcer—and then the North Vietnamese may pick out six or seven companies and fall on them. Two thousand men vanish in one week. The few survivors are hounded down jungle trails and murdered. No known enemy dead. How does that grab you?"

"How does that grab you?" I ask the senior general back in Saigon.

"You can play some pretty horrifying scenarios if you want as the war winds down. But we must wind this war down rapidly; and to do that, we must face one or two disasters. We can't stop Vietnamization and pull back to the old ways just because we're afraid of the disasters."

• • •

The rain ends, but the heavy monsoon clouds persist. I inflate my air mattress and have time to sneak in a quick crap before the world around the hooch becomes totally dark just after six. The captain and I are lying head to toe on boards laid across the double-bed frame. The radio operator is keeping watch at my right shoulder with his replacements asleep behind him. At right angles to my head on the dirt floor, Doc lies asleep. Two scouts are huddled asleep next to him. The artillery lieutenant's jungle hammock swings from a rafter above the captain's head. Beyond him, his radio operator and two other soldiers lie asleep, their mattresses raised off the muddy floor on old doors and palm leaves. The pitched ponchos of the platoon



rimming the hooch have disappeared in the dark.

The captain and I talk briefly about his future—he wants to be a doctor—then about his company, the war and the responsibilities of those who fight and those who criticize. He is particularly fond of angel-food cake; he shared the last piece his wife had sent him with me, in spite of my efforts to get him to eat it all. I promise I will mail him one as soon as I get back in the world.

I take off my wet boots, remove my wet socks and massage my feet to prevent jungle rot. I put on dry socks and tuck the wet ones against my stomach to dry during the night. I have a brief self-debate about whether to leave my boots on or off. They're wet and cold. There has been no enemy contact except for that of the patrols for two days. I saw other men remove their boots. I leave mine off. I would not have done so in World War Two. I reach down to put my flashlight in my helmet and discover that it is on the far side of the hooch. I start to swing up to get it, then realize that to do so, I will have to crawl under or over the captain, the doc, the artillery lieutenant and his radio operator. To hell with it: Few people in the platoon wear a helmet anyway. I wrap my poncho liner around myself, put my towel under my head and am immediately asleep.

A deep roar tears my dream apart. Where am I? The roar hits again. M-60 machine-gun fire, deep as a 50 but faster, an authoritative sound. I roll off the bed onto the floor, thinking: Christ, I'm going to get muddy. No trip flares have gone off. Haven't they been set properly? Has the enemy snuck inside us? Or is a trigger-happy new kid on the machine gun? I hear the bursts of two grenades, then the more open sound of a Claymore. A trip flare finally goes off. Still no sound of incoming.

The captain is crouching by a pillar of the ruined hooch, whispering into the dark.

A whisper comes back.

"What happened?" I ask, rising, not as muddy as I feared, into a crouch.

"A dink got through the trip wires to the edge of our position."

"New man or old on guard?"

"Old."

Then the report is probably true. We have been probed. Our position is accurately known. I sit on my bed knowing we should move, waiting for the captain to give the order but hoping he won't. We can never unstring our poncho tents. The night is wet. We will have to sit, silent and shivering, in some nearby field all night. And there is danger in that, too; no trip flares or Claymores out.

The captain gives no order. Perhaps it was just some lone V.C. or rice-carrying party that blundered into us. Exhausted,

I sink back to sleep, without putting on my boots.

Straightening his cola can with a snap, the young general rises. "And even as we talk, some patrol isn't doing its job. Or, caught in ritual myself, or lacking helicopters and men, I've missed something. And the enemy is sneaking up on one of my fire bases or companies to overrun it and wipe it out."

There is a crack. He has pushed the can together so violently that he's cut himself on the torn edge. As he goes toward the bathroom in the rear of his hooch to wipe off the blood, I am conscious that for all his efforts to keep in top shape, he walks, when tired, with a marked limp.

Suddenly I am totally awake, sleep shattered by an explosion and the sound of rifle fire.

"Incoming!"

"Incoming!"

That cry hasn't changed.

I'm off my bed and in the mud behind the radio as the next explosion hits and I hear the steel spatter through the hooch above my head like heavy drops of rain. The radio operator has hit the dirt on top of me.

Two more explosions and again the soft spatter of steel. I cower in the mud, my hands over my head, my arms shaking. What am I doing here, what am I doing here? And without my boots on. Machine guns, rifles and the grenade launcher are firing.

"Medic! Medic!"

The doc crawls off. At my head a man collapses. Too big to be the doc.

"Captain, Captain, do you want gunships?"

"Negative gunships." His voice is calm. Good. "Where's the artillery?"

"I'm cranking it up." I can hear the artillery lieutenant whispering orders into his radio on the far side of the hooch.

I have my boots on and am crawling toward my helmet, having picked up a weapon from one of the wounded lying on the floor. I figure we will take another salvo of mortars, then grenades, then they will rush us. My watch says thirteen. Two hours to overrun us, an hour to get away in the dark. Plenty of time. I hunker down behind some bricks, putting two extra clips by my left hand.

"Medic, Medic, here's more wounded."

Flashlights are turned on to dress the wounded. I think, that's asking for it. Where's the artillery?

The captain's voice: "Squad leaders, check your squads. Everyone check his buddy, see if there's wounded we've missed."

The radio operator has reported the incoming and is ordering a medevac. Over the radio the rear voices sound too

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excited. Then the radio asks for the serial numbers of the wounded and their condition. Blessed Army paperwork.

"Where's the goddamn artillery?" asks the captain.

"We can't get clearance to fire."

"What?"

"The Vietnamese say there are friendlies there."

We have just been hit from there. Here, on the other end, the clearance procedures seem killingly ridiculous.

"We're in contact. I want that fire ASAP."

Silence and the winking of flashlights, from the jungle the noise of insects sounding like high-speed gear wheels.

"Where's a flashlight? A flashlight? This guy's dying, I need a flashlight." The soldier's voice rises desperately.

All the flashlights are in use dressing other wounded. My flashlight is infinitely precious to me, they are unfindable in Vietnam; in this confusion, I will never get mine back; in the next instant, my flashlight may mean my life. I reach into my jungle fatigues' lower-left pocket.

"Here's one."

The flashlights keep bobbing in the dark. As yet no more incoming after the first deadly four rounds and we have not been rushed.

"Where's the artillery?" the captain asks again.

"They won't fire."

"Give me that radio." The captain takes the radio from the artillery lieutenant, who has been pleading into it for 20 minutes now.

"This is Socket Six. This is a combat emergency. I want those fires now. My initials are L. G."

In the dark, in a hostile jungle, his men dying around him, a cold, wet and tired 22-year-old is forced to accept the moral responsibility of which his superiors—from the President and Congress to his battalion commander—have, like Pontius Pilate, washed their hands.

In the distance the artillery fires. We cower in the mud again. How accurate will they be? The shells burst reasonably on target. But at least half of them are duds. In the dark the soldiers curse. Now the artillery also begins to fire flares, and by their flickering light as they drift down on their parachutes we can take stock. We have eight wounded, three seriously: one in the chest and legs, two in the head. One of these, the one who stumbled at my head in the dark, will die.

Over the radio a new problem erupts. The medevac helicopter refuses to land in the dark. Over and over we hear the pilot ask: "Is this mission really urgent? Can't the men last three more hours till light? Do you down there know the meaning of urgent?"

The captain feels his way over to the other radio, classifies the mission as urgent, again gives his initials. The scene keeps shifting and fading as the flares drift down beneath their top parachutes and burn out. In this light I make out the figure of the biker, the point man, going from wounded to wounded, lifting them with his strength. "You got a million-dollar wound there, man. You'll be back in the world in two days. You're going to be all right."

"You'll be all right." Once someone spoke those words from the dark to me. The face of war is everywhere the same. Burned-out houses, hostile lines of trees, deadly dark, men stretched out with others, coils of energy bent above them; and here and there bodies in the absurd, broken-marionette position of the dead.

A line of poetry Keith Douglas wrote after El Alamein throbs through me: "How can I live amongst this gentle obsolescent breed of heroes and not weep?" But who weeps for these men?

The scene shuts down dark.

"Captain," the artillery lieutenant pivots from his radio, "the 105s have run out of illum [flare shells]."

"Have the 155s fire them."

"They can't. It's too close in to us."

"Tell them it's a combat emergency and give them my initials."

"Roger that. It's lucky you're not signing checks."

We all laugh.

Laying the wounded on ponchos, we wind down the jungle trail and debouch like hornets from a narrow nest hole into the rice paddy, where the medevac chopper can land. The men wade across the paddy, fanning out in the water and along the dike, where they squat down like hard-shelled beetles. Above us the two gun helicopters guarding the Red Cross bird explode into a Fourth of July display, raking the jungle edges of our clearing with machine-gun fire, cannons and the double crack-bang of rockets. The whole show almost comes apart because we do not have the required red flare to mark our position. But the sergeant, a man for all seasons, has one he captured from the Communists two weeks ago and knows how to work. The flare goes up.

Out of the south, black and hanging backward in the air, red cross just visible on the bulge of its front, the medevac helicopter sneaks in, hugging the folds of the ground. The wind of its rotors blows a shower of wet mud over us. Carrying the wounded, the beetle shapes stagger toward the chopper through the mud. The gunships make another fiery pass at the jungle. Another hurricane of mud and the medevac helicopter has lifted off. Those of us who remain file back to the hooch, numb, to wait the two hours till dawn. As we walk

back I see in the flare light the sergeant and the biker, carrying the machine gun, guarding our rear.

Sudden as death, light comes. We who are alive look at one another; inspect the mortar holes; make coffee; get the prisoners from the cellar.

"I had a squad of thirteen men yesterday. Now I got five." The squad leader stands dazed in the small clearing before the hooch. Blood on the floor, blood on my clothes, blood on the ammunition and the radios. The artillery lieutenant's hammock is full of holes, my own air mattress rent.

I am alive. At that moment Vietnam has no other truth for me. And I have only 60 days. These men, 365. I am alive.

The next day I am airlifted out, along with a soldier called Pete whose 365 days in Vietnam are up. As there are no higher headquarters officers around, the spot where the helicopter will land is named after Pete. LZ PETE written large with white aerosol shaving soap on the jungle path, a peace sign beneath.

A few weeks later I am at the christening of a jungle fire base called Fosberg, named for a sergeant who died close by. "This fire base will be a permanent memorial to him," says the colonel in charge. On whose map? For how long?

• • •

In Saigon the senior general paces back and forth. "Vietnam is a poison in our blood. It runs through our national life and infects us all. Those at home as well as those of us here. Will we learn from it? Will it have been worth it morally? That question has to be left to history."

As my home bird jets me toward back in the world, I have one overriding thought: I have been in hell and found most of the inhabitants there, contrary to popular belief, fine people. And this includes specifically the South Vietnamese, now in their 30th year of war. But all are trapped by a complexity too vast for them to understand, trapped in a ritual of boundless destruction. We and the enemy, partners together, dance, entombed by our opposing simplicities. So far, we are both unable to find the strength within ourselves to stop the music.

I keep remembering the words of Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address: "Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. . . . Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding." There is no way out of the Vietnam tragedy without pain; and we are all part of the action. Those most intimately involved deserve our anger only occasionally, our tears almost always.





John
Dempsey

"Know something, Angela? All men really aren't created equal."

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