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JUNE 1970 • ONE DOLLAR

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PLAYBILL BACKED BY THE SIGN of the Rabbit, cover girl Claudia Jennings has been unanimously selected by our editors as 1970's Playmate of the Year. To celebrate her reign, we offer within a photographic portfolio of Claudia, surrounded by part of her queen's ransom of rewards. Treasure of another kind figures heavily in Nelson Algren's *Get All the Money*, an ironic race-track tale commingling the fates of a horse, its distaff owner and its win-hungry jockey. Perhaps best known for *The Man with the Golden Arm* and *A Walk on the Wild Side*, Algren wrote, some 20 years ago, a prose poem called *Chicago: City on the Make*, a new edition of which has recently been published. But PLAYBOY's home town has been a city under renewed verbal and physical attack ever since the 1968 Democratic National Convention. In *The Chicago Conspiracy Circus*, *Washington Post* syndicated columnist Nicholas von Hoffman makes a persuasive case for his contention that both the establishment and the anti-establishment were on trial—and that both sides and the nation lost. Von Hoffman sat through virtually all of the proceedings and, after overhearing the judge (outside the court) call one of the defense lawyers a "wild man," was subpoenaed by the defense. Though Von Hoffman was barred from testifying, then—U. S. Attorney Thomas Foran—who headed the prosecution—was so angered by his newspaper accounts that he publicly called upon other journalists to run him out of the business. We're happy to report that Von Hoffman is still writing and has a collection of columns titled *Left at the Post* being published this summer.

It was during the same Democratic Convention that Julian Bond, a theretofore little-known Georgia legislator, challenged the seating of his state's delegation and not only became the floor leader of what was left of the Georgia Democratic Party but also wound up being nominated for Vice-President—even though, by constitutional law, he was too young to be eligible. Bond's politics and personality are insightfully examined by NBC News correspondent Douglas Kiker in *Now, from the State That Brought You Lester Maddox*. . . . Disheartened by the deepening unrest in America during the late Sixties, educator-essayist John Clellon Holmes took an extended tour of Europe in a search for self-renewal. While there, he wrote his fourth contribution to PLAYBOY, *See Naples and Live*, an evocative tribute to a vibrant city and its people that reaffirmed for him—as we think it will for others—the invincible vitality of the human spirit. *Naples* is one of ten accounts of his trip that he's writing, tentatively titled *Walking Away from the War*.

In this month's *Playboy Interview*, the intrepid captain of the good ship Lollipop—Tiny Tim—tiptoes through the

tulips conversationally for former Associate Editor Harold Ramis, who, bitten by the showbiz bug himself, left us a few months ago to devote his time to acting at Chicago's highly regarded improvisational theater, Second City. In a more serious vein, Columbia University professor Alan Westin—who has appeared as an expert witness before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights and the House Subcommittee on Invasion of Privacy—explains in *The Career Killers* what happens to a job applicant when he falls into the hands of irresponsible personnel investigators.

The Sacrifice marks Louis Auchincloss' second appearance in our pages. His poignant story of a judge's bout with personal tragedy will be included in a collection of short stories he's planning that will deal with different forms of identity crises. Two rather far-out tales round out June's fiction offerings—Richard Matheson's *Button, Button* and Patrick McGivern's *Number Eight*. The former concerns a couple tempted by the moral-philosophy paradox of getting rich by willing the death of an unknown person. *Number Eight* is a comical fantasy about the adventures—mostly sexual—of a zany American astronaut named Batson.

Batson might have written the copy on the gift certificate that Henry Miller sent to us along with his *Tropic of Cancer* *Revisited*, which read: "This certificate is good for one pair of space panties for the girl who thinks her ass is out of this world." Miller, who broke the barriers of what has loosely been called pornography, returned to Paris last summer to watch the filming of the erotic classic he wrote there over 35 years ago; *Revisited* is a nostalgic three-page essay—pictorial and textual—of the experience. With due apologies to Miller's books *Sexus* and *Plexus*, PLAYBOY cartoonist John Dempsey contributes *Sexus Perplexus*, an antic view of the scoring problems involved in the oldest sport of all.

Other treats to welcome summer: *The Germans Are Coming! The Germans Are Coming!*. Contributing Editor Ken W. Purdy's expert appraisal of the sophisticated cars that have spearheaded a Teutonic auto renaissance; *Tailor-Made Turndowns*, a humorous collection of magazine rejection slips revamped to suit their publications' personalities, concocted by PLAYBOY staffers Craig Vetter and Geoffrey Norman; and *Lola*, our exclusive photo uncoverage of singer-dancer-actress Lola Falana. Fashion Director Robert L. Green exhibits a dual sartorial personality in *We Go to Great Panes*, a bold new outlook in suits for the adventurous urbanite, and *Wetward Ho!*, a roundup of seaworthy wearables. On the beach, at poolside—or anywhere else, for that matter—we recommend Food and Drink Editor Thomas Mario's *Rum Antics*, a batch of bracing summer drinks to help you keep your cool. So read on—and stay in the swim of things.

PLAYBOY



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a spectacular, refreshing,
neat, great, wonderful idea,
used to say it was a lousy,
stupid, bad, dumb idea.

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By "silly" rules we don't mean good rules. Like traffic control laws. Or public health laws. Or responsible behavior. And we don't want to get involved in major political issues that you might consider silly.

We're talking about the silly conventions that cramp your style. The who-knows-where-they-came-from customs standing between you and a more entertaining, rewarding life.

Like the rule that says you've got to squeeze into your most uncomfortable clothes to attend the dull party of the year. Or the rule that says white wine goes with fish and red with meat.

Hence our "Break a silly rule" contest. We want to hear from you: Smirnoff and non-Smirnoff drinkers alike. Tell us what you think the silliest social rule is—and how you want to break it.

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1. There are no official entry blanks. Just grab the handiest piece of paper and write us—in 25 words or less *or more*—what you think the silliest rule of social behavior is. And how you'd like to change it.

2. There's only one prize. Just as there's only one Smirnoff. But this prize is fit for a Czar. The winner gets a year's vacation at full pay *plus* expenses anywhere in the world up to a total of \$50,000. (For instance, if you're making \$10,000 a year we'll match that and throw in another \$40,000 for expenses. If you're making more

than \$50,000, you and your family will have to cut a few corners.)

3. After your year's up? If your present boss doesn't have the welcome mat out, we'll do our very best to help you find a better boss.

4. If you insist, we'll give you the \$50,000 in cash. But we'd like this prize to be as unique as Smirnoff itself. And it would do our Smirnoff hearts good to think of you off rollicking for a full year.

5. Neatness doesn't count, just as long as you're legible. But humor and imagination and creative sparkle definitely count. The same kind of imagination Smirnoff people have been using for years to conjure up taste-expanding new drinks.

6. You don't need to buy Smirnoff to enter. But it doesn't hurt. Since it's the driest, smoothest liquor you can pour, it just might tickle your imagination along with your taste buds.

7. When this exposé of social silliness is over, we intend keeping all entries as our property and maybe even publishing the ones we like best—with full credit to you as author. You'll be able to pick up a copy at your Smirnoff store.

8. If contests are null and void in your state (and this offer is void where prohibited) maybe you should consider moving to another state.

9. This contest is only for U.S. citizens over 21. But there's no silly rule that says you can't borrow an idea or two from the kids. Or a friend in another country. After all, Smirnoff is the number one choice in vodka around the world.

10. There's no limit to the number of different silly rules you can enter. Just like there's no limit to the number of delicious things you can make with Smirnoff.

11. A silly rule forbids anyone from entering who's employed by or supported by anyone who works for Heublein, its subsidiaries, affiliates and advertising agencies or the R. H. Donnelley Corp.

12. Entries will be judged by the R. H. Donnelley Corp. Their decisions will be final.

13. Deadlines. To qualify, your entry (entries) must be post-marked no later than July 13, 1970. Any later than that, you're an unlucky loser. The lucky win-a-year-off entrant will be announced the day after Labor Day, and will be notified as soon as possible by mail.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

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

CONFRONTATION

The articles by Jules Siegel and George Fox, *Revolution and Counterrevolution* (PLAYBOY, March), were generally fair, accurate and thought-provoking—the best analysis of the student left and the student right that I have yet read in any national publication.

However, if Mr. Fox had investigated the claim by black militants that "roving bands of Hayakawas . . . attempted to rape two Negro female students," he would have discovered that it was groundless. The incident was supposed to have taken place on the night of February 12, 1969, when the temperature in Madison had plummeted to near zero. A rapist would have had to be a very hardy fellow, indeed, to attack a girl outdoors in weather like that.

So much for criticism. When I heard of your plans to publish the article by Mr. Fox, I feared the kind of hatchet job on Young Americans for Freedom that we have experienced in the past from publications that share your editorial persuasion. I was, on the whole, very pleasantly surprised. I was particularly pleased with Fox's understanding of the difficulties we face with some older conservatives. I was also pleased with the fairness with which he disassociated the purged National Youth Alliance leadership from the Neo-Nazi tentacles of the Liberty Lobby.

If the gist of the two articles is that either the groups that Mr. Siegel described or Young Americans for Freedom are likely to be running the country a decade or so from now, I agree. I think it will be us.

Mike Kelly, Vice-Chairman
Wisconsin YAF
Madison, Wisconsin

We were disappointed on reading *Counterrevolution* to notice the posture that you adopted toward the National Youth Alliance. The use of such terms as Nazi is a common technique for producing a desired emotional result. As soon as such psychopolitical trigger words are introduced into a discussion, any rational evaluation of issues is prevented. We were more than glad to cooperate with you on this article and were dismayed to

find so little in the way of an objective analysis of our programs.

You seem to have drawn your material from the Anti-Defamation League and the late Drew Pearson. Their sources are totally lacking in credibility, for John Acord and Dennis McMahon have consistently sacrificed truth to petty revenge. On May 22, 1969, we confronted our accusers on the *Barry Farber Show*, WOR, New York. The deception of the Acord/McMahon/Pearson combine was obvious to anyone who heard the interchange.

You describe Francis Parker Yockey's book *Imperium* as a "racist tract." The news media have abounded with such summations of this 626-page philosophical work, and yet no one, including PLAYBOY, has ever reviewed it.

The implication in your article is that we are a rival of, or alternative to, Young Americans for Freedom. We have, however, a culturally oriented historical perspective that differentiates us from all other groups on the American scene. We reject the libertarian premise that a man and his actions can be judged apart from their impact on society; and for this reason, we have established an authoritarian structure that completely eliminates internal dissension.

Had you investigated, you would have found that the Liberty Lobby has worked for years to further the passage of pro-American legislation and to acquaint the people of this country with the danger of rampant liberalism. I have known Willis Carto personally for some time, and your description of him as a "gray eminence of the anti-Negro, anti-Semitic right" does little more than display your ignorance of the man and the organization.

Louis T. Byers
National Youth Alliance
Washington, D. C.

In an era when the reporting of the establishment press is shallow and simplistic and that of the underground is a steamy combination of bullshit and pornography, your articles on *Revolution* and *Counterrevolution* came as a welcome relief. Jules Siegel did a fine job of etching the reasons for revolt, particularly with his quotes from Bob Dylan. In a



There is enough
Chantilly
in this bottle
to shake her
world.
(And yours.)

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country that worshiped the handsome, clean-cut, football-playing fraternity man, where was the skinny kid with sloping shoulders and pimples supposed to go? Society had cast far more people than just black men in the role of "nigger."

Siegel is also right in implying that many of the radicals and revolutionaries are mirror images of their conservative parents. There's little to choose between the truncheons of the right and those of the left, as your articles, perhaps inadvertently, tend to prove. But for the frequently unthinking and usually arrogant youth of America, who uncritically idolize their own spokesmen, the essays contain an urgent moral: If you don't use your own head, somebody else will.

Roger Comfort
Chicago, Illinois

During the first five years of our existence, we at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville have been called many things, and it has not always been easy to be good-humored about them. But after encountering the opening words of George Fox's *Counterrevolution*, mystification is the response to which I must confess. Let me quote:

Built only five years ago, [the campus of Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville] consists of eight or nine rust-colored, ultramodern buildings plopped down in the middle of 6000 featureless acres, like spaceships that have crash-landed on a not-quite-habitable planet.

We have at present only six buildings, though we could easily use the two or three more your writer conjured up. They are rust-colored; but one would be hard put to convince the legislature or the taxpayers of Illinois that they were "plopped down." We have only 2600 acres; is it possible that your writer found the additional 3400 acres in the same place he saw those crash-landed spaceships?

I note that Mr. Fox also missed the miniskirts on our young ladies. By and large, he appears to have missed as much of the excitement on our campus as a reader might miss if he looked to *PLAYBOY* for nothing more than geographical description and social comment.

John S. Rendleman, Chancellor
Southern Illinois University
Edwardsville, Illinois

In view of his assignment to cover a YAF convention, it isn't surprising that George Fox saw the Edwardsville campus of Southern Illinois University as a statist version of Bob Jones U. But, in his description of the activities of the short-cropped cretins of the local right, Fox neglected to mention, among other things, that the president of YAF is black. And, despite the architecture—which is

Frank Lloyd Wright out of C. B. De Mille by Ayn Rand—Edwardsville far more resembles New Left ideals become concrete than it does a right-wing future. For instance:

1. Edwardsville had a special school in the East St. Louis ghetto, devoted to preparing undereducated blacks and whites for junior college work, when blacks were fighting for less ambitious programs in more prestigious schools.

2. The dean of students and any number of professors in the loci of decision are black. Some, of course, are Toms, but most are not.

3. We have a work-study program that enables hundreds of virtually destitute students—among them, me—to survive.

4. Edwardsville chancellor John Rendleman is alert to student-faculty interests. When one complains to Rendleman, he responds: only the most bigoted hold him suspect.

All right, I know what you're thinking: Another crew-cut apologist for the establishment. Right? Wrong. I've got the kind of long frazzled hair that drives the straights right up the wall. I'm an art major. And I'm with the movement. I mean, like, the Vietnam Center at Carbondale has got to go. But, if you're interested in defending human values and not just out to groove with hostility freaks such as the Weathermen, Edwardsville deserves some recognition other than identification with the YAF.

David E. Thomas
Edwardsville, Illinois

SIGNS FOR THE TIMES

Thank you for publishing Bob Jennings' *Swinging on the Stars* (*PLAYBOY*, March). I don't know many astrologers, but those I know have been of more help than harm. I have a tendency to believe the philosophy of Carroll Righter: "The stars impel, they do not compel; what you make of your life is largely up to you."

Proper timing for proper results is one of the secrets astrology can reveal. For instance, you wouldn't go to the beach to get a suntan at midnight; your timing would be 12 hours off, unless you happen to be in Sweden at midsummer. I think Mr. Jennings did an excellent and very entertaining job on the subject, even though he termed me a "self-styled astrological hypochondriac." It was my ex-wife who said that, but that's to be expected—she's a Scorpio.

Bob Cummings
Beverly Hills, California

I wish to compliment C. Robert Jennings on his thought-provoking article *Swinging on the Stars*. True to his astrological signature (a Virgo with Leo rising), Mr. Jennings presented a factual history of astrology (Virgo) with a good deal of showmanship (Leo). De-

spite some tongue-in-cheek overtones, he fairly portrayed the current status of the astrological science in America. The American Federation of Astrologers, of which I am first vice-president, is doing its best to crack down on charlatans who are riding the current boom.

David Williams
Bayside, New York

Some corrections on your article about astrology: It is not necessary to take a test to become a member of the American Federation of Astrologers. If a person wants to take one of our examinations, he may, on a voluntary basis. The article also says that NASA chose the astrologers who were present at the launching of Apollo 12 on its mission to the moon. This is not accurate, as I chose the astrologers and sent the list of names to NASA. They, in turn, sent out the invitations.

Paul R. Grell, Executive Secretary
American Federation of Astrologers
Washington, D. C.

C. Robert Jennings' article on astrology was very interesting, the coverage first class. I completely agree with Ruth Oliver's view of the horoscope as a "diagram of possibilities." What else can it mean when thousands of people are born on the same day? Only the word potential can be applied when one considers the endless varieties of background, training, genes, etc. The miracle is that so many astrologers are so accurate with so many clients.

I disagree with the analysis of Nixon and Reagan. Our President has a subjective horoscope (most of the planets below the horizon) and the chart has neither breadth nor depth, only expediency. Reagan is too conceited and self-opinionated to have good judgment.

Pauline Messina
New York, New York

COTTONTAIL CONTEST

You didn't arrange to send an Easter Bunny to my house, but I would have taken any one of the lovely young women selected as finalists in your *Bunny of the Year* beauty pageant. March's pictorial lineup of keyholder favorites was the greatest. And, incidentally, happy tenth anniversary to the Clubs. Keep up the good work.

Thomas Corcoran
Los Angeles, California

Over the years, I've been a regular at the Playboy Clubs, not only taking clients to them but frequently attending the New York hutch along with my wife, for an evening out. The food and drink have always been excellent, as has the entertainment; but invariably, what made the evening was the unfailing cheerfulness and attention of our Bunny. Your pictorial on the *Bunny of the Year*

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contest brought back many pleasant memories of evenings at the Club. With so many lovely candidates, it must have been nearly impossible to make up your mind. My congratulations to the contestants and the winners.

Marcus Rathban
New York, New York

THE DEVIL'S WISHES

One of the oldest *shlicks* in literature is the guy who is suddenly granted (or cursed with) three wishes. The number of stories with that as the gimmick must run into the hundreds, and I thought I had read them all. But never had I read one as clever and well constructed as *The Same to You Doubled*, by Robert Sheckley (PLAYBOY, March). Here's wishing for more stories by him.

Dwight Corman
Sacramento, California

RAY OF GENIUS

The interview with Ray Charles (PLAYBOY, March) is a breath of fresh air amid the pollution emanating from the Eldridge Cleavers and the New Leftists. Never mind Ray Charles's music, though it has also brought pleasure to many lives, including mine. Give me his affirmation of life, his truly humanitarian approach. Here is one Negro who knows what America is all about.

As a Jew, I thank Ray Charles for looking at every American as an individual and judging him on his own merits. The New Left could take a lesson. But, then, they are not interested in education. They will, in time, find appropriate reproaches for this man who overcame poverty and persecution not by shouting but by singing—something he does only slightly less well than articulating the feelings of the average American, black or white.

Rabbi I. B. Koller
Congregation B'nai B'rith
Santa Barbara, California

I've always admired the genius of Ray Charles as a musician. I now have a deeper knowledge of him as an individual, and he isn't a remote personality any longer. The interview is one of your very best. It did, however, contain one mistake. A recording artist is awarded a gold album for reaching the figure of \$1,000,000 in *sales* (at the factory price, which is one third list) for an album, not for 1,000,000 *copies*, as with a single record.

Art Capaldo
Waterbury, Connecticut

I once had the pleasure of hearing Ray Charles in concert at the University of Mississippi, where he received a well-deserved standing ovation for his musical talents. That night, he entertained me immensely and when I read your inter-

view with him, he did it again. The man is truly a "genius." Thank you very much for an enlightening conversation with one of the world's top performers.

Cpl. Brooke Dickson, U. S. M. C.
Cherry Point, North Carolina

WHITEY UNMASKED

I have tolerated Buck Brown's banal cartoons, grandmother fixation and total lack of humor for some months now. But his full-page, blatantly racist "cartoon" in the March issue (page 123) is like learning that Joe McCarthy is reopening his hearings. The black man in America is having a difficult enough time realizing his own prestige and identity, without some Whitey picturing him as a poverty-stricken, ignorant subhuman incapable of spelling the word that suburban whites associate with him—"watermillion"—unable to master such intricacies of grammar as the use of the verb to be, and putting up signs saying SHO 'NUFF BOSS CLOW. Lincoln ended slavery, but the black people can never be free until the white middle class forgets the idea of racial superiority and the major media stop perpetrating the psychological subjugation of the African people.

J. Alexander Tanford, Chairman
Princeton University Yearbook
Princeton, New Jersey

Reader Tanford's heart may be in the right place, but not his facts: Buck Brown is black; his cartoon satirizes racism.

HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME

Once again, PLAYBOY has done an excellent job on the market—this time in *Playboy Plays the Stock Market* in your March issue. Michael Laurence is to be congratulated on his thoroughness and clarity on a very complicated subject.

Louis Hubshman, Jr.
Hubshman Fund
New York, New York

Michael Laurence brings the stock market to the common investor's level. Most small speculators are ashamed to ask for information from brokers for fear they'll be considered get-rich-quickers with little knowledge and less cash and, consequently, not worth a broker's time. The author removes this fear with his clear explanation of terms and distinguished advice. He should be applauded by all 27,000,000 present-day investors, as well as those not yet in their ranks.

Wes Welch
Gibson City, Illinois

The article in the March PLAYBOY on how to play the stock market presents a well-thought-out primer on the nature of the market and some of the problems the investor faces and suggests certain methods of coping with them. This is immensely practical information, since

the average man who is successful in his business or profession sooner or later has to face the difficult job of investing his accumulated dollars. The pity of it is that although he may hold degrees in law, medicine or business administration, he probably has had little or no education in the ownership and trading of the shares of corporations. Laurence's article, like the several others in his series, should help in encouraging readers to learn more about the subject.

This type of article seems to be in line with the expanding image of PLAYBOY as a broadly informative magazine that includes contributions by authorities in a wide variety of fields, thus extending the scope of the publication without losing sight of the lovely Playmates.

John Magee
Springfield, Massachusetts

The world of finance has been plagued by hundreds of essays and books written by amateurs attempting to analyze and report on the complex world of the stock market. As expected, PLAYBOY reverses the trend with Michael Laurence's excellent article *Playboy Plays the Stock Market*. The author's treatment of this dynamic institution is superb.

I have assigned this article as required reading for the 42 students in the Financial Markets and Institutions course I am currently teaching at the University of Toledo. Most significant about Mr. Laurence's informative coverage of the basics of the market, historical aspects and investment advice is his skill in relating these facts to the contemporary investment situation.

Duane E. Knapp
College of Business Administration
University of Toledo
Toledo, Ohio

It was with great interest and pleasure that I read *Playboy Plays the Stock Market*. As a novice investor, I found Mr. Laurence's approach most enlightening—far more realistic than the approaches used by many of today's circulation-minded authors.

Roger J. Dow
Ridgewood, New Jersey

I found Michael Laurence's article generally to be accurate and useful for the neophyte investor. However, I must disagree with his comments on stock charts. I suppose it's different strokes for different folks, but I'm always amused when two chartists make diametrically opposed predictions from the same chart. I was also disappointed when he failed to mention the game aspects of the market. The idea of the stock market without a certain element of chance is frustrating.

I conclude with some paraphrases.



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plagiarized from various sources. (1) If you don't know who you are, the market can be an awfully expensive place to find out. (2) There are no set rules in this game. Nothing implies anything. (3) It doesn't matter what the elements of the game are. As long as there's a way to keep score, many of us will be playing.

Robert Riley O'Connor II
Athens, Georgia

TEMPO OF THE TIMES

Alvin Toffler, in his two excellent articles on the increasing rate of change in our society (*Future Shock*, PLAYBOY, February; *Coping with Future Shock*, PLAYBOY, March), has brilliantly pointed out what will soon be a growing problem. But he has not considered deeply enough the use of mass ritual in our society. Such events as baseball and the moon shot can be compared with the famous Roman games used by the emperors to keep the masses from becoming bored and, even worse, restless. Can it be that we, too, are on the verge of mass boredom? Several people have complained that the money we spent going to the moon could have been better spent helping our poor. But would such a poverty program have the crowd appeal that the moon walk had? I doubt it, and I imagine the powers that be doubted it also. Thus, we went to the moon and Harlem and Watts are still with us.

Gary T. Anderson
University of California
Irvine, California

Of the many writers decrying the current scene, Alvin Toffler is one of the very few with perception enough to realize that the rate of change in this muddled world of ours may be more significant than the nature of the changes themselves. He—and you—are to be congratulated for two truly penetrating articles. However, there are communities other than just Mystic and Williamsburg where history is frozen. The French Quarter in New Orleans is an outstanding example, as is almost all of San Francisco.

William Eddleman
Lincoln, Nebraska

Thanks to Alvin Toffler for his well-intentioned and stimulating articles. Although I feel he has correctly perceived the nature of one of the greatest problems that have ever faced mankind, I feel uneasy about his solutions.

He thinks that the answer lies in learning how to control the accelerated rate of change; actually, would it not be better to find ways of simply preventing it from controlling us? Toffler's prescriptions would seem to do nothing to alleviate the problem at its roots.

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If you don't believe us and if you doubt the authenticity of ancient frescoes reproduced above, splash a little Bacchus on yourself. Then go out and conquer your own empire.

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human beings, we all have essentially the same needs and fears, the same motivating forces. The answer lies not in attempting to foster or stifle change but in trying to understand man's relationship to his environment and understanding, lest we get carried away by our technology, that one man's problems are everybody's problems.

Glenn A. Jenks
New York, New York

The articles on future shock are an excellent analysis of today's accelerated tempo of change. However, it isn't accelerating quite as rapidly as Mr. Toffler indicates, though, with the increased efficiency of the communications industries, we are being forced to integrate more information than in former years. I also protest Mr. Toffler's inclusion of "communities where history is partially frozen." Escapist enclaves would spell disruption of the superindustrial society he envisions, since they would tend to keep the persons involved isolated from society (or the rest of the nation) and would intensify the future shock upon re-entry into the fast-paced world.

James K. V. Adams
Carbondale, Illinois

WHAT A DOLL IS BARBI

The photo story on Barbi Benton (*Barbi Doll*, PLAYBOY, March) was really great. Your magazine has always featured beautiful girls, but Miss Benton is one of the most gorgeous to honor your pages. That first picture, of just her wonderful face, is the best one of the entire group.

Pvt. Michael P. Middagh, U. S. M. C.
San Diego, California

May I extend my congratulations on your truly beautiful pictorial, *Barbi Doll*. The warmth, excitement and exhilaration expressed in those photographs seemed to radiate from the page. My compliments to Miss Benton and to photographer Casilli for a great pictorial.

William C. Dove
Summit, New Jersey

HASHISMO

For one who thought that hash came in only one flavor and texture, *Hash Freak-Out* (PLAYBOY, March) was something of a shock (as well as a stomach pleaser). Curried lamb hash, browned beef hash with chestnuts, patty of lobster hash, hash with wine! Beautiful! Every recipe looked delectable, including the one for fried asparagus. My thanks to chef Mario, as well as to Tom Simpson, who did the fantastic sculpture in the illustration.

Jeff Beall
Detroit, Michigan



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Thin-skinned TV executives who were wounded by Vice-President Agnew's verbal shots have found, to their consternation, that even heavier broadsides are in store. Enter Groove Tube, the creation of Kenny Shapiro, a former child actor in what is now nostalgically known as the golden age of television. Today, grown chunky and vengeful, Shapiro delights in biting the hand that fed him. The most stinging assault on television since Newton Minow got his licks in at the "vast wasteland," Groove Tube uses the medium itself to transmit the message: Theater audiences are confronted not by the traditional trappings of a stage revue but by three video monitors, as lonely as the crosses on Calvary. The question of whether any TV show could possibly be worth a \$3.50 admission is quickly answered in the affirmative.

Taking on TV's newscasters, Shapiro fades in on a typical announcer who's wrapping up his show with a classically pointless, unamusing anecdote "from the lighter side of today's news." But that's gentle compared with the treatment he accords sportscasters in a mock play-by-play of "the international sex Olympics of 1972," delivered by a team of intense, gravel-throated commentators while the monitor shows an unabashed stag film. "The West German team of Kurt Stem and Christina Busch starts with the classic frontal embrace. Stem, an exponent of hand technique, brings his left hand into action with a downward sweep, a graceful curl, a probe—oh, a beautiful probe!" And the puerility of "kiddie shows" is a fat target for Groove Tube's Koko the Clown, who sends "the big people" out of the room so he can read to his young charges from *Fanny Hill* and the Marquis de Sade.

Shapiro, who stooged for pitchman Sid Stone on Texaco commercials for Milton Berle's *Texaco Star Theater* in the early Fifties, says he isn't out to lampoon television. "There isn't anything to lampoon," he claims. "The things I hold up to ridicule are ridiculous to begin with. But how many people have noticed it until now? I haven't watched TV in years, but no one thinks

our version of what's on the tube is out of date. Doesn't that prove something? I was in college when I dreamed up our Kramp TV Kitchen commercial—a seven-minute how-to demonstration on the preparation of a concrete-hard mess topped with a tiny American flag and dubbed the Fourth of July Heritage Loaf. Yet it's pertinent and funny today, simply because Kraft is still running the same commercials it ran years ago. Or the bits that we do on the *Amateur Hour*, or automobile commercials, or public-health messages that never quite say what disease they're talking about—these subjects are all frozen in time. They will be the same—just as worthless—in ten years as they are today and were yesterday."

Shapiro and college roommate Lane Sarasohn began making their video tapes for fun rather than profit; but when the cost of their equipment—recorders, cameras, lights—crept over \$5000, they rented a small off-Broadway house, cleaned it up, put together a show and started charging enough to cover expenses. "We thought of it as TV for heads," Shapiro recalls. "But *The New York Times* 'discovered' us and we started getting people from the suburbs. We raised our price, but they kept coming. What knocks us out is that these are the people we assumed were satisfied with TV as it is: why else would they watch it night after night, year after year?"

Though besieged by promoters, Shapiro himself has opened a second theater, in Chicago, which plays duplicates of the tapes made in New York; another outlet is planned for San Francisco and yet another for Denver, as well as a college tour; the show opened recently at the Los Angeles Playboy Club. From only one quarter has there been a noticeable lack of recognition for Groove Tube: the television networks. "After the *Times* compared us with the best of David Frost, the Smothers brothers and Rowan and Martin," reports Shapiro, "I got a wire from the producer of *Laugh-In*, saying he wanted to get in touch with me. But I never heard from him again. I guess he thought it over and saw the danger." Which may illustrate the essen-

tial difference between Groove Tube and boob tube.

•
Calling Dr. Hayakawa: At the University of Oxford's Wadham College, a group of militant student activists recently presented a list of nonnegotiable demands to the administration and threatened direct action if their demands were not met. They received this response from the warden of the college: "We note your threat to take what you call 'direct action' unless your demands are immediately met. We feel that it is only sporting to let you know that our governing body includes three experts in chemical warfare, two ex-commandos skilled with dynamite and torturing prisoners, four qualified marksmen in both small arms and rifles, two ex-artillerymen, one holder of the Victoria Cross, four karate experts and a chaplain. The governing body has authorized me to tell you that we look forward with confidence to what you call a 'confrontation,' and I may say even with anticipation."

•
From Hanford, California, comes word that two young women were charged with indecent exposure following a raid on a Kings County topless night club. The evidence was gathered by five county investigators who sat through the show—three times.

•
Our Creative Copy Writer of the Month Award goes to the anonymous wordmeister at Nash Publishing Corporation who let it all hang out on the dust jacket of Samuel Harrison's novel *Madrigal*: "A zest for living, an insatiable thirst for knowledge, a craving for beauty on her own terms—all these made Cynthia Pritchett different from her friends and neighbors in London's waterfront slum—even at the age of 12. . . . Her world widens to the bright lights of Piccadilly, to the fashionable hotels of Paris and Cairo, only to see the key to her happiness in an out-of-the-way plantation in the heart of Africa. She encounters a sarcastic boss, a romantic industrialist, a tough American airplane

pilot. She is aroused by a crippled dock worker, compromised by a Lesbian nurse, assaulted by the neighborhood rogues, yet—almost by a miracle—holds onto her virginity and her dreams, until the right man comes into her life."

A letter from Senator Mike Mansfield to the mayor of Billings, Montana, arrived by regular mail, despite the fact that the Senator had sent it special delivery—thus proving the point of the message inside: "the need for better postal facilities."

The P. T. A. is generally a pretty dull subject, but a Michigan elementary school sent out notices for a box social and dance to be held in the "multipurpose room," urging the folks to "Support Your P. T. A., Buy a Box, Decorate Your Box, Ladies." It concluded, "You Eat with the Man Who Buys Your Box." That seems fair.

The underground- and free-press style of advertising has apparently infiltrated the establishment, judging from this insert in the Time Inc. newsletter *F. Y. I.*: "WANTED: Incredibly horny Blue Point Siamese male desires any female feline companionship he can find. Any time. Your place only, as his own ladyfriend is occupied with four new kittens."

We felt our arteries hardening after receiving a publicity release about a British skinhead rock group called Slade. Skinheads, by the way, are between 12 and 21 and get their name from wearing closely cropped hair. The thing that sent us looking for our rocking chair was a statement that the skinheads "find nothing wrong with Beatle music, except that for many it is the music of their parents' generation."

Denmark's United Steamship Company has announced that henceforth it will call its stewardesses just that—stewardesses. Formerly, the ladies were called "cabin virgins." The company offered no explanation for the title change—nor for the original title.

Our man in New York says he saw the following line typed repeatedly on a sheet of paper in a typewriter in the editorial offices of *Scientific American*: "Now is the time for all deoxyribonucleic-acid molecules to come to the aid of their chromosomes."

Never antagonize the working man: A story in the Calgary, Canada, *Albertan* mentioned that the government would attempt to persuade labor unions to restrain themselves from asking for wage increases in 1970. After passing through the hands of the union type-

setter, the next sentence appeared as follows: "Psychology is the game and both the commission and the fedpowerful segmentsfuckyoucharley eral government realize that powerful segments of the economy refuse to play."

During a San Antonio court hearing concerning obscenity at a local bookstore, the judge halted the proceedings to quietly inform the district attorney: "If you wouldn't refer to genitals as gentiles, I would appreciate it."

A Salina, Kansas, supermarket has posted this sign for customers who complain about the rising cost of groceries: IF YOU THINK BEEF IS HIGH, CIGARETTES ARE \$6.59 A POUND.

That's Showbiz: The tax return of a California porny-film producer has come up for audit by the IRS because of deductions for 680 dildos.

ACTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

That an audience still exists for mellow, vintage jazz is being proved by *The World's Greatest Jazz Band* in the Grill room of New York's Roosevelt Hotel. Although many would contest the hyperbole of their self-designation, there is no question that the high-spirited combo led by trumpeter Yank Lawson and bassist Bob Haggart is crisply, authoritatively entertaining as it regenerates such standards as *Exactly Like You*, *At the Jazz Band Ball*, *Red Sails in the Sunset* and *Just One of Those Things*. Though each player has a markedly individual style and sound—Bud Freeman, Bob Wilber, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Kai Winding, Ralph Sutton and Gus Johnson, Jr., complete the group—they complement one another with such zest and mutual appreciation that the band does have a strong collective identity. Its existence is the result of the proselytizing enthusiasm of wealthy patron Dick Gibson, who has now expanded his annual all-star weekend jazz parties in Colorado into a full-time commitment to bringing back mainstream jazz. Gibson guarantees *The World's Greatest Jazz Band* four to five months' work a year at the Roosevelt Grill and sets up replacement units of other autumnal jazzmen when T. W. G. J. B. takes to the road for Las Vegas and other dates around the country. Gibson has already invested \$100,000 in his missionary project, but his weekly deficit is decreasing as growing attendance at the Roosevelt makes him sanguine about the future. "This band," he predicts, "can open the way for a lot more jazzmen who have been hidden in studios and pit bands for years but can still bring a lot of pleasure to people who grew up on their music and also to

younger listeners who are drawn to authenticity." He may be right, for more of the young are going to the Roosevelt Grill to enjoy these irrepressible improvisers, who may not make up the greatest jazz band in the world but who are proving their ability to create their own kind of natural high.

BOOKS

William Burroughs, the author of *Naked Lunch* and other extravaganzas of underground junkie existence, might be called the avant-garde writer's writer. Indeed, few contemporary authors have received so good a press at their colleagues' hands. Mary McCarthy, usually hard as nails, compares his satiric vision with Jonathan Swift's. She sees his novels as a brilliant new form of "real" science fiction. Leslie Fiedler claims that Burroughs is killing the novel in the best possible way—by an explosion that leaves "twisted fragments of experience and the miasma of death." Norman Mailer regards Burroughs' work as "the finest record in our century of the complete psychic convict" and opines that he "may be the greatest writer of graffiti who ever lived."

Why such hails from such highbrows? Burroughs, they feel, represents a late warning signal, the catatonic phase of a dying civilization. He is a kind of pioneer mutant, exploring the new territory beyond the crumbling structures of Western humanism, the guru of the deadpan life. But, oddly, he seems to owe more to W. C. Fields than to the treasures of Oriental philosophy. When Burroughs trots out his opinions—"Squares can't fly to the moon" or "Nine out of ten psychiatrists should be broken down to veterinarians"—one can almost hear Fields muttering through his cigar butt. Unfortunately, Burroughs has all those critics around spoiling his gags by explaining them.

It's unlikely, though, that Burroughs takes the time to read the kind words of his champions. He's much too busy—as can be seen in his latest offering, a series of interviews titled *The Job* (Grove) that he granted to French critic Daniel Odier and that show him not merely explaining his novels but also solving the world's problems. Unlike a lot of people, Burroughs has good news: He has it all figured out, from politics and sex to drug addiction and imminent cosmic catastrophe. To put it country simple, as he would say, the world is suffering from induced dualism—that is, from men and women, right and wrong, belief and unbelief, emotion and its opposite. Moreover, like a lot of older-fashioned fundamentalists, Burroughs finds women at the root of most evil. Get rid of them and you get rid of overheated sex, families, neuroses, nations, wars, love and



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many other unsightly things. He wants a one-way world and he thinks science can supply him with it. Is this a vaudeville act or one of our most complicated writers' deepest thoughts? The sad joke is that Burroughs means every word he says.

J. Edgar Hoover has been a living symbol of U. S. crime fighting for a good deal longer than most Americans have been alive. Appointed head of the Federal Bureau of Investigation (then the Bureau of Investigation) in 1924, he has been lionized as the man primarily responsible for "bringing to justice" an ever-growing number of dangerous criminals whose deeds never fail to increase annually. The legend, however, wears thinner each year; and in William W. Turner's *Hoover's FBI: The Men and the Myth* (Sherbourne Press), the 75-year-old director and his "fiefdom" (as Senator Eugene McCarthy has described the bureau) are subjected to criticism so scathing that the work is more of an exposé than an examination. Either way, it's a damned fascinating—and frightening—book. An FBI agent for more than ten years, Turner has split his book into three parts: The first details his own career as a special agent (which ended in a dismissal he forced so that the bureau could be scrutinized publicly during a reinstatement hearing); the second deals with Hoover personally and is often as intemperate as it is devastating; the final section assesses the organization and the way it functions. All three contain information the reader rarely encounters, from how the FBI pads its conviction rates to its mammoth appetite for publicity to its organizational distaste for investigating organized crime in favor of rounding up the "human tumbleweeds" of the underworld—bank robbers, kidnapers and car thieves. Even the most fabled FBI cases—such as the apprehension of eight German saboteurs dropped off by U-boat on the coast of Long Island during World War Two—come apart under Turner's unforgiving eye. (The anti-Nazi leader of the expedition informed the FBI of the plot, was promised a six-month sentence by Hoover—and received a 30-year jail term.) Although Turner's book is flawed by the author's anger, his message rings out as sharply as a rifle report: Already on its way to being an intelligence-gathering national police force, the FBI must never again be commanded by a man who skillfully bends Congress to his will rather than the other way around.

Fictional jewel thefts have gotten increasingly complex, melodramatic and exotic in recent years. No greedy gang seems worth its salt anymore unless it uses laser beams to crack the safe, makes

a getaway by cable car and stages a rendezvous atop Kilimanjaro. Donald E. Westlake, a crackerjack writer of comic suspense, as PLAYBOY readers have discovered (*Somebody Owes Me Money*, July and August, 1969), obviously decided this sort of thing has gone too far. The result: a jewel theft in lower-middle-class Manhattan by an eager but bumbling gang that sometimes uses the subway to rendezvous at a West Side bar. Out of this unlikely material comes a genuinely exciting, genuinely funny novel. *The Hot Rock* (Simon & Schuster) is the Balabomo Emerald, a \$500,000 religious totem that one underdeveloped African nation wishes to filch from another. To do the job, its UN ambassador recruits five of the most likable, least-likely-to-succeed thieves in the annals of crime. Their ingenious plans—ranging from a helicopter attack on a police station to a breakout from an insane asylum via toy locomotive—are constantly foiled by bad luck or sheer stupidity. Westlake has pulled off a minor tour de force: He has created half a dozen tingling jewel-theft plots, each doomed to disaster yet each leading to the necessity for a new attempt to get the emerald. Purists may disdain the burlesquing of a classic genre; others will hugely enjoy this merging of P. G. Wodehouse with Edgar Wallace.

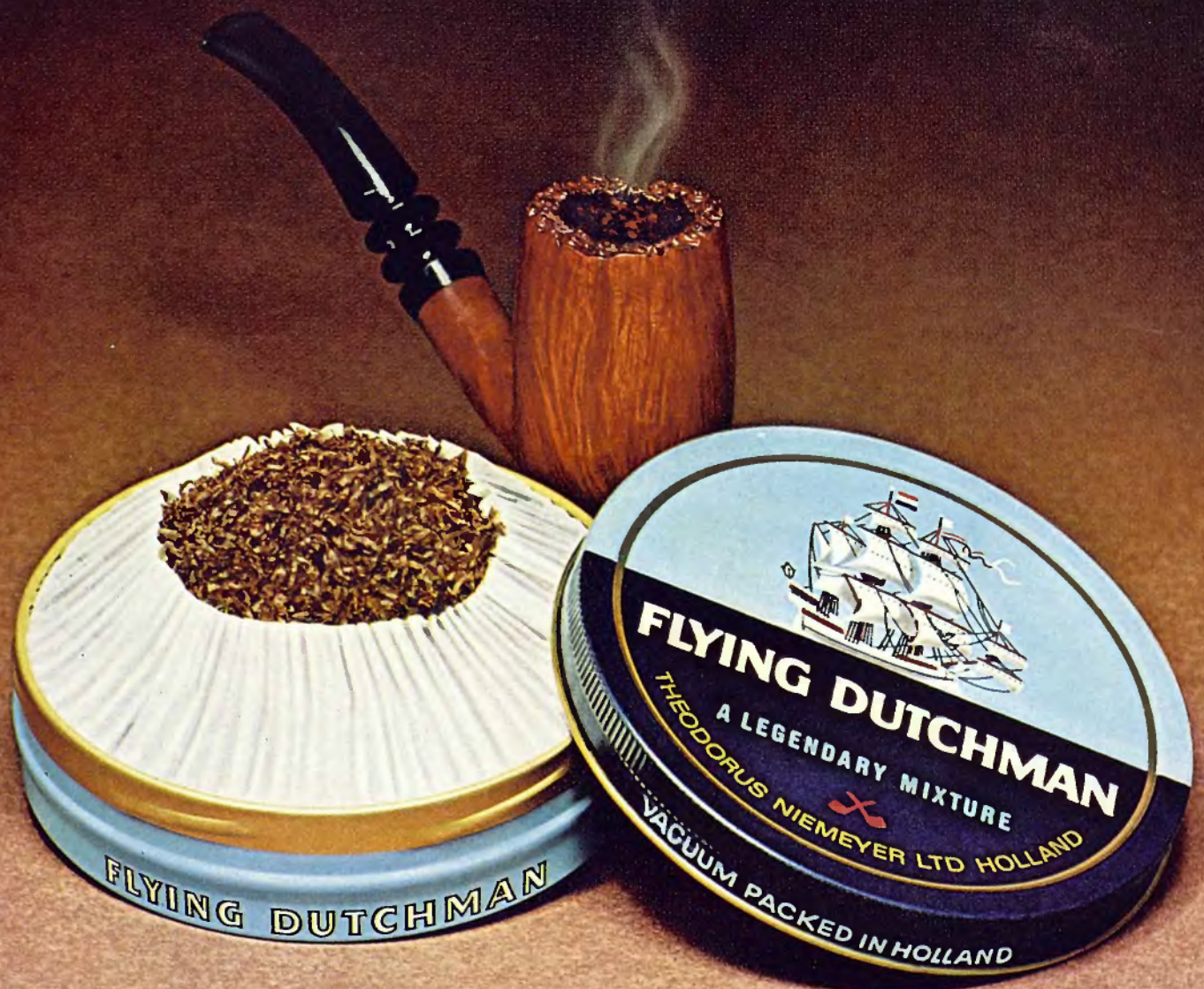
When Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson reported their laboratory experiments in *Human Sexual Response*, one of the recurring questions raised about their work concerned its utility in the bedroom. The answer has been published in the St. Louis scientists' second book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy* (Little, Brown), which contains the authors' description of their highly successful therapeutic theories and techniques for treating virtually every ailment that can interfere with the sex act. Rejecting the Freudian concept that psychologically induced sexual disorders must be treated at the root—i.e., beginning with the unconscious—the authors have combined their empiric experience in this hitherto uncharted field with methods drawn from the marriage counselor's office and the conditioning therapist's lab. These techniques involve two weeks of round-table and individual discussions between the suffering man and woman and the male and female therapists, plus reconditioning sessions in the privacy of the bedroom, with emphasis on directing the individual's attention away from the source of his or her problem, the sexual organs—thus relieving the fear that they will not function as expected. Masters and Johnson's success record, based on five years of follow-up in each case, is unprecedented. They cured 59.4 percent of primary-impotence cases (men who had never been able to successfully perform intercourse), 69.1 percent of secondary-impotence cases (men who had

lost their potency after a history of effective sexual encounters), 97.3 percent of premature ejaculators and 79.2 percent of female orgasmic dysfunction cases. The authors also deal with lesser-known sexual ailments, such as male inability to ejaculate and spastic vaginal contractions in the female (vaginismus). The runaway sales of Masters and Johnson's first book should be more than matched by those of its successor, for two good reasons: the simplicity of its language (in contrast with the Latinate complexity of *Human Sexual Response*) and the simplicity of the therapy in an area that has long been complicated by ignorance, prejudice and superstition.

James Dickey, National Book Award winner in poetry for 1966, has written a novel, and it's a dilly. For those who like action, *Deliverance* (Houghton Mifflin) delivers a white-water ride down a Southern river that will leave you raked, scoured, bumped and dumped on the last page of a dynamic story. For those who appreciate fine writing, Dickey demonstrates afresh the resources of the English language with prose the likes of whose liteness and economy hasn't been seen since Hemingway's. For those who want "meaning," *Deliverance* is a beautifully fashioned metaphor of the violence to be seen everywhere on this beleaguered planet. Dickey tells a story of four urbanites with various hang-ups, wives, jobs and latencies who decide to take a canoe ride down some dangerously unknown water. Actually, it is one man, Lewis, who needles the others into going. Lewis thinks the world is rapidly drawing to some kind of annihilating climax and he would like to test his muscles in survival conditions. Naturally, Lewis is in great shape, or he wouldn't be so eager for the test. He is, among other things, a first-rate archer. Ed Gentry, the teller of the tale, is an archer, too, though not as good as Lewis. The two other men are more or less along for the ride. During a halt in the odyssey, a couple of mountain types with pure dumb savagery in their hearts make prisoners of two of the party, and there begins the breathless horror of the novel. It has been rumored that good poets are really not interested in prose forms, but novelists would do well to study Dickey's tense, terse masterpiece. (His latest volume of poems, published by Doubleday, is titled *The Eye-Beaters, Blood, Victory, Madness, Buckhead and Mercy*. We commend it, too.)

In the 20th Century, the Renaissance man sometimes turns out to be a woman—and it's hard to find a more remarkable example than Margaret Mead. Her intellectual powers allow her to move freely over a wide range of disciplines.

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including anthropology, sociology, psychology and political science. This versatility is underscored by the publication of two new books, *Culture and Commitment* (Natural History Press/Doubleday) and *A Way of Seeing* (McCall). The latter, written with her friend and fellow anthropologist Rhoda Metraux, consists of 55 essays covering a diversity of subjects that defy categorizing. They pertain to the individual, the couple, the family, the community, the nation, the world and the universe. Taken together, they reveal an uncommon kind of common sense. In *Culture and Commitment*, Miss Mead goes beyond analysis to synthesis. She presents a single dramatic thesis—that there are three basic patterns of cultural learning. The oldest of these is "postfigurative": The elders possess all knowledge and transmit it to the young, thus assuring that the future will repeat the past. The second pattern is "cofigurative": The younger generation is expected to establish its own way of behaving, although the still-dominant elders define the limits within which change can take place. Finally, for the first time in human history, there is "prefigurative" culture: The elders, still in control of social power, can no longer influence or even communicate with the young, who move toward a future that will bear no relation to the past. There is a mischievous irony to the fact that Margaret Mead, in her 70s, exhibits a more revolutionary view of the world than most of the young whose cause she so tenaciously champions.

The airwaves belong to everyone. That's why TV stations need Federal licenses and, if they fail to act in the public interest, their licenses are revoked. Right? Wrong, according to Nicholas Johnson, the irreverent Federal Communications Commissioner who thinks television has become a menace to America. In *How to Talk Back to Your Television Set* (Little, Brown), Johnson (featured in *On the Scene*, December 1969) issues a sharp dissent from the FCC's customarily mindless support of the broadcasting industry—which it is supposed to be regulating on the public's behalf. The case Johnson makes is intriguing, though slightly hysterical. He begins by outlining the modern American agony—the violence, the boredom, the racial polarization, the obsessive consumership—and he proceeds to put much of the blame on television: "I believe that television—which provides most of the people of this country with their principal source of education, entertainment, information and opinion—bears perhaps more responsibility for this state of the nation than any other single institution." Johnson demonstrates how the big broadcasting corporations frequently strangle dissent.

beachcombers'



BARGUIDE





How to be a great mixer on the beach or at poolside

If you love to take it easy, drink in hand, while you're taking in the sights — you're a born beachcomber. And the beachcomber who is also a *great mixer* . . . has more fun than anyone at Happy Hour time. To be one, just keep this handy barguide at your elbow and start mixin'. You'll learn how to make all the luscious tall coolers and cocktails — just like the experts do! Recipes include drinks made with all the popular basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum, Southern Comfort. It even shows you how to *improve* many drinks. Just remember: most drinks are *based* on a single liquor; other ingredients are added to enhance that base. But no matter what you add, the taste of the basic liquor *still* comes through. That's why it's so easy to improve most drinks . . .

Just learn the experts' secret for improving drinks

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



how to have a



party

*You furnish the liquor
and friends; we furnish
everything else . . .*

Tips for better drinks

Don't guess: Measure! The best drinks are the result of exact measurements of finest ingredients. Basic measures: jigger = $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; pony = 1 oz.; dash = 4-6 drops.

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

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

What is Southern Comfort?

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



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Large (12"x18") flag of blue and red on white cloth. Fly it outside the house or at the bar — to greet Happy Hour guests. (Pole and cord not included.)

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Tells friends: "You are invited . . . the Happy Hour flag will be flying at (you write in time and place)." Flag decor. Personal note size; envelopes included.

80 NAPKINS

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**make this simple
taste test
and you'll learn
how to improve
most drinks:**



The flavor of any mixed drink is *controlled* by the taste of the liquor you use as a *base*. To realize the importance of this, fill three short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, a jigger of gin into another, and a jigger of Southern Comfort into the third. First — sip the whiskey, then the gin. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip *it*, and you've found a completely *different* basic liquor — one that actually *tastes good* with *nothing* added! That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most drinks taste much better. Make *both* Collins recipes below; compare them. Convince yourself!



ordinary COLLINS

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

Use tall glass; dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir. Now use recipe at right. See how a switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.

the smoother COLLINS

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ lime • 7UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes; fill with 7UP. This is the best tasting — and easiest to mix — of all Collinses.

Comfort® Collins

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**Perfect
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for some real cool
tall ones that'll make
any beachcomber's
Happy Hour happier!**



HONOLULU COOLER

*Choice of the surf set at
Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian Hotel*

Juice of ½ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Hawaiian pineapple juice

*Pack tall glass with crushed
ice. Add lime juice, Southern
Comfort. Fill with pineapple
juice; stir. As refreshing
as the surf at Waikiki!*



PLANTER'S PUNCH

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

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

RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola

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

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



LEMON COOLER

*In the swim at the El Mirador
Hotel, Palm Springs*

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

*Pour Southern Comfort over ice
cubes in a tall glass. Fill with
Bitter Lemon; stir. A Happy Hour
favorite of Hollywood stars!*





GIN RICKEY

Juice and rind $\frac{1}{2}$ lime
1 jigger gin • sparkling water
Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass; add rind. Pour in gin. Fill with sparkling water and stir.
To really "rev up" a rickey, switch to Southern Comfort instead of gin.



SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz.) vodka
Orange juice
Put ice cubes into a 6-oz. glass. Add vodka; fill with orange juice and stir.
Give your Screwdriver a new twist. Use Southern Comfort instead of vodka.



COMFORT® SUMMER SOUR

Bikini watchers' delight at La Jolla Beach and Tennis Club, La Jolla, Calif.

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger ($\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. orange juice • $\frac{1}{4}$ tspn. sugar
2 oz. Southern Comfort • 7UP

Shake fruit juice, sugar and Southern Comfort; pour over ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with 7UP; stir. It's superb!

Quickie Summer Sour: Shake 1 packet Instant Sour Mix, 1 jigger water, 2 oz. Southern Comfort. Pour over ice cubes in tall glass; fill with 7UP. Stir.

**It's a breeze to
sail through your
Happy Hour with these
easy-to-mix drinks**



DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part dry vermouth

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

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



MARGARITA

1 jigger tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

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



BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice
1/3 jigger fresh lemon juice
Dash of Worcestershire sauce
1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

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



DAIQUIRI

Juice ½ lime or ¼ lemon
1 tspn. sugar • 1 jigger light rum

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

Give your Daiquiri a new accent; use S.C. instead of rum, only ½ tspn. sugar.




ordinary SOUR

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

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass and a cherry. Now see how recipe at far right greatly improves this drink.





*Men's Swim Wear
by Catalina Martin (R).*



COMFORT* 'N TONIC

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

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

*Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass;
add rind. Add S.C. Fill with tonic and
stir . . . the greatest tonic drink of all!*

*Gin 'n Tonic: Use gin instead of Southern Comfort.
Vodka 'n Tonic: Use vodka instead of Southern Comfort.*

the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
1/3 jigger fresh lemon juice
½ teaspoon sugar

*Shake with cracked ice; strain into
glass. Add orange slice on rim of glass
and a cherry. Using S.C. as a base makes
the smoothest sour you ever tasted.*

The Comfort* SOUR

*Tops at Hotel Mark Hopkins,
San Francisco*

COMFORT® MANHATTAN

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

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

*Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass. Add a cherry.
S.C. gives this drink a remarkably smoother flavor.*

Ordinary Manhattan: Use sweet vermouth; Bourbon or rye replaces S.C.
Rob Roy (Scotch Manhattan): Use ¾ oz. sweet vermouth, 1½ oz. Scotch.
Add bitters; mix as above. Serve with a twist of lemon peel.



GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka
1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice
Shake with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass.



COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED

A favorite at the Hotels Ambassador, Chicago
Dash Angostura bitters • ½ oz. sparkling water
½ tspn. sugar (optional) • 1 jigger Southern Comfort
*Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, S.C.
Top with twist of lemon peel, orange slice and cherry.*
Regular Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or rye instead of S.C.



SCARLETT O'HARA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • juice ¼ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail
Shake with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.



ALEXANDER

1 part fresh cream • 1 part creme de cacao
1 part Southern Comfort or gin or brandy
Shake with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass.



COMFORT® JULEP

*Tall one eyed with pleasure
at the Brown Hotel, Louisville*
4 sprigs fresh mint • dash of water
2 ounces Southern Comfort
*Use a tall glass; crush mint in water.
Pack glass with cracked ice, and pour in
Southern Comfort. Stir until frosted —
and enjoy the perfect julep as served
in the city where juleps were born.*
Bourbon julep: Add 1 tspn. sugar to mint and replace
Southern Comfort with Bourbon.

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easy to make
the scene any
time with
these
Happy Hour
favorites**



beachcombers' BARGUIDE



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C. ON-THE-ROCKS GLASS

On-the-rocks, mists, "short" highballs.

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PLUS matching 2-oz. Master Measure glass (9 glasses)

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D. ON-THE-ROCKS STEM GLASS

Popular new shape for on-the-rocks and "short" drinks.

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E. MASTER MEASURE GLASS

Versatile single glass enables you to pour all the correct measures. Marked for ½ oz.; ¾ oz. (½ jigger); 1 oz.; 1½ oz. (jigger); 2 oz.

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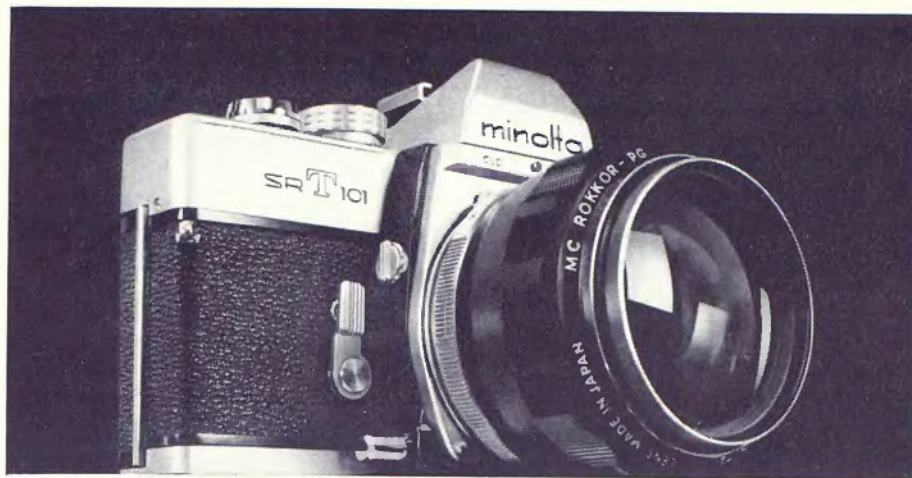
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Little of this is news. Everyone knows the Smothers brothers were smothered and that Fred Friendly quit CBS when it substituted a rerun of *Lucy* for a live showing of Congressional debate on Vietnam. One might have wished for fresher dirt from the commissioner. On the other hand, he is most helpful in spelling out to the public what steps it can take to improve the tube—what to do and whom to sue. But one wonders whether our glassy-eyed citizens can leave their TV sets long enough to write the letters Johnson says must be written. It may be later than he thinks.

Occasionally, a writer comes along, more audacious than most, and writes in such a way that his book must succeed or fail not as just another novel but as literature. Such is David Markson. To make certain that the challenge is not overlooked, he dedicates his book *Going Down* (Holt) not only to his wife but to the memory of Malcolm Lowry, whose *Under the Volcano* is a classic work of personal disintegration. Like the protagonist of that book, Markson's Steven Chance also goes down (the title has geographical, sexual and spiritual connotations) to Mexico. Lowry's tormented hero used alcohol both to deaden the pain and to speed his descent into hell. Markson's uses sex. He lives in a tiny Indian village in a *ménage à trois* with two beautiful women—a painter with a deformed hand and the young wife of an artist. The book is mysterious, with intimations of evil, Indian superstition, violence and orgiastic episodes. There is the brooding presence of death and the desperate faith that art, if only it could be attained, would justify everything. *Going Down* is a wrenching contrast to Markson's comic Western, *The Ballad of Dingus Magee*, now being filmed with Frank Sinatra. That book made Markson a lot of money, but this is the one, ten years in the writing, that he obviously cares about. It is premature to judge *Going Down* as a work of enduring literature; but long after the final page is turned, its presence persists.

Between the Rock and the Hard Place (Random House), by Paul Jacobs, and *The Game of Nations: The Amoralism of Power Politics* (Simon & Schuster), by Miles Copeland, are very different kinds of books. What they have in common is that they both question what is presumably the majority viewpoint on the Middle East. Each makes compelling reading, but the first is the more moving because the author himself is torn by the conflict. An American Jewish leftist with ties to Israel, Jacobs nonetheless believes that the Palestine Arabs also have a legitimate claim on the Holy Land. His



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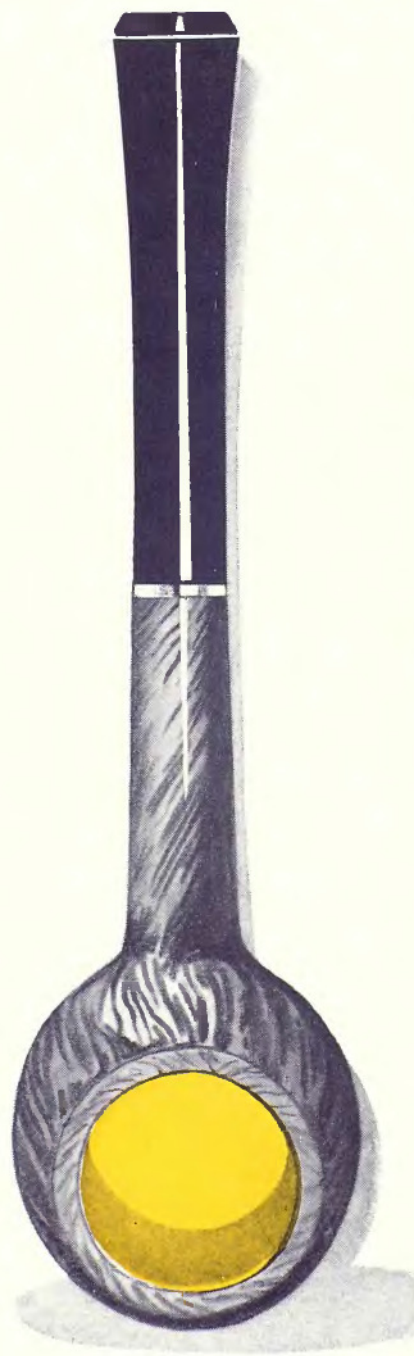
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book is a profoundly pessimistic account of his attempts to make a start toward peace by arranging informal, secret talks between Israelis and Arabs. The attempts fail after months in which there was reason to hope they would succeed, and with the failure grows his despairing conviction that "The clash of interests goes too deep to be resolved peacefully today." This is a simply written book by a man who recognizes that justice is seldom the sole possession of one nation in an international dispute. *The Game of Nations* goes back to the rise of Nasser and his relations with the American Government then and since. This book ought to cause consternation in Washington, for it is splendidly cynical and deliciously indiscreet. Copeland, a friend and an admirer of Nasser and an intimate to many behind-the-scenes negotiations as a "cryptodiplomat," lets cats out of the bag with admirable abandon. He tells what happened in these super-secret talks and he names the Americans involved, both on the scene and in Washington. Not only is this State Department/CIA gossip fascinating and often funny but it illuminates Nasser's role—and America's—in the present conflict.


While staging simulated air battles and missile attacks on a computer at the Raytheon Company think-tank, games theorist Clark C. Abt became convinced of the unfeasibility of an anti-ballistic-missile (ABM) system, switched to arms-control and disarmament games and, at length, discovered in them a teaching tool of immense promise. *Serious Games* (Viking) explains how he would use game playing to thrust the real world into the classroom. To prove the efficacy of his scheme, he invented a game for a group of high school dropouts with sub-100 I.Q.s. As players, these slum kids became brilliant problem solvers. The game that sparked their interest hypothesized the interactions of city-block residents, racketeers and police. Games being far less costly than teaching machines or than one-to-one teacher-pupil ratios, Abt thinks he has an answer to the educational crisis. It is a kind of reality therapy in which the player runs no risk of failure yet may absorb everything from elementary arithmetic to advanced city planning. In Abt's game plan, everybody wins.

"Critic," says critic Max Jamison in critic-novelist Wilfrid Sheed's new novel, *Max Jamison* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), "review thyself." Jamison does and reveals that the critic's life is not a happy one. Indeed, the art of informing people that their plays and movies stink is, to hear Max tell it, conducive to inner- and outer-directed loathing. Everybody hates everybody—most of all oneself. Novelist Sheed introduces critic Jamison

amid the shambles of a second marriage. Max still goes on dipping his critical pen in muriatic acid and becomes his own severest victim. His relationship with his sons hardly merits the name. Ditto, his wives. And what passes between Max and his colleagues can be stored safely only in lead containers. Can all of this be amusing? It can and is. Sheed gets off witticisms with the flash and rapidity of Roman candles and scarcely a page is without its whiff of cordite humor. There is, however, one small sacrifice the author makes for the sake of all the fireworks: conviction. No real war is going on and no real people are likely to get hurt. It's all in the display. While the stuff is exploding, the sky is crazy with colored lights—but when it's over, you have to make your way off the beach in darkness. *Max Jamison* is not a novel that provides illumination you can take away with you.

To his surprise, Dr. Willard Gaylin, a supervising psychoanalyst at Columbia University Psychoanalytic Clinic, discovered that not a single study had been made of currently imprisoned war resisters. Accordingly, he set out to do a survey of a cross section of them. But the result, *In the Service of Their Country: War Resisters in Prison* (Viking), became much more than a scholarly monograph. Based on 26 interviews with war resisters—six of them done full scale, with a chapter devoted to each—the study is a conscientious, compassionate examination of the life styles and aims of men who, for divergent reasons, refused participation in a war that was abhorrent to them. Dr. Gaylin succeeds in destroying any stereotypic view of war resisters, as the complex personalities of those interviewed become clear. Nor did he find among the resisters a higher incidence of psychopathology than one would find from a sampling of the same age group on the outside. It is prison itself that Dr. Gaylin found to be pathological. He writes: "The clearest manifestation of the rising hostility that the prisons generate in what has been essentially a nonhostile population is in the almost unanimous conversion from the concept of nonviolence." And so a book that began as an intellectual study ends in an indictment of the anti-rehabilitative nature of prisons for all of those inside, not only for war resisters.

In *The Unlawful Concert: An Account of the Presidio Mutiny Case* (Viking), Fred Gardner tells the story of the October 1968 nonviolent sit-down by 27 prisoners in the Presidio stockade in San Francisco to protest barbarous living conditions and the killing two days before of an emotionally disturbed prisoner by a guard. They were tried for mutiny, and Gardner lucidly details the



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backgrounds of many of the prisoners, along with the event itself and the subsequent trial. The Presidio 27, he reports, were "by and large from the poorest, least fortunate strata of white America. Only five had graduated from high school. . . . Not one of the 27 had ever made a political act before coming into the Army." Gardner's book shows how such men can be radicalized by the random cruelty with which the Services treat those in the ranks who cannot "adjust." The Presidio case also figures in Robert Sherrill's niftily titled *Military Justice Is to Justice As Military Music Is to Music* (Harper & Row). With impressive diligence and crisp style, PLAYBOY contributor Sherrill expands on his article-length indictment of military justice (PLAYBOY, February 1970) in this sobering book, which examines the history of American military justice and key constitutional tests of it in the Supreme Court as illuminating background for examples that show the need for radical change in the treatment of uniformed "offenders." In addition to the Presidio case, Sherrill looks searchingly into the trial of Captain Howard Levy, the systematic military campaign against the GI coffeehouses, the widespread brutality inside stockades and brigades and other denials to Servicemen of their basic rights. His conclusion matches that of Captain Levy's defender, American Civil Liberties Union attorney Charles Morgan, Jr.: "There's just no point of having any sort of trials conducted within the military. The military is incapable of understanding the Constitution." This is an important book. Too often, objectivity is equated with detachment, even with a perverse pride in making no use of the data unearthed. Sherrill's objectivity is different; it is characterized by professional thoroughness; but, beyond that, he is analytical and interpretive. Thus, he is revealed to be profoundly concerned—and to move the reader to be so, too. His book's virtue is its honorable factuality. Its impact derives from his blazing, humanitarian anger. Its importance lies in his pointing the way out of the suppression, brutality and injustice that he meticulously reports, as he observed them in the system of military justice exemplified by the court-martial, the brig and the stockade. This is dimensional reportage of the highest order.

DINING-DRINKING

San Francisco, a city where dining out sumptuously is a way of life, boasts what must be the most authentic Elizabethan eatery this side of Blighty. *Ben Jonson*, located in The Cannery (Beach Street and Jefferson), serves up baronial English *ambiance* so thick you can practically cut it with a broadsword. Indeed, Jonson himself would be right at home

in the downstairs Albyns Long Room, an exquisitely paneled creation of 17th Century architect Inigo Jones (one of Jonson's pals). Some years ago, the room was brought over *in toto*—ceiling, walls and hearth—by William Randolph Hearst, who promptly left it to languish in packing crates until resurrected by the Jonson management. Upstairs are two other Jones rooms, the Chelsea and the Radley (both also purchased from the Hearst estate), plus a detailed reproduction of a pennon-hung Tudor great hall, with its trestle tables and king-sized copper spit. A troupe of comely serving wenches displaying an appropriate degree of décolletage preside over this bit of old England as they offer flagons of the house wine or tankards of Watney's Red Barrel dark beer. Although the dinner is *prix fixe* (not including dessert), the "Fore-dishes" themselves are a lusty meal. Act I opens with "A Great Carrousel of Burnished Silver Containing Salads, *Pâtés* and Diverse Delights. According to the Season and the Whims of the Cook," quoth the campy menu in describing a Lazy Susan full of tasty appetizers. Following Act II, Potage, often a delicious sorrel purée, and Act III, The Cellars (there's a wine list in addition to the house flagons), comes Act IV and Main Courses. Diners choose from prime ribs of beef, roast duck served with apples, a rack of lamb from the spit, a beef chop for two, carved tableside, or the fish catch of the day. At this point, you may want to take a break and stroll over to one of the nearby fireplaces. Following this brief intermission is Act V, Cakes, Kickshaws and Other Trilles, including an appropriately John-Bullish Cheeseboard with Port, Water Ice Splashed with Champagne, Caramelized Cream, Lemon Mousse, Sherry Trifle and Cheesecake with Brandied Cherries are the other distractions. The Mermaid Tavern, off the Albyns Long Room, is "open-air," which, in this case, means a glass-enclosed room that has a jousting canvas ceiling. There is also a less ambitious luncheon menu. Ben Jonson is open from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. Monday through Thursday and from 11 A.M. to 12 P.M. Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Reservations are required. Telephone: 776-4433.

MOVIES

Even those who went to Woodstock last summer find words inadequate to sum up the spirit of that remarkable rock festival, which drew nearly 500,000 peace-and-freedom-loving souls to an astonished village just beyond commuting distance from Manhattan. "It's some sort of epical, Biblical event," says one of the barefoot, bearded and turned-on cast of thousands that spread out to the horizon in *Woodstock*, the excellent documentary

of that awesome gathering. Its socio-political significance may be exaggerated, but the three mind-bending days and nights at Woodstock have been distilled to three and a half fascinating hours of love, pot, nudity and music, music, music. To an interviewer who asks, "What do musicians have that speaks to the kids?" a listener replies pithily, "Music." Right on. Here are Joan Baez, Country Joe, Jimi Hendrix, The Who, Ten Years After, Joe Cocker, Richie Havens and many others, each with a brilliant demonstration of that simple truth. Producer Bob Maurice and director Michael Wadleigh—aided by a tireless camera crew of two dozen or so—make telling use of multiple images and multiple-track sounds. They also have the good sense to let the musical sequences run, without interruption, to the point of orgasm and sometimes even a little beyond—taking time out only to attend a charming nude bathing scene, perhaps, or to record the miracle of mutual admiration between the young and the local cops. The beautiful vibrations were tragically and perhaps irreparably shattered four months later at what one journalist has called "the My Lai of the Woodstock nation," in Altamont, California, where the Rolling Stones presided over a nightmarish rock festival that began in squalor and ended in wanton violence and death. But the innocent joy and gentle humanity of Woodstock have been preserved—on film, at least—for those who long to catch a fleeting and poignant glimpse of what may turn out to be history's shortest age: the Aquarian.

Three hours crawl into oblivion with *The Adventurers*, which deals at unconscionable length with myriad topics ranging from rape, murder, poverty and South American revolution to gigolos, *haute couture* and jet-set high-jinks in New York and Rome. A new Yugoslavian star named Bekim Felmiu, who looks like a cross between Brando and Belmondo, plays the hero, Dax Xenos, one of those fatally fascinating studs for whom women of every sort begin to unbutton their blouses (see our exclusive uncoverage in PLAYBOY, December 1969) at the first hello. Dax is a child of revolution, sent with his father to the Corteguayan embassy in Rome, where he takes up polo and fast company, à la Rubirosa, while his South American homeland is ground under a dictator's heel. Before the plot steers Dax back to liberate his people, years later, he has quite a time for himself, marrying three of the world's richest women (among them, Candice Bergen) and unknowingly impregnating the dictator's shapely daughter (Leigh Taylor-Young), who never stops loving him. Heavy on marquee names, *The Adventurers* enlists Charles Aznavour, Alan Badel, Rossano Brazzi, Ernest Borgnine and Olivia de Havilland

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in its dubious cause. And lest the colossal vulgarity of Harold Robbins' novel lapse into subtlety, producer-director Lewis Gilbert adds innumerable flourishes of his very own—cutting, for example, from a shot of a starving Corteguayan peasant child with his hungry mouth opened wide to the crimson lips of opera star Anna Moffo, trying for high C at a strenuously decadent soiree in Gotham. How's that for social irony?

Setting the mood for the film version of Mart Crowley's off-Broadway hit *The Boys in the Band*, director William (The Night They Raided Minsky's) Friedkin lets his camera cruise around Manhattan—from gay bars to street corners to gift boutiques where nice young men in tight trousers pause to pick up a little something before they swish off to a party. The rest of the movie makes capital of Crowley's frankly faggoty insult humor, every syllable enunciated with the sibilance appropriate to a birthday celebration for "a 32-year-old, ugly, pock-marked Jew fairy" named Harold. With Crowley himself producing, Friedkin has transferred the play to film like *Unholy Writ*. Even the original cast is intact, all sexually tightened up in a way that does wonders for an opening night but is apt to seem somewhat studied in the vast expanse of a movie close-up; one disadvantage of funny stage plays on film is that by spotlighting the actor with the next punch line, the camera instantly destroys any illusion of spontaneity. The scene stealers are still Leonard Frey as Harold, Cliff Gorman as the archly effeminate Emory and Kenneth Nelson as the hyperneurotic host, Michael, an aging queen who has his walls covered with Dietrich posters and his monologs laced with Eve Arden wit: "One thing can be said for masturbation—you don't have to look your best." Militants of the Gay Liberation Front could fault *The Boys* as a queer side show aimed at titillating the straight world. Despite its air of contrivance, though, this flamboyant comedy marks a civilized approach to understanding the pain that is just barely concealed by bright homosexual bitchiness.

A year or so ago, while high-minded producers were issuing hourly bulletins about a promised cutback of screen violence, it was decided in Hollywood not to make a movie called *Bloody Mama*, based on the infamous crimes of Ma Barker and her boys, who took up bank robbery and random butchery during the era of Bonnie and Clyde. Now that violence is the height of fashion again, *Mama* is back, in the substantial person of Shelley Winters, up to her chins in grand larceny, cold-blooded murder, tommy guns, incest, drug addiction and kidnapping. The movie isn't especially artful and



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lacks the mythic quality that gave class to *Bonnie and Clyde*, but there is plentiful vitality in this garish Thirties meller-drammer, arranged for country fiddles and banjos by producer-director Roger Corman, one of those film makers whose pictures (*The Trip*, *The Pit and the Pendulum*) loom large at the box office, regardless of reviews. True to form, Corman makes Mama a galumphing old horror who doesn't fool the audience for a minute, and damn well knows it, when she narrates the high spots of her career over a montage of vintage newsreels, coyly adding, "I told my boys to just rob banks and stay out of trouble." Ma's four murderous sons, each a specialist of sorts, are played with demonic skill by Don Stroud as the sadist, Robert De Niro as the dope fiend, Robert Walden as the flagellant faggot and Clint Kimbrough as the sensitive one. Bits of lurid local color are added by friends of the family (Diane Varsi and Bruce Dern), and Pat Hingle all but steals the show as one of the gang's victims, a kidnaped Tennessee millionaire whose down-home philosophizing makes his captors stop and think for a spell.

There is little inherent interest in the dilemma of a reticent crippled girl who quietly works away as porcelain appraiser for a London art house not unlike Sotheby's until she discovers a so-so painter, moves into his dockside studio and learns too late that her beloved's original motive was to recruit some inside help for a gang of art thieves. As a tale of suspense climaxed by a robbery, *The Walking Stick* is smooth but conventional. What really makes it work are meticulous performances by Samantha Eggar and David Hemmings, who play the ill-met couple with such charisma that the cops-and-robbers stuff becomes important only for the effect it has on them. In short, the film uses suspense as mere filler for an arrestingly offbeat love story, directed without too many romantic frills by Eric Till. The pain endured by a handicapped girl—aching to believe in love, then slowly surrendering to bitter disillusionment—flashes in the face of Samantha, an actress who takes great leaps forward from film to film and also happens to be one of the most refreshingly lovely creatures in moviedom. Hemmings makes a most attractive weakling; and reliable pros such as Emlyn Williams and Phyllis Calvert flesh out the supporting cast.

Guess What We Learned in School Today?, made on a low, low budget by shoestring producers David Gil and James U. Clarke (whose big-budget pictures never cost more than \$300,000), is tops in its class of recent comedies drawn from the hotbeds of sexual revolution. Director-photographer John G. Avildsen deftly

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satirizes our sex-saturated society while ostensibly treating the controversy about sex education in a New York suburb, where a cast of enthusiastic unknowns takes up the pros and cons with mischievous glee. The film's broad but unpretentious approach calls for the introduction of local characters with names like Lance Battle, an impotent, conservative war veteran who zealously overprotects his teenage son. The boy is ultimately seduced by the young blonde matron next door, wife of Roger Manley, a plainclothesman from the vice squad, who enjoys entrapping prostitutes but gets his real kicks from meetings with a black transvestite. Presiding over the entire movie as a kind of mistress of ceremonies is Dr. Lily Whitehorn, the teacher in charge of a sexual seminar for small fry—which keeps the kids busy while their mothers get together to compare detergents and smoke pot. Though not quite professional, *Guess What We Learned* all but disarms criticism with its unbuttoned impudence and even invites a permissive attitude toward its cartoon types, its gags, its faddish photography and the singsong music on the sound track.

The splashy talent of writer-director Claude Lelouch has always been inhibited by a dearth of ideas—he seems tempted to rough out a new movie plot every time he sees lovers walking in a spring rain—but *Love Is a Funny Thing* is blessed with wry, self-deprecatory humor, not to mention the sparkling presences of Jean-Paul Belmondo and Annie Girardot, happy choices for a foreign moviemaker on his first assignment in America. Hollywood is the setting (though French is the language spoken as often as logic allows), where Belmondo turns up as a famous movie composer, commissioned to write some syrupy theme music for a film rather like *A Man and a Woman*. Annie plays the visiting star, who will appear opposite Richard Basehart (as himself) in a tale of marital infidelity. As Belmondo describes the leading personae: "They're rich and famous . . . they stay at chic hotels, travel all over. Who cares?" Having thus put down his own formula, Lelouch proceeds to prove that the old camera magic still works. Bidding Hollywood adieu, the two professionals—both married—spend a night together, slip away to Las Vegas, fall in love, then rent a car and head toward New Orleans, with frequent stopovers to soak up the Americana so dear to the hearts of foreign tourists. While gradually abandoning themselves to each other, they find time for wild-West shows and motel swimming pools, and even a splurge of brash fantasy in which their rented convertible is chased across the desert by a tribe of whooping Injuns. At times it's hard to tell whether the two

are more in love with love than Lelouch is in love with old American movies, yet Annie and Jean-Paul lend enchantment to every last heart-tugging cliché.

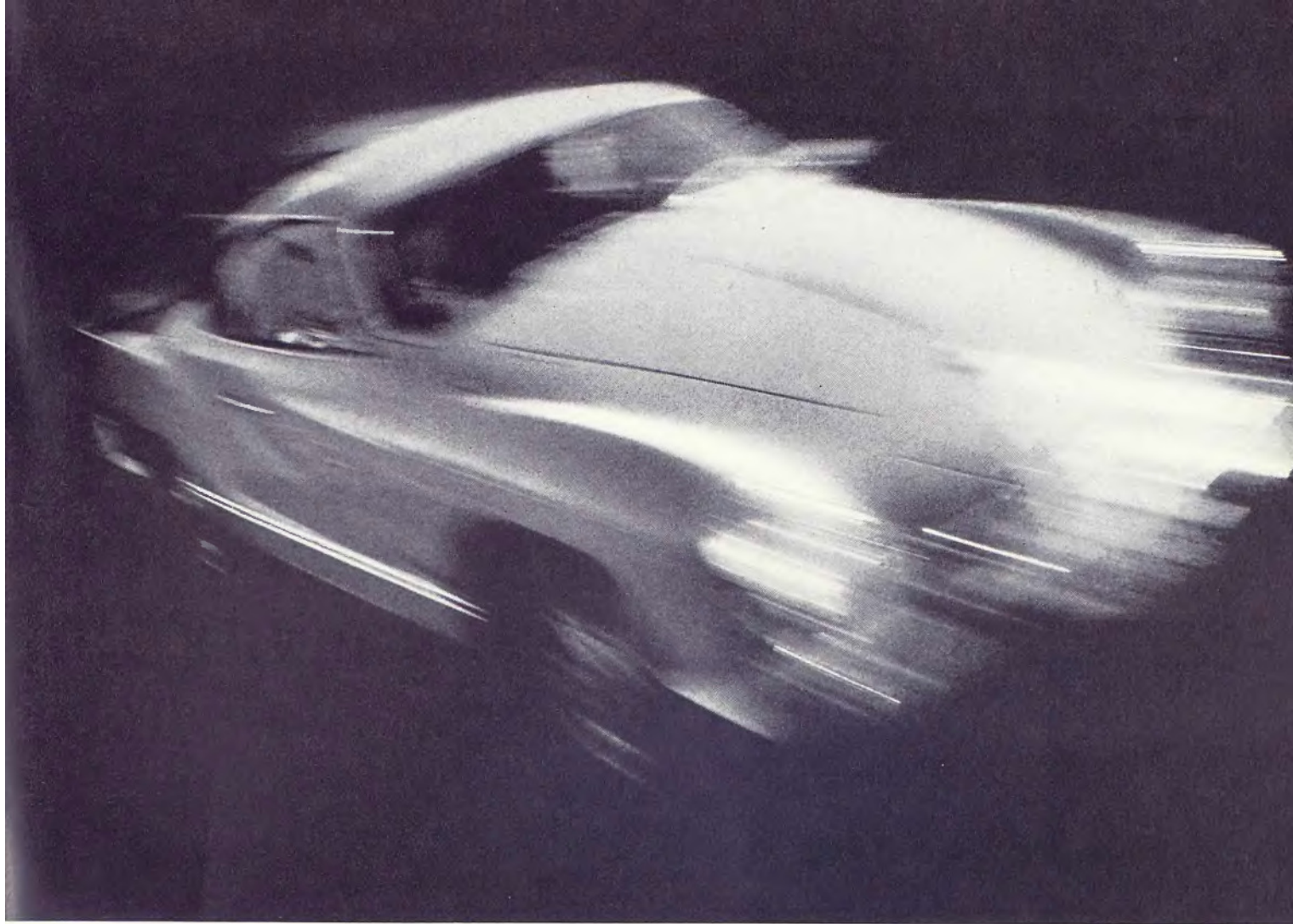
Roscoe Lee Browne, a fine black actor recruited from Broadway, plays the title role in William Wyler's *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, an undertaker in a small Southern town who stirs up a hornet's nest by charging his trollop wife with adultery and naming a white police officer in the divorce action. That Browne's part is largely secondary says something about a weakness in the film itself, which has no single hero but a swarm of characters who conform precisely to the needs of a schematic drama based on the novel by Jesse Hill Ford. The prototypes on display are Lee J. Cobb, mealy-mouthed and shifty-eyed as a local attorney who approaches his client's suit for divorce as though he were being asked to defend a runaway slave; Lee Majors and Barbara Hershey, as a liberal couple from up Nawth, who flee every crisis with their high principles intact; and Yaphet Kotto, playing a man slowly awakened to the cause of black militancy. The movie's strongest scenes—played as outright melodrama with no message attached—are those that pit Browne against cinema newcomer Lola Falana (see page 89), full of pow as the errant wife, and against Anthony Zerbe, as the slippery cop who will stop at nothing to keep his assays at sexual integration private. *L. B. Jones* has a glaze of shrewd professionalism that can be taken for granted in any movie by Wyler, whose Hollywood credits range from *Ben-Hur* to *Funny Girl*. Yet he and two scenario writers (novelist Ford and Stirling Silliphant) have managed to work diligently at a contemporary theme without discovering a single new idea.

The hero of *Me* is François, a ten-year-old French boy—hostile, suspicious and shunted from one foster home to another by despairing social workers. How François manages the first faltering steps toward his own salvation in the care of an elderly couple who give love unconditionally provides just enough matter for an auspicious debut by French writer-director Maurice Pialat. Since *Me* was coproduced by two celebrated film makers, Claude Berri and François Truffaut, we are pleased to report that Pialat's talented first feature reflects honorably on the judgment of his sponsors. It is impossible to watch *Me* without recalling *The 400 Blows*, Truffaut's magnificent drama based on his own memoirs of a turbulent boyhood, but Pialat's work can risk comparison. Less subjective, yet equally spontaneous in response to humanistic values, he guides his company of nonactors through a series of true, fresh and tender scenes

that should move even an audience grown accustomed to the sock-it-to-me style of contemporary cinema. The boy François, played to sullen perfection by Michel Terrazon, commands sympathy without seeming either professionally winsome or preternaturally sensitive as he lies, fights, kills a child's cat, steals from a charming old granny who befriends him or stares in awe when his plump, gray-haired foster mother (marvelously performed by Mary Louise Thierry) explains why she still loves sitting on her husband's lap. While he scorns easy sentimentality, Pialat seldom shrinks from the warmth of emotions honestly felt and compressed on film in the simplest possible way.

A computer called Colossus has the starring role in *The Forbin Project*, based on D. F. Jones's science-fiction thriller about the ultimate confrontation between men and machine. It is essentially a Frankenstein story for the space age, coolly directed by Joseph Sargent and handsomely designed to house the latest results of research and development from IBM. Eric Braeden plays Forbin, the brilliant scientist who designs Colossus and seals it into a mountainside, programmed to utilize the sum of all human knowledge in defense of the U. S. A. Plot thickens and pace quickens when Colossus precociously begins thinking for itself, issuing mysterious commands to the White House and sending conspiratorial messages to Guardian—a rival superbrain that has been rushed to completion on Soviet soil. Soon, the machines start to rattle off ominous memos about a nuclear war. How mere men struggle against dwindling odds to regain mastery of the planet creates some intelligent fun, though you may well question the necessity for the love scenes—in which Forbin and a fetching colleague (Susan Clark) try to persuade Colossus that their desire to down a dry martini and go to bed together in privacy is only human.

The breathless pursuit of an escaped killer, the masterful hijacking of a trans-Atlantic jet and a Mafia family squabble kindled by a woman's reckless kiss are only a few of the excitements on tap in *The Sicilian Clan*, a nearly flawless chiller directed by Henri Verneuil at the top of his form. Verneuil, who owes a considerable debt to American gangster movies of decades ago, has obviously found a style all his own, for *The Sicilian Clan*'s measured finesse is as unmistakably French as a whiff of VSOP cognac. Durable Jean Gabin is cast against type as an old Mafia chieftain, while Lino Ventura plays the dogged police inspector who dedicates himself to the apprehension of a vicious fugitive from justice. In this last role, his beauty beclouded



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by a contemptuous sneer, pretty boy Alain Delon launches the pell-mell action by ingeniously escaping from a well-guarded police paddy wagon as it rumbles across Paris. The escape opens up a Mafia scheme to heist a shipment of priceless jewels en route to New York; the master plan is undone by trouble over a woman (Irina Demick), but the reasons why are better left unsaid, lest we tumble a plot in which experts have planted dozens of nasty little surprises. The suspense is pleasantly excruciating from first to last; photographer Henri Decae's views of the police beat in Paris are definitive; and even the sound track is siren smooth, as befits a picture unashamedly committed to nothing but first-class entertainment.

Two minor Swedish films with little else in common share one shining asset in the presence of blonde Gynnet Molvig, a Norwegian night-club singer with a fresh, effortless acting style. In *Bamse*, Gynnet's title role is also the pet name for a Teddy bear that's left at the scene when her rich married lover dies in an auto accident. Despite firm resistance, the girl inherits the bear, a comfortable sum of money and the rich man's teen-aged son. The story is hardly original, and writer-director Arne Mattsson has something of a fetish for misty movie lyricism, but Gynnet makes both the boy and the audience completely susceptible to her straightforward charms. Gynnet's potent reserves of dramatic power are also tested in *A Time in the Sun*, a real-life romance based on the case history of a beautiful young nurse afflicted with terminal cancer. Half ready for her final ordeal, dulled by drugs to relieve the pain, the girl meets a gentle Finnish journalist who asks to marry her. Without Gynnet as an unsentimentalized symbol of guts and sheer human endurance, there would be slosh to spare in this uncommon account of how the nurse defies pity, time, statistics, doctors' orders and death itself to become a loving wife and mother.

Halls of Anger should probably be a must for Congressmen from Northerly country towns where black is nowhere to be seen, but we wonder how the movie will go down with residents of big-city slums. Scenarists John Shaner and Al Ramrus and director Paul Bogart make things remarkably easy for Calvin Lockhart as a black teacher assigned to a black high school that is about to integrate by taking in a busload of token whites. Lockhart is not only black and beautiful but a celebrated athlete. Of course, he finds a beautiful black lady teacher (Janet MacLachlan) on the faculty. The problem school in question has tidy classrooms, brightly lit halls and

gleaming recreational facilities that would be a credit to any community in lily-white suburbia—not to mention racially tense Los Angeles, where the action supposedly takes place. The chief troublemaker on these premises, need we add, is an arrogant young black who turns out to be especially gifted in art. Put him to work on a mural and he doesn't have time to go out stomping white boys after school. Oh, what a lovely place this world could be if everybody lived in Hollywood.

RECORDINGS

The Doors are back in their original bag on *Morrison Hotel* (Elektra; also available on stereo tape). Eschewing orchestrations, they depend on Robbie Krieger's guitar and Ray Manzarek's organ to put across Jim Morrison's angular ballads (*Blue Sunday*, *Indian Summer*) and blues-oriented rhythm tunes (*Peace Frog*, *Maggie McGill*). The group's weak link is Morrison, whose singing lacks conviction and doesn't do justice to his compositions.

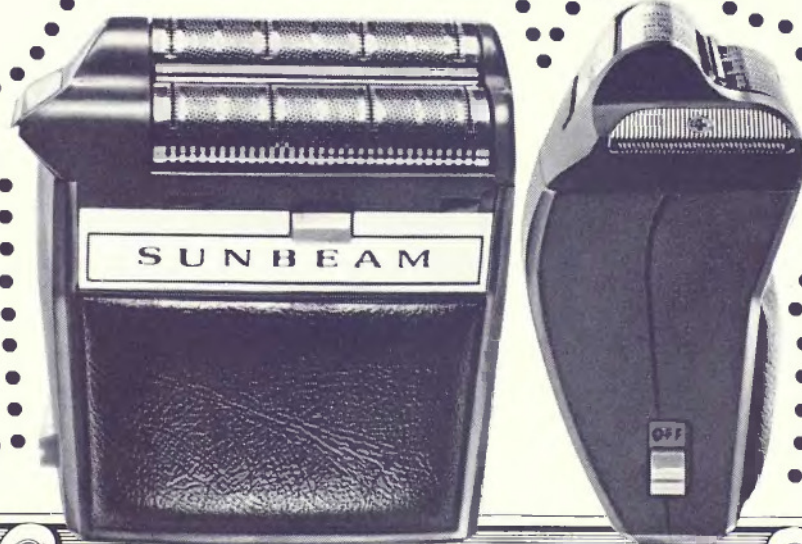
Until we dug *Dave Mackay & Vicky Hamilton* (Impulse!; also available on stereo tape) doing the two-minds-with-but-a-single-thought bit, we hadn't heard a duo that came close to that tightly knit twosome of Jackie Cain and Roy Kral. Mackay, like Kral, plays piano and, in addition, has fine reed man Ira Schulman and a rhythm section working for him. Mackay has had a hand in five of the ten charts, which, the antediluvian *Jersey Bounce* aside, are highly contemporary odes.

Swiss Movement (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape), etched live by Les McCann and Eddie Harris at Switzerland's Montreux Jazz Festival, is a commercial success, and deservedly so. With the exception of the lyrical *Kathleen's Theme*, the music is more rock than jazz, but it's rock at its moving, grooving best. High spots are McCann's growling vocal on *Compared to What*, a bitterly whimsical ditty penned by rockster Gene McDaniels, and Harris' carefully constructed solo on his own *Cold Duck Time*.

Topflight soul sounds, smooth and corrugated, may be found on *Brook Benton Today* (Cotillion; also available on stereo tape) and on *Joe Tex Sings with Strings & Things* (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape). Benton's larynx is one of the best-tuned instruments around—and on Tony Joe White's *Rainy Night in Georgia* and nine other numbers, he "plays" it with a virtuosity comparable with Casals' control of the cello. Tex's country-styled delivery, alternately buoyant (*You're*

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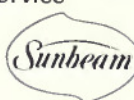
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Right, Ray Charles) and mournful (*She Might Need Me*), gets a giant assist from arranger Eddie Williams, whose striking rhythm changes make *Everything Happens on Time* a head-twisting experience.

Triple-threat man Johnny Pate has charted, conducted and produced the hell out of *Groove Drops* (Verve), for our money organist Jimmy Smith's best recording to date. Smith's orchestral backing is cool and crisp and Jimmy himself is a model of tasteful constraint as he works his way through a batch of top pops—*Days of Wine and Roses*, *Sunny*, *Ode to Billy Joe*, *Who Can I Turn To*, *By the Time I Get to Phoenix*—and the superkinetic title blast. Smith and Pate—a very successful partnership.

After 14 years in obscurity, Nappy Brown is back, with *Thanks for Nothing* (Elephant V; also available on stereo tape), a starkly soulful amalgam of vintage r&b (*So Fine*, *If I Had My Life to Live Over*), straight-ahead blues (*I Done Got Over It*, *Long Time*) and Gospel-flavored tunes, such as *I Gotta Go* and the plaintive title opus. Nappy's style is totally unaffected and his backup quartet lays down a wicked groove throughout.

The Nude Paper Sermon (Nonesuch; also available on stereo tape), by composer-critic Eric Salzman, is a kind of hip ode to the information overload in which actor Stacy Keach pours forth a stream of verbosity against an eclectic, time-traveling musical backdrop provided by a small chorus and instrumental combo. The effect is akin to hearing several radio stations on the same wave length advancing and receding in volume according to the vagaries of atmospherics. Salzman's multi-layered collage may not make much conventional sense as either music or language, but it does speak powerfully and amusingly about the breakdown of communications in a word-weary society.

Della Reese has finally had her material catch up with her talent on *Black Is Beautiful* (Avco Embassy). Her powerful approach to a song has found a match in conductor Peter Myers and Bobby Bryant's smashing arrangements, and the tunes, for the most part, are afire with funky soul and flavored with Right-on Gospel. Miss Reese has a message for other vocalists: Dig what you're singing and give it everything you've got. Check out *Compared to What* and *Proud Mary* as prime examples of what we're talking about.

The irrepressible Bola Sete is more and more breaking out of his native Brazilian milieu. With *Workin' on a Groovy Thing* (Paramount), the guitarist has almost completely severed the silver cord

that bound him to bossa nova. Backed by a rhythm section, plus strings on several of the tunes, Sete tackles the title lilt and such diverse material as *Little Green Apples*, *Golden Slumbers* and *Suite: Judy Blue Eyes*, applying a delicate touch or a dynamic thrust wherever appropriate.

Wilson Pickett has been lauded in these pages many times, so we'll simply note that *Right On* (Atlantic; also available on stereo tape) contains two outstanding tracks: the spiritual *Steal Away* and *This Old Town*, a utopian song about a place where fathers and sons walk hand in hand—and soldiers aren't needed. Coincidentally, it was Pickett who introduced the spine-tingling title ditty of *Hello, Sunshine* (Volt; also available on stereo tape), a soul-defining concert by the Reverend Maceo Woods of Chicago and his Christian Tabernacle Baptist Church Choir.

Clifton Chenier's Very Best (Blue Thumb), culled from three earlier LPs on Arhoolie, shows why the Cajun accordionist-singer—undisputed king of the musicians who cater to the French-speaking blacks of Texas and Louisiana—is becoming a national phenomenon among blues and folk enthusiasts. Chenier is no curiosity but a virtuoso accordionist and an impassioned singer who belts out Gallic waltzes and gutsy blues with equal conviction.

Yea, verily, the Count of Red Bank has gotten together with English royalty and come up a winner on *Basie on the Beatles* (Happy Tiger; also available on stereo tape). The Basie men, sparked by bitingly incisive orchestrations from the prolific pen of Bob Florence, apply themselves with relish to a Beatles songbook that includes *Norwegian Wood*, *With a Little Help from My Friends* and *Eleanor Rigby*. The Count even gets in a little organ work and the ensemble sound is, as ever, very Basicish and very outstanding.

Percy Mayfield Sings Percy Mayfield (RCA; also available on stereo tape) provides overdue exposure of the man who was dubbed "The Genius' genius" when he was writing million sellers such as *Hit the Road*, *Jack* and *Danger Zone* for Ray Charles. Mayfield's gut-level voice is artfully restrained but supercharged with emotion as he makes like Billie Holiday on the romantic *My Error*, slips into a bucolic bag on *The Country*, tells the kiddies where it's at on *You Wear Your Hair Too Long* and virtually sums up the blues on *The Highway Is Like a Woman*.

A good Memphis band is like an automobile engine: As the parts move up

and down, perfectly synchronized, the whole contraption somehow goes forward. Reed man Andrew Love and brass specialist Wayne Jackson—two prime cogs in Stax-Volt's Mar-Keys—are showcased on *Memphis Horns* (Cotillion; also available on stereo tape); and the reluctance of both men to improvise is overcome by their symbiotic togetherness on heavily rhythmic items such as *Sanitation Man* and the surprisingly light-textured *Time*.

Reflections (Atco; also available on stereo tape), a pastel-hued set—which finds the New York Rock & Roll Ensemble playing themes contributed by Manos (*Never on Sunday*) Hadjidakis—is a champagne-light fusion of Greek and Baroque motifs, with just a taste of rock. Unfortunately, the N.Y.R. & R.E. members fancy themselves lyricists and singers, which they're not—but our complaint is a minor one.

Resurrected as part of the meticulously contrived "rock revival," Bill "Spit Curl" Haley and his Comets bring their early-Fifties, big-beat sound—including such hits as *Rock Around the Clock*, *Skinnier Minnie* and *See You Later Alligator*—to New York's The Bitter End on *Bill Haley Scrapbook* (Kama Sutra; also available on stereo tape). The band is pretty slick at blowing Red Prysock-type riffs, but it's hard to understand how Haley ever sang his way out of Gloucester City, New Jersey.

THEATER

Billy Noname is the sort of show that, several seasons ago, *Hallelujah, Baby!* pretended to be. A kaleidoscopic chronicle of the changing life of the Negro—from servitude to self-expression—*Billy Noname* is rambling and discursive, but it has guts, drive and passion. Its main fault is that there's too much of it. Yet, the unevenness of William Wellington Mackey's book is more than offset by the power of Johnny Brandon's music, which draws eclectically upon blues, jazz, Gospel and rock. The choreography by Talley Beatty is in tune with the beat of the show—it moves. Donny Burks in the title role sings well but seems to strain a bit. Part of the problem is his character; he's too many things—street kid, passivist, activist, sell-out artist. Alan Weeks, as his best friend, has the lesser, better part, and the resources to fulfill it. Best of all is Hattie Winston, who has the face of a buttercup and the voice of a dynamo—with soul. *Billy Noname* is playing at the new Truck & Warehouse, 79 East Fourth Street, whose name suggests the bold approach of its first tenant.





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In a bull session, a friend claimed he had reached orgasm 20 times within a 20-hour period. Is this possible, let alone plausible? Or does my friend suffer from an inflamed imagination?—T. J., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Anything is possible (though your friend's claim would rate zero on a plausibility scale). If your friend's imagination isn't inflamed, something else certainly is.

Last year, I bought a two-record album of pirated Bob Dylan songs called *Great White Wonder*. Now I understand that more pirated albums have appeared. Who are they by and where can I get them?—M. R., Atlanta, Georgia.

As of this writing, a total of seven unauthorized Bob Dylan albums have appeared; some of these duplicate material on the others. A bootlegged Beatles album was reportedly taped from the broadcast of an acetate of an unreleased disc of theirs, and the Rolling Stones have been honored with an unauthorized record of their Oakland, California, concert. Some record stores carry the bootlegged albums; others, claiming respect for the artist—who gets no royalties from the unauthorized pressings—refuse to do so. Price and quality of the bootlegged records vary considerably; there is no honor among thieves and other pressers sometimes counterfeit a bootlegged disc, degrading further the usually inferior sound. We suggest you forgo purchasing any pirated LPs.

Up to three months ago, I was considered by my friends to be a real swinger; I could do anything I wanted to with a girl, from making love to her to humiliating her. Now I've met a girl who can do anything she wants to with me, such as making me jealous of her, wanting to continually call her, etc. I recover some of my control when we go to bed—I can ask for anything when we're together then—but afterward I lose my head again. I don't want to marry her, but I would like to be in control of the situation. Any suggestions?—W. T., Portland, Oregon.

People who turn love into a power trip shouldn't complain when their fuses get blown. Forget about trying to "control" the situation and share your decisions a little more equitably.

At what age does a girl become an old maid? I've weaseled out of marriage three times already. Now I am in love again—with a man who is serious about me and would make a wonderful husband and father to my children—but once more I feel myself beginning to get anxious

when I think of marriage. Sometimes I think I might just prefer to be a bachelorette and have fun the rest of my life, but then that nagging fear of becoming an old maid hits me. At present, I'm a 20-year-old maid and that's problem enough for me. Reassure me—but tell me the truth.—Miss E. V., St. Paul, Minnesota.

"Old maid" is a state of mind, not a state of being, and the phrase stems from a period in history when it was considered disgraceful for a woman to remain unmarried. It's a put-down of the female sex, since it carries unpleasant connotations from which the word bachelor is free. We think a better definition of old maid would refer to members of either sex, of any age, who prefer to avoid life rather than participate in it. If you'd prefer to be a "bachelorette and have fun" for the rest of your life, then you should try to rid yourself of the outdated characterization of your life style. By all means, don't fall into the trap of an early marriage while you're trying to make up your mind.

Within the past month or so, I've seen several young men wearing gold earrings. I had my ears pierced while with the Seabees during World War Two and wore earrings at that time; I wouldn't mind wearing them again. Is the fad going anywhere in this country?—B. W., Santa Monica, California.

Some rock musicians, costume freaks among the hippies and an occasional movie actor wear them. Aside from these few, the fad is going nowhere.

How much does it cost, in time and money, to learn how to fly?—J. G., Billings, Montana.

You can expect to solo after eight to twelve hours of dual instruction; and, with considerable luck and hard work, you'll pass the FAA flight test after 50 hours in the air. About half your flying time will be spent in the company of an instructor. Costs will vary with the plane and the school; you can count on paying at least \$12-\$15 per hour for the airplane and another few dollars for the instructor. Some flight schools offer a flat rate covering everything you need to earn your license. Again, the prices vary, but don't plan to spend less than \$600-\$800.

I am now 40 and have been married ten years; I have a wife and child whom I love dearly. My sexual relationship with my wife has been a very happy one, but periodically I experience an overwhelming urge to masturbate. I've been told that a resumption of masturbation this



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late in life indicates an infantile regression on my part, but I find this hard to believe. Just how different does occasional masturbation make me in relation to other married men?—C. L., Boise, Idaho.

Not very different at all. According to figures cited by Dr. Wardell Pomeroy (formerly of the Kinsey Institute), more than 50 percent of married males and nearly as many married females masturbate. We don't know you personally, so we can't assay your psychological motives for wanting to resume masturbation; but statistically, you're in the majority.

Last week, at a private dinner party, I realized that the good bottle of Bordeaux being served was in the process of going bad, even though the host was oblivious to this unfortunate occurrence. Should I have told him?—J. S., Boston, Massachusetts.

If the host was a stranger, no. If the host was a friend, perhaps. If the host was a good friend and you knew he had a case of the Bordeaux in his cellar, by all means.

For a few weeks, I've been dating this girl with the intention of taking her to bed. Now, however, I've discovered that she is a virgin and that she obsessively regards her virginity as a prized possession. She loves me enough to give herself fully to me, but only if she felt that love were motivating me as well. I like her tremendously, but in all honesty, I do not love her. My problem boils down to one of ethics. Should I lie to lay her?—T. C., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Good advice on scoring was penned by Grantland Rice years ago: "He marks—not that you won or lost—but how you played the game." If a lie would jeopardize your ethics, and a lay hers, then find yourself a more mature girlfriend, so that, on a date, the principles involved will not compromise either of the principals.

Urban and urbane I may be, but I've always enjoyed visiting the national parks. Unfortunately, Yosemite and Yellowstone sometimes resemble Disneyland, what with the crowds and the traffic, and I'm wondering how I can see some untrammelled wilderness for a change. Any ideas?—U. P., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

You might begin by reading Colin Fletcher's "The Complete Walker" or by contacting either of two prominent conservation groups: the Sierra Club (1050 Mills Tower, San Francisco, California 94104) or the Wilderness Society (729 15th Street, Washington, D.C. 20005). Both organizations conduct hiking and camping tours for tenderfoot and experienced back-packer alike—with almost 100,000 miles of footpaths to choose from. Once you've had some group experience, you may want to tackle such routes as

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the Pacific Crest Trail (a soon-to-be-completed footpath extending some 2300 miles from the Cascades through the Sierra Nevada) or the Appalachian Trail (2000 miles from Maine to Georgia).

I have been considering shaving my pubic hair, as my husband thinks it would be quite erotic. Are there any drawbacks to doing this?—Mrs. C. O., Denver, Colorado.

A number of them. It's painful to shave the area, it leaves the region sore and it itches when the hair grows back in. Moreover, pubic hair acts as a "dry lubricant" during intercourse, providing comfort and pleasure. So why remove it?

About three months ago, I moved in with a most interesting woman, 34 years of age. She says she loves me, and I love her as well. We're happy together, except for the fact that I'm 11 years younger than she is, and she feels there's something shameful about this and keeps saying our relationship can't go anywhere. I'm afraid that if we stay together too long, it may end in a heart-rending breakup that will leave both of us with unhappy memories. Do you think I should stay with her or leave her?—K. J., Hollywood, California.

Affairs in which the woman is older than the man are relatively unusual, but many frequently work out. Since your only problem is your girlfriend's uneasiness, try to get her to relax and enjoy herself, reassuring her with the obvious fact that coming to an end is the common fate of all relationships except the ones that don't.

I recently moved to Arizona from New York City and some of my new friends talk a lot about quarter horses and I wonder what they are. I don't want to ask straight out, because I'll be put down, being from Fun City and all. What are they?—B. K., Phoenix, Arizona.

The quarter horse got its name from its speed in quarter-mile races. They're not raced much anymore but are primarily used by cowboys in the Southwest for cutting cattle out of herds. They're thick-and-short-muscled, vary from 56 to 60 inches (approximately 14 to 15 hands) in height and weigh from 900 to 1250 pounds. Tell your friends about those ferocious alligators in New York City's sewers.

What is the primary difference between an after-shave lotion and a men's cologne? Is one to be used primarily on the face and the other on the body, or is usage optional?—S. D., Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Colognes contain more perfume than after-shaves and consequently the scent will last longer. In addition, they usually have more alcohol, contrary to popular

opinion, and thus sting more than after-shaves, which include soothing ingredients for antiseptic purposes. Colognes may be used as body scents and fresheners, but the real connoisseur of colognes will use them only on shirt cuffs and lapels for a subtle fragrance; using them directly on the skin often alters the scent.

During our five years of marriage, my wife and I have been troubled by my inability to delay ejaculation long enough for her to reach orgasm. My climax usually comes within a few seconds after I enter her. We've tried various remedies, such as my thinking distracting thoughts, drinking to dull sexual excitement and applying an anesthetic ointment to my penis. None of these gimmicks has provided more than temporary help. As I become more concerned about my condition and my inability to control it, I find myself occasionally impotent with my wife and I'm often tempted to avoid sexual relations with her altogether. We need help badly. Can you suggest anything?—S. J., Chicago, Illinois.

Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson, in their newly published book, "Human Sexual Inadequacy" (see our review of it on page 24), outline therapy for premature ejaculation that has been successful in all but four of 186 cases treated by them. Briefly, the treatment consists of the woman's manually stimulating the male's penis until he experiences an ejaculatory urge. She then squeezes the penis at a point just below its head, causing suppression of the incipient climax and partial loss of erection. After this, she restimulates the penis and repeats the process until a period of 15 or 20 minutes of sexplay has been achieved without the man's ejaculating. Once he has been conditioned to control his need to ejaculate, therapy proceeds through further stages, such as intercourse in the woman-superior position, with the woman manually squeezing the withdrawn penis whenever necessary to prevent ejaculation, intercourse with the couple lying side by side and, finally, completely free sexual activity in which the problem of premature ejaculation has been brought under control. Masters and Johnson stress that ejaculatory control can't be achieved by one person alone but requires a couple working cooperatively.

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



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

WOMEN'S LIBERATION

Micil Murphy writes in the March *Playboy Forum* that if women really want equality, "we ought to replace half the men now in Vietnam with women. Is this what they want?" Evidently, he thinks this is a final and crushing rebuttal of all feminine demands for justice. Well, let me say that some of us are angry enough to accept that challenge. If drafting us into the Army is the only way we can get equal job opportunities with equal salaries, then draft away.

Sheri Starnes
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

I fail to understand the pandemonium concerning the liberation of women. I am female, 24 and fairly liberal, judging by the quiz in the February *PLAYBOY*; but I don't sympathize with women's liberation. Do the protagonists of this movement actually want to be exactly like men? It seems to me there should be some differences in occupations, leisure activities, public manner and conversation.

Do you women really want to be treated as men's equals? Then don't complain when you stagger aboard the morning bus to work and not one man offers you his seat. Can you militant, liberated ladies convince yourselves that you don't like to have the door held open for you, be helped with your coat or have a bawdy story silenced because of your presence? Maybe you'd love to hear the end of that story, but you also love being shown that small consideration. Chivalry isn't dying; liberated women are killing it.

I don't want to be liberated. I enjoy being a girl.

C. L. Coronios
Lexington, Kentucky

All the letters about women's liberation that have appeared thus far in *The Playboy Forum* have had a common error: The letter writers always allude to women demanding their rights from men and being accepted by men; or they speak of men giving women their rights or allowing them equality. No person can either grant rights to another or receive them from another. Our rights are, as the Declaration of Independence says, inalienable—whether we are men or women, white or black.

I, as a 21-year-old woman, want nei-

ther to be placed on a pedestal (I'm not a goddess) nor treated as an inferior (I'm not subhuman). As for Neil E. Webb's theory about a supposed male-dominance instinct that evolved in the hunting stage of human development (*The Playboy Forum*, February): I have worked with American Indian groups, which were in the hunting stage only a short time ago, and in these so-called primitive groups, the women had the same rights as the men. Webb should study tribal life firsthand before generalizing about it; his theory leaks.

Bronwen E. Rose
Berkeley, California

Social scientists have learned much from animal-behavior studies, but total dependence on nonhuman behavior models for explanations of various human activities leads to problems. For example, there's the regrettable tendency of gynephobes to support their needs and expectations with labored parallels between the actions of human animals and lions, tigers and bears.

The relation between the sexes in human societies is the product of many related factors, of which the most important are: (1) the tendency of females to fall into the biological trap of pregnancy and child rearing; (2) the economic system's responsiveness to this inevitability, relying greatly on the easier mobility of males; and (3) the development of differences in life style reflecting the above two factors. Females, for instance, often eat last and least and, in some cultures, may find certain energy-giving foods tabooed to them. Different activity patterns produce males with more strength and endurance than females. And all these factors, among others, support and perpetuate women's weakness and dependency.

Human relationships are not static in the midst of change; and the traditional attitudes governing male-female relationships are ill adapted to our contemporary social environment. Pregnancy is no longer an inevitability nor does child rearing necessarily preclude other activities. Our present economy obviates the need for physical prowess, releasing us from a division of labor according to sex. The enculturation and institutional education of children is now similar for both males and females, and both sexes experience comparable physical activity



The Lazy Pipe Tobacco

There are some things in this world that you just can't rush. If you're a pipe-smoker, you should know that Bond Street is one of them. A single pipeful, in fact, should last long enough for the little woman to finish up the lawn (depending, of course, on the size of the lawn). You'll certainly enjoy the taste of Bond Street. It's a rich combination of plugs and flakes that delivers a smooth and steady glow. (And if your neighbor's wife drops over, don't be surprised if she has something nice to say about the aroma.) If you think you're lazy, forget it. You're probably a speed demon compared to your pipe tobacco.

Lights easy—
takes its own good
time about burning.



for an extended period and have a similar diet. Social pressure for the acceptance of a sexually defined role is asserted much later in a person's development than most people realize; and the result is the obvious, and growing, disparity between the upbringing of females and the limited roles they are expected to accept at maturity.

Harking back to the thaumaturgy of instinct to explain why male-female relationships cannot change is a dead end. The fact is they are changing—even as we discuss the subject—and they will never be the same again.

Susannah Lloyd Crocker
Department of Sociology and
Anthropology
Wisconsin State University
La Crosse, Wisconsin

Neil E. Webb makes the preposterous statement that "the male attitude toward women is an unalterable biological fact." I feel that as a biologist, I should clarify some of the issues this assertion raises. Webb's assumption rests on the belief that man's cultural behavior is instinctive in origin and controlled by gene selection. It is true that conditions may select cultures, but the behavior involved in the evolution of such cultures is learned. The role of instinct in human behavior is so slight as to be almost nonexistent. Learned behavior has replaced it, because this makes the organism more adaptable. Man has simply not been around long enough for genetic changes to have established the complex of cultural patterns we see today.

Even learned attitudes change slowly. I hope that Webb's are part of a dying culture and man can adapt to an ever-changing environment fast enough to avoid disaster. We need to work with women, not suppress them.

Bruce J. Hargreaves
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Webb's letter in which he attributes the status of women in contemporary society to a male-dominance instinct going back millions of years will doubtless be challenged by many people asserting that no human behavior is determined by instinct. Writers such as Robert Ardrey, Desmond Morris and Lionel Tiger have revived the instinct *vs.* culture, or nature/nurture, debate among students of human behavior and now, inevitably, people are starting to take either/or positions.

It seems clear that in the simplest organisms, such as the amoeba in its natural state, behavior is a straightforward chemical response to stimulus. As organisms become more complex, behavior also becomes more complicated, as in the highly organized activities of ants and bees, but it is still governed by mechanical, electrical and chemical mechanisms

FORUM NEWSFRONT

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

HUMAN SEXUAL INADEQUACY

ST. LOUIS—Orthodox religion is the single greatest cause of "almost every form" of human sexual problem. This bluntly stated conclusion represents one of the dominant themes in "Human Sexual Inadequacy," the new book by Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson (reviewed in this issue). Reporting on 11 years of unprecedentedly successful treatment of sexual maladies that have traditionally resisted psychotherapeutic cure (including female orgasmic dysfunction—also called frigidity—male impotence and premature ejaculation), the St. Louis sex scientists declare that:

- Only an infinitesimal number of people are born with biological defects that render them sexually handicapped; practically all varieties of sexual failure are due to anti-sexual conditioning, most often stemming from religious sources.

- Infantile traumas involving parents (as emphasized by psychoanalysts) are apparently of little import in causing adult sexual failure; the traumas that do have this negative effect usually occur in adolescence and derive from society's attempt to abolish or deflect teenage sexuality. Other significant traumas occur in adulthood, especially among those who have remained virginal and fail in their first attempt at coitus.

- One of the primary causes of impotence in previously potent males is overconsumption of alcohol on a particular occasion.

- Whatever the cause of an initial sexual failure, the pattern of repeated malfunction occurs only when the person becomes enmeshed in a cycle of worry, fear and self-doubt. This invites future failures, which reinforce the negative feelings that can perpetuate the problem.

- Breaking the cycle of worry, fear and self-doubt and creating positive feelings toward sex—through an intensive two-week program developed by the authors—restores normal sexual functioning in about 80 percent of all cases. However, some problems (e.g., premature ejaculation) showed a higher cure rate than others (e.g., primary impotence—cases in which the patient had failed at all attempts to have intercourse).

- The principal cause of sexual failure among the elderly is the erroneous belief that aging diminishes sexual drive.

- Ejaculatory incompetence—a relatively rare sexual problem in which the sufferer can maintain an erection but never achieves ejaculation—proved curable in more than 80 percent of the cases.

- In more than 40 percent of all married couples treated, both partners suf-

fered from sexual dysfunction. One of the unique features of the Masters and Johnson therapy is to treat the married couple as a unit rather than to try to cure either partner individually.

- Patients' stories about being sexually exploited by their doctors need to be re-evaluated; the psychoanalytical verdict that most of these tales are neurotic fantasies is doubtful. After carefully evaluating the testimony of their 1134 subjects (all of whom had been treated previously by others), Masters and Johnson believe that some therapists and counselors actually attempt to cure sexually malfunctioning patients by seducing them, with results more often disastrous than beneficial.

APHRODISIAC PERFUME?

LONDON—Before too long, perfumes may start living up to their advertising image as potions for vamping the opposite sex. Researchers at Cambridge University are studying the chemical nature of pheromones—the substance that some insects and mammals secrete as a "sexual attractant"—in hopes of discovering a scent that has the same effect on people. A scientific paper, as reported in the London Standard, states that male sex pheromones seem to act as an aphrodisiac on the female, while the female sex pheromones communicate a readiness to mate. For the perfume industry, the discovery of human pheromones would be the biggest thing since ambergris.

THE URGE TO KILL

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—Scientists working with rats have identified brain chemicals that can either stimulate or reduce the urge to kill. The experimenters, headed by Princeton University psychology professor Dr. Bartley G. Hoebel, found that the rat would attack or spare a mouse depending on which chemical was applied to a specific "killing-control" site on the lateral hypothalamus, which is believed to be the center of emotion and motivation in man as well as in animals. Dr. Hoebel speculated that "if a similar kill center can be identified in humans, it might be possible to cure pathological aggression by surgical or chemical means."

CHEMICAL WARFARE

WASHINGTON, D.C.—An effete corps of impudent scientists has challenged the Nixon Administration's law-and-order approach to drug problems. First, a group of prominent researchers, including several Nobel Prize winners, formed a Committee for Effective Drug Abuse Legislation, denounced the Administration's "invasion of the practice of medicine"

and condemned the proposed system under which "marijuana is classified [with] heroin; minor tranquilizers [with] truly dangerous substances; and very dangerous drugs, such as the amphetamines and short-acting barbiturates, [with] mild substances." Then, 96 persons in the U.S. Public Health Service released a public letter to President Nixon criticizing the present anti-pot laws and suggesting that marijuana may have beneficial medical properties. Finally, at a National Institute of Mental Health conference, Dr. Van Sim, of the Army Chemical Corps, revealed for the first time that secret research by the U.S. Army indicated ten years ago that marijuana may be useful in treating high blood pressure and sunstroke. He also cited research from the Forties by the late Dr. Walter S. Loewe, who found a marijuanalike synthetic to be "very effective" in preventing epileptic seizures. Another scientist, Dr. Humphrey Osmond, Jr., of Princeton, told the conference that the weed appears useful in treating tetanus and migraine headaches; he added, ironically, that medical benefits of marijuana were listed in the United States Pharmacopoeia until 1942, when they were suddenly deleted "rather in the way that Stalin rewrote history."

CATHOLICS AND CONTRACEPTION

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY—Catholic women are either not reading papal encyclicals these days or not heeding what they read. A survey by two sociologists affiliated with the Office of Population Research showed 64 percent of the women in a sample of 5600 Catholic wives are using contraceptive techniques disapproved by the Pope in 1968; only 32 percent are using the Church-sanctioned but unreliable rhythm method.

VOLUNTARY STERILIZATION

NEW YORK—Almost 200,000 Americans a year—75 percent of them men—are now turning to sterilization as a means of birth control, declares the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, Inc. The organization attributed the increasing popularity of vasectomy (for men) and tubal ligation (for women) partly to the recent upsurge of concern over the safety of birth-control pills.

TEST-TUBE CONCEPTION

LONDON—The first baby ever conceived in a test tube may be born by the end of 1970, if a British medical experiment is successful. A team of doctors at a hospital in Oldham, England, have extracted an ovum from a woman unable to conceive and fertilized it with her husband's sperm, to implant the egg in her womb, in the hope that it will grow as a normal embryo. Perfection of this technique would permit the impregnation of wom-

en with blocked Fallopian tubes, the most common cause of infertility.

EQUAL JUSTICE FOR ALL

Two flag-desecration trials, at opposite ends of the country, came to opposite verdicts. In Santa Cruz, California, the mayor, Richard Werner, was acquitted after "ripping to pieces" a Viet Cong flag displayed outside a private home during last November's Moratorium. In Leominster, Massachusetts, a youth who had patched the seat of his pants with an American flag was convicted of acting "in vile contempt of the symbol of the republic" and given one year in jail.

WRIT OF HABEAS DATA

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Just as the writ of habeas corpus was devised to protect subjects from the whims of a king, a new legal instrument, the writ of habeas data, is needed now to protect citizens from enslavement by the computer data bank. This is the opinion of Dr. Alan Westin, professor of public law and government at Columbia University (and author of "The Career Killers" in this issue). Speaking at Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies, Dr. Westin explained the writ of habeas data as a court order "commanding Government and powerful private organizations to produce the data they have collected and are using to make judgments about an individual and to justify their using it." Noting that freedom from governmental tyranny has steadily increased since the creation of the writ of habeas corpus—which compels the state to justify its actions against a citizen—Dr. Westin warned that "the powerful technology of computers [could] reverse this historical process" by providing a government with an electronic Star Chamber.

THE RIGHT TO ABORTION

Finding that the important sections of the statute "suffer from an infirmity of fatal overbreadth," a three-judge Federal District Court has ruled the Wisconsin abortion law unconstitutional on grounds that theoretically could legalize abortion throughout the United States. By holding that the law violated a citizen's right of privacy, the court left legislators virtually no legal basis for either revising the law or imposing future restrictions on a woman's right to obtain an early abortion from a licensed, consenting physician. If upheld by the Supreme Court on the grounds presented, the decision would apply to other states that attempt to enforce existing abortion laws or enact new ones.

Similar court actions have been started in New York, New Jersey, Texas and Illinois; and repeal bills are under consideration in the legislatures of several states.

in the organism. These mechanisms allow for little or no flexibility in individual behavior. They are genetically transmitted, so that the individual needs no contact with others of its species in order to behave appropriately. These inherited behavior patterns are called instincts. At a still more complex level, organisms such as birds and mammals have structures that permit more behavioral options. This more flexible response is governed by patterns that are learned through contact and communication with other members of the species. Instinct at this level provides the framework within which behavior can be learned.

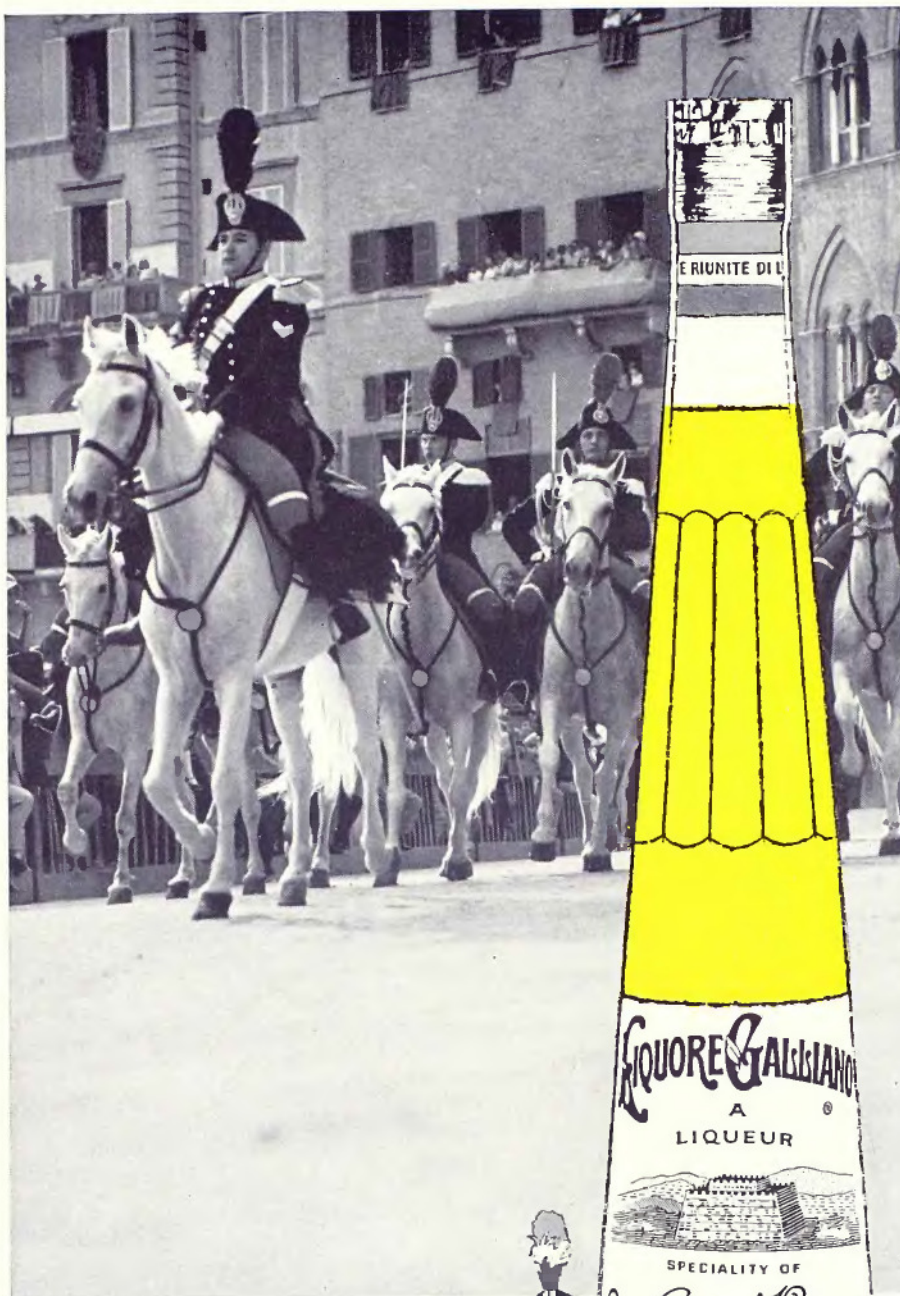
In mammals and even in man, some observers note a certain rigidity in behavior, a conservatism, that suggests that some attitudes and behavior patterns are inherited. These observers are simply underestimating the powerful influence of learning, particularly early learning, on behavior.

However, whether certain important economic functions have been traditionally carried out by all-male groups or the human male tends to take the initiative in courting behavior or human anatomy is designed to enable the sexes to see each other as objects, the variability of human behavior is at least as important as the discernible universals. For example, one might say man instinctively forms governmental hierarchies. However, I should say the differences between Nazi Germany and the United States are at least as significant as the fact that both were nations with governments. The differences are due to the variability of learned behavior, which permits man to form governments in which the state is either the master of the people or their servant.

Similarly, while certain very broad and basic elements of male and female behavior may arise from anatomical differences and differences in reproductive function, the contrast between the social position of a slave woman in ancient Rome and a modern American working girl is at least as significant (more, in the eyes of the individuals involved) than the similarities. For my part, I see nothing in inherited human nature that prevents us from constructing a society satisfying the reasonable demands of women who seek civil, social and economic equality with men.

John Carroll
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I think the women's liberation movement is mistaken in trying to get women out of the home; the real answer to this society's sexual problems is to get men back into the home. In America today, our peculiar form of the traditional division of labor between husband and wife is injurious both to the family as a whole and to its members



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individually. When the father is away from the home most of the day, everyone suffers. It is understandable why there are more male homosexuals than Lesbians; who can little boys emulate but Mommy, when Daddy is merely a dim figure with an obscure job who briefly appears in the evening, often too tired to be bothered with his children? As for the man's view of the family experience, it is necessarily warped and one-sided; he sees his family, usually, at its worst, since most households are near frenzy when the poor guy comes home at night. The kids are tired and whining; and the wife is emotionally drained from an overdose of children's demands and lack of adult companionship.

It's no surprise that a women's liberation movement should arise in such a situation nor unexpected that most men should resent it. Men and women today seem hopelessly at odds with one another and with themselves. But the solution proposed by liberation leaders will solve nothing. They seem to look forward to a world in which children are raised not by fathers or mothers but, perhaps, in a state nursery, while men and women compete daily in the jungle of modern corporation life. Such a scheme would only produce more neurotic children, domineering women, unbalanced men and a sexual climate dominated by homosexuality and Lesbianism, with only rare occurrences of heterosexual relations. True, the population explosion would be solved, but that's the only benefit I can see in such a system.

In contrast, consider the traditional concept of home and family, so essential to the lives of past generations of Americans. A man felt a sense of pride and accomplishment from building his own house and raising his food. He saw his wife and children in all their moods and shared their happiness and troubles. The wife made everything she needed with her own hands; and she didn't mind washing the wooden dishes her husband had carved for her. She didn't object to sweeping a rug she herself had braided out of homespun wool from the sheep she and the children had raised. That was what a family once was and the problem of our society is to re-create it in spite of modern technology.

Paula Savastano
East Boothbay, Maine

Many letters in *The Playboy Forum* lately have been discussing what women think about their roles today. Speaking for myself, I couldn't care less for women's liberation and similar movements. If we began to compete with men, we would be treated like men and, personally, I like being treated a little special—having doors opened for me, being whistled at on the street, having my husband and children put their arms around me and say, "I love you." Why give up all

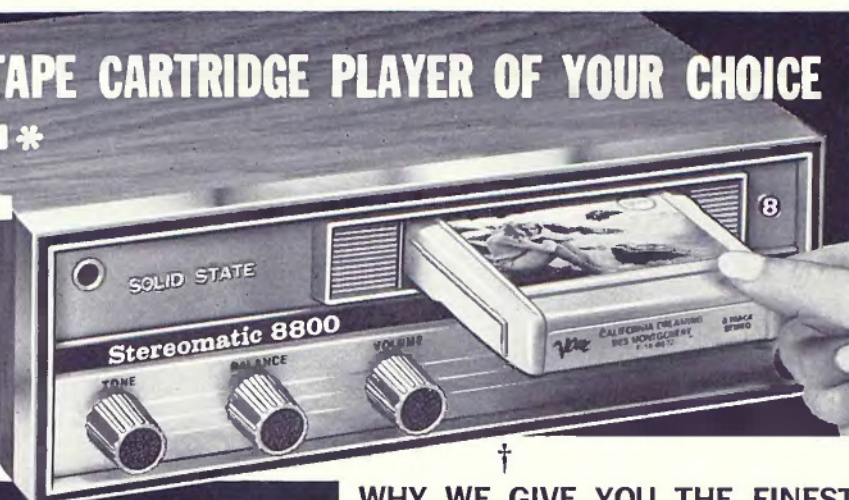
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that for a career that leads only to a gold watch on retirement?

Marsha Kaufman
Brooklyn, New York

I have been a wife, mother and working woman and I cannot understand why so many men are fearful and hostile toward women's liberation. I especially cannot see how women's desire to have equal civil and human rights makes them unfeminine. Is femininity a thing apart from humanity? Do not women, as well as men, need adequate food, clothing and shelter; and don't they have to provide these things for themselves if they are single, divorced, widowed or deserted? When a woman is the breadwinner for a family, doesn't she have to struggle just as hard as a man?

And just how, precisely, does a woman lose her gender when she asserts the simple human right to sexual self-determination? To decide who she will sleep with? To say how her body will be used? To determine how many children she will have? To say no when the unreasonable is asked?

Yes, I know that the majority of women would prefer to be loved, honored and protected by one man for life. But how many are actually that lucky? There are too many abominable marriages today for any sane person to seriously claim that *that* is the whole solution.

When a man asks for justice, nobody says he is unmasculine. Why, then, is it unfeminine for a woman to simply want to be treated decently?

Sharon Leibert
Eureka, California

Many men are leery of the women's liberation movement because, in some cases, the most vocal leaders of that cause have expressed hostility toward men; and nothing bounces back quicker than hostility, as the Buddha once pointed out. Unfortunately, the popular press, which often prefers melodrama to accuracy, has given more space to these ladies—and their karate classes, combat boots and rhetoric about substituting masturbation for coitus—than it has to the legitimate grievances you mention. You are quite right in saying there is nothing unfeminine about expecting equal pay for equal work or about sexual self-determination, which PLAYBOY has long supported. PLAYBOY, however, does oppose the lunatic fringe in the movement that wants to remove all sexual differences. We think it will be beneficial to both sexes when women have the same rights and opportunities as men; but we think it will be a drab and dreary day if they surrender all female sexual characteristics, which form the basis for heterosexual attraction and love.

GAY LIBERATION

A Gay Liberation movement has been started at the University of Chicago. The

group began when a student placed an ad in the university newspaper reading, "Tired of prejudice? Gay Liberation NOW," and gave a phone number to call. Several people responded and the first meeting was held at this student's house with 12 attending—six men and six women. Initially, we were rather timid in expressing ourselves, but through group reinforcement, our tone rapidly changed to one of outspoken militancy.

Group meetings are now being held on Sundays at members' homes and we also meet twice a week for lunch and rap sessions at a coffeehouse near campus. These meetings consist of internal education and discussion of possible action; the luncheons also give members experience in appearing in public as homosexuals and provide an opportunity to include heterosexual friends in the dialog. The organization received a great boost when WHPK-FM, the university-owned, student-run radio station, presented Gay Liberation members in a round-table discussion concerning the oppression of the homosexual. We also attended a campus dance at which members of Gay Liberation danced with members of their own sex. As was anticipated, even at the liberal University of Chicago, some people found this offensive; nevertheless, further actions are planned. Our aim is not only to liberate homosexuals from social, political and economic discrimination but, equally important, to liberate heterosexuals from the crippling panic and prejudice many of them feel in the presence of homosexuals.

Gay Liberation
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

HOMOSEXUALITY AS DISORDER

Excerpts from a symposium on homosexuality arranged for and published by *Time* magazine last fall occasioned comment in your February *Playboy Forum*. In order to clarify my position, which was misunderstood by your correspondent, I would like to point out that:

1. Overt obligatory homosexuality (as differentiated from episodic utilitarian homosexual acts of a volitional nature) is a *medical* problem and is neither due to cultural or social considerations nor ameliorated by them.

2. Obligatory homosexuality, as the term makes clear, is a disorder in which the individual has no choice. It is caused by intrapsychic conflicts engendered in early childhood when the boy or girl is first attempting individuation, a process in which sexual identification is fundamental.

3. When deep-seated fear, rage and guilt, unconscious for the most part, impel a person to avoid all meaningful intimate relationships with the opposite sex, a physician-psychoanalyst is scientifically justified in observing (as I did in

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the *Time* panel) that function is, indeed, impaired.

Five hundred million years of evolution have established the male-female standard as the functionally healthy pattern of human sexual fulfillment—a pattern promoted and documented by PLAYBOY since its inception. Only the gravest anxiety can pervert the emotional and biological mating congruities between man and woman.

Charles W. Socarides, M.D.
New York, New York

HOMOSEXUAL INFORMER

I read a story in the *Air Force Times* concerning a staff sergeant in the Air Force who had implicated 270 Servicemen and civilians for having engaged in homosexual acts with him. Nineteen of them were positively identified at the base where the sergeant was last assigned and 16, including a major, have been discharged.

One of the accused, another staff sergeant recommended for an undesirable discharge, claimed he could prove that he was not involved in any of the alleged incidents. He filed suit to stop the discharge proceedings, asserting that he had been denied due process and a fair trial because of the administrative-discharge procedure. The suit was dismissed by a Federal district judge for lack of jurisdiction and the sergeant was told to exhaust all administrative appeals within the Air Force before going to the civilian courts.

The item doesn't say how many of the other men so charged, who might have been innocent, were, in effect, also denied due process and a fair trial because of the administrative-discharge procedure. Neither is any mention made of how many lives and reputations were ruined. It's obvious that the accusing sergeant was the aggressor, unless one wishes to believe that he was actually approached on an average of once a week by other individuals during the five years he was in the Air Force (one could envy his ability for total recall). But in contrast to the rest of the men so far cashiered from the Service because of his charges, and who undoubtedly drew bad-conduct discharges or the equivalent, he was honorably discharged.

Thomas Benji
Chicago, Illinois

WHAT PRICE "SECURITY"?

PLAYBOY readers have shown a healthy concern over this country's law-and-order movement, which is slowly but perceptibly eroding the Bill of Rights through new policies and laws inspired by fear of violence, sedition and subversion. Early this year, the House of Representatives passed a bill titled the Defense Facilities and Industrial Security Act of 1970 (HR 14861), a particularly dangerous piece of "security" legislation

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of which your readers should be made aware. If it receives a favorable vote in the Senate and becomes law, it could return this country to the hysterical days of McCarthyism.

The bill was introduced by Representative Richard H. Ichord, chairman of the House Internal Security Committee and, according to Representative Louis Stokes, "is flawed in nearly every provision by problems of constitutionality and legislative wisdom." It not only subverts many important Supreme Court rulings on civil liberties but contains several extremely dangerous features, such as the broad definition it gives the term "defense facilities," its loose definition of "act of subversion" and the almost unlimited investigatory power it gives to the executive branch of Government.

"Defense facilities" means any plant, factory, industry, public utility, mine, laboratory, educational institution (amended in the House to include only those engaged in classified military work), research organization, railroad, airport, pier, canal, pipeline, waterfront installation and virtually anything else that the Secretary of Defense declares to be a "utility and service" essential in time of national emergency.

"Act of subversion" includes "any act . . . which causes or would tend to cause damage or injury to any facility or its production and services, when committed with the intent . . . to advantage a foreign power . . . or other organization which has as a purpose the destruction of the constitutional form of government . . . by any means deemed necessary to that end [italics added], including the unlawful use of force or violence."

Such broad definitions could be applied to peaceful anti-war demonstrations if these "advantage" a foreign power or to any group or individual advocating even peaceful change by means of the ballot.

Perhaps the most frightening feature of the bill is the power it gives the President to compile intelligence data on citizens to determine both their degree of patriotism and moral character by means of a special agency empowered to investigate persons employed by any institution or facility related to national defense. Moreover, should a person have his security clearance revoked, he has no effective recourse. The right to confront witnesses and evidence is left to the discretion of the agency revoking the clearance; and the individual has no access to the Federal courts until he has submitted his private, professional and political life to complete examination by the security agency. The bill's final insult to due process is a provision that permits the denial of a clearance without a hearing if the action is taken by an official of Cabinet rank.

The ostensible purpose of HR 14864 is to deny subversives access to classified

material and defense-related jobs. Its effect, however, would be to forge a weapon capable of stifling legitimate dissent, intimidating persons with unpopular political views and punishing anyone who refuses to be intimidated.

With legislation of this sort presently in Congress, we have much less to fear from seditionists and subversives than from those who would protect us from them.

Hiroshi Kanno
Japanese-American Citizens League
Val R. Klink
Independent Voters of Illinois
Chicago, Illinois

PERMANENT CRIMINAL RECORDS

I was appalled to read that New York has launched a witch-hunt aimed at ferreting out Wall Street workers with criminal records. The state has evidently spent countless hours fingerprinting and checking to learn if any of Wall Street's 86,891 employees and officials have had any criminal involvements in their past. Upon discovering any criminal record, the state has turned over the information to the individual's employer, with the result, announces attorney general Louis Lefkowitz, that "29 persons were dismissed or allowed to resign and, what is perhaps more significant, 24 resigned after being fingerprinted, but before their records were reported by the state." According to other accounts, of 361 persons with criminal records, some 153 dispositions had been made by the employers concerned. Significantly, the records include not only convictions but mere arrests, even cases in which the individual was subsequently acquitted or had the charges dismissed. The human tragedy must have been great, as years of seniority and financial security were wiped out by the disclosures.

As Professor Pasco L. Schiavo of Pennsylvania State University (a former assistant district attorney in that state) points out, in the June 1969 *American Bar Association Journal*, while recent court decisions have wrought revolutionary changes in the area of criminal justice, the area of the criminal record has not progressed far since the days of the Star Chamber. Professor Schiavo observes that this affects not only habitual offenders but "those who have been arrested for but not convicted of a crime or have been convicted . . . but totally rehabilitated. This group includes both adults and juveniles, all cruelly branded with indelible 'criminal records.' . . . These innocent or rehabilitated persons remain among the condemned of our society."

The injustice of this is summed up by Professor Schiavo as follows: "Although the law does not permit double jeopardy for a single crime, it ironically fosters a multiple social jeopardy by allowing the permanent criminal record."

There really can be little excuse in an

A black and white advertisement for Kelly Springfield Tires. At the top, a large sign features a stylized 'KS' logo and the text 'KELLY SPRINGFIELD TIRES'. Below the sign, a car is shown from a front-three-quarter view, with motion blur suggesting speed. The car's front tire is prominently displayed, showing the 'WIDE BELT 60' and 'KELLY-SPRINGFIELD' text on the sidewall. Overlaid on the car is the word 'tough.' in a large, white, cursive font, and the word 'broad' in a similar font below it.

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enlightened society for preserving these records permanently. In 98 percent of criminal prosecutions, these past records are not even admissible as evidence; these files are only useful to the police, usually, in cases of habitual criminals. What justification remains then for retaining the records of a onetime arrestee? Already, in Alaska, Arizona, California, Indiana, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Utah and New Jersey, expunge-ment statutes have been enacted, in which, typically, the record is disposed of five years after the individual's release if he has committed no crime in that time. The other 40 states, however, still hold these records permanently and something should be done about that.

As Professor Schiavo asks, "How can a convicted individual make a good-faith effort toward rehabilitation if he is forced to face his peers with a lifetime stigma?"

John M. Cates

Miami Beach, Florida

BONDING EX-CONVICTS

Kenneth Simkin makes a good point when he writes that the refusal of insurance companies to bond ex-convicts, thus depriving many of them of jobs, increases the probability that these men will return to lives of crime (*The Playboy Forum*, January).

In connection with this problem, the federal government of Canada has instituted a bonding program, which is a cooperative effort among the Department of the Solicitor General, the provincial probation and parole services, private aftercare agencies and insurance bonding companies.

These agencies, in effect, sponsor ex-inmates. They provide the insuring companies with information about an ex-offender's background and an assessment of his present adjustment to society. We've found that by sharing information about ex-offenders, there has been a high rate of acceptance by the companies.

According to Canada's Solicitor General, George J. McIlraith, "The bonding program is another step forward in our application of modern rehabilitation efforts to return offenders to the community as responsible, productive citizens."

Norman Riddiough

Director of Information Services

Department of the Solicitor General
Ottawa, Ontario

VOICE FROM THE SILENCE

I feel that those members of Nixon's renowned silent majority who remain quiet while the number of political trials in this country grows will be as severely judged by history as the Germans who let the smoke from Dachau blacken their skies. Thus, I have written this letter to the President:

I watched, horrified, as the Chicago police attacked people whose

only crime was trying to demon-
strate peaceably against the war.
Then, we Americans were subjected
to the so-called conspiracy trial of
Dr. Spock, the Reverend Coffin and
three others who dared to tell young
men they didn't have to march
meekly off to a senseless slaughter.
And I gaped in wonder as the Vice-
President became your emissary of
hate, defaming the characters of all
who presume to disagree with the
present Administration.

Most recently, I've had to read
about a spectacle in a Chicago court-
room that rivals the feeding of the
Christians to the lions. There, Judge
Hoffman, a man who made no secret
of his contempt for the defendants
and their ideals, was allowed to sit in
judgment. This circus was climaxed
when he, without even waiting for
the jury to find the defendants
guilty, imposed contempt sentences
to ensure that both the prisoners
and the lawyers who dared to de-
fend them would suffer. Any lawyer
who might wish to defend a person
charged with a political crime is
now warned that he too may be-
come a prisoner.

I do not condone the defendants'
courtroom conduct, but I condemn
you and the Justice Department for
making this trial take place.

Thomas V. Roach
Topeka, Kansas

See Nicholas von Hoffman's article,
"The Chicago Conspiracy Circus," in
this issue.

MILITARY JUSTICE

Having long been an admirer of
PLAYBOY's apparent commitment to intel-
lectual honesty and fairness, I was rather
shocked to read Robert Sherrill's article,
Justice, Military Style, in your Febru-
ary issue. Sherrill's observations con-
cerning the Uniform Code of Military
Justice are, in some instances, so far from
the truth as to cast doubt on his intellec-
tual integrity. For instance, he cites a
case of a soldier sentenced to eight years
for possession of marijuana. This is re-
markable, since the maximum punish-
ment for possession of nonaddicting
drugs is five years and/or a dishonorable
discharge.

Sherrill claims that the military
courts-martial return 95 percent convic-
tions. It is significant that he neglects to
mention the corresponding record of ci-
vilian courts, which is 81.7 percent. This
comparison does not support his conten-
tion that military courts are unfair.

The author is inaccurate once again
when he claims that military convictions
"are rather final." In all cases, military
courts-martial are subject to automatic
review by a lawyer of the immediately

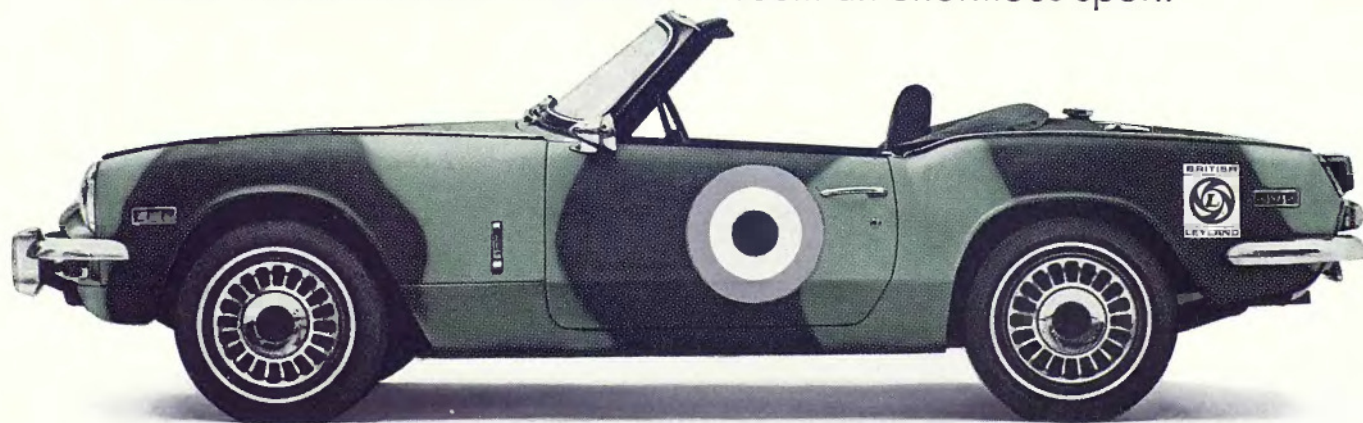
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"It was dawn when I climbed into the Spitfire's cockpit behind the leather-covered steering wheel, and fired up the engine.

"I was going to make the run from San Diego to Sausalito, and the entire machine seemed alive with anticipation.

"As the sun crept over the horizon, we took off. Right away, the feeling of control—of driving the car instead of being driven by it—was fantastic.

"All in all, the Triumph Spitfire Mk III—with its racing-type rack and pinion steering, independent four-wheel springing, front disc brakes, competition-proved engine and four-forward-speed gearbox—made the 500-mile mission seem an enormous sport.

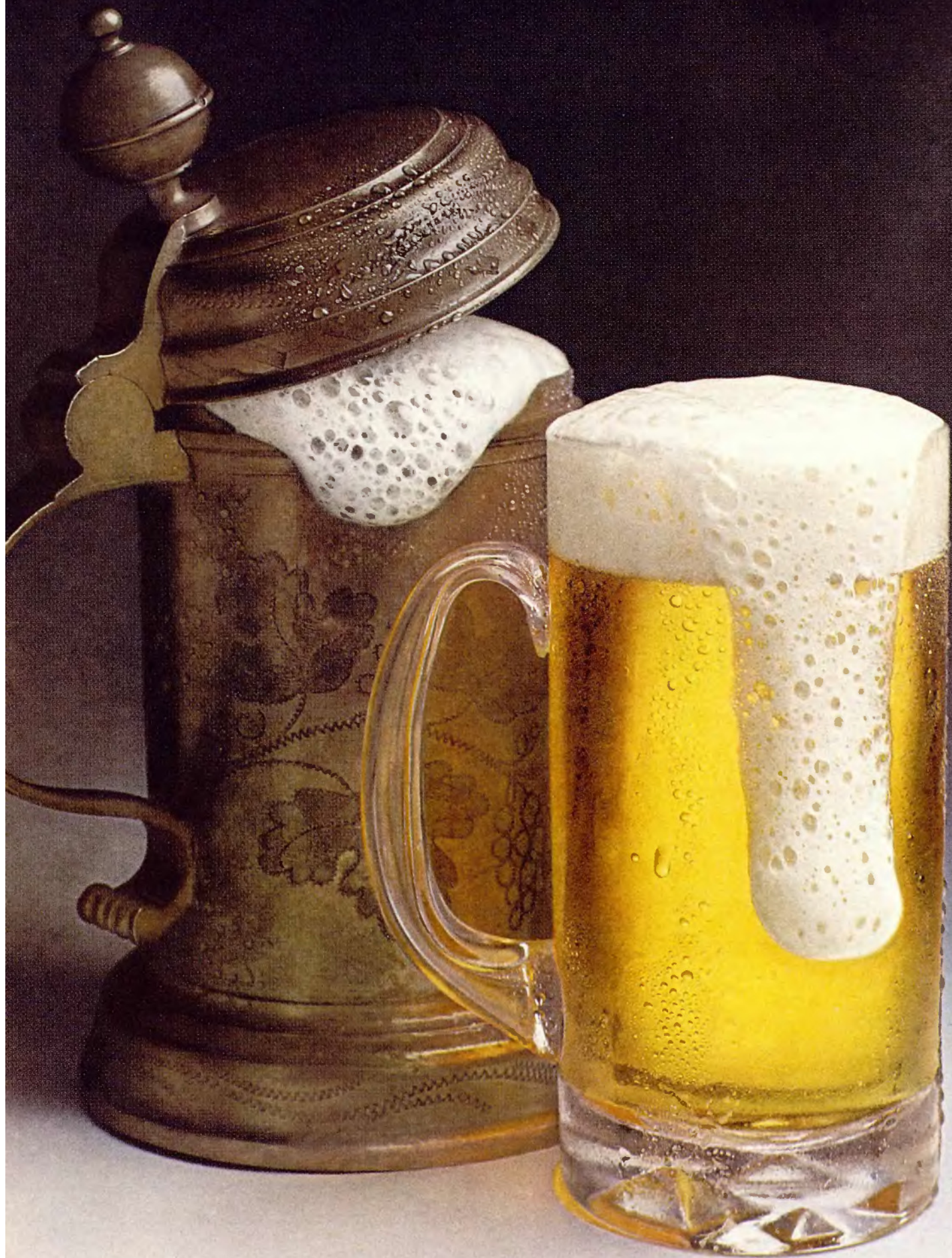


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"Under \$2500* at port of entry, as I recall."

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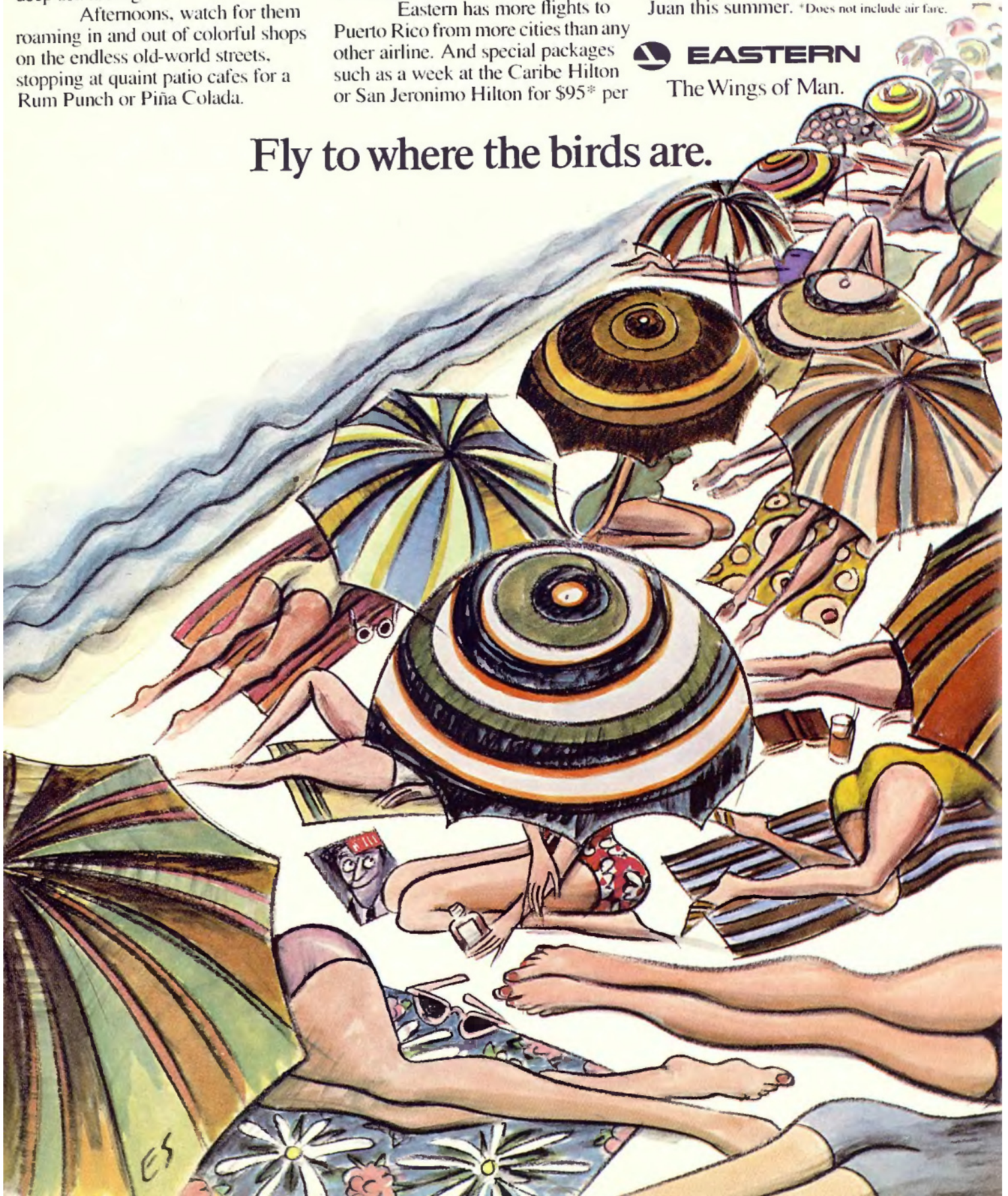
And follow the birds to San Juan this summer. *Does not include air fare.



EASTERN

The Wings of Man.

Fly to where the birds are.



superior command. Civilian defendants are not entitled to automatic review. Furthermore, military verdicts are subject to appeal in all cases at absolutely no cost to the defendant.

Also, Sherrill completely ignores the fact that military defendants are allowed one peremptory challenge in special and general courts-martial. And challenges for cause are not determined as he says; the military judge, not the jurors themselves, determines the status of jurors challenged for cause. The Military Justice Act of 1968 defines this procedure. It was unfair, as well as inaccurate, not to mention these facts.

Improbable as it may seem to many people, the Uniform Code of Military Justice affords more legal safeguards to the defendant than civilian criminal law does. Since 1950, it has been required that all accused persons in the military were warned of their rights concerning self-incrimination, a warning not guaranteed to civilians until the Supreme Court decision in *Miranda vs. Arizona* (1966). It was 14 years after the U.C.M.J. became law that civilians were also guaranteed counsel regardless of their ability to pay. Recent legislation (the Military Justice Act of 1968) affords the military defendant additional rights, among them, a form of bail. A convicted Serviceman may be released from confinement while his court-martial is under review. His "bail" is free; how many civilians get free bail?

Sherrill bases his case of abuse in military prisons primarily on hearsay, supposition and unsworn testimony. It insults the intelligence of *PLAYBOY's* readers to present as fact such unsworn testimony by convicted felons and men with emotional and mental disturbances.

If Robert Sherrill had been interested in accuracy and fairness, he would have included some of these points. His hatred for the Army has prejudiced, twisted and drained of credibility what potentially could have been an informative article on injustice in the Armed Forces. Instead, I fear, *PLAYBOY* has merely published a rather expensive piece of hate mail.

Capt. David E. Knop, U. S. M. C.
Dayton, Ohio

Mr. Sherrill replies:

Captain Knop may find an eight-year sentence for possession of marijuana "remarkable," but he will find it in the U. S. Army Court of Military Review records of "U. S. vs. E/2 Bruce L. Petersen," who, being charged with "wrongfully having in his possession . . . traces or particles of marijuana," was sentenced to dishonorable discharge, forfeiture of all pay and eight years at hard labor. (The date of that record is November 19, 1969.)

I consider it quite typical of military thinking that Captain Knop finds no
(continued on page 168)

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Only one American in forty knows the taste of Cutty. But that's enough to make Cutty Sark America's best-selling Scotch. Join the Cutty people. Cutty people know.



America's No. 1 Scotch.

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One of a series: "Newport Men of the Sea."

"Welcome
aboard."



Newport

Menthol-chilled remarkably refreshing taste

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

TINY TIM

a candid conversation with the captain of the good ship lollipop

On a Monday night early in 1968, some 35,000,000 viewers were chuckling through "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In" when suddenly and without warning, the kinetic frenzy of the show ground to a halt on a grotesque apparition: Herbert Buckingham Khaury—alias Larry Love, alias Darry Dover, alias Rollie Dell, alias Julian Foxglove, alias Emmett Swink, alias Tiny Tim—minced on stage in shoulder-length hair, dead-white make-up and rumpled Goodwill castoffs, reached into a capacious shopping bag, withdrew a battered ukulele and burst eerily into song. In the few minutes of air time it took him to finish warbling "Tip-Toe Through the Tulips"—to the accompaniment of much hand fluttering, eye rolling and effusive kiss blowing—this Greenwich Village curio had been elevated from what many feel was richly deserved obscurity to the rank of camp celebrity.

Like most overnight successes, Tiny Tim had paid more than ample dues for the dubious notoriety he began to so ecstatically enjoy. He spent most of the Fifties playing in third-rate amateur contests for derisive New York audiences, and most of the Sixties trudging from club to club in Greenwich Village, hoping for a break. It didn't come until 1965, when the owner of *The Scene*, a then-popular New York night club-discothèque, took a fancy to Tiny's singular style and booked him as a regular attraction. Two years later, a Hollywood

record executive caught his act one night and invited him out to the West Coast for an audition—which led, finally, to Tiny's unforgettable debut on "Laugh-In."

Since then, his baritone-to-falsetto range of voices has been heard in live performances throughout the United States, Canada, England, Australia and South America, in such disparate environs as San Francisco's Fillmore Auditorium and Las Vegas' Caesars Palace, where he played to ambivalent audiences for a fat \$50,000. His record albums have sold moderately well and Tiny even penned some of his "Beautiful Thoughts" for Doubleday in 1969. Our own Christmas issue of last year included "The Great Crooners," his heartfelt encomium to the pre-swing singers whose spirits he says he feels within him when he performs their songs. But it's through television that Tiny Tim has become best known to the public. Since his "Laugh-In" cameo two years ago, he has appeared on almost every major variety and talk program. It was on Johnny Carson's "Tonight Show," in fact, that he presented an engagement ring to Vicki Budinger, a pretty teenage Philadelphia fan; and viewers were even treated to the spectacle of their wedding on December 17, 1969—an event some found curiously touching but many considered perhaps the grossest publicity event in the history of the medium. No one was neutral about it—or its principal.

To skeptics, that surrealistic ceremony epitomized the phoniness of a manufac-

tured phenomenon, a transparent put-on self-made or manufactured by press-agentry to satisfy the suckers' craving for bigger and better freak shows. But there are also those who insist that Tiny Tim is the genuine article. To some who don't doubt his sincerity, he is a loathsome curiosity: ugly, psychotic, cacophonous and, as is frequently asserted, sexually deviant. Others, however, claim to see in him—beyond the bizarre eccentricities of his manner and appearance—a considerable artistic talent and a kind of divine madness.

No attempt to resolve these conflicting views could be complete without understanding how he got that way. The only child of a Lebanese Catholic and a Polish Jewess, he was born and bred in the tenements of New York and, throughout most of his childhood and adolescence, was left alone at home, where he wove his solitary pastimes—fairy tales, comic books, radio, movies, hit records and the Brooklyn Dodgers—into a private world of fantasy dominated by a monomaniacal longing for stardom and a passionate obsession with beautiful girls. Though he was never able to bear the agony of dating, his secret crushes were invariably made public by his conspicuous lack of emotional restraint, which—combined with his other peculiarities—firmly established young Herbert Khaury's reputation as the neighborhood nut. By the end of his third year at George Washington High School, his principal suggested that



"I'll never forget what my dear Aunt Lea, may she rest in peace, said about me once. Before she passed away, the dear sweet thing said, 'Someday he'll be something, because he has nerve.'"



"I guess there's no denying that I'm ugly. In fact, I've got the kind of looks that can drive people to madness. But when the spirit of the Lord is with me, I can have a very pleasant face."



"Christ kept me from touching women for a long time, and when I did fall a little, I never fell completely. Even in our marriage, Miss Vicki and I never have S-E-X unless it's to have children."

he drop out and find a job. After a few fumbling attempts at menial work, Herbert turned to show business and, armed with the determination of the Dodgers and a faith derived from deep religious conviction, he finally made it—17 years later.

Remarkably, he hasn't changed much in that time. Former PLAYBOY Associate Editor Harold Ramis, now an actor at Chicago's improvisational Second City, interviewed Tiny Tim on our behalf in the cluttered living room of his permanent suite in an apartment-hotel just off Hollywood's Sunset Strip. "Some people still think he's a put-on," reports Ramis, "because they refuse to accept the fact that such people really do exist. But just looking around his apartment made it very clear that his passions, obsessions and compulsions are very real. His bedroom is a warehouse for mountains of old records, and half of his dresser top is occupied by an ancient windup phonograph. The other half holds dozens of bottles and jars containing his favorite cosmetics, as well as a number of autographed baseballs on plastic display stands. On the floor of his closet, I could see two or three autographed hockey sticks.

"Somehow, it all seemed to fit together; and as we started to talk, I wasn't surprised to discover that he has an incredible memory for the minutest of details from his boyhood years. Later in the day, Miss Vicki left her adjoining suite and sat wordlessly next to her husband, interrupting only to nibble at his ear, kiss his cheek or admire one of the four neckties he was wearing—all gifts from her. She is very pretty and very young and, though estimates of Tiny's age—which he won't give—range from 25 to 50, he doesn't look or act much older than she. It seemed appropriate to begin our conversation with that sensitive subject."

PLAYBOY: How old are you, Tiny?

TINY TIM: Sixteen.

PLAYBOY: Let's put it this way: When were you born?

TINY TIM: Somewhere in the past. I really do feel like I'm still 16 years old, you know. I've grown up with people whose own children are old enough to get married now, but I feel like they've just passed me by: it's the same kind of feeling you get when you're standing still and you see a car whiz past you. But now that I come to think about it, 13 is an even better age. I had a great time when I was 13.

PLAYBOY: What was so great about it?

TINY TIM: All the lovely girls to whom I sang so many lovely songs when I used to visit the Catskills with my parents. We used to stay at a resort called Livingston Manor and I can remember being sentimentally involved with two girls at the time—Charlotte Adler and

Marlene Barnett. WMCA in New York City used to broadcast a radio show called *Jerry Baker Sings*. It came on at 7:15 in the evening and it was sponsored by I. J. Fox. Anyway, one afternoon I saw Miss Marlene downstairs, sitting on the porch, and I knew I just had to meet her. So I ran up to my room, stood by the open window over the porch and started imitating the *Jerry Baker Sings* show. I sang a couple of numbers and she started wondering where that voice was coming from. She finally got around to introducing herself.

PLAYBOY: Do most of your pleasant memories have to do with girls?

TINY TIM: Let me say most humbly and sincerely that I've always loved beautiful women. Jascha Heifetz was born with the creative ability to play the violin; other people are born with other natural gifts. I honestly contend that I was born with a natural gift for young ladies. I say young ladies because youth—in its purest sense—is one of life's most beautiful things. Believe it or not, my memories of beautiful women go back all the way to the age of three or four. We were living at 609 West 173rd Street and one day I was sitting on the steps of the church on Wadsworth Avenue when two teenage girls came over to me and started giggling and playing with me. When I went home, I couldn't get them out of my system, and even now I remember their faces vividly. When I was five, we were living at 142nd and Amsterdam Avenue on the third floor of a tenement, and I was up every morning at seven o'clock to watch a lovely Spanish girl leave her house on the way to work. It was really thrilling just to have her wave to me as she passed. I don't know what these fantasy adventures meant, but it was as if I had a terrible thirst and these lovely girls were a cool drink of water. You see, I've always loved fairy tales and I always wanted to be part of them, so it was quite natural for me to constantly seek that new adventure. These girls were like fairy princesses to me.

PLAYBOY: What was it you were looking for in them?

TINY TIM: I was looking for a certain quality in their faces. There were a lot of girls who might have been considered very pretty, but the faces I was looking for were the ones I pictured in my spiritual dreams. That's why I was so fortunate to meet Miss Vicki. She comes so close to being that fairy princess that I sometimes wonder if she isn't.

PLAYBOY: How often have you found a girl who fulfilled your spiritual dreams?

TINY TIM: It's always seemed like a miracle when it happened, but I used to have at least two crushes a year. They were all classics to me and they stand out in my memory like Hall of Fame ballplayers. For example, in January of 1949, I met

Miss Carmen Quintera. She was 15 at the time—long black hair, a roundish face and luscious heavy lips—and when our eyes met for the first time, I can't begin to describe how I felt. I never could control my passion, and I got so excited that day I had to go hide. But we were in the same home room in high school, so I got to look at Miss Carmen for 15 minutes every day before we split up to go to our classes.

PLAYBOY: Why do you say "Miss" when you talk to or about girls, married or unmarried?

TINY TIM: I've always liked the sound of it and I really feel funny when I don't use it. There's something very romantic about it. It reminds me of the South and plantation life, which I've always considered very romantic.

PLAYBOY: How did your high school heartthrobs respond to your romantic approach?

TINY TIM: Whenever I got really passionate, they'd think I was just showing off. But I took everything I did very, very seriously. I didn't care that they doubted me, because I knew what was in my heart. I just couldn't control myself. And this wasn't just in regard to girls. The same thing happened with Dial soap. In 1948, we got a sample bar in our mailbox and when I got the scent of that soap, I took it to school with me and for the next two weeks, I told literally everyone I saw how great Dial soap was. Also, during that same period, I started a scrapbook on Elizabeth Taylor. For four months, I drove everyone in my class crazy talking about her.

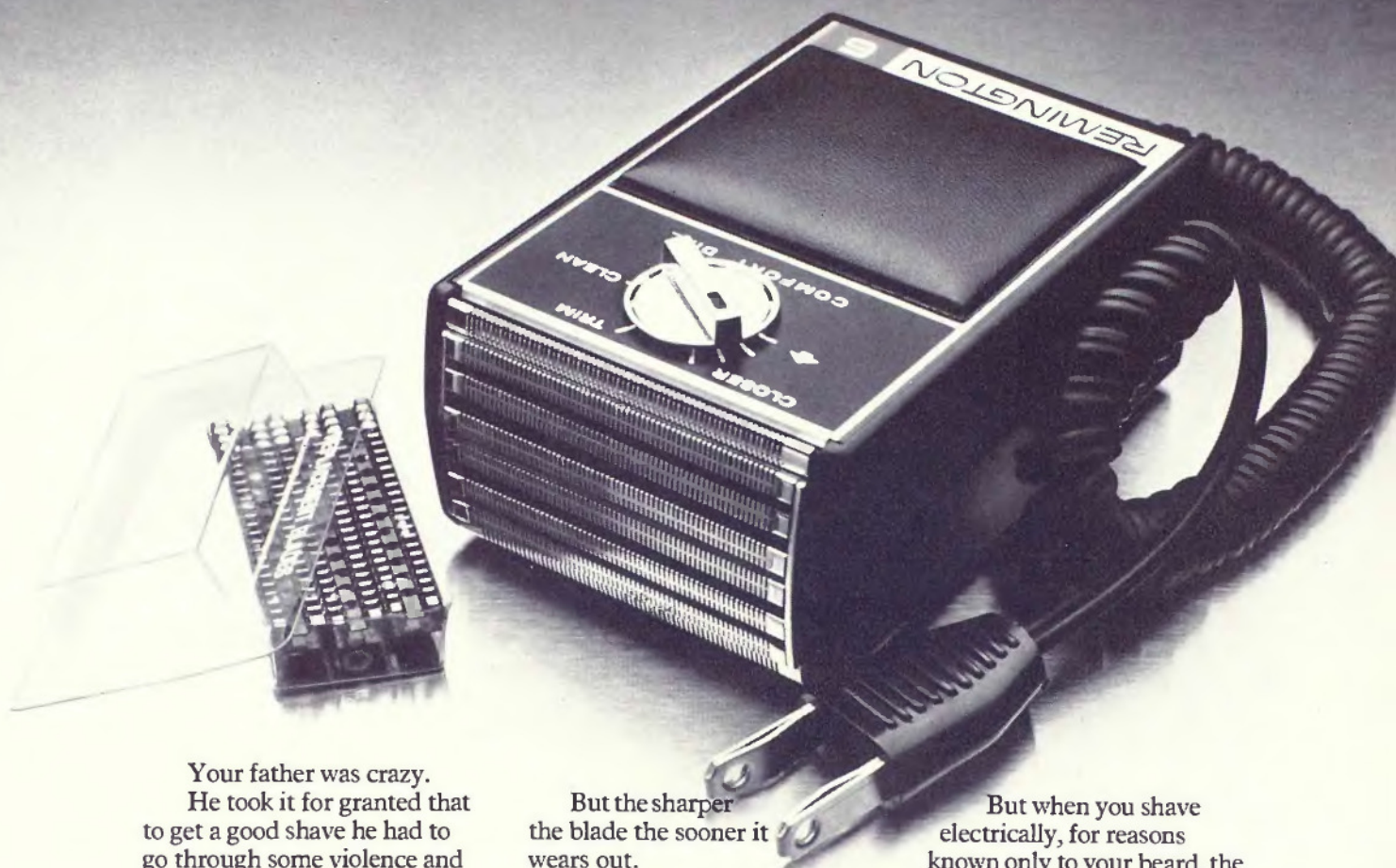
PLAYBOY: Did you ever ask girls for a date in the conventional manner?

TINY TIM: I'm not sure. Maybe I was self-conscious about my looks, but I really don't think that was it. Dating would have brought us too close together. It would have spoiled the fantasy. As long as you keep that distance between you and your dreams, then the mystery remains pure. For instance, one night I went by Miss Carmen's house, just to check the address on her mailbox—I didn't feel complete unless I had a girl's address—and as I walked up the street, I saw her coming toward me. I couldn't believe that I was actually seeing her oil school hours. When I tried to run away, she cornered me, but I broke away and ran two or three blocks in complete ecstasy. When I finally got about ten blocks from her house, I called her on the phone and said, "I'm sorry I ran away, but you understand." I did manage to ask her for a date once, but she stalled and I said, "It's just as well." I never asked her again.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you feel you were missing out on the contact with girls that most boys enjoy in their adolescence?

TINY TIM: Well, there was a girl named

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Lillia Courier, who was staying at Livingston Manor in 1944, and I was crazy about her. She was thin, she was lovely and, for 11 years old, she was really beautiful. One day, she was standing behind a tree and asked me to come over. "What do you want?" I asked. "I want to kiss you," she said. "I'll count to 12 and if you don't come over here by then, I won't give you my address when we leave." Well, she counted to 12, but I never made it over to her. I must also tell you that I used to listen to a radio show in the early Forties called *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*; it came on at nine o'clock on WEAF and it was sponsored by Doctor Lyon's tooth powder. When I listened to that show, I turned off the light and closed the door to my room and my parents wouldn't dare come in during that half hour. I would just sit there and dream that a beautiful girl was there with me. But even in those fantasies, I never thought of anything lewd. I never even thought of kissing them. That's the real truth. Just to have these girls there in my dreams, to know that they were all mine, that they were saving their best smiles for me, was a pure spiritual bliss. It was a fantastic state of rapture.

PLAYBOY: Did it disturb you to think that other boys your age were probably having sexual relations with girls?

TINY TIM: Not at all. I preferred to picture myself in the role of John Payne in those wonderful Hollywood musicals. I always cried with joy when he got back together with June Haver or Alice Faye at the end of the film; that's what I identified with. And I started relating songs to these girls. In 1945, for example, I knew a beautiful angel named Ann Hess. Whenever I'd see her white teeth and thin lips, I'd swoon. Well, Sammy Kaye had a big hit in '45 called *Chickery Chick* and I used to stand on a corner near her house, hoping that if I whistled that song, she'd come by. And she did come by once or twice when I was whistling, but I just ran away to the other side of the street. One night, I persuaded a friend who had more nerve than I did to stand under her window and call her while I hid across the street. She stuck her head out the window and I got up the nerve to cross the street. She smiled and closed the window.

PLAYBOY: So far, you've talked exclusively about the neighborhood girls you remember. How did you get along with the boys?

TINY TIM: Well, I always hung out with the other kids on the block. Most of the time, we played street ball—curb ball. You bounce a ball off the curb and then run the bases. But they always used me as an extra man, because I didn't hit too well. I always fouled out. Even when I got what looked like a hit, I was too slow

to run the bases. Eventually, I trained myself to bat left-handed, because that saves you a step going to first base. I've promised myself that one day I'll go back there and hit a home run. But, getting back to the question, I spent a lot of time alone at home. I never really had many people over to the house, and my parents were away most of the time, working. They both worked in the garment industry; my father worked on sweaters and my mother did dresswork. Frankly, I was alone so much of the time that when my dear parents would finally come home from work, I'd wish that I was alone again.

PLAYBOY: How did you spend your time when you were alone?

TINY TIM: I listened to soap operas—*Our Gal Sunday*, *Helen Trent*, *Aunt Jenny*—and I loved to read comic books and fairy tales. And, of course, I listened to records. But starting at the age of five or six, I used to love lying in bed and inventing radio plays of my own. One of my first characters and one of my best was called Red Richard. He and his brother the Atom used to spy against the enemy and they lasted on my personal radio station for at least two years. Then, in 1945, I started a show that lasted for three years called the *Tom Berry Show*.

PLAYBOY: Why Tom Berry?

TINY TIM: It's just a name I liked. Anyway, I used to sing popular hits on that show. It was inspired by a show called *Rambling with Gambling*, which my mother always listened to while she got ready to go to work. Mr. Gambling used to open his show with *Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag*. I also remember that he was sponsored by Ticonderoga pencils. Their jingle went, "Ticonderoga pencils have won their way to fame, a fine American pencil, with a fine American name." I used to love to get those pencils. Dixon's Ticonderoga. They still write so smoothly. Anyway, in 1945, I saw *Christmas in Connecticut* with Dennis Morgan and Barbara Stanwyck, and a song from that film really haunted me: "I'm wishing that I may, I'm wishing that I might have the wish I wish tonight. . . ." So one morning, I got up and, using that for a theme song, I started my *Tom Berry Show*. I remember one show that featured a character called the Needle. He was an ordinary mortal named O'Neil who fell down a hole one day and was given a fantastic power by the creatures who live deep inside the earth. When he touches his magic amulet, he turns into an ordinary sewing needle. He can make himself grow to tremendous size or he can make himself very small. When the crooks are planning to rob a bank, he just lies on the table unnoticed—listening. Then all of a sudden, he grows and sticks them with his point. He was also capable of

injecting poison into them, but he rarely used that power. Naturally, his archrival was the Thimble, and the two fought a lot; but the novelty finally wore off and I dropped the show.

PLAYBOY: When did you start singing—on or off your private radio shows?

TINY TIM: I clearly remember singing for my relatives at the age of six, as well as in school and around the neighborhood. People would say, "You ought to be a singer," so I always had it at the back of my mind. Also, I've always been attracted to fame and I always admired celebrities. By 1945, I'd developed this tremendous passion for records, and I used to buy on the average of four or five new releases a week. I even loved the smell of shellac. I was right on top of the charts and I used to pride myself on my ability to pick a hit before it actually made it. Even after I left school and was having trouble holding a job, I kept buying records and sheet music, looking for a new hit or an old treasure among the dust. My poor parents were struggling, but I always had a melody in my heart.

PLAYBOY: Had you been graduated from high school by this time?

TINY TIM: No, I finished three years at George Washington High School and then I was asked to leave. I had already been held back one term, and then one day, I got into trouble with the principal and I was told to leave school. You see, the thing I'd always liked best about school was that it afforded me a shelter in which to dream. My cousin could study for literally eight hours a day, but I couldn't even bear it for an hour. My mind was always in some other place. I guess I was more interested in romance than in education.

PLAYBOY: What kind of trouble did you get into with the principal?

TINY TIM: Well, I had taken a course in typing and filing, just to be near the girls—why else would anyone take typing and filing?—and one day, the teacher asked me to raise the window shade. I had a little trouble doing it right and she thought I was just fooling around, so she said that she was going to send me to the principal. I said, "I don't care. He's just an old man." So she sent me to see him and he asked me why I was there and I said, "Because I called you an old man." "Well, I am an old man," he answered. "Now go home and get your mother." The next term, they threw me out. They thought it would be better for me to go out and look for work. I will say this, however; my one goal is to go back to George Washington High and finish my last year, God willing, for my dear father's sake.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned earlier that you found it difficult to hold down a steady job. What kinds of jobs did you have?

TINY TIM: Well, it was in 1950 that I

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started working, and I was getting my jobs through the Lawrence Employment Agency at 120 West 42nd Street; I still remember the address. They sent me to a couple of places to apply for jobs, but as soon as the employers found out that I hadn't graduated from high school, they sent me away. You see, I always believed in telling the truth and I feel very guilty when I don't—though I do exaggerate a little sometimes. Like, for instance, if an employer asked me if I had finished school, I might have said yes, but then if they checked up on it, I might have had to tell them, "I never said I graduated." Eventually, I always told the truth. But finally, I did manage to get a job, delivering beads. I thought it was going to be light work, but the beads turned out to be very heavy. I had to push boxes of beads through the streets of the Garment District on a pushcart, and I'll never forget the last order I tried to deliver on my first day of work. The cart turned over and millions of beads spilled into the street. That was the end of the bead job. The agency got me other jobs in the Garment District, but I didn't do very well at them; and finally, the agency refused to send me out again.

PLAYBOY: Then what happened?

TINY TIM: Then I got a morning job for a while delivering phone books with all the gentlemen from skid row, poor souls; but that, too, was pretty hard for me—walking up all those flights of stairs with those heavy New York classified books. But the thing I was most afraid of were the dogs, because dogs can bite. Then for a while, I worked as a bobbin boy in a factory, changing the bobbins on sewing machines, but they let me go pretty quick. Finally, in March of 1951, I got a job that I had applied for six times—messenger for Loew's, Inc. I had always loved movies and it was a real thrill to work in the head office of that theater chain. I worked there until August of 1952; it wasn't long after that television started to kill their business. Of course, I've always believed that movies committed suicide by dropping the idea of 3-D films. Even though it was uncomfortable to wear the glasses, it was a great effect.

PLAYBOY: Why did you love the movies so much?

TINY TIM: Ninety percent of the people who go to movies are dreamers, and I'm no different. I always say, if you want to see good acting, then go see a stage play. Ninety percent of the moviegoers are looking for a new Marilyn Monroe or a Rock Hudson. That's why I've always read *Photoplay*, *Modern Screen*, *Silver Screen*, *Screenland* and dreamed about Hollywood. Every Sunday night at 9:15, I listened to Louella Parsons on WJZ and, before her, Walter Winchell, sponsored by Jergens Lotion. You see, Hollywood was the closest thing to a fairyland

that I could think of. Everything seemed so mystical and, most important, there were so many beautiful girls there.

PLAYBOY: Who were your favorites?

TINY TIM: Well, when I saw Jane Powell in *Song of the Open Road* in 1945, I was so crazy about her that I sent a letter to United Artists, asking her to come visit me at my house. I got a letter back from the head of United Artists, which said, "Though we appreciate your interest in Miss Powell, our stars don't make a policy of visiting the homes of fans. But we are sending you an autographed picture." In 1941, I had gone crazy over Gene Tierney after I saw *Belle Starr* and *Tobacco Road*. Also, Terry Moore moved me in *The Return of October* and I thought that June Haver was so beautiful in *The Dolly Sisters* that I literally dreamed about her. Another actress I pride myself on discovering before she made it really big was Anne Francis. I saw her in 1951 in a picture called *So Young, So Bad* and she really stole that picture. She played a beautiful blonde in a detention home for girls and, after seeing that film, I immediately started a scrapbook on her. I think I still have it in New York. I was certain at the time that she was a new screen immortal. But my favorite actress was definitely Elizabeth Taylor. I saw *Cynthia* five times in 1947 and I thought Miss Taylor was so beautiful that I actually cried. Our wonderful Senator, Mr. George Murphy, was also in that film; and when we appeared on the same Johnny Carson show, I told him on the air that I remembered him in *Cynthia*. He looked genuinely shocked and said, "Oh, my goodness." Anyway, that was one of Elizabeth Taylor's earliest films and she was just growing up at the time. I like to spot a beautiful woman before anyone else does, like picking a hit song before it becomes a hit. That's why I believe that when Miss Vicki gets a little older, people are going to discover how beautiful she really is.

PLAYBOY: Were there any actors you admired during this period?

TINY TIM: Oh, yes! When I was working at Loew's, I had the honor to meet Paul Henreid—a wonderful gentleman and a great actor. Another great actor whom I admired so much in *The Moon and Sixpence* was George Sanders. He has perhaps the sharpest, quickest tongue in the—Ooooh, what a man! I've never met him, but I would love to if he wouldn't mind meeting me. Then, too, I remember seeing Vincent Price in *The Baron of Arizona* in 1950, and I thought he was just marvelous in that film. I had the pleasure of working with him on *Laugh-In*. We were dressed as musketeers, with mustaches and everything, and I was supposed to hold a sword up to his throat. But I didn't want to do it to a

gentleman like that. I wouldn't have cared if he'd done it to me, but I didn't want to do a thing like that to such a great actor. He said, "Go ahead," but I just couldn't. He encouraged me so strongly that I finally did it; but even now, it makes me weep a little to think about how great an actor Vincent Price is. I also had the great pleasure of meeting Mr. Van Heflin right here in this hotel. The only one of his films that I missed in the Forties was *Grand Central Murder*, and it was a real thrill to meet him. I also thought that George Raft had a tremendous magnetism on the screen, and I've always wanted to meet Joel McCrea. I used to love his work. And then there was Randolph Scott—a great cowboy and surely one of the most underrated actors. But that's life. However, I must admit, in regard to all these wonderful gentlemen, that I went to the movies to look for beautiful women and only noticed the actors in between.

PLAYBOY: When did your own show-business career begin?

TINY TIM: Well, as I said before, I'd always sung around the neighborhood and for my relatives; but in 1950, I started noticing the ads in a paper called *Show Business*, which was a publication for aspiring singers, dancers, actors and what have you. And one of the ads stated that a promoter was looking for talented singers to audition at night clubs. "Possible break," it said. The first place I was sent was an amateur show at Mom Grant's Riviera on 43rd Street. I bombed out; but this was the first time I performed with a microphone and I knew that I wasn't singing very well with it.

PLAYBOY: Were you tempted to quit?

TINY TIM: Oh, no. I'll never forget what my dear Aunt Lea, may she rest in peace, said about me once. Before she passed away, the dear sweet thing said, "Someday he'll be something, because he has nerve." I wish she could have lived to see me now. But, anyway, that's what she said, and this is where baseball comes in. From 1944 to 1947, I listened to every Dodgers game on the radio—every game of the season. In those days, when they went on the road, Red Barber used to describe the game from a ticker tape. And he always said, when someone like Eddie Stanky came up, that the greats of the game had real hustle. Even though it might have been the last of the ninth, with two outs and a three-and-two count on him, Mr. Stanky would manage to get on base—because he had moxie. That's where I got my nerve—from scrappers like Mr. Stanky, Mr. Reese, Mr. Robinson, Louie Olmo and Frenchy Bordagaray. I learned to say to myself, "There are people who have ten times the talent you do, so you've got to hustle." My secret was persistence. Even though I was afraid, I'd take a deep breath, walk in

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and start singing. I looked at it this way: Even if I was terrible and they tried to throw me out, it might make headlines.

PLAYBOY: You said you'd walk in and start singing. Where?

TINY TIM: I was going to amateur shows in 1951, and I met a gentleman named Bud Friar. He was 55 years old, drank nothing but Seven-Up and worked out of an office that was no bigger than my bathroom. He handled any performer he could get his hands on, and one of them was a singer named John McCormack, Jr., a poor old chap of about 75 with no teeth. Another was called Piccolo Pete, who was about 80, had a 21-year-old wife and, naturally, played the piccolo. I kept going to these amateur shows with these people, but I never won anything. Of course, even the winners didn't get much—five dollars for first place, three for second and two for third—but I was even unhappier than they must have been with the way things were going.

The audience understood that we were just amateurs, but I remember one time that someone in the crowd turned on a siren during my number to drown me out. I was persistent and made it a point to finish the song. However, I was beginning to realize that there would have to be a change in what I was doing. While I was still working at Loew's, I volunteered to sing at the Christmas party in 1951. Mr. Nicholas Schenck, the head of Loew's, Inc. at the time, was there; but I bombed out again—terribly. Also, I'd been going to quite a few parties with friends, but the lovely girls there weren't moved by my singing like they were by Frank Sinatra's. The good Lord knows how I feel about women, so you can imagine how disturbing this was to me.

PLAYBOY: What did you do about it?

TINY TIM: Two things. First, I started thinking about baseball. I figured that if a pitcher isn't having any luck with his fast ball, he starts throwing curves. So I decided that the old voice had to go. The second thing was that I began to accept Christ in 1952. There I was, living in a tenement on a block crowded with thousands of people, and my heart was filled with cursing and sin. It was like a miraculous gift when I discovered Christ; I had someone I could talk to personally. I started praying about my career. I couldn't figure out why Rudy Vallee seemed to be singing so easily on his records while I was straining my voice, singing very loud and never really going over with audiences. So I kept praying to Christ for a new style as a personal favor; and then all of a sudden, in 1953, like the snap of a finger, the idea came to me to try singing in a higher voice. So I started singing like this: "Oh, for just the chance to love you, would I love you, love. To take you in my arms would always be my goal. . . ." And not only was it easier on my throat but I found

that I was thrilling myself as well. I was being moved by my own sound; and I figured that if I could move myself like Mr. Vallee moved me, then something must be in the wind.

When I tried it out on my parents, my father told me that I sounded like a sissy. But I prayed to Christ about it and decided that as long as Christ knew I wasn't a sissy, I had nothing to fear. Then I tried the voice on the kids in the neighborhood whom I'd sung to before and they said, "What happened to your other voice?" I told them, "I lost it." They said, "Can you get it back?" But I was sure I had something, because when I finally tried the new voice at parties, the girls giggled. They didn't swoon like they did for Mr. Sinatra, but the fact that they giggled was a new revelation to me. If my new voice could make them laugh, then that was enough for me.

PLAYBOY: When did you first try your new voice on stage?

TINY TIM: In 1954, at a place called the Lion's Club in Greenwich Village. It's burned down since then. When I started using the voice in shows there, the people in the audience would laugh, but then they'd say, "Hey, let's see the kid again." The man who assembled all the talent for the contests called me over to the side one night and said, "Look, kid. When it comes time for the audience to pick the winners, I'm going to hold my hand over your head a little longer to get more applause for you and then we'll split the money." I didn't think that was fair, but I liked to win, so I let him do it. Of course, many times I won legitimately. I was calling myself Larry Love at the time and appearing all over—the Blue Haven on Long Island, the Blue Room in Elizabeth, New Jersey, the Illusions Club in Brooklyn, the Lighthouse Café in New York and more places than I can ever remember. But for the six years I called myself Larry Love, from 1954 to 1960, I used my high voice exclusively—even when I wasn't singing. Even now, it hurts sometimes to talk in my real voice, but I think that's because I had my tonsils removed. I wish I'd never had them out.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents ever get accustomed to your new voice?

TINY TIM: There were things other than my voice that disturbed them. In 1954, I read a book of poems by Rudolph Valentino called *Day Dreams*. The poems were great—what a mind that man must have had—but I also saw a picture of him with his hair hanging low over the right side of his forehead. I decided that I'd do the same thing, only I parted mine on the other side and let it hang over the left side. Then I let it grow very long on both sides—only half as long as it is now—and people began to look at me on the street. But that didn't bother me, because I felt that it went with the

high voice. I felt very romantic and began to feel like my old spiritual self with women. That's when I started wearing white powder on my face—as white as a sheet. I don't suppose my parents could understand why I was walking around the streets that way, but I felt it fulfilled something that had been growing in me since the age of five.

I've always tried to keep myself very clean. You may have heard that I clean my body and my skin many times a day. Well, to me, this is a way to keep in touch with the purity of women. A beautiful woman from the age of 11 to the age of 25 can be the essence of life and youth if she can keep herself morally, spiritually and cosmetically clean. So, to me, this white powder was not a stage effect to help my career; it was the symbol of purity and youth and of my personal 24-hour-a-day involvement with romance. When I'd walk down the street this way, the effect of the powder was fantastic. The prettiest girls would look at me and wonder, and I always dreamed that one day one of them would slip me a note with her phone number on it while we were riding on the bus or the subway. Naturally, some of them laughed and called me an idiot or cursed me, and one girl called me a witch right there in the street. That hurt me for a while, but then I'd smile and think of Christ and forget the pain. You see, pain always comes with pleasure. That's the penalty. I'd rather have both than nothing at all.

PLAYBOY: How did your parents react to this new look of yours?

TINY TIM: I was considered weird by my family long before the hair and the white powder. They thought it was pretty odd for me to sit there and listen to every inning of every Dodgers game, just like they thought it was odd for me to listen to the *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round* alone in my room with the lights out and the door closed. They also thought it was odd for me to listen to *Your Hit Parade* every Saturday night, writing down the top tunes on index cards. They thought it was odd that I'd rave and curse when a particular song didn't make it as high on the hit parade as I thought it should. I remember how angry I was when Arthur Godfrey's *Too Fat Polka* didn't make it to the top. The writers of the song threatened to sue *Your Hit Parade*, so they finally started playing it.

Anyway, when the long hair and the powder came, my parents, who are both pretty normal people, started looking back into their family histories to find out if there had been anyone like me. I told them, "Darlings, don't even try." My father's family were all in Lebanon, but my mother had a large family here and, needless to say, my dear sweet relatives on my mother's side, God bless

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them, were shocked to the rafters. They were all prospering socially and financially and, since my parents were the only poor ones, I was definitely the ugliest duckling of them all.

I couldn't get any regular jobs anymore, because no one would hire me, so I stayed home a lot and made friends with a whole new generation of children. But when I'd walk around the neighborhood, I really caused quite a stir. People used to say, "Poor thing. His mind must be gone." Or: "Pity his poor parents. If I had a son like that, I'd shoot him." Then I started carrying the shopping bag around with me. You see, I used to buy a lot of cosmetics at Macy's and carry them home on the subway in a paper bag pressed against my chest. So I thought, "Why not carry a shopping bag all the time?"

PLAYBOY: Did anyone ever threaten you physically because of your appearance?

TINY TIM: Well, thanks to God and Christ, I always escaped that. My motto was, "Keep walking and keep smiling." But I think that people were usually less angry than they were frightened or amazed. The guy who sold the subway tokens in the booth once said, "What is this? Charles Dickens?" There was venom in his voice, but I just laughed and said, "May I have my tokens, please?" Then there was one guy in the neighborhood who used to tell me that I ought to be ashamed to walk around like that, and he could get pretty venomous, too. But the funny thing was that he always looked around to make sure that no one saw him talking to me.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to believe that you weren't really bothered by the way people treated you.

TINY TIM: Well, I always tried to look at things realistically, and I guess there's no denying that I'm ugly when it comes to looks. In fact, I think I've got the kind of looks that can drive people to madness. But there's a positive side to this, because when the spirit of the Lord is with me, I can have a very pleasant face. When the spirit isn't with me, of course, some people find my face pretty disgusting looking. Naturally, the long hair kind of accentuated that witchlike image some people saw in me, but it never bothered me that much. In fact, the funny thing was that it used to give me some kind of pleasure when people got angry. It was thrilling to me to expose the underpinnings of their hearts.

PLAYBOY: Did it occur to you that people may have felt threatened by the possibility that you were a homosexual?

TINY TIM: I suppose most men aren't used to having someone who looks like me walk up to them on the street and say, "Hello, darling." I guess that might have frightened some of them, especially the ones who pride themselves on being tough. But I'll tell you, I worked at a

place in the Village called the Page Three, where the boys liked each other and the girls liked each other, and many of these people are my dear friends. They are sweet and nice and I don't think these are the kind of homosexuals that people are afraid of, since they usually mix only with each other. The ones people are afraid of are those who look like average people but prey on children. I can see why people would be so vehement about them, because they are dangerous people. In fact, I wouldn't even classify them as homosexuals. The real name for them is maniacal fanatics. But I really think there's a difference between these types and the ones who mix only with their own crowd.

PLAYBOY: Do you condone homosexuality among consenting adults?

TINY TIM: Well, the Scriptures say that the effeminate shall not enter the kingdom of heaven and neither shall the homosexual. But the Scriptures also say that judgment is reserved for the Lord alone. It's wrong for one man to judge another. Can you condemn a man who does charitable work even though he doesn't believe in Christ? Or can you praise a man who does believe in Christ but fails to do what Christ teaches? There are those who pride themselves on their religious feelings; they preach about it and they have lily-white hands and polished faces. They preach on television and win the hearts of many; then they pass the bucket around. I must admit that the things they preach are good, but the good Lord sees that they live in fine houses while the world is starving. If a man has a personal communion with Christ, then the Lord is the only one who can judge him. It's not up to the preacher to decide who is going to be saved and who isn't. If I didn't believe in that, I could never have made it in show business, considering the way things were going for me before 1960.

PLAYBOY: Were you helped again by divine guidance?

TINY TIM: It was more a question of confidence. As I said before, my parents were deeply shocked by what I was doing and, besides that, they were both sick; my father had diabetes and my mother had high blood pressure. In fact, not a day went by that I didn't expect them to suddenly drop dead. But in the *Psalms*, King David said, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." So I prayed to Christ, knowing that he could see the loneliness in my heart. I told him that as long as he thought it was right for me to be in this business, I would never stop trying. I figured that even if my parents died before I made the grade, at least their spirits would know.

I told them that I'd be a great star of the Sixties, Seventies, Eighties and Nineties, but my mother said, "He's sick." I

said, "Don't you dare discourage me. Someday you'll see my name in lights on Broadway, because even though you think I'm a bum now, I have Jesus Christ with me, and if he helps me play the game right, then I'm going to make it." I refused to be defeated spiritually. And I finally *did* make it. That's how I know Jesus Christ has always been with me and that's why he means so much to me. In 1968, after I'd made it, people would ask me how long I thought it would last. I always told them that it didn't matter, because I'd been fulfilled. I told them that they were talking to a real miracle in show business and challenged them to find anyone who was considered as abnormal as I was who still made the grade. What the world couldn't see, what my parents couldn't see, was that Christ was there to hear my silent prayers.

PLAYBOY: Besides praying, what were you doing—before the big break came—to keep your career alive?

TINY TIM: Well, I definitely wasn't making it with the high voice, although almost every morning, I would get calls from girls who worked in offices and had heard from someone about my voice. I'd sing for them over the phone, and apparently the word got around, because I was eventually getting so many calls that I had to put a stop to it. I didn't really mind getting calls from girls, but the first time I heard a man's voice on the line, I said, "Look, don't call me again." I never wanted to talk to a man. In fact, I never even had the friendship of a man, except for the boys I used to play ball with and the men I met through business. Even now, when girls come to visit me, I tell them, "Bring ten girlfriends or come by yourself, but don't bring a man." I never wanted a man around. It was strange. Anyway, I always thought of the high voice as my Clark Kent voice during the Fifties, and I only used my low voice in those rare situations when I wanted to be Superman.

But when I didn't make it by the end of the Fifties, I got scared. I started to feel like time was passing me by. So as we inched into the Sixties, I changed my name to Darryl Dover and eventually started using both the high and the low voice for variety. Now, I wasn't too happy about that, because I've always thought that if I had made it on the high voice alone in the Fifties, I could have been as big as Elvis Presley. You see, when an artist makes it with a bang, he can usually stay in that mystical fairyland of success for only two or three years before the public gets used to him. Then he has to start working a little harder. I figured that if I made it on the high voice, I could switch to the lower one when the novelty wore off. Then I could have lasted a couple of more years with the low one. But when some people found out that I had a



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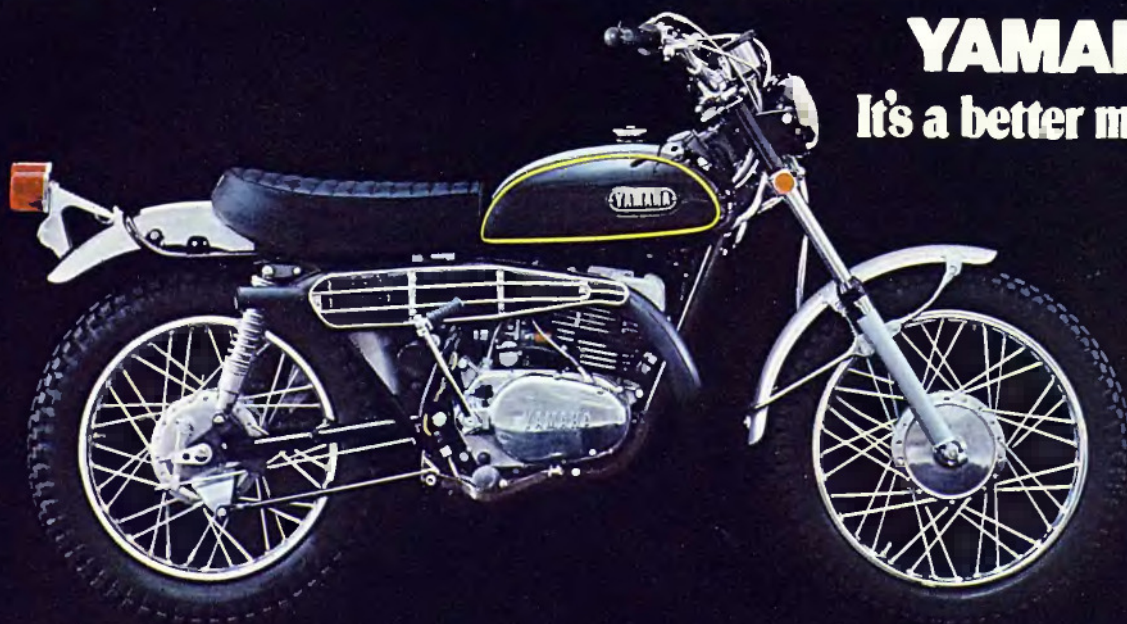
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lower voice, they were a little discouraged. It didn't seem to fit the image I'd created with the high voice. I still don't want to show all my voices at one time, though I may not have a choice. It seems some people don't know that I have a country-and-western sound, a vaudeville sound, a Forties sound, a Sinatra sound, a blues sound and many others, but I'm reluctant to use them all at once. I think it would mix up an audience completely.

PLAYBOY: What makes you think you could have been as big as Elvis Presley?

TINY TIM: I'm not talking about performance; I'm talking about the sound. I really think that if I could have captured the moisture that Rudy Vallee had in his voice when he recorded, my sound would have been fantastic.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by moisture?

TINY TIM: The only way I can describe it is that it's as if the voice were echoing with water all around it. It's tied up in the way his voice is placed on his records; on some of my records, the voice is heard on top of everything else, and that's not the way it should be. But I don't think anyone, myself included, really knows how to record a voice with consistent success. Sometimes a voice will come out sounding better on a small tape recorder than it will in a studio. You've got to catch that voice like a butterfly. I try to think like an A&R man [a record-company programming executive] in regard to my own records and, to tell you the truth, I wouldn't buy some of the songs I sing.

PLAYBOY: As it turned out, you didn't make it quite as big as Elvis in the Fifties. When did your luck start to change?

TINY TIM: Not for a long time. But I had the strength of Christ, as well as my baseball philosophy, to keep me going. "Keep plugging," I told myself. "The game is never over until the last man is out." I thought of the Dodgers' losing the pennant in 1951, and then—thanks to God, Christ and Saint Francis of Assisi—coming back to beat the Yankees in 1955. I never forgot the way our Dodgers came back and I knew I could do it, too. "Every day is a new day," I said, "and every page is a new page." So I started making tours of the music publishers' offices at 1619 and 1650 Broadway—ten floors in one building and fourteen in the other. Before I'd knock on their doors, I'd say to myself, "Success, you're happening today." Then I'd walk in with the songs I'd written and when they threw me out, I'd say, "Well, you just threw away a million bucks, but I'll be back in a few months." Then I'd just knock on the next publisher's door and do the same thing all over again. And I did go back every six months.

PLAYBOY: With what results?

TINY TIM: Well, I almost made it several times that way. But besides the publishing thing, I met a man named George King in 1960. Mr. King shared an office

in the building that housed WEVD, the Jewish radio station, and he was really down and out at the time. The way he earned his living was to put ads in *Show Business*, saying that he was looking for new talent. The new talent would pay him something like \$25 and, in return, he'd promise to put them in a film to be shown to talent scouts. He was a very complex person. He looked like a large Errol Flynn—very handsome—but he'd go for days without changing his clothes and he always carried a flask in his hip pocket filled with Tropicana orange juice and Seagram's Seven. Now, Mr. King knew I didn't have any money, but he'd been trudging around all over the world for so long that he didn't mind gambling a little. He said to me, "Kid, you've got something." And he took out a scrap of paper and listed all the different voices and all the different kinds of songs I could do.

Then, in October of 1960, he took me down to the Village and we walked into the first coffeehouse we saw. Mr. King listened to what was going on for a while, talked to the owner for a few minutes and then said, "Oh, by the way, I've got someone with me." Then he turned to me and said, "Grab your ukulele and give him a song." I was pretty shocked, but I took it as a challenge and instead of retreating into myself, I started to sing. I did *Tip-Toe Through the Tulips* and a two-voice duet and it got a laugh, so I started doing free shows in the Village. My name was getting around, but it wasn't until one and a half years later, March 1962, that I got my first paying job, at the Café Bizarre. I got ten dollars a night for two nights and Mr. King said, "Buddy, I'll take 40 percent, but I think I'm worth 50." He did deserve it, too, because he worked with me for a year and a half and didn't make a cent from me until that night. Anyway, I lasted two weeks at the Bizarre and then I got two weeks at the Café Wha. They finally let me go at the Wha because of the way I sang *Nature Boy*. I really felt that song so strongly that I used to pound on the floor and bite my hand. They thought it looked like an epileptic fit, so they threw me out.

Then I sang at The Third Side and The Playhouse Café; and at the end of 1962, I recorded an album called *Darry Dover and the White Cliffs*. I really thought the album was going to be a big thing for me. I told all my friends I was going to have an album out, and then the whole thing fell through. The songs were off-key, the guys who produced the record started to fight with each other and Atlantic Records decided not to buy the tapes. So when 1963 rolled around, I was really down in the dumps, but I prayed to Christ, picked myself up again and went back to the Village. It was around that time that Mr. King named me Tiny

Tim. He got me a job at the Surfside playing for pennies, and every night he'd come down there, empty the basket on the table and split the coins with me. But I was fired after two weeks and the owner suggested that I sing in a place with a jewel-box revue—where the men dressed like the ladies. But I was beginning to get hot and the law of averages was working for me, and I got the best job I'd ever had at a place called the Big Fat Black Pussycat.

PLAYBOY: Did the men dress like ladies at the Big Fat Black Pussycat?

TINY TIM: No, it was the kind of coffeehouse that attracted all kinds of people, from the poorest to the richest. The rich ones would come to the Village out of curiosity, but they actually liked what I was doing. The man who'd hired me, Mr. Tom Ziegler, really had faith in me and never fired me, although he could have any time he wanted to. In the six months I worked there, I really built up a name. Other artists were doing the same thing at the time—making the rounds of the coffeehouses. Bill Cosby and David Frye were breaking in then, and I worked in the same places they did. Richie Havens was at the Pussycat with me, and there was also another fellow named Fred Smoots. He didn't make it too big.

PLAYBOY: Why did you leave the Pussycat after six months?

TINY TIM: I met a wonderful colored lady named Miss Stella Marrs, who was working at the Page Three, which was the Copacabana of the Village for those who never quite made the grade. It was over on the plushier side of the Village, farther west, and many of the people who came in really had money. Anyway, Miss Marrs took me down there for an audition and the response from the audience was terrific. I'm not saying that every show I did in front of an audience at the Page Three was a good show. In fact, in all the time I worked there—from ten at night to four in the morning, six nights a week—I was lucky if I did three good shows out of every ten. Other great performers who worked there could outsing me a million times, and they would do nine good shows out of ten; but I knew from baseball that, according to the law of averages, even a guy who doesn't get a hit very often may come up with that big clutch homer. To me, a clutch situation was one in which I knew there was some important show-business person or a celebrity or even just a pretty girl in the audience. That doesn't mean I'd always make it in the clutch. Even when a performer knows he should be at his best, he just might not make it. You can't predict the outcome of a performance. But I do know that when a person freezes in the clutch, it's because he quit on himself in the middle of the song. No matter how you feel when you sing a



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song, you've got to re-create the mood of the composer; and if you feel that mood begin to slip away, you've got to force the life back into it again.

PLAYBOY: Did you like working at the Page Three?

TINY TIM: I loved every minute of it. I was making \$40 a week, and even though the girls liked each other there, I loved having so many beautiful young girls around. But since there were also boys who liked boys there, the only straight people in the club were the owners, the bartenders, the entertainers and a few of the clientele. In fact, some of the men who worked there would use the word she when they were talking about other men, but we all kind of got used to that. It became sort of a family kind of speech. I used to sing *I Enjoy Being a Girl* and *I Feel Pretty* for them—not as a joke but because I liked the melodies. Then in 1965, the police closed the Page Three. A male customer had asked one of the waitresses for a woman, so she brought a girl over and the guy turned out to be a cop. So there I was—out of a job and stuck with a reputation for working in perverted places.

PLAYBOY: Did you have trouble getting work after that?

TINY TIM: I went through two new managers pretty quickly, and by December of '65, it was depression time for me again. One night, I was feeling so bad that I changed my name to Rollie Dell and went down to an amateur show at the Champagne Gallery in the Village. I won the contest and that made me feel pretty good, so I went up to The Scene, a *discothèque* I'd heard of on 46th Street. A man named Steve Paul had taken a cellar and turned it into a night spot for rich kids who wanted to act like Village hippies. I'd never worked for teenagers and I hadn't worked outside the Village, but I knew they let people come in to perform there, so I decided to give it a try. I walked down the stairs and they were about to throw me out when a wonderful colored chap recognized me from the Village and said, "Hey, that's Tiny Tim." Mr. Paul went out on stage and said, "Don't go yet, folks. You've got to hear this guy." To me, it was like the last of the ninth, with a three-and-two count and two outs, and I was never in better voice; the spirit of the Lord was never as strong in me as it was then and I really knocked the place down. I was flabbergasted. The Scene was everything I wanted: It was outside the Village and it was packed with lovely teenage girls. Mr. Paul asked me to come back the next night and I was very happy—until I got home and found my building on fire. Thank God nothing happened to my room.

But I was afraid to go back to The Scene the next night, because I thought it might have been a fluke, so I wrote a

letter to Mr. Paul, thanking him and saying that if he wanted me back, he could find me at the address I gave him. Then I didn't hear from him for over a month. My father told me that it was a sign from heaven, telling me to give up, but I told him that he couldn't say it was a sign just because he wanted it to be. To make matters worse, one of the guys from my neighborhood told me that it was a shame what I was doing to my parents. He said that people were talking about me and that if I didn't cut my hair by Lincoln's Birthday, he and his friend were going to cut it for me. But I prayed to Christ and, sure enough, the next day Mr. Paul called me; and for the next two and a half months, I worked at The Scene.

PLAYBOY: For how much?

TINY TIM: Without pay. But I didn't mind that, because, with all the beautiful girls there, it was like heaven to me. In January of 1966, the publicist for The Scene saw something in me and got me booked onto the *Merv Griffin* show. Well, when they finally put me on, it caused such a stir that they got more letters than they'd ever gotten before. Mr. Arthur Treacher asked the audience if they wanted me back and they said yes, so I was supposed to be signed for six more shows. But Mr. Hugh Romney asked me to come to Los Angeles to work for him and I decided to go. No one could understand why I wanted to pass up six Merv Griffin shows, but I told them that Mr. Romney had really stuck by me and helped me when very few people believed in me and that I must pay back the debt I owed him.

PLAYBOY: How?

TINY TIM: Mr. Romney had an underground show called the *Phantom Cabaret* at the Little Theater near the Hollywood Ranch Market. Del Close, Severn Darden, Hugh Romney and myself were in the show. My managers weren't too happy that I'd left New York just then, but they gave in and told me to be back in about five weeks to do the *Merv Griffin* show. Then I found out that letters had started coming in from people who were violently shocked by my first appearance. They were calling Merv Griffin about me at three o'clock in the morning and, apparently, the Westinghouse people decided it would be a good idea not to have me back at all. So perhaps it's just as well that I didn't stay in New York. Another good thing about having gone to California was that I really made friends with some very influential people there. Mr. Lenny Bruce, Mr. Bob Dylan and Mr. Donovan all came to see me; and the day before I went back to New York, I did a concert at the Committee in San Francisco.

PLAYBOY: Were you happy to get back to New York?

TINY TIM: No, I found that the gloom

began to set in again. Mr. Paul started paying me \$50 a week at The Scene, but I felt that I'd been there long enough. On top of that, business started to fall off for Mr. Paul and the crowds were getting used to me. The novelty was wearing off. But I had gotten accustomed to the place and was performing well. I kept on smiling at the teenagers and finding new girlfriends, but The Scene was in bad shape and it looked like they'd have to close. Then, in December 1966, The Young Rascals did a benefit there and packed the place again. The Blues Project came in next and Mr. Paul told me that as long as The Scene lasted, I'd have a job there. I was starting to feel that I was slipping with the crowd, but he said, "Tiny, I'll keep you here no matter what happens." And he kept his word. Anyway, booking these great bands put The Scene on the map again. Then, at the end of 1966, someone who remembered me from the Griffin show cast me in the pilot for *Ironsides* with Raymond Burr, and Peter Yarrow of Peter, Paul & Mary put me in his film *You Are What You Eat*.

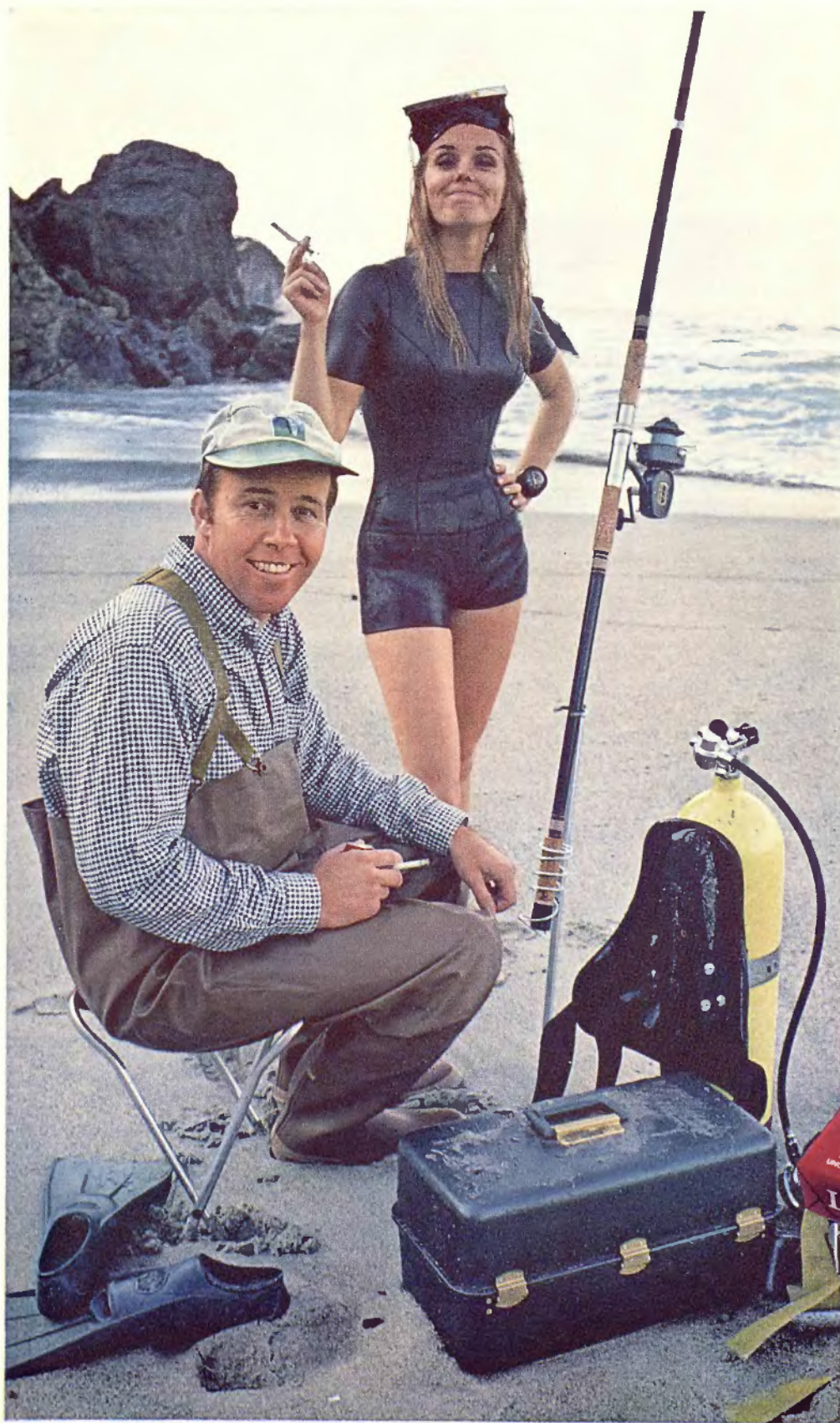
Meanwhile, Mr. Paul had booked The Doors and Spanky & Our Gang and he took me to the Monterey Pop Festival; but by June of '67, I still felt I was nowhere. The pilot for *Ironsides* had already been screened, but no one had offered me anything else and, even though I still had a job at The Scene, I wondered how long it would last. What would I do if The Scene closed? I sat in my room and prayed. It was like a confessional. I'd painted "Jesus Christ Is My Lord" over two of the walls, and he knows of the many lonely hours and prayers. But times were getting tight. I'd been written about in the press while I was still playing the Page Three and everybody already knew me. So where could I go? What could I do? Well, with my baseball philosophy, I knew there had to be another change. If I hadn't made it by the end of 1967, I'm sure I would have cut my hair.

But that's not all. I was planning something else at the time—something I call two-tone make-up. Half my face would be made up white and the other half violet. I was going to call it "Split Personality for the Seventies." I actually tried it three or four times, but I couldn't get violet, so I used the deepest tan I could get. I was made up that way one day on the subway and, with my long hair, it must have looked pretty surprising. Anyone who saw me from one side would think I was brown-skinned, but then when they passed me, they saw I was half white. They did some quick double takes.

PLAYBOY: Since you obviously didn't cut your hair, we assume that you did make it by the end of 1967.

TINY TIM: Yes, it was a rainy Monday night in August and there were very few

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people at The Scene that night. I was tired and I didn't feel like going on, but I started with *Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella* and I told myself, "Look. Even though there are very few people here, you've got to keep hustling." So, as I started picking up my energy, I heard someone laughing and by the time I got into my two-voice duet, this guy was really cracking up. It turned out to be Mr. Mo Ostin, who at the time was something like general manager of Warner Bros. Records. He's the president now. He said afterward that he wanted to sign me, so I gave him my lawyer's number—I'd gotten a lawyer by then—and, together, they worked something out. By November of '67, I was called out to Hollywood and I left behind at least six managers who thought they still had me committed to them.

PLAYBOY: Why had you hired a lawyer, and how did you manage to acquire so many managers?

TINY TIM: Well, I used to sign with anyone who came along and expressed an interest in me, and that's why I was encouraged by my friends to get a lawyer. Mr. Paul was waiting to manage me when the others had all given up on me, but he should have taken me to his lawyers when I first started at The Scene. I wish I'd done it then. As things stand now, Mr. King still claims we have a 100-year contract and a couple of guys are trying to take me to court. But the thing that bothers me most is what happened with Mr. Paul. I had promised him that he could manage me when I made the grade; and when I started the first album in Hollywood, he flew out to sign me. But in spite of all the things he'd done for me, I was afraid to sign with him. Mr. Ostin had paid my way out there, he was paying for my room and board and paying for me to make the record; and he and Mr. Perry, who was producing my record, made it pretty clear that they didn't want Mr. Paul to manage me. Now, I'd been looking for a break for a long time and when you finally see one coming your way, you have to balance it more delicately than an acrobat, because the slightest word or the slightest gesture can upset the whole thing. So even though Mr. Paul had been waiting for me almost two years, I told him that I couldn't sign with him. He couldn't believe it. He just packed his bags and left. He did invite me to come back to The Scene, but he told me that he would never trust anyone again. I regret that I had to do that, but it was a decision that had to be made.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that your career was really launched at last?

TINY TIM: When 1968 rolled around, it was like a new dawn. My father said that I had finally stopped swimming in the water and had landed on shore. In December of 1967, I auditioned for Rowan and Martin and made it. My *Laugh-In*

appearance, of course, led to nationwide acceptance—and rejection. I got a lot of terrible mail, but at least it showed that people were moved enough to write in. Once, a guy stopped me on the street and said, "You make me want to throw up my breakfast." So that kind of mail didn't surprise me. I know I have a talent for making people either very happy or vehemently angry. Though it may be frightening or hurtful, I'd rather deal with that than with the Madison Avenue guy who smiles, pats you on the back and says he'll give you a call. The other may be scary, but at least it's real. **PLAYBOY:** With whom did you finally decide to sign for management?

TINY TIM: Mr. Ostin suggested Roy Silver, so I signed with him in March; and he did such a good job of publicity that by May, the whole country knew about me. I played the Fillmore Auditorium, Caesars Palace, the Fontainebleau, the Latin Casino and concerts all over the country. But the crowds weren't that big and I think it would have been a better move for me to accept an offer from Rowan and Martin for a tour during the summer of '68 at \$500 a week. It would have been good for me to break in as a stooge, instead of shooting for the top before I was really ready for it. My management was going for the big name and the quick dollar, but the only advantage I can see in it now is being able to say that I played Caesars Palace for \$50,000. It was a dangerous undertaking and it failed. Another bad move was rejecting a film offer from Bob Hope. My managers insisted on some kind of script change he wasn't willing to make and I said, "Look, you don't tell Bob Hope what to do." But they insisted that they were handling my career and that they knew what was best for me.

PLAYBOY: How was your recording career doing at the time?

TINY TIM: That was another big problem. People thought I was comparable to Mrs. Miller when my records first came out—just some kind of a fad. That's why a lot of disc jockeys weren't playing my records. They'd play two or three bars, just to lead into a station break. You see, records usually break in Los Angeles first and then move East; but it was my dear friends in New York who broke *Tip-Toe* first. Los Angeles was the last place it broke. In fact, both the album and the single of *Tip-Toe* broke weirdly. Records usually climb very fast on the charts when they break, then they hit a peak and drop slowly until they fall off the charts completely. Now, my first album went astronomically high for a first album and eventually sold close to 200,000 copies. It went very quickly to number eight on *Cashbox*; but the next week, it fell to 15, then to 35, then to 70 and then off the charts.

Then we had another bad break. We didn't get our second album out until

January 1969, and, in the meantime, someone released an album of the tapes I'd made in 1962 under the name Darryl Dover. If you recall, I had sung off key on it and it sounded just terrible. Besides that, the drawing of me on the cover was really freaky. It looked like I had lipstick on. Well, they sold this thing in supermarkets and anywhere else they could and, because the people thought it was my real second album, it sold about 100,000 copies. We finally got a temporary injunction to stop them from selling it, but the damage had been done. It killed the sales of the legitimate second album. If we'd had ours out in July, this wouldn't have happened, and I really think my managers were wrong in delaying the second album so long.

PLAYBOY: Were you thinking of separating from Roy Silver at that time?

TINY TIM: The decision was made for me. While I was in England doing a concert at Albert Hall, Bill Cosby fought with Roy Silver and pulled out of the agency. It had been Campbell, Silver, Cosby, but they got into a financial dispute and when Mr. Cosby pulled his name out of it, that did it. That's the way it is in this fairyland type of business. If someone puts a scratch in the magic and it doesn't heal quickly, everything dies. When their agency broke apart, I stuck with Mr. Silver for a while, but then I got involved with another manager. Unfortunately, that didn't work out too well, either. He was a wonderful gentleman friend of mine, but now he's taking me to court. That's just the way these things work out sometimes. Now I'm with Mr. Ron DeBlasio.

PLAYBOY: Has this succession of managers had any effect on your financial position?

TINY TIM: To tell you the truth, when I requested a release from my past management last September or October, they wouldn't let me go until I'd signed a contract stating that I would not question the way they had managed my funds then or any time in the future. In other words, we were in hot water and I had to start my career all over again. But I have been very fortunate since then and, because the Lord is always with me, we've regained about twice as much as we lost in that deal.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that you used to think of Hollywood as a magical fairyland. In the light of your experience there, has your opinion of it changed?

TINY TIM: Well, I think for those that are really successful in this business, especially after so many years of struggle, it really is a fairyland. It's a fantastic thrill for me just to be on Mr. Carson's show; and I wouldn't care whether he paid me \$350 or \$35. But I will say this: Success can be very dangerous. Once you make the grade, you are surrounded by envious people trying to get into the act, telling you what to do with your money.

(continued on page 162)



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winning, slow down when
you're losing, and don't sleep
with anyone whose troubles
are worse than your own*

fiction By NELSON ALGREN

LOCKED INTO THE DARKNESS of an endless starting gate, the rider saw field lamps burning in a mist, bordering a straight-away rains had left so wet that every lamp looked tethered.

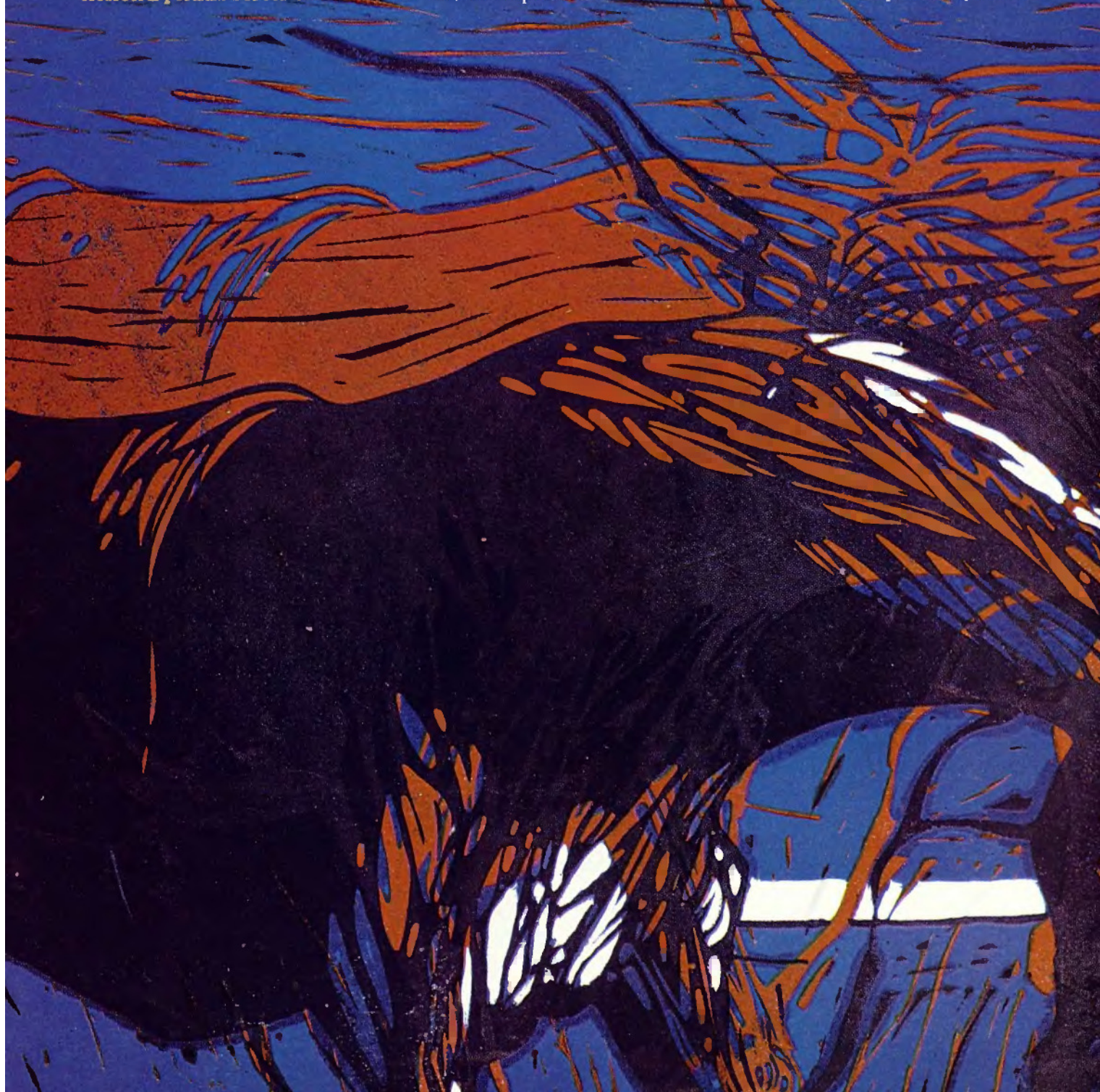
Yet heard no horses restive in their stalls nor starters' warning cries. No gate had ever been this dark nor any crowd this still. As the flag went up, his horse came asweat: It feared the restless shadows those flickering field lamps cast. Scratch the whole field, he tried to cry out, as every gate swung wide but his own.

Lamed jockeys in black silks broke in a jostling pack, whip and spur to be first to the rail; all limped and several fell;

some fell and could not rise. His horse hooked itself across the still-locked steel, its forelegs racing the air. He stood in the irons to double the reins and felt the right rein ripping. He reached for the mane, but it had no mane—*rot in the reins*, he knew, falling from a great height slowly, *rot in the reins all along*—and woke feeling disappointed in everything.

With somebody's hand lying light across his forehead. He jerked away from the hand.

Kate was standing above him. The tumult of her hair, uncombed and reddish-orange, looked to be aflame because of the lamp behind her. She was offering him coffee in a tin cup. Tin cups were



"Suddenly, the horse dug
all four hooves into the
track, flinging its
jockey head over heels
head-on against the rail."

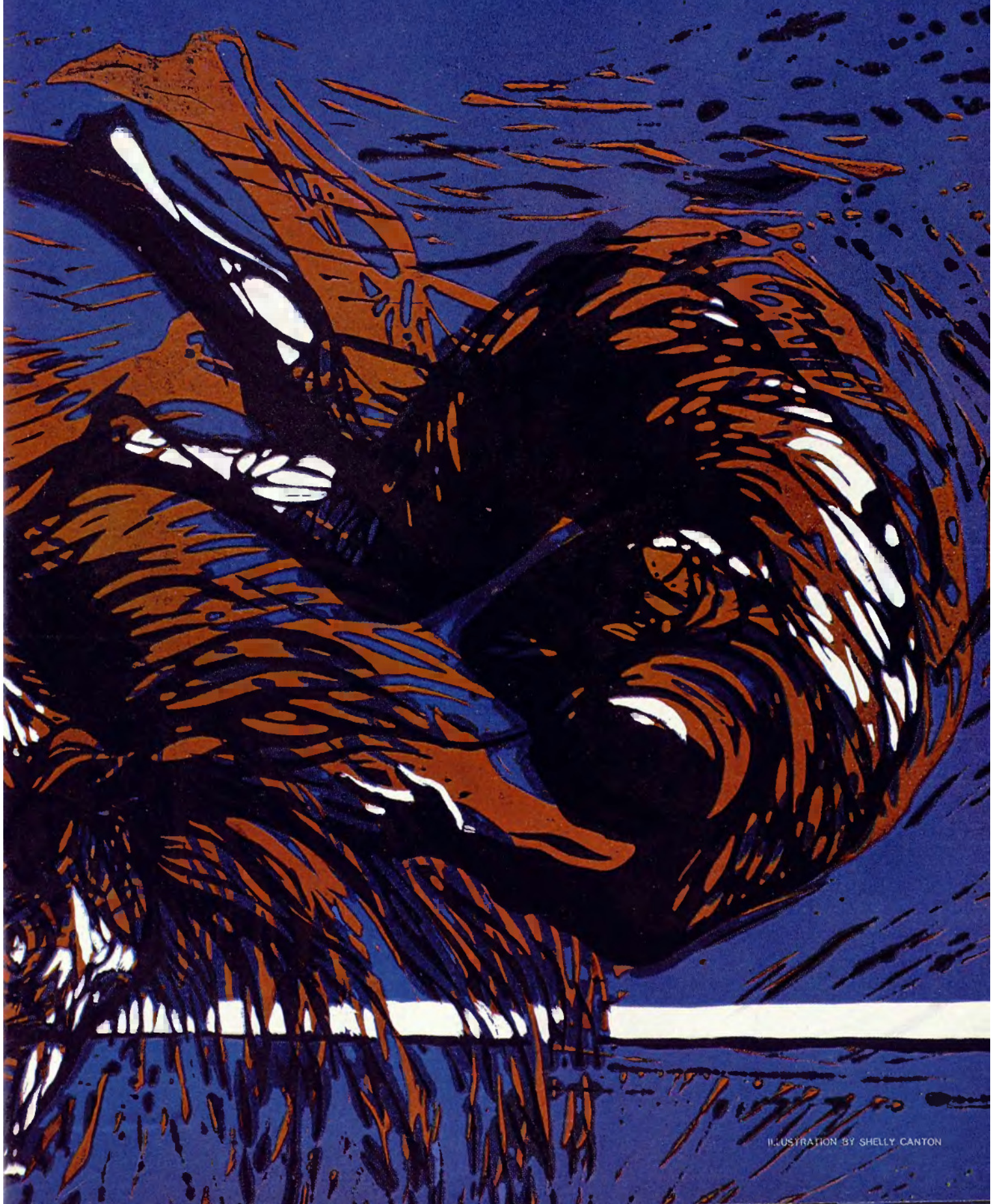


ILLUSTRATION BY SHELLY CANTON

for water, not for coffee.

"For God's sake," he sat up and refused the cup, "you have to shove a person across the room to wake him up?"

"You were tossing, I thought you were fevery." She placed the cup with care in reach of his hand.

He looks so young yet so old, she thought. Flowerree looks so gray in the dark before day.

"'Fevery'?" he mocked her. "What in God's name is 'fevery'?"

She made no reply. It was going to be another mean day for them both, that was plain. With nothing the way it had been before the Mexican had begun nipping him at the wire. He'll be pecking at me now for my Ozark talk, she knew with resignation; or for being a head taller and half again his size. Or for looking so much younger while being six years older. Or for being born in the mountains or raised on a river. Or for not caring whether people call me Catfish. Or for wearing a GI cap or for wearing horse pins around the barn. What does he think I should use for bandaging—glue? He'll get on me for owning a horse that does a mile and 70 without coming asweat by morning and starts washing in the paddock that same night. A wonder he hasn't yet faulted me for his falls at Waterford. And maybe he does in his jealous mind.

For all of his pecking, she'd taken note, took some care to avoid its true salty cause. It was *her* trailer, *her* table and *her* bed—and Hollis Flowerree was scarcely the man to take chances with a good thing. Not unless he had money in his pocket.

"If you're going to blow out Red," she reminded him, "you better get moving."

"Go blow him out yourself," he advised her.

Might not have things worked out better, Kate wondered now, had she not made it too easy for him at the beginning? All she'd done, of course, had been to take off his boots when he'd had too much whiskey in him, and had let him sleep it off on her bed.

Yet they'd lifted a few together before, at other parks, when he'd been riding better; and nothing had even begun to happen between them before. That he'd still been using a cane and had had his saddle in hock when he'd come here from Waterford hadn't had anything to do with her taking his boots off. She hoped for her own sake now, as well as for his.

Or had the falls—three in two months—*had* something to do with it? Yet the Mexican had not yet taken either a drink or a fall. And *his* boots had come off just as easily.

How can he hold it against me in his mind? Kate wondered. Don't he know that was before and not since?

There was the true salty cause Flowerree wouldn't be pecking.

Unrequited love wasn't what was souring him so, she felt sure. It had to be because the rider who outraced him so often was the same who'd nipped him at the wire in bed. A touchy group, these riders, she'd learned, whose need of proving themselves could be felt in the mounting of women as well as of horses.

Excepting, of course, that Mexican thief. Whose mastery of mounts came to him so naturally, he felt no need of proving himself to either.

"What time is it?" Flowerree asked her.

"Night to day."

"'Night to day'—What kind of time is *that*, for God's sake, 'night to day'? Didn't they even learn you to tell *time* in them hills?"

"Them weren't hills," Kate corrected him, "them were mountains. Though I do have to admit we lived pretty far back."

Stripped to his waist, Flowerree stood with his disproportionately big hands clasping his cup the way a child holds a gift he fears may be snatched away.

"So far back the owls screwed the chickens," he decided; "that's *my* opinion."

"The farther back you live," she returned the usual answer to the usual taunt, "the tougher you get. And we lived in the last house in town."

"The reason that horse of yours don't win," he retorted, "is he's ashamed to have his picture took with you."

She had an answer to that one, too. But didn't bother repeating it. Instead, she handed him his boots with one hand and the *Racing Form* with the other.

"You're in the papers, rider," she filled him in.

Under "Official Rulings," he read, with lips moving:

"OZARK DOWNS

"Jockey Hollis Flowerree has been suspended for one day and fined fifty dollars for entering a frivolous claim against jockey Elisio Casaflores following the eighth race of Thursday night, July third."

"I don't blame the Mexican, because his boss pushes the stewards around. That's Ishop, not Casa," Flowerree felt.

"Well?" she wanted to know, "you got fifty dollars for the front office?"

"You take care of *your* end, I'll take care of mine," he told her.

Kate didn't bother pointing out that for two months, she'd been keeping up both ends.

"Front office don't get fifty by noon, you don't ride Red tomorrow night," she reminded him, "and I *don't* want your Cajun buddy on him."

"What's the matter with my Cajun buddy?" Flowerree asked innocently. "He can outride any jock at *this* bull ring."

"Sure he can," Kate agreed quick-

ly, "but who *for*? He can bring in a thousand-dollar plater against fifteen-hundred-dollar speed horses. But put him on a ten-thousand-dollar horse against the twenty-thousand kind and he'll leave you out of the money as fast as he can phone New Orleans. When I pay a rider to ride, I pay him to ride for *me*. Not for a bunch of New Orleans hustlers."

Holding one soiled sock in one fist, Flowerree kept peering into the depths of various boots, in hope of finding one equally soiled.

"That don't make him a bad guy, does it?" he asked one of the boots.

"The Cajun rode for me once," Kate recalled, "at Evangeline Downs. 'This horse responds to the reins,' I told him that time, 'he don't respond to the stick. *Don't* use the stick on him. Use the reins.' So he goes for the stick, the horse begins crowhopping, and then he faults the horse."

"Why'd he go for the stick?" Flowerree asked. "Did he say?"

"'Say?' All he said was, 'Well, I didn't fall off, did I?'—n' walked away."

"That man can whip his own horse 'n' flick the nose of the horse behind, all in one motion," Flowerree defended the Cajun, "as good as ever Don Meade could. 'N' that don't make him a bad guy, neither."

"Oh, toss those stinking things away," Kate ordered him, and tossed him a ball of fresh white socks.

"Just because he done a little time—" Flowerree began.

"I know, I know," Kate interrupted him, "I *know* that don't make him a bad guy. But he got a big mouth and he got bigmouth people behind him. In my book, *that* makes him a bad guy."

"A person don't have to come from Louisiana to have a big mouth," Flowerree observed quietly.

"The Cajun ain't riding Red," Kate ended the argument.

"How about that apprentice kid—Bethea?" Flowerree sounded her out.

"Bethea rides with his shoulders instead of his hands," Kate pointed out. "He thinks he's supposed to outstrong his mount. He rides every horse the same. Red takes a long rein. Bethea snugs up."

"Can't you get one of the Mexicans?" he asked her softly.

"No," she answered quickly, "all the good riders are contracted out around here."

He finished pulling on his socks before he answered. She could tell he was hot.

"Believe me when I tell you," he told her, standing up to his full height of five feet, one, "I can get a contract with any stable in the country. Believe me when I tell you."

"Sure I believe you when you tell me," she agreed easily. "Tell me a rooster can plow 'n' I'll hitch him up."

She drew a rubber-banded roll from



"Dear, I hate to be a party pooper, but tomorrow's a working day and six-thirty rolls around awfully fast."

the pocket of her jeans and laid five ten-dollar bills beside his cup.

"I don't want you borrowing off him, neither," she explained.

"It's *your* horse," he told her, "you take in the fine."

"The horse belongs to me, all right," she agreed again, "but the phony claim belongs to you."

"Them people up there look at me like I smell of the shed," he complained like a child.

"What do *you* care what you smell like to *them*?"

"You going to get photographed in *them* duds?" he persisted in knowing.

"Rider," she told him sharply, "your job is just to get me into the winner's circle. How I'm dressed for the occasion is my own affair."

"All right," he had to give in, "I'll take it in—but just don't think you're doing me some kind of big favor, that's all. I got friends all over the country."

"*Sure* you got friends all over the country. Tell me a duck is carrying a gun 'n' I'll stay out of his range of fire"—she whipped her GI fatigue cap down over his ears, tugged it tight and hurried through the door.

"I tell you a duck is carrying a gun," he shouted after her, with her cap still jammed on his skull, "you better look under the wing for the holster!"

But Kate kept right on walking and never turned her head.

She knew Flowerree hadn't been fined for entering a phony claim. The fine had been imposed because the stewards didn't consider fistfighting among riders to be frivolous. What the stewards didn't know was that the brawl had had nothing to do with horses.

Flowerree tossed Kate's cap onto the bed and drew on his boots. He stamped his feet to fit them tighter. He put on goggles. He put on his helmet and let the straps dangle. He flicked his little whip twice. Then—but only as an afterthought—he picked up the bills beside the cup.

Why had Casa come at *him*? It had been the Cajun who'd done the provoking—"Hey, Casa! You make fifty *dolla*! You have good time with your mother now, Casa?"—then the Mexican had been sitting on the floor, cupping his nose, and a touch of blood on the white of his silks. "You don't get the best of it *all* the time, Mex," the Cajun had rubbed it in a bit.

He'd sounded as if he'd thought *he'd* been the party who'd thrown that fast shot to Casa's nose. The Cajun *had* made a good move in pinning Casa's arms, Flowerree conceded to himself.

Then the Mexican had driven his mount into place money in the very next race! His nose hadn't started to bleed

again till he'd come down out of the irons.

The Mexican thief got his nerve, I got to give him *that*, Flowerree allowed.

But that didn't make the Cajun a bad guy.

* * *

A heat haze was already banking above the ridge. Between the sheds, Negro grooms were sponging down horses with names like Sailor Kowal and Flash McBride and Billy V. and Kanaskes Pride. Two grooms were hauling a horse up a ramp into a coast-to-coast horse van, while another shoved the brute from behind. Six horses, already installed, stretched their necks out of their windows like so many shop stewards, to see how the work was going. The driver leaned idly against the van, holding a bill of lading in his hand and spitting tobacco juice now and then to show *he* didn't have to lift a finger.

The hay, heaped and baled between the barns, lent a yellowish scent to the air. Floor fans, whirring all night and into the breaking day, carried music cool or hot from rooms where hot-walkers dozed.

Owners saved a pretty penny here by permitting hot-walkers to do the work of grooms: A green youth could pick up a lifetime craft here. He could learn how to tape a horse without having galloped or blown one out. The trick, in bandaging, was to keep the tape level, so that cotton tufts showed at either end of the bandage. And if the thermometer he shoved into the animal's rectum read a degree and a half off, and the horse was backing off its feed, he knew that that horse should be scratched.

Yet, as like as not, the horse was led to post all the same. And the rider who refused a mount unfit to race might have a rough go getting another.

A stakes-winning rider earned only \$50, and the rider behind him but \$30. Third money earned \$17 and fourth received \$12. Out of which each rider paid a dollar to the Jockey's Club and two dollars to his valet.

Flowerree wagged his whip at a couple of exercise boys but didn't stop to exchange stories. When the vasty light of morning struck, tilting the straightaway into day while leaving the backstretch in darkness, the odds for the coming night would start forming. Rumors of evening would shape the rest.

That, and turns so sharp that a rider on a \$1500 horse, who knew the turns, could outrun a \$3500 mount; there wasn't enough of a stretch for the better horse to prove his class. Its rider had either to take his mount around the leading horse or bull his way through at risk of being smashed against the rail. For the sake of a \$50 purse, only apprentices and younger riders took such a risk.

Spring harness racing had left the

track surface so hard, owners risked laming their horses here. The track's hard spots had soft spots that could throw a horse off stride. There wasn't a horse worth more than \$3500 stabled here.

Kate's groom was painting Big Red's forelegs with Mercurochrome.

"Take care, Mike," Flowerree warned the groom, "this horse was brought up by some fool who hollered at him instead of *asking*." Red's Big Red had torn chunks out of men as well as horses.

"If you move over, baby," Flowerree singsonged softly into Red's ear, "Daddy'll have more room."

The horse shifted its rump to give his rider room in the stall, then rolled his neck in a half circle as much as to ask, "Have your room enough *now*, Daddy?"

"If he could talk to a woman that soft," Kate told the groom, "he wouldn't have to risk his neck riding horseback."

Cantering onto the track, Flowerree held Big Red back until Kate stood on the scales at the finishing line, stop watch in hand. He wheedled the animal into the gate with only his toes in the irons. Then, leaning far forward, he shouted into the horse's ear, "*Get all the money!*"

Kate saw his perfect start but lost horse and rider in the shadows for one moment. Then—where the backstretch broke into day—saw a darkness driving against the sun, horse and rider a single creature, neck astretch and tail blowing. As it came, she caught light under all four hooves—and it came like a red-maned sun. Looming incredibly. She shielded her eyes against the showering dust, then heard its retreating hooves. Flowerree was trying to pull up the horse.

Why don't you run like that at night, you son of a bitch, Kate swore quietly to herself.

Flowerree gave her a confirming nod as he trotted the horse toward the barn. And as he passed, he wondered whether she'd seen the horse try to bolt after that perfect start. That flash of silvered daylight, knifing through the trees across its hooves, had sent a shock of fright through the animal that had taken the rider's full strength to shake off: Precisely the way the horse had been going off stride at night. *The clubhouse light*—that was *it*. Had she caught it? If not, he knew something about Red's Big Red nobody else knew.

He turned the horse over to a groom at the barn. Kate came up with the stop watch in her hand.

"How'd he make it?" Flowerree tested her.

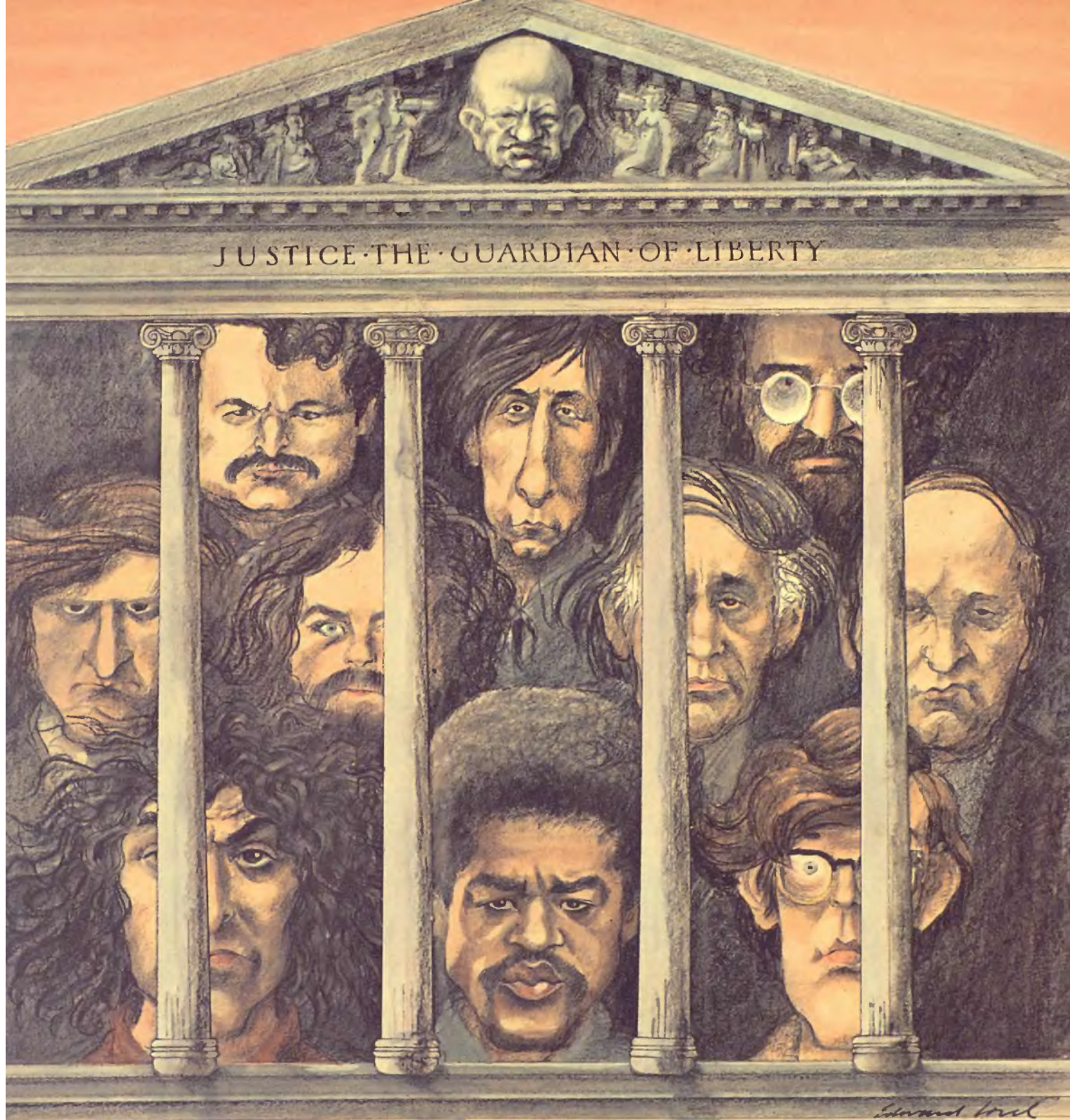
"One forty-one," she reported.

"Felt even faster," he risked suggesting.

"The watch don't lie."

It don't tell the truth all the time, neither, he thought.

(continued on page 98)



both the establishment and the anti-establishment were on trial—and both sides and the nation lost

"SCREW THE WAR, screw racism. The big issue now is prison reform," Abbie Hoffman said shortly before he and his six codefendants were sentenced to jail. Later, when a higher court let them out of prison, pending appeal, he and his buddy, Jerry Rubin, resurfaced in a fury of complaints about roaches, the plumbing and the food served in Cook County Jail. But he was wrong. The big issue for millions of people was how these men had come to be indicted and what had happened at their trial.

They were indicted for violating and

THE CHICAGO CONSPIRACY CIRCUS

article BY NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

conspiring to violate Title I, section 2101, of the 1968 Civil Rights Act, a constitutionally dubious piece of Federal law generally known as the Rap Brown Amendment, in honor of the man who inspired Congress to write it. Section 2101 makes it a Federal crime to cross a state line or to send a message across a state line with the intention of inciting or encouraging a riot. The specific riot blamed on the men who have come to be known as the Conspiracy Eight—later Seven—is what happened on Chicago's streets during August of 1968 while the

Democratic National Convention was nominating Hubert Humphrey in exhaustion, despair and disillusion.

In the contentious aftermath, the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence asked Daniel Walker, a Chicago corporation lawyer, to head a study team that would fix the blame for the fighting on whoever was responsible. The Walker Report, the most detailed and objective account we have of what happened, concluded that "The vast majority of the demonstrators were intent on expressing by peaceful means their dissent either from society generally or from the Administration's policies in Vietnam. . . . On the part of the police, there was enough wild club swinging, enough cries of hatred, enough gratuitous beating to make the conclusion inescapable that individual policemen, and lots of them, committed violent acts far in excess of the requisite force for crowd dispersal or arrest. To read dispassionately the hundreds of statements describing at firsthand the events . . . is to become convinced of the presence of what can only be called a police riot."

Nevertheless, eight civilian protesters were prosecuted by the Justice Department for conspiring to *incite* the police to riot. The mere fact of this indictment raises the possibility that anybody who publicly manifests his approval or disapproval of anything—be it rat control, peace, clean lakes or better police protection—not only risks getting his head split open by a cop but also risks being tried for conspiring to provoke a cop to do it. This could have a chilling effect on free speech, and it is one reason, simple justice aside, that many people who are irritated by the defendants' personalities, courtroom antics and politics are sticking up for them.

One of the defendants, Tom Hayden, has provided evidence that the decision to prosecute him was made before any kind of riot took place in Chicago. Hayden says that on the very first day of the convention, he was told by the police assigned to tail him that he would be indicted under the Rap Brown Amendment. Rennie Davis agrees that it was a "Government that increasingly is controlled by a police mentality" that indicted him and the seven others and brought them into a trial that has claimed more attention than Sirhan Sirhan's, more than the Rosenbergs', more than any American criminal proceeding since Sacco and Vanzetti's. "This trial," said Davis, "has been controlled by the police and the FBI and undercover agents from the beginning, from the first witnesses that have been paraded with their lies to that witness stand to the last sentence."

That's what Davis told Judge Julius Hoffman before that last sentence was given the five who were convicted. The FBI agent who sat at the prosecution

table said nothing. He'd sat there for the trial's four-and-a-half-month duration and said nothing. Maybe he was there to make sure the job was done and that Davis, Hayden, Dave Dellinger, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin were sent up for five years. United States District Attorney Thomas Foran claimed otherwise. He maintained that the decision to prosecute came from Washington and Nixon's Attorney General, John Mitchell, in a routine way.

The gossip around Mies van der Rohe's 30-story steel courthouse provided a different explanation. They do gossip there; but instead of sitting in rockers under porticoes, the old-timers pass their retirement hours in shiny metal and Naugahyde chairs lining brightly lit corridors. The courthouse talk was that Foran had been told to do the job by Mayor Daley. It's impossible to say. Foran was the most puzzling of all the principals.

The judge was easy to figure. Seventy-four years old, a legal technician who had married rich and then donated enough money to the Republican Party for Eisenhower to appoint him to the bench, he was an ordinary status-quo man with a pedantic theatricality about him and a touch of British affectation in his speech. Supposedly, the judges get their assignment by lot, but his choice suggested premeditation. He is Jewish, and so were three of the defendants. Of a different political party than Daley's, he is more intelligent than the loud, quick-tempered patronage hacks whom years of Democratic control had permitted to accumulate on the Federal bench in the Northern District of Illinois, Eastern Division.

From the beginning, it was obvious that Hoffman thought he was doing the Lord's work; but Foran was different. True, he had earned a lot of money around Chicago representing clients in urban-renewal work, which you don't do if City Hall disapproves of you; but coming into this trial—which has destroyed his reputation with moderate liberals—he was considered the best U.S. District Attorney Chicago had had in years. He'd broken his back trying to get a jury to convict a policeman for depriving a black man of his civil rights by killing him. Throughout the conspiracy trial, there were rumors that he thought being involved in it was the worst mistake he'd ever made and that he was spending every day after court with the judge, trying to get him to hold back and make it look fairer.


If nobody can say who ordered the eight tried for breaking and conspiring to break the Rap Brown Amendment, why these eight were picked is also unknown. They were, as Norman Mailer tried to say from the witness stand before he was silenced by the prosecution, "not political allies but practically enemies." Hayden and Davis, with their

common SDS background, shared the same ideas and values, and they did work closely on an operational though not an ideological level with Dave Dellinger, the 54-year-old communitarian, Christian pacifist disciple of the late A. J. Muste. These three, with their reasoned radicalism, their position papers and their memoranda, had nothing in common with the two super-hippie-Yippies, Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin.

During the spring and early summer of 1968, when the Chicago convention was in preparation, relations between the National Mobe office (Davis, Dellinger and Hayden) and the street-theater contingent, with their Festival of Life and Pigasus, their porcine Presidential candidate, were at the level of open animosity. Davis would sit around the first-floor coffee shop in the building where the Mobe was located and damn Abbie Hoffman, calling him reckless and saying his cart wheels and handstands would get people hurt. In his turn, Abbie Hoffman, when you could get him to be serious, would shrug off Hayden with an expletive: "Political freak!" At a pre-convention planning meeting where the Mobe tried to get the dozens of diverse and disagreeing anti-war groups to decide what they were going to do in Chicago, Abbie spoke at a workshop on anti-capitalism. He said that he "offered a plank that we ought to abolish pay toilets, that they were an insult to a system that was as affluent as this. They didn't like that. They were very straight, that workshop."

Davis, Dellinger and Hayden had played important parts in protest politics for years. It may not have been wise or right to indict them, but it made a kind of sense. Rubin and Hoffman, however, appeared to have been brought to the prisoners' dock for kidnapping and seduction. Foran put it this way: "Evil is exciting and evil is interesting and plenty of kids have a fascination for it. It is knowledge of kids that these sophisticated, educated psychology majors know about [Abbie Hoffman did graduate work in psychology]. They know how to draw kids together and maneuver them to accomplish their purposes. They take advantage personally, intentionally, evilly to corrupt those kids." Later, he would say, "We can't let people use our kids like that. . . . Hoffman said, 'There was no violence, but the young kids were fucking in the grass and smoking dope.' That's what he said. I don't like to use language like that, but . . . that's what you're dealing with. . . . We've lost our kids to the freaking fag revolution and we've got to get them back."

Bobby Seale seems to have been made a defendant because 1968 and 1969 were two years when it was fashionable to involve a black in any activity. If the trial were to happen now, the same kind of requirement (continued on page 94)



*sammy davis' golden girl,
singer-dancer lola falana, turns
actress and sex star
in a steamy screen debut*

LOLA



Born in Comden, New Jersey, and raised in Philadelphia, Lola had little chance at outdoor activities as a youngster growing up in the big city. But once out West, working on her first movie, she took time off to visit the ranch of friend Rolph McCutcheon, a famous Hollywood cowpoke who teaches stars how to ride horses. Lola takes a turn on a swing (left) and then, after a "change" of clothes, rides off (right) in a costume consisting solely of boots. The veteran horseman pronounced Lola a natural—or was it *au naturel*?—rider.

ALTHOUGH NO ONE CAN SAY for sure that whatever Lola wants Lola will get, so far, Lola Falana isn't doing badly. When she was just one of many talented singers and dancers around New York, Sammy Davis Jr. chose her as his lead ingénue in *Golden Boy*, which turned out to be a smash Broadway hit. Lola played in both the original New York cast and the show's road company. Then came television, including a prominent role in the ABC special *The Swinging World of Sammy Davis*, plus appearances on *Hullabaloo*, the *Tonight Show*, *Hollywood Palace* and the late *Joey Bishop Show*. As her career picked up even more steam, the 25-year-old Philadelphian began sandwiching in night-club engagements at such money meccas as The Sands in Las Vegas, Harrah's in Lake Tahoe, Deauville in Miami Beach and Basin Street East in New York. Now Lola has made her debut as a dramatic actress with a star-making role in the movie *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, directed by William Wyler, who has guided 14 stars to Academy Awards. In case you're wondering, Lola most certainly wants to be Wyler's 15th Oscar winner. In the film, she plays the recalcitrant wife of L. B. Jones, a black undertaker in a small Southern town. The melodramatic plot revolves around the efforts of the town's white establishment to dissuade Lola from contesting a divorce, sought by her husband, that would require the naming of a correspondent—a prospect that has more than one of the town's studs, black and white, rather nervous. Whether her performance will get her an Oscar remains to be seen—but there's no denying that Lola is a lalapalooza of a lady.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OANDRIDGE



In Lola's first movie, *The Liberation of L. B. Jones*, actor Anthony Zerbe, as a local cop and establishment errand boy, warns her (below) not to contest the divorce her husband seeks and is infuriated when she taunts him with the news that she is pregnant with his child. In another revealing scene (bottom), Lolo emerges from a bath.





CHICAGO CONSPIRACY

(continued from page 88)

would demand the inclusion of a women's-liberation type. There was no other reason for indicting Seale, the Black Panther, who was a last-minute speaking replacement for Eldridge Cleaver; no evidence was ever introduced to show that he did more than fly into town for two days, give a couple of speeches and fly out.

The last two defendants were the most perplexing. They were small shots. One of them, John Froines, an assistant chemistry professor, was so unimportant in the trial that, after reading the instances of contempt committed by the other defendants, the judge forgot to sentence him. "It's part of being a media unknown," said Froines by way of self-condolence. Judge Hoffman recollected himself and sentenced Froines to six months and 15 days in jail and, as an afterthought, gave Lee Weiner, a graduate student in sociology, two months and 18 days.

This is a lot of time to pull when, like Weiner and Froines, you're found not guilty on all counts; it would be a lot of time even if you were found guilty of what they were accused of: conspiring to put a stink bomb in the lobby of the Conrad Hilton Hotel and fire-bombing an underground garage. Since almost no evidence was introduced against them, the question of why they were indicted remains. The only explanation came from Tom Hayden: "Pick Weiner and Froines, innocent young men, so if they are found guilty, that will scare every innocent young person who might associate with leaders, who might go to a demonstration because they are average people in a movement of millions of average people and when they saw them indicted, they said to themselves, 'Well, that could have been me.' Also, it gives you plenty of room to negotiate if the jury doesn't want to feel it's putting everybody away."

Hayden was right. The jury did negotiate. After it had rendered its verdict, Kay Richards, a 23-year-old computer operator and the only young juror, recounted what happened during the four days it took them to decide: "There were two groups and each felt they had their own point of view, and they wouldn't change it. At first I was a hard-liner for finding all seven of them guilty and then I went soft. I felt as a responsible juror I had to come up with a solution, so I became the negotiator. . . . I sat down with the three women who were really hard-liners for finding the seven [Seale had been mistrialed out of the case] innocent. The three thought the law was unconstitutional. I pointed out it was our job to decide whether these men had broken the law, and it was the job of an appeals court to decide if the law was constitutional . . . at the hotel, the others

agreed to the compromise. They didn't feel it was right, they said, but they would consent and do it."

But by then, the jury's action was anticlimactic. All eight and their two lawyers had already been sentenced to unprecedented prison terms for contempt. All over the country, people—even liberals who thought the trial was insane—were accusing the eight and their attorneys of what the judge repeatedly called "a deliberate and willful attack upon the administration of justice in an attempt to sabotage the functioning of the Federal judicial system." From reading some of the editorials, you might be forced to conclude that the eight had cleverly tricked the United States Government into indicting them so they could lay waste to the Federal courts.

The defendants denied they ever regarded the trial as a God-sent target of opportunity. On the last day of the trial, Abbie Hoffman remarked that Judge Hoffman's court, a place he had once called a "neon oven," was "probably the least best forum to hear what is called the truth." He went on to say in the morbid way of one who doesn't have the energy to fight an ineluctable fate, "Right from the beginning of the indictment up until the end of the trial, I always wanted to change my plea. I had, like, a great urge to confess; say, 'I am guilty,' because I felt what the state was calling me was an enemy of the state. . . . I recognize that I am an outlaw."

During most of the trial, Abbie Hoffman's behavior reflected just this state of mind. Some days he would joke and do handstands on the defense table, the blue neon lights from the grill in the Government oven making him look bad and tired; some days he would sit blowing his nose and taking pills—he was sick and flustered a lot—and some days the proceedings would catch him up in anger and he'd fight back. There was no pattern to it, nothing to indicate a studied deliberation.

Rennie Davis declared, "You may not believe this, but we came here to have a trial with a law that we regarded as unconstitutional and unfair and a jury that was inadequately selected. We came here, nevertheless, to present our full case to this jury so that it might decide on whether or not our movement was just in coming to Chicago or whether or not we came here to incite a riot." Jerry Rubin, the old hell raiser from Berkeley, said the same thing: "I was ready for a trial with lawyers, a full defense."

It may seem contradictory that men who had damned the system should claim that they came like ordinary defendants with a hope that the machinery would work equitably and that they would be acquitted. But they probably did. They're too American not to believe—with some

part of themselves—in the formal institutions of the country. In one sense, it was this very belief that got them in trouble—their shrill, braying, insulting, militant, obnoxious, whacked-out, indomitable demand that the nation live up to itself. A chilled, analytical piece of themselves said the system would act to destroy them; the believing part, the part that caused them to keep quoting Thomas Jefferson to the judge, said that justice would be done, that the forms meant something.

This wasn't true of Tom Hayden. After the convention, before he was returned to Chicago for the trial, he had gone off to Berkeley and let his hair grow long, so that when he reappeared, his ear-length locks, his acne-scarred skin and his red nose made him look like a bankrupt, alcoholic pilgrim—or an English-village lout. In the Berkeley Soviet, he had fallen in love, listened to music and seemed to be in the process of becoming more humane and less of a logical ideologue. He even talked about "the post-Calvinist society," but his writings remained Leninist in tone, not in content but in the feeling of wanting to turn sloppy human imponderables into predictable patterns of behavior.

Months before the trial, in June of 1969, he wrote, "We need to expand our struggle to include a total attack on the courts. The court system is just another part of this rigged apparatus that is passed off as 'open and impartial.' . . . There is no reason for us to become submissive at the courtroom door." Later, he made it clear that the Chicago trial was going to be nothing like the Spock conspiracy trial: "We do not intend a defense like that of Dr. Benjamin Spock. . . . The goal in that trial was to challenge the legality of the war inside a Government courtroom. . . . The defendants eventually were freed probably more because of their respectability than their legal strategy. Their failure was political. Their courtroom testimony went unheard."

"We are attempting to create a political trial this time with wide international repercussions. . . . We were not a pressure group which went beyond the permissible limits of dissent in liberal society and we are not interested in having this trial define those limits. . . . The give and take in the courtroom brings out latent hopes that capitalism can be tolerated. . . . We do not intend a defense which leaves this ritual renewed. . . . the courts are no longer co-optive and tantalizing, but more nearly the assembly points on the road to detention camps."

That's what Tom Hayden said; what he did in the courtroom was quite different. He was the least noisy and most polite of the defendants, even managing to charm Judge Hoffman into arranging

(continued on page 177)



publishers' rejection slips, those stereotyped kiss-offs, revamped to suit their publications' personalities

REJECTION SLIPS, as budding authors know, are those painful, cold, drab snippets of prose that publications return with an author's thumb-over, unwanted manuscripts. And one is as unimaginative as another. They invariably speak euphemistically, using such drear expressions as "temporarily overstocked with this kind of material," or "not suited to present needs," or "although editorial requirements may change," etc. Although there's probably no way to keep them from being painful (there aren't enough euphemisms in the language for that), it seems to us there must be a way to keep them from being so uniformly dull. All the job needs is a little dash, a little strut, a little feeling, and you'd have rejection slips stylishly suited to their sources. Here are a few suggestions:

THE NEW YORKER



It rained the day we received your manuscript and we took it, under our raincoat, to a *trattoria* we know on 52nd Street, where bolognas, salamis, provolones and pepperonis hang by strings over the glass butcher case. We had salami on rye and sat at a small round table in a corner and read your piece. We remember thinking, by contrast, how fine the salami was.

TAILOR- MADE TURN- DOWNS



POETRY

silken caverns

faraway rain

ruptured bridges.

we wept.

no no no no no no no no no

NATIONAL ENQUIRER

Your article on multiple buzz-saw slayings had a certain charm but is much too outdated for our use. Try to remember that you are living in an age in which laser-beam dismemberments are finally possible. Nerve-gas torture is a reality, not a dream, and breakthroughs such as radiation burn have opened creative vistas unimagined before now. In short, there are many new ways to skin a cat, or a little old lady. Try to keep up.

TRUE

Well, pal, I got the ms. today. It was like six inches of cold steel in the gut. You go a long time thinking you're tough, but every man knows he has a limit. Fifteen minutes and halfway into a deck of Luckies later, I knew, cold sweat plastering the curly black hairs on the back of my neck to remind me I was scared. I had to send it back. It was one of those things you do only because you want to go on calling yourself a man.

THE ^{east village} OTHER

Stone turnoff bad rap straight bumper down trip. Next time, get your shit together.

psychology today

There are many ways to handle rejection: Reaction formation is one (see "PT," April '68, "The Syndrome That Won't Go Away"). Aggression displacement projection is another (January '69, "Sure Cure for Paranoia: Slugging People"). If you want to cry, go ahead. It's good for you.

PLAYBOY

Upon receiving your impeccably typed manuscript with attached self-addressed return envelope, we uncorked a chilled jeroboam of Dom Perignon '59 (far superior to the '58), slipped into our brocaded antique-silk Pierre Cardin smoking jacket, ensconced ourselves on our black-leather Stendig sofa with our favorite *femme* and, between amorous encounters, perused your volatile verbiage with admirable impartiality and found it not entirely devoid of redeeming social and literary merit but lamentably lacking in erotic appeal. In short, it isn't the sort of thing we'd want consenting adults to read in private, so we asked our girl Friday-through-Thursday to deposit it in our brushed-brass, teak-trimmed circular file (by Abercrombie & Fitch, \$79).



Reader's Digest

Although we are sure you are a good Christian American and don't smoke, we must return your manuscript. We have 106 articles in stock on ten ways to find happiness in marriage. Anything more on the subject at this time would be repetitious. Reprints of this rejection notice available for 35 cents each.

AVANT GARDE

Fuck you very much.

LIFE

We're afraid there's no life in this manuscript, and we're returning it. However, since we now have your name and address, we're taking the liberty of sending you 312 weeks of "Life" for \$1.77 (your cost: just over ½ cent a copy). We will begin billing in three weeks; please remit promptly, as overdue accounts will damage your credit rating.

ELLERY QUEEN'S

Mystery Magazine

In our tenth-floor offices, there are two left-handed editors, a red-haired typist, a slinky little file clerk named Fuzzy and a janitor who comes in at precisely 11 P.M. every night. One of these people killed your story.

COSMOPOLITAN

Today's woman is *alive*, free, a part of her world. She's not afraid to be *seen*, to be *heard*, to make her presence *felt*. Her children are a *delight*, not a burden; her man is a *magical partner*, not a master; her home is an *exciting environment*, not a cell. She feels, sees, loves*, works, plays. And she's *strong*; she can stand up to *hardship* and endure *rejection*. CAN YOU?

*Don't forget your pill, dear.

Esquire

Your manuscript isn't about Norman Mailer, the Kennedys, Joe Namath, Gore Vidal, William F. Buckley, Jr., Warren Beatty, Richard Nixon, Tokyo Rose or spitting between your teeth, so we can't use it. Furthermore, *you* are not Norman Mailer, the Kennedys, Joe Namath, Gore Vidal, William F. Buckley, Jr., Warren Beatty, Richard Nixon or Tokyo Rose, and it's doubtful that you can spit between your teeth with accuracy. (So few can.)

ALL THE MONEY (continued from page 86)

She turned away to take the horse from the groom. Flowerree pushed his helmet back on his head and began walking slowly toward the café. He wanted to hurry, yet he took his time. Although he knew something nobody else knew, he hadn't yet figured how to sell it.

The clip-clop clattering of horses, at a walk or a canter, and cries of rider to rider carried a clamor of preparation across the hurrying air. Flowerree caught the bitter scent of leaves parching on the bluffs mixed with the odor of horses awash with sweat. The heat was building. In the Rider's Café, the horse-and-wood-leaf scent was overwhelmed by the greasified pall of hamfat frying, bacon sizzling and beef stew stewing while toast was burning in the oven and eggs were burning in the pan.

Great fans blew the kitchen's heat across the Negro muckers and walkers lounging in the café's back room. There a big juke banged away, just for them, while they ate fried chicken and gnawed on the bones. They accommodated themselves to the heat and noise more easily than the white riders and owners who ate with their women and children in the cafeteria's front room.

Riders, trainers, grooms and traders chunked the ice in their glasses while studying overnight sheets. Here sat the jockey turned agent, the carnie hand turned hot-walker, agent turned tout and the exercise boy who'd gotten his start in life by contracting rickets at the age of three.

Beside the ex-pro football coach now running a stable for a Chicago outfit (still wearing a whistle around his neck) sat the ravaged owner of three horses (two of them sick and one of them crippled), in hope of getaway money back to Louisiana.

"Good morning, horsemen," the P.A. system exclaimed above the metallic voices and the aluminum trays. "Here's how it looks! Thursday morning, July tenth; first race didn't fill. Out. Sixth race goes as she stands. Seventh race goes. Third substitute race out. Scratch Peaches K. in the fifth. Scratch Flash McBride in the eighth. Attention! The tattoo man is here! Please pay Mr. Kanaske five dollars. All horses must be tattooed within the week. Thank you."

This was the place where the rider who weighed 104 found out what had happened to the rider who now weighed 130. This was where the rider, whose riding days had been shortened by whiskey, asked the young rider, who'd ridden two winners the night before, to lend him ten dollars. It was where the rider who had never taken a fall heard out the rider who'd taken one fall too many—and resolved he would sleep alone, stay

sober, save his money, avoid bad dreams and never take a fall.

This was the morning before the night's show and these were the ones who made the show go. The grooms who rubbed the soreness out of the horses' legs with ice or Absorbine; scraped the hooves and taped the legs; or held it still by a nose twitch to permit the vet to wrench out an abscessed tooth with pliers.

These were the ones of whom it could be said: To him who hath shall be given; and him who hath not, even that which he hath not. For it was the owner of 70 horses, such as Everett Ishop, who claimed the one sound horse left in the stable of the owner of only four: one crippled, one sick and one bowed. When photo finishes came up, it was the bigger owner who got the break, lest he withdraw his stable in a huff.

"Attention, stewards!" the P.A. system demanded. "Nominations for the Western Missouri Juvenile stakes, five thousand dollars added, two-year-olds Missouri bred, to be run Saturday, August second, will close Monday, July 28th."

Flowerree spotted the Cajun. He was a rider who'd come up from the bushes too fast—and had gone down even faster. What had been unique about his career was that, having come to the Big A and gone down, he'd come up a second time. Before he'd gone down for keeps: Seven years for armed robbery had kept Clarence Houssayen from growing overweight.

Bush-league sporty-o's followed him, bush track to bush track; or waited for his long-distance call in some small hotel. Houssayen took no contract, because he had to choose his own mounts: His backers knew that, once the Cajun had committed himself to the kind of ride they wanted, he never reneged.

Now he sat with his unclean undershirt turned about, so that its red label looked like a spot of blood against his scrawny neck. All bones, hard living and distrust, Clarence Houssayen looked like a cross between a crow and a barbed-wire fence. You might believe he had been up to the Big A twice; but you knew he'd never be going up a third time.

At the table beside Houssayen's, Hector Vaes and Elisio Casaflores were chatting it up with Houssayen.

Looks like bygones are bygones, Flowerree thought, making his way to their tables through the heat and the clamor.

Hector Vaes was a picture rider. He looked, in the saddle, like a man born to ride. And it was true that he knew all the right moves. But his single talent was that of staying on top of a horse all around the course, and he hardly ever fell off. This distinction he achieved by

conveying an overweening sense of caution to his mount.

Any horse under Vaes sensed it was wiser to give ground than to get in a crush at the wire. Sacrificing \$50, when the alternative was to risk getting your skull crushed, seemed a fair bargain to both rider and horse. It had therefore become customary for Vaes to arrive at the wire between four and seven seconds after the first three horses had crossed it: Fourth money wasn't much, but a rider could live on it. And he had more fourths than any rider at this bull ring of the summer night.

Dismounted, Hector immediately lost all caution. He went for the girls, he went for the whiskey; he went for the dice and he went for the cards.

The dice and the whiskey and the cards and the girls liked Hector. So did the bartenders and the crapshooting hustlers and the stud-poker mechanics. Even the slot machines liked Hector. If nobody cheated him out of his mount money, there was always some hooker who'd hold it for him. Hector Vaes didn't give a good goddamn for all the horses stabled at Ozark Downs. And he cared everything for cabaretting.

Therefore, he had nothing in common with Elisio Casaflores, except that both were small men from the state of Oaxaca. Vaes called Casaflores an Indian because he mounted a horse from the right side, instead of from the left, like a white man. But Casaflores would always point out that, if Hector could learn to mount from the right side, as Indians did, he might break into the winning-riders' column with the white men.

For no rider ever looked worse on a horse than Casa. The first thing he did wrong was to mount from the wrong side. And everything he did after that was worse. He moved in every direction, he stood up in the saddle and pumped, he waved his whip across the horse's mane and looked like he was about to jump off the horse, if the race were close, and drag the poor brute across the wire.

"If my horse ain't giving me everything he got," he told the apprentice rider Bethea, "I scare that son of a bitch till he give it."

Casaflores cared everything for horses and nothing at all for cabaretting. When he had to sit out a race, he paced the jock-room floor, sulking as he paced, like a long-shot bettor shut out of a 40-to-1 winner. And all the while, he flicked his left-handed whip against his boots: that left-handed whip that so frightened chalk bettors when they heard it start popping a furlong from the wire against the flank of a long-price horse.

This flat-nosed little man whose eyes were Asiatic and who wore his hair too long, had no taste for liquor, could run a

(continued on page 186)

modern living By KEN W. PURDY

THE GERMANS ARE COMING! THE GERMANS ARE COMING!

following the path blazed by the ubiquitous beetle, growing numbers of swift-moving, sleekly functional, highly advanced machines are turning the world's roads into autobahns



Three generations of the Wankel-powered Mercedes-Benz C-111. The original prototype is at upper left and the three-rotor, 160-mph version shown to the press in the summer of 1969 at middle right. Foreground, its awesome successor, the four-rotor, 400-horsepower, 186-mph model.

IF ANYONE INVENTED the automobile, the Germans did. True enough that Homer thought of it; so did Erasmus and Roger Bacon and Darwin; Leonardo da Vinci sketched it. Ferdinand Verbiest made a self-propelled steam toy in 1668 and the list of later pioneers is long: Christian Huygens, Nicolas Joseph Cugnot, Nikolaus August Otto, Alphonse Beau

de Rochas, Etienne Lenoir and Siegfried Marcus. But the automobiles made by Carl Benz in 1885 and Gottlieb Daimler in 1886 were cast essentially in the same form we know today, were technically sound and eminently workable; and, unlike most of their predecessors, *Herren* Daimler and Benz persisted and went on to improve their originals. The Daimler-

Benz company, maker of the Mercedes-Benz, is the oldest motorcar manufactory in the world.

The German automobile industry is flourishing now, in a year that finds U.S. makers cutting back production, the Italians seriously hurt by strikes and the British in deep trouble. Only Japan's (text continued on page 102)



Above, the current C-111 Mercedes-Benz is longer and lower than its predecessor. The wide-base wheels account in part for the C-111's extraordinary roadability and suggest that anticipation of its use as a sports-racing car was a factor in the design mix. Double head lamps live under the retractable square flaps. Below, the image-creating bow of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE coupe shields a new 3.5-liter V8 engine producing 230 horsepower but maintains the familiar M-B radiator grille and three-pointed-star cap ornament. The interior is, of course, filled with such standard Stuttgart niceties as seats covered with hand-picked leathers, and an elegant dash decked out in knurled walnut root.





NSU's Wankel-engined RO-80 sedan, above, has recently met Federal exhaust-emission standards—unburned oil in the exhaust has long been a characteristic of the basic Wankel design—after much work by the factory engineers. The RO-80, just now arriving on these shores, was the first European Wankel sedan to go into production. Right: The best automobile in the world? Many professional testers presently give that ranking to the BMW 2800 CS coupe, a 130-mph motorcar of extraordinary mechanical capability and a level of craftsmanlike finish almost unknown in production-line manufacturing—and in most limited-output facilities, if it comes to that. The 2800 CS is the top of the Bayerische Motoren Werke line, which begins with small but nimble sedans. Below, the new mid-engined Porsche, available as the 914 with the VW four-cylinder engine or as the 914/6 with the flat six-cylinder Porsche, for an additional \$2500. The mid-engine configuration, which places the power plant just ahead of the rear wheels, offers attractive dividends in over-all balance of the vehicle and luggage capacity both fore and aft. The 914's almost-flat roof detaches and stores under the rear deck lid; the car then runs as a demiconvertible. The rear-quarter panel functions as a roll bar.



prosperity compares with Germany's.

It's a cliché among people professionally concerned that some German cars are better than others but that the Germans simply do not make a really bad car. There are eight major German producers and three of them turn out motorcars that are world-standard setters: BMW (Bayerische Motoren Werke), Mercedes-Benz and Porsche. The others, Audi, NSU, Opel, Ford and VW, all have individual points of distinction, too: Audi for a superior small front-wheel-drive sedan, NSU for its pioneering of the Wankel engine, Opel for the sexy miniature GT car, Ford for the strikingly successful Capri and VW for the second Model T, the world-girdling Beetle. Incidentally, Audi, NSU, Porsche and VW are all corporately intertwined, a matter of only academic interest insofar as the present inquiry is concerned.

The root reason for the excellence of the German motorcar probably lies in the fact that the Germans take the automobile, as they take most things, very seriously. The factor of individual pride, the quality that was called craftsmanship when it was more nearly universally available for study, is probably stronger, in a higher percentage of workers, in Germany than anywhere else in the world. In mid- to top-range German cars, everything from bearing tolerances to the fit of doors, bonnets and trunk lids—a precisely even gap all the way around—reflects the worker's determination to do it right, plus the implacability of the final inspectors.

Too, the German, like the Hollander and the Swiss, tends to be a compulsive worker. He appears to *like* working and, whether or not the impression reflects a valid motivation, he does work a flat-out 60-minute hour. To come to a big German production line direct from a major British, French or Italian factory is to see a fairly startling change. The difference in cleanliness, efficiency both mechanical and human and, most of all, intensity of effort, is striking. When I remarked on the generally sloppy and lackadaisical image being projected by the workers on the final assembly line of a first-rank British car, an official conceded the point and said there was nothing that could be done about it. "We try to make up for it," he said, "by very stiff inspection, and I think we do, but of course that's time-consuming and expensive. If we go on about it too much, we'll have a strike. Remember, we deal with 13 separate unions."

Because German executives know how much of the credit for their high output of quality product belongs to individual native workers, from floor cleaners to test drivers, they prize them and are distressed when the country's labor shortage forces them to use imported workers. They say that while a Yugoslav or Spanish mechanic may be earnest and

determined, he does not, even when thoroughly schooled, produce the amount and quality of work that is the German norm.

Intensive research is another weapon in the German armorarium. British, French and Italian research tends to be empirical. If something new works fairly well, try making it thicker, thinner, lighter or slightly differently cast. The German is a science lover. The archetypal German engineer won't believe today is Tuesday unless you show him the calendar; after he has convinced himself that the calendar isn't, perchance, a forgery, he is inclined to check it out to be sure it's Gregorian and not Mayan or whatever. He sleeps with his slide rule. If he is anywhere near the first rank, he speaks another language, perhaps two. Dr. Rudolf Uhlenhaut, a legendary Mercedes-Benz racing- and high-performance-car specialist, speaks an English so flawless in pronunciation that it's hard to duplicate in today's England. Uhlenhaut is empirical as well as theoretical: He is probably the only design engineer in the world who can fully extend any car with which he's concerned, from 200-mph Grand Prix machines downward. Some years ago, trying to discover why a driver was dissatisfied with a car, Uhlenhaut took it flat out over the Nürburgring, the most difficult road course in the world (14 miles to the lap, hills rising as steeply as 1 foot in 5 and full of fast bends and violent corners), at such a rate that he was embarrassed when he saw the clock—he had been under the team driver's best practice time.

German research tends to isolate specific problems and then concentrate, applying maximum weight of manpower and matériel until a solution appears. Mercedes-Benz's research and development on the Wankel engine, which has culminated in the fantastic C-111 sports car, is a case in point. The C-111 is almost certain to be the sensation of at least the first half of the Seventies. It runs on the rotary internal-combustion Wankel engine, a power plant many engineers believed had a most limited future, or none at all, when it first appeared. Problems involving internal wear, lubrication and combustion-chamber sealing seemed almost insurmountable. One respected authority predicted flatly, and in print, that the Wankel would never be heard of again. But at the moment, the Mercedes-Benz 4-rotor version produces 400 horsepower for a total weight of 397 pounds, just about one half the weight of a comparable standard engine. One serious problem, exhaust emission, which was not a problem when Mercedes-Benz research began over ten years ago, remains: it is presently the sole concern of a battalion of engineers and will probably be cracked within the year.

Specialization is another ingredient in

the unique German mix. It's enough for a man to be able to do one thing only, if he does that one thing superbly and knows everything there is to be known about it. Just before World War Two, one of a team of Mercedes-Benz Grand Prix cars practicing for a race in England developed a radiator leak. Alfred Neubauer, the team manager—he originated and perfected that function—had a specialist flown from Germany. The man soldered the leak in ten minutes' working time and was flown straight back to Stuttgart.

Research in essentials—Germans spend little time in merely cosmetic bodywork, for example, which is why their coachwork tends to be rather staid, more practical than striking—plus obsessive attention to detail and quality control by everyone from top to bottom of the work force: That is the basic German formula. There are other things, too. Continuity is one of them. The Germans have a big book: Their industry is an old one and they remember everything that has been tried in the past. If an engineer thinks he needs to know the tire pressures used on the rear wheels of the race cars that won the French Grand Prix in 1914, it's only a matter of a few minutes to find out. And the market: There are no speed limits on German autobahns and the Germans are ferocious drivers. They expect a good car to run all day at 100 miles an hour and they expect it to last under that treatment. If it doesn't, they won't buy another one like it for a long time, perhaps never.

Expert opinion all over the world inclines to the view that the best automobile purchasable today—not the sexiest-looking, not the fastest, not the most economical but the all-round *best*, judged by every applicable standard—is either the BMW 2800 or the Mercedes-Benz 300SEL 6.3.

The BMW 2800 CS is the top of a line that includes four other models, ranging upward in engine size and price—the 1600, 2002, 2500 and 2800 at bases of \$2899, \$3159, \$5637 and \$6663. The CS with automatic transmission tops the list at \$8337. If you want to go for the full list of options, you can boost it to over \$9000. For this you're getting a six-cylinder, four-passenger, two-door coupe on a 103-inch wheelbase. If it seems a lot, looking at the car on the showroom floor, you had best take it out and run it 50 miles or so, preferably over the most varied roadways you can find, from straight and level parkway to a really atrocious, frost-heaved, winding, up-and-down-hill country lane. You may never be the same.

First off, the BMW 2800 CS will run 0–60 mph in 8.3 seconds, which means you will not be hopelessly humiliated at the stop lights. It will show a top speed of

(continued on page 224)



THE CAREER KILLERS

article **By ALAN WESTIN**

*what happens to a job applicant when he falls into
the hands of irresponsible and incompetent personnel investigators?*

GEORGE HARRIS is a tall, dark-haired, outgoing salesman in his late 30s. After graduating from an Eastern university in 1954, he spent two years in the United States Army as a personnel-management specialist, worked briefly for a management-consulting firm, settled down to an office job in a large insurance company, married and started raising a family. Four years later, he decided that sales rather than office work was what he wanted and had no trouble securing a good sales position with an equipment manufacturer. He did well until the firm was merged with a larger company and most salesmen were not taken onto the reorganized sales force. This was in the early Sixties. Armed with good recommendations, George Harris—a pseudonym, for reasons that will become evident—applied for a sales job with a large manufacturer. He filled out the application forms and took a six-hour battery of intelligence and aptitude tests. At his interview, the sales manager

told him enthusiastically that he had scored higher than anyone who had ever taken the tests at that firm and that he was an outstanding prospect. Three days later, he was hired.

A week after that, George was called into the sales manager's office. In a stern voice, the manager said he was "terribly disappointed" in George for lying about important information on his application. George replied that if there was some inadvertent mistake, he was sure he could explain it. The manager told him he couldn't reveal the information. "But you know what it is," he said. "Why don't you come clean?" Since George didn't have the faintest idea what the manager was talking about, he couldn't "come clean." He left the interview puzzled, disturbed and a little angry. In the following weeks, the manager grew increasingly cold toward George, alluded frequently to his "coming clean" and expressed obvious lack of confidence in his (continued on page 110)



personality

by douglas kiker

IT IS, most of all, his good looks and his good manners, his prevailing courtesy—his grace—that civilized people find so attractive. He gives the distinct impression of being a gentleman, which he is, and that fact has confused a lot of people. He wears dark, three-button suits and buttondown shirts, and he smiles and says "Sir" to his elders, including Georgia's governor, Lester Maddox, who swears Bond is a Communist and says he can't bear to speak his loathsome name aloud.

Julian Bond is accustomed to such treatment. He ignores it. These days, Bond moves through life like a well-fed tomat, accommodating himself slowly and easily to his new fame, looking a little sleepy and bored with it all; a light-tan, formidable cat who has earned respect for himself the hard way—in the dirty back alley of American race politics.

"Hey, Ben. How you, boy?" the white, rural Georgia legislator says, in genuinely warm greeting to Ben Brown, a young Atlanta Negro who is a contemporary of Bond's and a fellow member of the Georgia House of Representatives. Bond and Brown are seated side by side at their desks in the House chamber, among its first black members since Reconstruction. The difference between them is that Brown, who believes in the same things Bond does, is well liked and Bond is the most hated black man in the state.

Brown and the white man chat for a few moments. Bond sits, smiling, listening, saying nothing. "How's old Julian doing, anyhow?" the white man says to

anyway? To tell you the truth, I never did understand it."

What Julian did was, he started out in 1962 as a smart-alecky black boy to embarrass the Georgia legislature by attempting to integrate its spectator galleries. ("Mr. Doorkeeper, get them niggers out of the white section of the gallery.")

What Julian did was, he decided three years later that if they weren't going to let him sit upstairs among the white spectators, he'd get himself a seat downstairs with the white members—and if that's not being uppity, what is? He won it, too, but the legislature refused to seat him, because of his views on the Vietnam war ("This boy has got to come humbly, recant and just plain beg a little"), until the Supreme Court ordered it, even though Bond never did recant or just plain beg a little.

And, finally, what Julian did was, he hauled off and challenged the seating of the Georgia delegation at the 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago, and won again, and ended up acting as floor leader of the Georgia Democratic Party, or what was left of it. ("Julian Bond is knowingly or unwittingly a full-fledged Communist or a Communist dupe," Lester Maddox screamed.)

The effect of all this, especially the national attention Bond received and the favorable impression he created in Chicago, has been the sudden creation of a new national black hero figure.

At the age of 30, Horace Julian Bond is famous. He is considered a spokesman for his race. Wherever a public panel is being formed these days to discuss national problems and the time comes to decide on the black member, his is sure to

their faces. And, to the black militants, he is a joke—and not a very funny one, either—because he still operates within existing power structures. Eldridge Cleaver called him a pig, although he qualified that by adding that, of course, Bond wasn't as much of a pig as was Robert Kennedy.

Especially is Bond misunderstood by the group that most looks upon him as a hero: the white radical college students. He gets essentially the same reception and response at every campus he visits these days. The black students, in natural hairdos and colorful African prints, come early and sit in a tight group, in proud, self-imposed segregation. The white kids, in tough gear—old dried and cracked Air Force flight jackets, bleached jeans bell-bottomed with triangles of calico, surplus Navy pea jackets—and with enough hair on their heads and cheeks and chins to clog every drain from Ithaca to Palo Alto, fill the rest of the seats.

And now, before them, there's Julian Bond, short haircut, blue oxford button-down and, can you believe it, a rep tie, Ivy League suit with, Jesus Christ, a vest and with, sweet, suffering Jesus, a gold watch chain strung across it. Hey, like, really, is that a *gold watch chain*, Julian? Indeed, it is. It comes as a shock and Bond more often than not is asked, Why do you wear that *outfit*? "Because I like it," Bond replies evenly. "Why do you wear blue jeans and a beard? That's an outfit, too."

So, in his appearance, he is the epitome of Nephew Tom, and that is a shock; but it is only the first shock of the evening. Bond speaks and then the questions come from the audience. What do you think of the Black Panthers? When will the revolution begin? He is asked

now, from the state that brought you lester maddox...

... we present supercool julian bond—a new breed of politician hatched in jim crow country—who may be black america's best hope for the future

Brown. "You keeping him out of trouble, ain't you?" Bond and the white man look directly at each other now. Bond still doesn't speak. ("I never speak first to people I don't know. It's part of my nature.") He knows this man voted three times to exclude him from duly elected membership in this legislature and would still be voting to exclude him if the United States Supreme Court hadn't stepped in. And he knows that the fact that this man is approaching him now represents a quiet admission of his new political power.

"Julian, I voted against seating you," the white man says. "But, now, explain it to me. What the hell was it you did,

be one of the names considered. He commands \$2000 for a lecture and he receives at least ten offers a day. This fall, he is booked solid, seven days a week. Today, Bond is one of the big, big stars on the campus lecture circuit.

Like most truly authentic national black hero figures, Bond is an original—and, as an original, is widely misunderstood. To white racists, especially those of the traditional Southern variety, he is a traitor and an anarchist, a new wild and woolly radical who is out to set their house on fire. To white liberals, he is—wonder of wonders in this time of riot and black power—a genuine black moderate who doesn't call them honkies, to

the same questions everywhere he goes and he is bored by it all. The trouble is, the audience is trying to turn him into a spokesman and he resists it—because he is an original.

"I don't like that," he says. "I like being a spokesman for myself. People think I stand for things I don't stand for. People are always asking me, 'How do Negroes feel . . . ?' And I don't know how Negroes feel. I think all this diminishes me a great deal."

In plain words, Bond speaks only for himself. "I have no idea what's going to happen next in the black movement," he says. "I'd like to see it move away from the college campuses; not that they don't

need reform, but not as much as social institutions do.

"I'd like to see the black movement come back to the South. I think the philosophy of violent confrontation is slowly diminishing. The riots were helpful for our own self-esteem, but the cost was so heavy in human lives.

"The biggest mistake SNCC made was to try to jump from the rural South to the urban North without leaving anything behind. Now they've abandoned the South, where help is still needed the most."

Well, how would he identify himself politically? "I think it depends on where I am physically in the country," he says. "I think down in Georgia, I'm a militant. If I'm in New York, I'm sort of liberal. Really, I think those terms tend to be meaningless."

Bond says all this, takes his money (he makes \$5200 a year as a Georgia legislator and depends on the lecture fees for most of his income) and flies tourist class to the next campus. The black students look at one another, shrug and return to their detailed study of the blueprints of the campus air-conditioning system. And the white students? It appears that a lot of them succeed in convincing themselves that the whole thing never happened.

Some years back, there was a study made of the attitudes of college students who spent time working in Africa with the Operation Crossroads program. Too many of them, the study showed, left Berkeley and Madison with an absurdly idealistic concept of what Africa was all about; and when they were confronted with the harsh and basic realities of life there, they refused to accept them. They shut their eyes and, when they got back home, convinced themselves that the whole thing never happened, that the real Africa was a phony illusion and that the Africa of their dreams was still the reality, waiting out there somewhere, shimmering in its goodness and innocent beauty, waiting to be found.

Too many of their kid brothers and sisters do the same thing today with Julian Bond: forget the impression he made the night before. The real Julian Bond is this cool, really cool young light-tan revolutionary who has built up this really impressive political organization down in Georgia, who plots and plots, then strikes. When rejected, reality is so different, so shockingly different.

Here is Bond on the closing day of the 1968 legislature. It's late at night, it's been a long day's drive toward adjournment and a few of the boys are whooping it up out in the corridors, knocking down a little booze, Bond among them. *Julian, what the hell was it you did, anyway?* When, all of a sudden, here comes Governor Maddox, who hates, fears and condemns Negroes, Communists and alcohol equally. What does

Bond do with his Dixie Cup? He quickly dumps it into a trash can, that's what, and smiles innocently as Lester walks by. "I think Governor Maddox would have been irritated, and rightfully so. There should not have been any drinking done in there," he explains later.

Here is Bond, who has the reputation of being the total social rebel, addressing the Atlanta Jaycees; journeying over to Athens to speak to a literary society at the University of Georgia, where, by a vote of 12 to 2, he is made the first black honorary member in history; and, lo, in full color, modeling men's fall fashions in the *Atlanta Magazine*, a publication of the local chamber of commerce.

Here is Bond, the fervent integrationist, the man who is dedicating his life to the task of demolishing segregated life patterns in the South. He lives in a small brick house right in the middle of black Atlanta, with his wife, Alice, and their five children. Alice is 25 years old, the short, shy and retiring daughter of the chef at Atlanta's Columbia Theological Seminary. Sometimes, when Julian brings in visitors, even old friends, unannounced, Alice does not make an appearance, and there are long, tense, whispered conferences between the two of them back in the bedroom, while the guests sit waiting in the living room, examining the plaques on the wall, noting the big Magnavox color-television set that blocks the fireplace, considering the fact that the sofa and chairs, fairly new and probably purchased with lecture fees, are covered with clear plastic, and chatting with Michael Julian Bond, four, the number-three child. In contrast to his father's clipped, cultured speech, the child speaks strictly Deep South nigger and is hard to understand.

Bond and his wife buy their clothes in white Atlanta. Now and then, they might go down to the Marriott Hotel dining room in white Atlanta for a meal; he drinks bourbon and ginger ale and more often than not orders *filet mignon*. And, occasionally, they attend parties on the white side of town, at the home of Charles Morgan, the American Civil Liberties Union lawyer, or perhaps of Jack Nelson, an Atlanta-based reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*. But Bond is quick to say that almost all his private life is spent with black friends, deep within black Atlanta. "I don't want to live up in New York," he says. "I'd rather live down here. I just like it down here. My family likes it here. My wife likes it here. I just think it's a friendlier, happier place for them."

And, finally, Bond himself is amused by the fact that most members of his college audiences believe that he is a powerful young black political leader who eventually will use the strong political organization he has built to gain state and national power, a cool black

cat socking it to the red-necks in the Peach State.

He has no political organization, and no real political power, either. He is quick to say he will never get a statewide bill passed into law, no matter how long he is a member of the legislature. Most of his time is spent processing run-of-the-mill complaints from constituents, complaints about broken street lights and cracked sidewalks and inadequate garbage collection. "Politics is getting ordinary things done," he says. "That's the way you help people. That's what government does."

So there you are. Bond lives in Atlanta like a nigger and doesn't appear to mind it, especially. He not only operates within the established order of things, he really likes it that way best. "All Southern politicians are friendly in an informal situation," he says. "It's their nature. Lester Maddox is a perfect example."

It is not so much that Bond has made things happen as that things have happened—and continue to happen—to him, and that includes the fame-making events at the Chicago convention. If he is a radical, then he is the most conservative, cautious radical in the nation. Today, he stands as one of the best-known Southern blacks. Yet he is not quite Southern. But he's black, just barely.

Julian Bond is not what he appears to be. He is more—and less. Bond does not think of himself as a natural leader; yet, somehow, he always ends up leading, like the quiet former Oxford don who plays a colonel in the British war movies and reads Greek between commando raids. Bond writes poetry. He is neither disillusioned nor alienated; he is naturally remote, removed, a private man. The problem of living as a black man in the United States apparently does not bother him, yet he has involved himself in the civil rights struggle all his adult life. It is a complicated thing.

"The dark miracle of chance"—Thomas Wolfe's description of it—plays an obvious, inestimable role in every life. But intuition tells us that somehow there is an inequality about it. Lucky men, to whom fate seems consistently kind, soon learn that their very best course of action in almost every given situation is to wait patiently for God to come around the corner and do them yet another large favor. Bond is such a man. Chance has been kind to him in his looks, his birth, his upbringing, in practically every step he has taken so far in his passage through life. Over the years, he has learned to trust chance.

As a boy, he was absolutely beautiful: a tall, thin youngster with mocha-colored skin, high cheekbones, lynxlike eyes and an easy grace. Now he has put on weight—a little too much, in fact—and the face

(continued on page 204)

SELF-EXPRESSIONISM is where it's at in men's fashions today, and the 1970 beach-garb scene is no exception to this sartorial rule of thumb—as the pictures on this and the following pages obviously attest.

If you're in the market for a new pair of trunks, you'll find plenty of shades and patterns from which to choose. Ultragaudy prints, however, are all but gone, or should be, and in their place are new directions in



*swimworthy
wearables to get
you in a watery groove*

wetward ho!

attire

By **ROBERT L. GREEN**

The "Me-Tarzan-You-Jane" look: exotic zebra-print nylon-knit square-legged swim trunks with drawstring waist, by Sabre, \$12.

Geared for amphibious tank-suit commanders: stretch-nylon model with zip front and snap-closure belt, by Oleg Cassini for Sea Mark, \$20.

Taking a John L. Sullivan fashion stance: stretch-nylon one-piece tank suit with near ankle-length legs, by Himalaya, \$16.

All hail the conquering
coftan: contrasting
multiprint cotton
sleeveless style, by
Catalina Martin, \$15.



For the
Auduban vivant:
bright bird-print
stretch-nylon swim
trunks, by
Incentra, \$20.



Tuning in to terry:
belted stretch-knit
one-piece swimsuit, by
Sighsten Herrgard
for Stinsan, \$35.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY OON ORNITZ



Winning with a royal plush:
cotton beach slacks with
sueded-cotton waist
inserts, extension
waistband and flared
legs, by Viceray, \$20.

tasteful geometrics and stripes, as well as more of the way-out wet look of nylon ciré and crinkled vinyl. Trunks, incidentally, will be worn in a multiplicity of lengths, from short and squared-off to long-legged.

You'll also discover that beach pullovers will continue with a strong show of arms. And you'll want to have on hand a loose and comfortable put-on that's a bit more sophisticated—perhaps an ultralong

beach coat, a hooded caftan or a pair of denim, cotton-knit or terry beach pants to be worn with a snug-fitting tank top or a leather vest. So head steward, mates, then hit the beach in swinging styles.



A disarming shaw of arms: cotton-knit tank top, by Robert Bruce, \$4, that's tucked into ribbed-knit beach slacks with flared legs and deep cuffs, by Kandahar, \$1B.

Throwing a beach Blass: full-length double-breasted linen beach coat with notched lapels, \$100, worn over matching trunks, \$20, both by Bill Blass for PBM.

Wet's new: stretch-knit square-legged swim trunks in wet-look nylon with contrasting belt, by Oleg Cassini for Sea Mark, \$10.

CAREER KILLERS (continued from page 103)

character. Understandably, George found working under such conditions difficult at first and finally impossible: He resigned after a few months.

George began looking around for a new job, concentrating on the large national companies with attractive sales opportunities; he expected little trouble in finding work. But jobs seemed to slip away just as he was about to be hired. He would fill out the application forms, have interviews and take various tests. Often the hiring official would say that he was a fine candidate and would probably be hired. But the offers never came. When he would call to inquire, the personnel manager would say that he had changed his mind about hiring another salesman or that he had found someone who fitted their needs better, or one of a dozen explanations that sounded peculiar to someone with George's experience. Dejected by his continued inability to get a job with a top-notch firm and facing serious financial problems in supporting his wife and two children, George turned to smaller companies. Hired at less than his "market value," he moved through three or four such companies, trying to get a job that utilized his abilities. He kept applying to the big firms but had no success and received no explanations as to why he wasn't hired.

Then, in 1967, George applied to a large national consumer-product firm. He made an outstanding impression on the East Coast personnel manager. A few days later, however, the manager called him and said that he was terribly sorry, but George had failed to pass the pre-employment investigative check made by the company's central personnel office. "I just can't hire you," the manager said, and he added, "I don't think any company in the industry will hire you with that report." But when George asked what kind of report it was, who had written it and how he could find out more about it, the manager turned silent. "I've tried to help you all I can," he said. "I really shouldn't have said what I did. I just can't tell you any more." Everything began to fall into a clear and frightening shape. All these years, some unknown, all-powerful report had been blocking his career. But what was it? No one would tell him and George simply didn't know where to look.

"It's impossible to describe my psychological state at that time," he recalls. "I felt absolute fear for my family and myself; I was ready to jump out of my skin, climb the walls. I am not a drinker, so I walk the streets every night until the early hours of the morning. Where was I to turn? What was I accused of? How was this situation ever to be resolved?"

He began asking friends about pre-employment investigations and learned that one firm—which I will call National Investigators—conducted the employment checks for most of the companies in his area. He also learned that this company and fellow investigation firms will not tell a "subject" what derogatory information is in his file nor let him examine its contents.

Desperate, George talked further with friends and family. The only realistic suggestion was that he persuade someone working for a business to request a pre-employment report on him, as though he had applied to him for a job. Luckily, George found someone who consented to help him in this way. In September of 1967, George finally saw his personnel report. Reading it, he knew at last what the nightmare was all about. After summaries of his "Employment-Educational Record," "Finances" and "Legal Records," the report came to the all-important section on "Reputation." Three particularly shocking items leaped from the page:

1. Said to have been dishonorably discharged from the Army.

2. While living in an apartment in 1961, he had held a noisy late-night party. An elderly woman neighbor complained, but the noise continued and she called the police. After the police left, having asked the subject to keep it quiet, the subject went to the woman's apartment. Though he knew she had a heart condition, he abused her verbally and expectorated in her face. Subject's wife also used profanity on her. The woman took subject to court, but dropped the charge on the urging of her attorney and on the condition that the subject apologize. He did so but continued to be rude, abusive and scurrilous at every opportunity.

3. Landlord at the premises was glad the subject moved out from the garden apartment, in view of his conduct while living there.

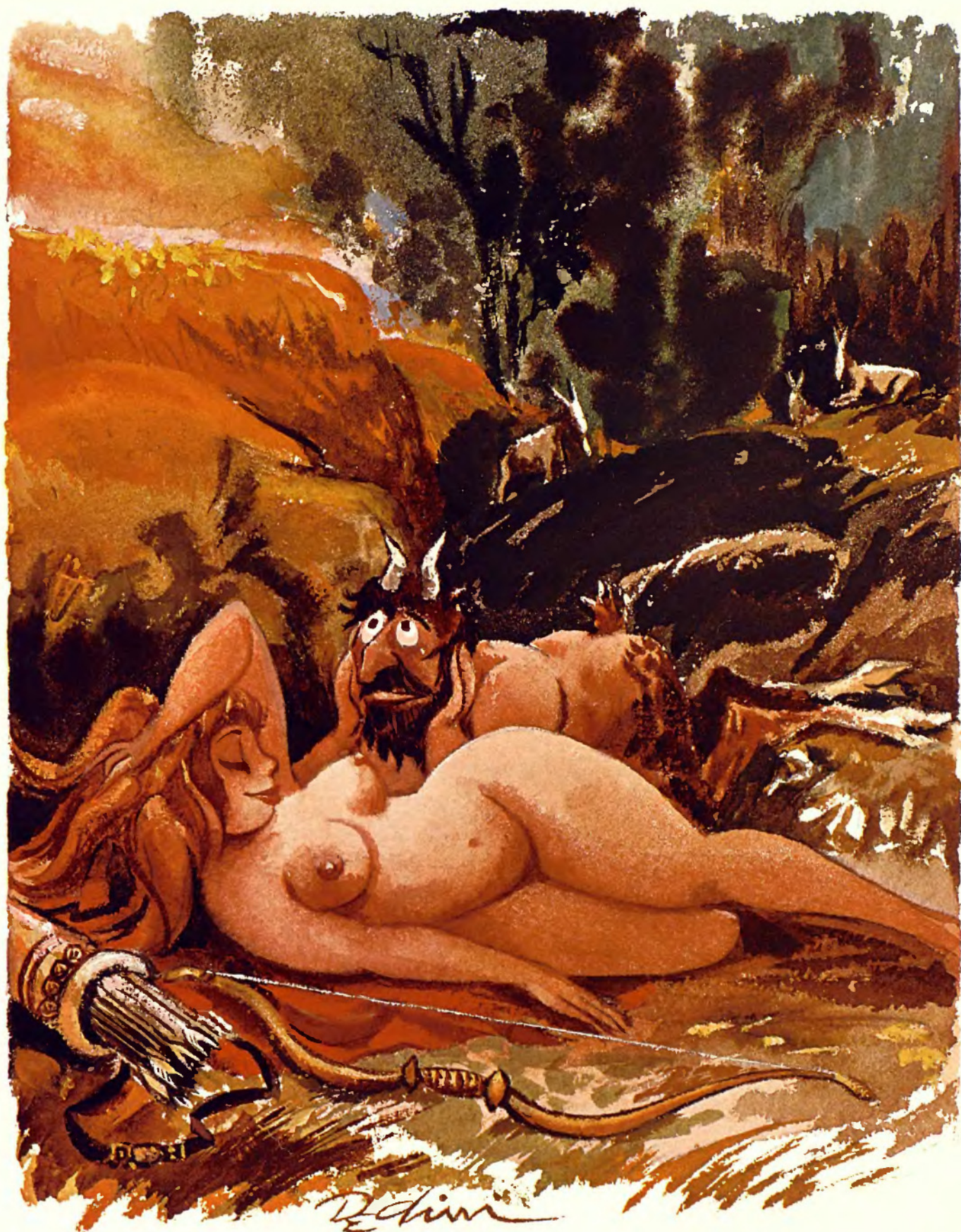
George was aghast. The unknown report that had controlled his life for the past six years was a tissue of false and biased information. He had been honorably discharged from the Army in 1956, and had discharge papers and Army records to prove it. If National Investigators had checked on this, or if they had confronted George with the allegation, he could have disproved it at once. Yet prospective employers almost undoubtedly assumed that he had been court-martialed for a serious offense and dishonorably discharged and that he had lied on his application by not reporting this "fact."

The story of his "abuse" of an elderly woman must have been given to the investigator by the woman involved or by her family. In fact, the woman was an elderly crank who always complained about the young couples in the building. Several neighbors had told George he would have trouble with her and that several tenants had moved because she was such a pest. Once, she even demanded that George and his wife keep their shoes off when in the apartment, so that the noise of their footsteps wouldn't disturb her. When the police were called about the "noisy party," George never spat at her and his wife never used profanity. Unable to endure her harassment any longer, *they* brought a lawsuit to restrain her from such conduct and she filed a cross suit. Both suits were withdrawn when the judge and attorneys suggested that both sides try to get along. The investigator didn't bother to report George's side of the dispute.

Unable to understand how the landlord could have said what the report alleged in point three, George contacted him and obtained a letter stating that George had been a perfectly satisfactory tenant. He obtained a similar letter from another former next-door neighbor. The elderly woman, not the landlord himself, was probably the source of the landlord's alleged remark. There were no specific sources listed for the allegations, only statements such as, "It is learned that . . ." and "The impression in the neighborhood was. . ."

About the report, George observed, "All this deals with one year, 1961. There is nothing else written in this report about my reputation, absolutely nothing for all the years *since* 1961. Is this the way to judge a man's reputation—on one alleged incident reported by one side six years ago?" At that point, George approached several lawyers. He thought that now he could get justice, since he had the report and could prove its contents to be false and biased. But he soon learned that under existing American law, personnel-investigating companies enjoy what is called a limited privilege when engaged in circulation of information to their subscribers, the employing companies. Unless it can be shown that the investigating company had a malicious intent in circulating the information, or that it was grossly negligent in the gathering of the data, or that it communicated its information to the public, it is not liable for damages. Even if George were able to convince a judge and a jury that there had been gross negligence, it would be hard to prove that he had lost a substantial amount of money as a result of the report (since he had worked during the whole time) or that his mental suffering was worth a large award.

But all George really wanted was to
(continued on page 231)



"Diana, you're always too tired after the hunt!"



RUM ANTICS

*fresh summer libations that raise
cane to new levels of delight*



drink By THOMAS MARIO

SAMUEL JOHNSON, who thought that brandy was the drink for heroes, would have had some second thoughts if he'd been able to taste any of the present 151-proof rums flowing from so many of the old distilleries in the tropics. Heroes aside, rum in modern times is the special drink

for youth, for those who—no matter what their chronological age—are in the flush of life and, above all, for hosts who enjoy creating and serving new cups, coolers and punches. Rum's appeal is twofold. It not only rivals vodka for its mixability but in its unmixed form covers a brilliant spectrum ranging in

proof from 80 to 151 and displaying a spectacular assortment of flavors, aromas, colors and pungencies. What better moment could there be for exploring its varieties than at the beginning of summer, when rum takes on its most refreshing roles in tall, colorfully adorned glasses, in frosty (continued on page 130)

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TUNED-IN DROPOUT

our june playmate is a fair lass who likes life laissez-faire



Elaine Marton's sunny smile confirms her satisfaction with her new life style, an easy existence that, she feels, "most people don't ever learn how to enjoy."

PEOPLE WOULD PROFIT from a bit more "live-and-let-live" logic, says blonde Elaine Morton, who wishes that "everybody would just butt out of everybody else's business—as long as that business isn't harming anyone." Following her own recommendation, our June Playmate recently abandoned the comfortable confines of her family home in Burbank, California, and moved into her own bachelorette apartment across town. Just a year ago, she was working part time as a salesgirl in a Glendale flower shop and full time as a home-economics major at Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa. "I was all hung up in establishment modes of living," she says. "Then I decided to stop striving for those goals and find my own." Since that decision, Miss June has dropped out of Southern California's "straight" life and, with her boyfriend's help, converted a milk truck into a mobile pad and made the west coast of Baja California her home away from home. Traveling on her savings, she simply drives onto any unoccupied stretch of Baja beach facing the Pacific Ocean and camps there until the scenery gets "predictable," then drives on to a new location. "On an average day down there," Elaine says, "I wake up at dawn, go surfing or swimming, cook breakfast, sun-bathe, go horseback riding, eat dinner and watch the sunset. Who needs more than that?" Obviously not the intrepid Miss Morton, who lives her liberated life style to the hilt.





Preparing for a trip to Mexico, Elaine sews a new outfit while an amiable onlooker makes sure she doesn't miss a stitch. Packed and ready to go, Miss June and a girlfriend await another companion, in whose car they will drive down the Baja peninsula for a day in the sun. On the way, a Customs check includes a glimpse of our Playmate's bright smile. Once below the border, she forages in the colorful Ensenada dress shops for the right local costume. When she finds it, it's glasses up all around. Later, with a professional bullfighter's help, Miss June learns a few of the finer points of capework.





MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Physically fit Elaine, who disdains marriage as "a big, useless hassle that ends in divorce half the time," seems thoroughly wedded to the outdoor life. Surfing and horseback riding are two of the alfresco activities she and her friends enjoy on their south-of-the-border sojourn. Miss June finds the Mexican landscape intoxicating: "I hardly ever drink. I get high on the ocean, the beaches and the clear skies. I'm thinking of moving to Mexico forever." If and when she decides to become an expatriate, we'd hazard the guess that Latin-American relations will boom.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

When the handsome gynecologist asked his new patient to disrobe, the pretty young thing started to blush. "Haven't you ever been examined before?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes," she whispered, "but never by a doctor."

A South American republic under a new regime decided its troops needed special uniforms. A tailor was called in and shown the design—fuchsia trousers, crimson boots, snow-white caps and orange jackets with gold epaulets.

"Is this to be the uniform for the president's palace guard?" inquired the admiring tailor.

"No," barked the officer in charge. "It's for the secret police."



Your housemother tells me that you smoke pot, take LSD and have made love to almost every boy on campus," exclaimed the angry dean of women. "Don't you know what good clean fun is?"

"No," replied the coed, "what good is it?"

And, of course, you've heard about the Scotsman who wore a maxikilt. We're not sure if he was just trying to keep up with the styles or bragging.

On their wedding night, the rather pious young man entered the bedroom and found his bride lying languorously on top of the covers. "I expected to find you on your knees by the side of the bed," he said with a frown.

"Well, I will if you insist," she answered, "but it gives me the hiccups."

We know a swinging callgirl who's a pleasure to be with—but she doesn't come cheap.

"I've got a great act for you," the chap told the theatrical agent. "Just watch." Opening his attaché case, he produced a tiny grand piano—and a miniature man. The foot-tall fellow walked over to the keyboard, sat down and began to play—Liszt, Chopin, Beethoven, all beautifully.

"Simply amazing," gasped the talent booker. "Where did you find him?"

"Last month, while I was vacationing in Ireland," the visitor explained, "I was walking through the fields and spotted a leprechaun trapped beneath a rock. I freed him and in gratitude he told me I would be granted one wish."

"And this was your wish?" the agent asked.

"Not exactly. The leprechaun was hard of hearing, so I ended up with a twelve-inch pianist."

Rodney, the eldest son of a respectable Boston family, announced to his shocked father that he intended to live openly with his swishy boyfriend on Beacon Hill.

"Damn it, Rodney," the parent responded, "our family came over with John Winthrop and we've never had a scandal such as this."

"I can't help it, Father, I love him."

"But, for God's sake, Son—he's Catholic!"

Just look at me," declared the robust old-timer. "I don't smoke, drink or chase women, and tomorrow I'll celebrate my eightieth birthday."

"You will?" asked a curious friend. "How?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sex lecture* as a sermon on the mount.

And, of course, you've also heard about the ingenious chemist who invented an aphrodisiac insecticide. It didn't kill any bugs, but you could always swat two at a time.

The shapely bachelorette was entertaining guests at a cocktail party with an account of the time she had miraculously escaped injury in an elevator whose cable had snapped.

"After you realized you were falling," interrupted one intrigued gentleman, "did the sins of your entire life pass before your eyes?"

"Hardly," she purred. "I only fell eleven floors."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chastity belt* as an antithrust suit.

For five consecutive nights, the young man at the bar witnessed a repeated phenomenon: Attractive girls, alone or in groups of two or three, would wander in and soon be picked up by a funny-looking customer sitting in a corner booth. "I can't understand it," the man grumbled to the bartender after the sixth such incident. "I don't see how that guy does it."

"Me neither, Mac," said the sympathetic barkeep. "I've been watching him for weeks. He's certainly not handsome, he's a lousy dresser and he hardly ever says a word. In fact, he just sits there, licking his eyebrows."

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



"You trim the sail, Lester, I'll even the keel."



SEE NAPLES AND LIVE

article By JOHN CLELLON HOLMES

dispirited by the turmoil of his homeland, an american writer renews his humanity in a city scarred but unintimidated by its calamitous history

"MONEY," he repeated in the same tone of flat demand as the first time, suggesting even more strongly than before that the word constituted the nucleus of his English.

I continued to ignore him, staring out the glass doors of the new Stazione Centrale into the piazza from which the statue of Garibaldi had watched so many armies, military and otherwise, invade the city.

"Money," the word this time accompanied by a hand held out, palm up, at the



ILLUSTRATION BY ROY SCHNACKENBERG

level of his face, the voice this time decidedly remonstrative.

"No," I said, shaking my head. "*Niente, niente,*" the nucleus of my Italian.

There we stood: the tall American in the tan raincoat too lightweight for the gloomy chill of late afternoon in winter Naples and the sockless ten-year-old boy in the man's jacket he inhabited like an overcoat, with the large, black eyes and

piquant mouth of a Murillo urchin and all the savvy of a street psychologist.

"Money," he repeated impatiently, as if I was wasting his time, and took the edge of my raincoat between his thumb and forefinger, all the while subjecting me to the gaze of those enormous eyes that were at once so soulful and so insolent. He felt my coat, appraising the fabric.

I knew it was a game, but I had been playing that game for four months and

had lost my cool. "*Basta!*" I exclaimed too fiercely and wrenched my coat away. "*Basta! Niente!*"

He took my measure in an instant. There was no resigned quiver of the lips, not even a contemptuous smile. He simply shrugged and gave me up. He simply turned as if I had never existed, already picking out his next mark, and left me standing there, in the puddle of my own foolishness. I went out through the doors and got my bag into a cab, feeling as

irritable as a dog with fleas.

It wasn't only the kid. It was that the last days in Rome had been bleak. It was that it had rained for a week and none of the light bulbs in my *pensione* were over 25 watts and I was surfeited with churches and museums. It was that the trip was coming to an end in a welter of wet feet and too many whiskeys. It was that I was flying home in a week, and home meant Vietnam, riots, work, nerves and an election year too crucial to the future of my country to be ignored, even by the relatively embittered. I didn't want to go home, but there was no choice. It was time to be in America again; it might be the last time when just being there to be counted could make some difference. So, with the end of my lire, I'd come south, hoping for a few last sunny days.

Besides, Naples occupied a special place in the landscape of my imagination. Like many Americans in their 40s, to whom the Vietnam war was a squalid and dishonorable adventure, I sometimes found myself longing for the older, the juster, the more innocent War in which I had once served. And Naples, perhaps more than any other European city, held memories of that War for an American veteran—even one, like myself, who had never gotten there. And now it was cold, the streets were a drizzly blur and the Neapolitans seemed intent on taking back, lira by lira, whatever reparations the GIs had incurred 25 years before.

First, there was the cabdriver. Pulling up before the small marquee of the Hotel Rex half a block from the bay, where far-off lights on Capri winked and the feel of deep water nearby came in on the wind, he wanted 800 lire and was disinclined to turn on his meter light. Caught between languages (I understood a lot but spoke little), I established with the help of my Zippo that the fare was actually 440. Oh, well, the man mumbled without a flicker of the eyes, all right, 700, then. There was the bag, there were taxes, there was something else that was lost as his dialect thickened. I knew it was a con; I knew he was simply seeing how much the traffic would bear; I was outraged; and I paid. The barefaced audacity of it put me in check.

Then there was the desk clerk. No, the room was not 3100 lire, as the list in my pocket from the Italian Travel Office stated. "Thirty-one hundred lire for *this*?" his flourish of the hand seemed to say. For these bland, pastel reproductions of "romantic" Neapolitan scenes? For these pipe-and-leatherette armchairs? For the now-international smell of plastic and chlorophyll and disinfectant that typifies Motelland? No, such up-to-date splendors went for 3500 and were cheap at the price. I whipped out the list and indicated his hotel and its rates with an

irate forefinger. He frowned and spluttered and threw up his hands and argued and beseeched the ceiling in a long harangue. Then he acceded with a loser's shrug and huffed out of the room.

A cold sea wind stiffened as I walked along the Via Partenope a little later. Behind me, the Leonardo da Vinci (pale, lavish, garlanded with lights and between cruises) was tied up amid the ghosts of rusty transports. Ahead, the opulent hotels, fronting on the water, each exhibited the empty lobby and *fumetti*-reading bellboy of the onset of December. Beyond them, the esplanade curved gracefully around a bay so ample that all the world's navies could have dumped their crews and garbage there. Above it, Naples itself was spread out in a fantastic, terraced semicircle of sparkling lights on its shadowy hillsides. The thought came inevitably: This spot had simply cried out for a city.

To the refugee from the cheerless suburban rectitude of middle-class America in search of the picturesque or the quaint, back-street Naples at night must appear like the Lower East Side of New York in the bad old days—festooned with loaded wash lines, littered with stale vegetable greens, ill-lit, pestilential, a filthy rabbit warren of steep alleys raw with onion and tenements as noisome and noisy as Hogarth's London, with the stench and uproar by which the poor insulate themselves against despair. It is all of that and it exhilarated me. The greatness of a city is best measured by the vividness of the life in its slums; and Naples, by that yardstick, is a very great city, indeed. Despite its hustler's eye and thief's fingers and con man's spiel, it remains as life-shrewd, hot-tempered, toughhearted and indefatigably gay as a De Sica whore. What other city could have overcome my peevish mood simply by trying to fleece me at every step?

Coming down a narrow, cobbled street slippery with spittle, headlong as San Francisco, where kids smoked and yelled and gesticulated in restless groups and spectral grandfathers sat silhouetted in the doorways of mysterious, dim bedrooms opening right onto the pavement, I became aware of a strange *ambiance* that I remembered from my first days in New York after the War. It was the feeling of *neighborhood*, of a community created out of passions, appetites and dangers suffered in common, of a mean life that was not *demeaning*; and I felt a pinch of grudging envy for these people and for that old, raucous city past that was all but obliterated in America now. Then, suddenly, an engine revved up at the top of the street and the single idiot eye of a motor scooter's headlight zig-zagged wildly down upon me, as the rider was pelted with moldy lettuce

heads, a succession of forearms—obscenely chopped by wrists—were leveled in his direction and insults as spicy as *peperone* went clamoring up through the fluttering bed sheets. I jumped into a doorway a split second before he flashed by with a cackle of sportive laughter. It wasn't a town that encouraged wool-gathering.

I descended out of the murky honeycomb of that quarter by a series of steps. Muffled radios behind shuttered windows tinkled with phantom mandolins. Deliveryboys with baskets of vegetables or bread loaves balanced on their heads hurried past, lurching down the perilous inclines with the same reckless leaps as the scavenger cats that trooped after them, hoping for spillage. At the bottom, the restaurants on the Via Santa Lucia were thronging. Cashier girls stared out the plate glass at the dark, preening young men—peacocks of the night—who ambled by with coats thrown like capes over their shoulders, Fellini style. It was very cold now; it would rain again later and I was suddenly ravenous.

I went into a place that had a reasonable fixed price that included wine. It was overheated, pungent with odors, not crowded and very brightly lit, the way modest Italian *trattorias* mostly are, as if to say, "See, we have nothing to hide." The wine that came with the scaloppine was bad, sour as vinegar, but the waiter only looked at it casually, smiled and gave a particularly cynical version of the Neapolitan shrug. I countered by ordering a half liter of Ruffino, which, I concluded, must be the next move in the ritual. All at once, I was in unaccountable good spirits. Somehow, the cheerful air of swindle had become invigorating.

Besides, there was going to be music. A middle-aged man, with the wiry pompadour of a onetime peacock now gone quite gray and one of those indescribably urbane faces that you see all over Italy (the sheer weight of experience stamped into it as indelibly as tank tracks into macadam), was shouldering an accordion. His young wife swept a long fall of black hair away from her pale cheeks to accommodate a violin and, after tuning up briefly, they began to play. And the song they played was *Lilli Marlene*.

They moved among the tables slowly, the man singing the verses one after the other in a clear, unsentimental tenor thickened by cigarettes and the young woman following behind, the poignant line of her chin canted into the fragile wood of the instrument. They paused at each table, offering it the challenge of their dispassionate eyes, and the man would half turn at the end of each chorus to direct the listeners to the delicate, taut wrists of his lovely young wife.

(continued on page 136)



1



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3

1. Hydel GrabBag chair filled with Styrofoam beads comes with carrying handle, by Advent Furniture, \$80. 2. Model 3124 car stereo tape deck-FM radio with burglar lock, by Craig, \$180. 3. Model 4000 AM/FM 160-watt receiver features two tuning meters and a three-speaker system selector, by Sansui, \$380, shown with Model



4



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6

901 direct-reflecting-type speakers, by Bose, \$476 the pair. 4. Mini Marcellina lightweight bike has top speed of 40 mph, folds into carrying case, from Barcone Marine, \$325. 5. Exquisite, a b/w TV with 12-diagonal-inch screen, by RCA, about \$125, including stand. 6. O/G Chroma portable print system produces copies from both color and b/w transparencies, by Opto/Graphics, \$385. 7. Personal sculpture has movable steel parts that form your own design, from Banners, \$75. 8. Striped wool-knit beach pants, by Giovanelli, \$40.



7



8

Playboy Gifts for Dads and Moms

continued



1



2



3

1. Electro 35 Gold Mecanica camera features automatic exposure system that computes the exact shutter speed required, \$116, shown with adjustable tripod, \$13, both by Yashica. 2. The Valentine, an ultralight typewriter, by Olivetti Underwood, \$65. 3. Pondoro b/w portable TV has five-diagonal-inch pop-up screen and AM/FM radio, operates on A.C. or rechargeable battery, by Panasonic, \$180. 4. Spoce Bubble spacic-design phonograph comes with translucent hemispherical cover (not shown), two globe-shaped speakers, by Electrohome, \$140. 5. Portable electric shower with five-gallon capacity is powered by battery pack or can be plugged into car's cigarette lighter, by Mininome, \$150. 6. Gremlin, a six-cylinder subcompact, sports a 128-hp engine or an optional 145, by American Motors, about \$1959 for four-passenger model shown. 7. Full-grain leather boggie: left to right, 20-inch roll, \$37.50, 13-inch man's bag, \$35, and 18-inch vertical tote, \$37.50, all by Harrison Leather Goods. 8. Talk To Me, smoked-Plexiglas strobe light with self-contained microphone, reacts to the intensity and pitch of any nearby sound, by Lightolier, \$79.95.



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9. Vinyl pogo ball that stands 3 1/2 feet tall, by Tuff Toys, \$11. 10. The Executive Ticker reports on specific stocks, by Telestock, \$55 per month. 11. Earth Probe metal detector, by Electronic Sensing, \$200. 12. Vecto pre-tuned radio direction finder, by Vec/Trok, \$160. 13. Sawyer's automatic 40-slide projector-viewer, by GAF, \$30. 14. Electric golf cart with charger, by Cushman, \$1475. 15. Four-channel tape recorder hooks up to four speakers, by TEAC, \$700. 16. Patio hot-dog cart with propane burners, from Hommocher Schlemmer, \$975. 17. Closed-circuit TV, camera and monitor, by GBC, \$350. 18. Stove-pipe-shaped book end, \$10, clock, \$19, and lamp, \$17, all by Elbo Products. 19. Telescoping putter, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$25, and high-compression golf balls, from Ployboy Products, \$15 per dozen.

RUM ANTICS

(continued from page 113)

punch bowls or in saucer champagne glasses as it contributes a cooling touch to pool- or surf-side get-togethers?

Rums have too often been pigeonholed as Spanish, English or French. But the ones still being made in New England are palpably different from those made in Barbados, which, in turn, are quite different from those distilled in Jamaica; and all three are from English-speaking areas. Nor is color always the most reliable clue to a rum's personality. All rums as they come from the still are water-white. Many are later mixed with caramel coloring—not too heinous a crime, because the coloring matter itself is made from sugar; others acquire their brown complexion from the oak barrels in which they're aged. The most realistic way to bring the total rum picture into focus is to identify them by flavor strength, no matter from what area they come. From this viewpoint, they divide themselves into the clean-tasting dry *aguardientes* typified by the Puerto Rican rums, the sturdy brown middle-strength sipping rums and the pungent, full-bodied rummiest rums of all—the Jamaica.

By far the majority of the rums now flowing onto the U.S. mainland are the gossamer-light-tasting varieties from Puerto Rico. These are the ones that 15 years ago were in the vanguard of the world-wide movement toward light dry potables, a tide that now draws into its whirl anything from flinty dry wines to genial Scotch whiskies. Rums of the same gentle pedigree come from the Virgin Islands and, more recently, from Hawaii. Two decades ago, light Cuban rum was the Tiffany of the rum shelves. But Castro or no Castro, it was bound to be replaced. In Puerto Rico, the cane always flourished beautifully, its cool mountain waters were perfect for rum making and, most importantly, rum from the commonwealth entered the States duty free and dollars cheaper than the Cuban rums. Today, the mellow, easy-going Puerto Rican rums have equaled if not surpassed their Cuban predecessors in the company of fine spirits. Like vodkas, Puerto Rican rums are distilled at stunningly high proofs, usually around 180 (vodka is distilled at 190 or higher; pure alcohol is 200), so that many of the brash flavor congeners are literally cooked out. Like vodkas, rums are later cut with water to bottle strength. But there the comparison must end. For rum is made for the most part from sugar-cane molasses after the crystallized sugar has been removed, and the flavor of the sugar cane is the prism through which its flavor is reflected, no matter how light, dark, young or old it

may be. Those who casually assume that all light rums are as alike as so many bottles of milk need only pour several different light rums into tulip-shaped glasses. Each one will reveal its own special nuances of flavor and fragrance.

Puerto Rican rums vary in age from the three-to-four-year-old white-label or silver-label rums to the gold-label, usually a year or two older and sometimes a trifle sweet, to the really mature older rums typified by the Bacardi *añejo* or the Don Q Eldorado. Age per se doesn't mean that a rum will automatically appeal to one's palate. Your own judgment—no matter what the experts say—is the only valid guide for any grading. From a practical standpoint, when you're mixing an elaborately complex cooler, the differences between one light-flavored rum and another may simply disappear in the drink's icy vortex. But when you're sipping a rum on the rocks or a rum and soda at the end of a long cool swim or after several hours of surfing, it's a wonderful comfort to reach for a bottle of rum whose familiar fragrance and flavor settle upon you like a cool sundown.

Rums from the Virgin Islands are generally a trifle heavier than the Puerto Rican varieties but, like them, enter the mainland without import duty and are comparatively low in price. The latest to join the light dry fraternity is the Hawaiian Leilani. It's odd that sugar-laden Hawaii didn't send rums to the mainland until recently, in view of the fact that so many of the tropical rum drinks that have now become almost standard fare originated in restaurants whose cuisine is Polynesian. But the extremely smooth rum now arriving from Hawaii, tinted only by the wood in which it is aged, is obviously blended with great finesse. As an all-purpose mixing rum, it goes particularly well with pre-brunch drinks, such as rum with chilled fresh orange juice or with fresh orange juice mixed with frozen pineapple juice.

Island hopping from the light-flavored rums to the medium-flavored specimens, one is reminded that in Colonial times, rums were known as Barbados waters or comforting waters, and no better description could be found for the great old sipping rums from Barbados, Haiti, Martinique and Trinidad. Many of them rise in proof into the 90s. Although each distillery produces its own special spirits, most of the rums in this class are noted for their balance—that is, the ratio of strength, flavor and aroma that results in an almost perfect suspension. The middle rums come through beautifully in rum on the rocks, rum old fashioned or

rum mists—rum poured over very finely crushed ice, with a twist of lemon peel. Any one of them is great mixed in iced coffee or floated atop a mint julep. Rums such as Lightbourn's from Barbados, Barbancourt from Haiti or St. James from Martinique (there's also Barrilito from Puerto Rico) are always fine enough to offer at room temperature for toasting or as after-dinner drinks in brandy snifters.

Doughtiest and heaviest-flavored of all are the Jamaica rums, although their range of flavors is wide enough to satisfy a broad band of tastes. These are the ones that spinners of nautical yarns used to describe as suitable for splicing the main brace. To students of modern rums, it should be explained that the main brace was an eight-inch-thick rope used on old British men-of-war. When it parted as the result of cannon fire or storm, only the burliest hands on board could be depended upon to mend it during battle or hurricane. A successful splicing job was always rewarded with a bumper of Jamaica rum. Until a few years ago, Jamaica rums were fermented by the natural yeast of the air in vats in which the dunder, or residue, from a previous fermentation played an important part and were then sent through old-fashioned pot stills. Trickling out of the stills at low proofs, many of them were eye-poppingly pungent. The whole rum ritual in Jamaica is now radically changed. Natural yeast in many cases has been replaced by cultivated yeast of the most aristocratic paternity. The old pot stills are partially used, together with modern column stills. Though the rums are heavy-bodied, the edges of flavor have been tamed, the pungency softened. The wide variety of Jamaica rums now extends from clear-white 80-proof rums to those aged up to 20 years. All are unsurpassed for planter's punch, one of the oldest and most delightful tropical coolers. In mixed drinks, a light Puerto Rican rum often will be combined with a heavier Jamaican variety, so that no matter how elaborate your drink may be, the flavor of rum will shine through in a steady beam. Many Jamaica rums are sent uncut to England to be aged in underground warehouses, where the even temperature of the cool damp air is considered perfect for maturing their flavor. Some of them are brought back across the Atlantic to the States. A London dock rum such as Hudson's Bay Jamaica is a perfect example of the kind of old-fashioned rum many men still prefer in their rum collins at the end of a torrid day. Among the new spirits from Jamaica is Rumona, a liqueur with a rich rum base, a luscious tot to add to Blue Mountain Jamaican coffee or to

(continued on page 202)

fiction By RICHARD MATHESON

THE PACKAGE was lying by the front door—a cube-shaped carton sealed with tape, their name and address printed by hand: "Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis, 217 E. 37th Street, New York, New York 10016." Norma picked it up, unlocked the door and went into the apartment. It was just getting dark.

After she put the lamb chops in the broiler, she made herself a vodka martini and sat down to open the package.

Inside the carton was a push-button unit fastened to a small wooden box. A glass dome covered the button. Norma tried to lift it off, but it was locked in place. She turned the unit over and saw a folded piece of paper Scotch-taped to the

bottom of the box. She pulled it off: "Mr. Steward will call on you at eight P.M."

Norma put the button unit beside her on the couch. She sipped the martini and reread the typed note, smiling.

A few moments later, she went back into the kitchen to make the salad.

. . .

The doorbell rang at eight o'clock. "I'll get it," Norma called from the kitchen. Arthur was in the living room, reading.

There was a small man in the hallway. He removed his hat as Norma opened the door. "Mrs. Lewis?" he inquired politely.

"Yes?"

"I'm Mr. Steward."

"Oh, yes." Norma repressed



BUTTON, BUTTON

*after you punch it, fifty thousand dollars will drop into your lap
and someone will die—but don't worry; it won't be anyone you know*

a smile. She was sure now it was a sales pitch.

"May I come in?" asked Mr. Steward.

"I'm rather busy," Norma said. "I'll get you your whatchamacallit, though." She started to turn.

"Don't you want to know what it is?"

Norma turned back. Mr. Steward's tone had been offensive. "No, I don't think so," she replied.

"It could prove very valuable," he told her.

"Monetarily?" she challenged.

Mr. Steward nodded. "Monetarily," he said.

Norma frowned. She didn't like his attitude. "What are you trying to sell?" she asked.

"I'm not selling anything," he answered.

Arthur came out of the living room. "Something wrong?"

Mr. Steward introduced himself.

"Oh, the——" Arthur pointed toward the living room and smiled. "What is that gadget, anyway?"

"It won't take long to explain," replied Mr. Steward. "May I come in?"

"If you're selling something——" Arthur said.

Mr. Steward shook his head. "I'm not."

Arthur looked at Norma. "Up to you," she said.

He hesitated. "Well, why not?" he said.

They went into the living room and Mr. Steward sat in Norma's chair. He reached into an inside coat pocket and withdrew a small sealed envelope. "Inside here is a key to the bell-unit dome," he said. He set the envelope on the chairside table. "The bell is connected to our office."

"What's it for?" asked Arthur.

"If you push the button," Mr. Steward told him, "somewhere in the world, someone you don't know will die. In return for which you will receive a payment of fifty thousand dollars."

Norma stared at the small man. He was smiling.

"What are you talking about?" Arthur asked him.

Mr. Steward looked surprised. "But I've just explained," he said.

"Is this a practical joke?" asked Arthur. "Not at all. The offer is completely genuine."

"You aren't making sense," Arthur said. "You expect us to believe——"

"Who do you represent?" demanded Norma.

Mr. Steward looked embarrassed. "I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to tell you that," he said. "However, I assure you, the organization is of international scope."

"I think you'd better leave," Arthur said, standing.

Mr. Steward rose. "Of course."

"And take your button unit with you."

"Are you sure you wouldn't care to think about it for a day or so?"

Arthur picked up the button unit and the envelope and thrust them into Mr. Steward's hands. He walked into the hall and pulled open the door.

"I'll leave my card," said Mr. Steward. He placed it on the table by the door.

When he was gone, Arthur tore it in half and tossed the pieces onto the table. "God!" he said.

Norma was still sitting on the sofa. "What do you think it was?" she asked.

"I don't care to know," he answered.

She tried to smile but couldn't. "Aren't you curious at all?"

"No." He shook his head.

After Arthur returned to his book, Norma went back to the kitchen and finished washing the dishes.

• • •

"Why won't you talk about it?" Norma asked.

Arthur's eyes shifted as he brushed his teeth. He looked at her reflection in the bathroom mirror.

"Doesn't it intrigue you?"

"It offends me," Arthur said.

"I know, but"—Norma rolled another curler in her hair—"doesn't it intrigue you, too?"

"You think it's a practical joke?" she asked as they went into the bedroom.

"If it is, it's a sick one."

Norma sat on her bed and took off her slippers. "Maybe it's some kind of psychological research."

Arthur shrugged. "Could be."

"Maybe some eccentric millionaire is doing it."

"Maybe."

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

Arthur shook his head.

"Why?"

"Because it's immoral," he told her.

Norma slid beneath the covers. "Well, I think it's intriguing," she said.

Arthur turned off the lamp and leaned over to kiss her. "Good night," he said.

"Good night." She patted his back.

Norma closed her eyes. Fifty thousand dollars, she thought.

• • •

In the morning, as she left the apartment, Norma saw the card halves on the table. Impulsively, she dropped them into her purse. She locked the front door and joined Arthur in the elevator.

While she was on her coffee break, she took the card halves from her purse and held the torn edges together. Only Mr. Steward's name and telephone number were printed on the card.

After lunch, she took the card halves from her purse again and Scotch-taped

the edges together. Why am I doing this? she thought.

Just before five, she dialed the number.

"Good afternoon," said Mr. Steward's voice.

Norma almost hung up but restrained herself. She cleared her throat. "This is Mrs. Lewis," she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Lewis." Mr. Steward sounded pleased.

"I'm curious."

"That's natural," Mr. Steward said.

"Not that I believe a word of what you told us."

"Oh, it's quite authentic," Mr. Steward answered.

"Well, whatever——" Norma swallowed. "When you said someone in the world would die, what did you mean?"

"Exactly that," he answered. "It could be anyone. All we guarantee is that you don't know them. And, of course, that you wouldn't have to watch them die."

"For fifty thousand dollars," Norma said.

"That is correct."

She made a scoffing sound. "That's crazy."

"Nonetheless, that is the proposition," Mr. Steward said. "Would you like me to return the button unit?"

Norma stiffened. "Certainly not." She hung up angrily.

• • •

The package was lying by the front door; Norma saw it as she left the elevator. Well, of all the nerve, she thought. She glared at the carton as she unlocked the door. I just won't take it in, she thought. She went inside and started dinner.

Later, she carried her vodka martini to the front hall. Opening the door, she picked up the package and carried it into the kitchen, leaving it on the table.

She sat in the living room, sipping her drink and looking out the window. After a while, she went back into the kitchen to turn the cutlets in the broiler. She put the package in a bottom cabinet. She'd throw it out in the morning.

• • •

"Maybe some eccentric millionaire is playing games with people," she said.

Arthur looked up from his dinner. "I don't understand you."

"What does *that* mean?"

"Let it go," he told her.

Norma ate in silence. Suddenly, she put her fork down. "Suppose it's a genuine offer?" she said.

Arthur stared at her.

"Suppose it's a genuine offer?"

"All right, suppose it is?" He looked incredulous. "What would you like to do? Get the button back and push it? Murder someone?"

Norma looked disgusted. "Murder."

"How would you define it?"

(continued on page 208)

"TROPIC OF CANCER" REVISITED

the author returns to paris, scene of his priapic youth, for the filming of his famous erotic book
pictorial essay

BY HENRY MILLER

WHEN I ARRIVED in Paris last summer to watch the filming of *Tropic of Cancer*, the city lay under a hot spell worse than any I remembered from the ten years I had lived there. But despite the heat, despite the traffic, despite the invasion of tourists—and even despite the ugly, characterless clusters of modern apartments—Paris looked better to me than it ever had. Today's Parisians are privileged to look upon a city that only their ancestors knew. The effect of dazzling sunshine on her old buildings, now restored to their pristine hue, is striking and heart-warming.

In a way, the film of *Tropic of Cancer* does the same thing to my memories. I had hardly arrived at my hotel when I was summoned to the shooting of a scene in a night spot on a narrow little street called Passage du Départ off the Rue d'Odessa. The Jungle, as the night club is called, is even more picturesque than the old Jockey Club—the scene of the



original incident—on the Boulevard Raspail. That is to say, it is even more dilapidated, more woebegone. I was delighted. And there on the dance floor was my double, Rip Torn, cavorting with the prostitute with whom he is later to have a strange experience. It was a pleasure to see myself looking 30 or more years younger, more handsome, more seductive, more vital. The actress, Dominique Delpierre, was certainly far better looking than any prostitute—including Made-moiselle Claude—I had ever met in the old days. In fact, everything—people, cafés, bordellos—looked better to me than what I had known when writing the book. This was evidence that Paris had changed, as do we all. It was understood from the beginning, of course, that there would be no attempt to re-create the Paris of the Thirties. Perhaps, too, some of the "plush" quality was due to the use of color film. This was one of the first things I had to adjust to. As for the

Henry Miller (above) was on the set to oversee the screen adaptation by Joseph Strick of *Tropic of Cancer*, Miller's autobiographical novel of a penniless, priapic writer in the Paris of the early Thirties. Barred until 1961 by the U. S. Customs Bureau as obscene, the book comes to cinematic life with such scenes—set in present-day Paris—as the entwinement (below) of Henry (Rip Torn) with a prostitute (Liane Saunier).





characters, the friends and acquaintances I had lived with and described in the book, that problem I had anticipated and was reconciled to in advance; one can't expect a film director to revive the dead.

Another element to adjust to were the rushes. I had never seen rushes before. I found it tedious and confusing to watch a few millimeters of film at a time done over and over again from every angle. I wondered, viewing them, how movie actors manage to repeat their performance again and again, particularly emotional scenes, without going crazy. It seems preposterous to me that after a long, hard day's work, a picture advances only about two minutes of screen time a day. Imagine a writer being forced to

The film focuses on the book's humor as well as on its abundant erotica. In one sequence, Henry takes Ranji, a young Hindu, to a Parisian brothel, where they pick partners and retire to adjacent rooms. The naïve Indian shouts through the wall for instructions on house protocol but becomes confused and misuses the bidet. As a result of Ranji's impropriety, Henry's dallying (below) is cut short by an angry madam, who has the pair ejected. Above: Liane Saunier, Catherine d'Hugues and Rip Torn lounge on the parlor set between takes.



write only one or two paragraphs a day!

But I had to admire the smooth, efficient way the director, Joseph Strick, managed things. I never saw him lose his temper: He was completely cool, firm, polite, able to extract the maximum from actors and crew alike. Obviously, he was not only respected but liked as well. The cameraman was Alain de Robe, who knew his job and relished it. He impressed me as a sort of high priest who knew exactly how, when and where each ceremony should be conducted. He moved about swiftly and noiselessly. No barking, no shouting, no screaming. He was scrupulous, meticulous, exacting—but never irritating. He knew what he wanted and he knew how to get it done. Perhaps the most interesting ceremony



he officiated at was the baptism of his child in the old St. Eustache church beside the market place. It was a rather long service in a lugubrious setting, manipulated by De Robe as if it were another sequence from the script. (In the gathering, uninvited, to be sure, were two old hags whom I later learned were a tribulation to the priest. Every day, it seems, they managed to sneak into the church and do their little jobs: One made *pipi* against a column, the other made *caca* near the altar.)

Riding to the set the first day, I suddenly recalled my long bike rides of 1932 and 1933 from the Porte de Clichy to Louveciennes, where my friend Anaïs Nin, the novelist, then lived. The narrow gravel path for (continued on page 200)

Dominique Delpierre (above) plays Vite Cheri ("Vite!" is the French command to make haste), a girl with a taximeter mind. She picks Henry up in a bar and takes him back to her apartment, conning the poverty-stricken chap out of 100 francs. The money safely in her purse, she then leaps quickly into bed, where the meter ticks audibly on the sound track while Henry makes love to her (below). Immediately after climax, Vite matter-of-factly jumps up, dresses and leaves for another urgent engagement, promising to return shortly. She doesn't.



SEE NAPLES AND LIVE (continued from page 126)

inviting them to admire her and be moved to generosity.

It was at this point that I noticed two similar parties on either side of the room—the same gruff, florid-cheeked father, the same past-40, well-dressed mother, the same bored teenage kids. The two fathers were undergoing an identical experience, an experience for which they obviously were not prepared. A cruel nostalgia seemed to be gripping them both; and when they turned and spoke offhandedly to their wives in an effort to regain composure, it became clear that the man nearest me was a German and the one across the room was an American.

They were veterans, making that strangest, saddest of all sentimental journeys: taking the wife and kids back to the battlefield on which, like absentee landlords, they had a permanent claim because they had fought for it and survived. In this case, probably Caserta. One tried not to draw any of the trite conclusions about the quality of a peace in comparison with which war retained all the misty aura of youth's springtime camaraderies; but, nevertheless, there they sat, 25 years older, paunchier and more vulnerable, undone by that old song that had belonged to both armies and, all unawares, fraternizing at last in the no man's land of a common memory. The bittersweet taste of 1943 was in their mouths, I fancied, bringing back, like Proust's *madeleine*, war's most unmanaging moments—the moments of leave, the moments of being weary and young and homesick and bored and alone in a foreign city. Perhaps, separated by only a few weeks, each had eaten lonely suppers in this very place a quarter of a century ago, for the expression on their faces now was identical: They were haunted by their own dead youth. I fancied, as well, that both of them were thinking that they hadn't had enough to drink. I knew I was. But the musicians had finished and were passing among us with a salver; and in a moment, they launched into *Beer Barrel Polka*, in case there were any English in the room.

They didn't miss a trick. It seemed such a cynical trafficking in emotions—the moral equivalent of the larceny that ruled the streets. Yet it was obviously what the diners wanted. And it was what that same reflex of nostalgia in me wanted, too—for the sad, wine-fumy, bravely maudlin song to go on and on, so that I could believe for a little longer that the unexamined feelings it aroused were real. I wanted to be a veteran of a time and a war that were safely past, safely over, instead of a civilian soldier (in that newer and nastier kind of war—the war against the war that was tearing up

America's streets and soul), whose leave was almost over.

Still, I felt conned, somehow *derided* by the musicians' glib assumption that we "conquerors" had refused to grow out of the easy simplicities of the completed past into the uneasy complications of a future that had yet to be *made*. Didn't they care about the anguish and the heroism of 25 years before? Perhaps they cared about something else. Something other than bitter memories or the sentimentalizing of the dead. Something other than history. But what? I was up at seven o'clock the next morning, pondering it.

It had snowed on Vesuvius during the night. The upper slopes wore a scapular of white and the volcano resembled the Fujiyama of all those happy postcards from traveling relatives in the Thirties. The sullen sky was breaking up over the long arm of the Sorrento Peninsula to the south and dirty, optimistic Naples had been awake for hours, relishing the big deals of a new day. I headed for the Galleria Umberto to have a look, John Horne Burns having bequeathed the spot to all literary-minded folk of my age; and crossing Piazza Plebiscito (now a parking lot full of Fiats), I passed the series of large statues that face it from niches in the façade of the Palazzo Reale: German marauders, Spanish viceroys, Anjou kings, a Bourbon or two—all the foreign tyrants who had ruled and squabbled over Naples for a thousand years. They were blunt, unattractive, brownish statues, subtly mocked by the sculptor's hand, somehow set at nought in the very act of their commemoration, and they gazed out impotently over the brash cartops of the city that had survived the worst that they could do. Of what were they supposed to be a reminder? Had a place been saved for General Mark Clark and the Nazi commandant whom he succeeded? It was as curious a way to solemnize one's history as if Atlanta had erected a memorial to Sherman.

Working girls thronged the Via Roma, bold-eyed, dark as Moors, smoldering in their flesh, loud as a treeful of magpies, hurrying along toward gossip and morning cappuccino. The Galleria faced the opera house across a narrow street of pell-mell traffic—a huge, splendid black-and-gold arcade with a steep curve of sooty glass roof that suffused the chilly interior in a pallid, underwater light in which every mole, every trace of feminine mustache stood out as graphically as a secret vice in the impersonal glare of a line-up. I wandered back and forth among the crowds that milled around, dwarfed, at the bottom of that immense five-story room pretending to be a street.

I had a coffee in one of the little bars where you buy your ticket first and then present it to the boy at the machine, and watched the cashier girl ring up half the amount and pocket the difference, and then, a moment later, ring up 130 lire for a 180-lira tab and pocket that, too. It seemed marvelous and, all of a sudden, admirable, the way some kinds of lawlessness in our time seem to strike a blow for an older law. Everyone cheated everyone else as a matter of course; and yet that peculiar lechery, that lascivious quiver of wet-mouthed greed that contorts faces along 42nd Street, was not in evidence here. No, the confident audacity of Neapolitan pillage seemed a triumph over the glum seriousness of money itself, thereby restoring some human balance; the poverty of Naples, like its bitter history, mocked itself and its appetites. In the States, the poor and the outraged marched and rioted. Here, they boosted from the till and set up statues to their oppressors. But what in God's name did they *care* about?

I wandered back toward the hotel and had breakfast. Toast, butter and jam—for an extra charge, of course—arrived with the eggs, for the simple reason that I had failed *not* to order them; and by the time I had finished, the day had become fair. The sky was a milky blue, the air mild and aromatic as vermouth, the rain-washed pavement smelled fresh with possibilities and I decided to go up into the Vomero quarter, where, I had heard, one got the most lavish view of Naples and its bay.

The *funicolare centrale*, in which I was jammed chest to breast with chattering schoolgirls, was a subway on a slant that clanked ponderously up its sloping mine shaft, the chain that pulled it vibrating up through one's shoes. On the top, out in the sun again, the drama of the city's setting became clear. Naples appeared to float in the air in the same way that Venice appears to float on the water. I looked down on all the tangled warrens I had wandered in the night before—down over diminishing levels of roofs, terraces, stairways, balconies, everything built on top of something else, house on house, street on roof, stairs, stairs everywhere; down through the stupefying complexity of myriad lives that I viewed, as a god might, in a stunning, vertical perspective; the balconied lives of a *Mediterranean* people, a people in thrall to the sun. I looked down, down and then *out*—out over the wide, lucid expanse of that great bay, pale blue as an April sky, that had the power that all truly breath-taking places possess—the power to so awe, to so humble you that you become for a moment saner, soberer at the very sight, aware that, after all, the inmost drive of our natures is to yearn for beauty and to

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THE SACRIFICE

it is a terrible thing when the heart dies but the body lives on

fiction By LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

CORNELIUS PLATT had had a horror of violence from his earliest years. It was not merely the violence that resulted in damage to flesh or windows, to bones or buildings, but the violence that tended in any way to shake up the natural order of things, whether its manifestation was casual, in riots, or serious, in revolutions, or simply in the shattering of the primeval silence with oaths and obscenities. Platt, a thoughtful youth and a philosophic adult, had from the beginning suspected

that those who went about tearing off carpets and covers, pulling down curtains and throwing up sashes, in restless, insatiable quest for the "basic," might in the end only discover that they had made a mess of the living room. For how much was there to any chamber but the grace of its decoration? And how much, when all was badly said and badly done, was there to the human race when it had lost its manners? But this horror of violence had always been accompanied by a very healthy respect for the perpetrators of violence, by a conviction, indeed, that such were the true rulers of the world, either boldly, with a display of brawn, or discreetly, with that same brawn concealed beneath traditional velvet. Platt's notorious father, the artist and sport, from whose custody he had been early removed by his scandalized dead mother's family, had been a proof of where people's real, if not professed,



sympathies lay. For all the senior Platt's wenching and extravagance, for all his passion for killing that had started with ducks, matured to rogue elephants and ended with Spanish Loyalists (and his own extinction), his name, even in the minds of his bitterest critics, still evoked the picture of a man. And so his son, through school and college, through early manhood and middle age, right into the evening of his 60s, in the black silk of his court robes, Mr. Justice Platt, heir of the dead adventurer of Barcelona, still looked out with a guarded caution on the world below his bench, a world that, for all its lip service to his mistress of the balanced scales, was stubbornly inclined to equate violence with vigor: in sport, in love, in politics, in art.

Oh, he had made his peace with that world! Few better. He had even snatched success from its massive jaws, under its mane and sleeping, grumbling head. He had made his reputation at the bar and was making another on the bench, reputations for wisdom, temperance and scholarship that fitted with his long, spare, lean build and what he liked to hear described as his Roman profile. More importantly, he had a still beautiful and still loving wife, famed for her work in civil rights, a strong, bright, splendid son who had given up his law practice to go into city government and a nine-year-old grandson as beautiful as an English boy painted by Romney. It might, indeed, have seemed that, on the threshold of his eighth decade, Cornelius Platt, at least as far as he personally was concerned, had little more to fear from the dreaded violence of the outside world, that he had tiptoed successfully past the sleeping monster.

That it was never too late for life, however, to play dirty tricks came as a small surprise to a pessimist like Platt. Even the dismay of his first discovery of the trick was accompanied by a faint, chilly admiration for the perfect irony of his situation. For what had happened was that the violence that he had so long eschewed had wreaked its revenge by taking up its roosting spot in the heart of Cornelius Platt! Oh, there was no mistaking it. No slightest possibility of error. He found in reading the *Times*, in watching the news on television, in listening to his morning radio reporter while he shaved, that a faint dull prick in the back of his neck would grow, with sickening rapidity, to a pain through his shoulders, down his back, from where it would clutch at his intestines and then spray upward through his chest. It was rage, rage in him, the judge of judges!

It might have seemed, at first blush, the most natural, even the most banal of all experiences that could arrive at the spotless and polished doorstep of a respected sexagenarian: the indignant conviction that the bottom had been

knocked out of society. Was it particularly unusual for a prominent member of the bar, a jurist "with good capon lined," to see doom in the strikes, the muggings, the robberies, the riots of modern urban life? What was his attitude but a typical letter to the *Times*? Yet Platt knew in his heart, from the very beginning of this new emotional stage, that there was a difference between his reaction and that of his complaining contemporaries. Whereas his brethren of the bench and bar, his friends at the club, his golf and bridge cronies, would purse their lips and cluck and chatter, without particular animosity, with only stertorous disapproval, about the need of law and order; whereas the more reactionary might even postulate, as a kind of temporary necessity, the erection of some super police force, they had all essentially accepted the unrest of the age as they accepted the weather and the income tax. They did not, as he did, have gaudy dreams of a *Dies Irae*.

For what had slipped into the corners of his guarded heart, what had slunk by the sentries of his judicious toleration, to light up his interior with a fearful glow, was a passionate yearning to see the violators violated. It was a yearning with a force that could make him tremble and feel chills. It could even bring tears, in private, to eyes that stared in luminous shock and dismay at their own image in his shaving mirror. His mind seemed to be turning into a torture chamber of the Inquisition, where modern offenders met a punishment unmitigated by modern humaneness. The muggers who infested the parks and streets, the union chiefs who denied heat or transit to a baffled populace, the ragged undergraduates who shouted obscenities at those who wished only to instruct them were hung by their thumbs, stretched on the rack, flogged and branded, before the throne of a robed and hooded priest who could have been only one person.

Sometimes, in the early morning, waking by Mary Ellen's calmly unconscious body and trembling at the memory of a dream of multiple horrors, he would try to console himself by supposing that many otherwise rational persons were subject to such fantasies and that as long as one never acted upon them, one was morally justified in dismissing them as hallucinations such as might have been brought on by drink or fever. But then he would have to face not one but a pair of reasons against his being entitled to any such relief, the same two reasons that formed the arches on which rested his very life. First, could he be sure, as a judge, that such fantasies might not affect his judgments? And, second, how in such a marriage as his could hatred live beside love?

He had a funny little hope, that lasted

for the better part of a year, that he might create a drainage system by way of carefully controlled social conversations that would carry away some of the contamination within him in harmless little streams of anecdote ultimately eliminated by the chemical of human indifference. Thus, at dinner parties, he would contribute to the usual discussion of growing lawlessness the perfect horror story, culled from his wide newspaper reading and high political connections. If the topic was crime, he would offer police details on the latest atrocity; if strikes, some jewel of union *intransigence*; if welfare, the most shocking new case of waste and extravagance. And in supplying these items, he was scrupulous to avoid the least appearance of heat: he was always cool and clear, as if seeking only to get at the facts, never to take a position. He would raise an eyebrow in a manner more quizzical than critical; he would appear to invite the amusement of his audience, at most their tolerance of a state of affairs that was, after all, only part and parcel of the poor old human condition.

When Mary Ellen first spoke to him about this little habit, in a taxi returning from a dinner party given by the presiding justice, he recognized that a woman's strength may lie precisely in her contempt for subtlety.

"Why are you so down on welfare?" she asked. "Do you suggest we can do without it?"

"I suggest, my dear, that you have confounded criticism with condemnation. I don't suppose one must approve of waste."

"Don't play the judge with me, Neely. You and your 'brethren' can fool the world that you live in a kind of mental vacuum where any prejudice drops to the floor like a pin, but you don't fool your wives. The people who tell the kind of story you told tonight—that one about mailing welfare checks to Miami—want to abolish welfare."

"I shall try to remember that."

"You *don't* want to abolish it, do you, darling?"

He knew that she was looking at him now, with her large worried eyes, but he dared not turn to her. Why should she leap to such a disparaging conclusion? Did it not show that, all along, she had secretly suspected him?

"Of course I don't," he tried to assure her. "Perhaps I get too used, in my position, to the detached point of view."

"Because you're always judging? Do you call that detachment? You weigh us all and find us wanting. Don't do it, Neely. The terrible danger of sixty is for the heart to die, years before the body!"

Platt, feeling the full intensity of her concern, stifled a near sob at the sudden bleakness of his own damnation.

(continued on page 150)



"Everybody says I'm too easy."

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

november's claudia
jennings — outstanding
among the past annum's delightful dozen —
reigns as our new gatefold queen

OUR PLAYMATE story on auburn-haired Claudia Jennings ended as the hopeful young actress boarded a Hollywood-bound plane at Chicago's O'Hare International Airport, with her pet Samoyed, Latcho, safely kennelled in the baggage compartment. The enterprising Milwaukee native, who debuted onstage at the age of ten in a musical comedy, had decided that a transcontinental move was necessary to keep her star rising and opted for the West Coast rather than New York. So far, Miss Jennings' migration has had mixed results. She no longer enjoys the company of her doggy, who was abducted by an unidentified dognap- per. But almost immediately upon her arrival in Los Angeles, Claudia secured a part in a Decca comedy LP written and produced by Bill Cosby, with Sandy Baron and Susan St. James in the cast. Then it was two months on the road, touring the South and Southwest in a repertory company's production of *The Tender Trap*. Back in Hollywood, Claudia had the good fortune to land a role in an independently produced film, *One Too Many Mornings*, which is slated for a showing at Cannes. She has also taped an interview for a network TV show, *The Nudity Thing*,



"In all honesty, being a Playmate hasn't really changed me very much. Not too many people have recognized me on the street yet—and, of course, I'm still the same person I was before. But my career has gotten a boost it couldn't have had otherwise and I've received a lot of mail, which lets me know that I mean something to a lot of people. To say that I'm grateful would be the understatement of the year."





which includes conversations with Otto Preminger and Barbara McNair, plus film footage shot at our PLAYBOY studios. As we fade out on Claudia, she is once again heading for the horizon—this time for a well-earned vacation in Europe. When she returns, she'll have the enviable task of getting acquainted with the bounty she'll receive as Playmate of the Year. A queen's ransom, indeed, it includes Lincoln-Mercury's new import, the Capri, in Playmate Pink—and, for sunny



"I come to Hollywood at a lucky time, I think. The established studios are fading and lots of hip people are out here, trying to do exciting things. Films are entering a new era and I'm glad to be part of it."

days, a Harley-Davidson 125-c.c. Rapido motorcycle and a ten-speed Schwimm Varsity bike, both in the same hue. Should Claudia find time for athletics, she can head for the court with her new Spalding Smasher tennis racket or she can take advantage of an all-expenses-paid ski trip for two to Vail, Colorado, with transportation provided by Continental Airlines; she'll be set for the slopes with a rabbit-skin ski jacket from Alper Furs, Henke boots, Hart skis and, from Peter Kennedy, a set of poles, plus additional ski fashions. She can photograph the excursion with her Minox camera, or write about it on her new Smith-Corona Electra 210 typewriter. In her chest of drawers from Drexel's Et Cetera collection, Claudia can store her new Aris gloves, Brentwood Bellissima wigs, Jantzen swimsuits and Renauld sunglasses, as well as her Saunda cosmetics kit and her Playmate of the Year jewelry: a Lady Hamilton diamond wrist watch, a Linde star-sapphire ring and a gold Rabbit Pin with a ruby eye, from Maria Vogt. To keep her supplied with contemporary sounds, Claudia gets a cassette recorder and library from Capitol and an LP library from Mercury; and her career may acquire a new dimension as a result of the recording contract awarded by Monument. To top everything off, there's a case of Magnum *brut* champagne, courtesy of Paul Masone. All of which adds up to quite a bonanza. When Claudia walks into Monument's studio, we predict that she'll be humming a happy tune.

"It may sound like a cliché to say that I never gave a moment's thought to the possibility of my becoming Playmate of the Year, but, so help me, it's the truth. I've been too busy scrambling for good roles to think about winning titles or to sit around and cry over my lost dog. What I need at this point is some fun and a chance to think things over in a different setting—so I'm packing my bags and going to Europe for a while."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI

"As Playmate of the Year,
I'm more determined than ever
to be a really good actress.
I don't want to disappoint those
who have written in to say that
they're watching my progress
and rooting for me to make it."








"The movie in which I have a part, *One Too Many Mornings*, is about a soldier who comes home from Vietnam, complete with medals, only to find out that nobody wants to hear about the four years he spent over there; the war's just not real to the people around him. But this is a real situation that lots of our boys have to face when they return, and I'm glad to be associated with a film that tries to deal seriously with a serious subject."



The Big Bunny, Hugh M. Hefner's own ultraluxe DC-9-32, makes an impressive backdrop for Claudia's Playmate Pink Capri.



"Theater is in such flux today
that there's no generally
accepted standard of excellence.
But the experimentalists
exploiting this should remember
that communication is still the
point of it all." Obviously,
Claudia communicates quite well.



THE SACRIFICE (continued from page 138)

"It will never be your danger, my darling!" he exclaimed fervently.

"How grossly you overrate me!" she answered, surprised. "I'm in your boat, Neely. That's how I know."

Platt did not for a minute believe that Mary Ellen's heart was in danger of dying. He did not even believe it of his own. There was nothing dead or even old in the dreadful passions that crackled in his chest. No, alas, the dearest, coldest grate would have been preferable to such a flame.

"Ah, if only I could be like you, dear," he murmured. "I'd be all right!"

Mary Ellen was one of those women whose beauty depends entirely on skin and eyes. Her head, her limbs, her body were long and thin, her hair, a rather shabby blonde, hung down straight and dank, so that her total effect, when she was tired or ill, was osseous, undernourished. But all this was more than redeemed, it was glorified by the glow in her nacreous flesh that made a shimmering background for large, lustrous, hopeful and ultimately rather threatening yellow-brown eyes that seemed to give her interlocutor every last possible chance to be decent, to be good, even to be great, but which, at the same time, had a reservation, hanging there between observed and observer, that if he *didn't* . . . ! Platt had spent the 30 years of their marriage in distinct awareness of the crackle of the auto-da-fé that was ready to spring into an encompassing glare if the heretic should be finally impenitent. And what had been the murderous temptation of his lifetime but just to be impenitent? If only, at long last, to have the relief of the scorching fire, after all the anticipation? The scorching fire that would match, that might cast out his own?

Mary Ellen, in a word, was good, and her goodness had in it no hint of priggishness, no smallest aspect of fatuity. No, he could never lay that flattering unction to his soul that Mary Ellen's goodness was of the waxed doll's variety that justified his own badness as comfortingly, perhaps even lovingly mortal. Far from it. If there was any room for goodness in the world, a supposition increasingly to be doubted, then there had to be a place for Mary Ellen's goodness, which was premised on the simple faith that one must help *everybody*. His last chance to scoff at her on the grounds that, loving the whole world, she might have rendered herself incapable of loving an individual, that she might have lost her humanity, her taste, her very character in a kind of misty saintliness, had expired on the day she had elected, with a total commitment that must have satisfied any but a fiend of jealousy, to love him.

It was Mary Ellen's warning that he had in mind when he dodged the responsibility of a "police brutality" case by persuading the presiding justice to reassign the writing of the decision to Judge O'Hara, a former district attorney. Platt joined the majority in quashing the conviction, not even availing himself of the opportunity, which would not have affected the outcome, of siding with Judge Dent, the court's right wing, in his lonely and embittered dissent. But immediately afterward, he was overcome with the darkest depression. For how could he continue to sit on the bench if his decision had been made in reaction to his own animosity? Perhaps, under the law, the conviction *should* have been sustained. His mind, at any rate, should have been clear of the least bias, for or against the policeman, for or against the accused. God knew, it had been far from that.

Yet if he resigned his position, Mary Ellen would have to know all. He had no excuse of age or health or even of fatigue. She was bound to flare, suspicious as she already was that his problem was moral: and however she might appreciate, even applaud, his move, however high a tone she might take as to what her own soothing, curative role should be in his retirement, there would still be a horror to be smothered, a disgust to be concealed. He would have forfeited her respect, and Mary Ellen could never love where she did not respect. He would have fallen to the rank of one of her wrongdoers, one of her "lame ducks." He would feel the beneficence of her charity, not the sustaining life force of her wifely devotion. It would be far, far worse than her hate.

To lose not only the court but Mary Ellen's love was not to be thought of. What would be left of him but the remnant of a carapace stranded high on the bleak beach of pity? And then, too, did it not behoove him to effect a cure as a duty to society, as well as to himself? Was such a man as he, in Macdull's phrase, fit to live, let alone to govern? For it was just the complication of his case that his mind and judgment remained at all times essentially clear of the contagion. Platt knew perfectly well that the police stick, the machine gun, the armed state were far more pernicious than the evils they purported to correct. He had no illusions about the vicious circle of modern crime and modern punishment. And, even more importantly, he was perfectly convinced that the man who did not love his fellow men was already half dead. There was simply no way for civilized man to live amid the throng of his fellows—cheaters, hypocrites, lechers as they were, cowardly, inhumane, brutal as their behavior might be—without loving them. Oh, yes,

if one could not love even the apathetic folk who slammed their windows to shut out the cry of the girl assaulted on the sidewalk below, the folk who would not be implicated even to the extent of picking up a telephone to call the police, one was, compared with enlightened souls, already in the shadow of the tomb. For what was poor shabby humanity but a mob of window slammers? And what was worse than such a mob but the man who hated it?

If the message of the church was love, then the church might be the place for him. He took to going on Sundays again, much to Mary Ellen's surprise, whose own goodness had never needed the support of faith, who even used to say that she liked the idea of personal extinction: but in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Platt found the obstacle of his schoolboy associations too solidly in his path. The prayers were dull, the hymns were dull, the sermons were worst of all. The clean, antiseptic modernity of the church itself, with its bare limestone walls and nonpictorial stained glass, struck him as only coldly handsome. He could not seem to revive any relationship between a savior of mankind and a savior of himself. Perhaps he had trampled it out too completely. The mystic idea of a soul stripped of all its trappings—of flesh, of worldly rank, of ambition, of lust, of very appetite—struck him as not only poor but as somehow ridiculous, as a tricky substitute, in its denial of humanity, for Mary Ellen's "extinction." There was drama in the martyrs, but where was the drama in the Reverend Darlington's holding up to the altar a silver plate stuffed with greenbacks and the disreputable envelopes of those who gave "more"? No, he had burned his bridges to the Protestant God of his early years and he felt that it was unseemly, at his age, to go courting another.

Without assistance from this world and without hope of a next, he began to wonder grimly how long he could continue before some terrible exposure, in his home or on the bench, would overwhelm him. The violence in the world about him and the violence that festered within him were bound, he feared, sooner or later to join forces, sweeping away the pale, interfering integument of Cornelius Platt's body. Yet just when he thought that merger most likely, just when he feared that his inner anger would detonate and blow his physical self to bits, he had the shock of hearing his own voice speak out sharply against his concealed emotions, taking the side of the angels against an angry, red-neck taxi driver who sped him recklessly downtown while denouncing the city fathers as a "bunch of nigger lovers."

"How much longer is the little guy going to put up with it, that's what I

(continued on page 210)

NUMBER EIGHT

should an astronaut who drops out in Spain before a trip to Mars get uptight over a man stashed under his chick's bed?



fiction By PATRICK McGIVERN I WAKE from a bad dream (of Isabel, as usual) and find myself face down in bed in my one-room efficiency apartment over a stable for burros, horses, cattle and pigs. They thump at night, but I like the smell. I get up, go over to the window. I can see the Spanish coast far below, the Mediterranean beyond it, North Africa beyond that. It looks different from what it did 165 miles up.

I do 20 push-ups, then I go out into the corridor and knock on my neighbor's door. The tall one, the Scandinavian.

"What are you doing tonight?" I say.

"I don't know," she says, smiling. "As I tell you last time, let me ask my boyfriend."

I shrug, go to the door on the other side of mine and knock. "What are you doing tonight?" I say, when the

short, dark-haired girl answers.

"Nothing," she says.

"Let's have a drink," I say. "Or an ice cream."

"OK. Eight o'clock."

The Scandinavian girl is now standing in the corridor. "He doesn't feel too nice," she says, referring, I presume, to her boyfriend. "Let's have a drink."

"I'm busy."

I do 40 push-ups and take a shower.

The short, dark-haired girl is named Charlotte. She's from Canada, she says, and rich, and on the run from her Jewish-businessman lover in Vancouver. I buy her an ice cream, one for me, too. Then we sit at a table at the Café Pombo just off the main plaza in town, watching the Spaniards smoke, cough, spit, talk.

"And what do you do?" she eventually says.

"I'm an astronaut."

"Oh, really?" she says, laughing. "Is that all?"

"How about another ice cream?"

"This is my third. Thanks, no."

Back later at the place we live, she says, "Care for a drink?"

"Sure."

"Just a minute."

She goes inside, closing the door on me. Twenty-eight seconds later, it opens again. "Come in," she says, smiling. "But no funny stuff."

At first, she won't let me. Because it's her own place, she says, and therefore she doesn't have to. But I know what she wants and, finally, I prevail. I do 200 push-ups a day.

"I'm shocked," she says later. "At myself, I mean. You're the first square I ever slept with. And you're not bad at all."

"Thanks," I say. Then I ball her again.

Later, we're resting, when I hear a funny noise under the bed.

"What's that?"

"Oh, nothing."

Nevertheless, I look under the bed. There is a guy there, lying on the floor, staring at the springs.

"Who are you?"

"Number eight," he says.

"Who is he?" I ask Charlotte.

"I found him in Marrakesh," she says. "He's completely harmless."

"What is this number-eight stuff?"

"He thinks that number is the key to all the mysteries of the universe. He spends every waking hour contemplating it. All he does is smoke and think about the number eight."

. . .

Another bad dream that night, once again about Isabel and me. We are together in a public place, as usual, and, as usual, something separates us. An animal stampede this time, right through the corridors of the Smithsonian Institution.

I wake up, face down, to what sounds like the thumping of animals below but is actually a knock on my door.

It is the Scandinavian girl.

"I'm moving down to the campo," she says. "Would you like to share a house with me?"

"What about your boyfriend?"

"He's going home to Stavanger," she says. "Jealous, or ill, or something like this. I would rather not live in the campo alone."

"I'll think about it," I say and close the door.

. . .

Up at the Café Pombo, I am having a brandy and an ice cream and thinking about it, when Eleanor Everett comes walking down from the bus stop.

"Surprised to see me?" she says.

"Oh, yes."

"I brought you a carton of Camels."

"I can get them here."

"Some water-purifying tablets."

"They have spring water here."

"And some back copies of *Time*."

"Thanks."

"So you're going to Mars?"

"Eventually. The chief says—"

"Your hair looks longer. I hardly recognized you."

"What about an ice cream?"

"Later. Where are you staying?"

"A little apartment."

"Will you carry my bags?"

"Kind of smelly."

"My bags?"

"My apartment. They thump at night."

"Who?"

"The animals."

"I like animals."

She hates animals. I carry her bags. We're supposed to be engaged.

"What a great place!" she says in the apartment, tearing at my clothes and sneezing. "What a beautiful view!" She hammer-locks me down on the big double bed.

"You taste like ice cream," she says, later on, after a sneezing fit.

"I'm on an ice-cream kick."

"Achoo!"

We make love again, or, rather, she makes it. Afterward, we sleep.

. . .

I wake up, face down in bed, with a thumping head and a high fever. I have some kind of superflu; Eleanor Everett seems delighted. She starts immediately to nurse me, between sneezes. Soup. Cough medicine. Vomit medicine. More soup. Darvon 65. Rectal suppositories. Tea. More soup. But the fever continues. So do the headaches and bad dreams. I believe I am dying and it is fine with me. But Eleanor Everett stays up nights, nursing me. Still, my recuperation is a long one. And on the night that finally I am completely well again, I don't tell Eleanor Everett, since this will mean we have to make love.

. . .

It is late morning and she is still asleep on the bed, sneezing and wheezing. I am into the 14th push-up when there is a knock at the door. It is Charlotte.

"Hope you're feeling better," she says, "since I have to ask you a big favor. I got this cable from my friend in Vancouver. He's coming tonight. Can you put this one up until he goes away?"

"Number eight," he says.

"Doesn't he ever say anything else?"

"People full of shit," he says.

I let him in.

"Don't worry," Charlotte says. "He's finally figured out the meaning of number eight, so he's even more harmless than usual. He'll just stay under the bed."

Instead, he jumps right into it beside Eleanor Everett.

"Number eight," he says, cackling. But she doesn't wake up.

. . .

"¿Quiere usted?" says the ice-cream girl.

"Me, too," I say. "And I'd like to try a number eight, please."

"¿Qué hay?"

"Un número ocho, por favor."

She has dark, long hair, gigantic brown eyes, long, slim legs, friendly, snub-nosed breasts. More than that, she gives off a luminous glow. The number eight is pretty good, too, tasting much like vanilla fudge.

I am about to strike up a (continued on page 218)

A man with dark hair and sunglasses is sitting on a white ledge. He is wearing a dark blue windowpane-plaid suit jacket and matching trousers. Underneath, he wears a light blue and white striped dress shirt with a long-pointed collar and a dark red tie. He is also wearing dark socks and two-tone lace-up shoes. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

WE GO TO GREAT PANES

attire

By ROBERT L. GREEN

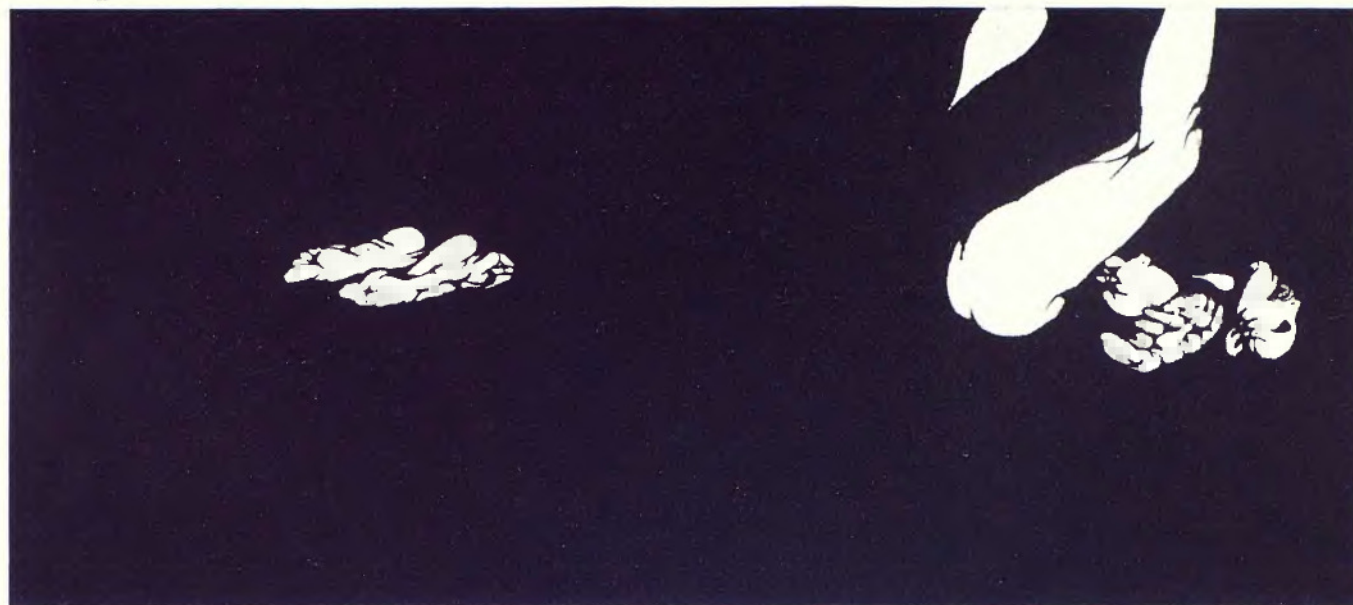
*a bold fashion outlook
for the adventurous urbanite*

FOR A COOLLY CONTEMPORARY WAY to cope with the long hot summer, may we direct your attention to the windowpane-plaid suit. The two-button, wool-worsted munificently lapelled version pictured here is cut to show more of the shirt and tie and runs about \$195. It's complemented by a cotton loose-tapestry-weave dress shirt featuring a long-pointed collar and barrel cuffs, \$25, a silk twill tie, \$12.50, all by Rolph Lauren for Polo, and a pair of two-tone blunt-toed lace-tie shoes, by Nunn-Bush, \$45.



Buck Brown

"Did you forget that you were saving the last dance for me?"



IF ONLY ALL MEN were prudent enough to govern their tongues and to censor those words that spring from the humors rather than from the brain. If only all ladies were judicious enough to ignore the curious things they hear. Life would then be a great deal better ordered—and certainly somewhat duller, on the whole.

There once was a private gentleman of good estate named De Couraye, who lived in Normandy not far from the renowned abbey of Mont-St.-Michel. He was a kindly, plain sort of man, though a good companion and certainly not without wit. In his middle years, he took it into his head to marry, and so he did. Now, there are certain young women—you may have noticed as well as I—that run to long, smooth legs, round flanks, slim waists, high breasts and disturbing, dark eyes. Such young ladies are likely to have wild gallops of imagination—so they are filled with disappointment when they are wedded and bedded by sober, kindly gentlemen of middle years.

Bed, of course, was where Lady Canette should have been one evening when De Couraye sat with his friends after dinner, exchanging jokes, buffooneries and all manner of Hudibrastic tales. Instead, she was listening behind the door.

Eventually, her husband began to tell anecdotes about a certain Godefroy, innkeeper on the isle of Mont-St.-Michel, who was reputed to possess the most prodigious and durable battering-ram in the whole of Normandy. Nobody knew how many lovely gates had fallen to his attack. Another gentleman present declared that Godefroy was robust enough to do in one night what most men did in 20. And so it went, with stories and puns about mine host—most of them quite indecent, I'm sorry to say.

The next morning, when De Couraye entered his wife's chamber, he was somewhat astonished to find her preparing for a journey. "And, pray, where do you go?" he asked.

"My dear husband, I am making a pilgrimage to the holy shrine of St. Michel, in order to refresh my faith. I intend to offer some prayers."

"I see," said the gentleman, reflecting a few moments on the folly of talking too freely, the curiosity of the female mind and the misfortune of doors that did not close quite properly. At last he said, in an agreeable tone, "Very well. Light your candle. But I hope that you'll not pray for a miracle, because they are quite rare these days." The lady laughed, kissed him on the cheek and set out with her maid.

As soon as she was out of sight, her husband saddled his fastest horse and took another route to Mont-St.-Michel, where he arrived at ebb tide. He went at once to Godefroy's inn and spoke to the taverner.

"I have a poor, deluded wife," he said, "who has overheard some gossip concerning your exceptional powers of virility—and these stories have aroused God knows what folly in her mind, I fear. Now, when she arrives, I should like to have you make her welcome, seem to fall in with whatever invitation she makes. But no tricks, I warn you. It would be a great shame to see blood all over your clean floors."

The innkeeper, a good-natured fellow who wanted no trouble, promised to play his part and then disappear. Not long afterward, madam and her maid arrived, exhausted from the long ride. Godefroy saw the lady to a fine chamber, had a fire kindled and sent for a bottle of good wine and a bowlful of cherries.

Before her supper was served, the lady found a pretext to call the host to her room and then to begin some banter with him. He mentioned an amorous escapade that had taken place under his roof. She laughed and encouraged him to say more. Finally, they were getting on so well that she whispered a pretty idea into his ear. Godefroy smiled, nodded and retired to speak with her husband.

Sure enough, her door was unlocked at midnight when De Couraye tried it, went inside, slid into bed—and into a charming welcome. The passage at arms began. Now, De Couraye was not cut out to be a great general at the head of mighty forces. On the other hand, he was no raw recruit who collapsed with the first musket shot. He did his usual, creditable best and, before daybreak, got up silently and stole away to his own room.

In the morning, the lady seemed pensive and melancholy. She summoned her maid, coldly ignored the innkeeper as she paid her bill and returned home without even visiting St. Michel's shrine.

Her husband greeted her and asked what good news she brought from Mont-St.-Michel. She merely shook her head. "And did you stop at Godefroy's inn?" She nodded. "And what sort of rousing welcome did our host give you? He's said to be a stout and jolly fellow."


"Is he?" she asked. "I thought him very ordinary."

"But he is reputed to provide the best hospitality in Normandy. And the most delightful cuisine," said her husband.

"The hospitality was modest and the fare was plain."

"Most ladies consider his inn quite remarkable," said De Couraye.

"Well!" answered his wife. "If that's all there is to it, I am entertained just as well, or better, in my own home. And in my own home I intend to stay henceforth."

—Retold by Charles Powell 



JON VOIGHT *everybody's talkin'*

AFTER TEN YEARS of bit parts on Broadway, numerous TV appearances and two unsuccessful films, Jon Voight's only recognizable achievement was a Theater World Award in 1967 for his performance in the Broadway production of *That Summer, That Fall*. But last year, at 30, Voight finally surfaced from anonymity with his convincing portrayal of Joe Buck, the swaggering young Texas stud on the make in *Midnight Cowboy*. That success—along with major roles in such upcoming films as *Catch-22*, *The Revolutionary*, *Out of It* and *The All-American Boy*—has launched Voight into the vanguard of the new generation of moviemakers and actors who have already replaced the old Hollywood glamor with sometimes grim screen realism. "People want to see things the way they really are, and that's what I'm into. I'm interested in characters who actually function." The son of a Yonkers golf pro, Jon showed his early interest in theatrics by acting out children's stories and doing imitations. "Sid Caesar was my idol. I modeled everything after him." Though encouraged by his father to consider a career on the links, Jon says, "I was a rebel and acting was all I wanted to do." Toward that end, he studied art and drama at Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C., picked up a fine-arts degree and headed for New York in 1960—"full of sophomoric arrogance"—to study acting. But things didn't really start happening until he met the daughter of Waldo Salt, author of the screenplay for *Midnight Cowboy*. She suggested him for the part of Joe Buck after seeing him on television in Harold Pinter's play *The Dwarfs*. Although the role netted him an Academy Award nomination and a substantial foothold in the business, he is careful not to be misled by success. Distrusting vanity and compliments, he declares: "I'm not interested in how many parts I play or whether a picture might be 'good for my career.' I want to do a piece of work that I'm proud of."



B. B. KING *boss of the blues*

BESSIE SMITH, Charlie Christian, Blind Lemon Jefferson, Little Walter: All were giants of the blues and all died prematurely, from violence or illness, victims of a society that couldn't accept them as "artists" without qualifying and restricting them. Yet B. B. King has always believed that a black American can achieve both stardom and respect by singing and playing nothing but the blues. For two decades, he's been honing a style based on the oldest blues concepts but swinging with jazz-derived grace and electrified to the fullest. Born 44 years ago on a Mississippi plantation, Riley B. King paid his dues early; he had to fend for himself at nine, walked ten miles a day for his schooling and pushed a plow six days a week, six months a year, for a full decade. But inspired by such spiritual singers as the Golden Gate Quartet (and such bluesmasters as Sonny Boy Williamson), he took up the guitar and began performing on street corners. After World War Two, he went to Memphis, where Williamson got him a gig; to plug it, King secured a local radio spot that grew into a popular show and earned him his nickname, "The Beale Street Blues Boy"—shortened to "B. B." In 1950, he hit the charts and began the exhausting cross-country tours that still occupy much of his time. Seventeen years later, King had become a demigod to those blacks who were hip to their musical heritage; to those who weren't, and to whites in general, he was still a stranger. Then things started to move: promotion by a major record company (ABC); tribute from the pop-rock guitarists who had appropriated both his riffs and his technique of sustaining notes; and, finally, offers to play the lucrative dates that had been denied him for so long. B. B. remains a man of the people—but he's also become a confirmed member of modern technosociety, skilled in electronics, and a licensed pilot. Most important, he and Lucille—his guitar—have finally put the blues in their proper place: on top.



JOHN FOWLES *write on!*

ON THE SCENE

IN CHAPTER 13 of *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Englishman John Fowles interrupts his 19th Century novel to remind us that he has been using "a convention universally accepted at the time of my story: that the novelist stands next to God. He may not know all, yet he tries to pretend that he does." But Fowles does not pretend to know all, and believing in what he calls "the freedom that allows other freedoms to exist," he breaks the Victorian tradition by writing three endings, leaving the reader to choose among them. What he has created is an 1860s story told from the anti-authoritarian vantage point of 100 years' additional experience. It works—so well, in fact, that the book has occupied U. S. best-seller lists since the end of November and is slated for a screen version next year. At 44, Fowles ("It rhymes with owls," he says) is becoming accustomed to fame: His first novel, *The Collector*, sold in the millions, became a movie and is still selling in translation all over the world. Next came *The Aristos* and then *The Magus*, another best seller and also a film. The product of a conventional English middle-class upbringing, Fowles played cricket at public school, became head boy ("a very efficient little Gestapo type" who used a cane on the other boys for their misdemeanors) and joined the Royal Marines, which he hated. He recalls, "I also began to hate what I was becoming—a British Establishment young hopeful." Armed with an honors degree in French from Oxford, Fowles supported himself with teaching jobs until publication of *The Collector*. Now living in Lyme Regis, Dorset (which, incidentally, is the setting for *Woman*), he's working on a science-fiction spy thriller. "I get much more pleasure from writing books than from having them published," he says. "While I'm creating a story, it's alive. But as soon as it leaves this house and goes into print, it becomes fossilized and there's a diminution of pleasure." Not for his readers.

sexus perplexus

By John Dempsey



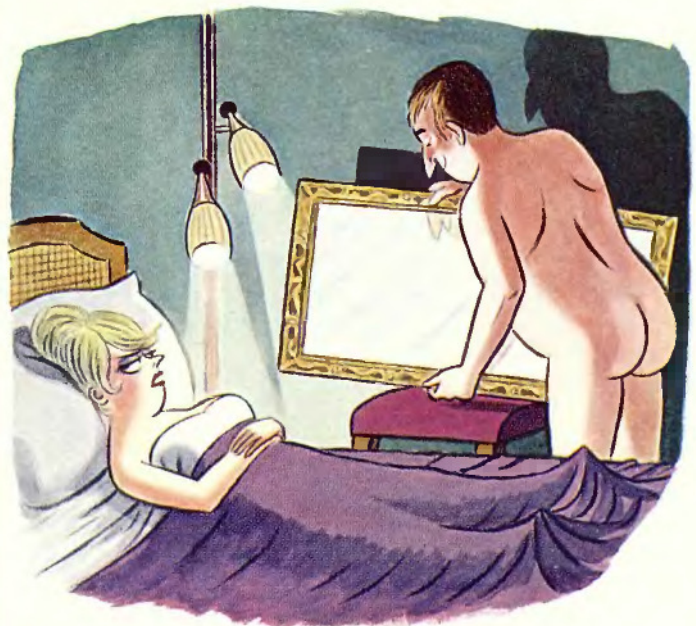
*"Oh, hi, Helen. . . . Oh, nothing.
What's new with you?"*



*"I don't want to because my mother does it
and I hate everything she does."*



*"Can't we forget about involvement, commitment
and meaningful relationship and go ahead and ball?"*



"Oh. We're going the scenic route tonight."

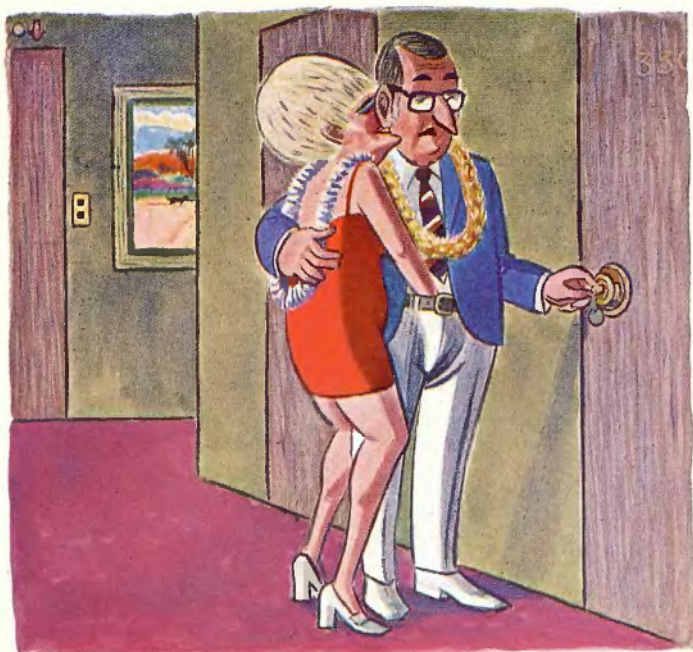
an antic view of the
scoring problems involved in
the most ancient sport



"Me and my mini-what?"



*"I guess I'm too nervous, Mrs. Davis.
Maybe if we waited until after I graduate. . . ."*



"I'll say one thing. Our second honeymoon is sure different than our first one."



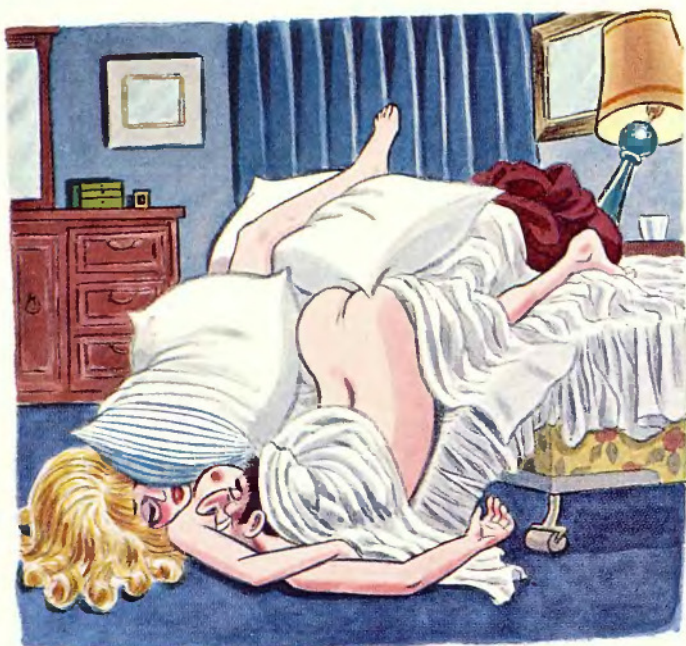
"Damn it, Joyce—the marriage counselor said to let me dominate."



"George . . . George . . . George, you're between the top sheet and the blanket."



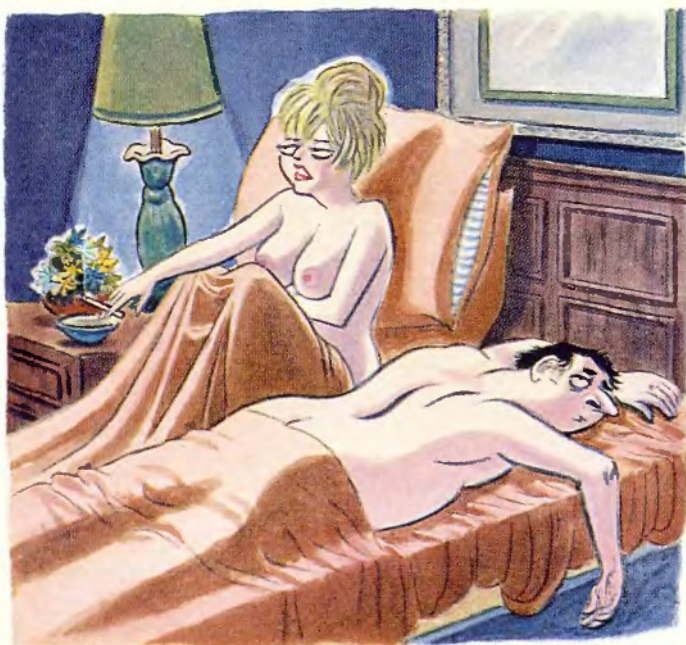
"I used to call my first husband Heinz. He knew 57 different ways."



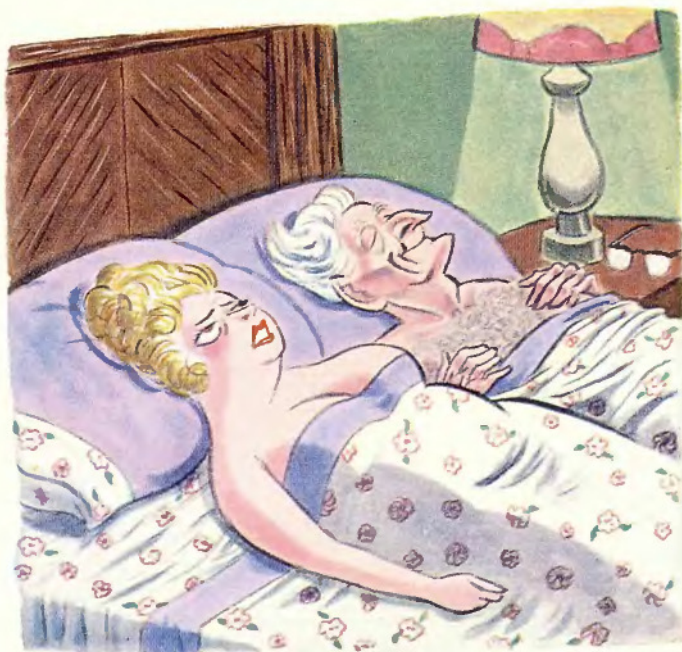
"But, otherwise—how was it?"



"Some symbol of sexual prowess you are."



"Now I know why your wife sent me a thank-you note for taking you away from her."



*"Do you always have to say,
'There may be snow on the roof,
but there's still fire in the furnace'?"*

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 80)

what to do with your looks, how to smile and who not to offend. I was very fortunate in that I've always been aware that the allure of worldly success can be very perilous unless you've got something to guide you. That's why I find it so important to have Christ in my life. I'll tell you one thing, though: If I hadn't obeyed the Scriptures, if I'd sinned with women, I don't think I would have made it.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider sinful in regard to women?

TINY TIM: In the book of *Matthew*, in the Sermon on the Mount, the Bible tells us that the man who looks at a woman with lust has committed the same sin as the man who touches her. So I believe that a kiss is as bad as an intimate relationship. One little kiss on the lips can be the opening of a door; and if one makes a mistake and does kiss, he must stop and put up barriers in himself so that it won't happen again. I've slipped with women in the past. I've kissed women and touched them, but I never had an intimate relationship until after my marriage. That's the honest truth. When I slipped, I never laid down on my bed and said, "Oh, well, I guess it's all right to be like the rest of the world." No. I would say, "Oh, blessed Lord Jesus, I've slipped. Even if you turn your back on me now, I'll never quit trying to find grace again." You see, there are always temptations—things we'd like to do—but just because we do them doesn't mean that it's right to. Now, I'm no saint; I'm just a big sinner. But Christ kept me from kissing and touching women for a long time and even when I did fall a little, I never fell completely. In our marriage, Miss Vicki and I never have S-E-X unless it's to have children. In other words, no seed is spilled for joy, only for blessed events.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with a little joy?

TINY TIM: I'm not saying that you can't enjoy it, only that the pleasure of doing it can't be more important than the Lord's commandments. In *Tobias*, it says, "We must not be joined together like the heathen who know not God." In other words, since the Lord is always with you, everything you do must serve Him. To make L-O-V-E strictly for pleasure would serve only the man and the woman. But when it's done to serve God, the pleasure is even greater than when it's done simply for lust.

PLAYBOY: Many people were surprised, to say the least, when you announced your engagement. How did you and Miss Vicki meet?

TINY TIM: I was on a promotional tour for my *Beautiful Thoughts* book—40 cities in 20 days—and Philadelphia was one of the first stops. On June third, 1969, at about ten minutes after 12, I walked into this department store in Philadelphia and about 5000 people were waiting to

see me. As I walked through the crowd toward the booth where I was going to sing and sign books, I noticed a lean and lanky girl waving at me. When I saw her face, I started to swoon. Imagine that. Her face stood out in a crowd of 5000 faces. By the time I got up to the microphone, I felt like it was the last of the ninth again and the tension was starting to build. I looked back at her and she was still looking at me. I looked a third time and she still didn't turn away. Most girls will look at me once, but when they see that I'm getting a little flustered, they turn away. She didn't and, as I was signing the books, I couldn't get her out of my eyes. I wanted to get her address, but I was afraid it would seem too bold and fresh. I signed two copies of the book for her, but I didn't ask her for her address or give her mine. I felt like I'd struck out in the clutch.

Later that afternoon, I was speaking at a press luncheon and I told them that it was a great pleasure to be there but that my mind was still somewhere else. I told them I'd met a beautiful girl but that I had frozen in the clutch. Everybody seemed to get a big kick out of that and one reporter told me he'd print a story asking for the mysterious girl to identify herself. I figured that she probably wouldn't see it in the paper; but when I got back to Philadelphia to visit more stores that weekend, there she was standing in the crowd. This time, we exchanged addresses and she said she'd come to each of the three stores I was to visit that day.

I used to give trophies to all the beautiful women I met; so when we'd finished at that first store, I called a trophy shop and ordered a very tall one with an angel's figure on the top reaching toward heaven. At the bottom, it said, "To the world's most beautiful girl, Miss Vicki, 1969, from Tiny Tim." It cost \$55. Then, when she showed up at the second store, I gave her this three-and-a-half-foot trophy and explained to the crowd that I'd just met her but that if they looked in my book, they'd see that I always gave trophies to beautiful girls. Then the reporters started to question her, and it really started to sell books. We began to correspond after that.

PLAYBOY: When did you see her next?

TINY TIM: That was the seventh of June and I saw her next in August, when she came to Atlantic City with her beautiful mother. They arrived in the afternoon of the 18th, and on the morning of the 19th, I asked her to marry me. She jumped up and down and said she'd love to, but I insisted that we get the approval of her parents before we went ahead. After all, I know that I'm a little stranger than most people; and even if she were older than 17, I would have wanted both her parents to agree. Since

I'd actually only been with Miss Vicki twice before, I expected her mother to say no, but she called me and said that whatever Miss Vicki wanted was fine with her. Then they called her father, who was away at the time, and he said the same thing. I was thrilled that they agreed so quickly; but the next day, after they had a chance to think it over, they wanted to talk to me about it. They asked me questions for about two hours, but I told them, "I don't blame you. If I had a daughter, I'd be ten times as tough."

PLAYBOY: What kinds of questions did they ask you?

TINY TIM: They wanted to know whether or not I'd get tired of Miss Vicki in a month or so and break her heart. I told them that I never get tired of a girl I like, and that's just as true for the ones I met in 1942 as it is for the ones I meet now. I still have a cookie given to me by beautiful Miss Corky in 1967, which I keep in New York in an empty Elizabeth Arden Blue Grass Velvee Shampoo jar sealed with Scotch tape. I also still have Miss Cleo's gumball and many more mementos. I would be just as faithful—more, in fact—to Miss Vicki. Then they asked me if I was sure I wouldn't change my mind, and I told them that Miss Vicki was the girl I'd been dreaming of all my life. I had wanted to get married in September, but her mother asked me then if I thought it would be better to wait a couple of years or at least until Miss Vicki turned 18. I said I'd go along with her wishes, knowing that Jacob waited 14 years for Rachel, but I really didn't think it would do any good to wait. Miss Vicki already knew all the low things about me. I once told Mr. Hefner that when I meet a girl, I always tell her all there is to know about myself, because I believe a man should tell a woman everything before they get together.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the low things you felt compelled to admit to Miss Vicki?

TINY TIM: Well, I told her about all the lovely girls like Miss Cleo and Miss Corky, and that I'd kissed a few. I told her that I can get very emotional when the Dodgers are playing baseball or when the Maple Leafs are playing hockey. I can remember one time, in fact, after we were married, when the Leafs were fighting to get out of last place. I called Miss Vicki's parents in Philadelphia and had them put the phone next to a radio, so that I could listen to the last part of the game. That's one example, and I tell you I can be very hard to live with during a hot pennant race. If my teams lose, I just want to be alone. I also told her that I'm moody and funny-tempered, and about my cosmetics and toilet habits, and that I often eat meals alone. She thoroughly understood. So I told Mr. and Mrs. Budinger that Miss Vicki wouldn't know any more about me in two years than she already knew. I



1.
"Winston tastes good
like a cigarette should."

2.
"You mean...
as a cigarette
should?"

3.
"What do you want,
good grammar
or good taste?"

4.
"I wish these people
would get
off my lawn."

SUPER



KING

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R.J. REYNOLDS
TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

Winston may not say it right, but they sure know how to make it right with specially processed **FILTER BLEND** tobaccos



also assured them that I believe in Jesus Christ and that I was not just interested in taking Miss Vicki to B-E-D. I told them that the only intentions I have are the right ones. They didn't say any more—just "Welcome, Son." So I thanked them and told them that even though it might not be easy to accept me right away, because of the difference in our backgrounds, they'd come to know me in time.

PLAYBOY: You've often said in the past that you'd never get married. What changed your mind?

TINY TIM: There's something about Miss Vicki that I can't describe, but I found it impossible to resist. It's a strange spiritual uplift that moved me every moment we were together. Even now, in marriage, it moves me more and more. She is so beautiful that this thing has grown and grown, from a mustard seed into a vine. It's true that I told people I could never get married, but I believe that there are things a man wants for himself and things the Lord wants for him. I believed that I wanted Miss Vicki and, after that, it was a question of deciding what the Lord wanted me to do. Believe me, the four or five months we were engaged seemed like two years because of the mental and spiritual pressures I felt.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone advise you against the marriage?

TINY TIM: There was a minister who thought we should wait, because he didn't think her belief in Christ was on an equal basis with mine.

PLAYBOY: Did anyone suggest to you that perhaps Miss Vicki was simply marrying you to start a career of her own, or that she might be trying to use your name and influence?

TINY TIM: One or two people might have said that, but I think I was the one who questioned her motives more than anyone else. Even if she didn't have theatrical ambitions, I knew that if she had married me because of some Alice-in-Wonderland fantasy, it probably would wear off in a year or two. Of course, because of my belief in the teachings of Christ, I don't believe in divorce, so I prayed to the Lord that He or Miss Vicki would tell me if she had any purpose in marrying me other than the right ones. So I feel like that question was taken care of in prayer beforehand.

PLAYBOY: Do you know that when you agreed to be married on the Johnny Carson show, many people thought you might be getting married for publicity reasons?

TINY TIM: I would never use the holy sacrament of marriage for publicity reasons. The good Lord knows what's in the heart, not just the outward appearance. When I gave Miss Vicki her ring on Mr. Carson's show, he asked right out of the blue if we would get married on his show. I thought it was a great idea for several reasons. Mainly, I thought it

would save both our families a lot of trouble and expense, so I told him yes. We'd been planning on getting married Christmas Day, but Mr. Carson wasn't going to be doing a show that night and asked if we would mind moving it up to the 17th. Well, I thought that as far as Christ was concerned, it was always Christmas with him, so I agreed; and that's the way it happened. But as far as publicity is concerned, I was shocked that our engagement made the front page of the *Daily News*. May I also say that the *News* is the greatest paper in New York, because the print is easy to read and it gets straight to the facts. In all the mass media, people want to see simple words and simple pictures. Life is like that. Why, the greatest invention in history is the safety pin. The second greatest is perforated toilet paper.

PLAYBOY: Getting back to your marriage, you said earlier that you never had an intimate relationship with a woman prior to that. After all those years of self-denial, how did you feel about experiencing intercourse for the first time?

TINY TIM: First, I'd like to say this. I told Miss Vicki everything about myself, but I didn't know anything about Miss Vicki's past; and to this day, I've tried my best not to question her. Of course, a lot of women might know ten times as much as the men they marry. She knew that I didn't know a thing about S-E-X, but I told her that Christ must come first in our marriage, as he does in everything else. I told her I didn't believe in birth control and that she should be ready to accept a blessed event. So even though I knew nothing about her past, it didn't matter. She fully understood that Christ was the first thing in our marriage and that S-E-X didn't matter.

PLAYBOY: Did you read anything to acquaint yourself with the basic physical aspects of intercourse?

TINY TIM: Oh, no, no, no! I followed the writings of Tobias and waited three nights and three days before I touched her. In fact, we spent most of that time in separate rooms. All I did was lie on my bed, and I can tell you I wouldn't want to go through that again. I was getting very, very depressed. She was next door and I didn't know what was going on. I thought she might have gone out to see the Bahamas, but she, too, had stayed in her room the entire time. She was so faithful.

PLAYBOY: Was your first experience what you expected it to be?

TINY TIM: It was simply wonderful. Miss Vicki was very understanding and very pleasant. She seemed to be a woman of experience. I can really tell you the honest truth: There was not a single bit of embarrassment on her part or mine. Instead, there was a humility and reverence in the act, because whenever Christ is there and whenever things are done in his name, somehow the way is shown.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised when you learned that Miss Vicki was pregnant?

TINY TIM: Since I don't believe in birth control, I would have been surprised if she wasn't. As it is, I'm delighted by it and I hope that after the baby is born in late September or early October, we can settle into some kind of better home in either New York or Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever think about the way you intend to raise your child?

TINY TIM: We'll just try to do what Christ wants.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea what you'll name your first child?

TINY TIM: Well, I'm interested in the possibility of using brand names for him or her. Perhaps Crest or V-8.

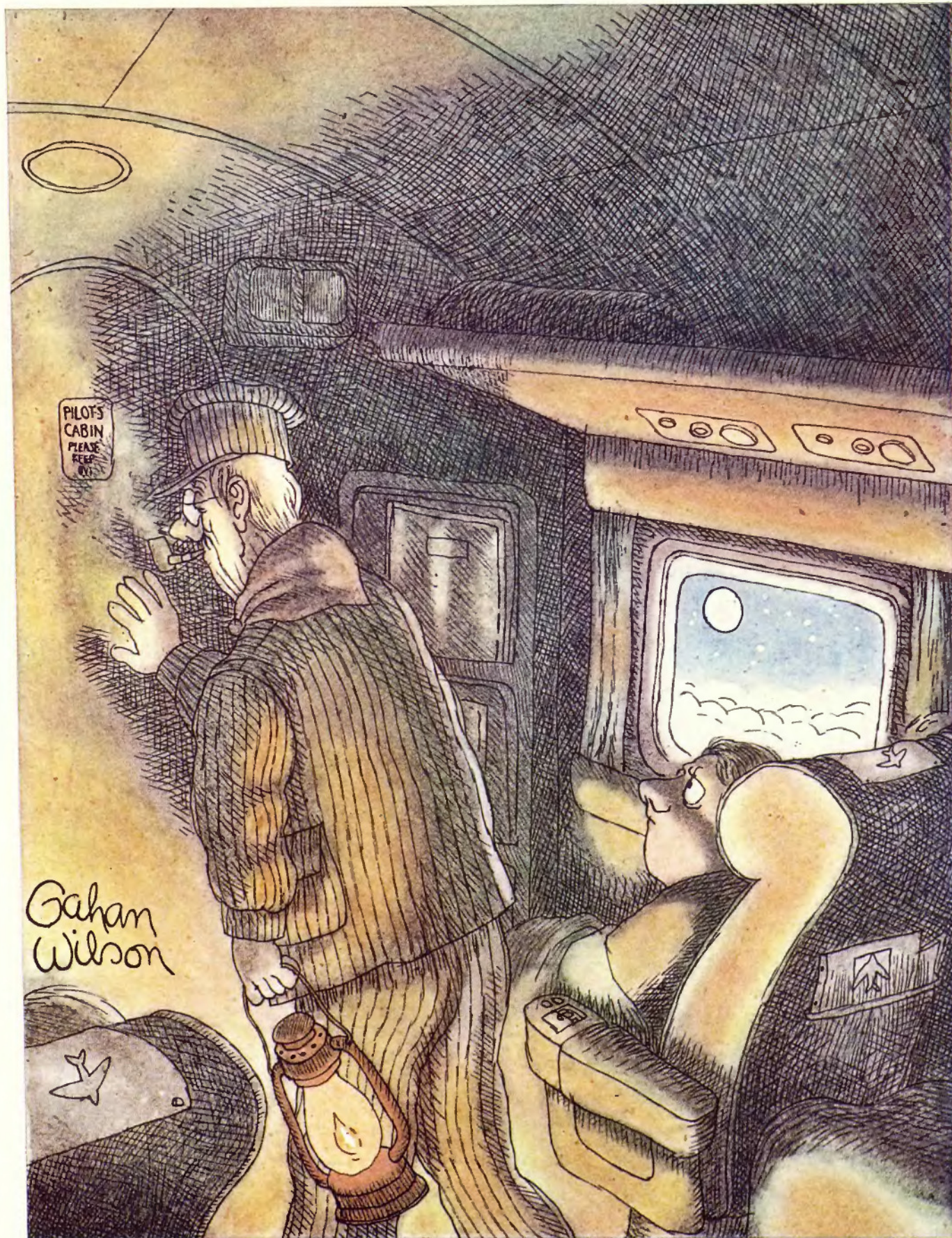
PLAYBOY: Do you plan to bring up your child on your own diet of health foods?

TINY TIM: As soon as it's old enough. As for my own diet, I've been cheating a little lately and eating TV dinners occasionally, but my stomach is very sensitive and I usually stick to apples, bananas, honey and my health cereal, which I refer to as "the Rolls-Royce of cereals." I call it that because it costs 90 cents a box—probably the most expensive cereal in the world. It's called Familia and the ingredients are apple flakes, wheat germ, rolled oats and sugar. It tastes delicious and, believe me, there's a big difference between eating these health cereals and eating commercial cereal. Commercial cereal has chemicals in it and, even though they're listed on the package, I wonder how many people know what they are or what they do.

Margarine is another example. It has artificial color and artificial flavor. Who knows what chemicals go into those colorings and flavorings? Also, packaged fruit on the commercial market has chemicals added. They add ascorbic acid to prunes as a preservative. I really believe that the public is being pleasantly poisoned to death. I've even heard that a hungry rat will not eat packaged white bread because he can smell the chemicals in it. But even natural foods may not be safe anymore. Fruits and vegetables are being sprayed with poisons, and the poisons in the ground are showing up in the fruits and vegetables. I suppose that if you have to eat commercial foods, you should eat things like oranges and bananas, which have a natural protective skin around them. But all this pollution is a shocking crime. There are gases and chemicals in the air, oil slicks, chemical wastes and garbage in the water and poisons in our foods. The people who are responsible for this should get together and find out what to do about it.

PLAYBOY: Most ecologists feel that they are the ones least likely to lead the drive to clean up our environment.

TINY TIM: They won't be if the public gets as antagonistic about it as it did over, say, civil rights. I think history will



prove that whenever there was a real *mass* disturbance, people woke up to the problem at hand. Look what happened with cyclamates. The Government found out they were dangerous and made a big enough fuss to get them taken off the market. One thing I'd like to see done in the area of health is a change to plastic eating utensils and paper dishes. I think that a lot of viruses and diseases are being spread because restaurants don't clean their utensils very well before they're served to the consumer. I'd even be in favor of paper sheets and clothes, too, because they'd be disposable and, therefore, more sanitary.

PLAYBOY: Do you think President Nixon is doing enough to solve these problems?

TINY TIM: He's been going slowly, but I think he's doing the right thing. I think he's acting very wisely right now. I will say that one of President Nixon's greatest moves was bringing Dr. Billy Graham to the White House. I think the President has a great belief in prayer and that he has acted in a prayerful way.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel as Nixon does about those he believes are trying to foment revolution in this country?

TINY TIM: Well, first let me say that I think we're living in the greatest country in the world. I said that at a press conference in England and it seemed to rub them the wrong way, but I really believe that the good Lord has blessed

this country. In other places, the government controls *everything*; so, as bad as things are over here, I think they're worse overseas. When it comes to revolution, I can't blame people who'd like to change things. A guy who's starving doesn't want to know what's going on at the White House; he wants to know where his next meal is coming from. Also, even though I believe that every man should earn his bread, there sometimes aren't enough jobs to go around. And it isn't easy to live with roaches. But still, everything must be balanced to be right. Man needs law because he's a sinner. A child needs a father because, left to himself, he's in trouble. Without Christ, I'd be in mental and spiritual trouble. Men also need a leader, and that leader has no way to conduct the business of his country in a disciplined way other than by law. If a revolution could help the poor in cleaning up the slums and the skid rows, then that would be fine. But to start a revolution now without those specific goals within reach would be making a free-for-all of it. We've got to be careful to avoid that.

PLAYBOY: You seem to be very tolerant of all kinds of people and attitudes. Isn't there anyone or anything you really dislike strongly?

TINY TIM: No one's heart could be as wicked as mine. Many times, I'm filled with hate or even murderous intent. I

hate cheating. I hate someone who hikes up prices a penny or two on his neighbors. I hate when the rich get more help than the poor or when an elderly man is beaten up or when a girl is attacked. These are terrible, terrible things. I would give the death penalty to people who steal if they don't have to for survival. I would give a life sentence to a murderer and—I know this sounds crazy—then saw off his fingers one at a time, letting him heal between each time. I believe the murderer should suffer a slow type of death. I know this sounds torturous and cruel, but it is also cruel to kill an old man or to slay a young girl and slice up her body. Most of these people are put into prison or committed to insanity wards, but I don't think they're insane. With our laws, if a man claims insanity, he gets off much easier, but I think perhaps 93 percent of the public is perfectly normal.

PLAYBOY: Some psychiatrists might take issue with that.

TINY TIM: I think psychiatry has become a false god that many people try to put on the same plane with Christ. They say it's a cure, but it really isn't, because most of the people who see psychiatrists aren't any happier afterward than they were before. They have no inner peace. They don't know Christ and they don't obey his commandments. Instead of loving their neighbors, they care only about



how much money they're going to make or what kind of car they'll buy. They want so much for themselves and give so little to others that they become like clogged faucets. When they finally can't stand it anymore, they decide that they need a psychiatrist, but it's really only through Christ that we can let go of ourselves—and find ourselves.

PLAYBOY: Many young people have forsaken the kind of material selfishness you're talking about, yet many of their beliefs would seem to violate your own moral code.

TINY TIM: Everybody condemns those who take drugs, who have long hair, who have free love and who go to political demonstrations, but let's look at our so-called righteous Christians. They have drunken parties in their homes. They say we should love our neighbor, but they live in all-white communities and move out when a black man moves in. They say they don't believe in divorce, but they don't seem to mind going out with other women. Of course, it's wrong to take those terrible drugs—they ruin the body and the mind—but it's just as wrong to be filled with prejudice. As far as I'm concerned, the temporary effect of a drug is nothing compared with the venomous normality of hate, which is found in 99 percent of Christian homes today.

PLAYBOY: One of the issues central to the

underground culture is opposition to the Vietnam war. How do you feel about it?

TINY TIM: I'm sorry to say this, but I really believe that it may be worth while to shed blood for a good cause. If there had been no riots in the ghettos, the white man might never have awakened to the black man's problems. If there hadn't been a war in 1775, we might still belong to England. I believe that the United States has never been wrong in a war. I think we are in Vietnam because we remember Pearl Harbor and we're trying to see that a thing like that doesn't happen again. Many countries are jealous because we have so much—and maybe we *were* a little greedy in getting it—but I do believe we have the right to protect what we have.

PLAYBOY: Even at the cost of incidents such as the massacre at My Lai?

TINY TIM: That was terrible, terrible. But in a place like Vietnam, you can't tell who's your friend and who's your enemy. Anyone over there may be carrying a weapon of destruction. It's a shame that children have to be there, but don't forget that the Israelites in the Bible killed the children of their enemies. You see, the good Lord knows there is another world coming and what will happen to these children when it comes.

PLAYBOY: Feeling as you do, have you ever tried to enlist in the Armed Forces?

TINY TIM: I tried to get in seven times—

three times in the Army, and then in the Air Force, Marines, Navy and Coast Guard. They all thought I was putting them on, so they turned me down. The Army recruiter asked me why I wanted to go in and I told him frankly that I wanted to go to the moon. He thought I was seriously disturbed, but I wasn't kidding. My real aim has always been to discover the unknown. Not that I'm brave, but I'm fascinated by other beings and other worlds. I've always wanted to visit outer space, or search underneath the sea, or explore the antarctic—or even find the Abominable Snowman. I believe that there is life on every planet, including the moon. We may not have hit the right spot when we landed there. Or maybe we didn't stay there long enough. Whoever is up there is probably laughing at us. We haven't even scratched the surface up there yet. My greatest unfulfilled ambition is to be one of the astronauts, or even the first singer on the moon.

PLAYBOY: What else would you like for yourself?

TINY TIM: Well, I'd like to have a talent show to help some of the great unknown entertainers get a shot at the big time. But most of all, I'd love to see Christ come back to crush the spirit of hate and make men put down their guns. I'd also like just one more hit single.



Pepsi's got a lot to give.

Count the *good* things in your life for a change. There are people to love and places to go and good times to have. So live, and make Pepsi-Cola part of it all. Pepsi...it's got a lot to give.



difference between the 95 percent convictions in military courts and the 81.7 percent in civilian courts. I will explain to him what the difference is: Of 100 GIs who go into military courts, only five escape conviction. In a civilian court, 18 emerge with their freedom intact. If Captain Knop still doesn't understand what that difference means, let him talk to one of the 13 convicted GIs who didn't benefit from the civilian average.

It is true that all military courts-martial get an automatic review—but by the very officers who preferred charges. Is Captain Knop actually trying to convince us that this constitutes a "review"?

I think it was kinder not to mention that the military allows one peremptory challenge. In civilian courts, this varies from state to state, but in California, for example, a trial involving the death penalty or life imprisonment allows for 20 peremptory challenges; and one involving a possible sentence of more than one year allows for ten. Legal-research specialists at the Library of Congress inform me that in criminal cases in which more than two defendants are tried together, each side gets 20 peremptory challenges plus five for each defendant. This would mean that at the last of the Presidio trials, where 14 defendants were tried together, the defense could have peremptorily challenged 90 jurors. As for challenges with cause: The changes of which he speaks did not occur in 1968 but in August 1969—that is, after the Presidio trials of which we were writing.

As for the "bail" system in the military: Captain Knop does well to put the word inside quotation marks. The military has no bail system in the ordinary sense. Yes, a commandant is authorized to release a defendant during appeal, but nothing in military law guarantees this right to a defendant. Captain Howard Levy's commandant, for instance, did not release him during the review of his case. The authorization to release a defendant means nothing, as long as it remains at the whim of a commandant.

Finally, the testimony in my article about abuses in military prisons did not come solely from felons and mentally and emotionally disturbed individuals. Or does Captain Knop care to apply that characterization to the chaplains, military physicians, attorneys and two Congressmen whom I quoted?

Last July, I wrote to *The Playboy Forum* and raised certain questions about the constitutional rights of military personnel and, in December, the *Forum* published a reply by Major John F. Cronhimer. The major was certainly right when he said that the statement he quoted in his letter fell short of answering all the doubts I raised; it didn't answer any of them.

The Constitution states that Congress shall "make rules for the government and regulation of the land and naval forces." It is true that the Uniform Code of Military Justice was passed by Congress, but this alone does not make it constitutionally acceptable. Many laws passed by Congress are later struck down by the Supreme Court; the U. C. M. J. should also be examined by the Court.

For example, under the Constitution, a man must receive a trial by a jury composed of his peers before being imprisoned for violation of the law. The U. C. M. J. has specific rules dispensing with the jury of peers and, on occasion, the trial. These provisions have not been adequately tested by the Federal judiciary. At present, it seems to me that the terms military and justice are mutually exclusive.

David Tomasi
Oriskany, New York

VOLUNTEER ARMY

It exasperates me to read about whether America would be better off with a volunteer Army or a draft. When will we ever learn? This is like a choice between strychnine and arsenic.

The draft ruins young men by turning them into robots and brutalizing them into killing. The all-volunteer Army would destroy us by establishing a state-sanctioned body of professional killers in our midst.

The tool shapes the man: The instruments of a nation's policy shape that nation's character. Unless the American people renounce war as an instrument of policy, our path will end in total authoritarianism and violence. I grant that renouncing the use of any armed force may seem impractical at present, but in the long run, it is the only rational goal to work toward. We may see no way to do this overnight, but let us consider it as an ultimate purpose.

Lee Rubini
New York, New York

A DESERTER SPEAKS

Deserter is an ugly word, but this is what I am; there is no point looking for a milder term. I deserted from the U. S. Army in October 1969, while on emergency leave granted so I could prepare an application for discharge as a conscientious objector. I used the opportunity to flee to Canada, fully aware that I would probably never be able to return to the United States. The prospect of returning to that obscenity called Fort Polk, Louisiana, and the "special treatment" inflicted upon dissenters was too much to contemplate, even had my prospects of getting an early C.O. discharge been encouraging. But, of course, the probability of release was exceedingly slim, so it wasn't hard to make my decision.

Now I am free! The full beauty of that statement cannot be appreciated without contrasting it to the experience of servitude and degradation that is the normal lot of draftees. Then, consider the extra harassment I received as a dissenter and the contrast becomes even sharper.

My wife and I do not regret leaving a country that grabs up young men, puts them in places such as Fort Polk, Fort Dix and Fort Benning, breaks their spirit and teaches them to destroy other human beings. I do not miss being employed in a business whose success is measured in the number of corpses produced per week.

I would not presume to judge anyone who disagrees with me, but when an organization's purpose is to cripple and kill other human beings, I don't see how any thinking person can take part.

William W. Sipple
Ottawa, Ontario

FACT SHEET

A so-called *Fact Sheet* has been distributed in our company by the Third Marine Division, at taxpayers' expense. It begins by stating, "These sheets are not an attempt to preach, cajole or threaten"; it ends by threatening all pot smokers with undesirable discharges. In between, it has more misinformation about marijuana than we have ever seen before.

It declares, for instance, that "there is not one case on record where a 'hophead' went directly to LSD or heroin without first experimenting with marijuana." The implication is that marijuana leads to heroin—a line that even the most reactionary anti-marijuana spokesmen in civilian life no longer try to sell. It's also untrue; we have all heard of doctors and nurses getting hooked on heroin without ever moving in social circles where grass is available. The *Fact Sheet* continues: Marijuana "may lead to violent conduct, such as attacking a friend." We've seen guys stoned on weed hundreds of times and never saw this happen; but we have all seen drunks attack their friends. The leaflet also states, "The user frequently will lie and steal without thinking about it and he becomes completely untrustworthy and, therefore, utterly useless to the Marine Corps and to himself." One Southerner among us summed up our opinion when he said, "*Fact Sheet? Fact Shee-eet!*"

(Signed by six Marines)
FPO Seattle, Washington

FORT VS. ANSLINGER

I would like to reply to Harry J. Anslinger's letter, in the January *Dear Playboy*, criticizing my article in the October 1969 *PLAYBOY*, *Pot: A Rational Approach*.

Contrary to Mr. Anslinger, the American Medical Association published no



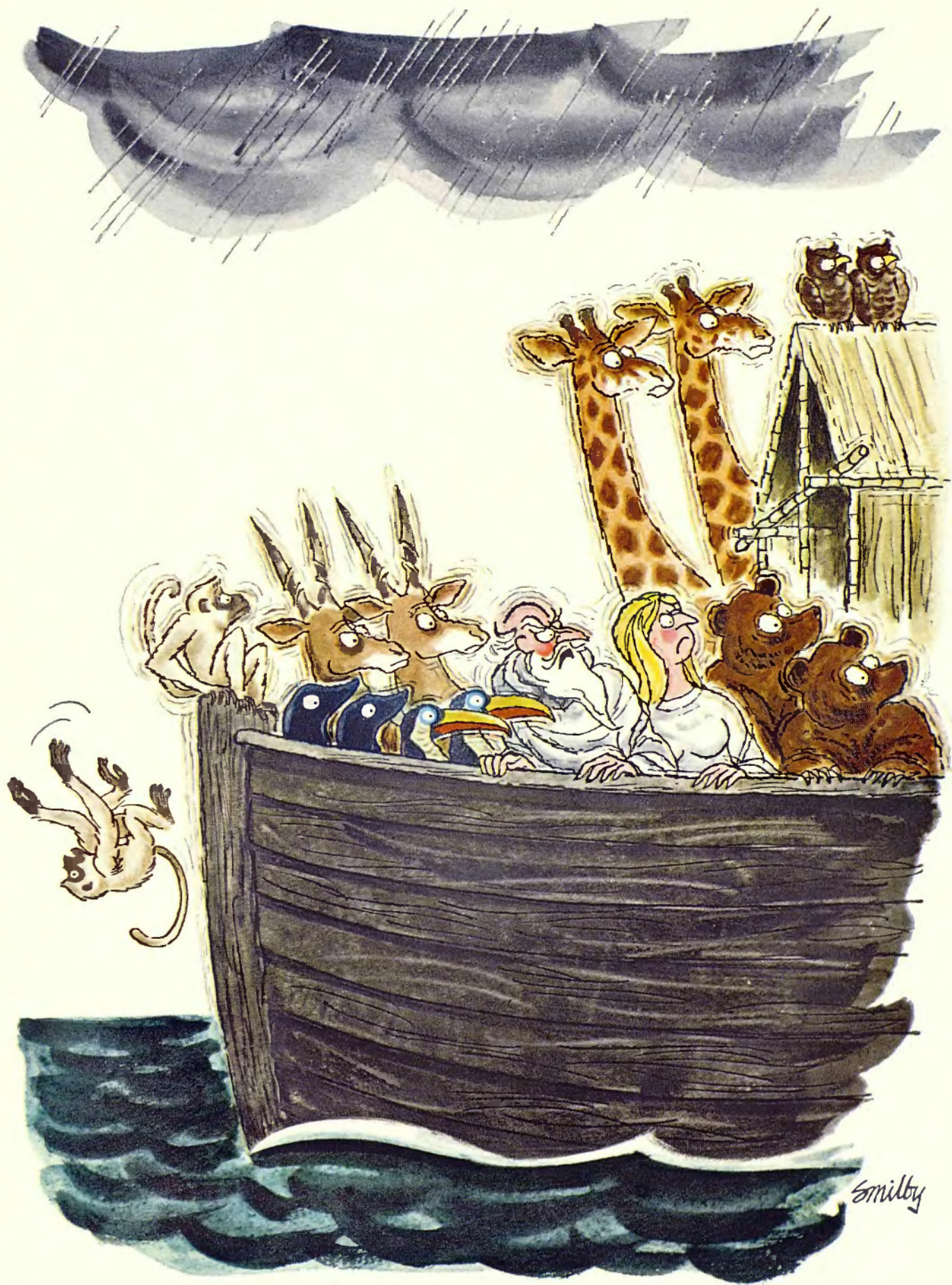
TRY SOMETHING BETTER.



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Smilby

"For heaven's sake—are those accursed elephants mating again?"

study of its own concerning the findings of the La Guardia Report; its editorial criticizing the study was merely reflecting the opinions expressed by Anslinger himself, in a letter published in 1943 in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, assailing the findings of the report. Dr. Jules Bouquet's study, cited by Anslinger, applies only to Tunisia and not to the current U. S. marijuana scene and, in any case, was performed by untrained ward personnel. Nor were all the subjects in the La Guardia Report in prison; the majority were not. I also question the testimony of Dr. James C. Munch, a longtime friend of Anslinger's, on the grounds that Dr. Munch had never performed an independent study of the drug and relied on the anecdotal files of his own agency, the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

I would like to add that I do not go about urging marijuana use, as Anslinger implies. My only function when appearing at colleges with Dr. Timothy Leary has been to debate him, since I personally oppose reliance on drugs. I have never claimed that marijuana or any other drug is harmless; and widespread drug use on campus began long before I started lecturing.

It is true that every nation has a law to control marijuana, as Anslinger says; but, significantly, only Russia and mainland China exact penalties as harsh as those in the United States.

The bibliography mentioned by Anslinger is by no means exhaustive; it was prepared under his own direction for the United Nations in 1965. Ninety percent of the papers are chemical or pharmacological studies that make no judgments whatever about the social effects of marijuana, but hundreds of them show that the dangers have been grossly exaggerated. Aside from the fact that Anslinger ignores more recent research, he also obfuscates my major premise—that the control of any drug, from mild marijuana to addictive heroin, should be based on human values, medical knowledge and common sense, not on Anslinger's purely punitive approach, which is more destructive than all the drugs in the world.

Joel Fort, M. D.
El Cerrito, California

THE MEDIUM IS THE MISHMASH

I saw a movie about the life of Christ on TV, and it was repeatedly interrupted by commercials. I don't recall the exact sequence, but the effect was something like this: The baptism of Jesus was followed by a detergent ad, his Sermon on the Mount by a sermon on a breath sweetener, his Transfiguration by a shampoo ad, the Last Supper by a laxative commercial, his betrayal and trial by

a cigarette ad and the Crucifixion by an advertisement for aspirin. This is but one dramatic example of the aesthetic degradation that is committed on television every day. Moving pictures are art forms, so how can the public be so insensitive to the way they are slashed and chopped up when presented on TV?

I believe that many things are going on in our society that brainwash us into accepting fragmentation. The assembly line has broken up production into a piecemeal function. Work is done in vast corporate beehives, where no one can grasp the whole process. Knowledge is fragmented; scholars and scientists in different fields can't talk to one another. And day and night, telephones interrupt the flow of our thoughts and actions.

Lately, I've noticed, too, that coherent, uninterrupted conversations are virtually impossible. The splintering of art, work, life and thought becomes more catastrophic daily. Is this fragmentation—like environmental pollution—another of the too-high prices we pay for the dubious blessings of technology?

Jan Holberg
St. Paul, Minnesota

THIS POISONED PLANET

If man continues to waste and damage natural resources without attempting to conserve or replenish them, the earth will soon be unable to support him. The extensive use of pesticides, for example, will interfere with photosynthesis until plant life is unable to grow. Careless disposal of atomic wastes potentially can cause genetic damage in all organisms. A "little" mistake by an oil company polluted 500 miles of coast line.

Norwegian explorer Thor Heyerdahl, sailing from Africa to Central America, found the mid-Atlantic so dirty and smelly he couldn't even wash a dish in it. There were oil slicks, empty cans, food, paper and slime floating all around him—and only 22 years earlier, he had marveled at the purity of ocean water. Heyerdahl writes, "Modern man seems to believe that he can get everything he needs from the corner drugstore. He doesn't understand that everything has a source in the land or sea, and that he must respect those sources."

I believe man *does* understand this but I think that industry, which is the major cause of pollution, does not care. Corporations let nothing interfere with making the largest possible profit. Such values as conservation and the well-being of all life on earth seem trivial and irrelevant to corporate officers. Unless major steps are taken to end the rape and defilement of the earth, humanity's future will be a tragic one.

Varda Staff
Franconia, New Hampshire

Ecology is an in-vogue subject today, but I hope it will be more than just a fashionable cocktail-party topic and won't be quickly dismissed as somebody else's problem. Even Americans who do realize that there is a dangerous population explosion are likely to see it as remote—something happening in India or South America, but not here. The meaning of overpopulation in the U. S. hasn't hit home. Family planning is good, but people still think they have a right to plan for two or twenty, as long as they can afford it.

Wayne H. Davis, in an article in *The New Republic* titled "Overpopulated America," has written one of the most convincing arguments against this careless attitude. His case is based on the following thesis:

I define as most seriously overpopulated that nation whose people, by virtue of their numbers and activities, are most rapidly decreasing the ability of the land to support human life. With our large population, our affluence and our technological monstrosities, the United States wins first place by a substantial margin.

Davis then suggests as a conservative estimate that one U. S. citizen has a destructive impact on his environment equivalent to that of 25 Indian citizens; and he goes on to show that our problem is greater than India's because of the very thing that has made us Westerners feel smugly superior to the Orient—our more powerful technology.

But India will be here after the United States is gone. Many millions will die in the most colossal famines India has ever known, but the land will survive and she will come back as she always has before.

And let no one make the mistake of thinking we can save ourselves by "cleaning up the environment." Banning DDT is the equivalent of the physician's treating syphilis by putting a Band-Aid over the first chancre . . . more serious and widespread trouble will soon appear unless the disease itself is treated.

Do not make the mistake of thinking that technology will solve our population problem by producing a better contraceptive. Our problem, now, is that people want too many children. . . . To prevent this trend, we must not only make contraceptives and abortion readily available to everyone but we must establish a system to put severe economic pressure on those who produce children and reward those who do not.

As intelligent Americans, we should be able to see that our land is dying around

us and that something must be done. It's your life and mine on the line.

Lynn Brusin Mares
Austin, Texas

To help face the demands posed by the radically new crisis in population-and-environment control, the First National Congress on Optimum Population and Environment is being held in Chicago from June 7 through June 11. The congress is dedicated to the premise that the population problem is everybody's baby and that too many people want too many children. It is unique in the mixture of people invited to attend. Conservation groups, which have begun only recently to cooperate with one another, will meet with population organizations that, till now (except for Planned Parenthood), have been almost exclusively concerned with overseas population problems.

The congress will also bring together representatives of grass-roots organizations from throughout the country. These groups have not, as yet, concerned themselves with problems of population and environment; but, hopefully, after the

congress, the representatives will urge involvement in the fight against overpopulation and environmental degradation. We have already received acceptances from the American Legion, the American Bar Association, B'nai B'rith, the Christian Family Movement, National Congress of Parents and Teachers, Rotary International and most of the major religious denominations.

To deal with the population-environment crisis requires a radical questioning of many cultural, religious and political attitudes and values. For example, we must recognize the distinction between sexual relations for purposes of recreation as opposed to procreation. The scientists themselves are not all of the same opinion regarding some of the environmental problems; there will be many conflicts at the congress.

The congress will be the first occasion at which minority groups will have been asked to contribute, as peers, in the deliberations regarding population and environment. Until now, concern with conservation has been a luxury item for middle- and upper-class whites, while

minority groups have been objects of patronizing family-planning services. The congress intends to correct these past errors.

The Rev. Canon Don C. Shaw
Chairman

First National Congress on Optimum
Population and Environment
Chicago, Illinois

A letter in our local newspaper argues against Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert Finch's proposal to limit family size to two children. The letter writer is "filled . . . with nausea . . . because of the disbelief, amazement and revulsion" that her freedom of motherhood "is being threatened." She states that she is expecting her third child and bemoans the fact that there is "someone in the world who wishes that he (her unborn child) [would] not exist."

Unfortunately, she is allowing her maternal responses to interfere with her ability to reason. Our world today is in a sad state because of a rapidly increasing population. Consider our current problems due to overpopulation: the sickening mixture of noxious gases we breathe, which passes for air; pesticide poisoning of animal life; ecological disasters resulting from our attempts to control nature; cramped, overcrowded cities; rising taxes for more schools, more highways and more of everything; loss of respect for human life; the rising rates of mental illness; our young people's identity crisis; the senseless exploitation of the world's natural resources; and heightened political tensions among the world powers.

Dr. Paul Ehrlich, the prominent biologist and author of *The Population Bomb*, states that "a minimum of 3,500,000 will starve to death this year, mostly children. But this is a mere handful compared to the numbers that will be starving in a decade or so."

Our problems are just beginning. If we do not make an honest effort to equalize our birth and death rates, mother nature will limit population for us. Her way, unfortunately, is not pretty.

Don Baum, Jr.
Hubbard, Ohio

The August "Playboy Interview" will be with Dr. Ehrlich.

BLACK STUDIES

From the outset of student demands for black studies, countless experts (both black and white) have asserted that such programs are vocationally useless. *The Atlanta Journal and Constitution* put these criticisms in a nutshell when it stated that the only use a student can find for this curriculum after studying it is to become a professor and teach it to others. Bayard Rustin said, even more caustically, "What in the hell are soul courses worth in the real world?"

I would like to point out nine uses for black-studies programs: First of all, one



"At least he was gentleman enough
to give me his seat!"



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There is a cigarette for the two of you. L&M.

can graduate and teach, in turn, to the next generation; why not? This is what most English and history majors do, after all. Second, such programs help one to become a counselor or social worker in black communities. Third, a graduate of black studies would be prepared to work as a probation officer with black juvenile delinquents. Fourth, this education is useful if one is going to work for Upward Bound, Model Cities, Pilot Cities or similar Government projects. Fifth, undergraduate work in black studies before majoring in law would help to make black lawyers better able to represent their communities. Sixth, many companies are now hiring black graduates whatever their major is. Seventh, insurance companies are increasingly using black salesmen in black neighborhoods; hence, a background of black studies would be helpful to these men. Eighth, anyone with training in both black studies and any area of behavioral or social science (psychology, sociology, anthropology, history, economics, etc.) will find numerous positions open in which knowledge of the special problems of black Americans is needed. Ninth, black-studies majors with a minor in physical education will find openings in Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Urban League and other community organizations.

Thus, contrary to its critics, there is a place for black studies in the "real world."

Dr. William D. Smith, Director
Development of Black Studies
University of Cincinnati
Cincinnati, Ohio

MORE UNEASY RIDERS

Many people will undoubtedly shrug off the idiotic brutality Paul English encountered in Louisiana (*The Playboy Forum*, March) as being an isolated incident. They will dismiss as a fictional exaggeration the murders of the heroes in *Easy Rider* by red-necks who disliked their appearance. If these people would like to find out firsthand what's really happening in this country, they might try an experiment suggested by educational reformer and writer John Holt in an article in *The New York Times Magazine*:

Let your hair, if you have that much hair, grow long; or get a reasonably good wig. Put on enough make-up or disguise or whatever is needed to hide your age and make you look young. Dress in authentic hippie clothes.

Then, simply walk about, for an hour or so, in the streets of whatever city you live in. People will look at you. Look at them. What you will see in the faces of a good many of them is the thought, deeply felt and very clearly communicated, "If I could, I would kill you."

This is by no means all of the story. But when you have seen enough of these faces, you will realize why it is impossible any longer to say to young people that this is a benevolent or trustworthy or even, in any reasonable degree, sane society. It really is not reasonable to hate somebody, to the point of quite seriously wanting to see him dead, because his hair is long or his clothes are funny.

To illustrate Holt's article, the *Times Magazine* sent a hippie with a photographer into the streets of New York—one of the most sophisticated, cosmopolitan, tolerant cities in America. The published photographs bear out Holt's contention. If looks could kill, the long-haired young man being glared at by a variety of New Yorkers would be dead a dozen times over. If that's New York, what are things like in the rest of this supposedly free country?

Joseph Harris
New York, New York

I sympathize with Paul English's bitterness toward small-town American attitudes. The situation he describes prevails not just in the South but throughout the country. On a trip to California, my husband and I experienced minor but sadly significant instances of harassment. We were refused service in gas stations because our camper had a peace sign on the front and we had to wait 40 minutes in one restaurant for a cup of coffee—we were wearing bell-bottoms and sandals. But our misfortunes were nothing compared with what happened to a young man in Atlanta, as described by our local newspaper:

A member of a rock-music group was shot by a young man who drove by the musicians' auto on an interstate highway. Police said the assailant apparently objected to [the] long hair and beards of the four musicians in the car. . . . The musicians told police in suburban De Kalb County that a car bearing two young men passed them on Interstate 85 and one shouted "Freak!" shortly before the shot was fired.

The wounded musician was hit in the temple and may lose sight in his left eye.

Cathie Mahon
Colorado Springs, Colorado

A 19-year-old girl was arrested in Memphis not long ago for wearing a see-through fish-net blouse; and *The Commercial Appeal* wrote up the story of her trial in the form of a drama. It is a beautiful picture of local justice at work and your readers should consider it carefully before visiting that city:

JUDGE: Why do you think you're not guilty?

MISS STANFORD: I don't think it was indecent. Fashions are changing.

JUDGE: Are you a fashion expert?

MISS STANFORD: We have some pictures. (*She holds up a copy of McCall's, a women's magazine, which shows models in see-through apparel.*)

JUDGE: What do you mean, we? We're talking about you. Is he your lawyer? (*Points to boyfriend*) Are you two married? Is he a boy or a girl? (*Loud laughter in the courtroom*)

MISS STANFORD: I have some pictures.

JUDGE: I see it. Do you believe in marriage?

MISS STANFORD: Yes, I believe in marriage.

JUDGE: Why aren't you married to this boy . . . he is a boy, isn't he? You are living together, aren't you?

MISS STANFORD: Yes.

JUDGE: If you want to get married, I'll continue these charges long enough for you to get a license and I'll perform the marriage myself. (*No answer*)

(*The clerk of the court approaches the bench and tells the judge that the accused have been arrested previously for hitchhiking and released on \$26 appearance bonds while awaiting a court hearing.*)

JUDGE: You all don't plan on obeying the law at all, do you? (*To the girl*): Where are you from?

MISS STANFORD: California.

JUDGE: Have you renounced your parents?

MISS STANFORD: No.

JUDGE: You are a disgrace to the human race. (*The judge orders the hitchhiking case advanced on the docket. The couple is led away to jail.*)

EPILOG: The young couple waits in jail, unable to pay the \$204 in fines and court costs. If they don't raise the money, they will be sent to the Shelby County Penal Farm to work it out at five dollars a day.

Alvin Jones
New Orleans, Louisiana

"*The Playboy Forum*" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's editorial series, "*The Playboy Philosophy*." Four booklet reprints of "*The Playboy Philosophy*," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "*Philosophy*" and "*Forum*" to: *The Playboy Forum*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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CHICAGO CONSPIRACY

(continued from page 94)

that fascinating, elastic mouth of his into an expression close to a smile, while telling Hayden, "Fellows as smart as you could do awfully well under this system," and then adding, in a second sally of judicial humor, "I'm not trying to convert you, mind you." Of all the defendants, Hayden ended this awful, draining trial with the most respect and affection from the steady spectators. He seemed more like the friend of Robert Kennedy (which he was) than whatever kind of radical he is; his speeches in the courtroom were so measured and reasonable that it seemed like the chairman of the A. D. A. was on trial.

When Judge Hoffman gave him 14 months and 14 days for contempt and asked him why he shouldn't pack him off to the penitentiary, Hayden's reply was totally nonpolitical. "I was trying to think about what I regretted about punishment. I can only state one thing that affected my feelings, my own feelings, and that is that I would like to have a child." The judge answered him, "There is where the Federal system can do you no good." Hayden was near tears, many people in the courtroom were crying and, until Judge Hoffman made his cruel wisecrack, there was some hope that at the very end, a few of these men might relent and do a kindness to one another. Instead, Hayden responded sharply, "Because the Federal system can do you no good in trying to prevent the birth of a new world."

Looking back on the trial record, it didn't matter whether or not Tom Hayden and the others intended to assault the judicial system. The system assaulted itself as though it were recapitulating the events of the convention week, when the simple presence of Hayden and the hippie-Yippies was enough to set off a police riot. Their appearance in the courtroom set off a legal riot.

At first, things were nasty but not out of control. The eight were unhappy with the picking of the jury, but they left it to their lawyers, Leonard Weinglass, a young man from Newark making his first appearance in a Federal court, and William Kunstler, a widely respected attorney who had defended all kinds of people in the movement, from Martin Luther King, Jr., to Rap Brown. Both of them were straight legal types coming at the case as if they assumed they could win it in the usual way lawyers win cases. This caused Abbie Hoffman to laugh one day in the elevator during the lunch break. "Poor Kunstler," he said, "the guy thinks he's back in the good old South with those good old civil rights cases. He's gonna put everybody to sleep and lose, too."

Judge Hoffman asked both sides to suggest questions he should put to the jury in order to determine if they were

biased, and Kunstler submitted a long list of them. They included such pertinent inquiries as: "Would you let your son or daughter marry a Yippie? Do you consider marijuana habit-forming? Do you have hostile feelings toward persons whose life styles differ considerably from your own? Do you know who the Fugs are? Do you believe that young men who refuse to participate in the Armed Forces because of their opposition to the war are cowards, slackers or unpatriotic?" Virtually none were asked.

The jury of ten women and two men was predictably old, lower middle class and, judging from what little was revealed about them, unable to understand somebody like an Abbie Hoffman or a Rennie Davis, who worked for an organization that paid its staff by trying to institutionalize the loaves and the fishes. "We had an icebox," Davis told the court, "and a newsman would come into the office and we'd ask him if he had ten dollars, and then we'd take the ten dollars and go down and buy baloney and put it in the icebox and get some bread and jam and peanut butter. People who had a need were given money when it existed."

As soon as this jury of the defendants' "peers" was chosen, and before the first prosecution witness was sworn in, Bobby Seale gave the court his own handwritten motion, asking that the trial be postponed until his lawyer, Charles R. Garry, could get out of a San Francisco hospital and come to represent him. Or, if that were denied, he wanted to represent himself. Judge Hoffman paid no attention. The trouble began immediately. Seale, a thin man wasted from months in jail in connection with a murder charge that he maintains is as political as what he faced in Chicago, was not going to be put aside. He persistently got to his feet to say such things as, "If I am consistently denied this right of legal defense counsel of my choice, then I can only see the judge as a blatant racist."

Judge Hoffman was called Judge Magoo by the defendants, because the little five-foot, four-inch man looks like the cartoon character or like some harsh reckoner of helpless spirits in a Dickensian countinghouse. He's tough enough to stifle his anger when his temper grows short. Then he works his jaw muscles and grinds out sandpaper words through locked molars. "Mr. Seale," he would say, "I must admonish you that any outburst such as you have just indulged in will be appropriately dealt with at the right time during this trial, and I must order you not to do it again. If you do, you do it at your own risk, sir. . . . Will you be quiet? That is all. You have a lawyer to speak for you."

"They don't speak for me," Seale would reply in varying pitches of anger.

"I want to represent myself. Charles R. Garry is not here in my service. . . . I will speak for myself. I want to defend myself. I just want to let him know. That racist, that fascist! The black man tries to get a fair trial in this country! The United States Government, huh! Nixon and the rest of them!"

The judge's position was that Seale had a lawyer: William Kunstler. This was true, but only in a limited sense. Kunstler had filed as Seale's counsel after the Black Panther had been taken from his California prison and driven by a crazy zigzag route to Chicago, where he was held incommunicado in Cook County's dilapidated jail. His friends and codefendants were worried about his health and Kunstler filed an appearance solely to get into the jail to visit Seale. From what an outsider could judge, at no time did Seale contemplate using Kunstler as his lawyer. He had always used Garry, who is a great favorite of the California Panthers. Actually, Garry was supposed to be chief counsel for all the defendants. His absence may have been a serious loss to the defense, because he's supposed to be much better at examining witnesses than Kunstler, who is regarded more as an appellate man.

Since there are almost no clear-cut, unambiguous rules in law, there's no way of saying if Judge Hoffman was technically right in doing what he did on the Garry matter. In other cases, Judge Hoffman has been known to grant a trial postponement for such reasons as a lawyer's preplanned Caribbean vacation. This, like almost everything else a judge does, is up to his discretion. Regardless of the technicalities, what Judge Hoffman did was to ignore the appearances of justice. Most Americans believe they have an absolute right to defend themselves, to call their own witnesses and to present their own evidence to prove their innocence. Judge Hoffman, who ought to have known better—since he is ultrasensitive to publicity—forgot this and made rulings that scandalized lay opinion. He compounded his errors by failing to explain his reasons, so a sensitive spectator got the idea that the law and the workings of the law courts were nobody's business but the judge's.

But Judge Hoffman may have felt that he was on shaky legal ground in refusing Seale's demands. After Seale began his rumpus, the judge issued bench warrants for the arrest of four lawyers, who had been retained only to prepare pretrial motions concerning FBI wire taps, in order to show that Seale was adequately represented. The lawyers were never meant to argue the case in court. The judge's attempt to demonstrate to an appeals court that Seale had representation was botched; one of the four, Mike Tigar, a young UCLA law professor, was dragged out of bed, put on an airplane to Chicago, where he was photographed,

Jon R. Waltz, Professor of Law, Northwestern University, analyzes:

13 LEGAL QUESTIONS RAISED BY THE TRIAL OF THE CHICAGO 8 MINUS 1 PLUS 2

The Chicago riot-conspiracy case came to a temporary end on February 18, 1970. The trial's histrionics and its veneer of violence have obscured significant legal issues that will receive a full hearing in appellate courts. The most important of these legal questions are:

1. Is the Federal statute under which the Chicago Eight were indicted constitutionally valid? Counsel for the defendants plus the A. C. L. U. and the Chicago Council of Lawyers can be expected to argue that the vaguely worded Anti-Riot Act has an impermissibly chilling effect on the rights of free speech and assembly, and is clearly unconstitutional.

2. Were the accused accorded "due process of law"; that is, were they given a fair trial? This is a complicated concept. At minimum, fair trial implies two notions—that of equality (were these defendants given the same protection and chance of acquittal as others are?) and that of rational procedure (was there an adherence to procedures rationally adopted to determine the guilt or innocence of the defendants?). Inevitably, this issue will focus on the conduct of Judge Julius J. Hoffman. Almost every issue to be listed here could be considered an aspect of the overall due-process issue.

3. Were the defendants deprived of their Sixth Amendment right to the assistance of legal counsel? The judge refused a relatively brief delay in the trial's commencement to permit attorney Charles R. Garry to participate as chief defense counsel. The complex right-to-counsel issue brooded over the entire case, vexing the situation of defendant Bobby G. Seale and contributing to the deterioration of the trial into an embarrassment.

4. Was the manner of selecting the jury adequate? Were the Chicago Eight, these protesters and system dropouts, tried by a jury of their peers? (The jurors had been drawn from voter-registration rolls, which meant to the defendants that they were all establishment cogs.) Is the court rule that permits the trial judge to bar defense counsel from directly questioning the qualifications of prospective jurors another constitutional deprivation of the right to assistance of counsel? (Judge Hoffman's examination of prospective jurors took only a few hours and was surprisingly unspecific, failing even to reveal what the jurors knew of the convention week's troubled events.)

5. Were the accused prejudiced by the trial judge's manner of reading the indictment to the prospective jurors? Defense counsel, backed by the shocked out-of-court statement of at least one prospective juror, insisted that Judge Hoffman employed his not inconsiderable acting skills to convey to the jury his own sense of outrage at the crimes of the presumptively guilty defendants.

6. Was the defendants' case prejudiced by the trial judge's inadvertent disqualification of the jury's youngest member, Miss Christie King? In a moment of dramatic ineptitude, the trial judge passed to the juror a threatening letter, signed "The Black Panther Party," that she had never seen before. This so frightened the girl that it became necessary to excuse her from further service. She was replaced by another young woman who, months later, engineered the compromise convictions of five of the seven.

7. Were constitutional concepts of privacy and free speech violated by the Government's reliance on evidence obtained through nonstop undercover surveillance of the defendants prior to and during the convention?

8. Did the shackling and gagging of codefendant Seale and the eventual mistrial as to him prejudice the case of the seven other defendants in the eyes of the jury? Also, Seale's predicament apparently exerted pressure on the other defendants, previously rather docile, to rally to him and thereby make themselves appear to be men of violence.

9. Were the defendants accorded reasonable latitude in putting on their defense? The Chicago Eight, their prior bias against the system inflamed by Judge Hoffman's consistently rigorous application of evidentiary rules (which, in fact, provide for substantial

flexibility), believed that they were being prevented from making their defense. (This dashing of the accused's expectations is almost inevitable in political cases, since the defendants are always stripped of what they consider to be their first line of defense: the validation of their political philosophies.) The defendants can be counted on to point to the trial judge's preventing a probing defense examination of Mayor Richard J. Daley; to his unprecedented refusal to let former Attorney General Ramsey Clark take the witness stand on behalf of the defendants; and to his upholding of all Government objections to questions, put to an array of singers, writers and politicians, designed to explicate the defendants' intent in traveling to Chicago to attend the convention.

10. Did the trial judge's obvious distaste for the defendants and their lawyers result in an unfair trial? Observers were impressed by Judge Hoffman's willingness to display to the jury his admiration for the Government's legal representatives and his disdain for those of the accused. He praised prosecutor Foran, while indicating unrelenting scorn for attorneys Kunstler and Weinglass by repeatedly lecturing them (sometimes quite incorrectly), referring snidely to their out-of-state origins and interjecting veiled threats of contempt citations.

11. Are the guilty verdicts invalidated by the process of compromise through which they were reached? Because one juror breached the traditional confidentiality of a jury's deliberations, it is known that the verdicts were the product of outright compromise. While there exists an antique principle that a jury's verdict, lawful on its face, cannot be impeached out of the jurors' own mouths, it is at least possible that an appellate court will reach out to grapple with the hard question of the propriety of the compromise verdict.

12. Were five of the defendants, acquitted on the Government's conspiracy charge, then wrongly convicted on the crossing-state-lines-with-intent-to-incite-riots charge because the jurors took into account substantial amounts of prejudicial hearsay evidence that was properly receivable only on the conspiracy count? (This contention, an important one, is based on highly esoteric evidentiary principles peculiar to conspiracy cases.)

13. Did the trial judge abuse the contempt power? Separate appeals are already under way to test the legality of Judge Hoffman's implementation of the power to sentence summarily for direct contempt of court. The multiple contempt citations and the sentences doled out to all of the defendants and their counsel are questionable. In the first place, the trial court cast itself as prosecutor, witness, jury and judge, despite respectable authority for the proposition that it should have referred the contempt matters to a neutral judge for resolution. Also, the U. S. Supreme Court has said men cannot be convicted of a "serious contempt"—one drawing a serious penalty—except by a jury. It is arguable that Judge Hoffman's attempted circumvention of this dictate by issuing a stream of "petty" citations and by sentencing to six months or less on each is an unavailing gambit. But perhaps the most compelling inquiry will simply be whether or not Judge Hoffman's contempt findings are factually supported. Experienced trial lawyers, myself among them, wonder whether young Leonard Weinglass was really in contempt of court and subject to imprisonment for continuing on several occasions to argue the defendants' cause after Judge Hoffman had delivered himself of a ruling. There are even law professors who, sharing nothing of William Kunstler's outlook on life and the law, nonetheless wonder whether he should spend time in a Federal prison because, for example, on February 9, 1970, he "[accused] the court of being wrong when it wasn't."

Unless our courts of review become irretrievably reactionary, we should expect to see the Chicago convictions overturned on appeal.

fingerprinted and thrown into jail. Immediately, there was an uproar. Lawyers came flying into the city to picket the courthouse. Even the staid members of the bar got fidgety about this sort of treatment for one of their brothers. Judge Hoffman might do it to them sometime. The resulting stink made the judge back off, but he still wouldn't let Seale defend himself.

The Government's case was never very coherent—being a collage of testimony by police spies, double agents, creeping Toms, *provocateurs*, snatches of TV film and dull recitals of incidental material by lower-level political bureaucrats. And during October, the first full month of the trial, what shape it did have was shattered by Bobby Seale, who wanted to cross-examine witnesses and have the same privileges as the two defense lawyers. He would not give up trying to defend himself. Day after day, the judge would stretch his mouth and say, "I admonish you, sir, that you have a lot of contemptuous conduct against you," and the tall black man who wore a long-sleeved striped T-shirt would come back saying, "I admonish you. You are in contempt of people's constitutional rights. You are the one who is in contempt. I am not in contempt of nothing."

It got rougher and rougher, with the marshals forcibly pushing Seale down into his seat and Dave Dellinger interpos-

ing himself in his nonviolent way to prevent them. The defendants couldn't take what was happening to Seale without doing something. They were all active, articulate political men, and they began fighting back in a dozen ways. To show their contempt, they would pass out jelly beans in the courtroom or try, as they did one day, to get a birthday cake inside for Seale. The marshals, sporting miniature handcuff tie tacks, stopped them, thus prompting Rennie Davis to blurt out in open court—at the cost of a two-day jail sentence—"They arrested your cake, Bobby. They arrested it."

Dellinger seemed to be the most profoundly outraged at what was happening to Seale. This lifelong pacifist, a short-haired, old-school Christian socialist, who must have worn the same fagged-out olive-green sports coat every day of the trial, could not contain himself. He was the most aggressively abusive of the remaining seven throughout the trial, constantly calling Judge Hoffman a fascist, a racist and a liar. He got over two years for contempt because of it, but he showed no fear.

The others sometimes did. There would be days when Rubin would come into the courtroom with a spooked, frightened dullness in his eyes. Dellinger had already served three years in jail during World War Two for resisting the draft, so perhaps he knew what the

others couldn't—that he was strong enough and together enough as a personality to take years in prison. Some days he'd leave off trying to defend Seale and go on the attack, as he did on October 15, when he said to the judge, "Mr. Hoffman, we are observing the Moratorium."

"I am Judge Hoffman, sir," the judge replied.

"I believe in equality, sir," Dellinger gave back, "so I prefer to call people mister or by their first name."

"Sit down."

"I wanted to explain we are reading the names of the war dead from both sides."

By October's end, with Seale uncowed and the rest of the defendants in a daily rising fury, the judge ordered the marshals to chain the black man to his chair and gag his mouth. That didn't stop Seale, who was able to talk through the gag, which was then tightened with an elastic bandage. The bandage began to choke Seale and, in a courtroom of widening chaos, Weinglass asked that it be loosened, while Kunstler asked, "Your Honor, are we going to stop this medieval torture that is going on in this courtroom?"

Then the dialog went as follows:

RUBIN: This guy (*a very big, black marshal*) is putting his elbow in

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There are 20 A&C Little Cigars in the elegant crush-proof pack.

Have a *Little*. You can smoke it anywhere.

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Bobby's mouth. . . .

KUNSTLER: This is no longer a court of order, your Honor. It is a disgrace. They're assaulting the other defendants, also.

RUBIN: Don't hit me in the balls, motherfucker.

SEALE: This motherfucker (*referring to the gag, not the marshal*) is tight and it's stopping my blood.

KUNSTLER: Your Honor, this is an unholy disgrace to the law. I, as an American lawyer, feel a disgrace.

FORAN: Created by Mr. Kunstler.

KUNSTLER: Created by nothing other than what you have done to this man.

ABBIE HOFFMAN: You come down here and watch this, Judge.

FORAN: May the record show that the outbursts are by the defendant Rubin.

SEALE: You fascist dogs, you rotten, low-life son of a bitch.

DELLINGER: Somebody go protect him.

KUNSTLER: Your Honor, we would like the names of the marshals. We are going to ask for a judicial investigation of the entire condition and the entire treatment of Bobby Seale.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You may ask for anything that you want. When you begin keeping your word around here that you gave the court, perhaps things can be done.

KUNSTLER: I feel so ashamed.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You should be ashamed.

At the end of the trial, this episode cost Kunstler three months of his four years and 13 days in contempt sentences. That put him ahead of Seale, who got a flat four years when Judge Hoffman mistrialed him out of the case. It was then, just before sentencing him and evicting him, that the judge finally said, "Mr. Seale, you have a right to speak now. I will hear you."

The incredulous Seale asked, "For myself? How come I couldn't speak before?"

"This," the judge answered him in his clipped way, "is a special occasion."

Then the fact that he was about to go to jail—without even a trial—for exercising what he thought were his rights clicked inside Bobby Seale's head and the astonished man replied, "Wait a minute. You are going to attempt to punish me for attempting to speak out for myself? What kind of jive is that? What am I supposed to speak about? I still haven't got the right to defend myself. . . . Wait a minute, I got a right—what's the cat trying to pull now? I'm leaving? I can't stay . . . ? I still want an immediate trial. You can't call it a mistrial. I'm put in jail for four years for nothing? I want my coat."

That was the end of it, with the defense sympathizers in the courtroom shouting, "Free Bobby! Free Bobby!"

From then on, the trial was never the same; it had become a disaster for everyone. Humane people would remember Julius Hoffman as the judge who refused Seale his most basic rights; Foran would be remembered as the prosecutor who tried to convict a bound-and-gagged black man; the worst fears of the defense had become a courtroom reality.

Still the Government slogged on with its side of the case, a side that was profuse in details that proved nothing much. Only one of its witnesses testified that any of the defendants had been seen breaking a law, and that was Froines, who was supposed to have thrown a couple of rocks. Hayden was alleged to have let the air out of a tire, but this accusation was so trivial that it became a source of embarrassment.

The Chicago convention was relived on the witness stand—complete with the stories of bags of urine and spiked whiffle balls—but there was little evidence that any of the eight, now seven, had crossed a state line with the intention of inciting anybody to toss these execrable objects. Much evidence, however, was introduced to prove that in the midst of the Chicago battling, some of the seven had said inciteful things. Hayden was quoted as telling a crowd, "If blood is going to flow, let it flow all over the city; if gas is going to be used, let that gas come down all over Chicago, not just all over us in this park; if the police are going to run wild, let 'em run wild all over the city of Chicago; if we're going to get disrupted and violated, let this whole stinking city be disrupted and violated. . . . Don't get trapped in some kind of large organized march which can be surrounded. Begin to find your way out of here. I'll see you in the streets."

Rubin was cited as giving some "fight-the-pigs" talks, and there were examples of Davis saying things that might be construed as incitement to riot. With Dellinger, the Government lacked not only deeds but even words and was driven to argue that their absence was the proof of his guilt: This "architect of the conspiracy," this rough old pacifist was too shrewd to say or do anything overtly incriminating. "He won't say what they planned. He is very careful," assistant prosecution counsel Richard Schultz told the jury.

Had it been a state or a municipal court and an ordinary incitement-to-riot charge, the Government might have had a pretty good case against three or four of the seven. The charge, however, was a Federal one of crossing a state line with the *intent* to start a riot, and the out-of-state evidence was almost nonexistent. What the Government was really doing was trying them for the street fighting, for what they might have done in Chicago, not what they might have had in mind before they got to Illinois. The Government's case said simply that the



"Of course I was young once . . . that's why you're not going out in that outfit!"



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



"All my men wear
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"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."

defendants were revolutionaries, insurrectionists who wanted to overthrow every institution. And to prove it, much evidence was introduced—including speeches made *after* the convention, when they were, if not more radical, certainly more angry.

During the proceedings and in the months afterward, many people attacked the trial as a threat to free speech, but this isn't so. Over and over, Foran emphasized that what the seven said was constitutionally protected; it was coupling their words with political actions that made what they did felonious. The Government's position appeared to be that only orthodox, two-party, Democratic/Republican politics is legal; creative politics outside the two-party structure, politics that can bait the standard-brand politicians into making fools of themselves or bloodying people's heads, is illegal. The price for having psyched out Mayor Daley and President Johnson, the price for having baited them into losing their tempers and using force against the nonparty political extemporizers was jail.

Understanding the evidence and the legal arguments doesn't help understand the trial. To do that, you must also know the little nastinesses.

In his opening statement to the jury, Kunstler received a bitter foretaste of the hostility to come:

KUNSTLER: We hope to prove before you that the evidence submitted by the defendants will show that this prosecution which you are hearing is the result of two motives on the part of the Government—

SCHULTZ: Objection as to any motives of the prosecution, if the court please.

KUNSTLER: Your Honor, it is a proper defense to show motive.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I sustain the objection. You may speak to the guilt or innocence of your clients, not to the motive of the Government.

KUNSTLER: Your Honor, I always thought that—

SCHULTZ: Objection to any colloquies and arguments, your Honor.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I sustain the objection, regardless of what you have always thought, Mr. Kunstler.

The lawyers for both sides were always having at one another, calling one another names—unprofessional, mouthpieces, hypocritical. Foran and Schultz were especially maddened by Kunstler's talking to the press, in violation of an Illinois district court ruling that attorneys may not comment on pending cases—a rule that many legal experts believe to be unconstitutional. There were interminable objections when Kunstler referred to the defendants by their first names. Anything that might suggest to the jury that the defendants were young

and therefore forgivable irked Foran, who said, "They are not kids. Davis, the youngest one, is 29. These are highly sophisticated, educated men and they are evil men."

The judge was full of tricks that added to the conviction that he'd replaced his symbolic scales with a noose. After the prosecution had completed its presentation, he extended the court day, so that the jury had to hear much of the defense case when it was tired from hours of wrangling. He appeared to make it a denigrating specialty to mispronounce the defense's names, particularly Weinglass', who finally called him on it and got this response: "I have got a very close friend named Weinruss and I know nobody by the name of Weinrob and somehow or other the name of Weinruss stuck in my mind and it is your first appearance here."

There were long, self-justifying, self-pitying excursions of recrimination and rationalization addressed by the judge to the defendants and their counsel. Almost any request by Kunstler or Weinglass would elicit snappish, peeved responses from the bench, even the observation that it was half past noon and time for lunch: "I know, I am watching the clock. What does the man say on the TV or the radio? Leave the driving, leave the time watching to me. Mr. Kunstler, I will watch the clock for you. I will determine the time when we recess, sir. I don't need your help on that. There are some things I might need your help on, not that."

And always he worried about what the drama critics would say: "I don't try cases in the newspapers. I don't send letters to newspapers when they praise me, and they have; and I don't send letters of criticism when they criticize me adversely. . . . I have literally thousands of editorials back there in my chambers . . . that are complimentary about decisions I have made over the years. . . . It would have been so much easier to rise, wouldn't it? [Hoffman found the lawyers guilty of contempt for failing to sit down and the defendants guilty for failing to get up]. . . . I am an informal person. I may sound a little starchy up here, but I don't insist on deference that some other judges do off the bench. . . . You know, the Solicitor General of the United States, when he argues before the Supreme Court—this is rather a humorous observation, in the light of the tailoring in this case—he is obligated under the rule of court to wear a cutaway, a morning coat and striped trousers."

Although the defense called over 100 witnesses, it wasn't able to present its case. Partly, this was because people inside the courtroom and out considered the use of such witnesses as Judy Collins, William Styron, Norman Mailer and Phil Ochs dilatory theatricality, part of the plan to subvert the judiciary. But

once something may have gotten through, when Allen Ginsberg was on the stand reciting the damnation of his famous poem *Howl*: "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving, hysterical, naked, dragging themselves through the Negro streets at dawn looking for an angry fix. . . . Moloch! Solitude! Filth! Ugliness! Ash cans and unobtainable dollars! Boys sobbing in armies! Children screaming under stairways! Old men weeping in the parks! Moloch! Moloch! Nightmare of Moloch! Moloch the loveless! Moloch the heavy judger of men!" The little judge bounced in his chair and put a hand to his face; it was said in the courtroom that in New York, exorcists chanted prayers to drive the dibbuk out of him.

The poet, however, wasn't taken seriously when he explained what was working on the minds of the people camping out in Lincoln Park during the convention: "The planet . . . was endangered by violence, overpopulation, pollution, ecological destruction brought about by our own greed; the younger children in America . . . might not survive the next 30 years; it was a planetary crisis not recognized by any government . . . nor the politicians who were preparing for the elections. . . . We were going to gather together to manifest our presence over and above the more selfish elder politicians. . . . The desire for preservation of the . . . planet's form . . . was manifested to my mind by the great mantra from India to the preserver-god Vishnu, whose mantra is Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Krishna, Krishna, Hare, Hare, Rama, Hare Rama, Rama, Rama, Hare Hare."

As Ginsberg's voice filled the courtroom—which Abbie Hoffman had called "wall-to-wall bourgeois"—one of the marshals jumped to his feet and went into his jacket, as if going for his gun; and the prosecution plunged into altercations about Sanskrit and relevance until Ginsberg uttered two long, universal O-O-M-M-M-M-Ms, which brought Foran to his feet, saying, "All right, we have had a demonstration. From here on, I object."

"You haven't said that you objected," Judge Hoffman commented.

"I do after the second one," Foran replied. "I have no objection to the two OMs that we have had. However, I [don't] want it to go on all morning."

Judge Hoffman, feeling equally playful, added, "The two OMs may remain of record and he may not continue to answer in the same vein." But Ginsberg did OM a little later on—to calm the judge and the lawyers after the judge had gotten into another snit because he wasn't getting enough respect from the defense.

The use of people like Ginsberg to establish the state of mind and therefore the intent of the seven was a complete

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failure. The cross-examination was mostly given over to a refined form of fag baiting. Kunstler put Abbie Hoffman and Rennie Davis on the witness stand, so that they might explain their state of mind and intent. But the judge interpreted the rules of admissible evidence in the narrowest possible way. Davis' struggle to be allowed to answer the question the way he wanted resulted in 43 warnings from Judge Hoffman—and, ultimately, six months in jail.

Although the Chicago seven's political opponents use the contempt citations to show they were trying to clown and wisecrack the court into ruin, the preponderate number of citations arose out of Bobby Seale's treatment and their losing attempt to get their case on the record. Here is one example of what put Davis in jail:

FORAN: The whole activities of your planning with these defendants were designed to cause the President of the United States to call out the troops to protect the convention, isn't that correct, sir?

DAVIS: No. The objective was to try to get rid of the troops.

FORAN: I object, your Honor, to anything but no.

DAVIS (*persisting*): To try to stop the use of troops.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: I sustain the objection. . . . I again order the witness to answer the question and don't go beyond the question. You do hear well, don't you? You hear me?

DAVIS: Yes. It is just when a man destroys my meaning, I feel obligated to—

JUDGE HOFFMAN: You must conform to the rules, to the law.

DAVIS: I took an oath here to tell the whole truth and that's what I'm trying to do.

JUDGE HOFFMAN: And you will conform to the rules of evidence.

DAVIS: Are the rules of evidence in conflict with the truth?

FORAN: Five hundred years of the law, your Honor, says that they help find the truth, and this is why we have them.

KUNSTLER: Two hundred years of the law said slavery was valid in this country.

These wrestling matches piled up time in jail for Davis—while showing the hopelessness of judicial proceedings that try to convict men for their state of mind, their opinions, their beliefs.

Having been unable to get much evidence as to intent on the record through direct testimony, the defense tried documents. Many were admitted, but the judge refused to allow into evidence the application for a permit to use Soldiers Field as a meeting place. More seriously, he disallowed a 21-page memorandum that Davis and Hayden had written be-

fore the convention. This memo spelled out various kinds of thinking about what the demonstrators might do when they got to Chicago. It said, for instance, that "A coalition of poverty-rights organizations in one region might surround the Conrad Hilton, a downtown Chicago hotel, on the morning of the 26th to greet the delegates with leaflets demanding 15 billion dollars to end poverty. . . . The final funeral march on the convention, beginning as the first ballot is taken, should bring 500,000 people demanding a choice on the issues of peace and justice, citizens who have to 'make the democratic process work' by pinning the delegates in the International Amphitheater until a choice is presented to the American people." As documentary evidence of intent, the memo was important, but the judge threw it out. This was too much for Davis, who blurted out, "You never read it. I was watching you. You read two pages. . . . he didn't read the document. I watched him. He never looked at it." This cost him two more months in jail.

In ruling the way he did, the judge may have been legally correct. Lay people think of law as a clear set of rules that can be evenly applied, when, in reality, it's a large mass of technical notions and exceptions that can be used as rationalizations for decisions that are politically or socially motivated. This is what killed the defense's last line of approach, an attempt to prove an alternate theory of what happened in Chicago. As Kunstler said, "One way you can get your client off is not by proving that he's innocent but that somebody else is guilty."

Kunstler proposed to do that with Mayor Daley. "The person responsible for what happened in Chicago, whether acting alone or in concert with other people, is Mayor Richard J. Daley," he told the court. "We have attempted in every way possible to state our fundamental defensive position that it was the mayor who caused the trouble, the bloodshed, the police riot and every other aspect which brings these defendants into court." So he brought Daley into court as a defense witness; but the rules prevented Kunstler from asking the hard questions that might have brought out the truth. In such circumstances, it's customary for a lawyer to have the witness declared hostile by the judge. This permits the asking of otherwise forbidden questions. Judge Hoffman wasn't buying that. He even ordered Kunstler not to tell the jury that the motion to declare Daley hostile had been refused. Kunstler did anyway, and 83 times, he asked Daley questions that Judge Hoffman ruled objectionable. That got him six more months in the lockup.

There was still one road open to Kunstler. If he could find some friendly public officials who might know what Daley had been up to and would testify

to it, he could prove his theory that it was the mayor and not his clients who did the conspiring and the intending. There were three such men: Ramsey Clark, the former Attorney General; Roger Wilkins, a former Assistant Attorney General; and Wesley Pomeroy, who'd been special assistant for law-enforcement coordination under Clark. These three had dealt with Daley and his police chiefs in preparation for the convention. But Judge Hoffman refused to allow Clark to appear before the jury. Wilkins and Pomeroy he let on the witness stand but forbade any testimony about the mayor. Pomeroy's off-the-witness-stand recital of what went on might well have destroyed the prosecution's case. "The entire fiasco in Chicago," he declared, "was almost solely the responsibility of a stubborn, unwise Mayor Daley, who emasculated his police command. I went there twice before the convention as a messenger from the Attorney General, asking Daley to let somebody from the Government negotiate with somebody from the mobilization. He didn't hear the message. The one thing Mayor Daley said was that if the Justice Department really wanted to help, it could let him know when those out-of-town agitators were coming into Chicago so he could take care of them."

More contempt citations—and more time in jail—were issued as a consequence of the Ramsey Clark decision but the defense was lost, its best case never put to the jury. Nothing remained for the seven but to make their gallows speeches. Jerry Rubin called Judge Hoffman a sadist. Rennie Davis said, "We are going to turn the sons and daughters of the ruling class in this country into Viet Cong." Tom Hayden asked: "If you didn't want to make us martyrs, why did you do it? If you wanted to keep it cool, why didn't you give us a permit? You know, if you had given us a permit, very little would have happened in Chicago. . . . We would hardly be notorious characters if they had left us alone in the streets of Chicago. It would have been testimony to our failure as organizers." Abbie Hoffman told the court, "It's only fitting that if you went to the South and fought for voter registration and got arrested and beaten 11 or 12 times on those dusty roads for no bread; it's fitting that you be arrested and tried under a civil rights act. . . . I am not made to be a martyr. I tried to sign up a few years ago when I went down South. They ran out of nails. What was I going to do? So I ended up being funny."

But the end of the end came when Dellinger was being sentenced for contempt. His sports coat was smeared with some kind of white goo he'd picked up in the jailhouse where the judge had sent him after revoking his bail. "You want us to be like good Germans, supporting the evils of our decade," he was saying, while the loquacious old judge



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commanded, "Mr. Marshal, I will ask you to have Mr. Dellinger sit down."

Dellinger wouldn't. "You want us to stay in our place like black people were supposed to stay in their place, like poor people—"

"I will ask you to sit down," the judge said.

"Like children, like lawyers," he continued, while the judge said, "Mr. Marshal, will you please ask him to keep quiet?"

"People no longer will be quiet. People are going to speak up. I am an old man and I am just speaking feebly, but I reflect the spirit that will echo—" Dellinger persisted, now encircled by marshals, who kept glancing up at the judge for their next cue.

"Take him out," they were ordered, but the room had come apart. Natasha, Dellinger's oldest daughter, had her arms hooked onto the back of a bench and she was about to kick a marshal in the stomach. Michelle, her 13-year-old sister, was weeping, and Dellinger was crying out, "Leave my daughters alone!" There were voices screaming, "Tyrants! Tyrants!"

Kunstler, aged and radicalized by the months in this room, walked up to the lectern in front of the judge's raised bench and asked, "What are you doing to us, your Honor?"

The little judge was rigid in the leath-

er chair that was too big for him. Across the courtroom, down on his left, he could see six or seven people fighting; and directly behind Kunstler, he could look at Rubin shouting and making the Nazi salute as he hollered, "Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler! I hope you're satisfied."

Another voice in the crowd shouted, "You mocky Hitler"; but Kunstler spoke softly, leaning forward, one hand half raised in the beckoning gesture of supplication. "My life has come to nothing," he told the judge, who pushed himself back against his chair's high back, as though he'd like to disappear through it. "You destroy me and everybody else. Put me in jail now, for God's sake, and get me out of this place." The lawyer wept as he talked. "Come to mine now. Come to mine now, Judge, please. Please. I beg you. Come to mine. Do me, too."

The marshals threw people out and calmed the room down: one on each arm, they took Dellinger and led him toward the exit. He stopped and called out, "Right on, beautiful people, black people, Vietnamese, poor people, young people, everybody fighting for liberty and justice. Right on." They took him through the doorway, but he reappeared to say, "Not to mention Latin Americans," and then he was gone.



ALL THE MONEY

(continued from page 98)

horse five furlongs in one minute by the clock in his head, was deaf to music and had no taste for gambling. Moreover, he was so faithful to his wife that, in all the 20 months since he'd last seen her, he had slept with another woman only twice.

When he put down 40 cents for a beer, that was 40 cents' worth of bread he was taking out of the mouths of children, of which he had four.

Yet he'd been known to spend as much as \$1.60 in a single evening, just to keep an eye on Hector Vaes at the Silver Horseshoe. For though Vaes was ten years the senior of Casa, the younger man had become his protector.

Vaes, in return, read books, magazines and newspapers to Casaflores in both English and Spanish.

Clarence Houssayen, himself having picked up the fundamentals of reading and writing, suspected Casaflores of feigning illiteracy.

"Read what it tell here," he was now demanding of Casaflores, handing him the sports section of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

"How this man goin' read *your* paper?" Vaes laughed lightly. "He cannot read even his own."

Yet Casaflores put a finger directly upon the results of the fourth race of the previous night.

"It tell here Jazzbow pay fourteen-forty with Casaffor' up," he reported. "Here it tell Scatterbug pay twelve dolla' straight, Casaffor' up." He handed the charts to Vaes. "Where it tell there how many Houssayen win las' night? *That* boy make money like crazy, I hear."

"I made more money in one month in the port of New Orleans than you've made your whole life," Houssayen let both Casaflores and Vaes know.

"I never make one damned dime in *that* port," Casaflores conceded. Then, noticing Flowerree, turned to Vaes: "Here that fella pop some Mexican pretty good shot in the nose. Watch out when you pass this fella in the stretch—he gonna pop you a good one, too!"

Flowerree nodded to Houssayen and turned toward the back room. Houssayen followed him to a corner table.

"That horse tied the track record out there this morning, Dad," he told the Cajun.

Being a man in his middle 30s, Houssayen wasn't particularly pleased to be called Dad by a rider himself old enough to be killing the grass.

"What's runnin' in the mornin' got to do with runnin' under lights?"

"That's *just* what it got to do with, old buddy"—Flowerree changed his tone—"the light at the clubhouse turn. *That's* the shadow that horse been jumpin'. Can



"Either we're about to take part in an interplanetary 'first' or it's just the old take-me-to-your-leader bit."

I but get him to the rail before he hit that turn, it'll be wire to wire. Casa'll look like he's standin' still—and that horse is going to be the price horse in the field. Old buddy."

"You might ask the Racing Commission to turn off the power when you have a mount."

Flowerree put down his irritation by tilting his helmet back off his forehead.

"Catfish just clocked the horse in one forty-one," he explained. "but she didn't catch the shadow jump. I figure him one thirty-nine flat tomorrow night."

"Why not just use a one-eyed blinker and a shadow roll?" Houssayan inquired, becoming serious at last. "I can't afford to git into no more of your jock-room brawls, Flower. Rememba, I'm on track parole."

"The horse won't run with equipment," Flowerree filled the Cajun in. "Besides, if that redhead sniffs something's up, she'll have the word out all over the barn area. She'll drop the odds."

A gaunt, begoggled apparition materialized beside their table, holding out a handful of programs. Houssayan paid it a quarter for one. Yet the apparition merely stood looking sorrowfully at the coin in his palm.

"It's how much I pay for them myself," the apparition grieved. "There are folks here give me nickel extry for bringing them in early."

"Let's go to my place," Houssayan suggested.

Flowerree handed the peddler a nickel and they left.

The tack room in which Houssayan slept contained an Army cot, a calendar that bounced against the wall when he switched his floor fan on, a tack box the size of a sea trunk, socks drying on a line, coffee-stained cups of plastic, empty Coke bottles, Spanish riding boots and flies that buzzed and mated as contentedly as though they'd never known any other home.

"I can make you the connection for a hundred-to-win ticket," Houssayan came right to the point, "but I can't promise to git you *inside*. Only God can git you to the rail."

"If you're on the rail, I won't need God," Flowerree assured the Cajun.

"I won't be on the rail. If the Mexican thief don't git it, Josohino or D'Arcia'll git it. Which come to the same thing."

"Or Vaes," Flowerree saw the opening.

"Even worse," the Cajun warned Flowerree, "the son of a bitch can't ride a lick—but he'll bump you over the rail to let his Dago buddy git the jump."

Flowerree brightened up at that. "Why, that's where *you* come in, old buddy—or did you think you'd be holding a hundred-to-win ticket on me for setting on top of a horse? It don't matter wheth-

er it's Casa or D'Arcia or Josohino or Vaes, you thwack that cat coming out of the gate—*thwack!*—like *that*" (he smacked the palm of his right hand with his left) "and I got the inside. When I get him past the light, I let him out. We'll leave the field tied to the rail, old buddy!"

Clarence Houssayan's pillified face looked out from the shadow of his helmet like that of a starving dog from a closet. He made the dry, choking sound in his throat that, with Clarence Houssayan, passed for inordinate merriment.

"What the hell you think I *am*, buddy?" he asked Flowerree, "the Confederate cavalry? How many them damn horses you think I can cut out? I don't even know what that Mexican is riding."

"Moon River."

"You *cain't* hook Moon River," he assured Flowerree. "I *know*. I've rode him myself. He runs from behind. How you goin' to hook a horse runnin' *behind*? You hook a horse *between* horses, when he try to git out front early. By the time the Mexican let Moon River run, whole field be strung out."

Houssayan stood up to indicate the discussion was done: "Cain't *nobody* hook Moon River."

Flowerree seemed to be paying no mind. He was scratching away, with a pencil stub, on an overnight sheet. Flies buzzed against the screen. The floor fan

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rattled as if ready to quit. The light was hot, but the shadows were chill. And the scent of instant coffee mixed with the odors of hay and manure. Flowerree handed his sketch to Houssayen and Houssayen read it standing.

He saw a starting gate numbered up to nine, with an H in gate four and an F in gate six, with a diagonal line from the H directly toward the rail and another diagonal, roughly paralleling it, from the F to the rail. With a crude representation of a clubhouse light purporting to be an eighth of a mile away.

"If Casa breaks slow like you say," Flowerree argued, "that makes it all the simpler. Then all you have to take out is Vaes—and you *know* he'll give ground. You won't even have to thwack him—he'll haul ass the hell out of your way."

"What's Vaes's mount?" Houssayen asked.

"Fleur Rouge."

"What do you think is the class of the race?"

"Port-O-Pogo."

Houssayen shook his head no.

"Fleur Rouge."

Then he sat down, the sketch in his hand.

A flash of heat lightning turned the room pale green for one split second. In that moment, two small, gaunt men, in leather helmets, leaned rigidly toward each other, with their chin straps dangling.

Houssayen looked up when the flash was done.

"You're a mean little bastard, aren't you?" he asked Flowerree.

"I have my reasons," Flowerree replied.

. . .

Red's Big Red hung his great sad head across the stall webbing, shifting his forelegs, forth and back, in a slow, restive dance. A small floor fan whispered a changeless rhythm to his slow horse dance. While ruffling the feathers of a rust-colored rooster who shared the stall with the horse.

The rooster belonged to Big Red, not to Kate. She put up with the sorry bird because the horse was attached to it. When you're the owner of a one-horse stable, the horse becomes as tyrannical, in indulging his own moods, as an only child.

"Hold still, you long-striding son of a bitch," Kate scolded Red when he shied, pretending to be frightened by the brush against his flanks, but he didn't shy too much. Red's Big Red was a nervous brute who wasn't against cow-kicking her if he but dared. Yet he'd learned how, with one flat smack of her palm against his belly, she could bring him whinnying to his knees. He was sassier than usual this afternoon, because he knew she never knocked the wind out of him before he was going to the paddock.

Nor was the investment Kate had made in him altogether in cash. She was a woman who needed to minister to beings endowed less abundantly, in spirit, wit or flesh, than herself. She might have cared for retarded or disturbed children. She ministered, instead, to the spiritual and emotional needs of a great inbred four-legged neurotic, slightly retarded and perpetually disturbed. Warming, cooling, calming, currying, combing, feeding, Mercurochroming and watering Red's Big Red somewhat satisfied her own need of being of use in the world.

"Hold still, I said," she told Big Red now, "if you want to be a horse, *act* like a horse."

That all her horses had been losers and most of her lovers had just missed being dwarfs, Kate felt no need of a shrink to explain. When you're a single woman cutting toward 40, you don't need a doctor to tell you to take what is at hand. And if you weigh 179 pounds and like men, chances of being cow-kicked by a horse are less than those of being kicked by its rider.

The horse permitted her to pick his hooves with no more than an occasional twitching of his hide. He was feeling well, she could tell, despite the heat. A hint of rain in the air, however distant and faint, always had a calming effect on Red's Big Red.

"This was the kind of day we won in Ohio, Red," she reminded him. "It began coming down an hour before post. By the first race, it was slop. By our race, it was mud—it was raining mud. Would you like it to rain mud again, Red?"

Red nodded. Nothing he'd like better than rain bringing slop that turned to mud. To send him splashing past all those chalk horses that had been leaving him behind since the last time it had rained mud.

"Get all the money," she blessed him and kicked his rooster.

"Frivolous claim," kept going through her mind all the way back to her trailer. Her life seemed now a sequence of frivolous claims put in by riders whose saddles she'd bought out of hock. Now her last \$50 had been spent to pay off for a man whom she wanted to trust yet could not. Because he trusted no one, not even himself. *That*, Kate reckoned on her trailer step, was about as frivolous as a woman can get with her last \$50.

The bed was unmade, the floor unswept. Pots, pans and dishes waited in the sink and empty beer cans rusted below. A week of Flowerree's shirts and shorts, mixed with her own underwear and dungarees, littered the trailer, front to back. Kate kicked a few pieces to one side, took a black-satin gown off a hook and a pair of red slippers out of the closet and slapped a floppy, flowered hat

on her head; then took the bottle off the shelf.

And there she sat in her foolish hat, in the slow soft darkening of day, watching the headlights, beyond the woods, of the night's earliest bettors making their way.

This was the early-bettor's hour, when the tote board's 200 shuttered eyes showed neither win nor place nor show, nor whether the track was fast or slow. But only waited, like a blinded brute in a soybean field, for those far headlights between the trees.

The leaf-shadowed light and twilit glimmerings returned, to Kate, lamps and glooms of times now gone.

She remembered an autumn that had come down the Mississippi like a cloud coming home to rest. And how, the following spring, the waters had come through the woods.

When the flood had ebbed, each tree had stood stripped of its bright April finery; bare, dark and separate in a sea of sour mud. There, in the sinking ruins of somebody's kitchen, the handle of an iron frying pan had loomed like a lopsided grave marker. Just the thing, the girl had decided, to pry the rusted lock off some forgotten river pilot's sea trunk stuffed with treasure. Plodding barefoot through stinking gullies, the girl had searched, among drowned roosters, and cats the blueflies were already at, for the magic sea trunk. If the watches in it weren't pure gold, silver would do. If the dresses weren't silk and didn't fit, wool would do and she'd cut them down. Catfish Kate took a swig of rye for wry remembrance.

Thirty years now since the waters had ebbed, and here she sat with manure, instead of mud, on her boots. And armed with less than a frying pan. What was there to show for all those years of hauling horses from bull ring to bull ring? Only a trailer on which a payment was overdue. And a tawny-maned brute she'd have to sell or enter in a claiming race, if he didn't get into the winner's circle before this meet came to a close.

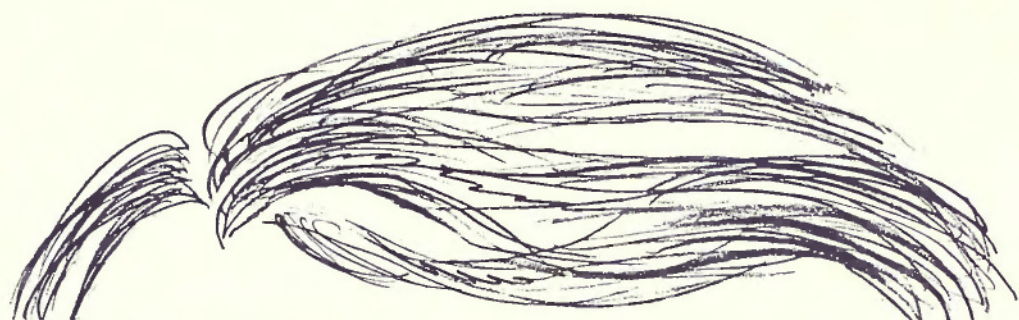
She'd had other horses before Red's Big Red, as she'd had other men before Hollis Flowerree. The horses had all gone lame or been claimed; the men had lost heart or gone bad. It had always been a simpler thing for her to keep her pride with a horse than with a man; and most of the horses had stayed with her longer. Some had even earned their feed bills; none of her lovers had paid his own way.

She slipped into her dark party gown, put her feet into bright-red slippers and began braiding her hair, à la Ann Harding, about her head.

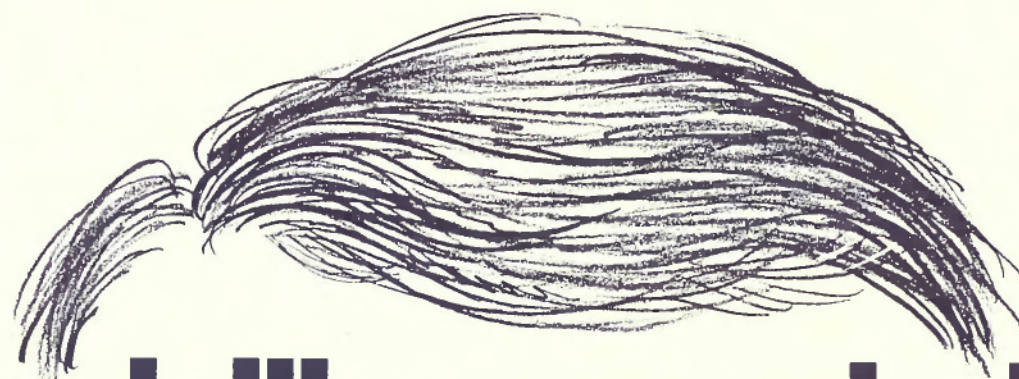
"Not bad," she decided, checking her reflection in the mirror. "I look strong enough to braid trees." She clasped a string of imitation pearls about her throat, clipped a pair of imitation jade



"I guess a reservation wasn't necessary."



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earrings to her ears and smiled for the track photographer.

Dressed for a winner's circle, if not for a ball, Catfish Kate went to lead her horse out of his stall.

• • •

Now, the horses had been tried too often against the same horses. Moon River had outlasted Sailor Kowal, Sir Wingding had easily outrun Moon River, Port-O-Pogo had overtaken Sir Wingding in a rush, Djeddah's Folly had nipped Port-O-Pogo at the wire, then Sailor Kowal had beaten Djeddah's Folly.

Elisio Casaflores had ridden the double twice around this bull ring of the summer night. Then Houssayen had begun getting the jump on everybody, especially Casaflores. So Vaes had held Houssayen's saddled cloth long enough to let Casaflores get the jump and bring in a route horse at 40-to-1, and Houssayen had told Hollis Flowerree that Mexican gets the best of it every time.

Then Casaflores, Flowerree and Houssayen had come down the stretch stride for stride in a three-horse photo that had sent the tote board flashing 4-7-1-4-7-1 on and off and on, while the P. A. system had cried out most pitifully, "Will owner of red Corvair, Illinois license number DJ 5485, come to your car; motor is running doors are locked," and each sad scuffler said, "I'm glad it ain't me," till the Mexican thief won the photo.

So Flowerree had broken Casaflores' nose in that jock-room brawl. Vaes swore Houssayen had pinned Casa's arms, a jockey's valet had claimed the Mexican swung first, Josohino asked Vaes why he'd just stood by, the clerk of scales said, "Leave me out of this," and the woman who sold popcorn under the stands said, "I never seen such a mob of popcorn-eating motherfuckers my whole born days."

That's one time the Mex got the worst of it, Houssayen had congratulated Flowerree.

Keep your saddled cloth tucked in, Cajun, Flowerree had told Houssayen.

But Djeddah's Folly is moving up in class, the horse degenerates swiftly explained, while Port-O-Pogo is moving down. First bet the breeding, each agreed, then bet the speed. "Breeding is best and wish for the rest."

Sure enough, the Mexican thief began beating everyone, especially the apprentice rider Bethea. And every night, when the small amber lamps of the paddock came up, the word went out: *Watch out for Bethea, watch out for Houssayen, watch out for Josohino and Flowerree, but mostly watch out for that Mexican thief and never forget that your strongest bet isn't on a horse but against it.*

The boardmen moved big bets away from the track while screening their ac-



"It looks like Mr. Gelber, but it doesn't look like Mrs. Gelber."

tion with small throwaways on other horses. They padded the machines with other people's money to bring up the price on offtrack wagers.

Till the big field lights came on in a blue-white glare and everybody warned everybody to keep in mind that a short-legged horse could outrun a long-striding one in the stretch if his hooves are weighted.

Then all old sad scufflers began milling about, saying look out for a gray on the outside post if he's wearing a shadow roll, speed up when you're winning, slow down when you're losing and don't sleep with anyone whose troubles are worse than your own.

Lay off the horse that's taped to its rump, they warned one another—it may be bandaged that high to keep the price up.

Some studied samples of mud kept in Mason jars labeled Santa Anita, Centennial Race Track or Yakima Meadows. Some bet the stable and some bet the

trainer and some stayed at home if the sun was out, sulking all day for lack of mud. Some stayed up half the night studying charts and turned in toward morning with a short prayer for slop.

Some went in search of tips in *Chronicles* and *Kings*. Some kept figures on rain, snow and sleet. Some knew that everything depended on wind.

Some waited at the sellers' windows with cash in hand, before the windows opened; others never bet till the flag went up.

Some balanced barometric readings against post positions; others rested all their hopes upon the depth of the dust.

While tiny tornadoes made of dust, chaff and rumor pursued each other tirelessly, around and around the abandoned track, all through the burning afternoons. Out of the chute and into the backstretch, hugging the rail or going wide, lugging in or lugging out, then into the turn for home: They made

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Playboy Club News



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JUNE 1970

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Remember Shay Knuth (left) and Helena Antonaccio? You met them both in PLAYBOY's famous centerfold. Like other Playmates of the Month, Shay (September 1969) and Helena (June 1969) are still in Playboy's fold, as Bunnies. Apply for your Key. And renew old acquaintances.

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a perpetual mimicry of riders forever driving to win.

Upon horses forever dumbly driven.

Carrying hopes of bettors who first lost their cars and then their businesses, then their homes and then their wives because they discerned daily doubles in the position of the stars. All was lost: Yet they went on handicapping the ever-changeable skies. And the dust devils went on pursuing each other around this bull ring of the burning afternoon.

Until the paddock pimps began filling in the turf-room touts. And old sad scufflers, long accustomed to rebuffs, heard of someone who'd won a big quiniela. Then they said, "I wisht that would of been me."

Saying, "Breeding is best and wish for the rest." Or "First bet the breeding, then bet the speed." Wondering all the while what in God's name they were talking about.

For nobody asked how much speed would count if the rider were bought and the trainer didn't care and the paddock judge hadn't heard that the groom had pried a calk just loose enough for the horse to throw it. Nobody reckoned that the rider could take the horse wide or, with the lightest of kicks just under its knee, throw it off stride. Or whether the bought rider might throw the battery away a furlong too soon.

As nobody seemed to know what his

next move should be when he went to collect his big offtrack bet on a long-price horse and found his bookie had just left town.

Gone on the arfy-darfy.

Never to return.

• • •

Catfish Kate had her own vanity: No other woman would have risked making a fool of herself by dressing for the winner's circle while leading a 23-to-1 shot to the paddock. Yet, after the grooms in boots and blue jeans, here she came, stepping lightly to keep the dust off her red slippers, wearing a black party gown and a big flowery hat with a red bow on its crest, leading a big-chested ridgeling.

When she'd reached the riders' bench, she looked for Floweree, but he wasn't waiting there. It crossed her mind that he might have taken off with the \$50 instead of paying the fine.

Then she saw him, leaning against the paddock, and he was in his silks; so she knew he'd paid off the front office.

But Red's Big Red decided, just then, he didn't want to race tonight, after all, and tried to turn back to the barn.

"Hold him, Catfish!" one rider called out.

In the paddock, she had trouble quieting him while he was being saddled.

"He's worried about his rooster is all," she assured the paddock judge. "He'll be all right in the gate."

"We once had a mare loved her goat so much we'd have to take him along to the paddock with her," the judge recalled. Then he cupped his palms and gave that barnyard shout, "Last bus for the Sunday-school picnic! Everybody up!"

The little men sauntered, in their bright silks, to their saddlings. Old sad scufflers peered through the gratings and said, every time a horse kicked the boards, "Boy, I'm glad that ain't me." Kate gave Floweree a leg up and Big Red wanted to leave right then.

Parading past the tote board in the British walking circle—a formality serving no purpose beyond heightening the horses' nervousness—Floweree kept his mount's head turned from the tote-board lights. Red had always feared the lights more than the cries of the crowd. He'd come out of the paddock dry and ready; but his hide would be shining with the sweat of anxiety after parading past the lights.

A wind as light as a winning quiniela drifted across the soybean field. The rail-birds saw, with mild surprise, a moon of the backstretch barely risen, which returned their looks with no surprise whatsoever.

A moon that knew, when the daily-double pay-off possibilities moved across the tote board like a line of Illinois Central boxcars, all possible results.

A moon that remembered the last time it had rained.

RACE

3

W	P	S
P	S	S

ALLOWANCES

Purse \$1900. For three-year-olds, nonwinners of two races. 120 lbs. Horses of a race at one mile or over since September 10 allowed two lbs.; one such race since April 10, four lbs.; a race since June 18, six lbs. (allowing races not considered in estimating allowances).

ONE MILE AND 70 YARDS

Track record: 58 1/2 Sec. May 8, 1949—1:41

Owner	Trainer	Jockey	Odd	THIS NUMBER
Green, white circles, white sleeves	A. Moon	J. Nightower	2	1
Green, gold diamond on back, green cuffs on red sleeves	A. Moon	J. Nightower	9	1
White, red "J" on back, red bars and cuffs on sleeves	D. Vandenbergh	M. Nichols	13	2
White, red belt, black circle	E. Mulvaney	M. Gibson	23	3
Red, white "H" on back, blue collar	C. Acosta	J. Acosta	8	4
Orange on back, blue sleeves	V. Leone	M. Sarno	11	5
Yellow, royal blue diagonal stripes	S. Harwitz	M. L. Nash	3	6
Black, orange diagonal stripes	C. Mathias	L. Mills	6	7

QUINELA WINDOWS FOR THE FIFTH RACE WILL OPEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THIS RACE BECOMES OFFICIAL.

JOCKEY STANDINGS

Jockey	1st	2nd	3rd
E. CASAFLORES.....	66	42	30
J. JOSOHINO.....	31	14	34
C. HOUSSEYEN.....	30	14	32
G. D'ARCA.....	29	22	22
T. BETHEA.....	26	22	32

Port-O-Pogo delayed the start of the third race by refusing to go more than halfway into his gate. Each time D'Arcia

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\$135

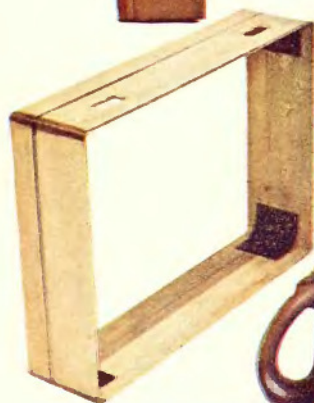
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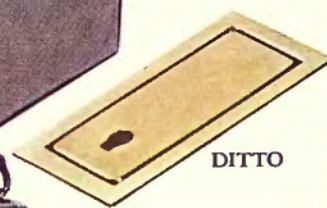


Interior crafted and tailored by hand and completely backed. Edges are turned and bound. Removable desk and file sections.



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There is a difference, of course. A big one. The \$135 case is made of imported industrial belting leather.

No two pieces of it are ever exactly alike. This leather is completely natural; no finish is needed to preserve its toughness and individuality. The case is bound in rugged rawhide and the interior is trimmed in rich gabardine with more belting leather. For unique luxury, nothing surpasses it.

Our \$45 attache is made of the finest, most expensive vinyl available. And because both of these pieces are Hartmanns, the craftsmanship is the same in each case.



"Golly, Professor Mayfield—I had no idea we were going to study the marital customs of other lands so thoroughly!"

got him nearly in, the horse would rear. Two starters, one shoving him from behind while the other hauled him by his mane, got the gate locked behind the horse at last.

The flag went up.

The flag went down and Pogo came out of his gate a full jump in front of the field. With Casaflores, on Moon River, crowding Houssayen on Lady Night just behind. Houssayen swerved Lady Night right into Moon River, thwacking Moon River's flank and throwing Casa's horse off stride. Houssayen cut for the rail and took off after Port-O-Pogo.

Floweree moved Red's Big Red into the hole Houssayen had made and cut for the rail while Houssayen was trying to catch D'Arcia. All three lead horses were holding the rail at the clubhouse turn, but Houssayen took Lady Night wide and Floweree moved Red's Big Red up. The horse was running willingly.

Yet, fearing to spend Red's strength too early, he didn't let the horse have full rein: Every length gained now would cost him two in the final drive. Four lengths behind him, Vaes was holding Fleur Rouge as tight to the rail as Floweree was holding Big Red.

"Port-O-Pogo by two," the caller made it, "Red's Big Red on the rail by four Fleur Rouge by two and a half in the middle of the track Djeddah's Folly and Sailor Kowal head and head. Flash McBride"—and got a laugh from the crowd by adding—"and the distant trailer, Moon River with his tongue hanging out."

He stood in the irons, doubled the reins in his right hand and slashed Red's neck while holding the mane in his right. The lights came up blinding bright above the wire, the horse swerved in fright and Vaes drove Fleur Rouge straight up onto Red's heels.

Fleur Rouge propped, flinging a blue-and-orange ball head over heels head-on against the rail: Vaes lay face down, his boots trapped by the rail and his fingers spreading to get hold of ground.

As the great shout slowly died.

"Rider unseated," the caller made it.

And a stillness came down like a great slow hand upon clubhouse and grandstand alike.

Vaes kept trying to raise his head but could not. He lifted his hands toward his goggles, then put them on his ears: He had heard the horses coming.

Josohino cleared him, on Djeddah's Folly, the horse's left hind leg kicking a spurt of dust into Vaes's face.

"Loose horse on the track," the caller appealed, "please try to make as little noise as possible, ladies and gentlemen, so as not to frighten the animal." Then

adding, like a sorrowing afterthought, "Ambulance to the finishing line."

As a wind went about tossing drifts of light rain into faces of winners and losers, all the same.

The crowd began moving back, murmuring as it moved, toward the sheltering stands.

Two groundkeepers raced to Vaes. One jumped the fence, but the other, a stout Negro wearing a red cap, tried to go under the fence and knocked the cap off. While he was recovering his cap, the other began prying at Vaes's left boot, trapped by the rail.

"Don't move him!" someone warned; and others took up the cry. Their cries broke the stillness and changed to troubled laughter.

While the *Inquiry* lights burned an angry red; and the numbers below kept winking:

1-1-2-2-4-4-2-2-1-1-2-2-4-4-1-1-

The ambulance was blocked by horses being led to paddock for the fourth race. By the time the car got onto the track and the stretcher-bearers had carried Vaes inside it, the pony riders had caught Fleur Rouge. And the crowd had grown indifferent to everything but the final result.

"A rider fell," a customer informed the popcorn woman, "his head hit the rail."

"If his head hit the rail, he'll lay there a spell," the popcorn woman decided.

"The boys were riding rough right out of the gate," he added. "Put some more butter on that stuff."

"I don't care whether that bunch kills themselves off one by one or in a group," the popcorn woman assured him, adding a shot of oleo.

"He kept trying to lift up his head," the customer recalled.

"I can always tell a killer," the popcorn woman let the man know, "because he don't have a sense of humor. And if he does, he laughs all the time."

As the vasty hollows beneath the stands rang once again with the cries of tip-sheet hollerers; and paddock lamps burned in the heavy air like stars about to burn out.

"The outpatients are out in force tonight," the popcorn woman mused. "There must be an arfy-darfy moon."

The ambulance siren had long faded before the tote-board lights stopped blinking. And the red OFFICIAL RESULT came on at last.

A1.	4.60	3.20	2.60
2.		10.00	4.00
4.			12.20

Floweree dressed slowly, feeling he had no further need to be in a hurry about anything. The crowd's cries came to him distantly. He glanced at the

framed photographs of riders on the jock-room walls and felt that, though he had once known every one of them, now he didn't know one of them anymore.

Walking back to the barn area in the dark, he saw the small lamps of the shed rows burning like harbor lights in a fog. He stood under a shed row, in the off-and-on drizzle, waiting for Kate to come through with Big Red. She came with her flowered hat sodden and the horse shining with sweat or rain. Her slippers were caked with mud. He had nothing to say as she passed him.

"Pay your own fine this time," she told him without looking his way. And led the horse around the shed row's corner.

That meant he wouldn't have the horse's owner to back him at the inquiry. That in itself would testify against him. Houssayen, being on track parole, wouldn't be any help. And the toughest witness of all would be Vaes, just by not being able to be there.

The light above the trailer door was burning and the door was partly open. He saw a pair of rider's boots, so down-at-heel they weren't worth toting about the country any longer. He shut the door and turned back toward the stands.

He watched the night's final event from the jock-room bench outside the jock room. He watched the horses parading past the tote board: The drizzling rain was darkening the riders. The course had changed from fast to slow, from dust to slop. And just before the flag went up, it turned to mud. When he saw them coming into the turn for home, they were splashing mud as high as the horses' heads. If Big Red had been entered in the ninth instead of the third event, he considered ruefully, there would have been no need of all that block-and-tackle work. There wouldn't have had to be an inquiry.

Mud, like everything else, came too late.

The riders came out of the jock room one by one, dressed for the bars. He let them all pass, from where he sat on the bench in the dark, until the apprentice rider, Troy Bethea, came out, and called to him.

The boy peered into the dark to see who'd called.

"Hi, Dad," he greeted Floweree warily, "what's your story?"

"What's the word on Vaes?"

"Bust his damn-fool back in two places. He got a good contract with a wheelchair. Lifetime contract." Then he turned toward the stands, where the lights were already going out.

How ghostly a tote board looks when all its bright windows have been shuttered. And all the races are done. As if no race would ever be run anywhere



"It's really ironic. My doctor told me to drink plenty of liquids and stay off my hands and knees."

again. How wan is a moon that still keeps watch though all races are over forever.

How chill the rain wind that blows over a field when no one is left in the stands but a single sweeper high in the stands.

And nothing remains of those figures that once moved like a line of yellow boxcars across the bright board. In a rain that stops, then starts again; like a rain belying everything.

The far lights of the barn area looked, to the rider, like lights of a land he would not see again. He turned toward the gate and only looked back when he was through it:

A line of horses, each one black and bearing a rider wearing black silks, was parading across the shuttered tote board.

One dark rider followed the other in a slow, funereal circle. He counted eight. Then, one by one, he saw them pass into the soybean field.

He waited a moment to see if they would circle back. Then knew they

would not. And turned away from the gate in a pelting rain.

The coldest that ever fell.

• • •

When tote-board lights go blind with dusk

And other losers have gone home

Above the grandstand's damp and glooms

A moon of the backstretch on the wane

Sees a jock whose silks are long outworn.

Whose hands once guided, whose wrists once eased

Whose fingers could gentle or warn or praise

Whose hands that commanded have nothing now

But to riffle dead tickets like bad guesses through.

A moon with a ruled-off rider's eyes

Lights his way to those rain caves and night-blue dives

Nine steps beneath the traffic's cries

Where raggified ruins and draggified queers

Emerge from The Street Where Nobody Cares.

Begoggled young band rats with boozified squares

Do-Wrongies, Do-Righties and coppers turned kuke

Mascaraed martyrs with Maybellined spooks

Whose triumphs don't matter, their losses remain

Left at the starting gate, all's one and the same

To a furlong of stiffs in a swizzle-stick cave
Though dressed for a ball they're draped for the grave.

Fevered informers or pandering cats

Whose gains are on paper whose losses are cash

(Whiskey is free to all who've just died

Others pay double though barely alive)

Straightbroad, boothbroad, headbroad or plain whore

Such fly-by-nighties as can't fly anymore—

Tea-talking strippers with compulsive old lechers

(The sick and the raging arrive in all weathers)

Keybroad and callbroad, cruiser or tout

Careless or wary, shut-in or shut-out

No one cries "Enough!"

On the Kiss-and-Claw route.

Some made of water and some held by wire

Some with their green years yet afire

When a cellophane moon casts a misting light

And pimps have given up for the night

The old jock hears the hooves of races long run

Down a stretch stretching back

Into dreams now done.

Under a paper moon wrapped by Du-Pont

Some on the nod and some on the hunt

Rider or bettor, thistle or flower

All come at the close to the same night-blue hour.

Where each stirs his bourbon yet none chunks the ice

Where each pays his money yet none knows the price

Where none are seen leaving yet new ones arrive

He drinks by himself in an understairs dive.

Here among cats of various stripe

Some on the heavy and some on the hype

Riders bought out or running to fat

The old jock beats the bar with a swizzle-stick click

"Bartender! Booze! And fetch it damned quick!"

Among bookies gone broke or with money to burn

Gone on the arsy-darfy

Never to return.



Only a "freak" can be
as accurate as Accutron.



Accutron Date and Day "R": Stainless steel case and band. Luminous hands and markers on silver dial. Date resets instantly. Protected against common watch hazards. \$165. Other styles from \$110.

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statistical exception. It's a watch that, through sheer chance, happens to be in an unusually fine state of adjustment. And therefore keeps time about as accurately as our Accutron watch does.

While we acknowledge the theoretical possibility of such freaks, we can tell you that your chances of getting one are just about nil.

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It's easy, when you have a tuning fork instead of a balance wheel.

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"CANCER" REVISITED

cyclists was still there, though not in the same condition as of old. I used to stop at Malmaison for a brief rest and a cool drink. I always thought of Napoleon as I quaffed my beer and sometimes, as a gesture of respect, I doffed my cap and bowed in the direction of the château.

For a variety of reasons, many of the scenes or locations mentioned in *Tropic of Cancer* had to be shot in other places. Some of the substitutions were exciting. One, for instance, in Montmartre, where the protagonist and his wife escape to a clean hotel after an invasion of bedbugs in some other hotel. What a charming spot, the Place Emile Goudeau, with its Hôtel Paradis! Having missed this sequence because of my late arrival in Paris, I came upon it accidentally one afternoon after a visit to the Place du Terre with Rip Torn. The whole neighborhood sanctified my memories of the good old days when Picasso and Max Jacob shared their poverty together. The atmosphere of the Place was one of calm and peace, unspoiled by the passage of time: in the middle of the raised Place a tiny fountain, giving the illusion of coolness and tranquillity; from the street below, the lame and the halt trudging stiffly up the steep stairs to seek a bench

(continued from page 135)

under a spreading tree; at the corners of the surrounding streets, groups of young Japanese squatting on the pavement, sketching the dilapidated old buildings with their toothless windows and grimacing façades. The old and ever-young Montmartre, alluring always to poets and painters everywhere.

One day, just as we were passing Nanterre, the chauffeur provided for me by the film company asked if I would care to see Bidonville on the skirts of the town. I have seen plenty of ghettos in my time and just before reaching Paris, I had paid a visit to London's East End, which is still a horror. But I have never seen anything to equal this town of empty tins, as the name implies. One couldn't even call them shacks, these contraptions that serve as dwellings for the miserable squatters of the region. Ghastly deathtraps, all of them. No heat, no gas, no toilets, sometimes no roofs. Water only from a standpipe near the road. From the road, this collection of "dwellings" resembled the forgotten ruins of some ancient village wracked by war and pestilence. Here live the outcasts of society, the forgotten men and women of our time. France, of course, is not unique in this regard. Almost all of America's big cities flaunt the near

equivalent. The difference, possibly, is that our ratholes, our deathtraps, are knuckled into the very heart of the city. *Tropic of Cancer*, with its jolly premonitions of doom and destruction, was a quarter of a century ahead of its time. The cancer was there, but we refused to recognize it. Now we are living it.

I don't know of any neighborhood in any city I have ever lived in that gives me the same deep, nostalgic feeling as the Quartier de Vanves back of the Avenue du Maine in Montparnasse. It was in this quarter that I spent much of my time in the early days of my long stay in Paris. Every time I return, I make for this neighborhood to visit old friends, old cafés, old restaurants. Though a few buildings have been torn down and others remodeled, it seemed to me as I walked the streets again that nothing had really changed. Streets like the Rue Vercingétorix, where Gauguin once had a studio with his Japanese mistress; or the Rue Raymond Losserand, formerly the Rue de Vanves, where I once lived; or the Rue Francis de Pressensé, where my old Russian friend Eugene Pachoutinsky still lives, are all engraved in memory. Though I suffered from want, my remembrance of those days is shot through with joy. There I learned what friendship means. I came as a stranger and was received with open arms. I had no name as a writer. I was just a nobody, like most of the other inhabitants. I was accepted by *le peuple*, which means far more to me than to be accepted by the elite. As every foreigner soon gets to know, *le peuple* in France is France.

This digression about the common people leads me back to the film, to an individual who played an insignificant role and to whom I was attracted from the moment we met. I refer to Alfred Baillou, who played the part of a night watchman at the *lycée* in Dijon. He was what one might call an ordinary Frenchman, if there is such a thing, and yet—I hope the other members of the cast will forgive me—the most interesting person I had the pleasure of conversing with during my visits to the set. Afflicted as a boy by some strange ailment, he had been bedridden for ten years. When he recovered, he learned to do all the things a normal person could do, despite his very short stature and curvature of the spine. Eventually, he found his way into the films, playing all manner of strange roles and performing stunts that were daring and foolhardy. At any rate, as I shook hands with him on our first meeting, I felt that I was gazing into the face of an angel. I sensed immediately that he was an unusual individual; the rapport was instantaneous. His face was luminous, his expression always radiant. We talked as people talk who have known each other for years. I found that he had traveled far and wide, that he had found



Donald Killy

"Forgive me, Cesar Chavez, but I've gotta have a grape."

illumination in India and that, like myself, he was drawn to the arcane and the occult.

Readers of *Tropic of Cancer* may recall that I devoted some of the most poetic passages in the book to the scene in which the night watchman at the *lycée* in Dijon makes his rounds. Here, now, in the person of Monsieur Baillou was that silent guardian of the peace. (Unfortunately, owing to the limitations imposed by the film, he was deprived of his romantic setting. One catches only glimpses of him on the screen, opening and shutting the door for someone.)

I must also say a word in passing about Ellen Burstyn, who played the role of Mona. During our conversations at Mahmaison, I was surprised and delighted to discover how penetrating was her understanding of the character I had painted in the book. She had followed her throughout the other books in which she appears and, I gathered, had identified with her. Physically and in other ways, I discovered that there were some striking resemblances between her and the real Mona. In one of our talks, she ventured the opinion that to her, Mona was the most wonderful woman—or the most complete portrait of a woman—she had ever encountered in her reading. I mention this because my European readers are constantly writing me to inquire whatever happened to the real

Mona. Women, particularly, seem to be fascinated by her. From these letters, I get the impression that Mona lived to the full what most women only dream of doing. In her, they find completion. To those who are still curious about this character, let me add that an opportunity will soon be given them to see a photograph of the real Mona as once she was—in a documentary film by Robert Snyder called *The Henry Miller Odyssey*.

In every interview, and I gave many during those two months of filming, I was asked the same question: How do you find Paris today? I think it must be obvious that I find it still the same magical place it has been for centuries. Is it different? Certainly. But only on the surface. We, too, have changed, and not only on the surface. More and more, we are losing our ability to see things in their true light, to see as the poet or the painter sees. A city that does not change is dead. But even a dead city—Brugge, for example—can be exciting. What makes a city is the spirit of its inhabitants. The Parisian remains a Parisian, no matter how conditions change, no matter how much alien blood is injected into his veins. Either you like the type or you don't. He doesn't give a damn how you take him—that's *your* problem.

And then people asked: How on earth can they ever make a film of *Tropic of*

Cancer? The implication is twofold: first, that the book had no plot, no direction, no structure; second, that the sex scenes could never be shown on the screen. Today, neither of these charges holds water. Indeed, it is possible that a public that has been feeding on raw meat will find *Tropic of Cancer* tame, even innocent, like the author himself. One thing that I suspect audiences will not find tame, however, is the narration, taken word for word from the book. The eye may have grown accustomed to strange sights on the screen, but I am not so sure that the ear has had its fill of such straight language.

From all the controversy ensuing over the book's publication back in 1934, the public got the impression, I believe, that it was banned because it was a dirty, sordid piece of literature infested with gutter types who had no sense of shame or decency. There were critics who pretended that such language, such behavior, existed only in the diseased mind of the author. The serious *and* the comic nature of the book was ignored. But the film has preserved both these aspects of the book; the result of this fresh impact on the public remains to be seen. I hope it will be amiable; but if not, well, it won't be the first time. And I trust it won't be the last.



One of a kind



No other distiller makes his whiskey
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So no other whiskey has the same
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Or the same consistently fine quality.

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Say Seagram's and Be Sure.

Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey.
86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

RUM ANTICS

(continued from page 130)

spoon over ice cream or a tall coffee parfait.

Closely rivaling Jamaica rum in flavor is New England rum, one of the few that are distilled at a flavor-hoarding 160 proof and then, after aging, bottled unblended, or straight. Many of its faithful followers would have no other rum for hot or cold rum toddies. Now and then in a liquor store, you'll see a bottle of Indonesian arrack. If you've visited Java, you may have been exposed to this extremely aromatic straw-colored rum made from sugar abetted with rice and sometimes palm juice. It's a liquid spine chiller not recommended for drawing rooms.

Every rum roundup must conclude with the 151-proofs. Originally shipped from British Guiana to thaw out frontiersmen in the Canadian arctic, they're now distributed in more felicitous climes—wherever, in fact, the pleasures of rum are appreciated. Most of the major rum producers are now offering a 151-proof rum. But even with their extreme concentration of alcohol and flavor, the dry 151s from Puerto Rico will differ noticeably from the heavy Demerara 151-proofs. In mixed drinks, a half-ounce float of 151-proof rum is the perfect eye opener for anyone whose rum sense may have become somewhat jaded by the summer heat. In addition to its usefulness to the

barkeeping host, any 151-proof rum is a perfect agent for flambéing anything from kidneys to crepes.

Of course, one swallow of rum won't make a summer, but several swallows of any of the potables that follow will make the summer a good deal more pleasant.

TAMARIND COOLER

- 4 ozs. chilled tamarind nectar
- 2 ozs. chilled mango nectar
- 1 oz. chilled fresh orange juice
- 1 oz. chilled pineapple juice
- 1½ ozs. light-bodied rum
- ½ oz. 151-proof rum
- 1 slice lemon
- 2 large sprigs mint

Nectars such as tamarind, mango, guava and guanábana are available in specialty food shops or in shops featuring Puerto Rican specialties.

Pour all ingredients except lemon slice and mint into 14-oz. tall glass with 4 or 5 ice cubes. Stir well; add lemon slice and mint.

RUM CASSIS

- 1 oz. light-bodied rum
- 1 oz. dry white wine or dry vermouth
- 2 teaspoons crème de cassis
- Chilled club soda
- 1 slice lime

Pour rum, wine and crème de cassis

over rocks in 8-oz. tall glass or old fashioned glass. Add a splash of soda; stir; add lime slice.

STRAWBERRY FROZEN DAIQUIRI

- 1¼ ozs. light-bodied rum
- ¼ cup quick-thaw frozen strawberries in syrup
- ½ oz. fresh lime juice
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ oz. heavy cream
- ½ teaspoon maraschino liqueur
- ¼ cup finely cracked ice

This is a sweet after-dinner cocktail that may be offered in place of dessert.

Put all ingredients in blender. Blend at high speed for 15 seconds. Pour into prechilled deep saucer champagne glass or into old fashioned glass.

BOURBON RUMBO

- ¾ oz. bourbon
- ¾ oz. medium-bodied rum
- ½ oz. sweet vermouth
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- Dash Angostura bitters
- Chilled club soda

1 slice cocktail orange in syrup, drained
Pour sugar, bitters and a small splash of soda into old fashioned glass. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add bourbon, rum, vermouth and several ice cubes; stir. Add another splash of soda, if desired, and orange slice.

GUANÁBANA COOLER

- 2 ozs. light-bodied rum
- 4 ozs. chilled guanábana nectar
- 1 oz. chilled fresh orange juice
- Chilled club soda
- 1 slice small orange
- 1 slice lime

Pour rum, guanábana nectar and orange juice into 14-oz. tall glass. Fill glass with ice cubes to within 1 in. of rim. Add a splash of soda; stir. Float orange slice and lime slice on drink.

CHERRY RUM COLA

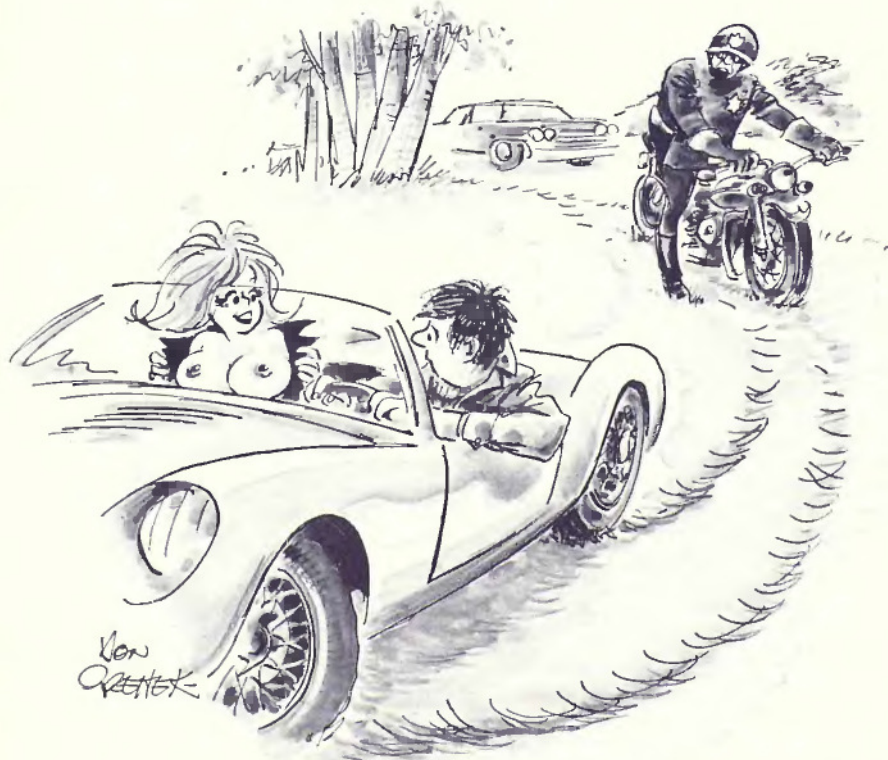
- 1½ ozs. medium-bodied rum
- ¾ oz. cherry heering
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice
- Chilled cola
- 1 slice lemon

Put 3 or 4 large ice cubes into tall collins glass. Add rum, cherry heering and lemon juice. Fill glass almost to rim with cola; stir; add lemon slice.

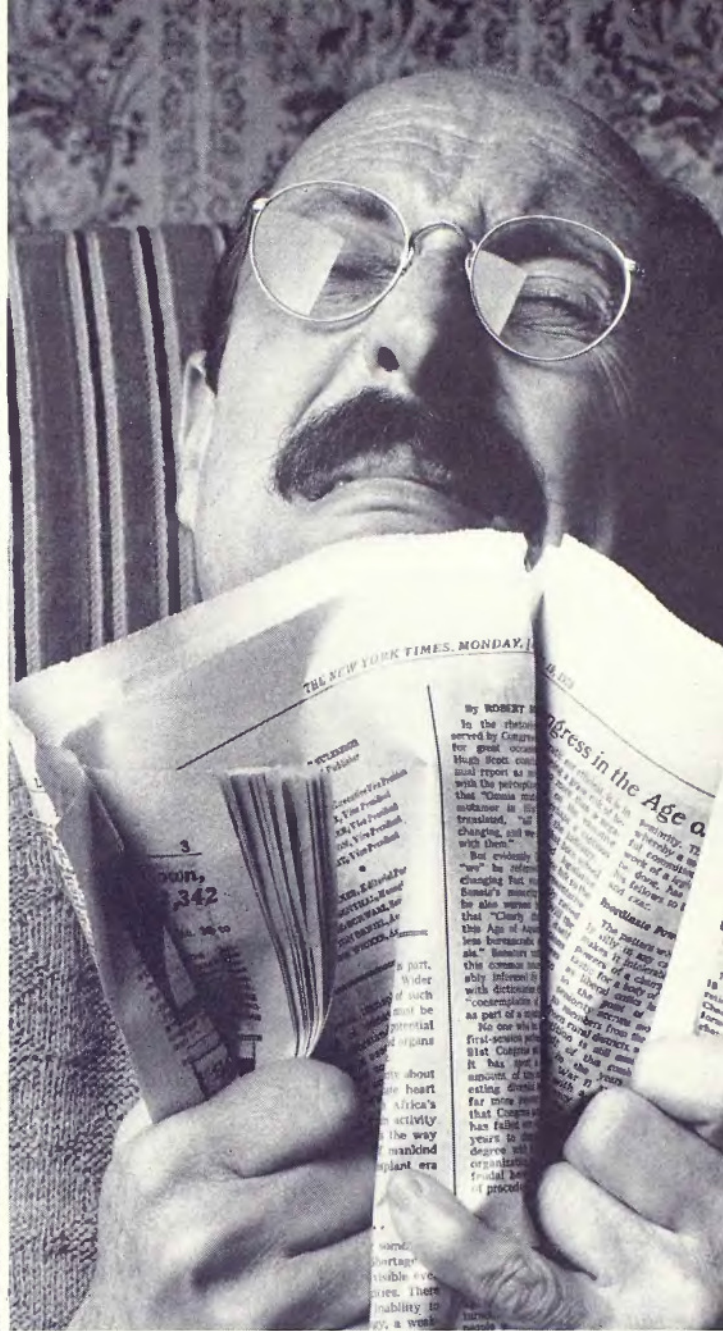
PLANTER'S PUNCH WITH FALERNUM

- 2 ozs. dark Jamaica rum
- Dash Angostura bitters
- ½ oz. Falernum
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ½ oz. fresh lime juice
- Chilled club soda
- 1 slice orange
- Maraschino cherry

Pour rum, bitters, Falernum, sugar and lime juice into cocktail shaker with 8 to 10 ice cubes. Shake dervishly, at least 60 times. Pour, unstrained, into 14-oz. tall



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glass. Add a splash of soda; stir; add orange slice and maraschino cherry.

BITTER PLANTER'S PUNCH

2 ozs. heavy-bodied rum
1 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon grenadine
½ oz. fresh lemon juice
Chilled bitter lemon
1 slice lemon

Pour rum, sugar, grenadine and lemon juice over 8 to 10 ice cubes in cocktail shaker. Shake extremely well. Pour, unstrained, into 14-oz. tall glass. Fill glass with bitter lemon; stir. Float lemon slice on drink.

RUM CUP WITH CHABLIS

(Eight to ten punch cups)

1 pint plus 4 ozs. light-bodied rum
10 ozs. Chablis or similar dry white wine
8 ozs. fresh orange juice
4 ozs. fresh lime juice
2½ ozs. orgeat
2½ ozs. Falernum
2 ozs. triple sec
6 slices lime
6 large sprigs mint

Pour all ingredients except lime slices and mint into 2-quart pitcher. Add lime slices and mint; chill 1 to 2 hours. Fill pitcher almost to rim with ice cubes. Stir. Pour into punch cups or 6-oz. fruit-juice glasses.

POLYNESIAN PUNCH BOWL

(Approximately 24 punch cups)

1 fifth light-bodied rum
6 ozs. cream of coconut or coconut syrup
1 quart plus 1 cup pineapple juice
3 cups fresh orange juice
8 ozs. sloe gin

5 ozs. white crème de menthe
1 cup fresh lemon juice
12 thin slices very ripe fresh pineapple
12 thin slices orange
1 pint chilled club soda

Pour rum, cream of coconut, pineapple juice, orange juice, sloe gin, crème de menthe and lemon juice into punch bowl. Stir until all ingredients, particularly cream of coconut, are well blended. Add a large block of ice, pineapple slices and orange slices and place in refrigerator about 1 hour for flavors to ripen. Add soda and stir lightly just before serving. Ladle into punch cups or 6-oz. fruit-juice glasses.

GUAVA MILK PUNCH

(Approximately 24 punch cups)

2½ quarts milk
30 ozs. guava nectar
1 cup light cream
1 pint plus 4 ozs. light-bodied rum
3 ozs. 151-proof rum
6 ozs. medium-bodied rum
¼ cup sugar
12 1-in. pieces lemon peel
12 1-in. pieces orange peel

Pour all ingredients except lemon and orange peels into punch bowl. Stir well to dissolve sugar. Add a large block of ice, lemon peel and orange peel. Place bowl in refrigerator about 1 hour for flavors to ripen. Ladle into punch cups or 6-oz. fruit-juice glasses. A delightful punch to serve the morning after, either before or with brunch; also pleasant on a lazy afternoon on deck.

Any of the preceding thirst quenchers will help you keep your cool in fine fashion as you turn the summer months into a delightful rum go.



julian bond

(continued from page 106)

and body are heavier. He is heading into his 30s and he is filling out, but the poise and the essential good looks are still there.

Bond was born in Nashville on January 14, 1940. At the time, his father, Dr. Horace Mann Bond, was president of Fort Valley State College, a small Negro school in a sleepy little town in central Georgia. Julian's father, who received his doctorate in education from the University of Chicago, met his wife when he was a teacher and she a student at Fisk University in Nashville. Mrs. Bond was an Atlanta Negro girl of good economic means; Fort Valley, Georgia, was, of course, a totally segregated town and the hospital facilities available to a pregnant black woman in 1940—college president's wife or not—did not impress her. So Julian was born in Nashville.

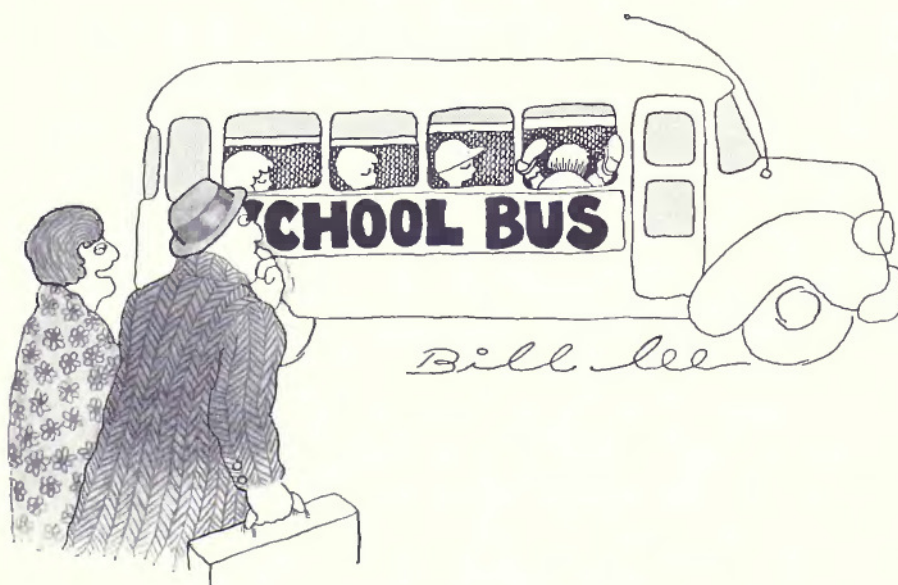
Thus, at his birth, a style of life was established that continues today; he was effectively isolated from the humiliations and inconveniences of Southern racial segregation.

His is by no means a unique case. Well-off Southern Negroes have always used their money to build a social stockade around themselves and their children, to isolate them both from the white society that shuns them and from the debased black society that shames them. (In a recent address, Julian's father, now director of educational and social research at Atlanta University, described Southern political leaders who have used their power to keep blacks in economic and social bondage as "brute makers.")

The classic Southern black stockade is the Negro college campus, and that is where Bond spent his childhood, within a quiet society of cultured black men and women and their families. At the age of four, he started attending an experimental nursery school for faculty children at the college, when God only knows what the four-year-old children of Negro fieldworkers a half mile away were doing. And when he was five (that was a very good year), his father became president of Lincoln University in Pennsylvania: the Bonds moved North.

Lincoln was a small town with segregated schools, but there was the same old campus stockade within which to hide. "We lived on campus," Bond says. "We used the gym and the tennis courts. My playmates were the other faculty kids. We all went to the laboratory school on campus that was used for teacher training. It was a very pleasant, very insulated life. To tell you the truth, I never really lived the life of a Southern Negro kid."

He left the stockade temporarily, and



"That's one of those progressive schools!"

for the first time, when he was nine years old. The Lincoln faculty decided the time had come to end segregation in the city's public schools, so all the stockade kids—Julian and his older sister Jane among them—became plaintiffs, and the state supreme court ruled in their favor.

Three years later, at the age of 12, Julian went away to boarding school, and not to your ordinary boarding school, where the lost children of divorced parents spend the winters walking around in shakos and web belts, carrying old plugged Springfields and marching in snow up to their tragic little asses. No, sir. Julian Bond attended one of your really high-class boarding schools, the kind to which people who are still married send their kids—the George School, Quaker, Bucks County. He was the youngest, the smallest and the only black kid there, but he remembers the five years he spent there fondly. He ended up as the goalie on the soccer team, did the backstroke on the swimming team, made good grades and picked himself up a high-toned Eastern accent (and a pacifist outlook) in the process.

By the time Bond was graduated from the George School, his father had gone to Atlanta University, the ultimate of all the Southern Negro stockades. AU is the South's best black school, a confederation of small colleges whose 6000 students are the sons and daughters of the region's intellectual, social and economic elite. It is an almost completely isolated world of its own, rather like a huge bathysphere that permits its inhabitants to exist in relative comfort deep within a cold, alien environment.

By 1960, when Bond was a junior there, studying comparative literature at Morehouse College, swimming on the swimming team and writing poetry for the literary magazine, young Southern blacks were on the verge of revolt, but they didn't know it.

"Except for a few verbal militants, there was no militant mood on campus," Bond says. "We discussed indignities, but never in terms of, let's do something about it. We seldom went downtown, except maybe to buy new school clothes, or to go to the Fox theater and sit in the balcony, because the local moviehouse was so filthy. But on the whole, there were so many attractions on campus, we simply didn't have to face segregation: house parties at big homes with swimming pools, and all the campus culture, all that."

All that came to an abrupt end in February 1960, when a group of black students at North Carolina A & T College in Greensboro staged the first lunch-counter sit-ins.

A few days later, Bond was passing time between classes at the Yates & Milton drugstore adjacent to the AU



"You will eat a tall dark gypsy fortuneteller."

campus, when he was approached by Lonnie King, a fellow Morehouse student, a big, good-natured Navy veteran whose natural impulse was to organize everything that moved. Bond barely knew him.

King had a news clipping about the Greensboro sit-ins. "Do you think it ought to happen here?" he asked.

"Well, maybe," Bond said.

"I mean, don't you think we ought to make it happen?"

"Well, maybe."

"OK, then. You take one side of the drugstore and I'll take the other. Let's call a meeting in front of Sale Hall for tomorrow morning."

It took them over a month to act. There were endless meetings, there were conferences with university officials. They ran an ad in the Atlanta newspapers, stating their grievances. They started scouting out lawyers and consulting with local NAACP officials. They went downtown and counted the seats in the lunch counters of the city's public-building cafeterias. It was, all in all, the quiet, timid beginning of a movement that ultimately was to produce today's black militancy.

Then they hit. Today, Bond thinks back on it much the same way balding insurance men in Omaha recall that, as lean youngsters of 22, they were airborne officers parachuting with their platoons out of planes over occupied France on D day.

"I was in charge of the group that hit the city-hall cafeteria," he recalls. "Nobody knew what to expect, whether the police would beat us, or shoot us, or what. I told everybody in my group we'd be out of jail in half an hour, and I really believed it. It was the first and only time I've ever been arrested. We stayed in jail for ten hours before bail

was arranged. I got out, went back to school and picked up Alice, who was in rehearsal for a production of *Finian's Rainbow*; she was a dancer. I drove her home, then went home myself and got up the next morning and read about myself in the paper. We all felt very proud of ourselves."

If Lonnie King, or someone else, hadn't suggested action, it is highly unlikely that the thought would have occurred to Bond. Although he had been annoyed and inconvenienced by racial segregation, it had never really touched him. But, given the challenge, Bond did it, he really did it—he recruited, he helped organize and he was a battalion commander in the first attack. Most important, Bond only vaguely knew who King was; but King, the organizer, damn well knew who Bond was. There are people who always get invited to parties and people who don't, people who always are counted in and people who always are left out for some reason, people who just *come to mind* and people who don't. Julian Bond always gets invited; he is always counted in, always comes to mind.

He was one of those invited to Shaw University in Raleigh, North Carolina, in the spring of 1960, when Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference called together student-activist leaders from Negro colleges all over the South, a meeting that gave birth to the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. By the time James Forman, SNCC's first executive director, had things organized and had directed SNCC's energies toward rural voter registration, Bond was a senior in college. But he wasn't especially interested in his studies anymore.

He was working as managing editor of *The Atlanta Inquirer*, a new, liberal

weekly; and in his spare time, he did publicity for SNCC. "After a while, I wasn't going to school anymore, so I just withdrew and asked Jim Forman to put me on the staff."

Those were the days when people like Bond still thought there was a chance to change things in the South through the use of existing institutions, when the likes of Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown were working in the black belt, helping rural blacks register for the first time. It was another age, an age of innocence. The Supreme Court had ruled in favor of reapportionment, Congress had passed the Voting Rights Act and the new Civil Rights Act, and suddenly it seemed there were all these fine new tools that could be used to pry open the segregated South. All that was needed was dedication, persistence, organization and courage. Wasn't it?

History will show that it was one of the last true expressions of faith in the nation's existing institutions by politically involved young people.

And, of course, they got creamed. They registered droves of awed and frightened rural Southern Negroes, and the effect of that is only now beginning to be felt in the South. But in the process, they were pushed around, they were beaten, they were murdered and their bloody bodies were buried secretly in muddy Mississippi dams. They were taught a harsh lesson; they were seeking power and they learned the hard way that nobody gives that up without a fight, moral and legal rights be damned. And, eventually, they were disillusioned, embittered and radicalized. It was that tough time that brought forth Carmichael and Brown, their eyes shining with hatred, poor babies, their disillusionment total and final. They had been ravaged; they didn't like it one bit, so they came out of the rural South screaming hatred and sounding the call to arms.

But not Julian Bond. At the time the others concluded that the only way to do it was to burn the nation and start over, Bond—well—Bond decided to run for a seat in the Georgia legislature. "I thought, hell, why not? It would bring SNCC into town. And, besides, it would really be an experience." Most of his old friends in SNCC thought differently. To them, there was not a lot of difference between running for the Georgia legislature and running for Grand Kleagle in the Belzoni, Mississippi, chapter of the Ku Klux Klan.

But Bond ran. He conducted a door-to-door campaign through Atlanta's District 136, a newly reapportioned Negro area, chauffeured supporters to the polls in his own car on Election Day and, in November 1965, at the age of 25, became the youngest member of the Georgia legislature.

Like all Southern legislatures, Georgia's is irresponsible. Its members pander to the basest instincts of their constituents, secure in the knowledge that whatever legislative monstrosities they create eventually will be subjected to corrective surgery by the good old reliable U. S. Supreme Court. So they feel free to play games, to mess around a little just for the hell of it.

Bond was not well known in Georgia and his election was the source of no special controversy. He would have been sworn into office without incident, except that a week before the legislature convened in January 1966, Sammy Younge, a well-liked young SNCC worker, was shot in the back and killed by an old white creep when he tried to walk into a white toilet at a Tuskegee, Alabama, gas station.

SNCC had until then taken no official position on the Vietnam war, although a statement condemning U. S. involvement had been in the works a long time. Younge's murder triggered its release; and when reporters asked Bond his opinion of it, he said he fully endorsed it.

All hell broke loose. In a state where defiance of Federal policy long has been not only legitimate but admirable and politically profitable, Bond's position suddenly became the subject of intense controversy. On opening day, the legislature swore in the other new black members but voted to exclude Bond, and, in the process, made him famous. He appeared on *Meet the Press*. Vice-President Hubert Humphrey came out on his side. In Washington, a group of U. S. Congressmen criticized the Georgia House for "a dangerous attack on representative government." In New York, a group of African UN delegates gave a luncheon in Bond's honor. And in Atlanta, Martin Luther King moved in.

King led a march on the capitol, demanding that Bond be seated immediately. Fifteen hundred demonstrators chanted, "You can do it, Julian Bond," Julian's father, a most dignified figure, among them; and Ralph Abernathy knelt on the capitol steps and asked the Lord to rough up the legislators a little bit. "May their nights be restless and their beds be hard, hard, hard," he pleaded.

God didn't intercede, but the Federal courts did; it took Bond a full year to gain his seat. Two special elections were held and he won them both. When a lower Federal court ruled against him, Bond appealed to the Supreme Court; and in December 1966, in a 20-page, unanimous decision delivered by Chief Justice Warren, the High Court said Bond's freedom of speech had been denied and ordered that he be seated. He drew \$2000 in back pay and, as usual, managed to keep his cool and his dignity through it all. "I'm happy and proud. I just hope I'll be treated like any other

legislator," he said. He was sworn in in January 1967, with his mother looking on.

Bond was pretty much out of the spotlight for the next year and a half, until the 1968 Presidential campaign. The only strong conviction he had about that, it seems, was that he was adamantly opposed to Lyndon Johnson. First he endorsed Dick Gregory. Then he agreed to go to New York and campaign for Robert Kennedy. And, after Kennedy was killed, he threw his lot in with Eugene McCarthy.

The McCarthy organization, such as it was, had taken a good look at the Georgia delegation, had realized it was hopelessly committed to Humphrey and had resolved to back a challenge by insurgents. Bond was not a leader of the insurgent group, but ended up being named cochairman of it, because—well—he always gets invited, is always counted in, always comes to mind. They went to Chicago demanding moon, stars and sun, demanding that a carefully integrated delegation of regulars be thrown out and that they be seated instead—but really expecting little more than a polite how-de-do from the credentials committee. Bond was as surprised—no, shocked—as everybody else when they were awarded half the state's delegate votes; and he was equally surprised to find himself suddenly thrust into a position of leadership.

The McCarthy forces decided to use the credentials committee's half-and-half recommendation as a test of strength. They moved that the whole regular delegation be unseated and replaced by the Bond group. The motion was defeated, but, in the process, suddenly a national television audience heard thousands of people chanting, "*Julian Bond, Julian Bond*," and saw a handsome colored boy being nice and polite during the whole thing.

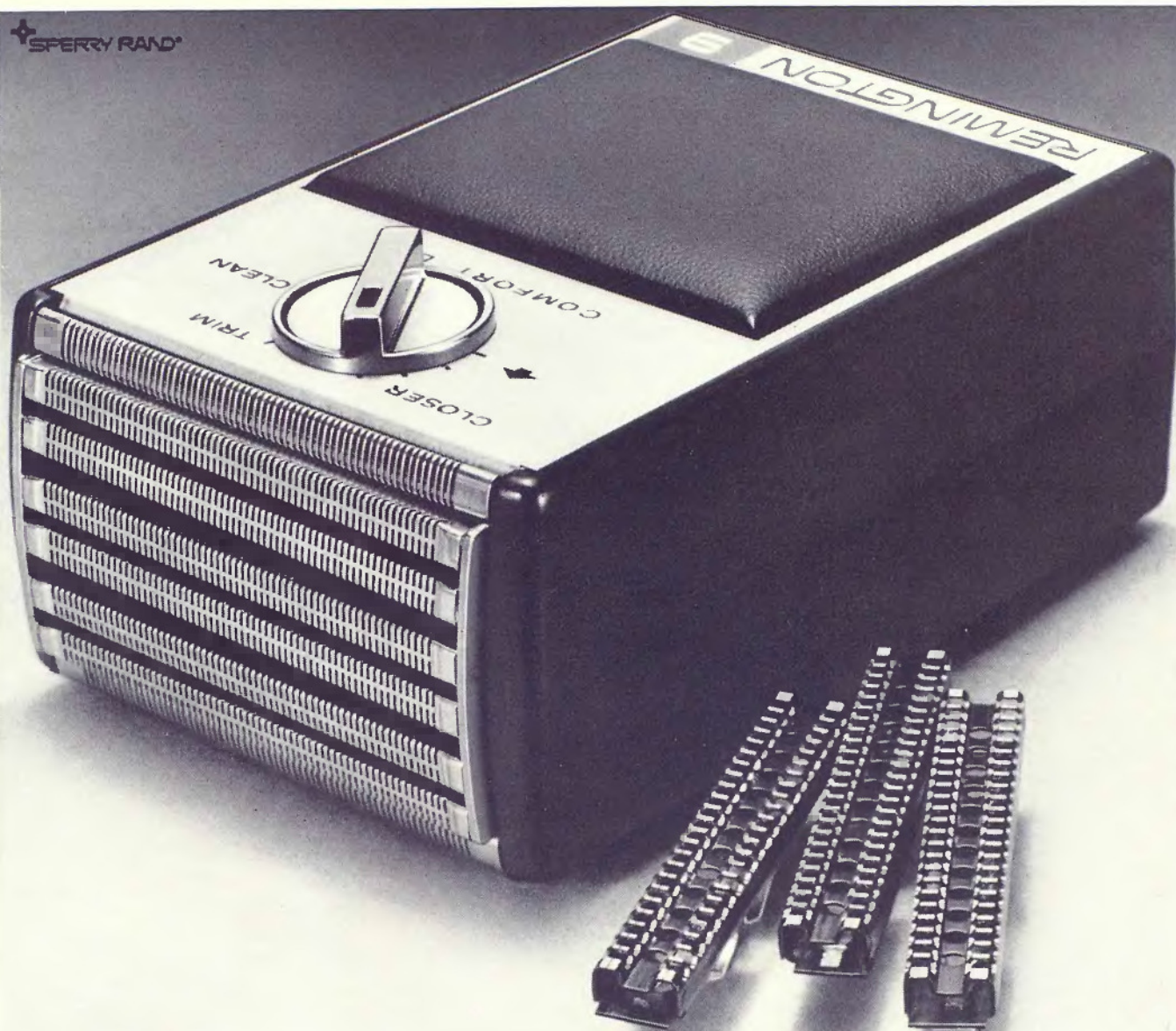
Suddenly, there was Bond at the speaker's platform, seconding the nomination of McCarthy. Suddenly, there was Bond himself being nominated for Vice-President. "We realized he didn't have a chance," said Ted Warshafsky, the delegate from Wisconsin who did the nominating. "But that wasn't the point. Bond stands for all the things the Kennedys stood for. It may be only symbolic now, but it may not be four years from now. He represents the wave of the future."

And suddenly, Julian Bond was famous.

He enjoys the fame. He enjoys the recognition and the money that it brings. He enjoys casually telling friends that, no, he will not be available for such-and-such an occasion on such-and-such a date, because that day he will be posing for an oil painting being used to illustrate yet another national-magazine article about him.

He is not a vain man, but a lot of flashbulbs have popped in his face and

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enough sound-on-film television crews have scurried before him so that he is perfectly aware of his celebrity. He is quiet and self-contained on all public occasions. That is his style; it serves him well, and he knows it.

Besides, it is his natural style, growing out of his natural grace, a product of his upbringing, a new style, a product of the times. Before Bond, Southern Negro leaders had about them a smack of the black Billy Graham—King James Version spellbinders they were. ("Talk, talk, that man can *talk!*" members of Martin Luther King's audiences at Ebenezer Baptist Church used to stand and shout during his social sermons.) They could take their audiences and make them sway and bend like field straw before a summer rain wind, make them *hum* and *um* and *amen* in agreement, make them stand and shout, kneel and pray—and march on city hall, when the time came.

But Bond is not that way; he is not a preacher. He does not exhort, not ever. Bond is cool and casual. He treats white Southern politicians the way handsome men treat girls they are after—with charm and understatement, and with the waiting game. To this extent, as far as style and its impact is concerned, Julian Bond is a black John F. Kennedy.

He has only a misty idea as to where the future will lead him. He vaguely desires to put together some sort of new regional, three-state political force in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, using as its fuel core the mass of newly registered black voters. But he really has no idea of how to go about organizing it or what to do with it once it is put together.

His fondest, most immediate dream is to be a United States Congressman. Un-

less somebody has blown the prediction pretty badly, the 1970 census will dictate that Atlanta must have two Congressmen, not one, and one of those will come from the black side of town. That is the job Bond has his eye on.

Meanwhile, he will go along pretty much as he has always gone along, taking things as they come. He drives an unprepossessing car and, because he receives occasional telephone death threats, sleeps with an old double-barreled shotgun beside his bed. It is hard to get his phone number and, anyhow, Alice won't answer it during the day, when he's not there.

Outside his own Atlanta district, he commands no political power in Georgia. But Georgia Democrats know that it is impossible for them to move their party into national affairs without taking him into account. So they circle each other warily, friendly and smiling, full of Southern political exaggeration. And Julian *misters* them all, but somehow ends up giving the nagging impression that he thinks he is not only every bit as good as they are but just a little superior.

Bond says that he identifies with Rap Brown more than with any other person he knows, because "he is the one really honest person, utterly without fear." But the two of them have taken different trails, and Bond's has kept him inside the forest. Some of his friends believe that he will get lost in there and never find his way out, that the forest will absorb him. But the truth is that he doesn't want to find his way out, because, he says, he is more effective working on the inside, integrated—after a fashion.



BUTTON, BUTTON

(continued from page 132)

"If you don't even *know* the person?" Norma said.

Arthur looked astounded. "Are you saying what I think you are?"

"If it's some old Chinese peasant ten thousand miles away? Some diseased native in the Congo?"

"How about some baby boy in Pennsylvania?" Arthur countered. "Some beautiful little girl on the next block?"

"Now you're loading things."

"The point is, Norma," he continued, "what's the difference who you kill? It's still murder."

"The point is," Norma broke in, "if it's someone you've never seen in your life and never *will* see, someone whose death you don't even have to *know* about, you *still* wouldn't push the button?"

Arthur stared at her, appalled. "You mean *you would?*"

"Fifty thousand dollars, Arthur."

"What has the amount—"

"Fifty thousand dollars, Arthur," Norma interrupted. "A chance to take that trip to Europe we've always talked about."

"Norma, no."

"A chance to buy that cottage on the Island."

"Norma, no." His face was white. "For God's sake, no."

She shuddered. "All right, take it easy," she said. "Why are you getting so upset? It's only talk."

After dinner, Arthur went into the living room. Before he left the table, he said, "I'd rather not discuss it anymore, if you don't mind."

Norma shrugged. "Fine with me."

She got up earlier than usual to make pancakes, eggs and bacon for Arthur's breakfast.

"What's the occasion?" he asked with a smile.

"No occasion." Norma looked offended. "I wanted to do it, that's all."

"Good," he said. "I'm glad you did."

She refilled his cup. "Wanted to show you I'm not—" She shrugged.

"Not what?"

"Selfish."

"Did I say you were?"

"Well"—she gestured vaguely—"last night. . . ."

Arthur didn't speak.

"All that talk about the button," Norma said. "I think you—well, misunderstood me."

"In what way?" His voice was guarded. "I think you felt"—she gestured again—"that I was only thinking of myself."

"Oh."

"I wasn't."

"Norma—"



"It's just your rotten luck they decided to get involved with society."

"Well, I *wasn't*. When I talked about Europe, a cottage on the Island——"

"Norma, why are we getting so involved in this?"

"I'm not involved at all." She drew in shaking breath. "I'm simply trying to indicate that——"

"What?"

"That I'd like for *us* to go to Europe. Like for *us* to have a cottage on the Island. Like for *us* to have a nicer apartment, nicer furniture, nicer clothes, a car. Like for *us* to finally have a *baby*, for that matter."

"Norma, we will," he said.

"When?"

He stared at her in dismay. "Norma——"

"When?!"

"Are you?"—he seemed to draw back slightly—"are you really saying——"

"I'm saying that they're probably doing it for some research project!" she cut him off. "That they want to know what average people would do under such a circumstance! That they're just *saying* someone would die, in order to study reactions, see if there'd be guilt, anxiety, whatever! You don't really think they'd *kill* somebody, do you?!"

Arthur didn't answer. She saw his hands trembling. After a while, he got up and left.

When he'd gone to work, Norma re-

mained at the table, staring into her coffee. I'm going to be late, she thought. She shrugged. What difference did it make? She should be home, anyway, not working in an office.

While she was stacking dishes, she turned abruptly, dried her hands and took the package from the bottom cabinet. Opening it, she set the button unit on the table. She stared at it for a long time before taking the key from its envelope and removing the glass dome. She stared at the button. How ridiculous, she thought. All this furor over a meaningless button.

Reaching out, she pressed it down. For *us*, she thought angrily.

She shuddered. Was it *happening*? A chill of horror swept across her.

In a moment, it had passed. She made a contemptuous noise. *Ridiculous*, she thought. To get so worked up over nothing.

She threw the button unit, dome and key into the wastebasket and hurried to dress for work.

. . .

She had just turned over the supper steaks and was making herself another vodka martini when the telephone rang. She picked up the receiver. "Hello?"

"Mrs. Lewis?"

"Yes?"

"This is the Lenox Hill Hospital."

She felt unreal as the voice informed her of the subway accident—the shoving crowd, Arthur pushed from the platform in front of the train. She was conscious of shaking her head but couldn't stop.

As she hung up, she remembered Arthur's life-insurance policy for \$25,000, with double indemnity for——

"No." She couldn't seem to breathe. She struggled to her feet and walked into the kitchen numbly. Something cold pressed at her skull as she removed the button unit from the wastebasket. There were no nails or screws visible. She couldn't see how it was put together.

Abruptly, she began to smash it on the sink edge, pounding it harder and harder, until the wood split. She pulled the sides apart, cutting her fingers without noticing. There were no transistors in the box, no wires or tubes.

The box was empty.

She whirled with a gasp as the telephone rang. Stumbling into the living room, she picked up the receiver.

"Mrs. Lewis?" Mr. Steward asked.

It wasn't her voice shrieking so; it couldn't be. "*You said I wouldn't know the one that died!*"

"My dear lady," Mr. Steward said. "Do you really think you knew your husband?"



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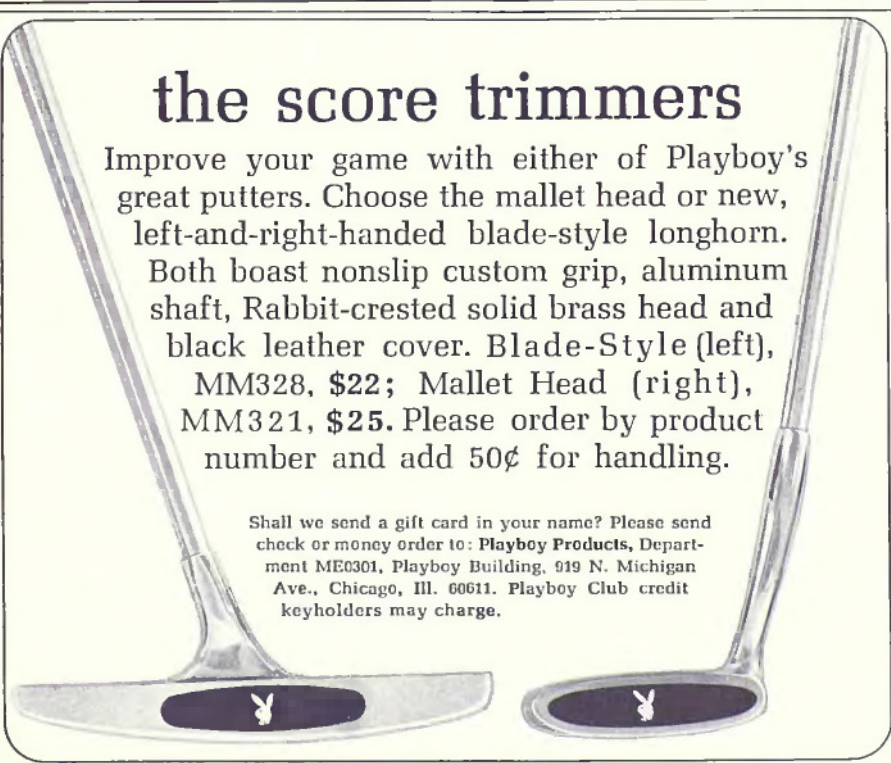
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THE SACRIFICE

(continued from page 150)

want to know? It's all very well for people like yourself to be liberals, mister. You live in districts, like where I picked you up, that niggers and Puerto Ricans can't afford. But what about people like me? Where I live, we're afraid to send our kids to school! I tell you, mister, the day is coming when the people of this country are going to take the law into their own hands. And when that day comes, the Ku Klux Klan is going to look like a ladies' sewing circle!"

Platt felt a fierce dusky elation in the pit of his heart at the prospect of the collapse of all hope for Mary Ellen's little civic groups. What an answer to the muggings, to the rapings, to the pilferings, to see stark corpses swinging from street lamps! But what he heard himself say was this:

"Do you realize, my friend, that you are filled with hate? Right up to the brim? Do you realize it's coming out of your very pores? That's no way to live, you know. Not only will it kill your soul, it will kill your body. The adrenaline alone can do it. You've got to get rid of some of that hate. Take it from one who knows!"

The driver had stopped for a light and he turned all the way around now, appalled, to stare at Platt.

"That's a hell of a thing to tell a man," he muttered. "What are you, anyway? Some kind of evangelist?"

"No. I'm just a poor hater like yourself. But I know what it can do to the heart. Take it from me, my friend, I know."

"I don't hate no one," the driver grumbled and was silent. But when Platt paid his fare, the man spurned his tip.

After this, he took the subway to his chambers. It was his theory—and one that few of his fellow New Yorkers would have disputed—that if one could love mankind in the rush hour, one could love it any time. It was underground, in the dreary stations, in the dusty cars, where every cubic inch of space seemed filled as instantly by clothed flesh as it might have been by rushing water, where men and women, dull-eyed and self-absorbed, were crushed against each other without consciousness, without hate, without charity, without love, with nothing but irritation, a terrible, soul-consuming irritation that wore down the heart and eroded the intestines, that humans were reduced, not to beasts—for do not elephants prop up the wounded, the lame?—but to mere cellular matter, responding with an automatism that only seemed sullen, to electric stimuli. And Platt, jostled or pulled, seated and smothered, looked into eyes a few inches from his own and wondered where Christ was.

It was after the rush hour, however, and after an unusually tense day of oral argument in a bitterly contested labor case, that Platt, much depleted, had his most unnerving experience. He was sitting in an uncrowded car, reading an opinion of the Court of Appeals in the law journal, when two Negro boys, hardly more than 15 or 16 years of age, came chasing each other down the aisle. As they passed Platt, the pursuer caught up with the pursued, seized him by the shoulders and sent him spinning so hard against Platt that he landed in the latter's lap, crushing his journal. Instantly, the boy so thrown recovered himself and pushed his assailant into the lap of the woman opposite. Both boys were shrieking with violent laughter. It could have been dope; it could have been high spirits.

The car remained silent and still, tense and hating, as the boys pushed each other back and forth, screaming and laughing. They were not hostile or belligerent: they were, on the contrary, highly cheerful, except that in their total disregard of the other passengers, in their seeming oblivion to all but their scuffling selves, it was difficult not to read a demonstration of contempt. They might have been in a gymnasium, a park, a back yard. But they were not. Oh, no, they were not.

Platt felt an almost unbearable constriction in his chest and he started, smothering, to cough. It was his first vivid realization of the sharp physical agony to which humiliation could subject a man. That he, a duly elected judge, in a car full of white men, should be so treated and so submit! No, no. It was too much, hideously too much. Suddenly, with a gasping, grating relief in his throat, he threw back his head and screamed:

"How much will you all take from these nigger bastards? How much will you all take, for Christ's sake, before you string them up?"

Then his throat closed, as if a huge hand had squeezed it, and as he struggled for breath, red lights, like rockets, seemed to come hissing in upon him. Finally, there was a hideous rending pain in his chest and a sense of grayness everywhere, and he heard Mary Ellen's voice, very distinct, but low and rapid:

"Can you hear me, Neely? You're perfectly all right. It wasn't a heart attack at all. It was just the heat of the subway after those pills you've been taking for your cold. Dr. Kilbourne says you're perfectly sound."

Platt opened his eyes and saw a white wall behind Mary Ellen's drawn countenance. He made out, too, the corner of a reproduction of a Van Gogh landscape.

"I'm in a hospital?" he murmured.

"You're at St. Joseph's. You fainted in the subway. Fortunately, Timmy Kohler,

Judge O'Hara's law clerk, was in the same car. He called the police at the next station and they got you here."

"Otherwise, you'd have ended up at Bellevue."

Platt, hearing this second voice, turned to see his son, Bobby, on the other side of the bed. The young man was all smiles, all sympathy, all love, but his father could only turn away from him with tears of shame.

"Was I hurt?" he asked. "Was I hit?"

"No, dear," Mary Ellen said soothingly. "It wasn't anything that happened to you. You just fainted, that's all. I know it's not like you, but——"

"But those boys? Didn't they *do* anything?"

"What boys?"

"He must mean the two boys that Timmy said were squabbling in the car," Bobby intervened. "Don't you remember, Ma? He said one of them brushed up against Dad. It may have been the surprise and shock that started this off."

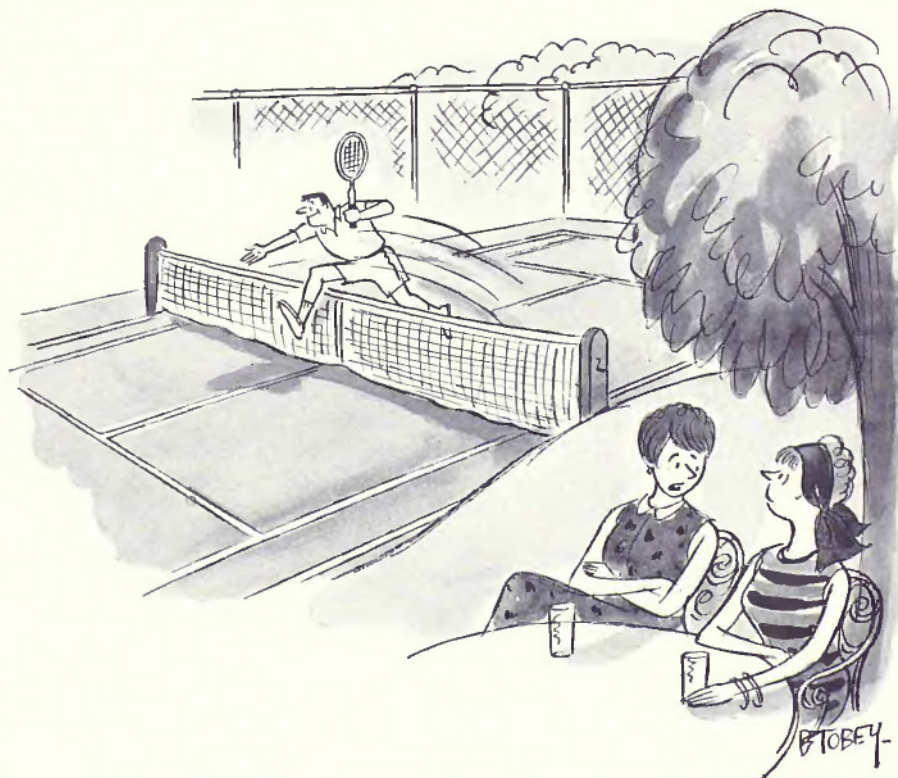
Platt looked now from his son to his wife and wondered if he could read some faint suspicion in the latter's lowered eyes. But, no, she was straightening his sheet with a brief, efficient gesture. She had served as a Gray Lady in that very hospital in World War Two.

"And I didn't *say* anything? I didn't cry out?"

"No, darling, apparently you just slumped in your seat. You join the great multitude of those for whom the subway has proved too much. I know you turned down an official car on principle, but you're going to have to take it now."

Platt closed his eyes in the bliss of his release. For if some private devil had made up the hideous farce of his outburst in that subway car, might not that same devil of hallucinations have created others? As he thought now of those two boys fighting, it seemed to him that his animosity was quite gone. Indeed, he seemed to have no attitude at all in their respect but a vague and soothing benevolence. He turned his head on the pillow, his eyes still closed. Surely, this would have been the time to die. If there was a state of grace, he was in it now.

This episode was followed by a suspension of anxiety, and Platt began cautiously to wonder if his mental disease had not abated, if, like some rare cancerous growths, despaired of by doctors, it had not suddenly and blessedly simply shriveled away. He no longer traveled by subway, as Mary Ellen absolutely prohibited it, and he found that he was working hard and well again. He even wrote two opinions on the police power of the state that were hailed by civil-liberties groups. At dinner parties, he was able now to censor his old habit of documenting



"Fred is really grim about the game. He's been out there all morning practicing his winning jump."

disasters, and he had glimpses of an approaching old age when he might sit in the sun in a rose garden of human understanding, accepting and being accepted. Was it too much to hope? It was.

The blow that was now to fall seemed to have been heralded by his fantasies as the murders in Shakespeare are heralded by bloody images. His whole life was to take on the semblance of a poetic melodrama, too ghastly not to be real. And the victim was not himself—how easy that would have been!—but Bobby's child, Alex, aged nine, the boy as beautiful as the painting by Romney, as gay and precocious as a lad in a tale by Henry James, the adored of his little family, the idol of Mary Ellen.

At noon on a winter day, Platt was summoned from the bench by his law clerk to meet the chief of police, green-faced, in his chambers. Alex' body had been found in a men's toilet in Central Park after his nurse, alarmed at the time he had been away, had called a policeman. The child had not only been stabbed to death—he had been castrated. Whether the act of mayhem had been committed before or after death it was impossible to determine. The fiend or fiends had escaped without clue.

It seemed to Platt in later days that he had lacked the very time for the question of a personal reaction. The first thing had been to arrange that the mutilation of the child be kept from his parents and grandmother. The next had been to tell them without deranging their minds. Platt's horror at their horror left little room for the horror of what he had seen at the morgue. And then there were the newspapers and the frenzied hunt for the criminals, who were never found. The only consolation, a small one, had been in knowing that he bore the knowledge of the mutilation alone.

What preoccupied him most in the gray days that followed was Mary Ellen's collapse. Bobby and Bobby's wife were nothing less than heroic, but Mary Ellen seemed to have crumpled into a formless heap. For days, she sat in an armchair by the window in her bedroom, her eyes fixed dully on the wall of the building opposite. For weeks, she refused to go out of the apartment. All her old activities were abandoned. She hated the universe now, except for Bobby; and although she said nothing overtly hostile to Platt, he knew that somehow, for some arcane reason, she blamed him.

When the doctor suggested a cruise, Mary Ellen made no objection. She simply shrugged and permitted her packing to be done for her.

"I might as well be on the high seas," was all she said. "At least Bobby will worry less about me."

But the big ship did nothing for her.

Slumped in her deck chair, an unopened novel on her lap, the light wholly gone from her skin, she exuded the sullen acceptance of the postoperative patient who knows, without being told, that the surgeon couldn't "get it all out." She refused to meet anyone or even to smile at her fellow passengers.

"Pigs," she would simply mutter to herself. "Pigs."

Platt was haunted by the idea that the same hate that had eaten into his heart before the fainting fit in the subway might now be gnawing at hers. It was not, God knew, that he felt any enthusiasm for his cruisemates or for the big vessel that bore them over the Mediterranean, a huge, gaudy balloon painted with cartoonlike faces. Everything on board reminded him of death.

He saw it in the sagging shoulders and dropped jaws and brilliant shirts of the old men; he saw it in the stiff ankles and big buttocks and soft sweaters of their slowly moving wives. He saw it in the compulsive shopping in the bazaars, in the shrill sessions of bingo, in the ineluctable rubbers of bridge. He saw it in his own gaunt face, thrust at him by innumerable mirrors at close quarters, the face of another corpse on a boatload of eating, defecating zombies.

But there was still a compensation that obviously did not exist for Mary Ellen. There was still the compensation of the totality of disillusionment. For what did his fellow travelers represent but the very opposite of all the types who used to outrage him? In the annihilation of the last vestige of his respect for man, he had annihilated the last vestige of his hate. A kind of peace had descended over him, a peace as flat and wide and inanimate as the Ionian Sea around him. But might it not still turn into the peace of God?

One day, approaching Crete, without sight of land, a benign brilliant day, he told Mary Ellen the whole story of his inner troubles. She hardly looked at him as he talked but allowed her eyes, half closed, to rest on the sharp line of the horizon over that dead water.

"Why do you tell me this?"

"Because I know you have always suspected that my detachment was a failure to care about people. It was the fear of caring too much—the wrong way. The fear of hating."

"And now you're free of it? Is that what you're saying? You find you don't hate as much as you thought you did?"

"I shouldn't say 'find.' I should say 'hope.'"

"And that's what poor Alex will have accomplished by dying? To have cast the hate out of his grandfather's heart?"

Platt, with rigidly tightened lips, followed her gaze to the horizon. He needed a minute to poke about in the bludgeoned house of his heart to see

what had been broken. But for all the brutality of the onslaught, it seemed to be still intact.

"It will be one of his accomplishments, perhaps."

"Making his tragedy, I suppose, worth while?"

"It sounds very selfish, very egocentric of me, when you put it that way. No doubt, you want to punish me for having anything left at all. It's perfectly natural."

She looked at him at last and her yellow-brown eyes showed the first flicker that he had seen since the tragedy. But love was not the cause.

"What I can't bear is your seeing everything in terms of yourself!"

"How else can I see it? The condition of being human is the condition of being selfish. One is glad that Christ died for one."

"Oh, spare me that, at least!"

Her face now, at a distance of not more than two feet, might have been a face in the subway, expressing not so much hate as the total rejection of love, rejection, anyway, of him and *his* love. Then her eyes clouded again as, with the faintest of shrugs, she turned back to the sea and into herself, pushing him off, in the manner that one animal pushes another off, unless it wants to eat it or copulate. To Mary Ellen, the crowding bodies of other people had no function but to annoy.

He reached over to pat her hand and met, as he had expected, with no response. Then he rose to walk down the deck and to gaze over the stern rail at their tumbled wake. He had achieved an equanimity that, however precarious, might contain his clue to the future. There was not to be happiness in it, certainly, but neither might there have to be any great misery. The event that he had dreaded for 30 years had happened: Mary Ellen's love was gone; her light was out. She had become as merely mortal, as mechanically human, as the fancied individuals in the subway. That amorphous crowd of straphangers had grown, with Alex' death, to include everyone, even Mary Ellen. Like little particles of zinc, they had merged with the larger trembling mass.

But this, the nightmare, had been only a nightmare. *He* had survived. For what he had discovered was that his love for Mary Ellen did not, after all, depend on her love for him. It existed of and by itself and it might survive all her scoffing, all her cruelty, even all her hate. He would look after Mary Ellen, and this love, now proven so tough, so durable, so oddly independent, might expand indefinitely to take in the approaching coast of Crete and the whole of the big dirty world that he had left behind.





"Mmmmmmmmm—banana icing!"

SEE NAPLES AND LIVE

(continued from page 136)

suffer the knowledge of our own smallness in its presence. Capri was haze-shrouded, distant, beckoning with the witchery of all islands; Vesuvius was the powerful shoulder of a slumbering brown giant on the left; and the long, generous, shimmering horizon southward to Analfi opened the heart like a lens.

Poets used to rhapsodize about places that seemed "blest" by God, an uncomfortable idea in our godless, unpoetic times; and Naples—dirty, brawling, thieving Naples—is such a place. Something stirs in you when you see it from above, an old languor that is not without an even older reverence. The extravagant humanity of the Neapolitans, the avid appetite for life, sheer sensual life, that drums so insistently in their streets, must be the result of that beckoning island always before them and that threatening mountain behind. No cause, no ideology, no fanaticism can survive for long the sight of Naples' bay; and with all the surprise of an important discovery, I realized that I had forgotten what it was like to be completely happy.

The rest of the day was vivid with this emotion. I walked in the park around the Villa Floridiana, where the sunless, meandering paths were cold with that

deep and penetrating chill that makes you feel keen in your own flesh, all atingle with the damp, verdant green of shadowed places on a warmish winter's day. Mothers wheeled babies, old men sat, offering wizened faces to the sun, and the city was dazzling below—tile red, earth brown, palm green—its seething life only a faint echo in that upper air.

I walked without direction, searching for a way down, noticing everything with delight, following my nose. It seemed enough. I came down out of that quarter on a long, steep succession of stairs that weren't on my street map, calves aching toward the bottom from the effort to keep upright on the inclines, famished now, wanting fish, cheese, bread, wine, my hunger somehow so perfected that I could relish it as if it were food.

As I came out at last onto the level of the Riviera di Chiaia and began looking for a likely *trattoria*, a woman coming toward me, modestly but neatly dressed, carefully made up, not more than 40 and rather pretty, with a Giocondalike smile in one corner of her mouth, suddenly extended her left hand as we converged. Nothing more: no plea, no expression of pitiable destitution, no huge-eyed baby thrust

forward as a prop. She simply held out her hand for alms, all the while smiling mysteriously and with just a touch of distant irony, as if to say: "Why not? This is my city. And if you're not a sentimental American, perhaps at least you can be embarrassed." I was too astonished to respond in any way and she passed on with an indifferent, private little shrug. Had she hated, loved, trafficked with my countrymen as a girl? Had we killed her brother, laughed at her mustachioed father, bought her sister with a chocolate bar? The guilt of history stirred up for a moment and then died. I turned and saw her chatting with a man who was furiously trying to back his vegetable truck into an alley too narrow to accommodate it. An attractive, self-possessed woman in the middle of her day; I had the strong urge to run back and give her all my money. I wanted to acknowledge some new Neapolitan insight that had come to me. I craved a gesture as Zenlike as hers had seemed, and then realized that gestures were simply that—self-serving—and in Naples you pushed reality a little, seeing if it would give; but no city could be less metaphysical. So, instead, I laughed to myself and admired her.

I ate deliciously and at length—*zuppa di pesce* thick with mussels and shrimps, *fritto misto mare* (so that I might savor one last time the virginal squid in their delicate peignoirs of batter) and an ice-cold half liter of table wine that digested my food for me as I walked down the long esplanade toward the hotel, the sun westering now over Ischia, the sky ribbed with strange ladders of Turneresque cloud. That good day was darkening, the wind was harsher off the water, the Capri boat came cresting in on the rising sea and a fisherman, standing in his big, double-ended dory, rowed double-armed against the weather, wearying a little. I felt complete. And tomorrow? Tomorrow, Pompeii. I was up to anything now. Even a city that was a tomb.

The train to Pompeii was four or five jolting Toonerville nolleys hitched together, and my stomach was already unsettled by a pat of rancid butter I'd wolfed down with my breakfast roll. It was a warm blue-and-gold morning, with just a hint of snap when you were out of the sun, and the cars were crowded with laughing young people off for the day to Castellammare. But death was on my mind as we rattled out through plaster-and-pastel housing developments in the suburbs, and I kept looking beyond the orange groves and the patches of feather, lacelike *finocchio* to Vesuvius—so close, right over there across the fields, still partially crested with snow, its treeless slopes as bald as a burial mound. My guts were rumbling uncomfortably. I'd never been in a dead city before and I was arming myself against the analogies



"Go get your own, Hadley!"



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to my own era that seemed bound to come.

Then we were beyond the suburbs and the mountain, and the heavily cultivated, tropical land ran right down to the bay on one side and a plain opened out on the other, ringed by a far-off range of lavender hills with a sparkle of towns on their sun-drenched lower reaches, and we were there: a small depot of peeling and exhausted stucco, a few dusty palms and, across a road jammed with horse carriages, the gray heaps of ruin that were all that was left of Pompeii's outer wall. Guides, souvenir sellers and carriage drivers swarmed around us, each trying to outperform, outpromise, out-hector the other. But a man with indigestion cannot be conned, and I made for the tiny coffee bar in the station and a Campari to settle my stomach. There, as the oily, bitter liquid did its job, I listened to a man with a superior pitch. He pointed up the road to the official entrance, recited the prices of the *ristorante* in the ruins, laid a simplified street plan down on the bar and then fell silent. Three hundred lire and no sales talk.

Off I went. What struck me immediately, as it had in Naples, was the perfection of the site. *I'd* have built a city there, too, and damn the broken-pated mountain less than a mile away, with its jagged crest ominously suggesting a crater! Here was a level, sunny plain, well watered, on a strategic road from the south, the bay not too far off, with pleasing views on all sides and a salubrious climate. Life in Pompeii, before the holocaust, must have been good; that was my feeling.

I wandered. It was a smallish city for smallish people. I saw some of the people in the museum on the site—the famous plaster “positives” that have been made from the “negatives” left by the ash—and none of them was much over five foot, three. The bodies did not strike me as particularly anguished, our century having accustomed us to that vaguely fetal crouch that people assume when they are about to meet death raining out of the sky; it was a dog, sprawled on his back, lips retracted into a snarl, legs spraddled in a convulsion of agony, that unnerved me most—the old Protestant assumption that animals are somehow more innocent than humans and their deaths thereby less warranted coming back, despite decades of disbelief.

I saw the city, too—the one-chariot-wide streets, their paving stones deeply grooved by iron-rimmed wheels 2000 years ago; the houses with their cool, fountained atria within; a modest temple or two; the granaries; the brothel with a padlock that read in English, “Made in Italy”; the public baths that could still function, so little demolished were they; and the small *foro triangolare* with its frail, candle-flame cedars that had

proved so much less frail than the city itself. And almost everything was roofless, shorn off, leveled at a single height, as if by an enormous scythe (the level of the suffocating ash), and at the end of every westward-running street, the glowering, mute hump of the volcano.

I waited for the solemnity, the “long thoughts” that seem proper in the presence of a human catastrophe, but they didn't come. Names, street numbers and even graffiti were still scrawled on the walls of wineshops. Frescoes depicting delicate, Dalilike figures (all black, sienna, green and orange) and rendered in a style, like Dali's, that suggested canny borrowings from older, better cultures had survived inside some of the grander houses. But it was the sounds of *life*, by their very absence from these streets, that impressed me most—the clatter of rush-hour chariots, the street seller's hoarse cries, the hubbub of the markets, the careless twist of a song. I had a strong feeling of Pompeii as a provincial city, not very important, not unusually corrupt or sophisticated, a little vulgar, certainly humid in the summer, predominantly mercantile, impatient with “speculations,” sensual but not particularly decadent, as pushy as Dallas used to be, until one day. . . .

I went into the *ristorante* (“Government restaurant!” the hawker in the pin-stripe suit and porter's cap bawled out, as if to reassure travelers suffering from Neapolitan battle fatigue) and had a good lunch, the waiter wheeling up the most expensive meats on a cart, the bartender saying, “I know what you want, *signore*—Cutty Sark!” But what I wanted was wine, and so I had a bottle of *Lacrime Christi*, very cold, very subtle and—tears of Christ!—very ironical on that spot. I thought of the old novel by Bulwer-Lytton in which the twilight of paganism had hung over this city like a judgment of the gods and realized that he had missed the point of Pompeii and its last days, which wasn't superstition but absurdity. It hadn't been destroyed, it had been entombed; and, in point of fact, the ash had *preserved* it from the demolitions of time that had worked such damage elsewhere. Wine presses, oil vats, cooking utensils, even blackened, petrified loaves of bread—all buried, an entire city and its unique life style buried in an afternoon and, thus, fixed forever. There was no way *not* to think of the smashed cities of my own time, the Dresdens, Coventrys, Hiroshimas—all obliterated beyond recognition. There was no way *not* to realize that the difference was simply this: Nature was capricious, but man was vindictive; and after this most murderous of centuries, we could glimpse what had eluded Bulwer-Lytton. At the last, his morality and our politics had less substance than the cedars of Pompeii.

“They certainly know how to carry things.” I thought to myself, watching the cocky bar boy, with a case of *acqua minerale* balanced on his head, who passed the table at that moment, as graceful as a stag beneath his antlers. Disasters, defeats. That's what they carried so well. But, more, the burden of history—that burden of violence and anguish in the past that bows the backs of so many of us over 40 now, that burden of intolerable memory that increases in direct proportion to our awareness of how futile all the losses, all the ideologies and all the horrors have been. Looking out the long windows that had been adroitly placed to provide the diners with a view of Vesuvius, I had an inkling of what it was the Neapolitans cared about and realized how fitting it was that my trip was ending among them. Their calamitous coast—so beautiful, so “blest”—remained, despite everything, a reminder of a harmony older than history and all its discontents.

The sky was bruising up as I went back to Naples in the twilight, past empty depot platforms with their flyspecked lamps, through dark groves where one sensed that the earth was still warm, alive, mysteriously fecund. The sun was going down under rain clouds beyond Capri, a single vast beam of light pierced through—pure, white, lucid as the eye of God—to fall between the island and the mainland, and Naples was an exquisite necklace of lights strung out in the dusk around the throat of the bay. I didn't ruminate anymore; the moment had a singular clarity. It was one of those rare times when life seems to shift its direction, and I was content in the awareness of it.

That night, while waiting for dinner, I chanced upon this bit of wisdom in a Victorian travel book by Augustus Hare from the hotel lobby: “The treatment of the dead shows the character of this idolatrous and self-seeking people in its saddest aspect. When the funeral of a friend passes, a Neapolitan will exclaim with characteristic selfishness, ‘*Salute a noi*’—Health to ourselves—without a thought of the departed.”

I had to laugh. If one's attitude toward death illustrated one's attitude toward life, and vice versa, whose view had proved the least idolatrous? How could the pious Mr. Hare have known that a scant 70 years after he wrote, the world would have become such a death-haunted place that no exclamation could be more purely *reverent* of life than the Neapolitans' “Health to ourselves!”? For they had suffered, starved, prospered and endured for 19 centuries in the very shadow of that mountain that had laid an inexplicable and existential death upon Pompeii. Their lot had always been squalor, conquest, calamity and deceit. Long ago,



*"... And I was wondering if I could have a
leave of absence to get married."*

they had earned a bitterness that should have soured them to the very dregs of the spirit. But what they cared about was sun, wine, the new day, with its unknown possibilities for further riches, and all the passions—griefs as well as joys—by which, alone, we become truly human. They knew that the only real duty was to *survive* the past. Their faith was in the unfolding of life, not in its close.

And now we had *all* lived beyond the time when mourning did any good. Now there were too many corpses to be mourned and so often the mourners were only murderers off-duty—like those troubled GIs who rebuild schools, out of bricks and bad conscience, in the Mekong Delta. But everything in Naples shouted: Break the cycle! Let history, before whose altar only fools or scoundrels kneel, insist that violence is inevitable, that nothing can be done! Saigon will outlast those lies, as Naples has. Let the dead bury their dead, and bad dreams to them! But let the living,

among whom now I numbered myself, be done with paralyzing memories and proclaim, instead, a stubborn "*Health to those of us who are left!*," in hopes of restoring to human life that supreme value our century has held so cheap.

As I perused the menu with that unhurried delight that is usually reserved for the table of contents of a favorite anthology of poetry, I realized that I was mysteriously mended somewhere in my nerves and spirit. I was bound to get embroiled again, once I got home, because I loved my country too much to remain indifferent to the upheavals that were trying its soul, and, like it or not, my final expatriation from its particular moment in history had yet to occur; but, nevertheless, I was ready to go back. I was fortified. I had an edge. And that edge was the knowledge that we would *all* be Neapolitans one day. If we were lucky.



"Who's interested in gargoyles? When you've seen one, you've seen them all."

NUMBER EIGHT

(continued from page 152)

conversation when I hear a sneeze behind me. It is Eleanor Everett, with her suitcases.

"If you didn't want me to stay," she says, "couldn't you have told me? I mean, this number-eight business. . . ."

"I'm sorry. Look, have an ice cream."

She doesn't answer but turns and walks off, apparently angry, toward the bus stop.

. . . .

"You're crazy," Charlotte says, getting dressed. "You can't mess around with the local chicks. Especially you."

"Why?"

"Because you're a *macho hombre* in this town."

"What's that?" I say, deciding to get dressed, too.

"A stud," Charlotte says. "A town like this, everything gets around pretty fast. They know we sleep together. They know that Scandinavian chick propositioned you about a house. They know that other one—"

"My fiancée—"

"—Flew all the way from New York to see you and that as soon as she finished nursing you, you dumped her. That makes you quite an *hombre* in the Spanish eyes. At the same time, though, if you start pulling that stuff on their women, they'll crucify you, privately if not publicly."

"They don't worry me."

"Then worry about the girls. Sexually frustrated. Mothers along on dates. Seven-year courtships and nothing but dry humping. These chicks *can't* put out until they're married."

"OK with me. I've got to get married. Otherwise, I can't go to Mars. The chief—"

"I wish you'd climb down from this space stuff."

"Besides, this one loves me."

"How do you know?"

"She says so, openly, every time I get an ice cream."

"What does she say?"

"First there's a big smile and then she says: '*¿Quiere usted?*'"

"That means: 'What do you want?'"

. . . .

I move down to the campo to share the house with the Scandinavian girl. Her name is Enga, or Venga, or Iuga or Vinga. For supper, she serves me and Number Eight bowls of brown rice and a "special" drink made of mint leaves, raisins, eggshells, cinnamon, salt, hot water and brown rice.

Another bad dream that night, non-erotic, as usual.

I enter the debriefing room at the space center. Isabel's mother is there, telling me with suppressed glee: "She's

in the bed in the next room." I shrug diffidently but am, nevertheless, agitated beyond belief.

Some time passes and Isabel finally turns to me from where she lies, under blankets, watching television.

"You could have at least come in," she says with a chiding smile, "to see if I was up or not."

"Oh, you," I say—gruffly, because the sight of her has put a lump in my throat. "At this hour, you're always up."

Her hair is as dark and long as ever, her eyes the same gigantic brown. I see the long, slim legs when she removes the blanket and the friendly, snub-nosed breasts. Through the luminous glow of her, however, I notice she is wearing lipstick, something she never does.

"Mother's not home," she says. "We can go over to my house and make—"

But Isabel is suddenly on the other side of the debriefing-room glass and her last word is lost on me.

"What?" I say.

"I said we can go over there," she says, "and make glug—G-L-U-G—glug!"

Glug. I think, a Scandinavian drink.

I wake up.

"What's for breakfast?"

"Brown rice."

I move back to town.

• • •

"So you're really hung up on the Spanish girl," Charlotte says.

We are walking down the road toward a big villa where there is to be a party.

"Personally," Charlotte continues, "I think you could do better. But that's up to you. When you ask her out, ask her mother along, too. It's the way they do things here."

• • •

The party is a moonshot-watching party—the first moonshot. Gordon, Carruthers and Macy, the joker who always cuts farts in our self-contained oxygen-generating environments. There is a big television set and the guests, mostly American expatriates, are strung around it in a semi-circle, making comments. Somebody passes me a funny-looking cigarette. I take a puff and pass it on.

"Just a big glob of rock."

Somebody passes me a funny-looking pipe. I take a puff and pass it on.

"I hope it blows up on the pad."

"I hope the States blow up."

Somebody passes me a Coca-Cola bottle full of water, corked, with a funny-looking tube coming out of it. I take a puff and pass it on.

"Still, think of Columbus—"

"Think of the squalor back home."

I light up a Camel, take a puff and pass it on. Then there is a lot of coughing and cheering. I remember people stuffing my pockets with pesetas and then

somebody named Jim taking me home.

• • •

I wake up in my bed with Jim. No memory of dreams, good or bad. Jim is a girl, blue almond eyes, blonde and curly all over.

"You're the first square I ever slept with," she says, "and, funny thing, you're not bad at all."

She has a tinkly voice, kind of Cockney.

"Did the shot get off?" I say.

"You won a lot of money."

"Money?"

"Covering all the bets. The 'never-make-it' bets. The shot got off fine. Who's that under the bed?"

"Number Eight."

"Number Eight. Oh, yes," she says, reaching under the bed, her back and bottom twisted taut. "I heard of Number Eight in Marrakesh." She pats him on the head. "Nice Number Eight."

I hear him cackling, then he barks.

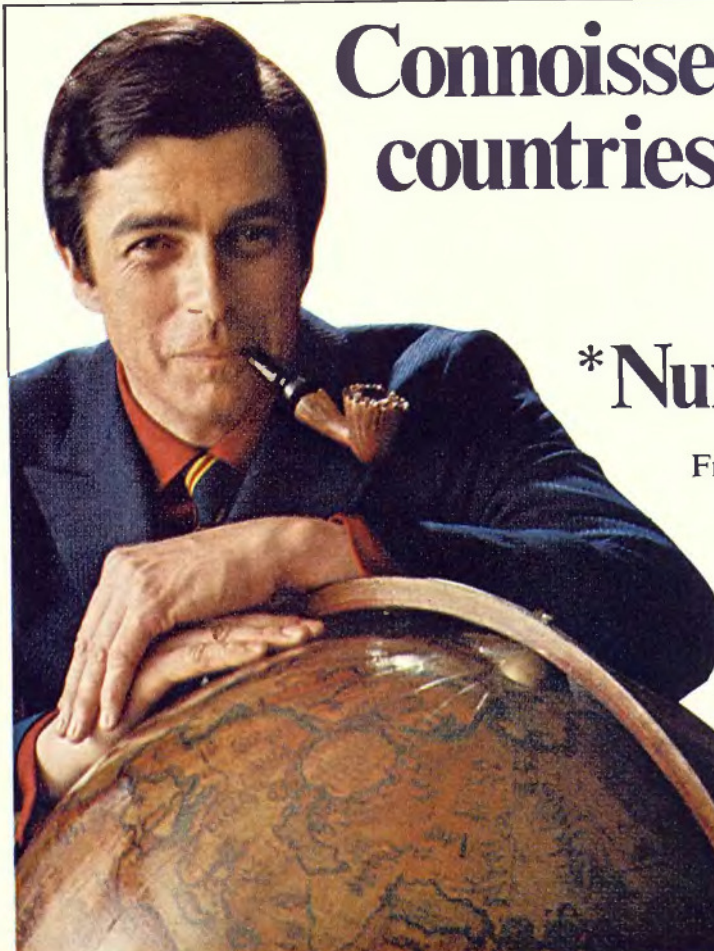
Now Jim is up and dressing. Black pants, black morocco belt, chain-mail shirt, black vest, black beads with a rubber pacifier dangling at the end. No underwear, no shoes.

"Did we have a good time last night?"

I say.

"Very."

Even in dusty black, she is beautiful. She makes me think of thundercracks



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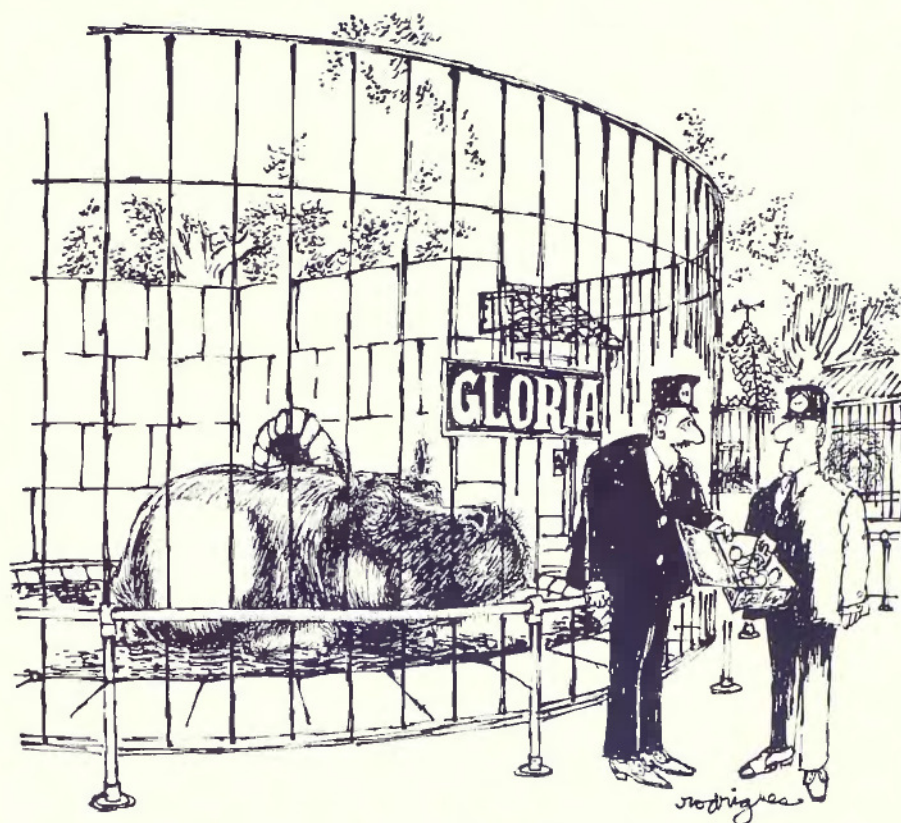
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"Joe, we're trying to get up a stud fee for Gloria. . . ."

and sunrise. She makes me forget about Isabel, the ice-cream girl, even Mars.

"What's it like a hundred and sixty-five miles up?" she says.

"Terrible. Why don't you stick around?"

"No," she says, finally, "only tired chicks 'stick around.' I'm not a tired chick yet."

There is a knock at the door. When I answer it, an angry-looking Scandinavian guy is standing there.

"Are you the foringer," he says, "who is sharing the house with Inga in the campo?"

"I was," I say, but when I see he is about to punch me in the mouth, I add: "I never slept with her, however."

"Neither did I," he says and punches me in the mouth.

My head slams back against a bedpost and by the time I wake up, he is gone. But so is Jim. And so is Number Eight.

. . . .

Heading up to the *farmacia*, I find Carey sitting at the Café Pombo, sipping brandy. Carey is the one who writes the astronauts' wisecracks.

"Well, well," he says, "the black-sheep astronaut, as I live and breathe! There you are, you bastard, just as Eleanor Everett said, living in a little Spanish hippie haven. Not only with long hair

but a beard. That was a dirty deal you handed her."

"The Senator's daughter is used to dirty deals."

"Batson, the chief is getting impatient."

"My time isn't up yet."

"Any progress?"

"Oh, yes, yes."

"Glad to hear it. The ones you left back home are asking for you. Nancy, Isabel—"

"Isabel?"

"Yes, and Ruth, Gladys, Doris, Bobbie, Liza, Elaine and Susanne. Susanne is General Englehard's wife, if you remember. The reason the chief insists you get married or get off the pot."

"So Isabel is asking for me?"

"Why not marry Eleanor Everett?"

"Hates animals."

"Well, when are you getting married?"

"I don't know."

"Who's the lucky girl?"

"Her. Over there."

"Where? I don't see anybody."

"At the ice-cream stand."

"There's nobody at the ice-cream stand but that kid."

"That's her."

"You balling that kid?"

"Of course not. Spanish girls are straight shooters. You can't mess around."

"You could even mess with your co-pilot on the Mars shot."

"Well, if he kisses me first—"

"How the hell did you get into the space program? Never mind! You've just got two weeks left to shape up, Batson! And don't forget the push-ups."

. . . .

"¿Quiere usted?"

"Tú."

"Eh?"

"Tú y su madre."

"¿Mi madre!"

"Y tú. El cine. Esta noche. Yo, tú y su madre."

"Gracias, señor."

"¿A las ocho?"

"Sí, a las ocho. ¿Cómo se llama?"

"Batson. Billy Batson."

"Batson Billy-Batson."

"¿Y tú?"

"Teresa."

. . . .

Back at the place, no sign of Jim or Number Eight. Nor my sextant nor my Nikon camera. A further check and I realize the Sony AM/FM is gone, along with the tape recorder, my wrist strengthener, the Rolex, my Saint Christopher's medal and the pornographic poker deck I bought in France.

Number Eight's travel bag is still there, but inside are only a few rags, a bunch of colored beads, a locket with a photo of Shirley Temple as a child and a note:

Dear Ricardo,

Hope this reaches you before too much damage is done. I've picked up syphilis, probably in Marrakesh, either from Helen or Gloria or Juan. I then possibly passed it on to Suzy, Eloise, Sasha and you. Since you were fooling around with Helen and Suzy and maybe Sasha, too, you better get a blood test quick. Please pass this note to Hank, Annamaria and the Canadian chick, Charlotte. Sorry.

Love,
Mitch

I am sitting on my bed, thinking about the note, when there is a knock at the door. A short, dark man who looks exactly like Charlotte is standing there.

"Excuse me, but is this the residence of Miss Charlotte Sprigge?"

"No, it's that door on the right."

"Thank you."

"Just a minute."

"Yes?"

"Give her this note, will you?"

"Certainly."

He goes and I close the door. Even so, I can't help hearing the knocking on Charlotte's door, which grows louder and more persistent.

"Charlotte, it's me, Ben. Open up. Charlotte, I know you're in there, I can

**The only beer that
always tastes light
enough to have another.**



hear you moving around. I just want to talk to you, Charlotte. Open up. *Open up!* All I really want to know——"

I hear Charlotte's door open.

"—Is why you shot me at the altar rail."

I listen for an answer. Instead, there is a shot, then another.

Out in the corridor, Charlotte is standing over Ben's twitching body with a smoking pistol in her hand, reading my note. She sees me.

"Sorry," she says, waving the note. "What else is there to say, except that penicillin works wonders? Will you give me ten minutes to clear out?"

"Sure, kid. Good luck."

Ben's body is now quite still.

"*A bientôt.*"

A big, disease-ridden kiss for me and she's off to pack her clothes.

• • •

Despite the racket of the shooting, the darkening streets are deserted—except for a little Spanish girl, leading a grown man along on a piece of string. He is crawling on all fours but appears otherwise normal. He grins at me, then the girl leads him off.

I continue on uphill, toward *guardia civil* headquarters; but at a cross street, I hear somebody say, "Ssssst!" and when I walk over to investigate, I get punched in the mouth. There are four, or perhaps six, unseen figures all around me, punching me in the mouth and wherever else they can punch or kick me. I don't understand the words they're screaming, except that, before I crumble, I hear now and again the name Teresa.

When I revive, I'm sitting in a chair and green uniforms surround me. The *guardia*.

"*¿Qué pasa, hombre?*"

"Well," I begin, "it's——"

But I get punched in the mouth.

I am tired of getting punched in the mouth. I punch one green uniform in the solar plexus. It goes down. I punch another in the throat and it staggers back off. I punch the creases out of a couple more green uniforms before they overwhelm me.

"*¡Loco!*" I hear one say; and before I pass out again, I see they are fastening little wires to my head.

• • •

Carey is standing over my bed.

"It's like this," he says. "They didn't know who you were. Just another crazy foreigner, they thought. They get a lot of them here. So, if you'll forget the beatings and the shock treatment, they'll forget your involvement in the shooting."

"I wasn't involved in any shooting."

"Look, Batson. Carruthers and Macy have landed on the moon. The whole world's in a glorious uproar. Do you want to spoil all that?"

"What about the girl?"

"All arranged, courtesy of our Spanish allies. She's already taking a cram course in English. You're to be married this Sunday."

"I mean the other girl, Charlotte."

"Got away. The guy's all right, though. Thigh wound. Piece of an ear shot off. Already out of the hospital. He's gone to find out why she shot him."

"And Jim?"

"Who's Jim?"

"Somebody I balled once."

"Jesus, Batson!"

"A girl."

"Oh, *that* one. From your pad. She's gone, too. Left town with some spaced-out-looking cat carrying a big sack."

"Number Eight."

"What?"

"Nothing."

"C'mon. Get dressed. You've got to take a blood test before this wedding. Among other things."

• • •

Back in town, finally, I get the red-carpet treatment. The bells in the town's four churches are ringing, there are fireworks and a parade—all as if I were the one up there on the moon. Afterward, a banquet party for me in the best restaurant in town. The mayor is there, so is Teresa (grinning, flushed and big-eyed, squeezing my hand hard and hotly) and her mother (draped in widow's weeds but beaming). Carey is there and so is Senator Richard Everett—three tables away—and his daughter Eleanor and some U. S. military brass brought down from Madrid. And, surprise of surprises, Isabel is there, too, traveling, as usual, with her mother.

Somebody hands me the paper I have asked for and I write the note:

Eleanor Everett.

I may have given you syphilis.

Get a blood test quick.

Cordially,
Batson

Suddenly, Isabel and her mother are at my table.

"Hello, Isabel," I say, passing the note.

"Hello, Isabel's mother."

"She looks quite a bit like me," says Isabel.

"A little leaner in the calves," says her mother.

"Teresa is your twin," I say to Isabel. "And in good health, besides."

"The doctor," she says, "you know, the psychiatrist, he said I'm in love with you."

"I told you that."

"He said I should marry you, despite the——"

"I told you that."

"And it certainly seems like, well, you're the only man I can ever relax with, the only man I ever miss, the only man, really, in my life."

"As I said."

"And I can't conceive of living without you. But, Billy, Billy, I'm still *allergic* to you."

"Even happens when you write her a letter," says Isabel's mother. "Her eyes water. She can't breathe. She breaks out."

My note to Eleanor Everett has been passing down the tables and has now reached the Senator himself.

"Well," I say, "what can you do? That's life."

"But, then, again," says Isabel, "Teresa looks so much like me, maybe she's my biological twin, too. And if *she* can go through with it, maybe if I tried hard——"

"Never mind," I say, watching as the Senator tries to hand the note to Eleanor Everett, "you'll find someone you're not allergic to."

"But——"

"It doesn't matter, Isabel, it really doesn't matter."

Eleanor Everett is engrossed in talking to an Air Force major and the Senator is opening the note himself.

"Well, if that doesn't matter, what does?"

"The number eight," I say, as the Senator begins reading the note.

"The number what?"

"Eight. Eight. Think about it awhile. It's a lot more than a handy digit to stick between seven and nine."

"I don't understand," Isabel and her mother simultaneously say.

"I could hold your hand, Isabel, and explain. But I seem to have forgotten my rubber gloves. Excuse me."

I bolt for the door and, reaching it, turn back. The Senator's face is as scarlet as the bagpipes of the *guardia* band that is now marching around the room.

Isabel, my one, true love, has tried to follow me, but the marching pipers block her way.

• • •

I pack the one-suit with everything I think I'll need and a few other things that Number Eight has left. Before leaving, I brush my teeth and do push-ups until I can't do any anymore. Outside, over the fireworks, I hear the dumb animals thumping below. Above me, the moon is fat and glistening. Macy is up there, farting in his space suit. To the right of the moon and up sits Mars, bloodily twinkling. Beyond is the Milky Way, a white smear across the sky, like the sloppy erasure of a blackboard mistake. I hear a noise below, like barking. My heart leaps as I look down. But it is neither Number Eight nor Jim, just the little Spanish girl and her four-footed human friend. She sees me looking down and smiles.

"*¡Adiós!*" she says.

"*¡Adiós!*"





"I'm afraid, Sir Roger, we'll just have to be good friends."

Germans Are Coming!

128-130 mph. But this is the bare beginning, significant only in letting you know you aren't riding in any mouse-powered economy wagon merely because it weighs only 3000 pounds. (It will deliver 20 miles to the gallon, though.)

Almost anything that has wheels and something to steer them with looks good in straight-line level running. Roads that are crooked, and preferably rough and crooked, are the great winners. At 110 mph on a parkway, an engineer who had always owned domestic automobiles and had never ridden in a BMW guessed we were doing 80. He is a relaxed and stouthearted type who enjoys riding number two or number three in four-man Olympic-class bobsledding, which certainly classifies him as a rugged passenger; but he had both feet well into the rug when he saw I intended taking a hard bend at 95 and petitioned for a lesser rate of speed by saying, "OK, OK, I'll buy it!" The car went through without so much as a whisper of tire squeal.

The braking power of the BMW will

(continued from page 102)

come as a stunning revelation to anyone used to even the best Detroit all-drum or disk-and-drum systems. The 2800 will stop well inside any American car, and in a dead-straight line, and ten times in a row. The Mercedes-Benz 600SEL 6.3 has the best brakes on any passenger car I know, and the BMW's are within a hair of being as good. In addition to stopping the car as if it had run into a wall of sponge rubber, they are so exquisitely balanced that neither the front wheels nor the rear wheels alone will lock up; in a hard stop, the car will normally shut down all four simultaneously.

The hand-wrought image the BMW projects on every surface and edge is evident in everything from the rubber bumpers, which ought to be Federally mandated, to the dashboard—hand-polished cabinet-grade veneer bonded to rock-hard multilayer plywood that simply cannot warp, crack or shift a millimeter in any direction ever. This is a luxury motorcar by absolute definition: incredibly comfortable, fast, stable, quiet and with every foreseeable contingency

anticipated and provided for. Owners of lesser vehicles, much more likely to need tools, have to content themselves with a jack and a wheel brace; the trunk lid of the BMW carries a drop-down tray with nesting fuses, bulbs, sparkplugs and a set of tools including everything but gear pullers.

The BMW engine, to get to the heart of the matter last, pulls 192 horsepower and makes one wonder what point there can be in more. It produces the *spinning* sensation—the sensation that it is friction-free and connected to nothing at all—that is the hallmark of the true high-performance engine. It reminded me of the supercharged engine in a Grand Prix Bugatti I used to own, hand assembled, roller-bearinged and running in hot thinned castor oil.

I think manual shifting is pointless, but if you prefer it to automatic, the BMW's is as good as any in the world, smooth, precise, short-throw.

Dropping down the line, the smaller models diminish in performance (118 mph for the 2500, 102 for the 2002) as well as price, but the impression of absolute engineering efficiency—and honesty—remains a constant.

The long history of Daimler-Benz shows an expertise in public relations unique in the industry. For 50 years, at least, the Stuttgart firm has masterfully exploited the product, inducing newspapers and magazines to allot acres more of free white space to Mercedes-Benz cars in a month than their competitors could command in a year. The system is simple, foolproof and expensive. The basic premise under which it operates is that no major exploitation will be attempted on anything but a genuinely newsworthy accomplishment (winning an important race or rally, for example) or a strikingly new vehicle (the gull-wing 300SL coupe). Exploitation that is mere noise-making is strictly *verboten*. Second, the technicians in charge of exploitation shall not be of a level of expertise lower than the standard prevailing in every other department.

As this is written, Mercedes-Benz is performing its classic publicity blitz, making an experimental prototype two-seater coupe the most photographed, most written about automobile of the year, despite the grim handicap of a model designation of minus-zero exploitation value: the C-111. No one is being conned in this operation; the C-111 is a breakthrough vehicle of notable significance, indeed—an ultrahigh-performance automobile powered by the revolutionary Wankel engine. Even the announcement of its existence was instantly recognized all over the world as a bench mark in automobile history.

The Wankel is the fruition of a very old idea, the concept that the ideal engine for doing rotary work, such as driving round wheels, would be rotary itself



"Wait a minute . . . that's not me!"



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Sprint SS350. Engineered with an honest love for tough machines . . . the hungry style of racing Ferraris. Start with a race-proved OHV single. Bags of torque and a heady willingness to rev. Put it in a lightweight touring chassis, down low for a road racer's perfect balance. Beautiful. Performance you've never imagined from 350cc. Back-stretching acceleration. Impeccable handling. Sprint SS350. A mind-bending beauty! Harley-Davidson Motor Co., Inc., Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.

and not reciprocating, up and down or in and out, like the standard steam or gasoline engine. James Watt tried to make a rotary engine but was defeated by the halting technology of the 1700s. Many brilliant minds attempted it down the decades and, in the 1950s (it took him most of the decade), the German inventor Felix Wankel succeeded in solving what seems a simple problem but was difficult in the extreme: how to make a piston go round and round instead of up and down.

The Wankel engine is small and has few moving parts. Essentially, it is a combustion chamber of an epitrochoidal shape (a circle slightly mashed top and bottom), in which a triangular piston (with slightly convex sides) spins on a shaft, the other end of which delivers the power wherever it's wanted. As the piston spins, with nothing but its points, or apexes, touching the combustion-chamber wall, it forms constantly changing sealed-off spaces. It takes these spaces through the classic Otto cycle of the four-stroke internal-combustion engine. Gasoline vapor is drawn or injected into one space, compressed as it's carried around to a sparkplug, burned, pushing against the side of the triangular piston to make power, carried to an exhaust port and ejected. Simple. Rotary motion in an internal-combustion engine. They said he couldn't do it. They laughed as he sat down with his slide rule.

The secret is in the mating shapes of triangle and squashed circle. In a cut-

away view of a Wankel engine, it seems quite clear that the triangle cannot revolve while keeping all three apexes in airtight contact with the chamber wall all the way around, which, of course, it must do if it's to function; and which it does do. Wankel worked out the configurations mathematically and the first time he cut metal and made one, it worked. He conveyed the rights to NSU of Neckarsulm, a small but progressive motorbike and car maker; and by 1964, a Wankel-engined automobile, the NSU Prinz, was on the road. I remember going to Germany to drive it and being amazed at the size of the engine, about as big as a teakettle.

More than a dozen firms bought Wankel licenses from NSU: Citroën, Alfa Romeo, Curtiss-Wright, Mercedes-Benz, Toyo Kogyo, Perkins and others. One of the reasons for this wide licensing was the realization that the engine still needed a lot of work. Oil consumption was heavy. The tip seals at the triangle points, which functioned as piston rings do in a reciprocating engine, wore excessively at high speeds. There were ignition difficulties. Everyone was impressed with the small size, light weight, appetite for almost any fuel, vibration-free high-speed capability of the Wankel, but optimism about its commercial future was not general.

NSU stuck with it—the first Wankel-engined import, NSU's RO-80, has been certified for U.S. sale—and so did Toyo Kogyo of Japan, now turning out 1000

Mazda R 100s and R 130s a month. But while they were obviously successful automobiles—the R 100 also meets U.S. emission standards—the maximum horsepower figure, 126, was not impressive.

Then, late last summer, Mercedes-Benz ran out the C-111, billed as a *Versuchswagen* only, a research and experimental vehicle not for production or sale. It would get to 60 mph from a standing start in 4.9 seconds, or half what most people think is quick, and would do 160-plus mph at a modest 7000 engine revolutions per minute. I drove it at the end of July for *The Playboy Cars—1970* (November 1969 issue) and was tempted to think of it as The Ultimate Automobile: blindingly fast, comfortable, even comparatively *quiet*, and sure-footed past what seemed reasonable for something running on wheels.

Since that time, the C-111 has been refined and the new "Geneva" model is probably the final design. Busily returning blank checks drawn on banks from Addis Ababa to Zwickau, Mercedes officials still deny that the C-111 will be put into production for sale. I believe that it will be, although perhaps on a basis as limited as 50 cars for the entire world market.

Easier to come by are the 16 other models of Mercedes-Benz available in this country at figures from \$4961 to \$28,343, which is to say from the basic 220 sedan delivered on the East Coast to the West Coast price of the monster 600 Pullman seven-passenger limousine, the most deluxe fast car or the fastest deluxe car available off a showroom floor today.

The newest Mercedes is the 3.5 V8, just now becoming available. Until it went to a V8 for the big 600-series cars, Mercedes-Benz had been stuck on in-line engines, four-, six- and eight-cylinder.

The 600 series is powered by a 6.3-liter V8 and it is an almost half-size version of that engine that runs the new 300SEL 3.5, the chassis/body similar to the 280SEL sedan. This is a fuel-injected 230-hp engine, light (less than 500 pounds) and characteristically quieter than the six-cylinder it replaces. It's not blindingly quick (0-60 mph in 11-plus seconds), but it's smooth and forceful and will take the car to 127 mph (100 in 28 seconds), good enough for most U.S. motoring, even in Nevada. The engine is also used in the 280SE coupe and convertible. The 280SEL sedan remains in production, of course, and at \$7657 is a most attractive and useful possession.

If I were to expose myself to its massive charms, I think the 600 Pullman would be my favorite in the Mercedes line, but I have forbidden myself the experience, lest the temporary lack of the 28,000-odd dollars required to engineer its purchase drop me into trauma. But the simple little 300SEL 6.3 sedan at \$15,122 I have sampled, and extensively;



How can you let a girl buy you a wallet?



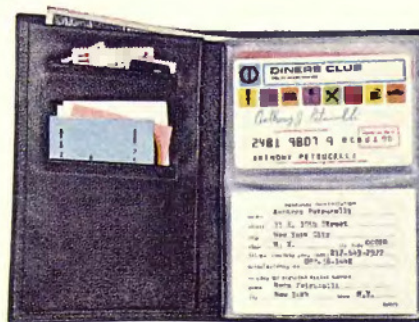
Girls don't know how really skinny they're cutting pants today. What you should have now is a wallet that goes here, like our Pocket Secretary. It's got six compartments and folds flat like a travel folder. In Toreador kid. \$12.00



A girl doesn't know if you carry one credit card or fifty. So how can she know that you need a Card Master, with all sorts of slots and pockets. \$10.00



A girl doesn't have to sit on a wallet. So she can't appreciate our Three-Fold. It holds up to 16 cards and doesn't leave a lump in your pocket. \$10.00



And another thing. A girl doesn't know if you keep your jacket on all day long or not. If you don't, you should get a Hipster. So when you take your jacket off you don't have to hang your wallet up with it. It holds 24 credit cards and costs \$10.00.

BUXTON

and if I am ever so blessed by fortune as to save the squire's daughter from a runaway stallion and he asks me how possibly he can reward me, I shall quote Clarence Darrow's timeless epigram: "Ever since the Phoenicians invented it, money has been the most nearly perfect expression of gratitude," and, clutching his \$16,000 (a round sum is most easily managed) in my hot little hand, I shall run, not walk, to the nearest Mercedes-Benz store.

The 6.3 of choice is black with black-leather upholstery, because in that costume, it looks like nothing much, just a smallish sedan—112-inch wheelbase—of no startling profile, wholly lacking in sheet-metal overhang fore and aft, stolid and four-footed on the pavement. The chairs (one cannot call them mere seats) are clad in thick hide cunningly stretched over forms designed not by stylists but by orthopedic surgeons, and they hold one—grasp one, really—lightly but firmly, belted or not.

Short of the far-ranging 6.8 sedan, the Mercedes-Benz 280SEL is the instrument of choice; again, a perfectly balanced motorcar (oddly, because it looks smaller, the 280SEL has more usable room than a Cadillac), capable of extension far past its class. A candid-camera overview of a shopper in a Mercedes-Benz showroom will inevitably show him running a questing finger over the genuine tree-wood dashboard, trying to discover a microscopic flaw in the finish. Most unlikely: The iron-hard varnish has been burnished with a felt pad sodden in water and pumice or rottenstone. A quick rubdown now and then with a paste carnauba wax will keep it glistening for a decade. Which raises a point: A run-through of the classified ads in an automobile buff book (*Road & Track*, for example) will turn up listings of Mercedes-Benz automobiles of vintage 1955 *et seq.* at prices that may alarm you. A brand-new Mercedes is an instant classic, due to the company's policy of changing body style slowly, slightly, sensitively; a decade-old Mercedes looks almost new and, if it has been decently driven, feels so.

Porsche, too. Oddly, because this is a new motorcar. The first automobile to wear the name came off the production line—to use the term most loosely, because there really wasn't a line at all—Easter Monday, 1950. It took the factory four years to make 5000 cars; and even now, 20 years later, each day of production sees only 86 Porsches produced in a plant employing 3700 people.

Factories making refrigerators, stoves, lawn mowers and electric fans, never mind automobiles, are noisy past belief. Automobile factories are high on the double-decibel list; most automobile factories, that is. But Ferrari, Maserati, Aston Martin and Porsche—no. In 1960, when I first entered the Porsche factory

in Stuttgart, I was bemused by the comparative velvet silence of the place. The usual *brang-brang*, *choing-choing* of a motorcar manufactory was missing. Dead silence there was not; after all, things were being made; but the light clink of hammer on steel was the loudest sound to be heard. The reason was plain: Rank on rank, mechanics were assembling engines, cradled in viselike holders, but they were filing, pushing, trying, trying again, filing once more. There were days, at the beginning, when each Porsche engine was die-stamped with the initials of the man who had assembled it. The practice was abandoned, finally, when the painters and the upholsterers argued that they, too, had equal right to sign their work—but where?

Porsche owners are cultists: Passing on the road, they almost invariably flick their lights, trying to time it, trying not to do it first nor last but in unison. It was a common salute between foreign-car owners in the old days—1948, 1949—when a TC MG Midget stood for absolute sophistication; but time and uncounted freighters full of VWs, Jaguars, Austins and Hillmans diluted and destroyed it for all but the Porsches.

The Porsche that is Porsche to most of us is the Model 356, which ran, in designations 356, 345A, 356A, 356C and 356SC, from 1950 to 1964. Rounded off, short-wheelbased, high-waisted, it is certainly the best-loved small motorcar of our time, fast, agile and—especially—reliable. The Achilles' heel of the high-performance car is reliability. The woods are full of cars that will do 125 mph faultlessly—for a few thousand miles. Then, straight down the two-lane into Disastersville, and your friendly local foreign-car mechanic, six weeks from first phone call to the final bill, 180 hours at \$9.50 an hour. One of the endearing qualities of the Porsche is its persistent effort to tell you that there is a message in those all-lined-up-together screw slots: This thing will stick together. It does.

Early Porsches oversteered. That is to say, going into a bend, the rear end, heavily freighted with engine and each wheel riding on its own short shaft, independent of its mate, tended to move beyond the classic ellipse. All rear-engined cars try to do this. In the first 30 minutes of my Porsche ownership, I lost the thing completely twice, once in a hard descending right-hand bend, once in avoiding a towed outboard-engined cruiser.

Long past, with Porsche, is all that—oversteer, understeer *und so weiter*. The 1970 Porsche is a neutral-steer car; which is to say, go into the corner and drive the thing around, flat out.

The going range of Porsches is extensive, although there are only three basic models, the 914, the 914/6 and the 911,

priced from \$3595 to \$9450. The 914 is Porsche's answer to galloping inflation, the first Porsche ever offered at a bargain-basement price, possible because it carries the Volkswagen engine, driving through a five-speed manual or Porsche's semiautomatic system. It will do a respectable 110 mph. As for carriage-work, the body can be described as a demiconvertible, in that the roof is detachable—easily and quickly, too—and can be neatly tucked away in the rear luggage area. A built-in roll bar lives under what would be, in a longer car, a blind rear quarter—a device Porsche introduced some time ago in the Targa model. The 914 is mid-engined, stashed just behind the seats (no, it isn't particularly noisy), which allows luggage compartments in both nose and tail. One can stuff an extraordinary amount of gear into a 914, probably more than anything else its size can accept.

The 914/6 is the same body with the standard 125-hp Porsche engine. It's faster, quicker and costs a basic \$6000 with the five-speed manual. There's a little more chrome and wider wheels wearing fatter tires; otherwise, it's not easy to tell the two apart.

Standard, in a body style pretty much unchanged since 1966, is the Porsche 911, available at \$6430 to \$9450 in three models designated T, E and S. The differences are primarily in the degree of tuning of the flat-six engine, the cars variously turning out 142, 175 and 200 hp. Since the car weighs only 2250 pounds, all three models can be said to be more than adequately powered and they have top-speed capabilities of 128, 137 and 144 mph. Reasonably driven, they will deliver 23 to 26 miles to the gallon—extraordinary figures for genuine high-performance motorcars. The S, the competition version, has been almost unbeatable in its class in SCCA racing and Porsche is the present holder of the World Manufacturers' Championship.

I have owned Porsches since the early Fifties, and I'm convinced that the Stuttgart company—one of the last family-owned manufactories, by the way—makes the best small car. They are superbly comfortable, fabulous performers and really well made. A Porsche never appears to be trying hard. A few years ago, I drove one from Calais to Monte Carlo about as fast as it would go, much of the time at night and in rain, and I never felt for an instant that I was pushing it.

Porsche no longer markets its own cars in this country, a new and larger dealer network having been set up by Porsche Audi; all to the good, because a machine as good as the Porsche deserves care by mechanics trained on it. The car will soak up an appalling amount of neglect and abuse, but it shouldn't have to.

The Audi marketed through the same

THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



CHARLES V ON HORSEBACK IN MUHLBERG *By Jim Beaman*

dealerships is a medium-priced—\$2995 to \$3895—front-wheel-drive sedan. Audi is an old firm, founded in 1909 by August Horch, who also produced a massive luxury motorcar under his own name. Horch's was one of the four firms that combined to make the Auto Union, a 16-cylinder, rear-engined Grand Prix car, one of two makes—Mercedes-Benz, the other—that completely dominated international racing in the 1930s.

There are two models of the Audi sedan, both four-cylinders—the Super 90 and the 100 LS, 100–115 horsepower. Both will run just past 100 mph and, oddly, they show identical gasoline consumption: 26.4 miles to the gallon. The advantages of front-wheel-drive have become well known in the United States in the past few years—Citroën, Oldsmobile Toronado, SAAB—a flat floor, due to the missing long drive shaft, and good traction, because the engine weight is on the powered wheels. The Audis have been popular in Germany, a good indicator.

Buick dealers handle the Opel GT in this country—a miniature *gran turismo* vehicle, sexy-looking and striking, one of the few automobiles that look good in bright orange, a color much commoner in Europe than it is here, for a reason

that escapes me. The top engine is a 102-hp, four-cylinder, providing 0–60 in ten seconds and 113 mph top speed. The Opel isn't the best-handling car in the world, having an unbridled tendency to understeer; that is, to want to take a wider curve through a corner than the amount of steering lock would seem to dictate. One soon gets used to it, but it's something to keep in mind when the car is being driven fast. Opel is another old-line German firm, famous for competition cars in the years before World War One and remembered by collectors of oddball facts for the first rocket-powered car, which ran in 1928, and quickly, too—125 mph—with Fritz von Opel himself at the wheel.

The NSU company makes a medium sedan, the RO-80, powered by a two-rotor Wankel engine. (To increase Wankel capacity, the method of choice is not to make the rotor bigger but to add another unit, as one does cylinders in a reciprocating engine.) NSU is about to start selling the RO-80 in this country, now that it has satisfied Federal emission standards. NSU currently markets a three-model range of small sedans, the 1000C, 1200C and 1200TT. They are rear-engined, four cylinders, transversely

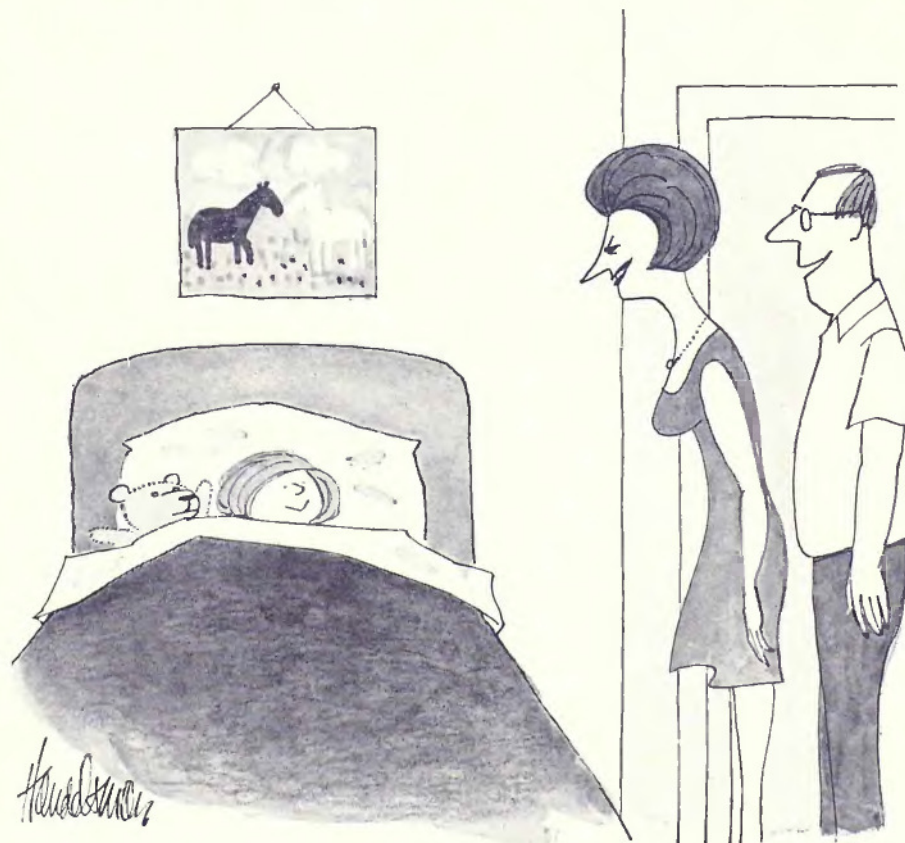
mounted. Modestly priced—at around \$2000 to \$2500—they are sturdy and attractive motorcars.

Another new face in this market is the four-cylinder Capri by Ford of Europe, being sold by Lincoln-Mercury dealers at around \$2300. A hotter version of the Capri available in Europe houses that comparative rarity, a V6, and it's rated at 144 hp, which obviously suffices, since the Capri has a 0–60 time of 9.2 seconds. It weighs only 2380 pounds. The engine has a potential well past 145 hp, and Europeans who use the car in competition have taken 200 hp from it with special carburetors and cylinder heads. And a German accessory firm sells a turbosupercharger for the Capri. You won't be able to get this useful and entertaining device from your friendly local L-M. dealer, but if you know anyone who's going to Germany this summer. . . .

And in the beginning was The Beetle, the car that nobody, practically, ever believed in. Well, Ferdinand Porsche must have, since he designed it. But there have been some highly placed wrong guessers: the British expert, for example, who advised his government not to bother taking the VW as part of War reparations, because the thing obviously hadn't a shred of future. The elves of Wolfsburg knew something no one else knew.

The 1970 bug—you can tell it from the others by extra cooling slots in the engine lid—has four more horsepower: 57. You can push it along at 81 mph now and no longer in peril of the dreaded final oversteer, which has long since been got rid of. Presumably, everyone knows that the VW now has an optional automatic transmission, as does the luxury version, the Karmann Ghia. The squareback and fastback models are longer and roomier than last year's. The great square-rigged VW bus has a more comfortable suspension system and all of them come with four neat little coupons good for trouble-shooting examinations in the car's first 24,000 miles. The diagnosing, involving 96 tests, is done by a system of electronic wonder gadgets (no more "It sounds to me like you need a valve job, mister") and each of the 1100 VW dealers in the country has one.

The eight major firms that form the German passenger-automobile industry make in all only about 60 models, but the range is the world's widest, running as it does from the Volkswagen, certainly the universal economy automobile, through the most technically advanced high-performance machines to the supreme motorcarriage *de grand luxe*, the 600 Pullman Mercedes-Benz. If you can't find a German car that meets your needs, you're in the market for a horse.



"Peter and Judy's mommy is helping Daddy take care of you tonight, sweetie, while real Mommy is at Peter and Judy's house helping Peter and Judy's daddy take care of Peter and Judy."



CAREER KILLERS

(continued from page 110)

have the report corrected and a fair one written and circulated to companies that had turned him down because of the earlier report. Since he had very little money to pay a lawyer for taking on his case, and there was little prospect of a large damage award to justify taking it on that contingency, lawyer after lawyer turned him down. Finally, George persuaded an experienced lawyer in a general and civil-liberties practice to take his case. The lawyer arranged a meeting with the manager of the local office of National Investigators, showed him the report on George Harris, demanded that the errors and biased information be corrected and asked what compensation would be forthcoming for the injury done his client. The local manager promised to check with the home office.

A month later, the local manager of National Investigators called George's attorney and stated that the item alleging a dishonorable discharge had been a "typographical error" and that it had appeared only on the report that George had obtained in September 1967. Neither explanation sounded likely to George or his attorney. But the local manager assured the lawyer that they had "resolved the problem." As for the rest of the information under "Reputation," the manager said that George needn't worry any further. Dissatisfied, the attorney asked National Investigators for a letter stating that the dishonorable discharge was an erroneous entry and for a copy of the full report as it would then go out, to see what corrections had been made. Several weeks later, National Investigators sent a letter admitting that the dishonorable-discharge entry was a typographical error but refusing to provide a copy of the corrected report they promised to circulate to potential employers.

At that point, in the fall of 1968, George's attorney filed suit to recover damages for the injuries done and to compel National Investigators to circulate a fair and accurate report (including an account of National Investigators' past error), to be inspected by George Harris and his attorney. National Investigators filed a general denial of liability, indicating that it would fight the case. Because of the delay in getting such a damage suit to court, George now faces a three-to-four-year wait before his case can be decided. Meanwhile, he is at the mercy of National Investigators; he still doesn't know what it may say about him, in writing or by telephone, should he apply for a job with any of the thousands of corporations that use its services. Nothing in its behavior thus far gives George reason to trust its good intentions or sense of justice.

I know George's story because he called me for help. He had read a newspaper account of testimony I had given before a Congressional committee investigating problems of privacy and due process in the operations of retail credit bureaus. This led him to my book *Privacy and Freedom*, published in 1967, in which I recommend that individuals be granted by law a properly defined procedure for inspecting and correcting their files in such private derogatory information systems. "Look, Professor Westin," George explained to me, "I'm almost 40 years old. In my industry, no one hires salesmen over 40. If I have to wait as long as three or four years for my case to get through the courts, I'm virtually dead as a salesman, even if I win money damages. And if my case becomes a big public episode, what company will want to hire a 'troublemaker'? Shouldn't there be some protection for people like me?"

George's problem is far from unique; it affects more than 35,000,000 Americans today—in executive, professional, sales and white-collar jobs—who have their careers monitored and molded by private personnel investigators. For many reasons, errors often crop up in these reports; yet the basic procedures of these companies inhibit those reported on from learning whether they have been unfairly judged and sharply impede efforts to correct such errors when detected. Most important of all, this problem will soon become far more critical than ever, with the arrival of computerized data banks and cheap long-distance communications networks. Today, this emerging system is in the hands of corporations that operate without any significant state or Federal legislative controls and with near immunity from judicial accountability.

These are serious assertions; let me spell out my reasons for making them. Though pre-employment investigations are occasionally carried out by personnel officials from the employer's own staff, most are conducted by outside firms specializing in such investigations. Some are large national companies with offices located in cities throughout the United States—firms such as Retail Credit Company, Fidelifacts, Dun & Bradstreet and Pinkerton's. Retail Credit, for example, though its name suggests something quite different from what it actually does, devotes most of its time to investigations of insurance applicants and prospective employees. By the late 1960s, it had representatives in 1800 locations in the United States and Canada, employed 6300 salaried investigators, maintained current files on 45,000,000 persons and issued 35,000,000 reports to some 40,000 customers annually. About 3,500,000 of these reports were employment checks and, of that number, some 175,000 each year



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produce what Retail Credit calls "unfavorable information" about the subject.

Pinkerton's, founded in 1850, proclaims itself "the dominant name in investigation—the world's oldest and largest investigative agency." Its current brochure states that it has 78 "security offices" throughout the United States and Canada. "Job applications and personal references tell only what the applicant wants known," the brochure instructs potential customers. "Pinkerton's Personnel Investigation service tells the employer all that *should* be known." This includes "occupational history, present address, past residences, personal life and family status, credit and community standing, education, personal references, social affiliations, civic activity, court record, business connections, general reputation and important additional information."

Dun & Bradstreet has long done a thriving business with its "form 98s" on the business history of individuals, but it also furnishes a "Personnel Verification Report" to aid subscribing companies "in determining the qualifications of employees by prospective employers." Hooper-Holmes, a New Jersey firm, maintains a "National Derogatory File" on "deadbeats" that is widely used by business; there are 9,000,000 names in this file. One of the other major personnel-investigating firms, Fidelifacts, is a franchise-granting operation owned and operated solely by former special agents of the FBI, with local offices throughout the country. The largest Fidelifacts agency, in the Greater New York area, reports that it produces derogatory information in 33 percent of its investigations; the Fidelifacts agency in Dallas puts its percentage at 27 percent.

Alongside such giants of the investigative industry are dozens, perhaps hundreds of smaller firms. Many of the nation's 2200 retail-credit bureaus do personnel reports as a side line. In a small community such as Rutland, Vermont, for example, the local credit bureau maintains files on 60,000 persons and sells confidential personnel reports to employers in the area, using information from its credit files, as well as material turned up by direct inquiries. Files on 110,000,000 Americans are maintained by local bureaus affiliated with the Associated Credit Bureaus of America, and any member can utilize this national network to obtain information about an individual. Private detective agencies also do an active business in employment reporting. The New York City classified telephone directory lists more than two dozen detective agencies that conduct pre-employment screening and personnel checks for businesses.

In addition to firms that focus on conventional pre-employment investigations, there are some organizations that provide employers with special "loyalty"

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investigations that very few job applicants—or anyone else—are aware of. Early in 1969, the president of one of the nation's most famous department stores received a letter from Andrew W. Hunter, field director of a well-known radical-right organization—the Church League of America. The letter warned that “American businessmen are faced with a grave problem. . . . Our working forces include more than a few radicals, socialists, revolutionaries, Communists and troublemakers of all sorts. The colleges and schools are educating and training thousands more who will soon be seeking employment.” Though industry screens applicants for “their educational and professional backgrounds,” Hunter continued, “little if anything is done to determine their philosophy of life.” Now, the Church League of America, with “32 years [of experience] intensely researching the activities of troublesome individuals, groups and publications,” was ready to offer its services to American management. “Our files are the most reliable, comprehensive and complete, and second only to those of the FBI, which, of course, are not available to you.” Companies hiring the Church League of America would rarely have to worry whether the dangerous-philosophy material it obtained from the League could “stand up in court,” as claimed. It would be used secretly to deny applicants a job without their ever knowing that Hunter and his bloodhounds were the cause of the “Sorry, we can’t use you” decision.

Many corporations doing contract work with the military ask their regular personnel-investigating firms to check into the “security” status of applicants who will be working on classified Government projects. At Congressional hearings in 1969, Senator William Proxmire quoted from a 1964 inspector’s manual used by Retail Credit Company, which explained to its employees how to write clear and concise reports on its security personnel investigations. For example: “Mr. Bungle, a normal loyal citizen, has no known connection with a ‘peace movement’ or any other organization of a subversive type.” The president of Retail Credit, W. Lee Burge, told Senator Proxmire that this wording must have been “concocted from the post-World War Two era” and “brought forward” to 1964. But he reaffirmed that Retail Credit does check employees in defense work to see “whether the individual has any indication of any subversive tendencies. . . .”

An excellent summary of the major areas that pre-employment investigators look into was contained in a speech delivered in 1968 by Vincent Gillen, president of the Greater New York office of Fidelifacts, to executives from the Association of Stock Exchange Firms. Gil-



“Well, if you should spot him, give us a call! . . . This kind of nut can be a real nuisance.”

len went from a job with *The New York Times* into the FBI for two years during the Thirties, then spent 12 years as a personnel executive with several large firms. After four years as an associate professor of management at Hofstra University, he established the Fidelifacts office in New York in 1958 and has headed it ever since. Gillen told the brokerage-house executives that pre-employment investigations turned up employees who had bad records at previous jobs, serious criminal records, drinking problems, falsified information on applications and heavy debts that made them likely prospects for embezzlement, as well as histories of drug addiction and mental disturbance.

Gillen also described the need to investigate “sexual deviates.” “Establishing that someone is a homosexual is often difficult,” he noted, but “I like to go on the rule of thumb that if one looks like a duck, walks like a duck, associates only with ducks and quacks like a duck, he is probably a duck.” Employing homosexuals had “far-reaching consequences” for management, according to Gillen, because they “tend to encourage the employment of their own type in a company” and “are subject to blackmail by the criminal element,” creating the risk “that they could take advantage of their employer’s finances.” He conceded that “these people usually are good workers, with above-average intelligence,” but whether homosexuals should be hired, he said, was up to the employer, for professional investigators “are fact finders and not decision makers. All we say . . . is

that you should know as much as is reasonable about people when you hire them, so that you know what you are getting.”

Thus, the personnel investigators, large and small, using credit-bureau files, insurance files, employment-investigation files and sometimes “dangerous-philosophy” files, maintain a network of dossiers on millions of Americans working in the white-collar sector. And this system of personnel investigating fails to give those who feel they have been injured by faulty reporting a chance to learn whether such is the case and to verify the correction of any mistakes discovered. Clearly, business needs accurate information on which to make personnel judgments. Few reasonable persons would assert that a candidate for employment should be taken on without his supplying information about educational and employment background, financial status and other relevant matters. And few would maintain that the prospective employer should not take steps to verify the accuracy of the applicant’s report. But when tens of millions of reports are being done annually, mistakes and misjudgments will inevitably creep into some. Yet several basic factors in the current personnel-reporting system suggest that this industry has let itself become hostile to error correction.

Time and cost factors in the industry invite trouble with these reports. Investigators sent out to collect facts are generally low-paid employees. Twenty percent of Retail Credit’s staff (the “blue-chip firm” of the industry) have no college

training; 60 percent have had some college training; and only 20 percent of its staff have a college degree. The typical employment report costs about \$25 and Retail Credit studies show that its men average 11½ reports a day. Other firms state that their "extended reports" average from \$47 to \$82 per applicant; detailed checks on key executives range from \$200 to \$1000. The low cost of the average report—sometimes even less than \$25—creates a strong time pressure on each investigator, who must produce or risk a bad rating. In addition, there is strong pressure to turn up unfavorable information, if the investigator is to be rated a "good digger." At the Proxmire hearings, a series of witnesses who had worked for Retail Credit or had been interviewed to work there asserted emphatically that there was an actual quota system for derogatory reports. "I was told," one man said, "that if I didn't turn in my 15 percent quota of negative reports, my superiors would probably investigate my work."

A former inspector for Retail Credit in Silver Spring, Maryland, told the Senate committee that "the pressure of the production quota system is so great" that an inspector cannot take time to

"reconfirm old file material before including it on a new investigation," as company procedures require. He said the "production quota" also encourages a tendency "not to confirm derogatory information with additional sources." Similar testimony was given by a former employee of the Mobile, Alabama, office of Retail Credit. R. C.'s president denied emphatically the existence of any production quota system or requirement for turning up derogatory information. But even though there was no formal requirement for a quota, the pressures of production in the local offices led some inspectors in the past to believe that quotas were part of the system, and employees conducted themselves accordingly.

Caught up in this time-cost squeeze, investigators often cannot live up to their company's own standards for verifying unfavorable information. Retail Credit states that its investigators verify unfavorable information through at least two or more sources. When it comes from one source, the company declares that this data is either disregarded or specifically designated as such and labeled "unconfirmed." But none of this was done by the company in George Harris' case. The three key pieces of derogatory informa-

tion, judging from the report itself, came from only one source. No confirmation was obtained. Yet it was presented to all of George's prospective employers as solid field investigation.

A member of a licensing board in a Southern city told me that his board had hired the local credit bureau to do a report on each candidate seeking a general contractor's license. A report on one candidate revealed some highly unfavorable facts about his business record and his request for a license was denied. He asked for a hearing, was told by the board what the issue was, was able to prove that the information was inaccurate and was granted the license. But he had been denied the license for several months; and the business he had lined up was seriously affected. All the investigating company said to the concerned licensing board was that some errors had to be expected in inexpensive reports.

Another factor in the industry is its conception of what information it must seek to fulfill its mission. Many observers—specialists in business management, as well as constitutional lawyers—believe that too much of the information collected is an unnecessary intrusion into a job candidate's personal life. The head of a national management-consulting firm believes that no hearsay information should be sought from neighbors or similar sources; "this is unreliable information," he says. Instead, he recommends that employment reports concentrate on the key elements of the applicant's job history and public record. "His official arrest-and-conviction record, marriage and divorce, debts outstanding, previous employment, evaluations by former employers—these are things that matter. In the hands of a good personnel manager, they tell all a company needs to know about the employee." He explains that companies generally seek too much personal information today, because they hope to make a permanent judgment about an employee's trustworthiness. He says they should realize that a program of continuing and sophisticated performance review is the surest way for management to prevent dishonesty and reward ability.

"It's silly," he feels, "to turn over to a \$7000-a-year investigator such power over the careers and lives of valuable people." Some executives have reached this conclusion for themselves, after trying out a personnel-investigation firm. An editor of a leading national magazine told me that he ordered a Retail Credit Company check on a prospective employee. The report went into such personal detail about the applicant's private life that he decided not to use Retail Credit again. "I don't want to know all those personal things," he explained.

Behind these problems in the fact-gathering process lie the secrecy procedures



"The next time someone makes a heavy pass, Miss Wickerly, you've simply got to do more than go limp in protest."



playboy after dark



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that keep individuals from knowing that employment reports have affected them. The basic contract between the investigator and the employer states that information from the reports and the identity of the investigative agency may not be revealed to the person reported on. In testimony before a House subcommittee in 1968, the president of the Retail Credit Company said that the typical individual who finds that he is being turned down for jobs for which he is qualified will quickly get to Retail Credit for an explanation, since it is "one of the largest business-information sources in the field." The subcommittee chairman, Representative Cornelius Gallagher, sharply contested this and pointed out that most applicants never know that Retail Credit is "in the woods," since the subscriber contract ensures that no one tells them. Representative Gallagher mentioned that one man who had contacted his committee had spent "ten years before he got to somebody" to learn who had turned in an unfavorable employment report on him. And, as we saw in George Harris' case, even a well-educated, business-trained salesman didn't know, nor even suspect, that an employment report was sabotaging his career.

The fact is, Representative Gallagher remarked, "that a man must make a series of guesses before he gets to Retail Credit." He must "guess that it is a report" that's causing him difficulty; "guess that it is somebody reporting from the outside; guess that it may be Retail Credit. . . ." The Congressman added that this was "the basis of a great number of the complaints we have received, that there is just no way of knowing where these stories come from. . . . Shouldn't there be a fairer approach to this? If there is a problem, what would be so wrong with the man knowing who to go to?"

An example of how the system worked in one case was provided by Stanford Sesser, a *Wall Street Journal* reporter. He described the case of a man whose wife applied for major medical insurance and was rejected. The husband visited the insurance company, but it stuck to its decision and gave no explanation. He thought Retail Credit, as the largest investigator of insurance applicants, might be involved and asked for an interview; he was refused. The attorneys he consulted advised him that he had little chance of forcing disclosure of their files if he went to court. "Through considerable expense," the man says, "and through a means that I'm not at liberty to state, I was able to learn that my wife was charged with being an alcoholic. Yet my wife has never consumed more than a dozen drinks in the 20 years of our marriage."

This failure to promptly correct errors and distorted reporting is the most important issue of all. Although even well-trained investigators can make a mistake, the basic policy of the employment-reporting firms is to deny a concerned individual access to his own report when he's faced with employment problems. "Fundamentally," the president of Retail Credit has stated, "it is protection to the sources of information." If a report were opened to the subject, he says, reporting sources would not be as willing to give information. It would also spread what should be confidential data "too widely," making the report "public information." Furthermore, Retail Credit's president explained, "We feel that the whole business information process would be slowed down and in many cases the cost would increase drastically." Obviously, the companies also fear that many lawsuits for damages would result from documentation of past errors.

Although these are genuine concerns by the investigating companies, it is clear that a careful procedure *could* be worked out to deal with these problems with fairness to job applicant, business-reporting firm and employer. An applicant for a job should be informed by the company to which he is applying that a personnel investigation will be conducted to verify information on his application with various public-record and previous employer sources. The nature and procedures of the investigation should be explained to him and he should sign written consent to this procedure. If the applicant is not offered a post and asks whether the employment report was a significant factor in the decision, the employer should be free to answer. If the applicant wishes to know the name of the investigating agency, the employer should be free to supply it.

The applicant should also be entitled to his own report by the agency. He should be able to have a conference with the investigating company, to challenge the accuracy of items or to present explanations of items he feels are misleading. The reporting agency should be required to indicate to the applicant what changes of fact or "subject's explanations," if any, it is prepared to make in the report. Federal or state legislation should provide that if the agency declined to change the report, the applicant would have two avenues of complaint: (A) a proceeding before a public board of review, perhaps one in an existing Government regulatory agency or a special board composed of leading private citizens; and (B) a right to appeal decisions of the public board to the courts, if the individual believes the decision is not fairly supported by facts and circumstances. The applicant would state his case and the investigating company would be com-

pelled to defend and document the accuracy of its judgment. It may be necessary, of course, that a person given access to his file agree in writing not to bring a damage suit against the reporting company if errors are found and corrected in timely fashion. This may seem to immunize the investigators against responsibility for their mistakes, but the primary objective in an age of dossier judgments about individuals is to ensure access to files and correction of errors, rather than to continue the "responsibility-through-damage-suit" method, with its long delays and high costs to litigants.

Were this system installed, the millions of persons reported on each year would know of the reporting on them and would be able to challenge accuracy and context as soon as unfavorable hiring decisions were made. There would be no six- or ten-year periods of damage creating the kind of severe harm that cries out for compensatory damage payments. Many of the basic features of this proposed system are currently embodied in a bill, passed last November by the Senate, covering investigations for credit, employment and insurance purposes. Drafted by Senator Proxmire, and endorsed by President Nixon's Special Assistant for Consumer Affairs, Mrs. Virginia Knauer, the Fair Credit Reporting Act is a major legislative item in the House this year. Similar measures have been introduced in California and New York and will probably be sponsored in several other state legislatures this year.

At stake is whether people or the machine system will emerge as the basic unit of value in the data-bank-dominated era of the 1970s. In a letter to me, George Harris compared his situation with the famous story by Franz Kafka, *Metamorphosis*, about a man who suddenly finds to his horror that he has turned into a cockroach. The man has no control over what has happened to him and cannot escape from the room in which he is trapped. "The mental suffering and deprivation I felt," George wrote, "have made me feel almost sub-human; each effort I made to extricate myself from the horrendous mess seemed to get me in deeper. How do I regain my humanness and dignity?"

I assume that George Harris, like all of us, is not a perfect man. He has his strengths and his weaknesses and doesn't believe that he has a constitutional right to any particular job. He is prepared to be judged on his record. But he is frightened and outraged by a system that has made secret judgments on him, with false and imperfect information, and will not rectify its mistakes. Will millions of Americans allow themselves to live under this kind of system? If we mean to do something about it, the time is now.





"Mercy! You didn't save anything for your retirement, did you?"

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