

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1967 • 75 CENTS

# PLAYBOY



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



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frosty bottle, boys,  
and keep your  
collins dry!*



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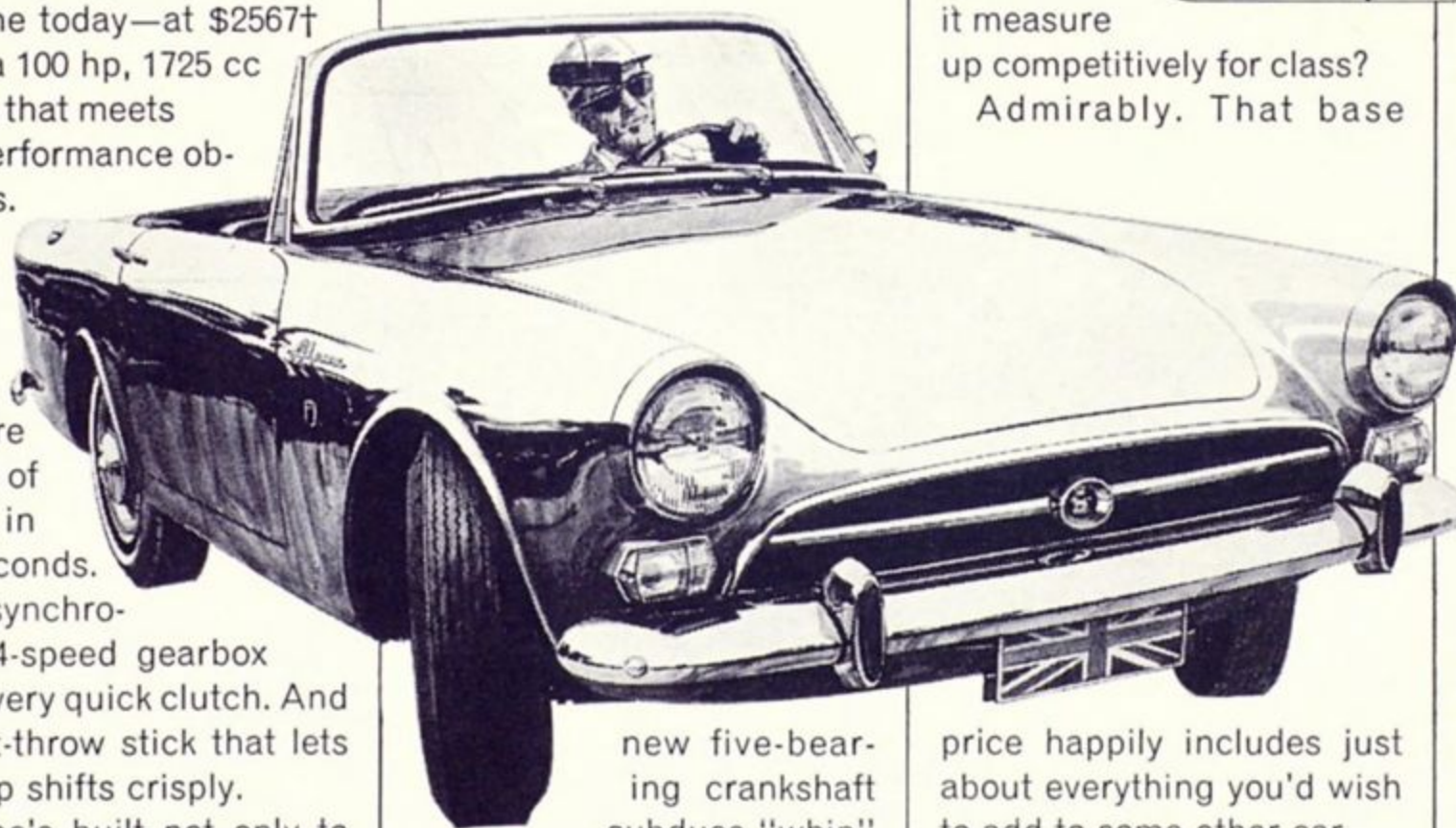
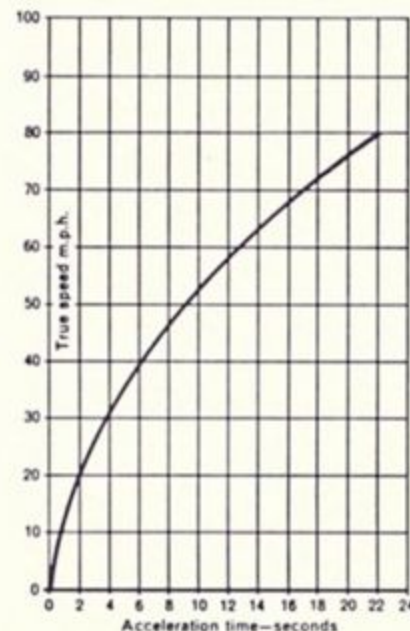
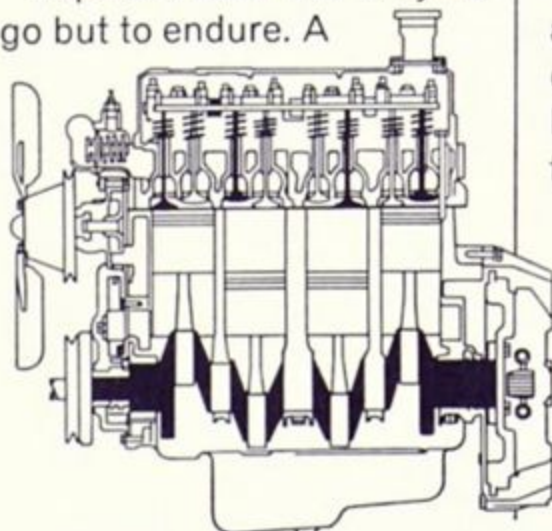
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And a big, big trunk. Fact is, Alpine V has things you can't get for some \$3000 cars we could list. Which makes it a lot of car for \$2600—the only high-performance sports car near its price.

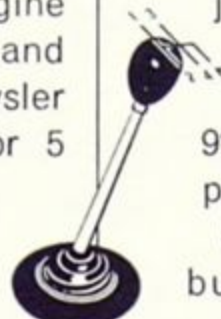
See your Sunbeam dealer and check it out. While there, pet his ultra-performance Tiger—world's fastest sports car under \$3700.

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†Mr's. suggested retail price, East Coast P.O.E., state and local taxes, destination charges and options extra. West Coast slightly higher. **FOR MONEY-SAVING EUROPEAN DELIVERY, WRITE SUNBEAM OVERSEAS DELIVERY, 720 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. 10019.**

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ARMOUR



HUNTER



GREEN

**PLAYBILL** LISA BAKER, who wears the Playmate of the Year diadem on our cover and who crowns the issue itself with six color pages inside, is the third Playmate selected by our readers as the year's best after an editors' deadlock. In winning her title, Lisa overcame the formidable competition of Tish Howard and Susan Denberg (see April's *Playmate Play-off*) as well as the nine other comely centerfolders of 1966, all of whom garnered a number of write-in votes. (There was also a scattering of sentimental ballots for pioneer Playmate Janet Pilgrim—and a single, surprising *Yea!* for string-bean Mod mannequin Twiggy, which we finally decided must have been misrouted from *Vogue* or *Boys' Life*.)

Gerald Green's *The Dispatcher*, our lead short story this August, brings into fictive focus the problems posed by invisible government; as with much of the best satirical writing, it has the appearance of unserious fantasy but carries a message made unsettlingly serious by real events. Green—whose best-known novel is *The Last Angry Man*—recently returned to the U. S. after spending four of the past eight years in Europe and currently combines work on a new novel with a peripatetic career as a writer-producer of NBC-TV documentaries.

Even more of an expatriate than Green is William Wiser, author of *The Man Who Wrote Letters to Presidents*, which humorously recounts a bizarre barroom conversation. "The story is one of a series of Miami Beach tales based on my experiences there as a bellboy, night clerk and beachboy," Wiser notes. "But Florida is distant. I fully intend now to remain here in southern France, where I can explore the Riviera, the locale of my two previous PLAYBOY stories [*I'm Just a Traveling Man* and *The Moor's Tale*], play *pétanque*, the local form of bowling on the green, and continue my simultaneous construction of two short-story collections." The conclusion of Evan Hunter's wacky new cliff-hanger, *A Horse's Head*, and G. L. Tassone's *Room 312*, which revolves around a sleight-of-man trick in a fantastic hotel, imaginatively complete the month's quartet of fiction. Fans of the Hunter novel are advised that Delacorte will be bringing out a longer, book version in October.

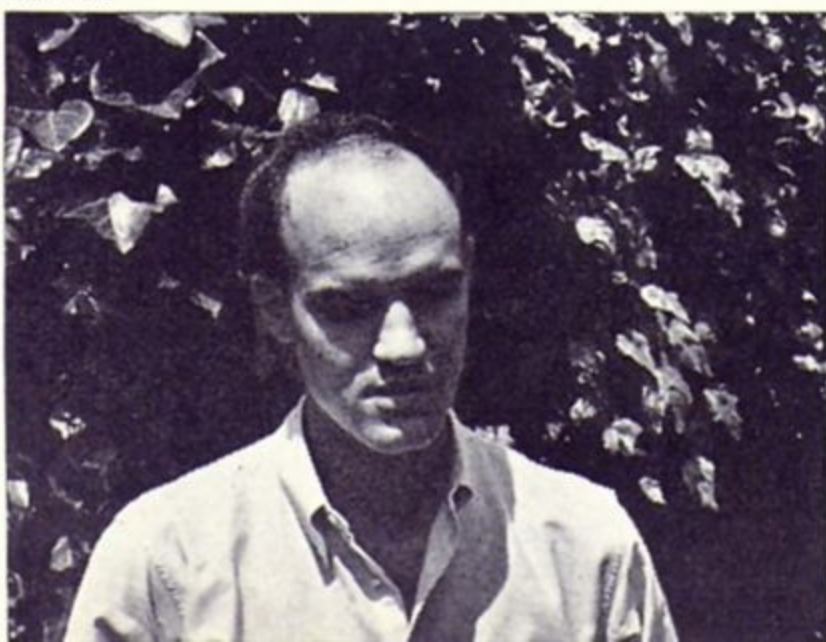
Two completely different pieces of writing—Anson's *Last Assignment* and *Playboy Plays the Commodities Market*—the first a remembrance of things lost in Vietnam, the second a guide to the action in the world of soybean, cocoa and big-

money speculation, came to us from Tom Mayer and Michael Laurence, who were undergraduate buddies at Harvard five years ago. The 24-year-old Mayer—first winner of the editors' award for the best contribution from a new PLAYBOY author (for his fast-paced May 1966 crew story, *The Eastern Sprints*)—was in Vietnam last fall and winter. "Ostensibly I was a free-lance reporter," Mayer writes from his present base in Mexico, "but I didn't do much reporting. The war is very complicated, and I knew nothing about war or the Orient. So I went out on a few missions and talked to people and tried to learn. When a soldier I knew was killed three days after he should have been out of the country, I wrote this memoir." In the course of a protean early career, Laurence has been a Memphis newspaper reporter, managing editor of the short-lived liberal Republican magazine *Advance* and—for four years—a PLAYBOY staffer. After two years as an Assistant Editor, he took a globe-girdling leave of absence that resulted in *The Girls of Tahiti* in December 1966 and in *The Girls of Paris* last month. Now he's back behind a PLAYBOY typewriter as an Associate Editor.

Feisty F. Lee Bailey, who has compiled a remarkable won-lost record in his few short years as a flamboyant defense counsel in the most challenging and celebrated criminal cases of the past decade, defends his cool combativeness and calls for the reform of his branch of the bar in this month's *Playboy Interview*. Jazz and social critic Nat Hentoff cross-examined Bailey with the same thorough research and dispassionate professionalism that characterized his *Playboy Interviews* with publisher Ralph Ginzburg, socialist Norman Thomas and folk hero Bob Dylan, as well as his many articles for us. Also herein, Ken W. Purdy, PLAYBOY Contributing Editor, leads readers on a grand tour of the *gran turismo*, in *The GT*; Richard Armour—whose 34th book, *My Life with Women*, will be published by McGraw-Hill this fall—takes a tongue-in-cheek look at the tortuous history of technology in *Science Marches On*; and New Yorker Jacob Brackman acutely assesses the import and impieties of *The Underground Press*. There's still more—including four color pages of Sherry Jackson, who has grown up and out since her kid-star days on TV's *Make Room for Daddy*. So make room for entertainment: Follow the tips for warm-weather beveraging in Thomas Mario's *Ice & Easy*, sit back—and sip a refreshing August cooler while you read one.



PURDY



MAYER



WISER



LAURENCE



# PLAYBOY®



Sherry

P. 72



Turismo

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Winner

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Mastery

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You *could* buy Goodyear's new Wide Boots because they're made much like a racing tire. Squat. Broad shouldered. With a strong cord set at a low angle for less heat buildup and longer wear. With a tread of Tufsyn rubber—the toughest rubber Goodyear ever built into a tire.

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## DEAR PLAYBOY

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### WHY SPY?

I certainly enjoyed Senator Stephen M. Young's May article, *Curbing America's Invisible Government: The CIA*. It seems all too logical that a gluttonous, unchecked bureaucracy such as the CIA should develop within the perplexing labyrinth of uncoordinated government that has grown up in Washington. Now that it has developed, the need for Congressional checks on CIA operations is imperative. It is sad that dedicated men such as Senator Young have to work within a Congress that no longer enjoys wide popular support.

Glenn W. Sledge  
Whiteville, North Carolina

Senator Young's article was excellently put together. You are to be congratulated for publishing a piece that presents a side of the CIA story about which the public knows distressingly little.

John W. Peck, Circuit Judge  
U.S. Court of Appeals, Sixth Circuit  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Our freedom to decide our foreign policy through elected officials—not through a bunch of Fearless Fosdicks—is more important than any intelligence gains the CIA might produce.

Richard Schechter  
Potsdam, New York

Senator Young's criticisms of the CIA are undoubtedly valid. There is only one Government organization that has acted less efficiently, more extravagantly and more contrary to our national interests. That is the United States Congress.

John Alexander  
Ruston, Louisiana

I was very pleased to read in Senator Young's article that "today you cannot directly learn anything about the CIA operation—not what it does nor what it costs, not how efficient it is, not even when it succeeds or when it fails—until it is too late to make any useful judgment." This is just as it should be. To put such an agency under the control of a Senate committee would more than likely hamper its effectiveness.

Thomas A. Narwid  
Burlington, Vermont

### JOBLESS PUNMANSHIP

To add to your May *Playboy After Hours* list of unemployment puns: A songwriter would be decomposed, a cowboy deranged, a certain baseball player dismantled and a wizard disenchanted.

Mrs. David Remen  
Jackson Heights, New York

Hunters would be dislodged and old maids dismissed.

Sheldon Barasch  
Bronx, New York

### FAST COMPANY

As PLAYBOY so aptly put it, Grand Prix racing is *the* ultimate sport. Ken Purdy is a surprisingly eloquent sportswriter, and his article (*The Grand Prix*, May) is the most colorful account of the men and their machines that I have read in many years. Anyone who cannot feel the atmosphere of the racing circuit after reading this can't be touched by the drama of any athletic event.

Reed Dasch  
Long Beach, California

Congratulations to PLAYBOY and Ken Purdy for the excellent article. It must rate as one of the most interesting and easily digestible appreciations of the greatest of all sports.

Stirling Moss  
London, England

I enjoyed reading your *Grand Prix* article. Ken Purdy's text was lively and interesting, and the excellent color photographs constituted a brief but effective survey of the world of the Grand Prix.

Enzo Ferrari  
Modena, Italy

Your article on Grand Prix racing is especially noteworthy for Horst Baumann's photography. He is the finest auto-racing photographer to appear in the past decade. Thanks for publishing his exciting and remarkable photos.

T. F. Schuster  
FPO New York, New York

I recently read Ken Purdy's *Grand Prix* article. In the main, it demonstrated a thorough knowledge of today's motor

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... a most  
provocative perfume!



# LANVIN

*the best Paris has to offer*

bottled and packaged in France

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racing. It was interesting and well written. But I must take issue with Purdy when he says that aviation gasoline is used in Grand Prix races. Since 1961, F.I.A. regulations have stipulated the use of commercial automotive gasoline.

T. E. R. Bray, Manager  
Esso Petroleum Company, Limited  
London, England

*Purdy admits that he flew off in the wrong direction.*

#### LATE LETTERS

It's about time! I've been waiting to see Barbara Parkins in the flesh since the first time I saw her on television as Betty Anderson. Your pictorial feature on her (*The Late Show*, May) was fantastic. Barbara's contribution to men's sleepwear is second to none. My only complaint is that she wore too many pajamas. I imagine that many more men will be watching *Peyton Place* from now on.

Gregory L. Bultman  
Fort Bliss, Texas

All these months of watching *Peyton Place* without knowing why—until your May issue.

J. L. Carson  
Raleigh, North Carolina

#### HEYWOOD FEVER

Your May interview with Woody Allen was a joy to read. Allen is my favorite comedian, and his responses were priceless. My congratulations to everyone involved.

Terry Levin  
Chicago, Illinois

Thanks for the zany portrait of the comic genius that is Woody Allen. I'm still chuckling.

Esther Sturza  
Baldwin, New York

While I was en route from Los Angeles to New York—and angry with American Airlines for canceling the in-flight movie—PLAYBOY, and Woody Allen, calmed me down, made me laugh and restored my usual good spirits. All the airlines might do well to substitute PLAYBOY for in-flight movies.

Buddy Hackett  
Palisade, New Jersey

After eagerly lip-reading Sol Weinstein's interview with Heywood Allen, I must ask you to preface future material of this nature with the warning: "Caution: *Playboy Interviews* May Be Hazardous to Your Health." I have a terminal case of Heywood fever: I can't stop laughing.

Steve Lander  
Los Angeles, California

Your Woody Allen interview was the first one I haven't enjoyed. I have nothing against humor, but in this instance,

you have gone from the sublime (Arnold Toynbee—your April interviewee) to the ridiculous, in the space of one month. Let's get back to the interesting, the provocative and the stimulating.

B. P. Lawton  
Montreal, Quebec

#### FANTASY FAN

Gahan Wilson's *The Sea Was Wet as Wet Could Be* (PLAYBOY, May) is, I am certain, a tale that would win Lewis Carroll's heartiest approval, if only he were around to read it. What Carroll sometimes timorously hinted at, Wilson brilliantly and forthrightly declares: The creative artist must forever revenge himself against self-styled "adults" who persist in denigrating him as a "child" because he rejects *their* standards of reality. In Wilson's case, this revenge takes the form of a "fantasy"—but thanks to Wilson's skill, I'm sure that many readers finished the story with the wish that it could, somehow, come true. Certainly the actual presence of a Walrus and a Carpenter here on the West Coast would do much toward cleaning up our local Muscle Beach. In their absence, I can only commend Gahan Wilson for his symbolic cleansing.

Robert Bloch  
Los Angeles, California

*Quite at home in the fantasy realm himself, Bloch is the author of Alfred Hitchcock's "Psycho" and a frequent contributor to PLAYBOY.*

#### VOX POP

I would like to congratulate PLAYBOY on its recent recognition of popular music. In the May 1967 issue, almost half of the reviewed recordings were either rock or popular material, and your *On the Scene* feature was devoted entirely to personalities who are representative of today's musical trends. Whether you call it rock, psychedelic or whatever, I'm glad to see that today's sound is accepted by a magazine with the stature and respect of PLAYBOY.

James Gottlieb  
Union College  
Schenectady, New York

Thanks for your *On the Scene* sketch of Donovan, the most distinctive and refreshing figure to make the pop scene in a long time. Your brief article provided fine insights into this fascinating young man and his music.

Gregory P. Hodgkins  
Sacramento, California

#### SOUND OBSERVATION

Max Gunther's *The Sonics Boom* (PLAYBOY, May) was very interesting. Gunther has made a most valuable contribution to our understanding of sound phenomena and their effects on humanity. As a college teacher, I have reached the conclusion that we are creating a

new generation of the semideaf. Our children are so constantly bombarded with sound—much of it at an outrageous decibel level—as to be rendered totally impervious to conversation or music at normal volume. They are *aware* of sound without actually *hearing* it. This is especially true in music, where popular, big-beat songs are played at the highest possible volume without any regard for the resulting distortion. At a time when effective communication through writing has virtually disappeared from the public school curriculum and the spoken word falls upon deaf ears, it seems highly possible that sign language will once again be with us, as civilization completes its onrushing return to primitivism.

Robert Rowe  
Ridgefield, Connecticut

#### RAFAELITE

I read Rafael Steinberg's *Day of Good Fortune* in your May issue and found the word painting extremely good. Mr. Steinberg can write. This was the first time I had seen a copy of PLAYBOY and I found the juxtaposition of his story and the photograph of the rather exposed young San Francisco girl who is looking for work in Hollywood a bit strange. However, having swallowed my first gulp, I went on to read the section devoted to theater, films and books, all very well written. Do continue to publish the sort of fiction that *Day of Good Fortune* represents.

Bella Spewack  
New York, New York

*Mrs. Spewack has authored—alone or in collaboration with her husband, Sam—numerous short stories and Broadway plays, including "Kiss Me, Kate" and "My Three Angels."*

#### EDUCATIONAL FILMS

Stephen H. Yafa's *My, How Fast They Learn* (PLAYBOY, May) assessed the Hollywood scene—and what it's like to be young, bright and hustling—better than anything I've seen since Budd Schulberg was working similar terrain. Let's have more tough, straightforward writing like this.

Jack van Ronson  
San Francisco, California

Fledgling screenwriter Stephen Yafa's surprise at finding himself in a brothel instead of a love nest is in itself a surprise. His central point—that Hollywood demands originality and then pisses on its delivery—would illuminate nothing, even if it had not been said many times before.

Despite all the Old and New Waves of bilge, the essential fact about Hollywood—better understood by the illiterates in command than by anyone else—is that it is an *industry*, dedicated to the manufacture of a commodity for a market. That this commodity is compounded





Shakespeare's Works,  
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of such evanescent ingredients as tits and dimpled backsides, balls and derring-do, laughter and leers in no wise alters the basic profit orientation of the structure.

Hollywood is absurd, all right, but not truly mad. It is too banal and lacks the poetry to be Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. It's simply a tinted mirror held up against a tainted society.

John Bright  
North Hollywood, California

## MARTY

Karl Prentiss' *You May Well Wonder, Marty* (PLAYBOY, May) struck at the heart of American business morality. In some 24 years on Wall Street, I've more than once seen at close range very similar maneuverings and outrages.

Daniel R. Mattox  
New York, New York

## STERLING SYLVA

We were completely taken with your May pictorial feature (*Sylvan Sylva*) on lovely Sylva Koscina. But one thing bothers us: The poor girl says she is without a home. In the interest of brotherhood, we would like to offer Sylva a home for as long as she could possibly need it.

Sigma Chi Fraternity  
Oregon State University  
Corvallis, Oregon

The May PLAYBOY was one of the best ever—and its most outstanding feature was Angelo Frontoni's breath-taking photography of Sylva Koscina.

Michael Berryman  
San Luis Obispo, California

## FRANKIE AND ANNIE

I cannot tell you how pleased and honored I felt seeing myself immortalized in your distinguished *Little Annie Fanny* feature (May 1967). I was particularly flattered by the likeness of me—in which I appear somewhat like Al Martino with a gland condition—and the distinguished lyrics attributed to me ("Ring-a-ding-ding, baby. You're birding me out of my bird!"). Such eloquence has not been heard since Sammy Cahn caught three toes in an oarlock. Where else but in a free America could such satire be possible?

Frank Sinatra  
Burbank, California

## TAX VOBISCUM

A few details in Bishop James Pike's article in the April PLAYBOY (*Tax Organized Religion*) have been challenged by the National Catholic Conference. Some articles in both the Catholic and secular press have given the impression that Bishop Pike has repudiated the information he presented in PLAYBOY as to the wealth of the Roman Catholic Church. But, in fact, Pike has done no more than

indicate frankly that some of his material may have been out of date. (One article he cited—from *Der Spiegel*—was from the issue of August 13, 1958. The situation may have changed somewhat since then.) It seems obvious, however, that the wealth of the Church is not at all diminished and that the basic problem of the growing untaxed wealth of churches remains.

The Jesuits, in particular, seem to be outraged by some of Pike's observations about their wealth. There is a simple and direct way by which the truth can be established. The Jesuits can publish a full, audited statement of their current holdings. This is commonly done by church corporations and—as Pike wrote—actually protects the churches themselves.

Edd Doerr  
Washington, D. C.

With respect to Jack Anderson's concern regarding the present income-tax allowance for oil and gas depletion (*Tax the Oil Companies*), I want you to know that I have repeatedly supported reduction of depletion allowances. During consideration of the 1964 tax-reduction bill, I voted in favor of two amendments that were offered unsuccessfully to reduce the depletion allowance. Subsequently, no legislation for this purpose has reached the floor of the Senate.

I certainly feel that our tax laws should be drafted in the clearest and most concise manner. As you know, the complexity of the tax structure is in part the result of patchwork attempts to reflect particular economic situations relevant to certain groups of taxpayers, instead of applying broad general rules to everyone. I believe a balance of interests must be achieved, but the desire for simplification should not be permitted to create inequities.

I shall keep these considerations and your views very much before me during the shaping of the Administration's proposals in this session of Congress. I am hopeful that overdue tax reforms will be enacted.

Senator Jacob K. Javits  
United States Senate  
Washington, D. C.

## LIFESAVER

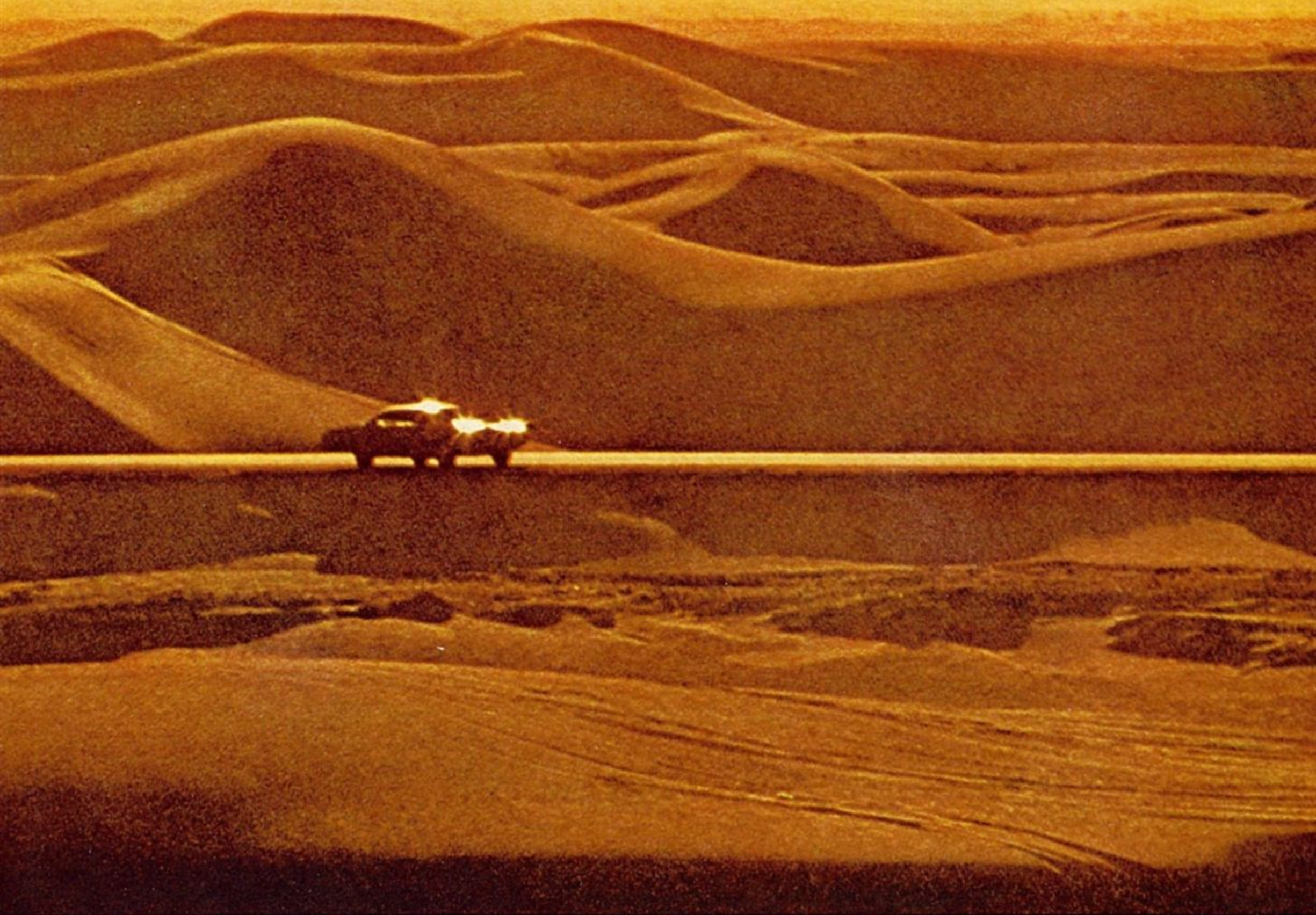
I recently arrived in the States from Vietnam, where I was wounded in action on February 17. I would like to express my gratitude to PLAYBOY for saving my life. In my chest pocket I had a PLAYBOY magazine, folded in four. As it happened, it stopped a bullet headed for my heart. Usually for reasons other than its value as armor plate, PLAYBOY is by far the biggest morale booster in Vietnam. For this, we all thank you.

Donald Iasillo  
Union, New Jersey





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# PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



At long last, it would seem, homosexuals and transvestites have attained some small degree of social acceptability in our straight-and-narrow society. Not long ago, New York's stately Town Hall played host to The Miss All-American Camp Beauty Pageant, a no-boys-barred showdown in which the winners of local female-impersonation competitions across the country bucked for the honor of being chosen "Miss All-American Camp." Originally intended as a benefit for muscular dystrophy, the drag contest ended up being sponsored by the Nationals Academy (an organization hastily formed so that the show could go on), when top-level M.D. execs uncharitably withdrew support after belatedly learning that girls in the pageant would really be boys. With the sanctioning of this heretofore subterranean activity, it seems logical that gay blades around the country will turn bust into boom and recast other heterosexual-dominated institutions in a soothing lavender glow. Radio and TV shows such as the long-neglected *Queen for a Day* and the recently popular *I've Got a Secret* will take on scintillating new formats. Of course, the declaration of a national "Take a Drag Queen to Lunch Week" is virtually assured. And such organizations as the United Fruit Pickers of America will have to hire extra help in order to answer the deluge of mail from new applicants. With homophilic emancipation no longer swishful thinking, various establishments such as publishing firms are already beginning to swing aboard the gaily painted band wagon. As a service to its readers—regardless of race, creed or sexual persuasion—*Women's Wear Daily*, the New York female fashion sheet, sent reporter-columnist Chauncey Howell to the Camp Beauty Pageant. He reported:

"George Raft and Baby Jane Holzer didn't show up and nobody missed them. They were both listed on the program as judges for the pageant, but they didn't make the scene. All the other listed judges—qualified experts on horseflesh, women and classy drag queens—did show up and are sitting in the front row:

Andy Warhol and Edie Sedgewick, Larry Rivers, Terry Southern, Rona Jaffe, Paul Krassner, Jim Dine, and a certain Dr. Ralph Metzner—just in case.

"Strangely, the audience numbers only a few young men who wear a touch of make-up around the eyes or look like they might have a pair of high spike heels lingering in the back of their clothes closet at home. These are invariably accompanied by strange little girls who look like Paraphernalia hostesses. All the West End Avenue hippies and Sunday-afternoon liberals are there; the East Village scruffballs are, too. George Plimpton and Catherine Milinaire are there. Young men wearing broad-brimmed gangster hats shading their acne scars; their dates in steel-rim glasses that even welfare clients would reject as too ugly. . . . The fourth-string Happening reviewers from *The Village Voice* are giggling with little female fruit flies in silver Mylar miniskirts. The whole audience is atwit and atwitter in anticipation of a madcap evening. Everyone is saying 'Hey, Baby' to each other.

"Suddenly, from behind the curtains, a band is heard playing *Hollywood*, the curtains part and a chorus of supremely ugly drag queens in beaded flapper dresses galumphs out for the opening buck-and-wing number. They make way for the evening's 'masterful mistress of ceremonies—FLAWLESS SABRINA,' who waggles on stage in a champagne-blonde wig and a tawdry white sheath singing Mae West's *I'm No Angel*.

"Flawless Sabrina speaks: 'The queens you are going to see here tonight are the finest in America. No *schleppas* here. They're real beauties, and they've flown to the contest at great expense.' . . . Sabrina explains how the contest is judged. In addition to the standard contest virtues of walk, make-up, hairdo, figure and general beauty, there is something mysterious called 'transition'—'That's how well you hide that nasty bulge!' Sabrina says. . . .

"A flourish from the orchestra. The curtains part again, revealing 21 black-bathing-suited pseudo broads in huge,

Niagara Falls wigs and too much make-up. Beauty marks are popular. Shoulders are wider than they should be. Muscular legs show signs of razor burn beneath the nylons. Very few of the queens (that's what Sabrina keeps calling them) are really convincing. Those few, like Sabrina, are so convincing they're scary.

"'America, these are your queens! Try to empathize with them, ladies and gentlemen,' Sabrina exults. They parade across the stage and then reappear in hunky evening gowns that are villainously elegant. Miss Boston looks like May Britt with a halfback's shoulders. Miss Fairfield County is an Annette Funicello gone berserk with a teasing comb and a can of hair spray. Miss Greater Washington looks matronly in purple, like a doctor's wife at a country-club dance. He smiles graciously and whispers 'Theng-you, thengyou' at the applause.

"During intermission, each woman in the audience is suddenly under suspicion. Everyone watches to see who goes to what rest room. . . . Then, the contestants are brought out again to let the audience have a final look. After much futzing around, the judges winnow the queens down to four finalists. . . .

"Miss Philadelphia wins! Some of the disappointed queens scream 'Fix!' With that, Sabrina loses her composure, rushes to the footlights and hisses, 'Ladies and gentlemen, those bitch queens are just mad because they flunked "transition." I knew when they walked in they would!' Nasty-poo.

"Now enthroned in a gold chair and wearing a fairy-princess crown, Miss Philadelphia, now Miss Queen of Queens, cries honest, beauty-pageant tears of joy while the mascara dribbles down the cheeks. Larry Rivers rushes forward with a congratulatory kiss, thinks better and settles for a hearty handshake.

"'I voted for her because I thought she was sincere and vulnerable,' Rona Jaffe says. 'And besides, I didn't want to see any of those other *yentas* win.'

"This Sunday at Town Hall, the Reverend Dr. Raymond Charles Baker of



the First Church of Religious Science will speak on the topic 'The Quiet Mind.'"

There are those who like puzzles and those who don't. Most of the latter group responds to being asked complicated riddles with a sensation halfway between ennui and exasperation. Both feelings are compounded, of course, when a problem they're asked to solve involves many elements to keep in mind, requires the application of rusty math for solution and is worded deceptively—or, as it often seems to them, downright dishonestly. If these people like puzzles at all, their preference is for the childishly simple ones, rather than for those that are diabolically clever. For such types, here is a poser that satisfies their criteria, being possessed of brevity, simplicity and honesty in its wording. No tricks, eagle scout's honor. But, as a safety precaution against generating boredom or annoyance, we'll print the answer at the bottom of the next column, so that antipuzzle readers may read it at once and then return to the next item below. Ready?

A man drives one mile at an average speed of 15 miles per hour. How fast must he drive a second mile to average 30 miles per hour for the two miles?

Proposition of the Month, from a circular sent to members of the Jamaica branch of the British Sub-Aqua Club: "The Committee is in need of a good frig, and any members who could help are asked to contact the Club secretary."

Unsettling sign of the times seen in a Downtown Chicago pharmacy: WE DISPENSE WITH ACCURACY.

No rest for the weary: A headline on the cover of the June *Argosy* read: "SPEND YOUR VACATION IN THE SADDLE."

Much ado about nothing: The computer of an automobile insurance company, reports *The National Underwriter*, began sending bills for \$0.00 to a client in St. Louis. When the computer sent a "final notice" threatening cancellation, the man's agent decided that appeasement was the wisest course and sent the computer a check for \$0.00. He received a thank-you note stating that his policy would be continued.

Flash from the *Vancouver Sun*: "Women compromise more than a third of Britain's work force."

The *Chicago Daily News* was caught napping in an interview with LSD philosopher Dr. Timothy Leary. The Leary message of "Turn on, tune in, drop out" apparently made *News* correspondent Betty Flynn drowsy. Twice in her story,

Miss Flynn proved she was a dropout in her own right by misquoting Leary's rubric as "Tune in, turn on, drop off."

The tide of the sexual revolution on campus seems to be engulfing even its erstwhile critics, to judge by the following headline from Wittenburg University's school paper, the *Torch*, in Springfield, Ohio: "SEXUAL ATMOSPHERE SCRUTINIZED; ADMINISTRATORS TOUCH MANY AREAS."

A unique way to liven up a convention was suggested by *The International Teamster*, which reported that "Many women delegates were on the convention floor, where they made their contribution."

We'd heard that big business was finding it difficult to recruit qualified college graduates to fill its technological jobs, but we didn't know how serious the situation was until we read the following want ad from Honolulu's *Sunday Star-Bulletin & Advertiser*: "Person to work on nuclear fissionable isotope molecular reactive counters and three-phase cyclotronic uranium photosynthesizers. No experience necessary."

*Scrutable East Department*: A recent issue of *National Construction*, a Communist Chinese quarterly publication, insists not only that rustproof screws were invented by the Chinese about 221 B.C. but that "rustproofing and screwing were popularized by Chairman Mao during the glorious Long March." Elsewhere in the mag, a blurb introducing an article by Mao himself—reprinted to squash "rumors" that present-day China bears a resemblance to Adolf Hitler's Third Reich—states that "Adolf Hitler was 5 feet, 6 inches tall and weighed 143 pounds. He was renowned for his spellbinding oratory, relations with women and annihilation of a minority people. In his last years, he suffered from insanity and delusions of grandeur. Chairman Mao is taller and heavier."

Our special award for paternal insight goes to the father of a 17-year-old Elmhurst, Illinois, youth who disappeared from home on the same night that his 16-year-old fiancée vanished. *The Elmhurst Press* reported that "police said the father could give no reason for the boy to leave home."

And now for the answer to the puzzle in column one. It's easy as pie, right? To get an average of two numbers, you add them and divide by 2, right? You know the first number is 15 and that the average you want is 30. If you add 45 to 15, you get 60, right? Now divide by 2 and you get an average of 30, right? So the driver has to average 45 miles per

hour for the second mile, right? *Wrong!* Go to the foot of the class, which you will find quite crowded with other fast-thinking types. The correct answer is that it's impossible: To average 30 miles per hour for two miles requires that the distance be covered in four minutes. But our poky driver used up four minutes to average 15 miles per hour on his first mile, and has *no* time left for the second mile.

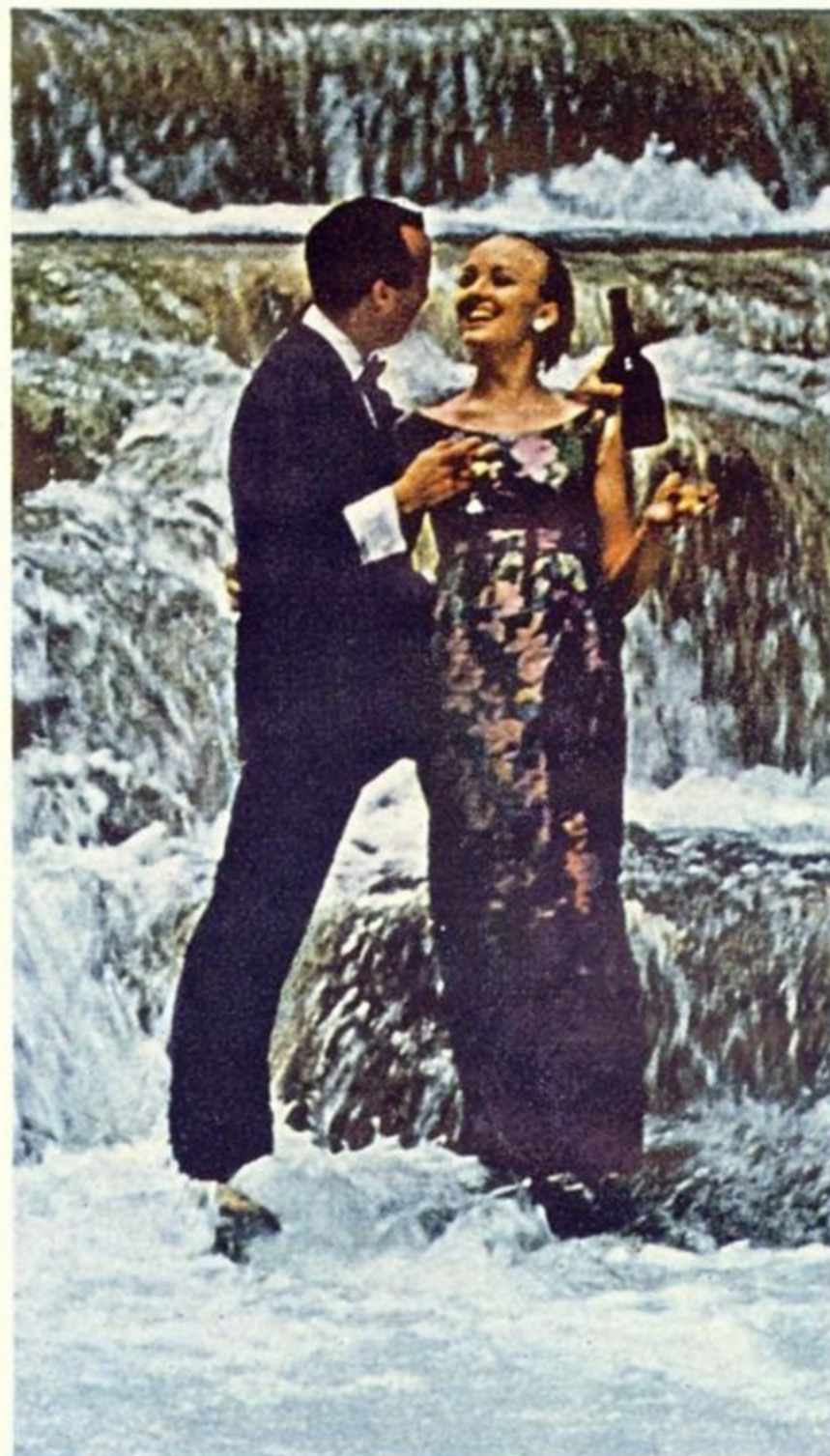
## MOVIES

The plot couldn't be more of a cinematic cliché: A dozen court-martialed American Army prisoners—most of them awaiting execution—are to be taken from their stockade in England and trained for a delicate, deadly mission behind Nazi lines. Few, if any, will return, but those who do will have their sentences commuted. This time around, the film (and the collection of prisoners) is known as *The Dirty Dozen*—and it is easily the most exciting and entertaining war epic since *The Guns of Navarone*. Heading up a big, well-chosen cast is Lee Marvin as the hard-bitten, cynical major charged with training and leading the GI convicts. Marvin dominates the proceedings with a performance that tops his *Cat Ballou* Oscar-winning theatrics. John Cassavetes, who portrays a wise-cracking Chicago hood turned hero before the film is done, may well wind up with an Academy Award nomination for best supporting actor. *The Dirty Dozen* is stockpiled with laughs (credit screenwriters Nunnally Johnson and Lukas Heller) and acting surprises: Jimmy Brown, who quit the Cleveland Browns at the apex of his pro-football stardom to become one of *The Dirty Dozen*, is as stylish on screen as he was running end sweeps; he's found himself a new career. Clint Walker (star of TV's *Cheyenne*), singer Trini Lopez and Telly Savalas, as a psychopath, are all above average. And Richard Jaeckel—that blond, crewcut kid of World War Two films who made a career of searching out Pat O'Brien to ask, "Is everybody scared, Padre, or is it just me?"—turns in a strong performance as an MP sergeant. Director Robert Aldrich has imbued the action with imagination and invention; *The Dirty Dozen* should be one of the big screen success stories of 1967.

When, at the close of *Two for the Road*, Albert Finney and Audrey Hepburn turn to each other, and he calls her "bitch" and she calls him "bastard," an almost audible gasp goes forth from the collective mothers of America. But there is little else in this latest effort of Stanley Donen to cause excitement. The action covers several years in the course of a difficult and unattractive marriage, those



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parts of it spent traveling in France. The difficulty is that, in attempting to capture the random fragments of a woman's recollection, Donen allows for no logic in the sequence of events. Transitions from scene to scene are triggered by a gesture, a word, that flings us forward and backward in time without clue or preparation. And when these shotgun tactics are done, the moral turns out to be that money can't buy happiness—or, more precisely, that it surely purchases misery. Confusingly interspersed with the couple's bedchamber scenes are several in which they encounter other traveling folk for fun and profit. Such esteemed sidemen as Claude Dauphin, Nadia Grey and Eleanor Bron provide these distractions. With and without them, there are witty moments in the film, and a few actually bear some relationship to marriage as practiced in the Western world. Alas, not many. More often, there are moments too hostile for wit or too cute for words, as when Albert remarks that American girls, though they seem liberated, really want just what their grandmothers wanted—and Audrey hands him a banana.

Murray Schisgal's *Luv*, a slight but hugely popular play, has been made into a fat and hugely disastrous movie by Martin Manulis, a producer with a gift for the overinflation of small balloons. Manning the air pump is Clive Donner, who directs Jack Lemmon and Peter Falk in overwrought performances and even manages to make Elaine May look bad. *Luv* on the stage was a fantasy for three Brooklyn linguists engaged in the rapid-fire exchange of lunatic dialog about marriage ("I'm more in love today than the day I got married—but my wife, she won't give me a divorce"). Donner takes this stage stuff and overwhelms it with too much action and too many people (Nina Wayne, Eddie Mayehoff, Paul Hartman and Severn Darden are inconsequentially imposed on the basic triangle). When a stage actor in a fantasy leaps, from fear, onto a lamppost, the audience says, OK, it's a comic convention, we'll pretend to believe it. But when Jack Lemmon is obliged to leap from a literal suburban lawn to a literal lamppost, the joke falls flat. And Lemmon himself is way, way off as a confirmed nebbish whose masochism is expressed in fits of deaf-and-dumb blindness and catatonia. It's a misdemeanor to put an actor of Lemmon's sensitivity into so circumscribed a role. It's a felony to turn Elaine May's satirical subtlety into gross caricature. And it's nothing less than a Federal offense to film their attractive faces at such close range that some sequences could be used in the dermatology labs of medical schools. In this moonscape of pimples and cavities, against the overblown background of

suburban Los Angeles, Schisgal's funny little New York play has escalated into a great big mistake.

There is no man like *The Flim-Flam Man*, and more's the pity, because as played by George C. Scott, he is one con artist you could be proud to be fleeced by. Scott plays Mordecai, the notorious scalawag of Cape Fear County, pretty much as he was created by Guy Owen in his novel *The Ballad of the Flim-Flam Man*—a man of a million transparent disguises and accents, an outrageous cheat with an eloquent contempt for the black hearts of his fellow men, "master of back-stabbing, corkscrewing and dirty-dealing," redeemed by his insistence, in an existence spent one leap and a gasp in front of sheriffs' posses, that "you can't let life get you down." Teamed with Scott in the attempted financial rape and certain physical destruction of all Cape Fear County is Michael Sarrazin as Curley, Army deserter on the lam, a skinny, good-looking kid who turns out to be a master shill with—of all things—an honest heart. Sarrazin almost steals the movie, despite Scott's flamboyance, and shows where Hollywood's next Fonda is coming from, Peter notwithstanding. Tangentially involved are Sue Lyon as Bonnie Lee Packard, sugar-mouth local bimbo and bilked beloved of Curley; Jack Albertson and Alice Ghostley as her parents; Harry Morgan as the hilarious, cigar-smoking sheriff of the county; Albert Salmi as his befuddled deputy; and Slim Pickens doing what he does best as a larcenous yokel and easy mark. But the best featured players are the Kentucky towns of Lawrenceburg, Winchester and Versailles and the leafy green farms and country roads of Anderson County. Producer Lawrence Turman and director Irvin Kershner did well to go there; a yarn as insistently red, white and blue as this deserves an unimpeachable setting.

*The War Wagon* is a heavily armored stagecoach laden with \$500,000 worth of gold. With a revolving turret spitting hot lead from a newfangled super-weapon known as a Gatling gun, and a dozen guards riding fore and aft, old ironsides ought to be banditproof. Except that the derring-doers who have marked the wagon for a heist are a rancher named Taw (John Wayne) and a killer named Lomax (Kirk Douglas). Taw, fresh from prison and swindled out of the ore-rich ranch whence came the gold, feels the booty is properly his. Lomax, who will do anything for money, may or may not be serious about a sort of subcontract to kill his mettlesome pardner for \$12,000. The go-to-hell tone of the Wayne-Douglas debates is just what an audience expects, and there's the hitch. Pitting Wayne, the polar star of the American Western, and Douglas,

the toothy apotheosis of he-manliness, against any number of adversaries doesn't leave much room for doubt about who will take every trick. It's aces back to back. Fortunately, *Wagon* director Burt Kennedy handles his stars with a mixture of affection and skepticism that comes happily close to parody—as in the scene where Wayne and Douglas shoot it out with a pair of ambitious junior gunmen. "My man hit the ground first," snaps Douglas. "Mine was taller," draws the Duke. One striking first is Douglas' nude scene. Crawling out of the bunk he has shared with a lady cardsharp (Joanna Barnes), he goes to answer the door—flashing bare cheeks and a costume that consists entirely of holster and six-gun.

*Volpone*, Ben Jonson's comic play on Elizabethan cupidity, is the source and driving force of *The Honey Pot*, Joseph L. Mankiewicz' wildly witty comic mystery. Rex Harrison joyfully essays the part of ultrarich Cecil Fox, who hires whole theaters for his solitary amusement and lives in unparalleled opulence in a Venetian *palazzo*. To his side he summons Cliff Robertson, aging out-of-work actor, to stage-manage a little psychodrama he calls "people-baiting." His victims are three women who were once the light of his life: Edie Adams, a dumb-blond Hollywood actress; Capucine, a superbly sneering French aristocrat; and Susan Hayward as Lone Star Crockett, his one-time Texas paramour. He cables each the news that he is dying and that she may be named heiress to his uncounted billions—the honey pot of the title. And so they come, each a full-blown parody of her type, each ready to give her all for the fabulous scratch involved. And who should Lone Star bring along but her nurse, Maggie Smith, who is proper and shy but nifty enough to make any man pine for an extended but not overly debilitating illness. When they are all in residence, uncertainty, menace and finally even murder wholly change the mood, and the audience is on its mettle to figure out who did what to whom, when and why. There hasn't been so stylish and intriguing a movie mystery for a long time. *The Honey Pot* is a honey.

*Enter Laughing* is Carl Reiner's funny reminiscence of how he broke into showbiz in the 1930s, and almost everything about it is funny—even the credits, which read: produced by Carl Reiner and Joseph Stein; directed by Carl Reiner; screenplay by Joseph Stein and Carl Reiner; based on a play by Joseph Stein; adapted from a novel by Carl Reiner. On Broadway, this property had Alan Arkin in the lead, and the heart sinks a little on learning that Arkin is not in the movie. Instead, newcomer Reni Santoni plays David Kolowitz, the nutty Bronx kid who does Ronald Colman impersonations at his job in a machine shop, longs





Okay. So you don't do stupid things when you're dating.

It doesn't matter.

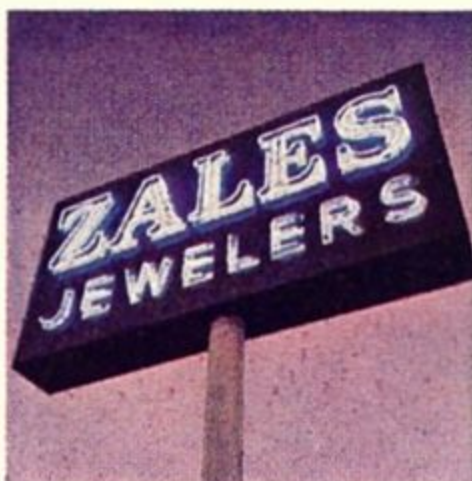
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to be an actor and is seriously afraid that he is growing up to be a sex maniac. And Santoni is sensational. He has Janet Margolin for his virginal girlfriend, Wanda; Elaine May for a leading lady in his first stage appearance; Jack Gilford as Mr. Foreman, his boss at the machine shop; and, for parents, David Opatoshu and Shelley Winters—who, believe us, makes a perfect Yiddishe Momma. With her hair in a bun and her nose all red, she's quite a comedienne, this lady! José Ferrer, as the hysterical ham who hires our hero for his dreadful drawing-room drama in a tatty old theater on 14th Street, has never been seen to better advantage. As Angela, his nervous nymph of a daughter, Elaine May vamps, camps, writhes and wriggles, and never once puts a pregnant pause in the wrong place. This is stylish company for a newcomer, but Santoni is more than up to it; and to play an *enfant* that terrible, he has to be very, very good. You are guaranteed to exit roaring.

Bet you didn't know it was Kirk (*War Wagon*) Douglas who led *The Way West*. Yup, off and bound from Independence, Missouri, all the way to Oh-re-gon, his chin the bristly prow of the first prairie schooner to cleave them parts. Or almost. Because Richard Widmark was there, too. Yessir, them and likewise a whole passel of other folk, some of whom can act a little, they hit the Oregon Trail. Including Robert Mitchum, for instance, who was a hell of an Indian scout—till he went blind. You could say that it was all based on A. B. Guthrie's novel of the same name, but that would be saying a heap more for producer Harold Hecht, who says that's what he based it on, than Hecht deserves or old A. B. ever earned. Let's just say that it's a long wagon train that adds nothing to TV's version of the same except a lot of scenery, a dab of verisimilitude and a nubile number name of Sally Field, who plays Mercy McBee. Little Mercy, owner of the hottest pantalettes in the West, proves she knows what a buckboard is really for. And she proves it and she proves it. Lola Albright is right purty, too, but she's married up to Widmark and not by nature promiscuous. So it's up to Mercy to stay true to her name over the long haul, and she does. There's no cataloging the troubles that a wagon train can get into—Injuns, my Lord, the Sioux just liked to plagued them folks to death; Mercy, given to flinging her cute little self out of her wagon and rolling downhill to perdition if you didn't catch her; Kirk's pride—he's got to be first and foremost and won't have no lollygaggin'. Then the mountains and the cold, and everybody having to jettison their old grandfather clock and all. And then a canyon than which there never was a more ornery barrier to wagon trains.

Yankee know-how wins the day, though—don't you worry—but not afore a whole mess of folk, including William Lundigan (*William Lundigan?*), get themselves smashed to smithereens on the sheer cliffs—unfortunately, much too late in the film.

Nobody in the north England town of Bolton could ask for a nicer couple than Hayley Mills (yes—married at last) and Hywel Bennett (a thin, handsome youth, with a striking resemblance to Paul McCartney); but Hywel's inability in the bedchamber becomes the talk and despair of the town. *The Family Way* is both the name of the movie and a condition Hayley will never get into unless the pair of them can get a house of their own. For sensitive Hywel will never be able to do his connubial duty while his parents snore loudly in the next room. As Hywel's dad, John Mills brilliantly portrays a vain and bragging phony in desperate, middle-aged competition with his son and perpetually in flight from his honest wife, a tough-willed lady hilariously and endearingly played by Marjorie Rhodes. As the weeks pass and Hayley's marriage still "hasn't taken on," old Dad would like to jump to the town's conclusion that Hywel is "one of those." (The boy always has liked books, music and other suspect diversions.) In the end, to the accompaniment of *Beethoven's Fifth*, Hayley and Hywel finally make a go of it, in a consummation devoutly wished throughout and successfully thwarted by all parties until rage and frustration overcome embarrassment. There isn't an actor in the film who does not come across with a strong and distinct characterization, however brief the role, relishing Bill Naughton's persuasive way with dialog—a talent he originally displayed in *Alfie*. *The Family Way* is the first Boulting Brothers comedy in a long time, and it's good to have them back.

*Woman Times Seven* is just an indirect way of saying Shirley MacLaine seven times, in seven little vignettes set in Paris and directed by Vittorio De Sica. There is nothing profound about any of them, and one or two are clearly off the mark; but if you like Shirley, this is an opportunity to watch her explore a wide range of comedy and pathos. The stories, by Cesare Zavattini, are like tales from a contemporary *Decameron*: as rich girl, poor girl, plain girl and gorgeous girl, MacLaine confronts a variety of predicaments—all of them essentially sexual. She also confronts, *en passant*, a few big-name stars—Alan Arkin, Rossano Brazzi, Michael Caine, Vittorio Gassman, Robert Morley, Peter Sellers, Elsa Martinelli and Anita Ekberg. Caine's stint consists of stalking two fashionable ladies along the Champs-Élysées and never opening his mouth. Sellers, on the other hand,

does a deft, French-accented job of seduction on a grieving widow as they walk behind her husband's coffin in the funeral cortege. In one segment, MacLaine comes on naked, teasing a pair of rivals (Gassman and Clinton Greyn) with poetry, painting and history and defying them to touch her. Their patience ends and they turn on each other. In a double bed in their underpants, the two guys trade blows. Loving it, naked Shirley advances on the sack, as the scene discreetly fades. With Arkin, MacLaine has a bit about a suicide pact in a ratty hotel room. His elderly wife has discovered their affair and has cut him out of her will. MacLaine is giving the wife a last piece of her mind via a tape recorder. "You're old!" she says spitefully into the mike. "Talk louder," says Arkin. "She can't hear too well." Obviously, DeSica is far away from the neorealism of his post-War period, and so is Zavattini, who wrote *Shoe Shine* and *Bicycle Thief*. Their world is different now—heavy with affluence, elegance, irony and pampered paramours. But they never entirely exclude reality.

The big news about *Caprice*, Doris Day's latest movie, is that it marks the end of Doris' professional virginity. It begins with the tacit understanding that the lady is neither undefiled nor under 21. Since the film has to turn on something more crucial than whether the leading man will get Doris into the sack before the last reel (in fact, she's there before fully 15 minutes have elapsed), Jay Jason and Frank Tashlin have put together a batch of Chinese boxes having to do with industrial espionage. Doris' line is cosmetics, and she's nabbed in Paris trying to sell the secrets of her employers to another company. Well, she isn't *really*, you see; she's just pretending, so as to get into the rival company's labs and spy on *them* for the employer she's supposedly just betrayed. Richard Harris, a double agent for the two cosmetics companies, is the unprincipled cad poor Doris gets tied up with, whose sack she graces and whose solar plexus gets the bruises when Doris comes on swinging. The little lady is savvy to the more sophisticated bugging devices—she knows a sugar cube from a sugar-cube microphone—and, to boot, is a skier of Olympic skills. She—or her double—also displays the desperate agility, on fire escapes and over yawning chasms, of a comic gymnast. But Doris and the audience have about equal luck in unraveling the snags in this plot, which bemuses one until, toward the end, it becomes prematurely clear that nothing was ever meant to make much sense and, aside from a brief rain of bodies thudding to the parquet, was essentially bent more on tomfoolery than on skulduggery. Running about with Doris



across the top of the Eiffel Tower, on a slope in the Swiss Alps and through a Boeing 707 accoutered with French silk draperies and a crystal chandelier are Edward Mulhare, Ray Walston, Jack Kruschen, Lilia Skala and—of special note—Irene Tsu. Miss Tsu represents another first in a Doris Day movie—a good-looking actress with a speaking role. Richard Harris represents still another—a leading man who can actually act. As for Doris, she never looked better. Just goes to show what a little loving can do for a girl.

A slightly smoother spin-off from television is *Gunn*, with Craig Stevens retained in the title role. A Caine or Connery he ain't, though having won his wings for a wide-screen outing, Stevens is rewarded with female flesh, frame after frame of it, soft and yielding. Director Blake Edwards, who thought up the yarn (and the series that inspired it), begins with a spooky scene of slaughter aboard a mob chieftain's yacht. Before Peter Gunn solves the murder, he spends a good deal of time nuzzling a blonde thrush (Laura Devon) in enormous close-ups, coaxing busty brunette Sherry Jackson out of his bed (see *Make Room for Sherry* on page 72) and acting worldly aboard a seagoing bordello staffed, it would seem, by girls of all nations who apparently work in matched pairs. The plot's sneaky twist is linked to a case of mistaken sexual identity, which just goes to show how TV characters are apt to carry on, once freed from the restraints imposed by home viewing. But in the last reel, they still talk prime-time talk, carefully accounting for everyone introduced in this week's segment. "Will she have to go to jail?" asks Gunn's paramour re one voluptuous miscreant. He shrugs. "Oh, I doubt it. She'll probably get a suspended sentence and probation." Or maybe a guest shot with Johnny Carson.

Any American male of 40 or so who has ever licked his chops over the prospect of juicy infidelities will find his hopes and fears amusingly materialized in *A Guide for the Married Man*, the most cheerfully amoral Hollywood sex comedy since Billy Wilder unlocked *The Apartment*. With an ear cocked to catch the full flavor of clubhouse innuendo, scenarist Frank Tarloff spells out the dos and don'ts of adultery as related by an experienced suburban philanderer (Robert Morse) to an aging, uncertain square (Walter Matthau), who is itching to swing a little. Matthau here resembles a dodo bird nourished by dreams of total depravity. But his lyrical side is even funnier. Windswept, starry-eyed, running slow motion through a field of wildflowers in a wistful recollection of the rapture once inspired by his mate

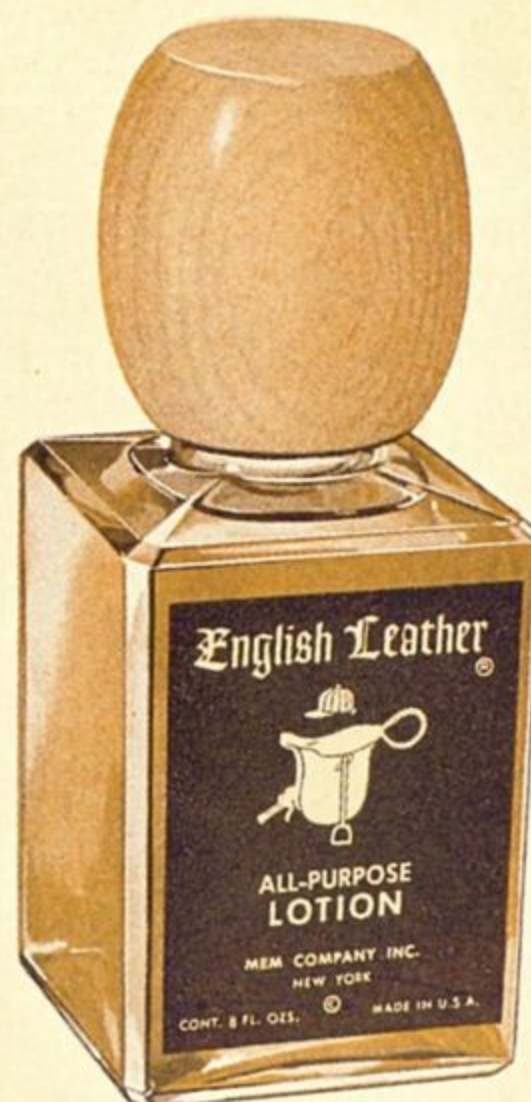
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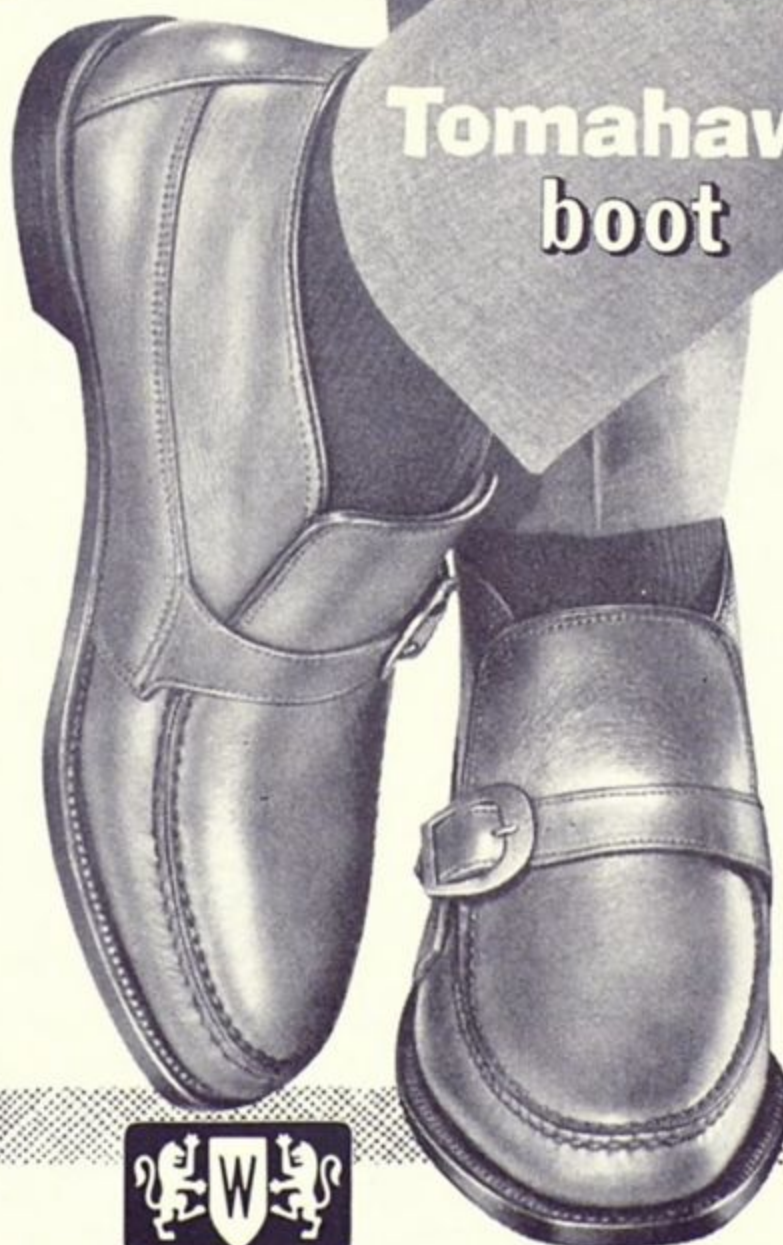
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# WINTHROP

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(Inger Stevens), he is a one-man show. Watch-and-ward types may be partially appeased by the final cop-out, when the film backs away from its larky amorality and sends Matthau squealing home to wife and kiddy, unblemished but bowed. While the will-he-or-won't-he story line proceeds apace, many of the fantasies of male, middle-class America are flashed back, forward and sideways. Enacting them quite explicitly are such familiars as Lucille Ball, Art Carney, Jayne Mansfield and Terry-Thomas. Billed on screen as "technical advisors," they simply go through their paces and fade out, and seldom has the device of cameo casting paid off so well. The sprightly, varied tempo of the escapades suggests that director Gene Kelly, having traded his dance slippers for a megaphone, can still neatly trip the light fantastic.

## BOOKS

Perhaps it is cruel and unusual punishment to learn that the President of the United States holds his dish of melon balls up close to his chin as he eats breakfast and that he "does not dawdle" in the bathroom. Such intimacies, however, are par for the course these days. Jim Bishop, who did the blow-by-blow on Christ, Lincoln and Kennedy, lowers his sights in his newest book to *A Day in the Life of President Johnson* (Random House). He compresses the events of 11 days he spent with the Johnson family, in the White House and at the L. B. J. ranch, into one composite, "typical" day, organized on an hour-by-hour basis. It is easy to derogate the simplistic, reverential Bishop approach, yet these pages are not without interest. For instance, it is commonplace to talk of the "strains" of being President; but this book makes it painfully vivid just how intense those strains are, not in the glamorous terms of carrying the burden of nuclear reprisal but in the unrelenting pressure of a 17-hour workday. It is fascinating, too, to see how much manpower and brain power is mobilized to prevent the President from having to waste even 30 seconds of his time or a few ergs of his energy. And there is the shock of learning that the letter openers on the President's desk are Geiger-counter as part of each morning's routine to make sure that no holes have been drilled into them and filled with radioactive material. But, finally, Bishop manages to collect more trivia about President Johnson than anybody is likely to want to know (for instance, that he will gorge upon tapioca pudding if permitted), without revealing enough about the inner man.

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On the basis of his previous novels and short-story collections such as *The Nephew*, *Malcolm* and *Color of Darkness*,

James Purdy has developed a formidable coterie reputation as a black humorist. In his new novel, *Eustace Chisholm and the Works* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), it is easy to find the black, but the humor is all but nonexistent. It is doubtful if this work, for all of its stylistic excellences—Purdy speaks in a tremendously controlled but intensely pitched literary voice—will gain him a wide readership. For what he presents here, grimly and relentlessly, is the tragic love story of two homosexuals. Amos is an Adonislike changeling child who can admit to his own gay yearnings. But Daniel, his sleepwalking landlord, refuses to face the implications of his love for Amos. And so their world turns black. The setting of most of the story is the South Side of Chicago during the 1930s, but the mood and atmosphere are that of a vague nightmare—disconcerting, yet comfortably unreal. Daniel, enlisting in the Army in an attempt to repress his tender feelings for Amos, becomes the plaything of a perverse captain who sadistically tortures him to death. Meantime, though still pining for Daniel, Amos hires out his beauteous body to a rich drunk and comes to an untimely end. Eustace Chisholm, a man engaged in writing an epic poem on the margins of his daily newspaper, enjoys the sad relationship vicariously, is somehow purged by it all and ends up ready to deal with his own sexuality. Which is a happy ending of sorts; or maybe it isn't—or maybe, by now, you couldn't care less.

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*In Search of Light* (Knopf) is a collection of some of the late Edward R. Murrow's 5000 eyewitness reports, documentaries and "think pieces," from Hitler's seizure of Austria to the inauguration of John F. Kennedy. During those frequently perplexing years, the calm and sensible voice of Murrow was, more than any other, the voice of CBS News, which he served brilliantly—if at times with more vigor and candor than the network appreciated. It is not possible for a book to transmit Murrow's tone of confident modesty, but these selections can and do recall the consistent right-headedness and humanity of the man. On the camaraderie of air-raid shelters: "Maybe I'm wrong—I'm not a very good sociologist—but I can tell you this from personal experience, that sirens would improve your knowledge of even your most intimate friend." On Buchenwald: "I was told that this building had once stabled 80 horses. There were 1200 men in it, five to a bunk. The stink was beyond all description." On the House Un-American Activities Committee's investigation of communism in the film industry: "This reporter approaches the matter with rather fresh memories of

friends in Austria, Germany and Italy who either died or went into exile because they refused to admit the right of their government to determine what they should say, read, write or think." When Murrow told his listeners of the death of a colleague, George Polk, he could have been writing his own obituary: "Certain it is that you have lost one of the ablest, most conscientious and courageous reporters who has ever served you." *In Search of Light* brings Murrow and his events back again; the rebroadcast is worth catching.

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*What Every Nice Boy Knew About Sex* (Bernard Geis) is a slender but crucial volume that separates the boys from the boys—the generation that has grown up on Kinsey's facts, Henry Miller's fantasies and Harold Robbins' fiction from that earlier generation for whom sex was a mystery, replete with awful terrors and rumored joys. Author Sam Blum deftly, sympathetically and with nostalgic humor re-creates the era of pre-World War Two pubescence when every boy hopefully secreted a condom in his wallet (replacing it semiannually as it cracked and yellowed), knew that masturbation led to stunted growth and hairy palms and could identify a girl who had "done it" by the way she walked. To anyone under 30 or so, it may seem incredible that there was once really a time when boys searched the unabridged dictionary for forbidden words, eagerly hiked long distances to see an undressed mannequin or smirked at the offer of a horehound-flavored cough drop. Yet anyone over 30 or so will have no trouble recognizing the sexual myths of his youth—that there was a girl on the block who "did it" for everybody (but, oddly, never for anyone you knew) and that the most erogenous of zones were a girl's toes, palms and earlobes. Blum's book is a merry meander among these epic half-truths of our sexual yesteryears.

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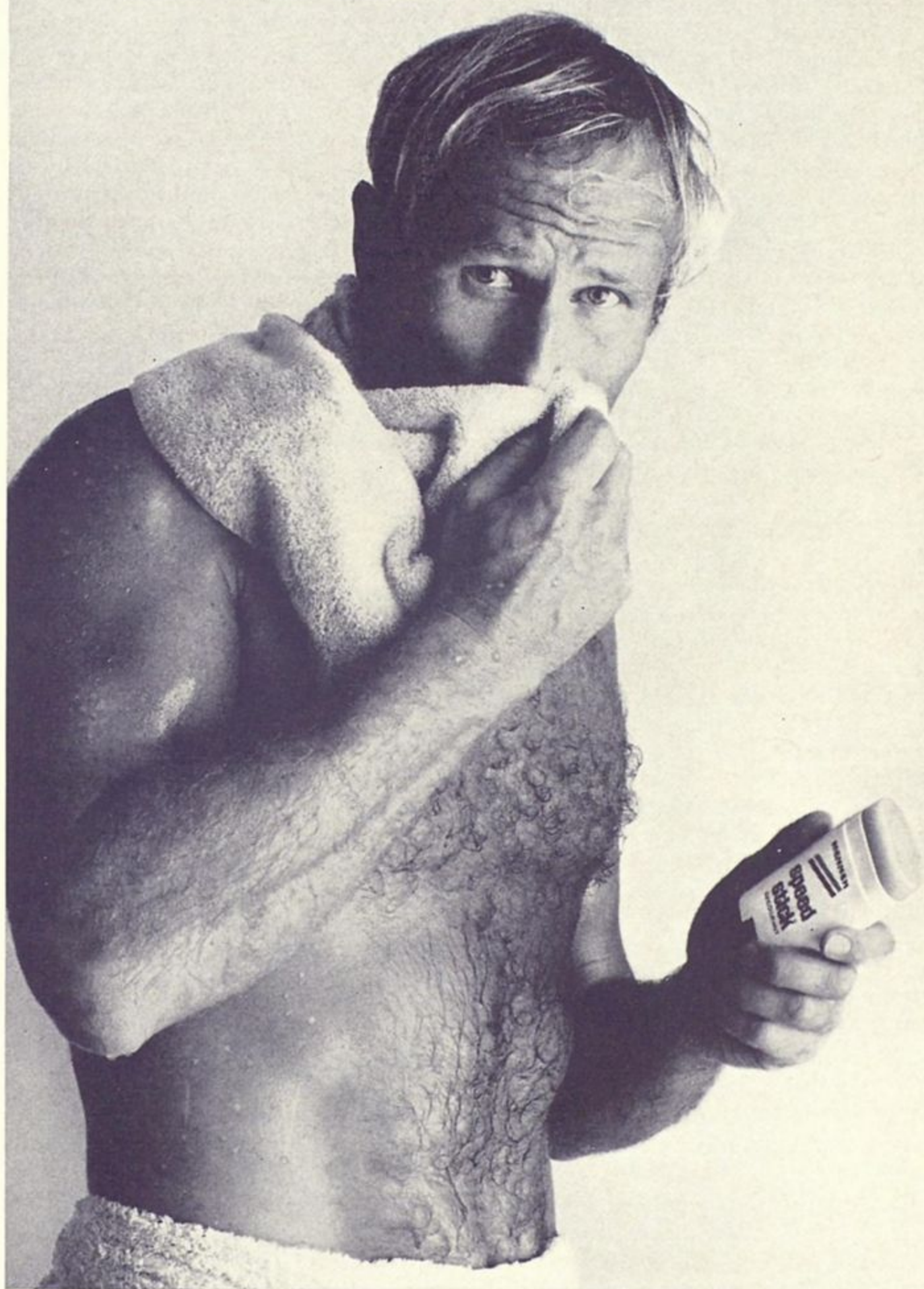
Don Asher's first novel, *The Piano Sport*, published a year ago, told of the evolution of a funny and depressed East Coast boy, whose main claim to fame is an uncanny resemblance to Dane Clark, into a San Francisco piano player who is hip, funny and, well, depressed. But he no longer depends on looking like Dane Clark. Asher's new novel, *Don't the Moon Look Lonesome* (Atheneum), describes the sad and hilarious love affair of Jules Roman, a dropout schoolteacher, and a beautiful brown girl singer and poet named Carmel Brown. She has a voice to equal Billie Holiday's; she has a soul to equal "Edna Millay's"; despite which she finds herself earning her living as the most inefficient day-cleaning help in the West. She is hot-blooded—but for televi-



sion. She is generous—but always first to need help. She is frigid beyond her means. The cool gray questing city of San Francisco is explored with delicate wit and lyricism in Asher's two novels. It's easy to see why Sylvio Narrizano, director of *Georgy Girl*, is preparing a movie of *The Piano Sport*—the mood of longing and humor, the vivid sense of place. At the end of *Don't the Moon Look Lonesome*, our hero returns to teaching, having lost everything he seemed to have wanted, without unthawing the lovely Carmel Brown. But he is not bitter. He is filled with hope and knowledge. He has learned a secret: A limber colored chick can be as frozen as a Cornell sorority girl. And more has happened. He has survived a nonintegrated North Beach barracks without losing the essential illusions or his life. The times are still sweet for Jules Roman, careless lover, futile cavalier. Someday Dane Clark may want to look like *him*.

Donald Duncan was a member of our elite Special Forces in Vietnam who came out of the Army and blew his cool for *Ramparts* magazine. His articles colored the Green Berets nasty. Now, in this fragmentary autobiography, *The New Legions* (Random House), Duncan's first 60 pages, the best writing in the book, are pure adventure. His team is sent into Viet Cong territory. Almost immediately it is spotted by the V.C. and tracked. From there it is all downhill for Special Forces. Duncan describes the making of a Green Beret, which is mostly dull except for a few disquieting revelations (an instructor telling the recruits, "Killing prisoners may sometimes be essential for survival"). When Duncan takes a job as a recruiter for Special Forces, he learns a bit more about his outfit. The captain in charge gives him specific instructions: "Don't send me any niggers. Be careful, however, not to give the impression that we are prejudiced in Special Forces. . . . Just ask yourself, 'Would I want him on my team?'" But it is in the field that Duncan learns his final lessons. He tells of a team of advisors standing by and watching their Vietnamese allies fire a village and kill women and children. One suspect is dragged out and a Vietnamese platoon leader kills the man with a knife, disembowels him and extracts his gall bladder as a trophy. When an American sergeant recoils in horror, his superior officer says, "So a few women and children get killed and a prisoner died under interrogation—tough shit. Teach 'em a damned good lesson. . . . They're all V.C. or at least helping them—same difference. You can't convert them, only kill 'em." Donald Duncan is neither a deep thinker nor a particularly good writer, but the man was there, he was one of them, he has something to

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say. *The New Legions* is a valid addition to the growing literature of a conscience-troubling episode in American history.

Whatever anyone says about Donald Barthelme's *Snow White* (Atheneum) is unlikely to be wrong, whether he manages to squeeze any sort of significance out of it or not. For, just as the flyleaf promises, it is "as contrary, as easily distracted, as curious and troubled and comical as the floating stuff inside our crowded heads." Its comicality, though, is something the reader must dig for assiduously before it can be dug. This short book is like a monolog half overheard in a café, delivered by one of those articulate talkers who belong to a certain kind of smoky half-light and who are lost without it. They are enchanting to listen to, but what they say and the way they say it won't come out in print. It seems to have been written with a fingertip dipped in spilt coffee, making guilloches of cup rings and marrying droplet to droplet on a tabletop. The story concerns a girl with many beauty spots, hair black as ebony and skin white as snow, who lives with seven men—Bill, Kevin, Edward, Hubert, Henry, Clem and Dan—who make their living washing buildings and manufacturing Chinese baby food. Among them, Snow White awaits the coming of her prince. All these whimsical personalities meld mistily and jar dreamily and impinge gravely but playfully, like Dodg'em cars in a ghostly carnival. Barthelme's writing is at once spare and prodigal. It is as if, having trimmed a carcass of prose to the bone in the name of artistic economy, he has fancifully scrimshawed the bone for the sake of novelty. He is a writer of talent; but that floating stuff inside his crowded head needs to be separated and fixed before it can be communicated. With all Barthelme's brilliance, *Snow White* remains an ever-so-faintly evocative doodle.

In the costume piece that was Victorian England, where it was not uncommon for a bride to approach her wedding night with a note from Mummy imploring the bridegroom in the name of decency to do what he wanted but to get it over quickly, Sir Richard Burton (1821–1890) was bold enough to explore the "dark" world of sex. Viewing sexual acts as natural expressions rather than as occasions for repression, he dedicated himself to translating all manner of instructional material produced by cultures that regarded sex more openly: ancient Rome, the Arabic world, India. A multi-gifted linguist—Burton knew over 40 languages and dialects—he was also a polished littérateur, at home in both poetry and prose. His translations of the *Kama Sutra* and the *Ananga Ranga*, his uncensored *Arabian Nights* and his

renditions of Catullus' poetry represented but one of the facets of a fascinating personality. Burton was also one of the 19th Century's great African explorers, a fine travel writer, a first-class swordsman, a formidable soldier, an important archaeologist and anthropologist and a highly skilled actor (no relation to his more famous namesake) and raconteur. Not surprisingly, there has been no shortage of books about him. But *The Devil Drives* (Norton) is as thorough and complete a single work as one could desire. One might carp about its lack of an index, but a more important criticism concerns author Fawn Brodie's handling of Burton's own sexuality—or alleged homosexuality. By pussyfooting until the last two chapters, she builds the question to proportions beyond its worth, thereby making less of her subject. For the dark Freudian devil that drove Burton is not nearly as important as the enlightenment it drove him to seek. A taste of Burton's wide-ranging interests may be found in *The Erotic Traveler* (Putnam), his account of some of the more bizarre sexual customs encountered in his travels.

## THEATER

*Hallelujah, Baby!* is the collective invention of four previously proven theatrical talents—author Arthur Laurents, lyricists Betty Comden and Adolph Green and composer Jule Styne—but it is no cause for jubilation. The evident intention was to write a musical-comedy chronicle of the American Negro; the result is a compendium of colored clichés. The group show begins with someone's-in-the-kitchen and yassuh-nosuh's way through Aunt Jemima, the shuffling Pullman porter, the watermelon-smiled buck-and-wingers, the locomotive-rhythmed recruits in the all-Negro regiment and The Star In Spite Of Her Color. The jokes are on the level of "You're lucky, baby. On you a black eye don't show." The focus of this Uncle Tomfoolery is a Lena Horne-ish singer, played by Leslie Uggams. The gimmick is that she remains 25 throughout the show, although the scenes span a sketchy 60 years, about 50 of which are in "the wrong place, the wrong time" for her to make it. Finally, in the middle of the second act, she gets to the 1950s, and it's the right time for the character and for the actress. Miss Uggams, allowed to shed the Topsy bit, belts out the title song, and it's Hallelujah, baby! twice over. In spite of her platitudinous role, luscious Leslie is a star in her first try on Broadway. At the Martin Beck, 302 West 45th Street.

Like a phased-out middle class, off-Broadway has been disappearing, leaving only a ruling aristocracy—the slick commercial world of Broadway—and

the lower depths, the workshop nether world of coffeehouses and church lofts known as off-off-Broadway. In recent years, most productions off-Broadway have been borderline (and basket) cases, foreign hits that almost made it Uptown, semivanity showcases and, occasionally, a worthwhile revival. Suddenly this year, however, there has been a revival of off-Broadway itself. The event of the season was *America Hurrah*, which introduced an important new playwright, Jean-Claude van Itallie, and brought to the commercial world a taste of a new kind of American theater—free-form, unconventional, nonrealistic and socially conscious. In the three one-act plays that comprise the production, Van Itallie assails the mass market place of modern urbia, the television fantasy world and the mechanical sterility of a motel-directed society. All are beautifully executed by an ensemble company directed by Joseph Chaikin and Jacques Levy, but it is the last play that is the stunner. A short shock wave, it is performed by actors encased in huge, grotesque doll bodies. Robotlike, a couple strides into an antiseptic motel room and carefully dismembers it—chairs, bed, plumbing—and finally scrawls obscenities on the wall. As they act out the ritual, a third nonperson, the motel-keeper, recites, like a liturgy, the pathetic catalog of emotions and possessions that is her life. At the Pocket Theater, 100 Third Avenue.

*Fortune and Men's Eyes* is the first produced play by a Canadian ex-convict named John Herbert and, as might be expected, it takes place in a prison. Herbert's subject is homosexuality, the matter-of-fact acceptance of it as a prison way of life and the ease with which it corrupts the innocent. Herbert's hero begins like Billy Budd; but after the cell-block equivalent of fraternity hazing, he ends up as Jimmy Fagney. He is the boss of the block and can hit both ways. But his rise (or fall) is too pat, and the play falls apart in the last act as the author, writing hysterically, gropes for a statement. For the first half, however, it is a fascinating curio to watch. With a knowing eye for the incongruous, Herbert paints a funny and touching, if a bit overrouged, portrait of prison Camp. At the Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Avenue South.

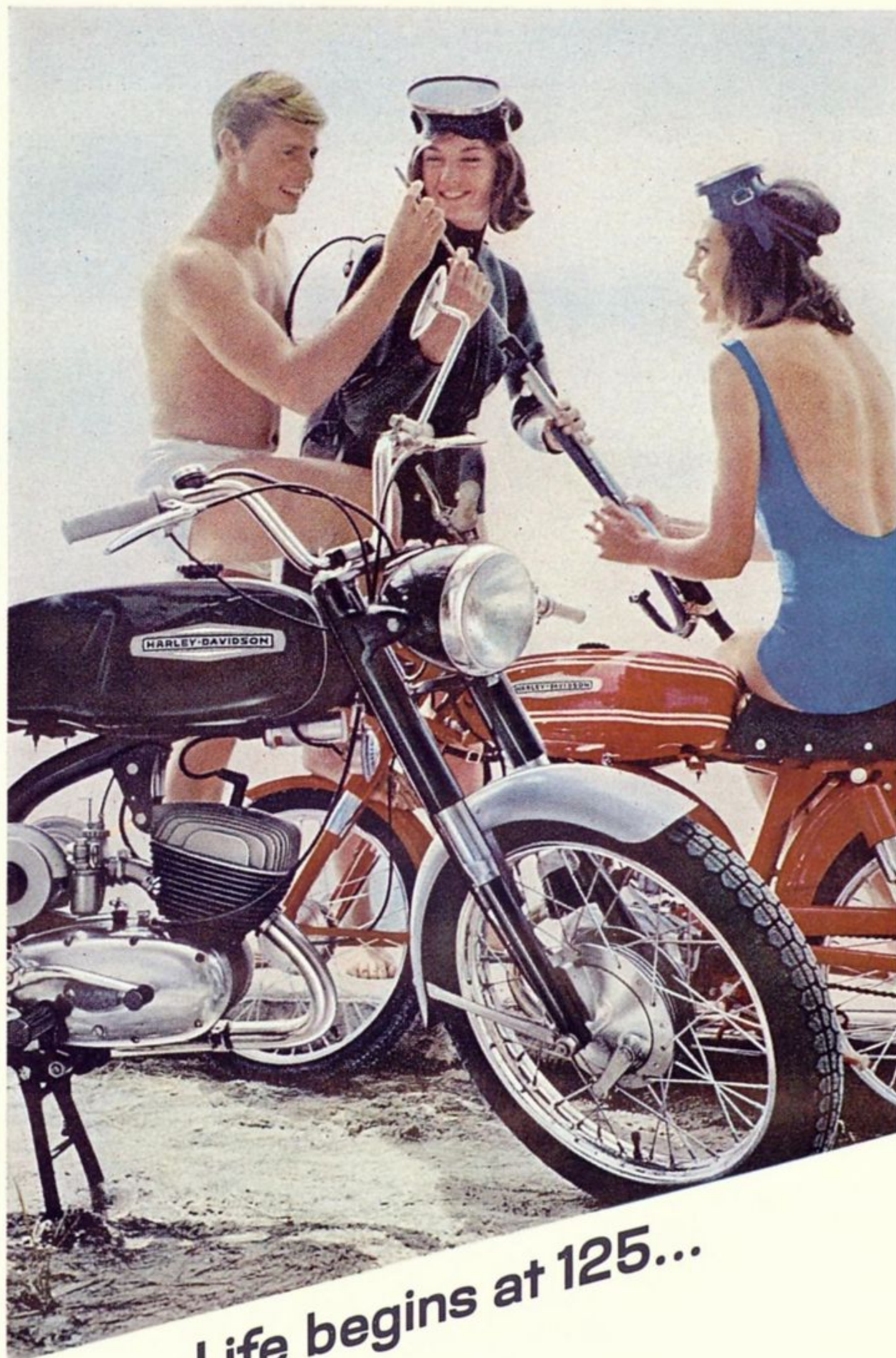
*Man with a Load of Mischief* is an off-Broadway off-operetta. Based on a flop play of the 1920s by Ashley Dukes, the book (by Ben Tarver) is a complicated, creaky romance about a prince's mistress who flees to a wayside inn, where she is waylaid by a machinating lord and his mysterious manservant. The plot could have been spoofed or, if played just right, it might have spoofed itself. Instead, it is played, for the most part, straight and stiff-backed, with lines such as "A common singer who climbed the back stairs of fortune!" declaimed as



serious. But the score is another thing entirely. It is zesty, lush, wonderfully diverse. John Clifton, who collaborated on the lyrics with Tarver, has written a battery of tuneful waltzes, polonaises, minuets, two- and four-part harmonies, scored them for piano, flute, clarinet and cello, and made sure that they're played and sung so that you can hear and enjoy. At the Provincetown Playhouse, 133 MacDougal Street.

A comic strip is a comic strip, and don't try to make an off-Broadway play out of it—unless you have the taste, modesty and feeling for the original possessed by the inventors of *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*. Clark Gesner, as composer and author (under the pseudonym John Gordon), has not turned Lucy into a femme fatale or Charlie into a leading man, but has put the little lady grouch and old wishy-washy right on stage—a stage bare except for large children's blocks—along with insecure Linus, introspective Schroeder and incredible Snoopy. He has given them Charles Schulz' dialog and neatly woven in some in-character songs. The actors, all adults, are tuned in to their characters; but Bill Hinnant is a particular delight as the fantasizing pooch. Director Joseph Hardy orchestrates the entertainment in the key of restraint, indulging in neither whimsy nor arch-ery but sticking strictly to his *Peanuts*. At Theater 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Place.

*MacBird* is a cartoon of an entirely different color—and odor. As nearly everyone must know by now—it's been staged everywhere from London to Los Angeles—it is a deliberate travesty, a caricature, an Outrageous Affront to Common Decency. But matters of taste are beside the point. *MacBird* must be approached on its own terms and not from any preconception of what is allowable on stage and how closely one can impinge on recent memory. Barbara Garson has written a wild off-Broadway comedy about the Kennedy assassination and Lyndon Johnson's ascent to power; and clearly, the plot line charges Lyndon and Lady Bird with engineering J. F. K.'s death. But the weakness of the play is not the extremism. It is the playwright's fuzzy-headed thinking. Her play is a self-indulgent term paper, not so much a show as a show-off. She borrows from all Shakespeare, distorts lines (often to no comic effect), corrupts characters when she feels like it, omits characters when she feels like it (why no Jackie?), is thoroughly frivolous in her artistic standards and her political judgments. All this said, it must be admitted that much of *MacBird*, as presently produced, is grand bad fun, something like a super shaggy joke extremely well told. It is the actors who have the field day, particularly William Devane as Robert Ken O'Dunc (R. F. K.) and Stacy Keach as



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MacBird (L. B. J.). Devane is a near look-alike for Bobby and can duplicate his voice precisely, but does it only once or twice to prove he can. Otherwise, his malicious performance is one of gesture, inflection, posture and intent. Keach is a wild, earthy, bravura and amusing MacBird, who, in the playing, becomes a Shakespearean character of Falstaffian proportions. But the question remains: If he didn't already exist, could Mrs. Garson have invented him? At the Village Gate, Bleecker and Thompson Streets.

•

Michael McClure's funny, touching, dirty and artistic play, *The Beard*, has been wandering about from one theater to another in San Francisco, getting busted by the fuzz, getting cleared by the courts—and delighting the literati, the hippies and the tourists. The New York producer is gathering his courage and his lawyers about him to import the entire cast for an East Coast premiere of this internationally known underground play. The entire cast consists of Billy the Kid, played by pathetic, craven Richard Bright in modified leather-and-lace drag, and Jean Harlow, played by delicious blonde Billie Dixon as a sweet and sulky semi-Southern belle. Marc Estrin, who directed with great precision, hung the chins of both actors with paper fringes of beard to indicate that the two mythic figures are carrying on their courting someplace in limbo, in imagination, in nightmare, in a hilarious midpoint between a boudoir and a heaven. And also between the sexes. They bicker, they insult each other, they ramble and meditate about love and the meat of bodies in McClure's theatrical marriage of Nabokov and Hell's Angel, blessed by Ionesco, consecrated with a pint of Pinter. An obscene gesture is both affecting and insulting—and a commentary on the risks of communication. It may not be entirely serious, but it's fun. It may not be entirely fun, but it's serious. The climax of the play, as one bewildered San Francisco critic wrote, "will go down on literary history." Thanks to the stately ritual created by McClure, Estrin and those matched antagonists, the actors, *The Beard* makes a strong argument both for the "meat science"—truth through lust—and for the aesthetic value of a shocking experience. At the Encore, 422 Mason Street, San Francisco, California.

## DINING-DRINKING

Across the street as it is from the Fisher Theater and named as it is to sound like the logical place to go after the third-act curtain, Detroit's *Act IV* (2990 West Grand Boulevard) might mislead the unacquainted to think it's just a spot for theatergoers who like their after-

show drinks conveniently near at hand. But that's only a small part of the plan. Act IV is a compleat supper club, one of the most elegant and gastronomically rewarding, in fact, within a long, long drive of Motor City. It's just as handy for dinner before that pre-Broadway unveiling at the Fisher, of course, and provides its own high-level entertainment for the unperipatetic. The seating is spacious, though it conveys an aura of intimacy, and the decor is old-fashioned lavish, with antique mirrors all over the plush gold walls. The service is splendid; poised unobtrusively nearby while you examine the menu, the waiter steps up to take your order at the very moment you become ready to give it—a nice ESP touch. The menu is a Broadway production in itself. Mounted elaborately in three acts, it begins by presenting in Act I an array of hors d'oeuvres and soups, including a lobster bisque fit for a command performance. Act II gets to the meat of the meal—or the fish, if you wish—with a resplendent repertory of 15 feature attractions and 47 other main-course entrees accompanied by a superb supporting cast of salads, side dishes and supernumeraries (special sauces and salad dressings). The cuisine, say the local *cognoscenti*, is equal to any in town; and if the succulent Plaque D'Or (prime steak) for two, Veal ala Act IV (with crab meat), Irish Sea Prawns and enormous K. C. Sirloin are reliable examples, they're in close touch with reality. Act III tops off the feast with either a cheese or parfait for a straightforward happy ending, or with something like French Fried Ice Cream Tia Maria for a rousing culinary curtain call. The floorshow usually headlines such solid stars as Mel Tormé, Fran Jeffries, Jackie Vernon, Phyllis McGuire, Jack E. Leonard and Irwin Corey. Open 11 A.M. to 2 A.M. weekdays, 4:30 P.M. to 2 A.M. Saturday. Closed Sunday.

## RECORDINGS

A soul singer par excellence is Aretha Franklin. There are two current LP examples of her extraordinary craft: *I Never Loved a Man the Way I Love You* (Atlantic) and *Take It Like You Give It* (Columbia). Of the two, the Atlantic recording has the edge in the electricity that's generated, possibly because it hews closer to the soul-gospel bag that Miss Franklin does so well; but the Columbia offering is a delight in its own right.

•

There's no doubt about it; the Buddy Rich Big Band is loaded for bear. Buddy and the boys romp joyously on *Big Swing Face* (Pacific Jazz). The ensemble sounds, penned by such notable chartists as Bill Holman, Bill Potts, Shorty Rogers and Bob Florence, are crisp and alive; the solos are vigorous and imagi-

native and Rich's drumming is awesome. As an added fillip, the LP features Buddy's 12-year-old daughter, Cathy, vocalizing on *The Beat Goes On* and acquitting herself admirably. On *Don Ellis Orchestra / "Live" at Monterey!* (Pacific Jazz), the trumpeter, whose proclivities in the past have been toward barely digestible avant-gardisms, has changed directions toward the coherent and come up with a winner. The band, with Don leading the way, is a wild thing but amazingly disciplined; and its forays into exotic and heretofore unexplored rhythms are something to hear.

•

Except at Oscar time, songwriters seldom get the attention they deserve. Many of them, however, achieve a modicum of fame as interpreters of their own inventions. Rod McKuen sings as we'd expect a storyteller to. Anita Kerr provides the lush musical backdrops for *Through European Windows* (Victor) as the composer conveys a number of fine tales, including the title ballad, *I'll Say Goodbye*, *Nathalie* and a surprisingly rocking *Baby Be My Love*. The most interesting aspects of *Up, Up and Away* (Soul City) by The 5th Dimension are the five songs and the arrangements of 20-year-old Jim Webb. Webb combines beautiful melodies with highly poetic lyrics—especially in the title tune, *Rosecrans Blvd.*, *Never Gonna Be the Same* and *Which Way to Nowhere*—in constructing an excellent scaffolding for the folk-rock quintet to stand on.

•

Much more than electronic ping-pong is involved in the sound on *Brass Impact* (Command). Featuring a brass choir conducted by Warren Kime, the LP is musically exciting. Jack Andrews' scorings employ onomatopoeic vocalizing by three girl singers and fine solo work by reed man Phil Bodner. Among the items taken deftly in tow are *Mas Que Nada*, *Eleanor Rigby* and *Baubles, Bangles and Beads*.

•

The first four BluesWay releases have established ABC's new label as a contender. Seldom has the Muddy Waters Blues Band been recorded in as good form as on *The Blues Is Where It's At / Otis Spann*. With the definitive Chicago blues combo rocking behind him, Muddy's half brother, with soulful voice and piano, gets the most out of *Popcorn Man*, *Brand New House* and seven others, including *Spann Blues*, a sparkling instrumental. *Blues Is King / B. B. King* catches B. B., backed at a Chicago night club by his jazz-oriented quintet, shouting the blues and ripping off eloquent guitar rides on *Night Life*, *Don't Answer the Door* and eight others. John Lee Hooker and Jimmy Reed are more rustic performers than King or Spann. On *Live at Café au Go-Go*, the deep-voiced Hooker, spurred on by



the Waters band, sings and talks his way through eight gutsy selections, including *I'll Never Get Out of These Blues Alive* and *I'm Bad like Jessie James*; as he puts it, he's in soulsville. **The New Jimmy Reed Album** presents a revitalized Reed playing simultaneous guitar and harmonica and singing with authority a dozen slices of the blues. *I Wanna Know*, *Honey I'll Make Two* and *Two Ways to Skin a Cat* are standouts.

Richly rewarding is **Baroque Brass** (Victor), on which The New York Brass Quintet (Robert Nagel and Alan Dean, trumpets; Paul Ingraham, French horn; John Swallow, trombone; and Harvey Phillips, tuba) performs the works of Purcell, Bach, Monteverdi, Des Prés and others of that era. The period's charm, elegance and grace have been captured by the group, whose playing is both spirited and sensitive.

**Andy Williams / In the Arms of Love** (Columbia) is a class offering from a class guy. The impeccable orchestrations are, with two exceptions, by Dick Hazard and Robert Mersey, and the material is well worth their efforts. Andy's enviable vocal equipment adds that much more to the likes of *The Very Thought of You*, *Remember* and *So Nice (Summer Samba)*. Another splendid Williams collection is to be found on **Born Free** (Columbia). Among the highlights: *Music to Watch Girls By*, *Spanish Eyes*, *Sunny* and the beautiful *I Want to Be Free*.

A gladsome group of sad songs is served up by Eydie Gormé on **Softly, As I Leave You** (Columbia). It includes some of the most superlatively sad songs in the business—*Glad to Be Unhappy*, *Ev'ry Time We Say Goodbye*, *Don't Worry 'Bout Me* and *What's Good About Goodbye?* Miss Gormé carries a torch in grand style.

The lyrical tenor sax of Zoot Sims, abetted by Gary McFarland-charted strings, soars serenely on **Waiting Game** (Impulse!). Zoot even takes a vocal turn on *September Song*, but most of the time he rightly lets his horn do the communicating. *I Wish I Knew*, *Over the Rainbow*, *Stella by Starlight* and a handful of others are handled with care.

Shel Silverstein, PLAYBOY's peripatetic Jack-of-all-trades, has waxed another dozen of his own consummate if somewhat cacophonous compositions on **Drain My Brain** (Cadet). Troubadorable Shel, this time backed by an anonymous but first-rate country band and sounding a lot like Louis Armstrong with a sore throat, braves his way through such tender ballads as *The Floobie Doobie Doo*, *The Grizzly Bear* and the lilting title tune.

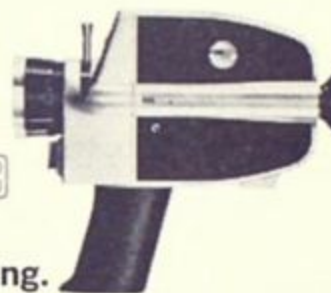


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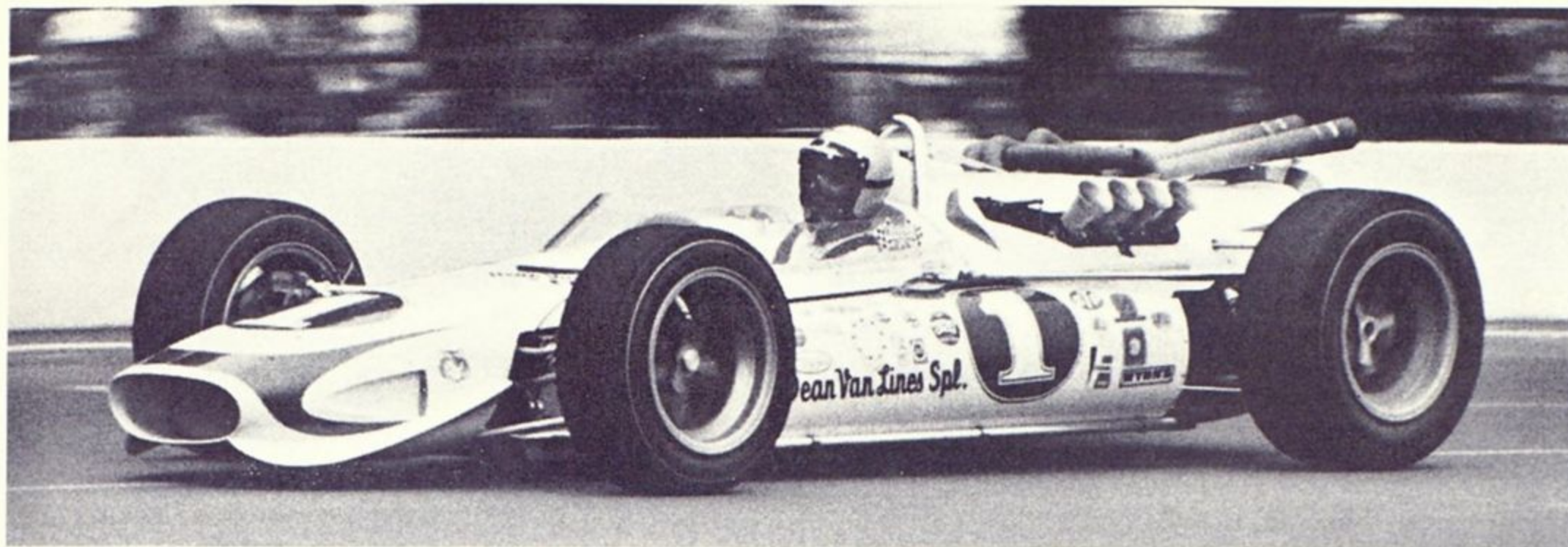
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**I**'m a good-looking young secretary in love with a middle-aged, married man. I met him last year at my company's Christmas party (he was a new client) and since then we've seen each other steadily. He is 19 years my senior, successful in business and has three children. He says he plans to divorce his wife and marry me, but he keeps insisting it "takes time." I know that a divorce would hurt his business career. Should I wait for him or not?—Miss B. P., Akron, Ohio.

*You'd be better off waiting for Godot—who at least isn't tied down by wife, kids and business. That, incidentally, is what your friend appears to be giving you: the business.*

**W**hile watching some motorcycle races on television, I commented that I had once seen a race in which the cycles didn't have any brakes. Well, this started a heated discussion about brakes on racing motorcycles. Was I right?—G. K., Carbondale, Illinois.

*Yes. For safety's sake, motorcycle races sans brakes are quite common in the big-bore, one-half-mile flat-track oval circuit. When cyclists go into the oval turns well leaned over, a sudden stomp on the brakes could throw the bike into a dangerous skid. To slow down, racers simply cut back on the throttle.*

**I** have a very happy marriage, with a lovely wife and a child we both adore, but the following problems—that have existed since before our wedding day—are beginning to bug me seriously: (1) My wife is reluctant to experiment; anything other than what the Trobriand Islanders call "the missionary position" is repellent to her. (2) Although occasionally passionate, at other times she seems to seek excuses to break off our lovemaking: "The baby is making a noise"; "Ouch, you're hurting me"; "Somebody's coming" (but it's rarely her)—making the sex act a rocky road for both of us. Frankly, getting in the sack with her is like having a 17-year-old virgin most of the time. I know some guys dig this, but I don't. Don't tell me to leave her, because she is perfect in every other way. Your suggestions?—D. C., Honolulu, Hawaii.

*As long as you have a happy marriage in other respects, and as long as your wife has a fundamentally healthy sexual appetite, we'd recommend your taking the optimist's view, that your glass is half full, rather than the pessimist's, that it's half empty. Begin by being frank*

*about your discomfort; ask for her cooperation and see that she can give it without fear of distraction. Farm the baby out for an afternoon, take the telephone off the hook or go to a motel and double-lock the door. Proceed slowly and try not to be easily discouraged; she had a lifetime to develop her inhibitions before she met you, and she won't unlearn them overnight.*

**A**t a garden party last weekend, the hostess served an almost-black concoction that tasted suspiciously like Irish coffee. I think she called it a "cold Irish." Can you supply the recipe?—C. K., Buffalo, New York.

*Straight from our own "Playboy Gourmet": Cold Irish is a summer version of Irish coffee and, like its winter counterpart, is served with a whipped-cream topping prepared beforehand. To make the topping for 4 drinks, put ½ cup heavy sweet cream in a mixing bowl and beat with a rotary egg beater until the cream is nearly stiff. Add 2 tablespoons sugar and beat until the cream is firm. Then fold in, without beating, 4 teaspoons crème de cacao. For each drink, pour into the glass 1½ ozs. Irish whiskey and 2 teaspoons Irish Mist liqueur. Add 1 large ice cube. Fill glass to within an inch of the top with ice-cold coffee soda. Stir. Place the whipped-cream topping on the drink.*

**W**hich initial is proper on single-initialed tie clasps, cuff links, etc.—the first letter of the first name or the first letter of the last name?—G. C., Boston, Massachusetts.

*The first letter of the last name.*

**M**y fiancé and I are to be married very soon. We haven't begun to share an apartment yet, but he visits me every evening without spending the night. Here's my problem: We get along beautifully, but I can't get enough of him sexually. I seem to want sex all the time. We have intercourse four or five nights a week, once or twice per night, which satisfies him but leaves me yearning after he departs. I seem to want more the minute he steps out the door. Am I abnormal?—Miss M. J., Chicago, Illinois.

*You sound OK to us. Most likely your idea that you want sex "all the time" is a delusion, inspired by the fact that it is not available all the time. The tip-off in your letter is that the "yearnings" occur after your fiancé departs. These are probably related to your just wanting him there, perhaps chatting with you, or joining you in a nightcap, or holding you*

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affectionately before you doze off. These little touches are usually as essential to complete satisfaction—especially for a woman—as the sex act itself. So don't consider yourself "abnormal" until the two of you have lived together and had the opportunity to work out a sexual balance that satisfies your emotional as well as your physical needs.

I have read that in Nevada casinos the betting on blackjack is done before the first card is received. Is this true?—D. R., Des Moines, Iowa.

Although rules vary, the answer is yes in most Nevada casinos. When certain cards are dealt, however, some clubs offer players the usual post-bet options to increase the stakes if they so choose. These include the opportunity to: (1) place a side bet up to one half the amount of the original (called "insurance") whenever the dealer has an ace showing, thus betting on the chance that he has a blackjack; (2) split up a pair (providing they're the first two cards dealt), playing and covering each pair as a separate hand; (3) double the bet when the first two cards dealt total 11 (in some casinos 10 or 11), while limiting the draw to only one card.

Our problem is one that I'm sure must be shared by many other young couples, married or unmarried. Too often when I'm working up to some bed sport with a date, we're interrupted by visits from friends. I certainly don't want to hang a sign on the door of my pad saying, DO NOT DISTURB, and am not the type to run around saying, "Hey, don't come by tonight, because . . ." But I'd love to find a way to be sure a whole evening was going to be undisturbed.—D. H., Atlanta, Georgia.

Since you don't want to tell the possible intruders outright that you're going to be busy—which you should be able to do with your close friends—we suggest that you take the lead in introducing your circle of acquaintances to what is only normal social practice; namely, a phone call before any spur-of-the-moment social visit.

As a jazz and folk-music buff, I have a large record and tape collection. One thing bothers me about my records: When I listen to them at high volume, I can faintly hear the opening notes just before each song starts. How come?—B. B., Bellevue, Washington.

You're bugged with what's known as pregroove echo or ghosting. It occurs when the sounds on a groove bleed through into the preceding soundless one. In the last few years, most major record companies have eliminated this irksome quirk by using a variable groove-cutting machine. This instrument

automatically spaces any groove that immediately follows one that is silent (or where there is a significant pause in the music) a fraction farther away, thus building a slightly thicker—and more soundproof—wall between the grooves. Since this equipment is costly, smaller recording companies—many of which specialize in jazz and folk discs—still utilize out-of-date apparatus. When playing these platters, either cut the volume slightly or try to ignore the unwelcome sound.

A male friend of mine claims that if someone has never been told in detail or read anything about sex, that person will not be able to make love properly. Won't instinct guide such a person?—Miss D. V., Long Branch, New Jersey.

No. Making love "properly" means more than just a crude coupling—which is probably the most that could be expected of the completely ignorant individual you describe (assuming that person's partner is equally ignorant). It implies, among other things, the achievement of orgasm on the part of the female. This requires learned skills—which a large percentage of the male population fails to master in a lifetime. In sex, as in many other human activities, ignorance is anything but bliss.

Since arriving in San Francisco, I have been dating two girls who have also recently arrived from my home town. The three of us grew up together and have always been good friends. Jan is fun to be with, while Elaine and I are especially fond of each other. Next month the girls' roommate will be giving up her share in their apartment, and both Elaine and Jan have hinted that I should move into the extra bedroom. I like the idea, but I'm not quite sure how to handle the situation. As a trio, we hit it off very well. But I wouldn't want to come right out and ask them if they meant it, only to discover it was all a misunderstanding. In that case, the girls might actually be appalled at the suggestion, and I would risk jeopardizing our entire relationship. I realize this situation is a rather unusual one, but that's why I'm writing to you for advice. How do you suggest I proceed?—M. K., San Francisco, California.

Having two female roommates may sound idyllic but could quickly prove to be idiotic—especially if your three-sided relationship is so shaky that even the thought of such an arrangement might shatter it. Make your own pad, elsewhere, where Jan, Elaine or any other girl can join you at your invitation and your discretion.

I am an agnostic who grew up in a very conservative religious atmosphere. Consequently, I am occasionally a guest in



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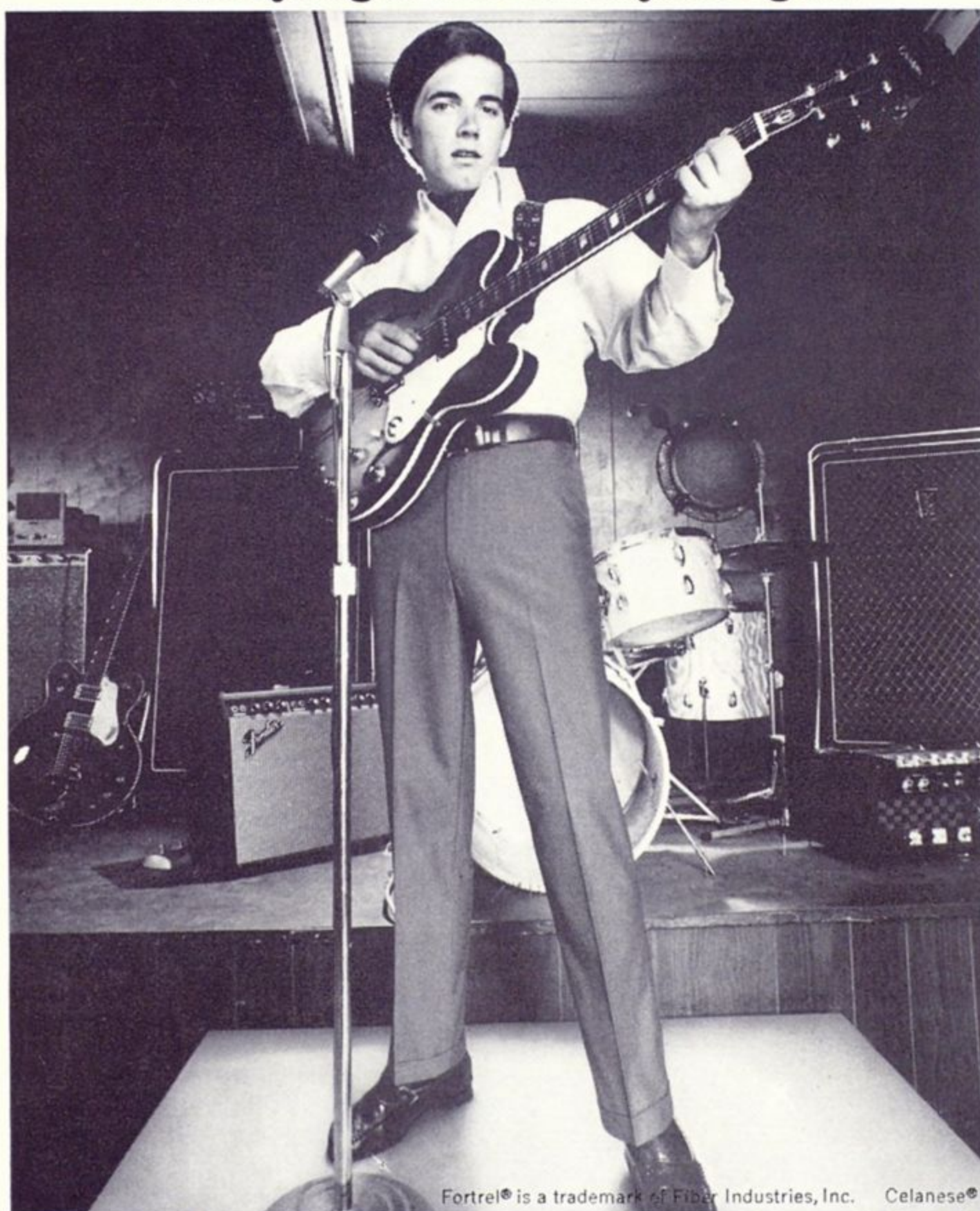
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homes where it is customary to say grace before the meal. As a visitor, I'm quite often asked to lead the table in prayer, but I feel that I shouldn't do so, as it violates my principles and makes a mockery of the others' beliefs. How can I excuse myself without offending my hosts?—T. K., Washington, D. C.

*Gracefully decline the invitation by requesting that the host do the honors, or repeat a nonsectarian phrase that is not a prayer—such as Ophelia's affirmation in "Hamlet": "God be at your table."*

I am planning to buy a briar pipe with a meerschaum lining. How should I break it in?—A. S., Los Angeles, California.

*Break in your meerschaum-lined briar the same way you would any briar pipe: Pack the bowl half full and smoke right down to the bottom. After a dozen or so smokes, your pipe should be fully broken in.*

Four years ago, just after I was graduated from college, I was hospitalized in a mental institution as a ward of the court. This was the result of paranoid conflict with a dean. After my release, I had to visit a psychiatrist for a year. The problems I had then no longer exist; my life is a pretty normal one and I have long since been released by the court. I'm dating various girls and so far there has been no occasion to mention my hospitalization. But what about the girl I decide I want to marry? Should I tell her before or after we're engaged, or before or after we're married—or not at all? It's not likely to come to light otherwise, since the few people who know about it are very closemouthed. If I do speak of it, should I be casual or give it the full serious treatment?—B. E., Spokane, Washington.

*Your future wife will have a right to know—and should know—about this episode in your life. No matter how casually you have come to regard your past illness, discuss the subject with her seriously and at length before becoming engaged. If she's the right girl, she'll be impressed by this honest display of self-confidence, and she'll respect you for having shared the knowledge with her prior to any binding commitment.*

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





## PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK

BY PATRICK CHASE

PORTUGAL, the verdant 350-mile-long, Indiana-shaped archway to western Europe, will come into its own this fall as the international set's Continental headquarters. The reasons are as simple as they are spectacular: Portugal's increasingly cosmopolitan capital, Lisbon, has become one of the world's great pleasure cities; the nation's autumnal climate rivals Spain's as Europe's warmest; and well-sanded beaches along Portugal's western and southern coasts are quickly being dotted with luxury hotels. Add the fact that Portugal is still off the well-beaten trail of the tour packagers, and its attraction for knowledgeable travelers is easy to understand.

Among the world's best-known capitals, Lisbon is one of the least crowded—fewer than a million Portuguese live there. Like most Latin cities, Lisbon gives its residents a feeling of open space; the metropolis is studded with parks and gardens. Lisbonites have always been fascinated by flowers, and ubiquitous bouquet vendors do the bulk of their business selling to strolling couples. Should you encounter a shapely *senhorita* while walking through the lush green-sward of Parque Eduardo VII, take her for an afternoon adventure: a tour of Lisbon's casbah, the *Alfama*. *Alfama* entrepreneurs sell handicrafts and, literally, almost everything else one can imagine; but perhaps the best buys are reserved for those who frequent the district's wineshops. Portugal's two great wines remain unmatched and unchallenged: port (from the northern city of Oporto) and madeira (from the Portuguese-owned islands of the same name).

At dusk, you'll hear the soft, sad sounds of the *fado* rising from casbah cafés. Portugal's most revered and popular musical form, the *fado* is a song of love thwarted by irony and tragedy. In the *Alfama*, accompany your new-found friend to the *fado* founts of Nau Catrineta and Parreirinha or to the Adega do Machado, where waitresses turn *fadistagens*.

In downtown Lisbon, evening action begins at Rossio Square, packed with restaurants and cafés. Dining will be a protean pleasure, for leading Lisbon restaurants such as Aviz and Tavares, both a few blocks from the square, serve up the best of Portugal's gastronomic gifts from the sea: *santola* (crab), *mexilhões* (mussels), *amêijoas* (small clams) and *polvo* (octopus). The Portuguese have nicknamed their national seafood dish—dried cod—*fiel amigo* (faithful friend) and supposedly have dreamed up 365 different ways to prepare it.

Lisbon's jet setters live, appropriately

enough, near the airport, in the Alvalade district, a cluster of luxury high-rise apartment houses, smart dress shops and cocktail lounges where Lisbon's young taste makers hold court—and where the well-heeled, well-mannered traveler will find a ready welcome.


Just 15 miles west of town, you'll want to stop in at Estoril, one of the world's great, glittering resorts. Exiled European royalty has been idyllically idling here for centuries, and you'll still discover discreetly outraged pretenders to several thrones in attendance at Estoril's palm-lined beach or living the good life in the grand manor known as the Estoril Palacio Hotel. The whole town seems to adjourn at night to the casino, where, for a few *escudos*, you can gamble amidst the Bondian *ambiance*.

A few minutes' drive west is Cascais, which plays Cannes to Estoril's Monaco. While serenity reigns in Estoril, swinging informality is Cascais' order of the day—and night. Mornings and early afternoons you can take your pick of bikinied beachgoers parading along Cascais' surfside. Evenings will find feminine companions more than receptive in the afterglow of dinner at the elegant Estoril-Sol Hotel and the floorshow staged at the Palm Beach night club.

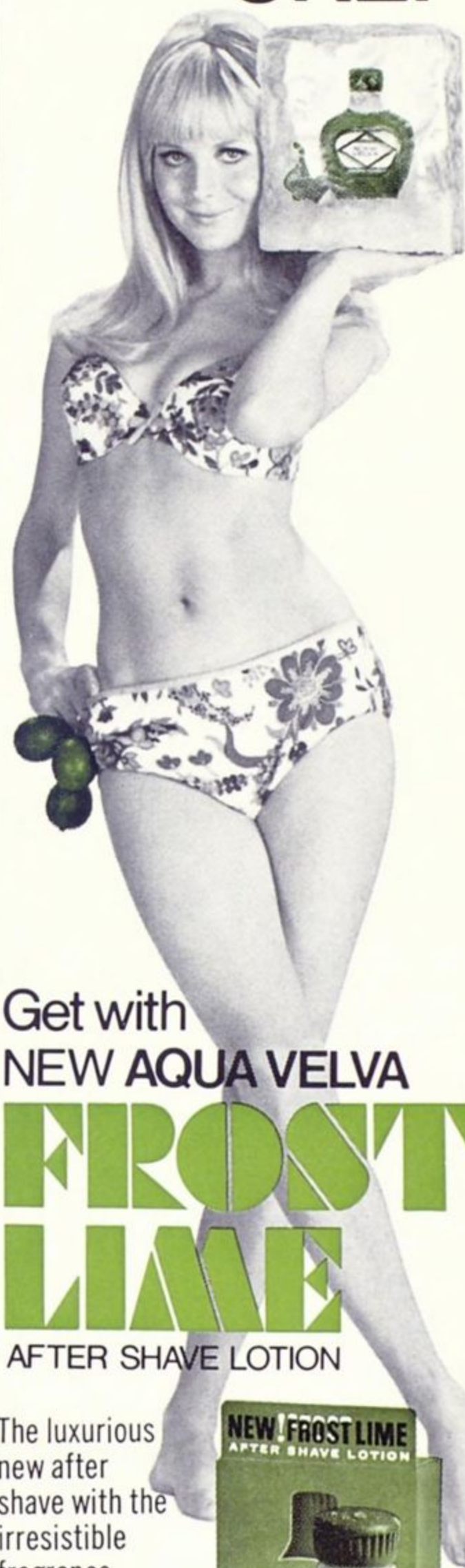
From Lisbon, less than an hour's flight aboard a Transportes Aereos Portuguese jet whisks you to Portugal's Mediterraneanlike southernmost province, the Algarve. Faro, site of a two-year-old modern airport, acts as the center point of the Algarve's 85-mile-wide southern strip. West of Faro is the Barlavento coast; east, the Sotavento coast.

In the past year, major construction has been going on along both seashores. The Penina Golf Hotel, near the fishing port of Portimão, is one of the province's most lavish caravansaries. A year-round resort perched on an oceanside promontory, the hotel is linked by private cable car to the beach below. Also along the western coast, the art colony of Albufeira is always packed with attractive palette pleasers, most of whom will be quartered at the regal Hotel Sol e Mar.

East of Faro, several spots along the Sotavento coast are angler's delights. At the village of Olhão, you can charter seacraft to battle giant tuna. At Monte Gordo, another big-game fisherman's find, put up at the Hotel Vasco da Gama. This reeling tour of the Algarve should prove a seeworthy way to wind up your autumn trip to Portugal.

For further information, write to Playboy Reader Service, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. 

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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

## ABORTION: NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina's amended abortion law has been ratified and signed into effect. It passed the Senate (50 members) with only one dissenting vote. The House passed it by a greater than two-to-one majority.

This law provides that an abortion is permissible if a licensed doctor can establish that there is grave danger to the life or health of the mother, or that there is substantial risk that the child would be born with grave physical or mental defect or that the pregnancy resulted from rape or incest. The mother must give written permission for the abortion. She must have been a resident of the state of North Carolina for four months prior to the operation, unless there is an emergency in which her life is in danger. The circumstances requiring the abortion must be certified by three doctors, including the doctor performing the operation.

The original law that our new legislation amends was passed in 1881. I predict that this new law will be liberalized in the next 20 years and that within the next 100 years society will require a permit before a woman can bear a child. This augurs well for the human race.

Arthur H. Jones  
House of Representatives  
Raleigh, North Carolina

## ABORTION: COLORADO

I would like to call everyone's attention to the progressive new abortion law in Colorado. The law provides that abortions may be performed when a three-doctor board at an accredited hospital unanimously agrees that birth would result in the mother's death or her serious physical or mental impairment; that the child would probably be born "with grave and permanent physical deformity or mental retardation"; that the pregnancy resulted from forcible rape or incest and no more than 16 weeks of gestation had passed; or that the pregnancy occurred in a girl under 16 through statutory rape or incest.

I am proud to be a resident of the dynamic state of Colorado.

L/Cpl. John F. Wear II, USMC  
Camp Pendleton, California

The suggestion in the May *Playboy Forum* that readers write to their state legislators in behalf of abortion reform

was certainly a constructive one. Now Colorado has passed a progressive abortion law. I would like to think that *The Playboy Forum* helped make this a reality.

John Caligaris  
Canon City, Colorado

## ABORTION: RHODE ISLAND

The letters dealing with the abortion controversy in your May *Playboy Forum* were of much interest to me as a member of a legislative body that at the present time is considering abortion-law reform and has already held one public hearing.

I am in sympathy with abortion if the subject presents herself to three or more licensed physicians for approval, if the operation is performed by another physician not a member of the original group and if the operation takes place in a hospital authorized by the A.M.A. I am particularly concerned that abortion be allowed in cases of rape or incest. The main opposition to the Rhode Island abortion bill comes from the Roman Catholic Church. In this state, about 65 percent of the registered voters are Roman Catholics. If this bill could be brought to the floor and passed subject to voters' approval, I firmly believe it would stand a good chance of final passage. But many in my party and of the Catholic faith (of which I am a member) disagree with me. Thus, the bill will probably die before it gets to the floor, a victim of political expedience.

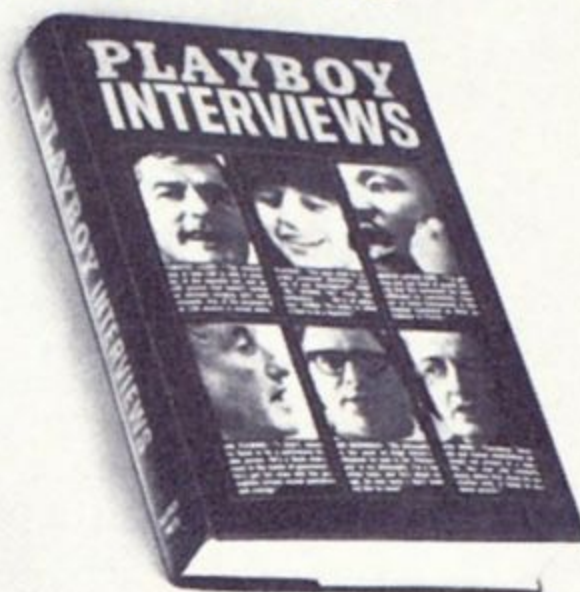
Charles P. Kelley  
House of Representatives  
Providence, Rhode Island

## ABORTION: NEVADA

Abortion legislation patterned after the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code was drafted at my request for introduction in the Nevada legislature. The bill received overwhelming support in the Assembly and passed 30 to 5. But in the Nevada Senate it met overwhelming opposition inspired by the Roman Catholic Church and was ultimately defeated on a roll-call vote in the upper house.

Although the passage of this legislation would have served to give sound medical treatment to those who qualified under its strict requirements, it was tagged by the press as "liberalization of abortion." In reality, it would have tightened up our present archaic abortion

## PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS



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law. One Catholic newspaper went so far as to print a libelous cartoon depicting a prominent local obstetrician dropping an infant into a garbage can labeled LEGALIZED MURDER. This brought many protests—even from Catholic pulpits.

In any event, the unwritten prohibition against discussion of this subject has been weakened and a certain community enlightenment has been the result.

Howard F. McKissick, Jr.  
Nevada Legislature  
Carson City, Nevada

#### ABORTION: WISCONSIN

Assemblyman Lloyd A. Barbee has introduced into the Wisconsin state legislature a bill to legalize abortion. It is more liberal than the recently passed Colorado law insofar as the consent of only one doctor is required, whereas the Colorado law requires the consent of three. Barbee said that when he introduced a similar bill two years ago, "People snickered and were shocked. This time it went in without a murmur."

The efforts of PLAYBOY and organizations such as the Wisconsin Committee to Legalize Abortion have brought about this change in the climate of public opinion.

Ronald Bornick  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

#### ABORTION: INDIANA

Legislation liberalizing Indiana's outdated abortion law was recently passed by both houses of the General Assembly, only to be vetoed by Governor Branigin. I don't know why he chose to strike this blow against a sane abortion law, but it was, of course, his legal prerogative to do so. I intend to exercise a legal prerogative of my own at the next election.

Craig G. Gosling  
Indianapolis, Indiana

#### ABORTION: NEW YORK

The New York State abortion-reform bill was killed in committee, as could have been expected, due to opposition by Roman Catholic bishops. What was not expected by most of us, however, was the defection of 35 prominent Catholic laymen, who urged the legislature to ignore Church pressure and act on their own consciences. According to *The New York Times*, the 35 laymen wrote to the legislators: "Legislating morality has always been a fruitless and wrong act and we, as Catholics, know that no merit is gained through such compulsion."

Charles Atherton  
New York, New York

#### ABORTION: ILLINOIS

The Illinois Citizens for Medical Control of Abortion was formed this year as an action group to work for repeal of the Illinois abortion law. We are particularly

interested in a bill pending before the Illinois General Assembly that would create a special commission to study the state penal code relating to abortion.

We believe that the ultimate decision regarding abortion should rest with the pregnant woman and her physician and that to construe abortion performed by a duly licensed physician as a crime interferes with the physician's right to practice medicine and denies the patient total medical care. We urge that all laws concerning abortion performed by a duly licensed physician be repealed, that abortion be governed by the general laws regulating medical licensing and practice and that abortion remain a crime if performed by a person not duly licensed to practice medicine.

Barbara Kahn  
Illinois Citizens for the Medical  
Control of Abortion  
Chicago, Illinois

#### ABORTION: MARYLAND

I was one of the legislators in the Maryland General Assembly who vigorously opposed the recent attempt to liberalize our present abortion law. I happen to believe that the unborn child is entitled to certain rights—fundamentally, to the right to life.

Most of the proposed bills to liberalize abortion in the U. S. state that the abortion may be performed after the consultation and approval of one or more physicians. Too much reliance can be placed on medical prognostications. As Norman St. John-Stevas points out in the Catholic magazine *Commonweal*, such reliance "presupposes that one human being can make a judgment about another as to whether that other's life is worth living. . . . It confers a license to kill and one with no clear limiting terms."

In the same article, Mr. St. John-Stevas says, "It is not merely the question of the rights of the mother, but the rights of the fetus as well and the general interest of society in preserving respect for the principle of the sanctity of life. A fetus is not just a piece of waste matter to be disposed of at will in an incinerator, but a potential full human being, and as such is worthy of some respect. . . . It cannot rise up in the womb and declare, 'I want to live.' The law therefore rightly intervenes to speak on its behalf."

The mental and social problems pertaining to this particular subject ought to be handled constructively, not through abortion, which is a negative approach.

Gerald J. Curran  
House of Delegates  
Annapolis, Maryland

In the 1967 session of the Maryland General Assembly, I introduced a bill to liberalize Maryland's abortion law. The bill permits abortion if it is performed in an accredited hospital and if the physi-

cian and a specialist in the field who indicated the necessity for therapeutic abortion agree that the operation is necessary to preserve the physical or mental health of the mother or if the fetus is dead. After extensive hearings, the bill passed committee by an 18-to-2 vote. It passed the House of Delegates by a 75-to-64 vote and went on to the Maryland Senate, where it was defeated 26 to 17 on the last day of the session. I expect to reintroduce the bill in the next session of the Maryland legislature, with very little modification.

If one were to spend some time in hospital emergency wards provided for the financially unfortunate, one would be shocked to realize the number of amateur abortions that lead to serious injury or death. The sampling of public opinion revealed in the letters I received after filing this bill and the many expressions of disappointment after it was defeated have strengthened my resolve to continue to pursue the passage of a bill to liberalize Maryland's abortion law.

Allen B. Spector  
House of Delegates  
Annapolis, Maryland

#### ABORTION: A CASE HISTORY

Three years ago I became pregnant. The boy and I didn't love each other and weren't ready to settle down. I had one year of high school left. I carried the baby for three months, unable to decide what to do. Finally, I told my mother. She and my father were at first furious. Then they decided that our social standing required that I have an abortion, so that no one would know of my disgrace.

So, in August of 1964, at midnight, I had an abortion performed in a town far from our home by a strange doctor my dad had found out about. I was given an anesthetic and didn't wake up until the next day, at my parents' home. I suffered from the operation for two weeks—not only from physical pain but also from feelings of guilt. I couldn't look my parents straight in the eye; and after three years, I'm still uncomfortable around them and still very much ashamed. They sent me to a classy college after high school, but I dropped out.

I wonder now if the right thing was done. My husband (not the father of the baby) and I have been married a year, and it is now impossible for me to become pregnant. I've never told him of the nightmare of August 1964. I die inside every time I see a baby in its mother's arms. I'm so ashamed, because the baby inside me couldn't help that it was there. Please print this so other girls will not make the same mistake I did.

(Name and address  
withheld by request)

Your letter draws a revealing picture of your parents. You were afraid to speak to them about your problem until you



had carried the baby past the period during which an abortion would have been safest. Their reaction, when you did tell them, was not love and understanding but anger, shame and concern for their social status. And even today they still manage, by the feelings they communicate or by what they fail to communicate, to make you feel ashamed in their presence. Your letter is also an indictment of a society in which a high school girl cannot have this operation performed by a doctor of her choice in a proper hospital but must undergo it illegally, furtively and under unsafe conditions—a situation calculated not only to do physical damage but also to leave an emotional scar such as yours. Your letter calls for our sympathy. It is our hope that a general increase of openness and honesty about sex, more adequate sex education for teenagers—and their parents—and a liberalization of abortion laws will spare other girls from experiences such as yours.

#### ABORTION: DOCTORS' VIEW

*Modern Medicine*, a professional magazine for doctors, recently conducted a nationwide poll of practicing physicians to learn their views on present state abortion laws. Of the 40,089 doctors who responded, 86.9 percent were in favor of liberalizing abortion laws. Asked their opinions on the circumstances under which abortion should be legal, a majority of the doctors favored legalizing abortion for any of the following reasons: substantial risk of maternal death; pregnancy after rape or incest; direct, positive evidence of fetal abnormality; substantial risk to maternal physical health; possibility of fetal abnormality (rubella exposure, Rh incompatibility, inheritable disorders); substantial risk to maternal mental health; and substantial risk of maternal suicide. Interestingly enough, since the most determined and organized opposition to liberalized abortion laws is carried on by the Roman Catholic Church, 49.1 percent of the doctors who identified themselves as Roman Catholic were in favor of more liberal laws. Clearly, the Church is not getting unanimous support from its members on this issue.

Clearly, too, a majority of the nation's physicians is in favor of liberalizing abortion laws. With the exception of the pregnant women themselves, I can't think of any group whose opinion should carry more weight.

Harry Clark  
Cleveland, Ohio

#### CONTRACEPTION AND ABORTION

One of the most compelling arguments for legalized abortion can be put into a single sentence: Cancer doesn't kill as many people as hunger. The most imminent threat to modern civilization is,

in fact, its own size. The United States alone will have a population of approximately 400,000,000 within a half century. The populations of both Latin America and Asia will more than double. Certainly, contraception should be employed to limit human numbers; but even if all 700,000,000 women of child-bearing age in the world used contraceptives, under the direction of the family physician, there could still be approximately 3,000,000 unplanned pregnancies each year, due to human error and manufacturing irregularities. To force these women to bear unwanted children, while starvation is increasing everywhere, would be the acme of moralistic blindness.

The reason that human population growth is skyrocketing so alarmingly is, ironically, because of the triumphs of modern medicine. For the first time in human history, the birth rate significantly exceeds the death rate. The paradox of this is illustrated by the case of India. The United States sends India food to end the starvation there; the death rate thereupon drops, but the birth rate doesn't; the result is that India then has more, not less, starvation. One economist has calculated that for every dollar spent on contraception for India, the return in human welfare is comparable to \$100 worth of food.

In all seriousness, I say to every young man entering medical research: Channel your efforts toward birth control, and you will do more good for humanity than you could in any other area of medicine. Nevertheless, no birth-control program is really sane without abortion as the fail-safe check behind contraception.

Mark Ross  
University of California  
Santa Barbara, California

#### BIRTH-CONTROL BAN

I was dismayed to learn that William Baird, the director of Parents' Aid Society, was arrested for lecturing on birth control and abortion to 1500 students at Boston University. His lecture comprised a description of the efforts of the Parents' Aid Society and an exhibition of contraceptive devices in conjunction with an explanation of their use, advantages and disadvantages.

Instead of being arrested, he deserves an award for public service.

Kenneth Sherwood  
Lehigh University  
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

#### CATHOLICS AND THE PILL

I would like to express my opinion regarding birth control. My wife and I are both Catholics; we have two children and we have been using the pill for two years. Through its use, we have achieved a degree of mental and physical harmony that my religious upbringing had led me to believe was impossible. We understand the conflict that exists

between the Church's official views and our use of contraceptives; we only hope that God understands our position.

I am faithful as far as other Catholic teachings are concerned, but I know very well that the Church is going to neither buy shoes for an unplanned child nor put an extra loaf on the dinner table. An unwanted child puts a terrible strain on the parents; and the child itself suffers emotionally as a result of the tensions in its overburdened family. It is most unfortunate that the Church holds to its archaic position on birth control; the result is that thousands of would-be devout Catholics are denied the blessings that come with full participation in their religion.

Thomas Gibbons  
Los Angeles, California

#### DIVORCE: AMERICAN STYLE

Here is an invitation to someone to write a book entitled: *What to Do When You Are Breaking Up with Your Spouse*. Such a book should not deal with reconciliation or marriage counseling, but should be based on the assumption that the marriage is on the rocks and that separation and divorce are inevitable. There is need for a manual for the couple who are beginning to move up the big guns—to point out the wisdom of employing more peaceful tactics.

This manual should open by shedding light on an often-overlooked element of the divorce battle: the lawyer. Certainly there are helpful, honest lawyers and, doubtless, many work in the best interests of their clients. But, unfortunately, the lawyer frequently is the villain of the piece. He is the real winner in any bitter court action between husband and wife. Following a marital squabble, the wife customarily runs tearfully to a lawyer. He pats her hand: "There, there. The law is on your side. Your husband must support you and the children. Besides, Judge So-and-so is a friend of mine, and we'll see to it that he hears the case. All I ask is one third of the settlement."

The wife would do better to consider alternative courses. Is it possible for her to negotiate with her husband? If not, could a friend or clergyman act as liaison? She should keep in mind the fact that a sensational court battle would scar her and her loved ones for life.

At the same time, the husband should do everything possible to settle their differences out of court. He is at a distinct disadvantage as soon as he places the issue in the hands of the state. The court will go to bat for the wife in almost every case. The husband will pay, pay, pay—support for her and for the children (regardless of how much independent income she may have) and the fees for both lawyers. As for custody of the children, the husband doesn't have a prayer. The burden will be on him to



prove that his wife is an unfit mother. And unless he has photographs of her committing adultery in front of the children, plus ten witnesses to the fact, he might as well forget it. She will receive custody and he will receive no more than token visitation privileges.

United States Divorce Reform wants to take marital fights as far away from lawyers and courts as possible. We recommend a system of family-arbitration centers, operating under the direction of the executive branch of state government. Spouses in trouble would be required to take their problems to the qualified personnel staffing these centers—marriage counselors, psychiatrists, etc. The fee would be reasonable, depending upon income. A counselor would attempt to bring the couple together but, if this failed, would recommend separation or divorce. His findings would be reviewed for final approval by a panel of specialists, who would then grant a divorce without either party having to sue the other.

Frank Bemus, Associate Chairman  
United States Divorce Reform  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

#### EQUAL RIGHTS FOR WOMEN

Under Texas law, a husband who discovers his wife playing the beast with two backs with another man may kill the interloper and not be charged with a crime. As a partisan of *The Playboy Philosophy*, I have long believed that there is an element of unfairness in this law. The matter has now come to the attention of our state legislators, and they are setting about correcting the inequity, according to their own lights. Their solution—brilliant in its simplicity—is not to abolish the old law, as you or I might do, but to add a new law, giving the wife the right to murder her husband's partner if she catches her husband in the act. This bill is now being seriously discussed in Austin.

Knowing the proclivities of Texas men, I fear that if the sales curve on bulletproof vests doesn't skyrocket as soon as the new law is passed, our population will most certainly decline in the first 48 hours to that of Rhode Island.

Marvin Wilson  
El Paso, Texas

#### PERILS OF MARRIAGE

The letter from attorney Jerry B. Riseley (*The Playboy Forum*, February) was so sanely and intelligently written that I immediately began searching to see if he had published any books. To my delight, I find that he is the author of *When Sex Is Illegal*, which is just about the best attack on our idiotic sex laws outside of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Your readers might be amused by attorney Riseley's summary of when sex is legal:

So far as we have been able to determine, [sex] between a husband and wife has not been made a crime in any jurisdiction, so long as it is:

- (a) engaged in absolute privacy
- (b) without any noise
- (c) in a conventional position
- (d) at a time when the wife is not menstruating
- (e) without the use of any birth-control devices

A few pages later, the following advice is offered to young couples:

A couple contemplating marriage and feeling that they might wish to experience a variety of sexual activity on the honeymoon without technically committing a felony are advised to consult a local attorney in the honeymooning jurisdiction for advice on just how far they can go.

If, however, the couple is of the devil-may-care type, they can probably experience boy-girl activity without much risk so long as they lock the door, pull down the blinds, cover the keyholes and check their hotel room for hidden "bugs" and concealed television cameras. Police activity in violation of this privacy is probably illegal . . .

But, of course, it may take a trip through the courts to establish this illegality. To be absolutely on the safe side, the young couple should avoid all intimate activity except "normal" sexual intercourse in the masculine-superior position. Body kisses are apt to be construed as attempted sexual crimes . . .

It's great to live in a free country.

Robert Wicker  
Los Angeles, California

#### FUN AND GAMES

I noted with considerable interest an article in the *Tacoma News Tribune* concerning the Washington State Game Department's acquisition of new public lands. Knowing the *News Tribune's* fine tradition for careful reporting, I assume that the story is accurate. I quote one paragraph: "As the land is acquired it will be made available to the public. Campers can cohabit with wildlife. The average 'rugged outdoorsman' won't walk more than a half mile from his car."

This is a fascinating tidbit, in the light of our state law, which warns us: "Every person who shall carnally know in any manner any animal or bird . . . [shall be imprisoned] in the state penitentiary for not more than ten years." I cite further *Black's Law Dictionary*, which defines cohabitation as: "Intercourse together as husband and wife. Living or abiding or residing together as man and wife. It may mean copulation or sexual intercourse or promiscuous and casual relations."

There must be something going on in the Game Department that I have been unaware of heretofore.

Alva C. Long  
Attorney at Law  
Auburn, Washington

Your Game Department, obviously, is gamier than most.

#### SEX-LAW REVISION

I was delighted to read the following in a recent *Chicago Sun-Times*:

The President's Crime Commission recommended Sunday night removal from the criminal-law area of many sexual practices now listed as crimes.

This is part of the group's suggested wholesale revision of laws on drunkenness, prostitution, abortion, gambling, narcotics and sex acts.

It says enforcement of some of these laws is costly in money and manpower, is demoralizing for the police, needlessly clogs court calendars and has proven ineffective . . .

The Commission says "basic social interests demand the use of the strongest sanctions" against rape, child molestation, commercialized vice "and to protect the institutions of marriage and family."

But, it continues, "when these interests are not at stake, as in the case of most consensual misbehavior between adults, the situation is less clear."

Such cases would include fornication, adultery, sodomy and homosexuality.

"Available information indicates that laws against fornication, adultery and heterosexual deviation are generally unenforced," it says.


It quotes Thurman Arnold, author and jurist, as saying that these laws "are unenforced because we want to continue our conduct and unrepented because we want to preserve our morals."

The Commission notes that prostitution "is an ancient and widespread social problem that has proven virtually immune to threats of criminal sanction. It is a consensual crime for which the market is persistent." The Commission urges that laws against prostitution be limited to situations in which such activity is a business or in which "public solicitation is involved."

The Commission finds that enforcement of laws governing some social crimes—sexual acts, gambling, abortion—substantially impairs the "effectiveness of the police in performing the tasks, which only they can perform, of protecting the public against serious threats."

PLAYBOY deserves a great deal of credit  
(continued on page 146)





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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: F. LEE BAILEY

*a candid conversation with the controversial counsel for sam sheppard, carl coppolino and "the boston strangler"*

In a profession where the lives of men depend squarely, and often solely, on an attorney's knowledge, nerve and persuasiveness, Francis Lee Bailey is a giant at 34. This colorful and aggressive advocate, who has defended three of the most celebrated clients in the recent history of criminal law—Sam Sheppard, Carl Coppolino and Albert DeSalvo—has become, in only six years of practice, perhaps the most sought-after and controversial trial lawyer in the country.

On Sheppard's behalf, Bailey appeared before the Supreme Court in a successful attempt to overturn his client's earlier conviction for the murder of his first wife; the ruling established a new criterion for fair trial coverage by the press. At Sheppard's recent retrial in Cleveland, Bailey won a widely publicized acquittal for the onetime neurosurgeon, thereby providing a storybook ending to Sheppard's long and often lonely search for vindication. In an equally sensational subsequent case, Bailey also won acquittal in New Jersey for Dr. Carl Coppolino, accused of strangling a neighbor whose wife had been his mistress. Four months later, a Florida jury found Coppolino guilty on a charge of murdering his own first wife, Carmela; the verdict, however, is being appealed, and Bailey is confident of the outcome.

DeSalvo, who claims to be the mysterious "Boston Strangler" who terrified all of Boston's women and allegedly murdered 13 of them between 1962 and 1964,

has yet to be tried for the killings; he was interrogated on that subject under conditions set by Bailey, who will not allow DeSalvo's statements to be held against him unless state psychiatrists support Bailey's contention that DeSalvo is insane. Last January, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts did manage to get DeSalvo convicted for armed robbery, assault and sex crimes reputedly committed after "the Strangler's" murder rampage, but—as in the Coppolino case—the decision is under appeal. Bailey considers Massachusetts' insanity test out of date (a defendant is considered sane unless he is unable to tell "right" from "wrong" or is driven by "irresistible impulse") and hopes the DeSalvo case will provide cause for a legal redefinition.

Bailey's S.R.O. roster of upcoming cases includes the murder trial of Charles Schmid, Jr., the eccentric "Pied Piper of Tucson," who has already been convicted of murdering two teenaged girls and is accused of killing a third; the appeal of T. Eugene Thompson, a Minneapolis lawyer convicted of arranging his wife's murder after he had insured her life for a million dollars; and the case of Dykes Simmons, an American who, on a dubious murder conviction, has spent seven years in a Mexican jail. Bailey has also been retained by four suspects in Massachusetts' record-breaking Plymouth mail robbery, which netted its perpetrators \$1,551,277 in cash.

As he briefs himself for such complex

and challenging cases, Bailey operates in epic style. At his disposal are three planes (one of them a Lear jet), a 35-foot ocean racing yacht, a high-powered investigating team and a private communications network. A two-way radio is always close at hand, whether Bailey is in his Boston office, in the air, on the sea, in one of his cars or at home with his wife and son in their 15-room hilltop home in Marshfield, Massachusetts. A native of nearby Waltham, Bailey spent two years at Harvard, left school to become a Marine jet fighter pilot and then legal officer for 2000 Marines at Cherry Point, North Carolina. Out of the Service, he entered Boston University Law School and simultaneously launched his own investigative agency for lawyers. His first case after graduation was a murder trial, which he won. Since then, as William F. Buckley, Jr., observed while introducing him on his TV show, "Firing Line," "Bailey has revealed himself to be a man of such ferocious talents that he may yet decide to empty the prisons in alphabetical order."

Those "ferocious talents" have so captivated the public that Bailey—in an unprecedented and characteristically unexpected move—has signed to play himself in a Paramount film, "The Sam Sheppard Story," to be shot this month. As moderator of an ABC television series, "Good Company," to begin this fall, he will interview various celebrities in their homes.

In the midst of this frenetic schedule,



"Sam Sheppard spent ten years in the dungeons Ohio uses for prisons. There is no way in the world that he could have turned out to be an eminently acceptable human being after that experience."



"Ethically, you're bound to advise a client that though you're satisfied he's guilty, he has a right to a trial and to an acquittal, if that's the result—within the limits of not manufacturing any evidence."



"Publications insist on parlaying an image of me that involves being flamboyant, being cute and tricky, being skilled in the use of electronic instruments. Accordingly, the jury is at first suspicious of me."



Bailey agreed to grant this exclusive interview to PLAYBOY during one of his whirlwind visits to New York. At the door of his suite in the Warwick Hotel, he greeted interviewer Nat Hentoff in shirt sleeves. "Although we conversed for more than six hours," Hentoff reports, "Bailey was just as fresh at the close of the interview as at its beginning. At five feet, nine inches, he is a compact man, with square shoulders and barrel chest; his blue eyes generally focus coolly on the eyes of the person he is addressing. His voice is low, his manner often sardonic; but when he talks about his cases and his almost messianic urge to improve the practice of criminal law, he becomes dead serious."

"On the table beside him was a thick folder of research material he had been studying in preparation for future cases; there were also a bottle of vodka and several bottles of tonic. We were occasionally interrupted by the telephone; one call, from California, was a request for Bailey to accept another murder case. 'I've got eight murder cases in a row,' he told his caller—but he promised to consider taking on another one. After hanging up, he refreshed our drinks and commented, 'It's wonderful to get all these fees, but you've got to deliver.'"

Win or lose, Bailey always acts like a winner, and his cockiness has earned him enemies who claim that his quick success presages a quick downfall. We began by asking him about two recent cases in which, so far, he has failed to deliver.

**PLAYBOY:** At this point in your career, after two major setbacks—the DeSalvo trial and the second Coppolino case—do you think your pyramid of successes may be cracking?

**BAILEY:** There are no setbacks until the record is closed. We had nothing to lose in the DeSalvo case. He was not on trial as the Boston Strangler. We were litigating the Massachusetts rule on insanity, which is likely to be revised and updated very soon. The verdict in that case is on appeal and I expect to win it. As for Coppolino, I'm convinced his verdict will be overturned. I may well run into a major setback tomorrow; that's the nature of this profession. But it hasn't happened yet. In any case, I consider the whole business of statistics irrelevant to the ability of a trial attorney, because there are too many cases no lawyer could win—and too many no lawyer should lose.

**PLAYBOY:** You've often said that defending a murder suspect is the highest calling in your profession. Why?

**BAILEY:** According to the Constitution, due process is meant to protect—in order of importance—life and then liberty and then property. Only capital cases deal with life. First things first, the way I look at it.

**PLAYBOY:** You've also compared the crimi-

nal lawyer with the professional fighter. What do you mean by that?

**BAILEY:** I mean that a criminal lawyer without an aggressive, forceful personality would be horribly handicapped. There is something of the paid professional fighter in what I do, and that's an offshoot of the system our present jury system supplanted. If you and I had a dispute two or three hundred years ago, we would each hire a knight and they'd go out and fight. The merits of either side would have nothing to do with who won. Victory would depend on which knight was the better fighter. If mine were, you'd pay me or give up your land. Now this has been refined, and the merits of each side do count. But the criminal lawyer is still a fighter. The defendant in a courtroom is little more than a patient on an operating table without the benefit of anesthesia. He has to watch what's happening, but he can't do anything about it. He hasn't the understanding of the law, the ability to try cases or any of the other skills required of his lawyer. So the lawyer is a projection of the defendant. He's doing everything the defendant would do if he were able—short of suborning perjury and other nonpermissible tactics. And to that extent, as a lawyer, you don't say, "This is a good guy and I'm going to fight hard for him." You're paid—hopefully, though not always—and you're a professional and your business is to fight. **PLAYBOY:** In addition to his fighting skills, you've said the criminal lawyer has to have a considerable ego. By that criterion, do you qualify?

**BAILEY:** Yes, but I'd like to emphasize the distinction between ego and egocentricity. Ego simply means your sense of self; that's essential. But if, in order to function well, you have to rely on the support and the continuing admiration of your brethren in the law, criminal law is no business to be in. Defending an unpopular criminal is a very lonely business. I once said that if I ran an academy for criminal lawyers, I'd teach them all to fly. Then I'd send them up in bad icing conditions and see whether or not they'd crash or in what condition they came down. Thereby, I could easily separate those who have that ability to operate entirely on their own against adverse conditions, which is essential in criminal law.

**PLAYBOY:** Can a criminal lawyer function entirely by himself?

**BAILEY:** No, of course not. You must prepare a case as completely as you can, and that means you must have superior investigators working for you. There are times when a great investigator is more important than a great lawyer. For my own work, I use a firm [Investigative Associates] that I started while I was going to Boston University Law School to do work for other lawyers. Under the direction of an ex-police officer, this firm

digs into a case and usually comes out with more facts than the Government knows, because we pull all the stops out. The state's investigators work only from nine to five. Sometimes, if they're personally enthusiastic, they'll work overtime, but they don't get paid any more for it. Our investigators, on the other hand, work as many hours as are necessary to do the job.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that your investigations are more thorough and efficient than those of the police?

**BAILEY:** Yes, not only in terms of the tremendous amount of time and effort that goes into our investigations, but also because there's more imagination in the way we handle the defense side of the case than is operative among the police. Whereas many lawyers approach the defense of a case as a defense, we approach it as an offense. We're always probing for something that will shed additional light.

**PLAYBOY:** How helpful to you was your investigation team the second time Sam Sheppard went to trial?

**BAILEY:** In that case, a marvelous investigation had been conducted before I entered the proceedings. It was by Dr. Paul Leland Kirk, a California criminologist. He really reconstructed the crime—something the Cleveland police hadn't had the ability or the imagination to do. They hadn't ascertained the position of the killer, reconstructed the blood-spatter pattern or typed the blood on the walls. Kirk, on the other hand, picked every blood spot off the wall and traced its pattern of flight. In doing that, he established that the killer had stood at the foot of the bed throughout the crime and had used a left-handed swing. Sheppard is right-handed. The clincher, of course, was Kirk's discovery of a large spot of blood on the closet door. It was blood that, by type, could not have come from Sam Sheppard or from his wife. He also demonstrated that at some point Marilyn Sheppard had gripped the attacker with her teeth, that he had jerked away from her, breaking two or three of her teeth in the process. And it was the blood from the bitten killer that had been thrown onto the closet door in a left-handed arc during a backswing of his arm.

**PLAYBOY:** What investigation did you conduct to supplement Dr. Kirk's?

**BAILEY:** What we did in that case is another aspect of preparation that can be very important. It's an investigation of the trial record. Sandra Irizarry, who is secretary to Investigative Associates, has a tremendous ability to distill transcripts of trials and preliminary hearings. When she's done that, we look through and see whether the most was made of the witnesses—our own or the other side's. And then we go around and see the witnesses. During the summer before Sheppard's second trial began, I spent a lot of



time flying around the country in my airplane, digging up the old witnesses. I was told by newsmen who had attended both trials that, as a result, witnesses who had made a rather poor impression the first time came through stronger for Sheppard this time. From reading the record of the first trial—with which I had no connection, of course—you can see that some of those witnesses had been thrown on by the defense with very little preparation. And although they had useful information, it was not developed—or not developed in the right way.

**PLAYBOY:** In that first trial, the defense contended that the murderer was an intruder, a large, bushy-haired stranger; and Sheppard testified he had seen the murderer, struggled with him and had been knocked unconscious by him, not once but twice, as the man fled the scene. In the second trial, however, under your direction, there was no mention whatever of the bushy-haired stranger, and you introduced a new theory—that Marilyn Sheppard had been carrying on adulterous affairs with various married men in the neighborhood and that the jealous wife of one of them, surprising her own husband and Mrs. Sheppard making love in the Sheppard home, had bludgeoned Marilyn to death. What happened to Sam Sheppard's original story? Why did he say at the first trial he had struggled with a bushy-haired man if the killer was really a woman?

**BAILEY:** There *was* a man there with whom he struggled—Marilyn Sheppard's lover. The only difference was that he was not a stranger. The theory that a stranger committed the crime, or probably did, was used in the first trial because Sam decided to withhold evidence that would impugn his wife's reputation. He felt he could do that because he knew he hadn't committed the crime and he couldn't imagine that any jury would convict him. That proved to be a fatal mistake, of course, because, as some of the jurors from that first trial told me, they had two choices. One was Sam's story about a bushy-haired intruder; the other was that someone familiar with the house had committed the crime—and that was the way the evidence pointed. But in view of the evidence Sam withheld, the only man involved who was familiar with the house, so far as the jury knew, was Sam. In the second trial, we were able to abandon the story of the intruder and develop a case that was backed by the evidence.

**PLAYBOY:** What is the evidence, as you unearthed it?

**BAILEY:** First of all, as I said, the evidence excludes the likelihood of a stranger having committed the murder. The assailant appeared to know his way around the house. When he entered, he was able to avoid the place where Sam was sleeping—downstairs in the living room. When he left, he went out the

lake door—a door a stranger would not have taken, because there was no way of his knowing where it led. A stranger would have gone back out the front door. Furthermore, the concept of a stranger engaged in burglary doesn't hold up, because the burglary was so obviously simulated. A watch was hastily ripped off Marilyn's wrist and damaged in the process. And Sam's watch was also ripped off. The other items taken, mostly of no value, were also gathered hastily and then immediately discarded outside. Now, as to who did it, I'm convinced from my investigations that Marilyn Sheppard had someone interested in her, that she was involved in an affair. I believe that someone was a resident of Bay Village, where the Sheppards lived.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you reconstruct the crime?

**BAILEY:** Again, the physical evidence indicates that sex was involved. Marilyn's pajama tops were open and one of her pajama legs had been pulled off—but not ripped off. What I'm saying is that sexual intercourse—but not rape—was going on immediately before the killing. Sexual intercourse with the person most likely to have been there. The wife of the man engaging in sexual intercourse with Marilyn came looking for him with a flashlight. She saw what was happening, flew into a rage and began beating Marilyn. The screams awakened Sam, who came upstairs and was knocked out from behind by the man who was there. Or perhaps by the wife, but more likely the man. Sam was later knocked out again on the beach while pursuing the man and did not come to until around six the next morning.

**PLAYBOY:** According to conflicting testimony, the murder was committed sometime between two and five A.M., and yet Sheppard did not report it until six. What was the reason for the delay?

**BAILEY:** Well, we don't know how long Sam was knocked out in the bedroom or on the beach. When he did awake on the beach, he was half in and half out of the water. His cuffs and pants were full of sand, indicating that the waves had been washing in and out for some time. And his skin was withered, as it would have been from prolonged contact with water.

**PLAYBOY:** There still seems to be an inconsistency here. If the man with whom Sam was struggling was not a stranger, why didn't Sheppard recognize him—if not in the bedroom, at least outdoors?

**BAILEY:** As for the bedroom, Marilyn's room was entirely dark. The only light in the house was a small one coming from a dressing room at the top of the stairs across from the bedroom. It was shining into Sam's pupils as he came up the stairs, making his pupils contract, thereby putting him at a disadvantage and making it all the more easy to surprise him as he came in the bedroom door. On the beach, it was pitch-dark. Sam, more-

over, was weak, dazed and quite possibly grabbed immediately in a strangle hold from behind.

**PLAYBOY:** You've said the burglary was simulated, implying that the husband and wife involved—if they *were* involved—had the time to fake a robbery. But how much time could they have had while Sam was unconscious?

**BAILEY:** The point is that they didn't *think* they had much time, and that's why the fake burglary was so poorly executed. A lot of things were turned over helter-skelter, the watches were ripped off and a green bag of jewelry was taken, only to be thrown away on the beach. I think all this was done while Sam was knocked out in the bedroom. I don't think they came back after Sam had been knocked out on the beach, because they had no way of knowing how long he'd be out. Again, I emphasize that this was not a careful plot. It was a sudden, panic reaction to what had taken place.

**PLAYBOY:** You mentioned earlier that Paul Kirk, the criminologist, demonstrated there was blood on the wall of Marilyn's bedroom that was not hers. Whose was it?

**BAILEY:** Some of the blood was Marilyn's and some was type O—but not Marilyn's. Sam's blood type is A, and there was none of that on the wall. I would certainly have liked to have tested the blood of the man I suspect and his wife.

**PLAYBOY:** Sam Sheppard was a bloody mess after the murder and his alleged struggle with the "bushy-haired man" you claim was not a stranger. Yet the next day, according to police reports, no one connected with the Sheppards was shown to bear any marks of struggle. How do you account for that?

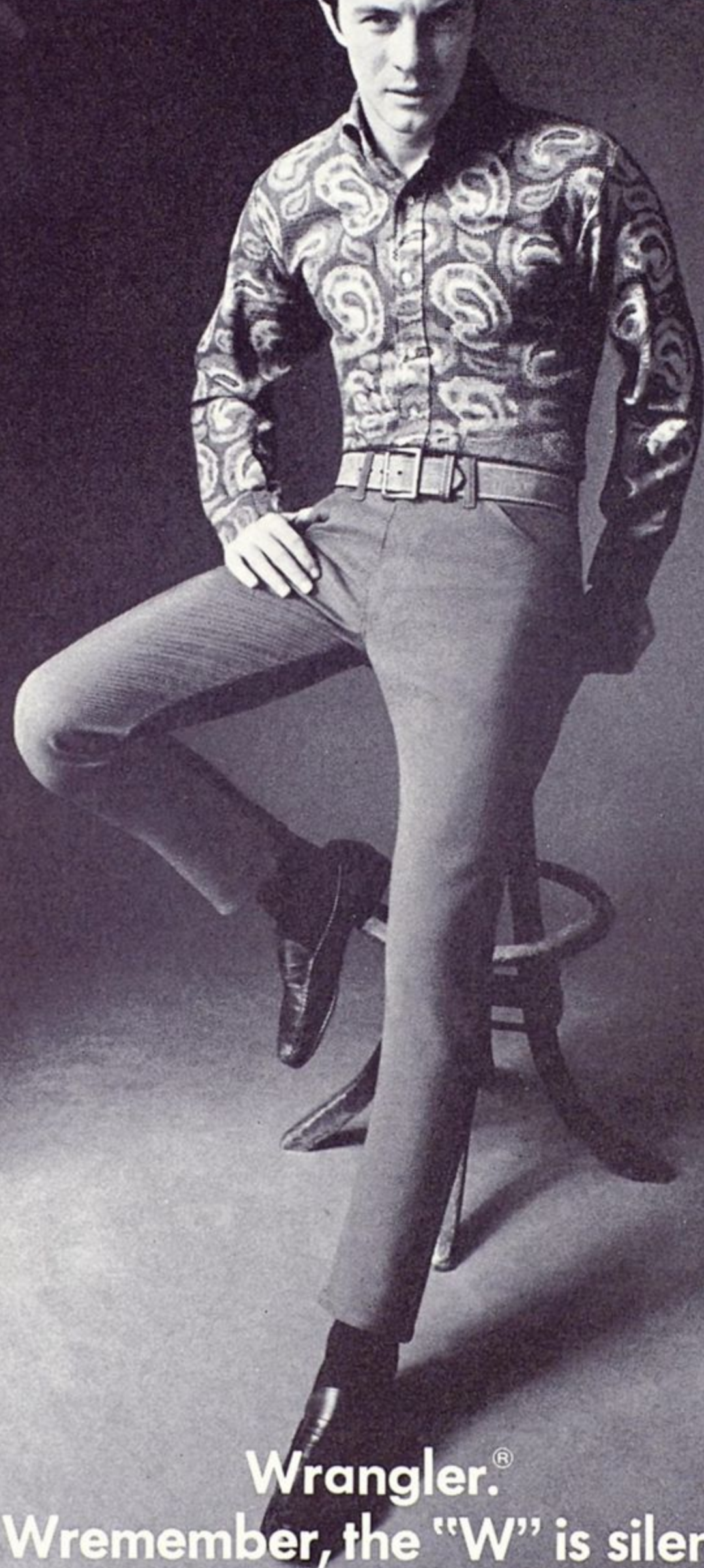
**BAILEY:** First of all, nobody examined either the man I suspect or his wife that closely the next day. One of them could have had a bitten finger from Marilyn; but if you weren't looking for it, you wouldn't have noticed it. Secondly, if Sam were hit from behind the first time and strangled from behind on the beach, there need not have been any other scratches or lacerations.

**PLAYBOY:** After Sheppard was acquitted, you gave the Cleveland police a letter outlining your version of the murder and naming the couple you think committed it. But the grand jury that was convened to consider the possibility of reopening the case reported that there was no evidence that Marilyn Sheppard had a married lover, let alone that she had been killed by the jealous wife of a married lover.

**BAILEY:** What happened was this: I had said during the trial that I was going to try to show the jury who we thought had accomplished the murder. We had every right to do that. Proof that someone other than the defendant committed the crime is a legitimate defense. But



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although much of the evidence pointed, I thought, to certain people, there were limits on what we could develop in the course of the trial. We could not turn it into a cross-prosecution. When the case was over, partly because I would like to see it wrapped up and partly because I do not cast about this kind of aspersion lightly, I sent a 15-page letter to the chief of police of Bay Village, where the Sheppards had lived, in which I analyzed all the evidence and pointed out where some of the evidence led. After reading the letter, the chief of police told me he was pretty well persuaded it made a lot of sense. And a grand jury did then purport to conduct an inquiry, but it was a farce. They did not call the witnesses who could have helped them most, and they were more interested in what I was being paid than in the facts I had developed. I think the principal reason the grand jury was impaneled was to whitewash the police who investigated the murder. That grand jury came out with a report commending one of the worst investigations in the history of American justice. It had been completely bungled. In fact, after Sheppard's acquittal, the foreman of the *trial* jury said exactly that publicly.

**PLAYBOY:** But why would the Cleveland grand jury have been so determined to discredit you and your story?

**BAILEY:** Because there's antipathy to me among people there who feel they have suffered the slings and arrows of my outrageous comments. Cleveland is not particularly wild about outsiders coming in and telling them their town is a mess insofar as its handling of this case was concerned.

**PLAYBOY:** If the people of Cleveland were so hostile to you, how were you able to get 12 people on the jury to reverse the original conviction of Sam Sheppard?

**BAILEY:** The selection of a trial jury is quite a different matter from having to deal with a grand jury that I had no role in selecting. We culled very carefully to get a trial jury that would give Sam a fair trial. The grand-jury investigation, on the other hand, was a farce. But whatever its decision, I don't consider the Sheppard case closed. I don't have any power to do anything further about it, but that case will never be closed—in the mind of Sam Sheppard, anyway—until such time as the ones who killed his wife are brought to justice.

**PLAYBOY:** Sheppard's behavior and some of his statements before and after his acquittal have cast doubt in some people's minds about his mental and emotional state. He revealed in an interview, for example, that he carried a gun into the courtroom on the day the jury seemed about to reach a verdict. The gun was hidden in his Jockey shorts, and he said that if he had been found guilty, he would have taken the gun out and brandished it so that he'd be shot and killed,



in order to avoid returning to prison. Since then, there was a report that he had to cancel a lecture tour because his behavior was becoming increasingly bizarre—all of which has made many people begin to wonder what kind of man he really is and was.

**BAILEY:** Look, Sam Sheppard was a 30-year-old, successful neurosurgeon who was thrown into prison for something he didn't do. He acclimated himself fairly well to the difficult role he had to play. He couldn't be one of the hoods, because he wasn't a hood. And he couldn't be a fink. So he disciplined himself tremendously and shifted his entire life pattern, even to the point of doing 500 push-ups a day to exhaust himself so that he could sleep. Whereas a guilty man can live in prison without doing that sort of thing, an innocent man is driven every moment, and for him the clock ticks slowly. Now, after ten years in prison, we suddenly haul him out—after he had become an expert inmate. And for almost two years, we leave him hanging as to whether or not the next day he might have to go back if one of the constant appeals and motions on his behalf didn't work out. Then we hit him with a second trial, where he had to relive the whole business and sweat out a jury verdict again. After that, we turn him loose to greet the public and expect him to have the same sophistication and judgment he would have had if he hadn't been away from the scene for 12 years. Well, he *doesn't* have the sophistication or the judgment—or the maturity, having spent ten years in the dungeons Ohio uses for prisons. He has been a man under constant high pressure, because he has been a notorious defendant, a man people wanted to—and some still want to—get, despite his innocence. There is no way in the world, in my opinion, that he could have turned out to be an eminently acceptable human being after that experience. Yet, having robbed him of ten years of his life and having subjected him to these pressures, society now turns to him and says, "Your conduct is not satisfactory."

**PLAYBOY:** Let's turn to another of your most celebrated cases—the trials of Dr. Carl Coppolino for the murders of Colonel William E. Farber and Coppolino's wife Carmela. Would you review the facts of this case for us, as you see them?

**BAILEY:** It was a unique situation. Coppolino had been indicted within 48 hours in two jurisdictions for two different murders. Two parallel investigations were running, but they were linked together, because this is all one chain of events with one precipitating cause—namely, the woman, Marjorie Farber, who accused Coppolino of having murdered her husband in New Jersey and then murdering his own wife in Florida. For Mrs. Farber's cross-examination in the first trial, I had so

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much material that it was coming out of my ears. We had discovered a tremendous amount about her background and her activities with Carl. And with so much preparation having been done, I knew how far I could afford to go with her without opening any doors that she could use as a point of ambush to turn around and slaughter us. It's important to be that thorough, because otherwise, as often happens in the course of a trial, a lawyer will be afraid to develop things all the way for fear of getting into a dark area in which he'll get belted. As it turned out, there were no areas into which we could go that would hurt us.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet most people who read about the case before trial had little doubt that Coppolino was guilty.

**BAILEY:** Yes, I've never known a case in which more people had an opinion of guilt. The national press decimated Coppolino with a bunch of irresponsible and bad reporting. It published "evidence" that convinced even me before I met him that this guy was gone.

**PLAYBOY:** What changed your mind?

**BAILEY:** The facts of the case, as I found them in the preliminary hearings and in autopsy reports I had analyzed by expert pathologists. It turned out that all the prosecution had in the New Jersey case was Mrs. Farber's story. Their physical evidence didn't hold up. When Colonel Farber's body was dug up, they found a fractured cartilage in his larynx. A lot of people, including the prosecution's chief expert, Dr. Milton Helpert, the Chief Medical Examiner for New York City, thereby concluded that Farber had been strangled. But we were able to show very positively that that injury to the cartilage had occurred *after* death. Moreover, Mrs. Farber's story had not involved strangulation. She said the murder had been committed by pressing a pillow over her husband's face, but no amount of pressure from a pillow could have fractured the larynx. We also came up with a number of letters she had written immediately after the death of Coppolino's first wife—letters in which she said she was aware he was directing his attention to another woman—whom he later married. We were able to go on to explain to the jury just how a man could be innocent and nonetheless get into all this trouble because of the frustration of one woman, a few unfortunate coincidences and some pretty stupid official action.

**PLAYBOY:** How, then, did Colonel Farber die?

**BAILEY:** I think the evidence is very clear that he died of a heart attack. He had bad arteriosclerosis, and we had pathologists to testify to that fact. Furthermore, what the prosecution didn't know was that Carl Coppolino had made some pretty detailed notes on the symptoms

he found when he was called over to see Colonel Farber the night before and the day of his death. All those symptoms were beautifully in line with a heart attack going on. And Carl had also gotten a release from Mrs. Farber when he decided to step out of the case because she would not send her husband to a hospital, as Carl had recommended. The prosecution didn't know that, because she didn't tell them about it. She didn't even remember it, but the release had been signed; and when she was hit with it in the courtroom, she was torn apart. As I said, the whole weight of the prosecution's case depended on the truthfulness of her story. And yet, notwithstanding the clarity of the evidence exonerating Carl, many people still think he got off not because he was *proved* innocent but because I wizarded him out of the courtroom. That's very good for me, but it's very tough on Coppolino.

**PLAYBOY:** It was even tougher on Coppolino to be convicted subsequently for the murder of his wife Carmela. How did you lose that one?

**BAILEY:** We haven't lost it yet, and I do not expect to lose it ultimately. The Florida case focused on a drug called succinylcholine chloride. It's used by anesthesiologists; by paralyzing the muscles, it brings on an effect called apnea—the diaphragm stops moving and the lungs don't breathe. It can, therefore, cause death by internal suffocation. This drug, when injected, breaks down in a few seconds into succinylmonocholine and then into succinic acid and choline. These chemicals, however, are also natural body products, and so it's very difficult to prove by post-mortem that the drug was ever injected. In fact, its presence has never been proved in any case in which the drug allegedly has been involved; and despite the verdict, I contend that its presence has not been proved in this case. On the insistence of the Farber woman, Carmela Coppolino's body was exhumed about five months after it had been buried. Mrs. Farber had no direct evidence but said Carl *might* have killed her, and if he had, he would have used that drug, which he had in his possession, along with many others. Mind you, Carl's subsequent indictment came without this drug having been proved a cause of death. There was no cause of death proved before the grand jury in Florida. The real reason Carl got indicted so fast on such shaky evidence was that New Jersey and Florida were running neck and neck in their investigations at the time. And the minute New Jersey indicted, the Florida prosecutor felt he was under such terrible pressure from the press to do something that he went ahead to get an indictment.

**PLAYBOY:** If the evidence was that shaky, why was Coppolino convicted?

**BAILEY:** The case boiled down to a battle of experts over complicated technical

testimony, and the jury lacked the sophistication to see through the weaknesses of the state's case. We weren't helped at all when the prosecutor, during the selection of the jury, used a peremptory challenge to dismiss a retired chemist as a prospective juror. He could have been the one man to absorb the expert testimony and explain it to the other jurors. The state's case was based on the claim by Dr. Helpert—he was involved in Florida, too—that there was evidence of succinylcholine in Carmela Coppolino's body. He said a needle puncture had been found in a buttock when the body was dug up. It was never determined how old that puncture was; and it was quite possible that she, being a doctor, had administered it to herself, to inject vitamins or something else. Doctors often inject themselves in the buttocks. Anyway, having found what they claimed was a needle puncture, they began to grind up pieces of liver and brain and all kinds of other things, looking for some evidence of succinylcholine. The chief toxicologist in Dr. Helpert's office, Dr. C. Joseph Umberger, did some examinations and tests on the basis of which Helpert declared that succinylcholine chloride was the cause of death.

**PLAYBOY:** With all your preparations for the case, what went wrong?

**BAILEY:** As I said, succinylcholine chloride breaks down into two natural body products—succinic acid and choline. Only if you can find an excess amount of them in a dead body can you begin to infer that succinylcholine chloride has been injected. Umberger said he had found succinic acid in Carmela Coppolino's brain. He also found some choline, but in such insignificant amounts that he couldn't say where it came from. So the core of his testimony was his finding of about four and a half milligrams of succinic acid; the average brain normally contains 40 milligrams. He said this finding represented an excess, because he had looked into two other unembalmed brains of dead people and had found no succinic acid. Carmela Coppolino, however, *had* been embalmed, and Umberger had never run a control test on an *embalmed* brain, and so his "finding" was pure speculation. Embalming fluids affect body substances. In fact, I got him to concede on the stand that the experimental methods by which he found "possible" traces of succinylcholine chloride through the "possible" presence of an excess of succinic acid in the brain were not complete enough for him to publish his study in a scientific journal. Our preparations for the case, on the other hand, had not taken into account the possibility that the other side would try to quantitate the succinic acid in her body, in an effort to demonstrate an excess.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you take that into account?



**BAILEY:** Because that's not the scientific way to try to make that proof. The usual way is to look for choline, because that's the stable chemical. Succinic acid is unstable and volatile; and if succinic acid gets into the brain, it immediately burns down to the normal level of it the brain would have. You see, Umberger never proved there was an excess. As I said, he found about *ten percent* of the normal level of succinic acid in the brain. But by then the jury was thoroughly confused. Even so, if we'd known they'd been working with succinic acid, we would have duplicated the experiments—but that would have taken months before the trial started. I tried to make clear to the jury that Umberger's tests had had no controls and that his finding was guesswork, but they weren't scientists and evidently didn't understand.

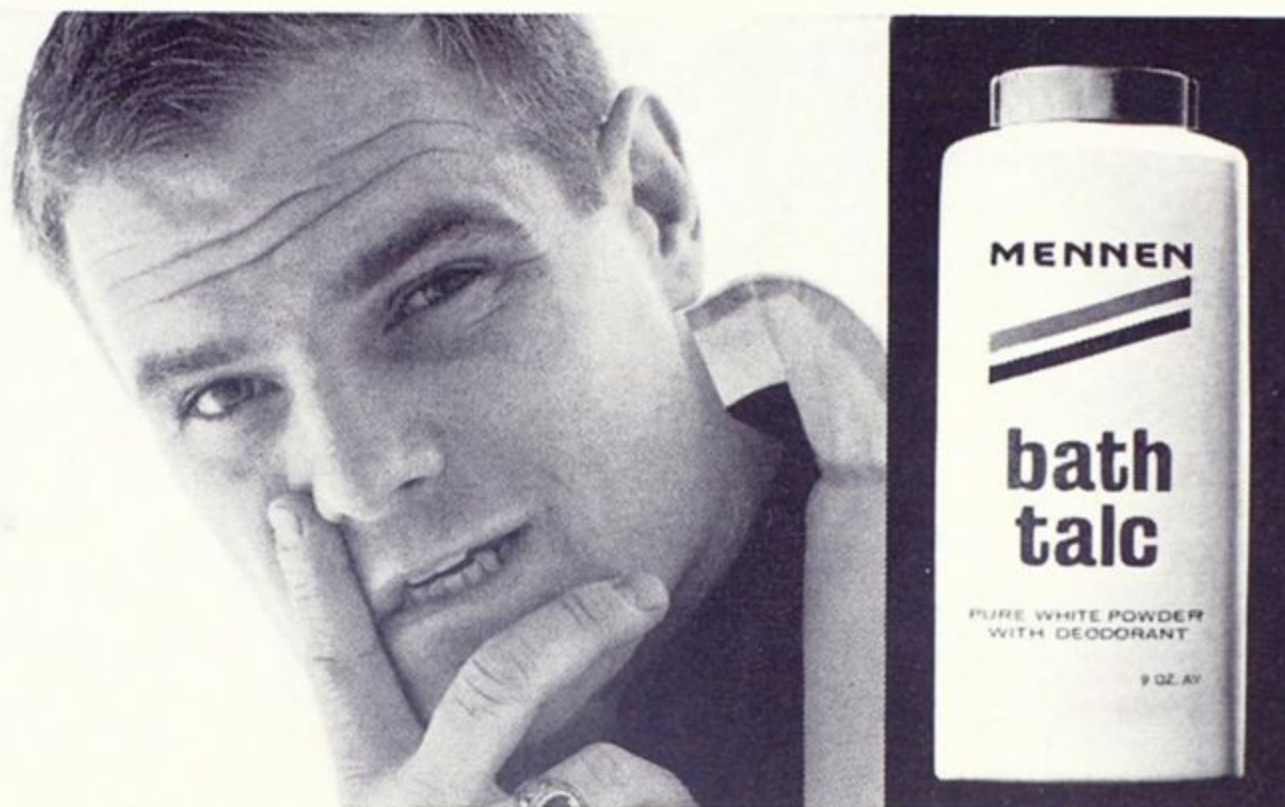
**PLAYBOY:** According to *The New York Times*, Dr. Bert La Du, Jr., chairman of the department of pharmacology at the New York University Medical College, testified that he had found traces of the alleged murder drug in the flesh alongside the needle track in the buttock.

**BAILEY:** La Du, first of all, was looking for succinylmonocholine—which is what the drug breaks down to immediately, before breaking down into succinic acid and choline. He was not checking for choline, because that's present all over the body and is released by the embalming fluid. What La Du did find was about 20 millionth parts of something that *might* have been succinylmonocholine, but the traces were too slight to positively identify. His testimony, therefore, also was a matter of the "possible," not the proved. And his tests, too, had no controls. On the other hand, our experts—Drs. Francis Foldes and John C. Smith of Montefiore Hospital—had engaged in intensive research, with the aid of a radioactive tracer, to show the ways in which traces of the drug could be found if the drug had been injected. And by those criteria, the drug was not found in Carmela Coppolino's body. And I would add that the Foldes-Smith findings were complete to the point that they *were* published as a scientific paper. Furthermore, both in Florida and later in New York, Dr. Umberger—the chief witness for the state—told me he was very upset at how the trial had come out. He said he never thought there'd be a conviction and he hadn't expected that his testimony would be taken so positively by the jury.

**PLAYBOY:** But Umberger denies he said that to you.

**BAILEY:** He made that denial at a press conference, in the presence of his superior, Dr. Helpen; but I have witnesses to what he actually said to me. Umberger told me that a conviction was not warranted on the basis of the work he had done. In addition, three chemists in Helpen's office came forward to say that

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they doubted the scientific validity of Umberger's tests. Because they came forward, these three chemists have been suspended by Helpern.

**PLAYBOY:** When Coppolino was convicted of murder in the second degree, you said the verdict was "a joke." Why?

**BAILEY:** Second-degree murder, under Florida statutes, means there was no premeditation. But in a poisoning, there *has* to have been premeditation, because there has to have been preparation. The needle has to be filled, the injection to be made. In addition, for death to take place from this drug requires eight to twenty minutes. This is at total variance with a sudden, unpremeditated wish to kill and a sudden act of killing. He would have had to wait for her to go to sleep, then inject the drug and wait another ten minutes or so to let her die.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you intend to do next in this case?

**BAILEY:** We are appealing, and I'm confident the appellate court will reverse the verdict. Then it's all over, because Carl has already been cleared of murder in the first degree. And before the appeal is heard, it's possible—and even likely—that we will duplicate the experiments run by the state and show their errors. In the latter event, a new plea will be made to the trial judge to throw out the verdict on the basis of new evidence.

**PLAYBOY:** You admit you were surprised by the state's concentration on succinic acid in the second Coppolino trial. In any of your other cases, have you been caught unprepared—either by the state or by your own client?

**BAILEY:** Occasionally a client will say he has an alibi and name the people he was with and it'll sound perfectly plausible. But as we begin to assimilate the evidence against the defendant and figure the probabilities of his story, we go back and talk to one of his witnesses, who then comes completely apart. That you can call a surprise, and it usually terminates the attorney-client relationship for that case. I'll put up with clients doing almost anything but lying.

**PLAYBOY:** What is your attitude when a defendant has not lied to you, but so far as you can determine on the basis of your investigation, is guilty?

**BAILEY:** Well, it's much more heart-warming to take a guilty man in and plead him guilty and let him take his punishment. And, believe me, most criminal lawyers would rather do that. But ethically, you're bound to advise him that though you're satisfied he's guilty, he has a right to a trial and to an acquittal, if that's the result—I mean within the limits of not manufacturing any evidence or distorting it or suppressing it or threatening any witnesses to make up stories. There are times when, if I think the evidence is very strong against him, I'll tell a client that he's better off to plead guilty and get the best sentence he

can—unless it's a first-degree murder case and the prosecution is looking for the electric chair and won't offer a lesser charge. Then you just have to try the case, even though there's no possibility of winning it.

**PLAYBOY:** But if you knew a client was guilty, would you remain on the case if he insisted on pleading innocent?

**BAILEY:** He can plead innocent as a matter of right. A man is not proved guilty until he's had a defense. If he hadn't lied to me, I'd stay with him. But in the course of the trial, I wouldn't allow him to make the statement, "I didn't do it," because that would be perjury. Being a defendant doesn't change that law and being a defense counsel does not entitle you to suborn perjury.

**PLAYBOY:** Knowing your client is guilty, how would you conduct his defense?

**BAILEY:** I would not conduct the defense as an offense, which is what I prefer to do. I would not indulge in as vigorous and searching cross-examination of witnesses on the other side as I would if I believed the client not to be guilty, because, obviously, the chances are far less that the opposition witnesses are lying or mistaken. The main thrust of my strategy would be to create a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jury, and that's dangerous—leaving the jury with just a doubt. If you can leave them with a countertheory to explain the proven facts, you're much more likely to get an acquittal.

**PLAYBOY:** Having said that you would defend and plead innocent a man you thought was guilty, how do we then know whether Sam Sheppard is innocent, even though he was acquitted the second time? How do we know Dr. Coppolino is innocent of murdering Colonel Farber, even though he was acquitted in the New Jersey trial?

**BAILEY:** You don't know. What you're asking is whether it is possible to equate my appearance for a client with that client's innocence. Obviously, that's not possible. There is no way of determining under law whether a man is innocent or guilty except through the machinery of the law. Under our system, a man is guilty only if proof beyond a reasonable doubt can be marshaled against him.

**PLAYBOY:** Then a direct question to you, personally: Do you believe Sheppard and Coppolino are innocent?

**BAILEY:** Yes. I not only believe Sam Sheppard innocent but I also believe there was never any basis for finding him guilty. And I believe Carl Coppolino is innocent in both the New Jersey and the Florida cases. I believe, moreover, that in neither case was a murder committed. Both Colonel Farber and Carmela Coppolino died of natural causes.

**PLAYBOY:** Granted that everyone—even a client you believe is guilty—has a constitutional right to an attorney, are there any kinds of clients you would never

take, any kinds of crime whose perpetrators you would not defend?

**BAILEY:** I can think of only one crime that offends me so deeply in a personal sense that I'd doubt my ability to give a vigorous defense, and that's the so-called gang bang—the too-familiar situation in which a bunch of kids are out in the woods and they catch a young couple necking, tie the boy to a tree and work the girl over for a couple of hours. A judge once tried to appoint me to defend the accused in that sort of case and I told him I didn't think I could do a decent job. That is, assuming I believe the particular fellows accused of that kind of crime are guilty—which I did in this case.

**PLAYBOY:** Would it trouble your conscience to defend a known gangster—say, for tax evasion—if you believed he was guilty?

**BAILEY:** No. I'm a functionary in the system and you can't say an adequate judgment of guilt has been made until you pump the case through the system. Theoretically, if he's guilty, I will defend him with everything available; the Government will furnish a good lawyer to prosecute him; the evidence will be in favor of the Government; and he'll be hooked. And if he is hooked, it won't bother me one bit. But if I think he's innocent, it would probably bother me a great deal and I'd probably keep appealing the case until we'd exhausted every avenue.

**PLAYBOY:** To get down to the basics, do you think it's the purpose of the defense attorney to get justice done or to get his client off?

**BAILEY:** Justice is always the aim of the law—but only, I think, on a theoretical level. We don't promise justice and we don't do justice. We don't separate the guilty from the innocent. We separate those against whom a crime is proved in the eyes of the jury from those against whom no crime is proved. As for *my* objective within the over-all pattern, I suppose it *is* justice. But the minute I step outside my own role and either decide to judge my client or decide what "pure justice" should be in a given case, I'm doing a disservice not only to the system but also to myself. I am a functionary with a slant, and that's what I'm required to be. Although it is certainly satisfying to have a man acquitted whom you believe to be innocent, the fundamental satisfaction when a case is over—whatever the outcome—comes when I can say, "We conducted a good trial for him."

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever had the opportunity to affect the course of justice before a trial? Have you ever been in a position to prevent a crime?

**BAILEY:** I was on my way to Connecticut one Saturday afternoon a year or so ago when the phone rang and a woman from North Dakota informed me she intended



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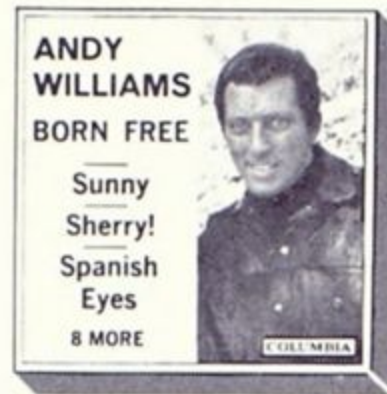
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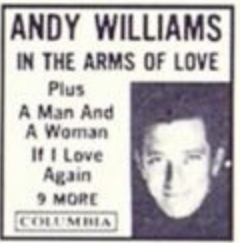
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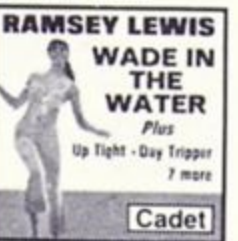


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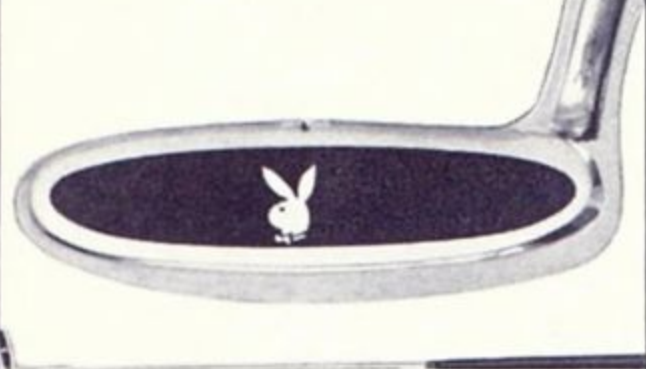
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to kill her husband that night and wanted to know whether or not I would represent her. I talked to her for a while and suggested that she not carry out her plan. But she started to sound as though she meant it, so I called the police in her home town, telling them what had happened and giving them her name. They indicated she was a very violent woman and might well do exactly what she'd threatened. They told me they were going to have a talk with her or remove her husband from the scene. I don't know which they did.

**PLAYBOY:** Any other such calls?

**BAILEY:** Not too long ago, a woman called me from a distant state and said, "My husband is dead. I'm afraid I shot him. I've been sitting here with the body for a couple of hours now and I don't know what to do." I called the police and got them up there after I'd made sure she had counsel—and, sure enough, she was telling the truth.

**PLAYBOY:** Did she ask you to defend her?

**BAILEY:** That was why she'd called. She told me it was an accident; she hadn't meant to do it and she was bewildered. That's exactly the point at which a lawyer should come into a case.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you take the case?

**BAILEY:** Yes. It's still pending, so I won't name it. The police department and the prosecutor there don't know I've taken it yet. I'm operating through counsel in the area. I'm keeping my involvement quiet, because there are times when a client can be done a great disservice if an otherwise unremarkable case is projected into the headlines due to my name being connected with it. In this instance, for example, a prosecutor who might otherwise be willing to regard the killing as an accident would now feel under tremendous pressure to bring her to prosecution, on the theory that she wouldn't have hired a lawyer like me unless she had intended to kill the man.

**PLAYBOY:** At what point will you reveal you're in charge of the case?

**BAILEY:** When it goes to trial.

**PLAYBOY:** What effect does your renown have on juries?

**BAILEY:** It can be a disadvantage. For one thing, publications insist on parlaying an image of me that involves being flamboyant, being cute and tricky, being skilled in the use of electronic instruments and all that sort of thing. Accordingly, the jury is at first suspicious of me. Also because of the renown, there's an immediate assumption by the jury that my presence means a tremendous amount of money is being asked to get the defendant off. So these days, at the start of a trial, the jury may well have all or most of these preconceptions. And if the trial is short, these suspicions involving me could be extremely disadvantageous. If the trial proceeds for a few days, the jury will then be able to use its own judgment, on the basis of what it actually

sees and hears. And it will find that I try cases very soberly, in a low key, with an occasional injection of a little bit of humor. And then a lot of these preconceived notions will be wiped away. At least I hope so.

**PLAYBOY:** In the courtroom, how important is the personal impression you make on the jury in determining the outcome of a trial?

**BAILEY:** It's vital. In a trial, the order of importance of the principals is either the defendant first and the defense counsel second, or the reverse. If the defendant testifies and makes a good impression—that is, if he's believable—he'll always be acquitted. But if he does not take the stand because, for one reason, his decision to testify would allow the prosecution to introduce his past record, then he may be reduced to the status of a cigar-store Indian or a pawn on a chessboard. He's only seen, but never comes alive. And even though he may be innocent, if he takes advantage of his constitutional right to stay off the stand, I have great difficulty in believing that any juror accepts the judge's instruction that the defendant's not testifying is theoretically no implication of guilt. Under those circumstances, the defendant is in a terrible box. Therefore, it's sometimes a good tactic to attempt to get the jury to try the defendant's *counsel*. The goal is to get them to acquit *you*.

**PLAYBOY:** To what extent do you "play" a jury—attempt to appeal to their emotions rather than their reason?

**BAILEY:** I do damn little of that. In days gone by, lawyers did place great importance on that approach, and it may have been effective decades ago. But today, despite my claim that you don't get enough jurors of very high intelligence, you don't any longer have 50 percent of a jury without a high school degree. Usually 90 percent have at least a high school diploma. And you simply cannot use old-style rhetoric on that kind of jury. Consider what happened recently in the Bobby Baker case in Washington. Edward Bennett Williams, an extraordinary attorney, made a final speech in that case that was out of the Old Vic tradition. The jury, however, found Baker guilty, and the foreman said afterward, "We were genuinely impressed by the speech, but it was the evidence we considered while we were deliberating." That incident made me even more certain that the old days are gone. I'm not saying that I ignore emotion when I address a jury, but the emotion I show has to be warranted by the circumstances of the case. If you try to create emotion just for effect, it falls flat. I happen to function particularly well when I can show cold indignation or derision. I've indulged in some of both, but only when the circumstances have warranted either. What people see of lawyers on television, of course, is something





# Playboy Club News



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quite different; it's theatrical combat. And that's why I always tell a jury when I start my argument that it is not an argument; it's an analysis of the evidence. I also always tell them that Perry Mason is fictional, and the fact that I don't solve the case in the courtroom doesn't mean my client is guilty. Erle Stanley Gardner, who's a good friend of mine, is a master plotter of his stories, but his influence has been pervasive, and he sure makes it tough for the rest of us.

**PLAYBOY:** You've often said you prefer jurors who can understand complex reasoning and complicated evidence rather than those who can be swayed by emotional oratory. Why?

**BAILEY:** There are criminal lawyers who feel the only people they ought to allow on a jury are the salt-of-the-earth type of citizens, who will do rough justice. This type is especially attractive to a guy who has a guilty client for whom there's a lot of sympathy, because a jury sometimes will acquit just because they're sympathetic. I don't think I do very well, however, before the salt-of-the-earth type—either because I don't have a lot of dramatic ability in that area or because that type is inclined to be suspicious of someone like me, feeling "This is a high-powered lawyer and he's probably trying to trick us." I've found intelligent jurors much more preferable, especially when we're trying complex issues such as the blood evidence in the Sheppard case. We looked for scientists when we were selecting that jury, because only scientists could fully appreciate the thoroughness of Dr. Kirk's methodology. We did get a very bright young engineer who could understand how a competent scientist operated and who could understand the validity of his techniques. In the Coppolino case, in New Jersey, intelligent jurors were necessary because, among other reasons, the evidence of the pathologist wasn't the easiest thing in the world to understand. In general, if you have something to talk about in a case, it's easier to persuade intelligent people. But if you're just going to do a lot of smoke-screening, you'd better get the intelligent ones off a jury.

**PLAYBOY:** *Time* magazine said you used a hypnotist in the Sheppard retrial to help you pick and "psych" the jurors. Is there any truth to that?

**BAILEY:** *Time* doesn't even have the right trial. In the Coppolino case, there was sitting at the defense table during the jury selection process a medical doctor, William Joseph Bryan, Jr., who is also a lawyer and a hypnoanalyst. He was the one who asked me to defend Coppolino; he's a friend of his. And Dr. Bryan, because of his many years of talking with patients, of trying to figure out what's really bothering them that they're not talking about, has an ability to spot reactions that I'd maybe pick up only half the time. Little slips of the tongue,

movements of the body. From these subtle signs, he can very rapidly discern which way a prospective juror is leaning, and he can also suggest questions to ask him.

**PLAYBOY:** It has been said that no attorney asks his own witness—and so far as possible, opposition witnesses—any question to which he doesn't know the answer. How true is that?

**BAILEY:** It's not true. We don't *like* to ask questions to which we don't know the answers, but it often happens. What you try to do is develop the questioning step by step, in such a manner that you'll see the answer three questions before the jury does. And if you don't like what's coming, you change the subject. But in every trial, you'll get answers you didn't expect. However, the better the preparation and the better the method of cross-examination, the less likely you are to be caught with what we call a pants-dropper.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you recall any particularly damaging pants-droppers with which you've been confronted?

**BAILEY:** Nothing highly dramatic, nothing that caused the outcome of a case to shift. But I can clearly recall the numerous occasions in which I've had a tremendous feeling of tightening when I heard the wrong answer. I once cross-examined a woman who claimed she had seen two men rob a bank. Since her opportunity to have observed that act had been quite limited, I doubted that she could identify the men with certainty. But as I started to cross-examine her, her story got tighter and tighter and it became very apparent to me that she was probably telling the truth or believed she was. A witness who believes he is telling the truth is every bit as dangerous to cross-examine as one who actually is. In this case, the woman turned out to be by far the most damaging witness. There were five other people who claimed to be able to identify the bank robbers and they all came apart. She didn't. But the jury stayed out 12 hours in a six-to-six deadlock and then finally acquitted.

**PLAYBOY:** One of the impressions many viewers get from television courtroom scenes is that an astute counsel can lead a witness and bring out material damaging to the other side, until the point at which the judge rebukes him and says, "Strike that from the record!" How often does this really happen?

**BAILEY:** What you're talking about is putting a question that embodies certain inadmissible facts, although you know the question is improper and that you have no evidence to back it up. What you're trying to do through that tactic is to leave the jury with the impression you *could* have proved these things if somebody hadn't objected or if the judge hadn't intervened. That kind of tactic may be used often, but I don't do it. I

think it's unethical and I scream rather loudly if the prosecutor does it. I object strenuously, because the admonition from the bench, "Forget you ever heard it," is completely ineffectual. A juror may have to sit through four weeks of evidence, and there's no possible way for him to remember the circumstances under which a relevant fact hit his memory—unless, perhaps, it's so startling a fact that one of the jurors will remind the rest that the judge told them not to consider it. But, in any case, I don't think anything is ever wiped from a jury's mind.

**PLAYBOY:** A number of veteran trial lawyers say they can predict, in most cases—no matter what tactics they've used—how a jury will decide. Can you?

**BAILEY:** To some extent, yes. But not always. You occasionally get surprised. I was surprised by the result of the DeSalvo trial in Cambridge, and I think most of the observers were. As you know, he wasn't tried as the Boston Strangler. The sex crimes for which he was on trial took place after he had stopped killing. I urged that jury to find DeSalvo not guilty by reason of insanity, though a much more appropriate verdict would have been guilty but insane. However, a jury under present law cannot bring in such a verdict, although it should be able to. I pressed—unsuccessfully, as it turned out—for the verdict of not guilty by reason of insanity, for two reasons. First of all, it was a dry run for a possible trial of DeSalvo as the Strangler. I wanted to see what a jury would do. Secondly, I wanted him to be denominated for what he is. He is insane. And being so denominated officially, he would be sent to a mental hospital to be studied by psychiatrists.

**PLAYBOY:** At the time of the trial, wasn't he already being held at the Bridgewater State Hospital for the Criminally Insane?

**BAILEY:** Yes, but that's not a place where he can be deeply studied or treated. Also, his being there was not synonymous with his having been judged officially insane. He had, after all, been declared capable of standing trial on the crimes he had committed after he'd stopped killing.

**PLAYBOY:** In any case, why do you think you lost the trial?

**BAILEY:** In retrospect, I can see what happened. The jury had been confronted by a medical record that made it clear that psychiatrists had examined DeSalvo prior to his killing spree as the Boston Strangler, had judged him not to be dangerous and had allowed him to roam at will in society. The failure of *those* psychiatrists to recognize the nature of DeSalvo certainly did not instill any confidence in the jury that some other psychiatrist in the future would not let him out again. So the jury probably was determined to see that he got a sentence they had confidence would



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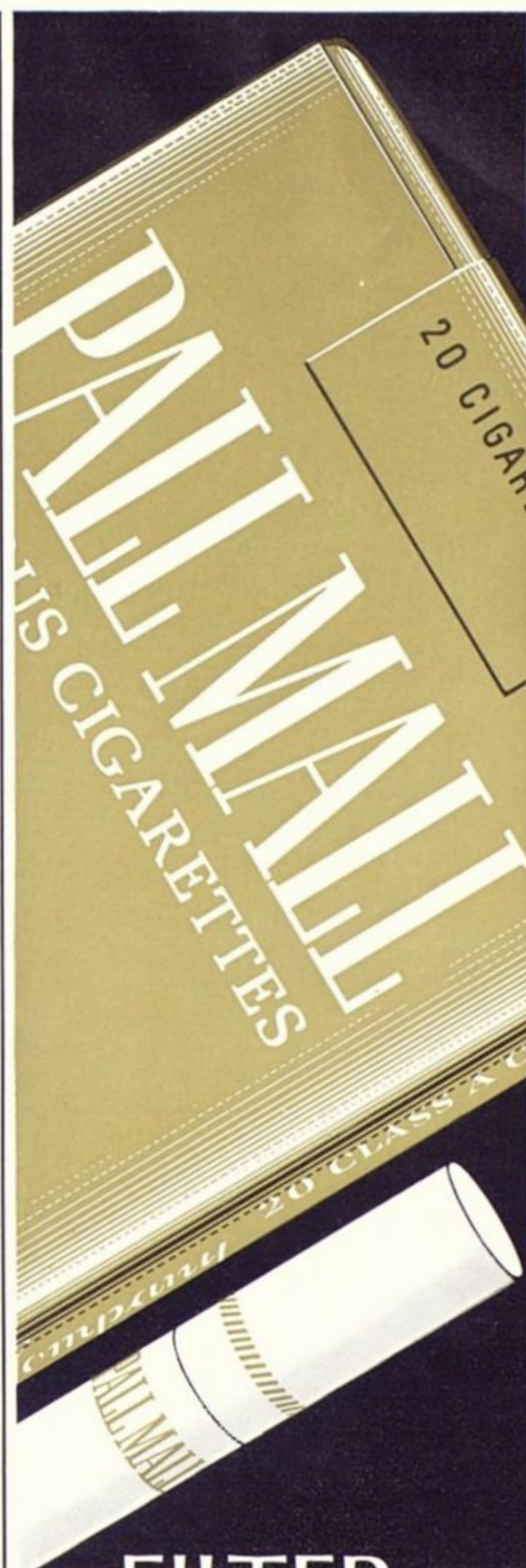
stick—and that sentence was imprisonment. Another factor, of course, was that we were trying the DeSalvo case in the wrong context. I was not permitted to introduce any evidence in the trial about those homicides. And the post-killing crimes that *were* at issue had involved some degree of rationality. In each case, he would break and enter, commit a sex act, steal and leave. The only evidence I had in the trial that was helpful toward a plea of insanity was the actual commission of the sex acts. But those sex counts were the least important in this trial in terms of the sentence. In addition, there was missing the one thing that is essential in almost any successful plea of insanity: sympathy. Juries ordinarily will not acquit on the basis of insanity, no matter how strong the psychiatric evidence, if they have no feeling whatsoever for the defendant. And I couldn't even try to engender sympathy for DeSalvo. The prosecution had all the sympathy on its side, sympathy for the poor victims whose dignity had been completely destroyed. So, although I was surprised at the verdict at the time, I can see how it happened.

**PLAYBOY:** A little more than a month after he had been convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment, DeSalvo escaped briefly from Bridgewater. He didn't seem to have tried to elude recapture. Why?

**BAILEY:** DeSalvo wanted to make a demonstration, like a civil rights worker. What he was demonstrating for was his need for treatment. He had admitted he was the Strangler and he had expected that he would not simply be clamped into a dungeon for the rest of his life. He was also demonstrating against the state's refusal to admit so far that he *was* the Strangler. But by escaping, he forced them to decide whether they were going to continue to con the public or send out the kind of alarm that made it clear they *knew* he was the Strangler. And, of course, they did send out that kind of alarm. Furthermore, he was demonstrating to dramatize the fact that he and other inmates had been in Bridgewater for years without any effective examination or treatment.

**PLAYBOY:** There are reports that Massachusetts' former Attorney General, now Senator, Edward Brooke, as well as the officer who arrested DeSalvo and psychiatrists who were deeply involved in the case, are convinced that DeSalvo is *not* the Boston Strangler—that, in fact, there is at least as much evidence against two other men, one of whom killed the elderly women, and the other the younger victims. And those who claim DeSalvo was not the Strangler add that his confession is hardly proof enough, since he is well-known as a compulsive confessor.

**BAILEY:** That is all straight horseshit. And Brooke has not said publicly that he



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doubts DeSalvo is the Strangler. In a conversation with me, as a matter of fact, he *did* admit that he believed the Strangler was DeSalvo.

**PLAYBOY:** Aside from DeSalvo's confession, what evidence do you have to support that belief?

**BAILEY:** Through many intensive interrogations, Albert showed that he knew a great many things about the crimes he could not possibly have known had he not been the Strangler. His confession has been checked out in thorough detail. There's simply no doubt about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Not in the DeSalvo trial, but in the Coppolino and Sheppard trials, you chose to defend your clients by impugning the character and the reputation of opposition witnesses. Doesn't this kind of courtroom behavior conflict with your self-description as a man concerned with protecting individual rights and as an attorney who conducts his cases in "a low key," without theatrics?

**BAILEY:** I don't have any relish for cutting somebody up on the witness stand, but there are times when it's essential; and usually anybody who *has* to be chopped up on the witness stand deserves it. He's either lying—the result of which can be the imprisonment of my client for no good reason—or he has some interest in the case about which he's not being entirely candid. I just have no choice, in those circumstances, but to go ahead and take him apart as best I can.

**PLAYBOY:** Your critics have implied that there is an element of ruthlessness involved in some of your cross-examinations. After the Sheppard retrial, *Time* quoted you as saying, "We had to destroy Marilyn," Sheppard's murdered wife.

**BAILEY:** I didn't say that. What I did say was that, in the first trial, evidence that tended to demean her reputation was deliberately kept out for reasons I've already explained. In the second trial, I had to bring that evidence in, because the only theory consistent with the facts was that a sexual aspect of the case had caused a nonstranger to come into the house.

**PLAYBOY:** What about your systematic effort to destroy the reputation of Marjorie Farber in the first Coppolino trial? Do you think you might have been a bit overzealous in that case?

**BAILEY:** Oh, no. I held back more information on Mrs. Farber than I've ever held back on any witness.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**BAILEY:** We had to decide at the outset whether to attack her wholesale or whether to treat her with a sad wag of the head as a woman so frustrated that she would go to the lengths she did to accuse Carl of two murders. I was inclined toward the latter approach, because if I were to attack her too hard, I might create sympathy for her, no mat-

ter what her character. And so we went after her that way, as a frustrated woman. We didn't attack her wholesale. Neither I nor the other side brought out the fact that she and Carl had taken a little trip together. The omission of that trip is a perfect example of a jury occasionally not getting the whole truth because neither lawyer wants to bring it forward. In this instance, I saw no reason to take Coppolino down by bringing it out; and the other side didn't want to take Mrs. Farber down.

**PLAYBOY:** Why would the exposure of that trip have been so injurious?

**BAILEY:** Because they took it immediately after the death of her husband. Doing that made her seem a very callous person, and I suppose it made Carl look callous, too. Actually, that trip didn't involve any sex orgy. I think they registered in separate rooms, and as far as my client has told me, nothing untoward happened. She was just sort of recovering from the death of her husband. But a jury could certainly have drawn additional inferences from that, and so it just wasn't mentioned by either side.

**PLAYBOY:** In the second Coppolino trial, you were caught unawares by the state's medical evidence and by the testimony of several of its witnesses. How much of the prosecution's evidence and the statements of its witnesses do you feel the defense should be permitted to see before trial?

**BAILEY:** All of it. All of it. And that includes police evidence. In criminal cases, we should have as thorough a pretrial discovery method as in civil cases. And the defense lawyer should have the power to subpoena Government witnesses before trial. Those witnesses thereby would be forced to either answer the defense attorney's questions or take the Fifth Amendment.

**PLAYBOY:** What if you had the right of total pretrial discovery and found out thereby that your client was guilty?

**BAILEY:** My duty in that case would be not to suppress any of the evidence indicating guilt and not to do anything to prevent the prosecutor from finding out about that evidence. But my duty would *not* include bringing that evidence forward myself, because the defendant does have his Fifth Amendment right not to articulate anything that will hurt him, and I am really his vocal cords.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been able to prove actual suppression of evidence by the other side in any of your cases?

**BAILEY:** In the Sheppard case, some of the state's evidence was blood—the same type as Sam Sheppard's—on the ground around the Sheppard house. The state's theory was that Sam, walking with the bloody murder instrument as he looked for a place to dispose of it, had dripped the blood. The instrument was never found, but the blood was there. It turned out that a man who had been

cleaning windows there the day before the murder had cut himself rather badly on a sharp piece of wire or something. He had walked around, looking for a rag, and had dripped blood. His type was the same as Sam's. The man had reported his accident to the police on the day of the murder, but they never brought it to the attention of the defense lawyers in Sam's first trial. Naturally, the man did not testify at the first trial, because the defense didn't know about him, and the prosecution wanted to suppress his story. For the second trial, however, we found him and he *did* testify.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you experienced any other incidents of suppressed evidence by the prosecution?

**BAILEY:** Not of suppression. But I have had trials in which witnesses were encouraged by the other side not to say something in a way that would help the defendant or were encouraged not to involve themselves in the case at all if they were going to hurt the prosecution. Prosecution lawyers have considerable control over their witnesses, because prosecution lawyers are regarded as officials. And it's highly undesirable to quarrel with them, because their retribution may be pervasive. I did have one trial in which a police lieutenant was ordered to lie and he did and he got caught at it because he was contradicted by a priest. That was the end of the case as far as the jury was concerned. A jury will not tolerate lying by either side.

**PLAYBOY:** Because of your own ability and that of your investigators, you've had considerable success in criminal law. But how would you assess the criminal bar as a whole in this country? Do you still stand by your statement to the *Saturday Evening Post* that "the criminal bar ends up with a few of the best lawyers and a lot of the worst ones running around . . . taking pleas of guilty for \$25 or \$50"?

**BAILEY:** Let me put it this way: If you were to have to defend your life in this country today, you'd have to choose very carefully from a very small selection of lawyers if you wanted the best the system could offer.

**PLAYBOY:** Starting with F. Lee Bailey?

**BAILEY:** I don't mean to start with myself. I won't name names, because there are some good lawyers I haven't met; but by my standards, of those lawyers I know, no more than five would be satisfactory to me in a capital case. And more likely three. I'm speaking of the whole country, because although I obviously don't know every lawyer in this field, I've had quite a bit of contact with the bar throughout the country. And none of these five men, by the way, practices criminal law exclusively. They rely to a greater or lesser extent on the income from civil business to carry them.



**PLAYBOY:** Why are there so few first-rate criminal lawyers?

**BAILEY:** First of all, society doesn't make the criminal lawyer's lot a happy one. The news media announce that someone has been indicted. The immediate presumption in the public's mind is that a man who has been indicted is guilty. Accordingly, the lawyer who defends him is held in rather low esteem, because he's thought of as the man who's there to try to beat the system, to "get him off," in the popular phrase. As a result, I get hate mail and death threats just for filing an appearance to defend someone in a highly publicized case. Some of the death threats are obviously from cranks, but some make you pause and wonder. Especially when they say, "We'll rub out your whole family or kidnap your boy because you're letting loose all these evil people on society." In any controversial case, hate mail is apt to be pretty heavy. So, to start with, you have to have a strong ego, as I said, and be somewhat of a loner by temperament to go into criminal law. Secondly, society has done almost nothing to ensure that competent lawyers will find criminal law as attractive financially as civil law. Criminal law is the only occupation in the United States today in which you are ordered to work for nothing or to work for such little compensation that the occupation becomes unattractive to people who don't mind doing hard work but like to be paid for it.

**PLAYBOY:** You seem to be doing quite well.

**BAILEY:** My career has been an exception, almost a fluke. You won't find any other criminal lawyer in my age bracket who is doing as well as I am now. How often can you expect a young lawyer to get a series of such highly publicized cases as I've had? You cannot take my situation as any kind of norm. The norm is this: The average citizen cannot afford financially to defend himself adequately in a criminal case. Take murder, for instance. In the average murder case, to get good counsel and good ancillary help—investigation, experts, printing and other expenses—costs \$50,000. Most people can't put up that kind of money. And that's the cost before appeal. It can go much higher than that if you go through the six appeals that are currently available. Most defendants cannot put up that kind of money. Knowing that, most good lawyers stay out of criminal law. So the criminal defendant is likely to get a second-rate lawyer who'll work for a very small fee and who accordingly won't do extensive preparation and investigation, because he wants to spend as little of that fee as he can.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you put such stress on the need for extensive preparation and investigation, what do you recommend should be done in this area so that the average criminal defendant can get a better

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**BAILEY:** To begin with, every lawyer in a serious case without the money to do what has to be done to prepare it thoroughly should immediately request that investigative funds be made available to him by the state. The basis of that request is that a defendant who does not get the advantage of everything he would have had if he could have afforded it is not getting equal protection under the law. If the funds are refused and the lawyer can show he was impaired in his function because of lack of investigative resources, the case should be reversed. Eventually, on that constitutional basis, I believe lawyers *will* be able to get sufficient funds to prepare and investigate.

But that's only a start. The entire system of criminal law has to be revamped, and I hope to see it done. We have to develop a way by which the very best potential trial lawyers in every law-school class will be encouraged to enter the business of criminal law. And that means subsidizing their further training. When a young attorney of real quality graduates and gets his LL. B., he should then have one additional year of academic training in cross-examination, investigation, tactics, arguments. And he should be paid a salary by the Government while he's doing this. Then, during three subsequent years of internship, he should work for a judge for a year, with a prosecutor for a year and with a defense lawyer for a year. This internship should also be subsidized, in increasing amounts. By the end of the four-year period, he'll be ready to go out and make a pretty good income from private cases. His practice obviously won't consist entirely of murder cases, and there will be enough cases at fees of \$3000 and \$5000 each to ensure his making a decent living. Being qualified, he'll be able to earn that kind of fee. Furthermore, when there is a need for him to be appointed to defend someone without money, he'll be able to do a first-rate job. And secondly, he should be paid about as much to defend an indigent as he would receive from a client with decent assets. And he should have enough public money to hire good investigators at their regular rates. Society will get back the money it will have spent for his training and for his fees in appointed cases; fewer people will be in jail who ought not to be there, and that will save a lot of money. Right now, with the training I've had on the job and with the enlightened series of Supreme Court rulings in recent years, I could walk into most state courts and, with a writ of habeas corpus, yank out 30 percent of those inside, because their cases had not been properly tried or appealed.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying that 30 percent of those convicted and imprisoned are innocent?

**BAILEY:** A distinction has to be made between those convicted who are innocent and those who were guilty but wrongfully convicted of the charge against them. An example of the latter situation is when a man is convicted and sentenced for first-degree murder when the charge should have been manslaughter. There are many times when a man is convicted and sentenced for a more serious charge than the evidence warrants. My estimate as to those who have been wrongfully convicted on the charge against them is ten to fifteen percent. With regard to the absolutely innocent who are convicted, that most often happens in circumstantial cases where there is no direct evidence to go on—especially identification cases involving eyewitnesses. Identification testimony is dangerous, particularly when there is no corroborative evidence. You get this sort of thing in bank-robbery cases, some homicides, some rapes. That kind of testimony is opinion, not fact. Police usually tell such witnesses, "Don't be shaky, we have other information under the table." That's usually a lie, but by saying it, the police bolster such witnesses. My estimate is that in perhaps 40 percent of criminal cases, under these circumstances, the system misfires.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you restructure that system to get better prosecutors as well as better defense lawyers and judges?

**BAILEY:** Here you've come to the heart of the new system I'd like to see. I don't think defense lawyers should *always* be on the defense side of cases, nor do I think prosecutors should be *only* prosecutors. I think we could benefit immeasurably by adapting the British system in such a way that a highly skilled trial lawyer could defend a case one week and prosecute a case the next week. We would begin by separating, as they do, the solicitors from the barristers. Under the British system, a solicitor is a lawyer who can do everything except go into a court and try a case. When he has a case to be tried, he takes his file on it—his investigation—to a barrister. A barrister is a specialist in actual litigation; he is a trial animal, so to speak. He is not an expert on how to draw up a contract, but he is an expert in taking witnesses apart. We would then, as the British do, separate the barristers from the Queen's Counsel. The latter are particularly eminent barristers. If we had those distinctions, what I would like to see happen is for the district attorney to be a functionary who would not actually try cases. In each particular case, the court would appoint a prosecutor for that case from the American equivalent of a group of members of the Queen's Counsel—that is, highly skilled trial lawyers who deal only with life and liberty cases. That same lawyer might be appointed by the court the next

week as defense counsel. The advantages of this system to the defendants in criminal cases are clear. There would be a reservoir of expert trial lawyers trained, I emphasize again, at Government expense. A defendant could hire one of them, or if he had no money, one would be appointed to defend him. And by having this core of trial lawyers also available to prosecute, we would have done away with the concept that a politician is fit to be a prosecutor. Under the present system, there's too much political advantage for a district attorney in getting a conviction. That advantage would be removed if a highly professional trial lawyer, and not the district attorney, handled the prosecution side of a case. And we would also avoid indictments made on thin evidence for political reasons. So here you would have the adversary system in criminal cases at its best—each side represented by one of the best lawyers the system can produce. And here again, the public would also profit economically, because the trials would be more efficient, the appeals and reversals less frequent.

**PLAYBOY:** Under the present system, do you feel there should be more effective means for suing prosecutors for false charges and for overzealous behavior?

**BAILEY:** Yes. I think the most disappointing aspect of our whole social structure is that a man can be completely wronged by the processes of the law, can be imprisoned, can have his estate taken away from him, can be practically ruined, and then when it is later discovered that a mistake had been made in his case, he gets no restitution. He doesn't even get a pat on the back. Sam Sheppard is the outstanding example of this in the country today. It should be possible for every person acquitted to file an action for malicious or unnecessary prosecution. As of now, Government officials are immune from such a suit. They shouldn't be. Let me give you another example besides Sheppard. A man in Rhode Island was convicted in a sex case on the basis of eyewitness identification. I found out that Albert DeSalvo had committed that crime and told the attorney general of Rhode Island about it. The case is now being re-examined. Certainly, that man ought to have the right to seek restitution.

**PLAYBOY:** Among the investigative methods employed by some prosecutors is the use of electronic eavesdropping equipment. Melvin Belli has said: "I can understand how the use of wire-tapping, however distasteful, might occasionally be unavoidable in order to bring a guilty man to justice—or to save an innocent one." How do you feel about it?

**BAILEY:** I don't think you can ever permit its use to bring a guilty man to justice or to bring to justice a man you think is guilty. If you allowed that, the exception would be so broad as to emas-



culate any rule against eavesdropping. But when it comes to preventing an innocent man from being incarcerated, I'm inclined to think—especially once the process of justice has failed and the jury has convicted despite the man's innocence—that all stops are out. If, for example, I were satisfied that two police officers or prosecutors were sitting down and having a conversation in which they were admitting they knew the man was innocent and were revealing facts they had concealed, I would bug them, tap them, do almost anything under the sun to get that information before the court—even at the risk of my license. There's a vast difference between the use of such methods by the prosecution on the one side and by the defendant on the other. The Government is never badly hurt by an acquittal, but a defendant is destroyed by a conviction. Much is justified in defense of innocence that I would not like to see used by the Government in pursuit of the guilty.

**PLAYBOY:** But if that kind of evidence were illegally obtained by you, how could you get it before the court?

**BAILEY:** In the circumstances I just described, I'd put the policemen or the prosecutors on the stand and ask them whether they made those statements. If they denied it, I'd offer the evidence, no matter how gained, and let the court decide whether or not it wanted to admit that evidence. I think the public reaction would be overwhelming. And it is possible for a judge, if he sees fit, to bend over backward for a defendant. In this case, he might declare a new trial.

**PLAYBOY:** The thrust of all your remarks so far has been in favor of the rights of the accused. However, there is a growing conviction—and not only among conservatives—that the rights of society need more strengthening. A recent report by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice included a statement by seven of the nineteen members of the Commission declaring that recent Supreme Court decisions limiting police interrogations and confessions had tilted the balance of justice too far in favor of defendants. Three of the seven holding that belief are past presidents of the American Bar Association. Do you share their concern?

**BAILEY:** No, I don't agree with these alarms about criminals being coddled by the new rulings. The fundamental safeguard of our system is that 100 guilty men may be acquitted before one innocent one is convicted. But the system has not been working that way. Judge Curtis Bok of Pennsylvania said a while ago that of those who go to trial, more innocent men are convicted than guilty men set free. I agree with him. And these recent Supreme Court rulings are vitally important, because they can help reduce the number of innocent men who are convicted. The

point about such decisions as *Escobedo* and *Miranda* is that they don't protect the habitual criminal to any extent. Long before he read about the *Miranda* decision—which says the suspect has the right to remain silent and the right to have a lawyer present—the habitual criminal knew he didn't have to talk to a police officer and that he'd be a damn fool if he did. These decisions protect those who don't know their rights, and under the Constitution, that's the way it must be. What I would like to see is a sharp improvement in the layman's understanding of his rights and everyone else's. That could be done through the educational system. The Supreme Court is doing a great deal to prevent the system's misfiring at the point of arrest and interrogation, but if the average man on a jury will not respect a reasonable doubt or the presumption of innocence or the burden of proof, the system can misfire at that point—probably against the defendant.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of the average man's respect for the law, to what do you ascribe the apparent proliferation in our society of bad samaritanism—the apathetic refusal, as in the Kitty Genovese case, of those who “don't want to get involved” by going to the aid of people in distress?

**BAILEY:** What particularly concerns me about that kind of behavior is that it indicates a lack of belief by citizens in their own governmental and societal structure. If a citizen really understood and believed completely in our processes of law, if he really recognized how central they are to his own well-being as well as everyone else's, he would be much more likely to become involved in a situation such as the Genovese case. And even though it might be at a personal sacrifice, he would much more willingly get involved as a witness in a criminal case than usually happens now. And it's here that I think something can be done through the educative process to make more people aware of how this system operates, how it could be made to operate better, what their rights are and what everyone's rights are. That's why I do as much lecturing as I can.

**PLAYBOY:** With your busy lecture schedule and your heavy case load, how do you decide which new cases to handle?

**BAILEY:** Certainly I can't take all the cases I'm asked to. Deciding which ones to accept is like the picking of a juror or the setting of a fee. There are no fixed criteria to which I look immediately in order to decide whether I'll take a case. It depends on many factors. First, whether the defendant is willing to accept the kind of representation I offer him—and that does not involve a guarantee of success; it does not involve my pulling any fast tricks to win his case; it does not involve his lying to me. I have to be convinced he's looking for a reasonable service and not wizardry. Too

often, people with impossible cases will approach me and say, “Well, you've been winning all these other cases, so, of course, you'll win mine.” That's not true. There are impossible cases. And after I find out these things, a large part of the decision is a result of my sitting down and talking with the fellow. Assuming that the fee is satisfactory—and that's not as important a criterion as is often thought, because it can range from a dollar to \$100,000—much depends on whether I can become a little sympathetic toward his situation.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your criteria in deciding how much to charge?

**BAILEY:** It's a judgment made up of many factors—including the defendant's ability to pay and some estimate on my part of the culpability he should bear for having gotten into the jam in the first place.

**PLAYBOY:** Doesn't that part of the criteria make you into a moralist?

**BAILEY:** No, because I'm never going to charge more than what I consider a fair fee, in any case. If I choose to cut it—which I sometimes do—the degree of the client's culpability for having gotten into trouble is one of the considerations I use in deciding whether I'm going to cut it. I try many murder cases for a fee of less than \$50,000, and yet any murder case is worth at least that much if you're going to do it right. For example, there may well be appeals for which the client cannot afford the additional fees and expenses. Jake Ehrlich [a prominent San Francisco criminal lawyer] says that in a first-degree murder case, a fair fee is everything that a defendant owns. That may be justifiable in some cases, but very often it's not enough. That is, the client doesn't have the resources commensurate with all the time and expenses that go into the case.

**PLAYBOY:** How high do your fees go?

**BAILEY:** They could easily go to \$100,000. None ever has, but some come close. That doesn't mean that in those instances, I get anything like \$100,000 for myself. There are costs I have to pay, and I don't keep awfully good track of a lot of expenses. I do a lot of traveling, for example, which may involve several cases at a time, and if I'm not sure how that should be apportioned, I take it out of my own income. I can't charge a client for an expense I'm not certain is entirely his, so there's a certain amount of slippage there.

**PLAYBOY:** It's been reported that part of your fee for the Sheppard case will come from the royalties for his book, *Endure and Conquer*, and from a percentage of the sale of the screen rights to it. Is that true?

**BAILEY:** When Sam came up for retrial with no funds even to produce the experts we needed in the case, I had to put up some of the money on my own. At that time, he had only one asset—his



share of the book rights. So, at his suggestion, he assigned that share to me, and I will hold the assignment until the bills and some fees are paid, and then that share reverts to him.

**PLAYBOY:** There was also a report that you got a share of the profits from Gerold Frank's book *The Boston Strangler*.

**BAILEY:** I had no share whatsoever in the profits from that book. I *am* involved in the sale of the movie rights, however, and I'm negotiating with publishers about books concerning several of my clients; but I'm not trying cases to get publication and movie rights, as some of my critics seem to think. I am involved in such negotiations because these are sources of revenue for clients and thereby I am guaranteed that I'll be paid for having defended them.

**PLAYBOY:** How much do you make a year from all these sources?

**BAILEY:** In 1965, my gross income was about \$100,000. For 1966, it was somewhat over that figure, and in 1967 it will probably go much higher. But that's gross income. My net income is low—less than \$30,000 a year. You see, some 75 to 90 percent of that income goes for overhead. I have a large staff and tremendous traveling expenses. I just bought, for example, an eight-seat Lear jet for \$450,000. But since I do try many cases in many different parts of the country, it's essential that I don't have to worry about transportation.

**PLAYBOY:** But even at relatively low net income, you do have a large home and appear to live very well, almost flamboyantly. How do you manage it?

**BAILEY:** It depends on your definition of the word. The jet, as I said, is functional rather than flamboyant. My home includes an office, a library, a conference room and a guest room. I often take clients and others connected with my cases there. So it's not a conspicuous-consumption kind of showplace. And furthermore, not being a millionaire, and having a low net income, I hardly live as flashily as some magazines might have you believe. And since I work long hours over long periods of time, I don't have that much time, anyway, for a flashy personal life.

**PLAYBOY:** If your public image as a flamboyant personality is so exaggerated and if you are as concerned as you say with elevating the stature of the criminal lawyer, why have you agreed to play yourself in a movie version of the Shepard case?

**BAILEY:** I agreed to play the part only if the movie were done in a quasi-documentary fashion that would reflect the actual developments in the case as they occurred, without giving undue emphasis to the conduct of anyone involved. If the script depicted me as a hero, I wouldn't do it. Instead of heroism and wizardry, the movie will reflect all the dogged work involved—along with the usual

quantum of mistakes and the enormous persistence that are endemic to my work. Instead of scenes showing flamboyance, there will be scenes showing the pounding out of brief number 11 at two in the morning. It is only by taking the part that I'm able to have any control at all over how the story is handled. I expect that because of this film, the public will have a better understanding of how the law works and how it ought to work better. The great misunderstandings about the nature of this profession have been caused in large part by the media, particularly television and movies. And that's why so many of the public feel that if you win a case, you're a shyster. And if you lose a case, you're a bum. I'm in this picture to counter that kind of impression.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been quoted as saying that as your fame increases, "as far as my own life goes, all the press attention keeps me in line from acting socially as I might otherwise act." What did you mean by that?

**BAILEY:** Well, for one thing, the natural tendency if someone is nasty or rude to you is to snap back and chop them up a bit. But now, I'm instantly aware that if I do that, I'll be termed a bully, so I'm a little more tolerant of irresponsible personal abuse. Not that I get that much. It isn't a serious problem. What I also meant was that as a lawyer who is continually going into strange jurisdictions where I'm in combat with strange prosecutors, I have to cope with the temptation certain prosecutors have to follow me around and see if they can catch me doing something embarrassing—which then would be spread all over the papers.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it this need to be circumspect in your behavior that you had in mind when you said, "What separates the successful criminal lawyer from the unsuccessful, in the end, is the ability to hold his booze"?

**BAILEY:** I didn't say it in that way. I did make an observation that criminal lawyers tend to have a fairly high capacity for alcohol. It's a very high-pressure business. And if they do drink more than the average, they usually hold their liquor well. What I was saying was that a criminal lawyer who doesn't hold his booze well and goes jabberwocky can't have clients very long. Clients are not happy to have their affairs—which can be rather racy, whether they're guilty or innocent—spread around by a talkative drunk.

**PLAYBOY:** Having demonstrated that you're a lawyer who does not "go jabberwocky" and who has no problem getting clients, what of the future? Do you think you might eventually try fewer cases and spend more time teaching and lecturing in order to effect the reforms of criminal law you've been calling for?

**BAILEY:** Never a lot of lecturing or teach-

ing, but always some. I think I'd be more inclined to become active as one of the members of the board of directors in some organizational effort to improve the criminal bar rather than as a lecturer or a classroom instructor.

**PLAYBOY:** As a man who has concentrated very profitably on criminal law and who intends to continue to, what has been your greatest satisfaction in the six years you've been practicing?

**BAILEY:** My greatest satisfaction is that during the past six years there has been the beginning of a marked improvement in the status of the criminal lawyer. First of all, the Supreme Court has given its stamp of approval to the criminal lawyer by proclaiming, as they strengthen the protection of the rights of the accused, that the criminal lawyer is an important part of the system. They recognize that if it had not been for the criminal lawyer, they would not have had the opportunity to make the rulings they have made. Furthermore, many Supreme Court Justices have made speeches in conventions and elsewhere in which they state that the criminal bar is understaffed and is poorly operated. Since I have felt, ever since I became a lawyer, that the criminal bar has to be drastically improved, this kind of reinforcement from such eminent authority is particularly satisfying. I'm especially gratified by my expectation that I will live to see the system overhauled and put on a much more decent plane.

**PLAYBOY:** What about personal satisfactions as a result of the cases you've won?

**BAILEY:** In a business like this, personal satisfaction is not always associated with acclaim for a particular, highly publicized victory. The most satisfying moments occur when you feel you've functioned well within your sphere of responsibility, when you feel your presence has made a difference in a man's life. Early this year, I defended a military officer in Charleston, South Carolina. He had been indicted on a morals charge. Had he been convicted, he would have been completely destroyed. In these military cases, acquittals are rare, because the other side usually has the stuff. This one was a fluke. The man was innocent. He had to wait seven months with this horrible weight on him. We won the case, and I saw the enormous relief on his face and on his wife's. Someone on my staff said to me that night, "You look a lot happier than when you've won cases that got national headlines." And I was. When you can do something like that—when you can help prevent a man's life from being destroyed—you realize that the criminal lawyer has more power than any man on the face of the earth. That's why I'm in this business, and that's why I intend to stay in it.







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# The Dispatcher

A TAKE-OVER OF THIS COUNTRY BY THE BUNGLING M.A.C.E. PROJECT? ABSURD, THEY'D SAID, AFTER THE



I COULD SWEAR that my secretary, Miss Minihan, addressed my boss as *Colonel* Carter this morning. And did I hear him say to her, "Thank you, *Corporal*?" Having just assumed my new job as quality-control manager, I don't wish to seem too inquisitive.

Our firm is only indirectly involved in defense work, which makes me even more puzzled. Yesterday, for example, I overheard a conversation between two elderly mechanics in the shop. It went:

"Old man's on the warpath again."  
"Eatin' ass like it was steak."

"You know how it is. With the I.G. on his back."

"They don't frighten me. Goddamn brass. They'd strangle in their own snot if it wasn't for us."

At first I assumed the conversation

was some kind of shop jargon. But now I am not so certain. What further disturbed me was that shortly after this conversation, Mr. Carter came to the assembly line to talk to these men. I could not hear the conversation, but a peculiar stiffness in the attitudes of the mechanics, a movement of their right arms, was evident.

Later I passed Carter in the corridor. He nodded at me and I suddenly felt my right arm moving toward my right temple, fingers extended and joined.

Carter smiled. "Go ahead, Dugan," he said. "It's all right, if you want to, even though we don't insist on it."

I pulled my arm back to my side, feeling embarrassed and confused, and I hurried to my office. Miss Minihan had a batch of invoices for me to check. I went

about my work, trying to make some sense out of the strange work habits here. In the midst of the invoices, I saw a sheet of legal-size paper, headed:

## TABLE OF ORGANIZATION UNITED APERTURES, INC.

I called my secretary. "Miss Minihan, what is this?" I asked.

"Oh, that. The administrative chart."

"But it says *Table of Organization*. That is an Army expression. It is referred to as a T/O, and that's exactly what this paper is."

"Golly, I never thought of it that way." She giggled.

When she left, I searched for my name. I was listed under *Headquarters and Headquarters Company* with the rank of first lieutenant.



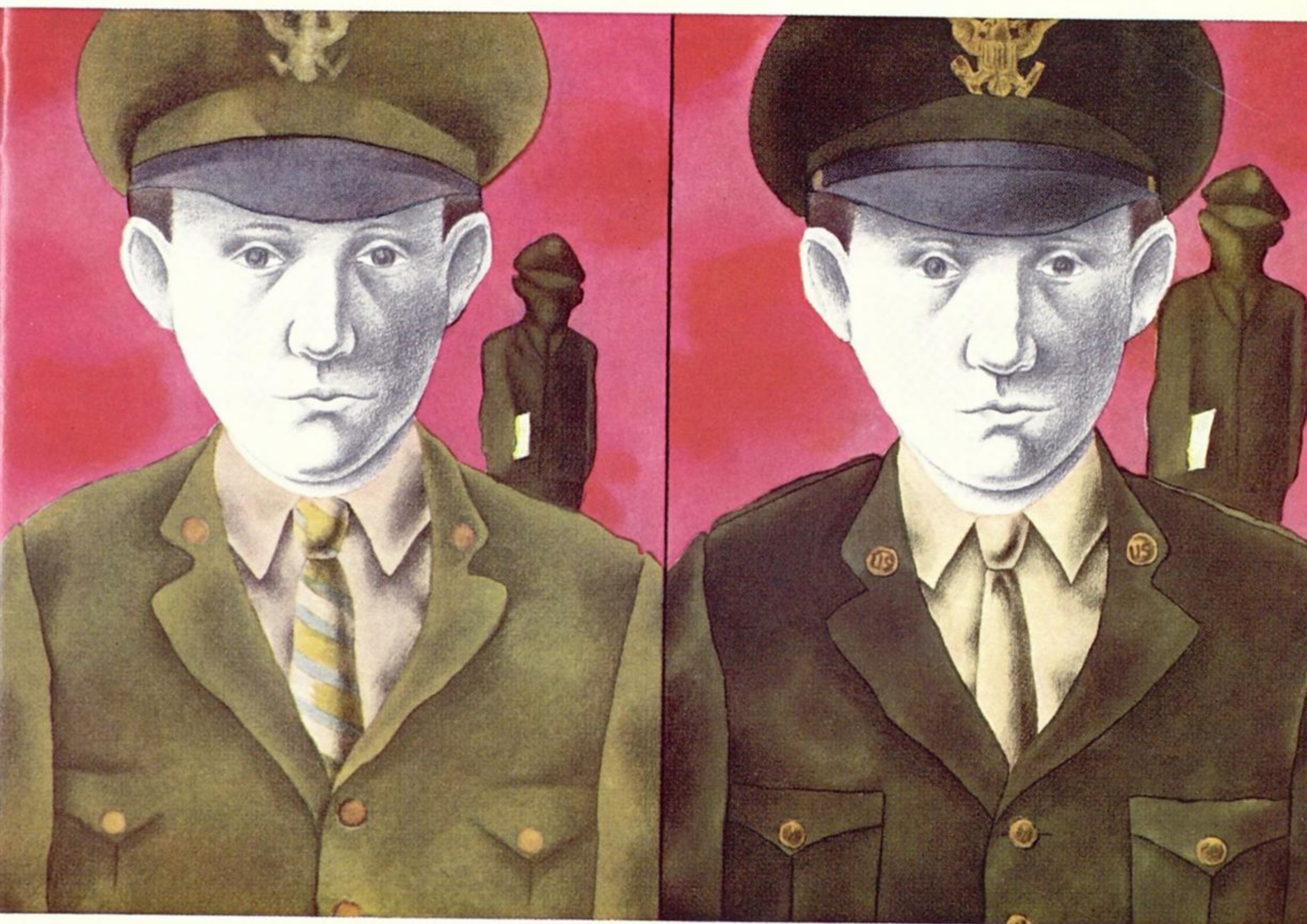


ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT LOSTUTTER

Dazed, I wandered about the plant for a few minutes and entered a half-hidden men's room on a fire-stair landing. As I approached the urinal, a sign over it greeted me:

PLEASE DO NOT THROW CIGAR BUTTS  
IN HERE  
IT MAKES THEM SOGGY AND  
HARD TO LIGHT

I knew at once that I was involved in neither a joke nor a dream nor a corporate fancy. They had gotten me back in.

• • •

My present circumstances recall a series of curious incidents in which I was involved some years ago, beginning with the appearance of the *dispatcher* at my home.

After my discharge from military serv-

ice, I was living with my parents in an old Spanish-style house in West Los Angeles. I had spent four years in the Army, including overseas duty, and was discharged with the rank of sergeant. Now I had returned to my studies in business administration at the University of California at Los Angeles. I note here that I was never a perpetual griper or a guardhouse lawyer. While I was not delighted with serving in the Army, I accepted it as a duty.

One spring morning, I was unable to locate the keys of the old Ford I drove to classes. We were a family of comfortable means and had three cars: my old Ford, a new Mercury driven by my father, an accountant for one of the film studios, and my mother's Nash. (We did not think ourselves in any way unusual,

because there was virtually no public transportation to be had.) Having searched the house and the car for the keys, I went to the small room above our garage to look for them.

As I opened the screen door, I saw a man sleeping on the day bed. He was in an Army uniform. An overstuffed duffel bag was on the floor alongside him. On it was stenciled:

ESPOSITO SALVATORE ASN 32694853

My assumption was that he had been hitchhiking in the area (men were still being discharged and transferred) and he had wandered in to catch a night's sleep. I shook him firmly but gently.

"OK, Mac, let's hit it," I said. "Grab your socks."

The sleeper stirred. His eyes opened



and he studied me irritably. "Jesus, I just got to sleep." He muttered something about "doing a frigging day's work without sleep," yawned enormously and sat up in bed. As he scratched himself, stretched and broke wind, I studied him.

Esposito was a squat, dark man in his early 20s. His features were blunt—the eyes hooded and suspicious, the mouth pouting. Black stubble covered his chin; he needed a haircut.

"Get a good night's sleep?" I asked.

"Lousy. Couldn't find da mess hall. You da CQ?"

"You're a little confused, soldier. This is a *private* house. I don't mind you catching some shut-eye, but don't you think you should have asked first?"

Esposito got up and stretched. His o.d. shirt came loose from his o.d. trousers. An o.d. undershirt peeked through the gap. "Ain't no terlet paper in da latrine. And dere better be a PX around, or I'll raise hell. I may be oney a lousy corporal, but I got rights."

Was he unbalanced? Some poor dope ready for a Section Eight discharge? I decided to be firm. "Esposito, you'd better get out of here. My father's got a bad temper and he won't like the idea. I'm a former enlisted man myself, so I don't mind. But you'd better clear out."

"I ain't goin' nowhere. I been *transferred* here."

"That's impossible. A soldier can't be transferred to a private home."

"Ya'll shit, too, if y'eat reg'lar."

With that, he dragged the duffel bag to the bed, undid the cord and groped in its guts. Out came a wool-knit cap, half of a messtin, a cardboard stationery folder and some dirty socks. Then he located a single wrinkled sheet of mimeographed paper, which he thrust at me. "Dat's your copy, pal. File it or it'll be *your* ass."

I read it swiftly.

HOLABIRD ORDNANCE DEPOT  
HOLABIRD, MARYLAND

Corporal ESPOSITO SALVATORE ASN 32694853 (NMI) Casual Detachment, 1145 Labor Supvn Co., Holabird Ordnance Depot, Holabird, Md., is transferred in rank and grade to 1125 Hampton Drive, West Los Angeles, California.

Cpl. ESPOSITO will on arrival at new post assume duties of DISPATCHER, Army Classification 562, and be responsible for dispatch of all vehicles, wheeled, tracked and half-tracked, at said installation.

No change of rank or pay involved. EM to draw six dollars per diem. Transfer at request and convenience of M. A. C. E., Washington, D. C.

Having at one time served as a

battalion clerk, I realized that the orders were either the real thing or a perfect forgery. The language, the phrasing, the format were perfect.

As I puzzled over the sheet, Corporal Esposito seated himself at a table in the corner of the room. On it he placed a yellow pad and a few slips of carbon paper. These were *trip tickets*, standard Army forms for the use of a vehicle. Behind his ear he stuck a red pencil stub. He put his feet on the table and began to read a ragged copy of *Captain Marvel* comics.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" I protested.

"Look, Mac, I got a job to do, *you* got a job to do," he said thickly. His sullen eyes darted up from the comic book. "Anya you people wanna vehicle, you come see me foist for a trip ticket. No trip ticket, no vehicle."

At that moment I understood that Esposito was no lunatic, no practical joke, no error. He was real. He was the essential dispatcher. I knew his type—surly, slovenly, wary, a petty dictator, a wielder of power and influence. He wore exactly what you'd expect: a stained old-fashioned field jacket, the corporal's chevrons sloppily sewn to the sleeve; a sweat-marked overseas cap pushed back on his coarse black hair.

I wasn't ready to challenge him. I returned to the house and found my father eating his Bran Flakes and scowling at the *Los Angeles Times*. I told him about the intruder. My father, the late Francis James Dugan, was a short-tempered, choleric man. His reaction was what I expected.

"What are you worried about?" he asked. "I'll throw the bum out."

Esposito was smoking a foul cigar when we entered. He flicked ashes on the floor and called out: "Could use a coupla butt cans here!"

My father flew across the room and yanked the dispatcher from his chair by the lapels of his field jacket. "Beat it, you bum. Pack your bag and get out, or I'll throw you out."

Salvatore wriggled loose and backed against a wall. He did not seem frightened, merely annoyed at my father's obtuseness. Like all true dispatchers, Esposito had a snarling equanimity that never turned into genuine hate or permitted true fear.

"Hey, Mac," he appealed to me, "straighten yer old man out. Dis ain't my idea. Fa Chrissake, I'm here on orders, *orders*. Ya can't disobey orders. You seen 'em ya'self."

I took my father to the porch outside the study. "Pop, why start a fight? We'll call the police and let them handle it, OK?"

He agreed reluctantly and went back to the house. Suddenly I remembered

my class at UCLA. I re-entered the spare room to look for my keys. Esposito studied me narrowly. "Lookin' for somethin', soljer?"

"Car keys."

He patted the pocket of his jacket. "Right here, Mac."

"Give them to me."

He took the keys out and jangled them tantalizingly. "Foist ya gotta ask for a trip ticket."

"Good God, this is lunacy. Give me those keys, Esposito."

"Oh, yeah?" he asked. His eyes were slits. "Who's aut'orizin' dis trip, anyway?"

"Captain Dugan of battalion public relations," I said glibly. "In the line of duty."

"Whyna hell dincha say so at foist?" He began to scrawl on the yellow pad. "Boy, you guys who go around keepin' secrets from da dispatcher. Jeez." He then ripped the carbon copy and thrust it at me, with the keys. As I reached for them, he wickedly pulled his hand back. "Keep da ticket inna glove compartment and toin it in with the keys when ya get back."

I sat through my morning classes, hearing nothing, and got home before noon. My father had not gone to work. He was impatiently awaiting a call from Washington. He filled me in on what had happened. The local police had refused to throw Esposito out, after looking at his mimeographed orders. A call to the Ninth Service Command at Fort Douglas was even less helpful. They said the incident would have to be explained by the War Department in Washington.

"I asked them what the hell M. A. C. E. was, but they didn't know." He frowned. "I'll get to the bottom of this."

"Pop, I hate to tell you this, but I think that guy is *real*. He's a dispatcher and he's been assigned here."

The phone rang and I listened on the kitchen extension.

"Department of Defense?" asked my father.

A woman's nasal voice responded. "Who is calling?"

"This is Francis James Dugan of West Los Angeles, California. There's a god-damn soldier assigned to my house. I want him thrown out, but nobody'll take the responsibility. Let me talk to an outfit called M. A. C. E."

"I'm sorry, but no calls are permitted to that branch."

"The hell you say. I'm a taxpayer and a member of the American Legion. There's something in the Constitution about billeting soldiers in private homes."

"You will be reimbursed for the man's subsistence."

"I don't want to be. I want him out. And what does M. A. C. E. stand for?"





*"Don't tell me! Givenchy? Gernreich? St. Laurent? Cardin?"*



"I am sorry, I cannot help you, Mr. Dugan."

"Goddamn it, you'll hear from me again! Or my Congressman!"

But my father never carried out his threat. He worked long hours at the studio. My mother, a timid, retiring woman, had no stomach for conflict. As for myself, I was now convinced that Esposito was legally, actually and indisputably our dispatcher.

At first he was persistent in his efforts to make us accept his yellow trip tickets. He demanded the keys. When we refused, he removed the rotors from the engines (an old dispatcher's ruse). When we ourselves kept keys and rotors, he locked the steering wheels. He was frantic about his mission. Soon all three of us began to accommodate him, accepting his yellow chits and returning the keys.

So he lingered, taking his meals in the spare room (he dutifully gave my mother six dollars a day), reading comic books, presumably happy in his work. But he became lax. The keys were left in the cars; he did not demand trip tickets. I confronted him one day. He was sacked out on the day bed.

"Goofing off, Sal?"

"What's it to you?"

"As one enlisted man to another, Salvatore, I'd say you are gold-bricking. Isn't anyone checking up on you?"

He looked around warily. "S'posed to be an officer come around. But he ain't showed yet. You don't rat on me, I'll let yez drive a car all ya want."

"You got a deal, Sal." He could be managed.

The Sunday after his arrival, I drove out to the valley community of Sandoval to watch an old Army friend, Eddie Chavez, play sand-lot baseball. My parents had gone to La Jolla for the weekend. Esposito had been absent since noon Saturday. No doubt he had written himself a 36-hour pass.

I arrived at Sandoval just as the game was about to begin, found a seat in the rickety grandstand—there could not have been more than 200 people present—and waved to Eddie Chavez. He was at home plate discussing ground rules with the umpire and the captain of the visiting team, the Lock City Lions.

As Eddie was about to lead the Sandoval Giants into the field, three men in Army suntans appeared, walking from the third-base line to home plate. From my seat in back of third base, I could see their rank clearly: a captain bearing a manila envelope and two sweating sergeants, each porting huge barracks bags.

"Just a minute!" the captain called. "There'll be a change in procedure today!" The umpire, Eddie and the Lock City captain stared at him. The captain extracted a sheet of mimeo paper from

his envelope and gave it to the umpire.

A crowd of ballplayers gathered around and I heard expressions such as "What the hell?" "Who's this guy?" "Where do they git off?"

The captain addressed the crowd with a bullhorn. "By order of the Defense Department, I am authorized to supervise this game. The first event will be a three-legged relay. Teams line up at home plate."

I jumped from my seat and raced to home plate. The argument was raging.

"Hey, Frank!" Eddie called. "This guy says he has the right to run the game today! You was a battalion clerk. Look at his papers."

I did. Again I saw the reference to M. A. C. E. and the formal language. The captain's name was Pulsifer. It seemed an appropriate name for a physical-training officer.

"All right, all right, we haven't got all day. Get those enlisted men lined up," Captain Pulsifer cried. "Sergeant, tie their legs together."

The ballplayers lined up in a column of twos. The sergeants hustled among them, joining them, left leg of one to right leg of another, for the three-legged race.

"I'm sure we'll all enjoy this!" Captain Pulsifer shouted.

He blew his whistle—a bronze whistle on a plaited red-and-yellow lanyard, a whistle only a P. T. officer would carry—and the three-legged race began. It was a dry, hot day, and the stumbling, cursing players kicked up great clouds of dust as they hopped off to the center-field flagpole.

"Faster, faster!" shouted Captain Pulsifer. "The winning team gets to bat last!"

"They do not!" I cried, trotting alongside the captain. "The home team bats last! You can't just change the rules like that!"

"Who says I can't?" he asked icily. "The Army can do anything it wants."

I could think of no response to this, but it hardly mattered, because the players refused to go on with the mad game. The crowd was booing, hissing. Pop bottles were thrown. But the captain was not through yet. Somehow—with threats, promises, frequent wavings of his orders, he got the teams to play short contests of underleg basketball relay, swat-the-baron and club-snatch. However, the games lasted only a few moments before the players stopped and began to yell again. How often I had played these same lunatic games during basic training!

"Play ball, goddamn it!" the umpire shouted. "Chavez, git yer team in the field. Lock City at bat! And you, you jerk, git lost!"

Captain Pulsifer walked off the field.

But as the Lock City lead-off man stepped to the plate, the officer ordered one of his sergeants to bring a duffel bag forward. From it the captain took an olive-drab contraption—a gas mask.

"By order of the authority invested in me by the Defense Department, this game can proceed only under these conditions—*batter, pitcher, catcher and umpire are to wear gas masks at all times.*" He then attempted to affix the mask to the batter's head. The lead-off man recoiled, the captain came after him and then the ballplayer swung his bat at the officer. The sergeants leaped to help their superior—the blow had missed by a hair—and the fans swarmed onto the field.

Eddie Chavez, the umpire and I tried to calm people down. For a moment it looked as if the crowd was ready to pull the P. T. O. and his men to pieces. As it was, they merely gave them a bum's rush across the diamond and dumped them into a weapons carrier that had been parked near the left-field foul line.

"You personnel haven't heard the last of this!" I heard Captain Pulsifer mutter through bruised lips. And they drove off. The game resumed. Most of the people around me seemed to think that the whole thing was a dumb practical joke.

I went home feeling dizzy from too much sun and queasy with uncertainties. That night I had a terrifying dream (one that has been recurring since I took my new job) and I woke up shivering. In this dream, I am back in Service and I am a permanent latrine orderly. I protest that I have had two years of college and have been a model soldier, but I am nonetheless kept on latrine duty because I am a "troublemaker." The latrine occupies all five stories of a tall building, an endless vitreous enamel nightmare, never-ending urinals, toilet bowls, sinks, a latrine so huge that it spills out into the street, crosses a road and deposits its gleaming receptacles in private homes, stores, factories. It generates and reproduces itself. It is dotted with signs reading: BLOKES WITH SHORT HORNS STAND CLOSE, THE NEXT MAN MAY HAVE HOLES IN HIS SHOES; OR, FLIES SPREAD DISEASE, KEEP YOURS BUTTONED; OR, WE AIM TO PLEASE, YOU AIM, TOO, PLEASE; OR, PLEASE DO NOT THROW CIGAR BUTTS IN THE URINAL, IT MAKES THEM SOGGY AND HARD TO LIGHT.

I did not feel well enough to attend classes on Monday. Lingered over my coffee, I tried to piece together Salvatore Esposito, the baseball game and the mysterious initials M. A. C. E.

My mother came in from the living room—I had heard the vacuum humming—and began to mop the kitchen floor.

"Where's Serena?" I asked. It was Monday, and Serena Hastings, a Negro  
(continued on page 76)



# THE GT

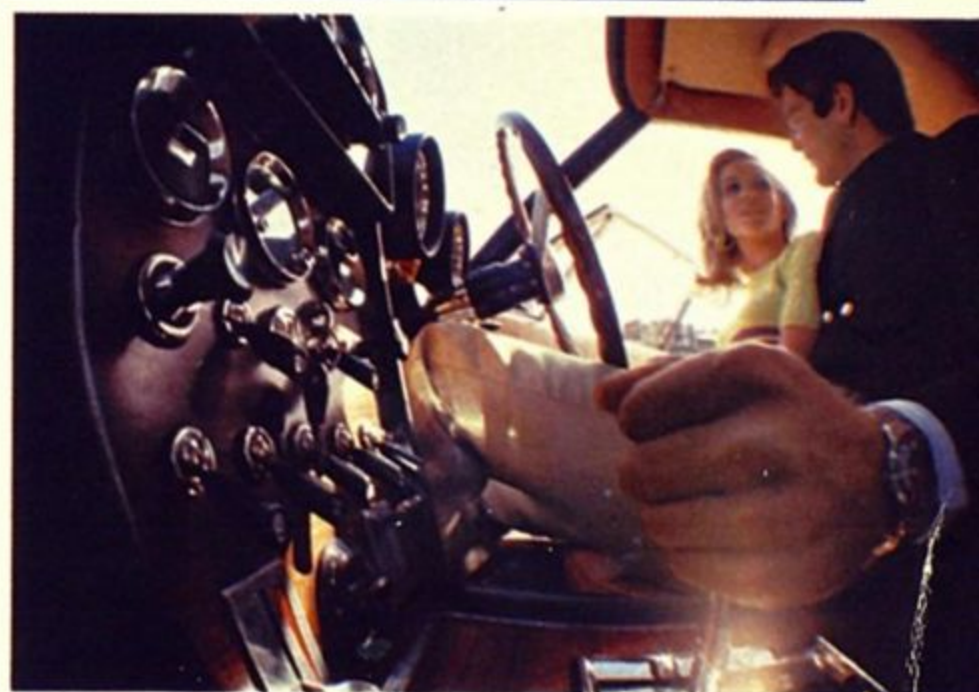
modern living **By KEN W. PURDY**

*an insightful appraisal of the current crop and the storied history of motordom's new glamor car, the gran turismo*



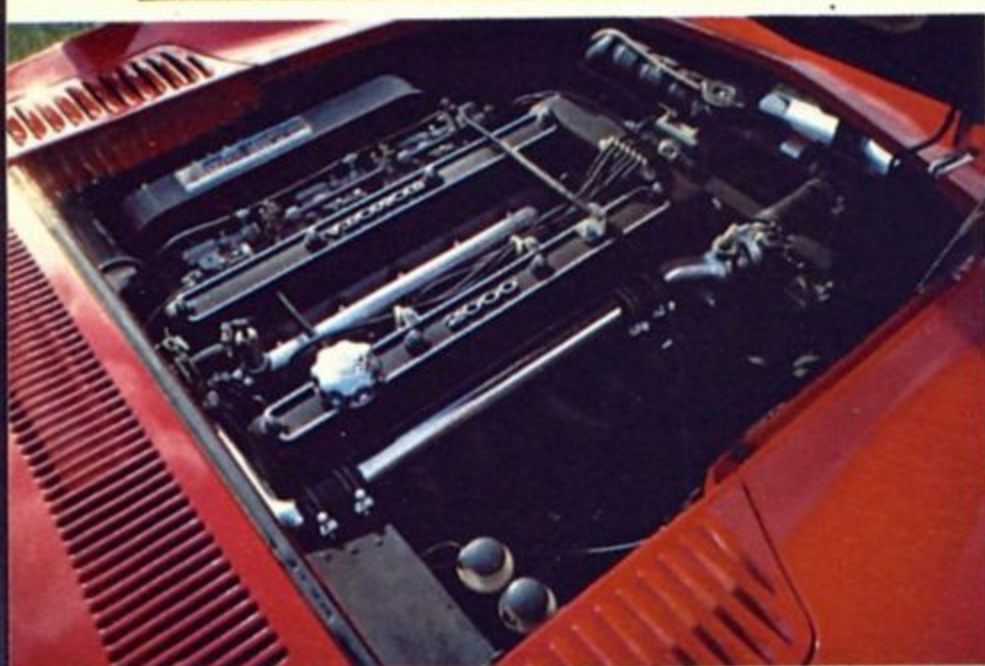
TIME WAS when the *gran turismo* car, the grand touring car, was just that: a motor vehicle in which to embark for distant places, adventure sure to be found on the way. In those days, around the turn of the century, one of the first things the tourist was likely to do, safely back home (whether he'd gone 100 miles or halfway around the world), was to leap for pen and paper, to let lesser folk know what life was like Out There. Hear one of them, Claude Anet of Paris, in *Through Persia in a Motor Car*, published in 1907:

"At last we were ready to start [from the Hotel du Boulevard in Bucharest], the motors commenced their throbbing, the crowd hemming us in sprang back terrified, lifted their arms to heaven, proclaimed a miracle, and we were gone. The order of our going was as follows: first the great 40-hp Mercedes, as skirmisher, for it was already evening; then Leonida's 20-hp Mercedes; and lastly the 16-hp Fiat, carrying the chauffeurs and the luggage. This was to make sure, in case of accidents, that the chauffeurs would come to our assistance. We were traveling along a Russian road. The ground was hard, stony, with unexpected lumps, until suddenly, to my great surprise, about six miles from Ismailia the road abruptly stopped altogether. The rest were less astonished than I was, and without a moment's hesitation turned the cars into some fields, across which ran well-defined tracks. Here the ground was softer, and progress necessarily slow. In a rainy season these tracks would have been impassable. Thus gently we traveled across Bessarabia. The soil was black; peasants were working in the fields, while sharply outlined against the horizon were yokes of oxen, dimly visible in the last rays of the setting sun. Presently we were reduced to finding our way along the cart ruts solely by our powerful headlamps, (text continued on page 70)



**JENSEN INTERCEPTOR:** A Vignale-bodied English entry in the uncommon market of fine GT machines, the Interceptor features Chrysler V-8 engine, automatic transmission as standard. In the FF (Ferguson Formula) model, the Jensen comes equipped with four-wheel drive. Other distinguishing FF characteristics include power steering and stainless-steel roof. Both car interiors are fully trimmed in soft hide, have reclining front seats. Matching wood trim is used on the door panels and center console. Price for the Interceptor: about \$10,500.





**TOYOTA 2000:** A one-of-a-kind roadster version of the 2000 appears as the automotive star of the James Bond sextravaganza *You Only Live Twice*. The fastback model is powered by a six-cylinder engine and develops a top speed of 137 mph. Rear window flips open for luggage. Price: about \$6800.

**MARCOS 1600:** A British-built fiberglass eye-catcher, the monocoque-constructed body with sliding sun roof houses an elegant interior that includes such luxuries as adjustable steering column and adjustable foot-pedal assembly. Combination push buttons and side-panel finger grips replace door handles. Top speed: 120 mph. Price: about \$4500.

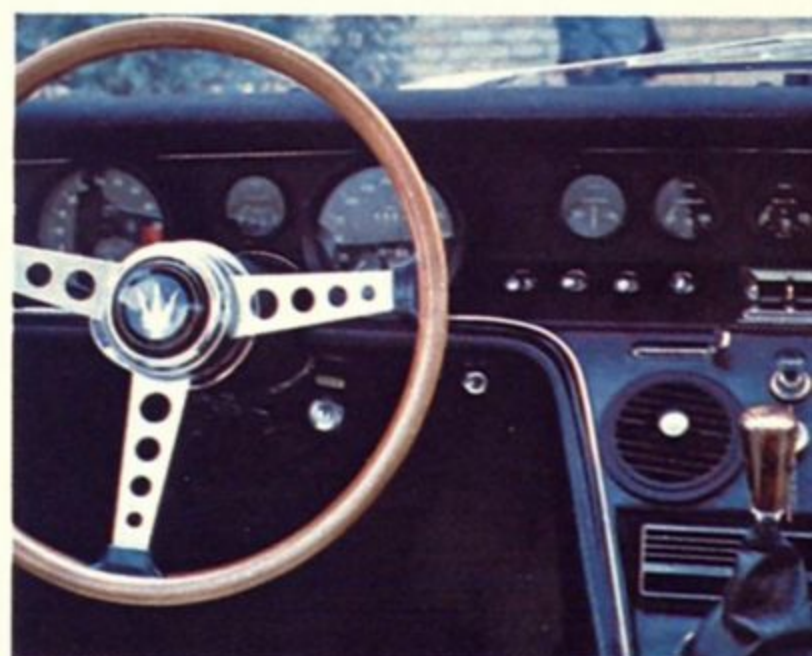






**ISO GRIFO:** Although the Grifo is manufactured in Italy, under the sleek Bertone body is a 327 Corvette engine that's available in either 300 or 350 hp. The Grifo's plushly appointed interior (left) features a well-instrumented wood dash surrounded by padded leather. Top speed: 160 mph. Price: about \$13,000.

**MASERATI GIBLI:** 15 feet long and 45 inches low, the beautiful Ghia-bodied Ghibli with hemiheaded V-8 engine is primed for high-speed touring. Air conditioning and electrically operated windows are standard. The instrumentation on the handsome dash fronting the two-seat cockpit is close at hand yet uncluttered. Top speed: 170 mph. Price: about \$16,900.





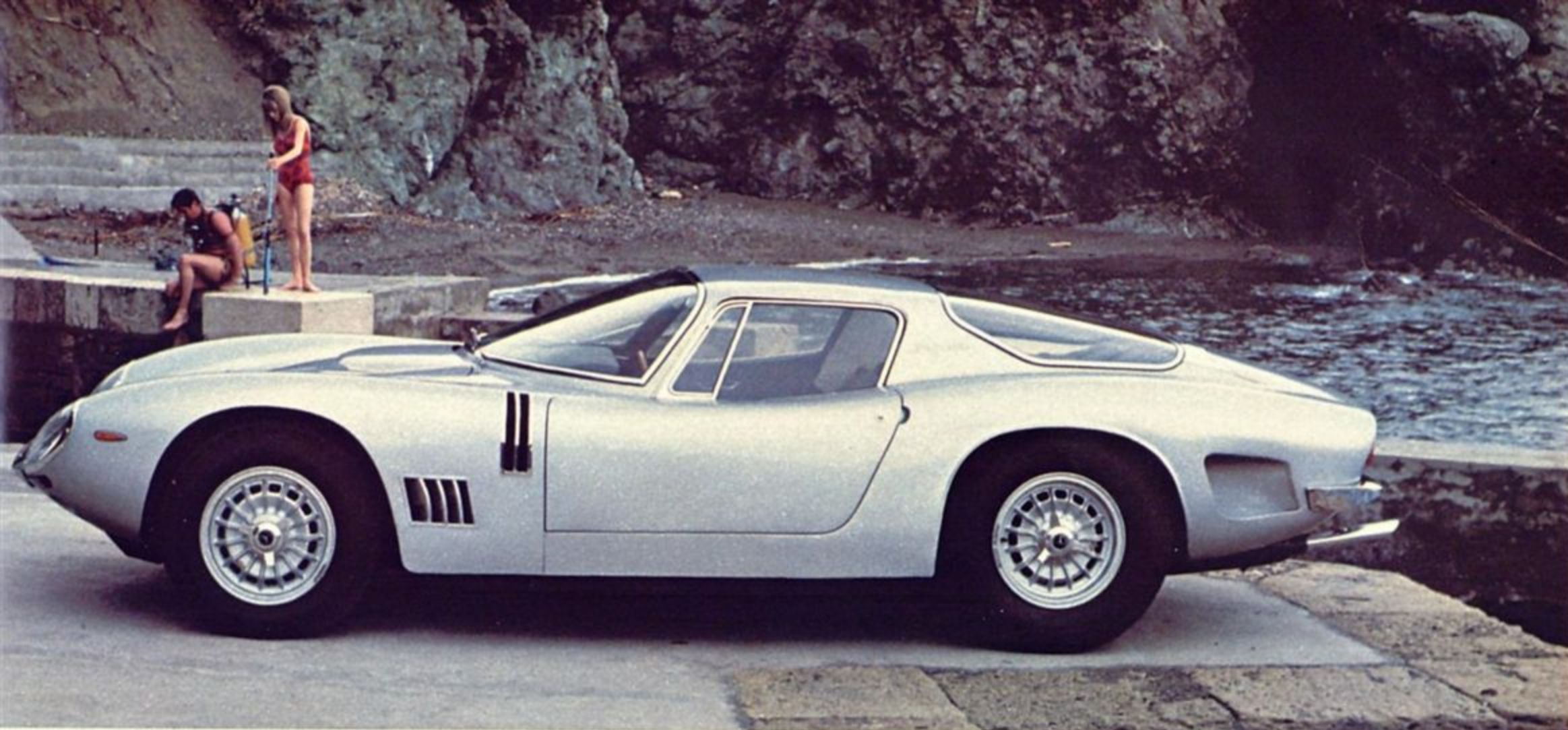


**LAMBORGHINI MIURA:** Italian manufacturer Ferruccio Lamborghini's latest model houses transverse-mounted 12-cylinder rear engine (left). Unusual flip-up back deck has louvered rear window, hides luggage space that's just past the engine. All gauges except speedometer and tach are mounted in the upholstered center console. Top speed: about 180 mph. Price: about \$20,800.

**FERRARI 330 GTC:** Sumptuously accoutered by Pininfarina, designer-builder of Enzo Ferrari's exotic auto bodies, the two-place 330 GTC is equipped with electrically operated side windows and heated rear window. The V-12 engine develops 300 hp. Heavy body soundproofing makes the 330 GTC exceptionally quiet for a Modena product. Race-type gear-lever gates (right) ensure precise shifting. Top speed: about 165 mph. Price: \$14,400.







**BIZZARRINI:** The brain child of Italian engineer Giotto Bizzarrini, who designed and developed the Iso Grifo, the Bizzarrini was originally named the Strada 5300; but to encourage Stateside sales, the export version is called the GT America. Packed inside its 172-inch monocoque-constructed Berlinetta body is a 327 Corvette engine and a four-speed Chevy gearbox. Dash top is finished in buck leather. Air vents behind the rear wheels (above left) give the road-hungry Bizzarrini a ready-to-race look. Top speed: 145 mph. Price: about \$10,500.

**LOTUS EUROPA:** The first rear-engined Lotus production car, the Europa (also known as the 46) houses a Lotus-modified Renault 16 engine. The sleek rear deck reduces air drag, while mesh grilles set into the flat surface allow hot air around the engine to escape. Semireclining hammocklike bucket seats with integral headrests and a padded center console give driver and passenger maximum comfort and safety. Main instruments are in front of driver, with supplementary dials and all switches mounted on console. Top speed: over 110 mph. Price: about \$4000.





which threw great streams of light across the deserted country. At last we came upon a small group of poor and scattered houses. It was the little village of Bolgrade, in which we were to pass our first night in Russia."

The intrepid tourists slept, local *Gorodovoi's*, or fuzz, standing guard all night to club the peasants away from the cars, and woke early, properly awed by the 160 miles they were scheduled to cover before they slept again. "We were no sooner up than we consulted our aneroid. It was unfortunately somewhat low. Sensible people would have gone by train to Odessa, but we had not left Paris in order to be sensible . . ."

Anet's three cars, all 1904s, were stark and simple. They had folding tops of sorts, but usually ran with them down. No windshields, of course. Only a few years later the grand touring car would be enclosed, sometimes with a leather landaulet rear section held taut by great folding irons. There might be a roof luggage rack of polished brass, and perhaps another astern, and the whole equipage would bowl along at a decorous 40 miles an hour or so. Later still, the touring car was always open, and it was meant more for occasional pleasure than for purposeful travel. Today the *gran turismo* car is a different animal. There's no room for the governess and the children, not much for luggage, and who needs a chauffeur? The GT car is a two-seater or, with a couple of exceptions, a minimal four-seater, usually a hardtop, and 40 miles an hour is what it does in first gear. It's for touring, fast touring with two people and light luggage for a week; it's for racing, it's for fun.

Purists lay it down that there is only one kind of GT car, and excepting Carroll Shelby's vitamin-packed GT 350/500 and the Corvette Sting Ray, it comes from abroad. The fact is, there are three kinds—imported, Detroit and Detroit-based—but they differ so greatly in design and purpose that it would be pointless to try to treat them all in one article.

So first things first—the European GT car on its home ground. In all major automobile-producing countries of Europe except England, there are no speed limits on the open road. England has a 70-mph regulation, new, still called "experimental" and violently opposed in many quarters. In Germany, France, Italy, Sweden, once you're outside heavily populated areas, you can with a clear conscience stuff your foot as far into the fire wall as your bravery quotient, your skill and your common sense will let you. It's in Italy that fullest advantage is taken of this leniency, and to be passed by a Ferrari or a Maserati or a Lamborghini doing 150 miles an hour is no mad rarity. There's action on the autobahnen in Germany, too, and in France, where you can often see a couple of black-leathered

bike cops standing beside the road having a quiet chat while the stuff rolls by at a hundred and better. It's for going like that that the GT car is made. In this country, unless you live in Nevada or have massive influence in high places, a GT car can't often be extended all the way; but that doesn't really matter, because a factor of high top speed is always good low-speed performance. Too, the pleasure of the vehicle isn't in how fast it goes but in its way of going, its handling, its control, its tautness and the way it looks. To ride in a Ferrari, say, any Ferrari, is an excitement and a pleasure even if it's only down the street and around the park and never out of second gear. That, after all, is the essence of the *gran turismo* motorcar.

There are many of them: Abarth, Autobianchi, Fiat, Glas, Honda, Ferrari, Innocenti, Lancia, Marcos, Matra, Lotus, Morgan, Porsche, De Tomaso, Volvo, Toyota, Alfa Romeo, Bizzarrini, Jensen, Mercedes-Benz, and more. Out of the lot, one can cull a selection, a set of multiples, to inform, to enliven, to rouse the curiosity and make easy, at least reasonably easy, the final choice.

In the beginning was Ferrari. Not literally true, for Lancia is an older firm, so is Daimler-Benz; but Enzo Ferrari, now in the seventh decade of his life, has been racing and building fine motorcars for so long, and so well, that it would seem *lèse-majesté* to begin with another. The Ferrari has won so many races, *grand prix*, sports, GT, that they are almost past numbering. The Ferrari is unique. Even the sound of it, starting, running, is unique. It almost makes a noise standing still. There are various models of Ferrari, differing in engine size, in top speed, bodied by various among the Italian coachbuilders, but all alike in one particular: a 12-cylinder overhead-camshaft engine. Ferrari has stayed with this configuration for years. Consider the 330 GTC, a motorcar that meets the new classic GT specifications: fast (165 mph) transport for two people and small encumbrances, good-looking, almost incredibly road-hugging. Expensive, too: \$14,400. Like most GT cars in the higher-performance brackets, this Ferrari demands to be driven: Steering, clutch, gearshift, brakes all need a firm touch, and a little care for the accelerator, because you'll be doing 30 mph three seconds after you leave the stop light and 50 mph three seconds after that. The black horse rampant on a golden field that is the Ferrari trademark runs back to World War One. It was the personal insignia of the top Italian fighter pilot, Francesco Baracca, whose parents authorized Ferrari to use it.

A bull marks the newest of the Italian top-rank GT cars, the Lamborghini, a serious rival to Ferrari for four years now. The word in Italian auto circles is that the Lamborghini exists because of

Enzo Ferrari's well-known hauteur. Ferrari is not a man easily approachable, and he is said to have declined to see Ferruccio Lamborghini—a millionaire industrialist who had come out of World War Two a penniless army mechanic—when Lamborghini dropped in at the Ferrari factory to complain about his car. Like Packard before him, Lamborghini decided to make his own automobile. It's a formidable device. There are two engine sizes, 3.5 liters and 4 liters, both 12-cylinder Vs. The Lamborghini is priced with Ferrari (\$14,250) and will run with it (156 mph, 7.5 seconds to 60), and it has something else: Comparatively, it's quiet, inside and out. As I've previously suggested, this is perhaps debatable as a virtue, since I suspect most Ferrari owners would feel deprived if their cars didn't announce their coming and their going with the whining, metal-on-metal sound so distinctively their own; but the trend of the time is running the other way, it's running Lamborghini's way. Not so many years have gone past since, say, Bugatti's time, when fast cars sounded fast always, rode roughly, taught their owners, through many a boiling over in traffic and many a fouled sparkplug, that high-performance engines were born fussy. But that time has past. The Lamborghini has muscle but speaks softly. An easy way to tell one as it passes, by the way, is to mark the vertically placed heating wires in the rear window—12, if you have time to count. And, if you care, the crankshaft is machined out of a solid billet of steel, nitrided, and runs on seven bearings.

The 350 and 400 GTs are not the only Lamborghinis. There is the Miura, named after the legendary stock of Spanish fighting bulls. The Miura is a two-seater, rather limited in luggage accommodation, since the engine sits crosswise just behind the pilot's post, but it's quick: say, 180. You can tell this one from behind, too. The rear window appears to be one big Venetian blind.

No newcomer, but one of the Olympian names, is Maserati, a great accomplisher in sports cars, in *grand prix*, in *gran turismo*, for decades. Like Ferrari, like Lamborghini, the Maserati is made slowly, carefully, a few a day, say 600 a year, perhaps 30 of which come into the United States in that time. There's a six-cylinder Maserati, a 4.7-liter V-8 and a four-door 2+2 at \$14,300—in price and performance, competitive with its Italian rivals. A Maserati is quick. A few months ago, in London, running down Constitution Hill past Buckingham Palace in a 4.7-liter Maserati, Stirling Moss at the wheel, we drew the attention of a pair of motorcycle policemen, who contended that the car had been doing 85 miles an hour practically coming out of Hyde Park Corner. We

(continued on page 138)



# SCIENCE MARCHES ON

*wherein are traced man's relentless technological strides—from the discovery of fire to the invention of the 24-hour deodorant* **humor By RICHARD ARMOUR**

THESE DAYS, unless you can talk about science, you are out of it—sidetracked in conversations and frowned upon when you try to get the subject around to something you are up on, such as sex. Hence this historical survey, which I hope will prove helpful.

The word science comes from the Latin *scire*, meaning to know; and now that you know this, you can impress people who don't know what the word science comes from. In German, the word for science is *Wissenschaft*, which, interestingly enough, is feminine. You might keep this in mind the next time you see an attractive young laboratory assistant leaning over her microscope in a low-cut smock.

One of the most important discoveries in early times was the discovery of fire. It is (continued on page 149)





HOLLYWOOD has long had a reputation for devouring its young: Most child stars enjoy success when small and then quietly disappear at adulthood, along with their dimples. Because television is still in its infancy, predictions can't be made about whether its own child stars await similar fates. But now, at least one TV tot has come back: Her name is Sherry Jackson, and she is video's first freckle-faced juvenile to flower into a full-fledged femme fatale.

Beginning in 1953 when she was ten (she had already appeared in several films), Sherry Jackson played the part of Danny Thomas' pixyish daughter on TV's prototypal family comedy series *Make Room for Daddy*. At 15, Sherry outgrew the part and was "sent to college"—a grove of academe so distant she was never heard from again.

Sherry was sure that her acting career was at an end. Cute but chubby, she lived the fat life for a few years, until her own day of reckoning came. "I knew I lacked a shape," Sherry says, "and that if I could get one, my acting experience and whatever talent I had would get a chance to work for me."

So she went on a diet and attended bodybuilding classes.



## MAKE ROOM FOR SHERRY

onetime video moppet  
sherry jackson's latest movie  
shows she's  
a big girl now

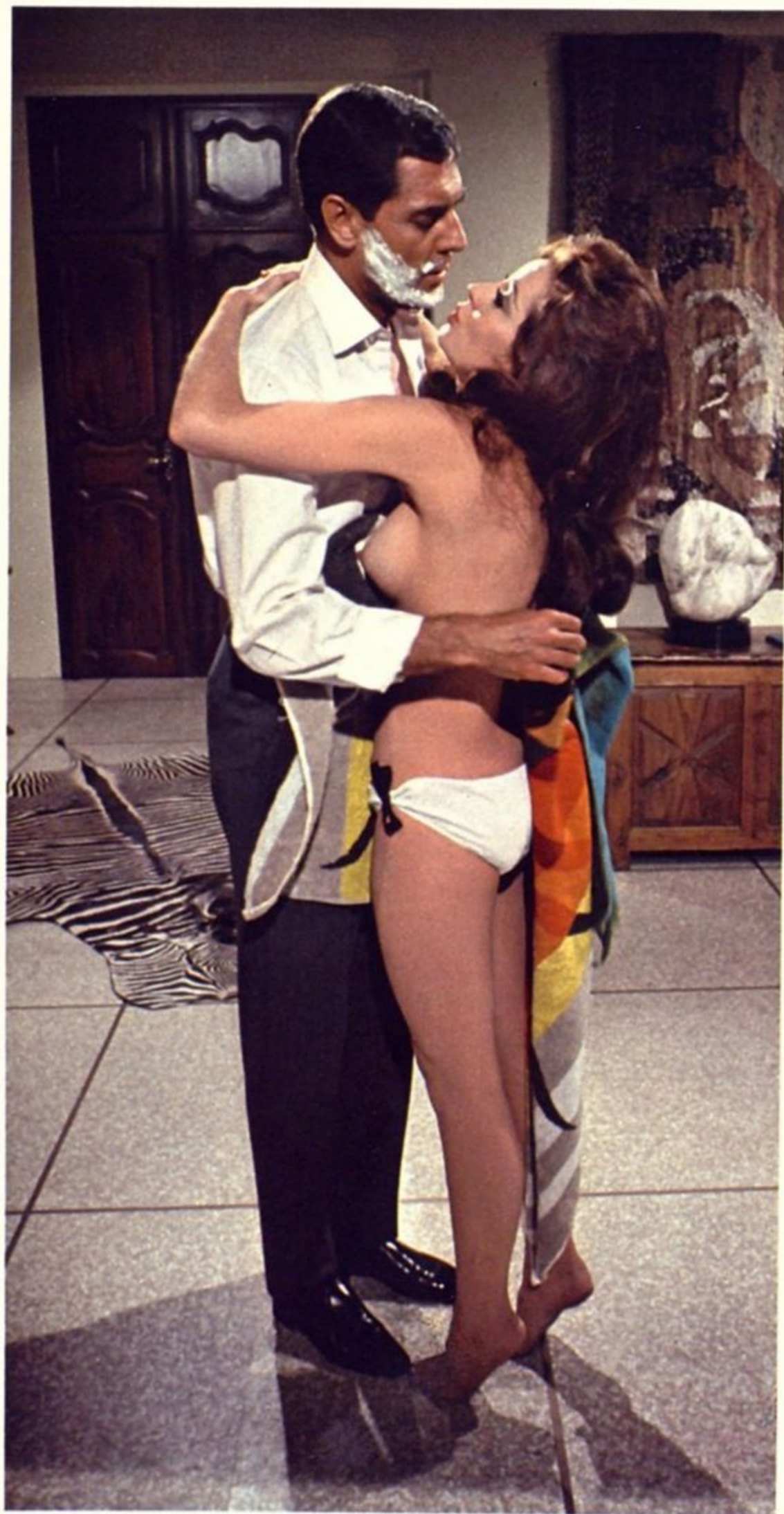




Within two months, Sherry dropped 20 pounds. "The bulges," she says, "got moved around and rejiggered." Sherry, now measuring a fetching 36-22-35, was soon back on TV, guesting on such shows as *Batman*, *The Wild, Wild West* and *Star Trek*.

Last year, producer-director Blake (Breakfast at Tiffany's, A Shot in the Dark and Days of Wine and Roses) Edwards saw Sherry on TV and quickly made room for her in his newest film, the recently released *Gunn*. Sherry's adult motion-picture debut casts her as private eye Craig Stevens' seductive bed warmer. Out from under wraps in a nude love scene only foreign audiences will see, she unveils an allure too hot for TV to handle. But as a new cinema siren, Sherry shows she's more than up to sex-star standards.

Sherry Jackson grew up starring in the TV series "Make Room for Daddy." Opposite page: At 10, she pouted so stylishly millions of American kids adopted the expression. When she was 14, Sherry played the high schooler, apple of TV father Danny Thomas' eye. Right: In "Gunn," Sherry hides behind curtain when leading man Craig Stevens enters his apartment. Below: A seductive Miss Jackson makes Stevens, as private eye Peter Gunn, late for work.







*Two versions of Sherry Jackson's "Gunn" theatrics were filmed. For U.S. audiences, the actress' fine form is regrettably kept under covers (her one revealing sequence—in which she wore a diaphanous "Baby Doll" peignoir—was snipped by censors). Abroad, Sherry's private-eye-catching charms will be displayed au naturel.*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON JOY







# Dispatcher (continued from page 64)

lady from Watts, came every Monday to give the house a cleaning.

"She called to say she can't get here," my mother replied. "If it were anyone but Serena, I'd say they'd made the story up. Something about soldiers stopping her bus and making everyone get off."

"What?"

My mother continued mopping. Nothing ever rattled her. Her mind always seemed to be elsewhere, probably in Des Moines, where she was born and raised and where all of her family still lived.

"It sounded so silly, I really didn't pay attention, and at first I thought it was as if Serena had got drunk, or a little disturbed. But knowing Serena . . ."

"What, exactly, did she say, Mother?"

My mother paused and rested on her mop. "Well, she was on the Central Avenue bus, and it was filled, mostly with day workers like herself, and in downtown L.A. it was stopped by a soldier. He was armed and Serena knew he was an MP, because her brother was once an MP, and an officer got on and announced that the bus was being taken over for the day. He apologized and everything, but everyone had to get off."

"Then what happened?"

"Nothing. A bunch of officers got on and the bus drove off in a different direction. They put a sign or something on it—OFFICERS' CLUB or something like that. Serena gave up and took a taxi home. You know how infrequently buses run. I can't blame the poor girl."

"But didn't anyone protest?"

"I didn't ask. Frank, could you please take these bottles into the garage?"

As I went on this errand, I began to feel faint. I decided to visit Dr. Cyril Mandelbaum, our family physician. I had not been to Dr. Mandelbaum's since my discharge. His pink-stucco house on a patched green plot off Pico Boulevard looked no better than before the War. An elderly nurse let me in and I settled into a sagging chair with a copy of the *Los Angeles Times*. There were five other people in the waiting room—a white-haired woman with a boy of about eight, a young Negro couple and a husky young man in denim work clothes.

"Dr. Mandelbaum has been delayed at the hospital," the nurse told us, "but I expect him any minute."

I paged through the *Times*, my vision blurred, my head throbbing. On the sports page, a small item drew my attention.

## FUN AND GAMES AT SANDOVAL

A special program of unusual athletic contests highlighted yesterday's Inland League baseball game in which the Sandoval Giants defeated the Lock City Lions, 4-3.

Members of both squads volunteered for the amusing games, which included a three-legged race, underleg basketball relay and swat-the-baron. Sandoval was declared winner of the special pregame competition by Captain A. M. Pulsifer, United States Army, who supervised the program.

"This is the first of several such fitness programs," said Captain Pulsifer, "and we're delighted with the public acceptance. Fans and players both had a wonderful time."

I must have looked like an idiot to the other patients, shaking my head and muttering. "No, no," I mumbled, "it wasn't that way at all." How had this fiction gotten into print? Why hadn't they reported the near riot I had seen?

The newspaper slipped from my lap and I covered my eyes.

In a minute or so, the office doors opened and out stepped not Dr. Cyril Mandelbaum but two men in Army uniforms. One was a dapper first lieutenant with a yellow mustache and the caduceus on his starched collar. The other, a fat, ruddy man, was a master sergeant. Dr. Mandelbaum's perplexed nurse was trailing them.

"But can't you wait until Dr. Mandelbaum gets here?" she asked. "This must be a mistake."

"Prepare the infirmary for sick call," the officer snapped.

"But Dr. Mandelbaum should—"

"No time. I'm under orders to take this installation over until further notice. Don't stand there, nurse." He barked at the sergeant. "Figler, tell the enlisted men to line up."

"Do they all have appointments with Dr. Mandelbaum?" she asked.

He waved a mimeographed sheet at her. "Government orders!"

I got up from my seat. "You're from M. A. C. E., aren't you?" I asked weakly.

"What business is that of yours?"

"I know a little bit about them. I was curious."

His yellow mustache quivered. "Figler, get that man's name, rank and serial number."

"Sir, I'm not sure he's in Service." Figler seemed a little confused. I guessed that these new assignments were so strange that even the personnel ordered to carry them out were puzzled. from time to time. "And the infirmary's ready anyway, sir. May we start sick call?"

"Very well. Tell them to line up outside. We'll do this as fast as possible."

The lieutenant then marched into Dr. Mandelbaum's office and sat at his desk. Figler followed him in, but emerged immediately, brushing by the astounded nurse. He carried a large glass beaker containing a half-dozen thermometers.

Dumbly we lined up at the office door—the woman and the boy, the two Negroes, the man in work clothes and myself. With a speed and deftness that recalled to me every sick call I had ever attended, Figler flew down the line and jammed thermometers into our mouths. He had one left over, so he put *two* in my mouth. No sooner were they in than he raced back to the head of the line and yanked them out. Obviously, it had been impossible for a reading to register in so short a time, but that did not bother him. In any case, he barely glanced at the thermometers, putting them back into the beaker, which he gave to the nurse.

"Sir!" Figler called to the officer. "Every one of these people is fit for duty. Not a sick one in the lot. We've had trouble with this outfit before."

The rugged man in denims looked appealingly to me. "What'n hell is this? Who are these jokers?"

"I'm not sure. But they're not joking."

The medical officer barely heard Figler. He was ripping pages from Dr. Mandelbaum's calendar, juggling paper clips, furiously dialing numbers and then hanging up. "Damn it, don't stand there all day! Come in! Wipe your feet before you do!"

Figler ushered the old woman and the boy to the desk. They stood there frightened. The lieutenant barked: "Well?"

"I ain't the patient," she said. "It's my grandson, Rollie. He gets dizzy and vomits."

The officer shook his head and gave her a small pillbox. "Take two of these every four hours and drink plenty of liquids! Next!"

"But I ain't sick," the woman pleaded. "It's Rollie."

"We are under no obligation to treat children of enlisted personnel. This is not an overseas installation."

"It isn't any kind of installation!" I shouted.

"Pipe down, soljer," Sergeant Figler said. "The lieutenant's had about enough of you. We know your type. You wanna come on sick call, you keep yer mouth shut."

"This isn't sick call!" I protested.

"That's right," said the husky man. "Where's Doc Mandelbaum?"

"Yeah, wheah the *real* doctah?" the young Negro man asked.

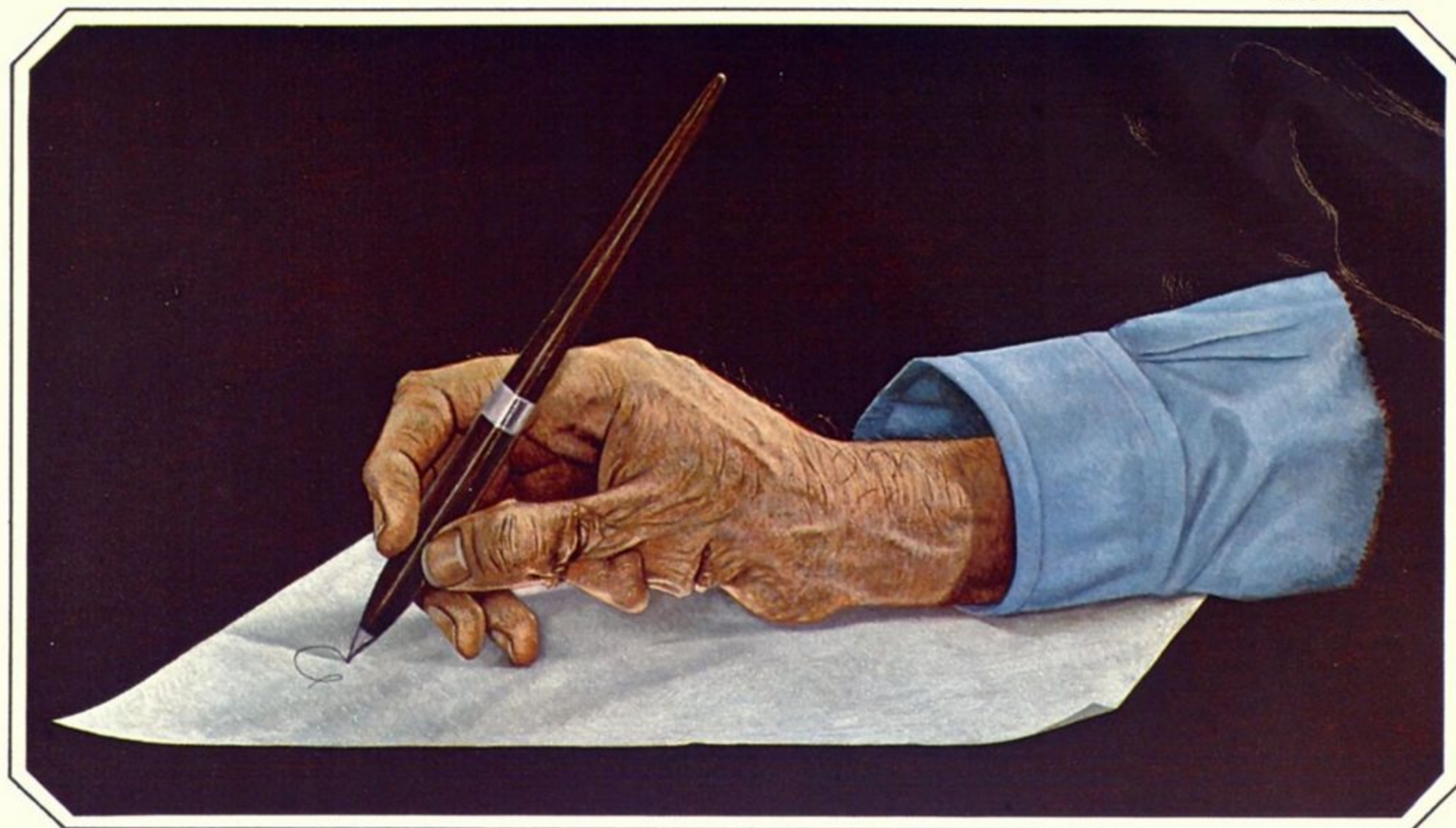
"What's *your* outfit, soljer?" Figler asked the Negro. "Labor battalion? One of them troublemakers?"

"Labah battalion?" He grabbed his wife's arm. "Let's git outa heah. I din't come for no sick call." They left quickly. The white-haired woman and the little boy followed them out.

"This is terrible!" the nurse wailed. "You're driving away all of Dr. Mandelbaum's patients!"

*(continued on page 170)*





## The Man Who Wrote Letters to Presidents

*fiction By William Wiser*

*the tattoo on his wrist read "don't tread on me"—a warning the world had ignored*

THE ALL-TIME LONGTIME LOSER of the world was a completely forgettable salad chef named Paul Greer. He blamed himself for his two divorces; he was a slack conversationalist; he had grating habits such as cracking his oversize knuckles in public and cleaning the fingernails of one hand with the fingernails of the other. The only telephone calls he received were wrong numbers due to the hazards of direct dialing, and his skimpy mail consisted of solicitations from friendly Miami loan companies and an occasional blunt, overdue alimony notice from his second wife's Legal Aid representative. For six weeks he had been growing a pencil mustache, changing his face from a zero to a zero with at least a line in the center.

Somehow, in spite of two grim divorce-court settlements, Paul Greer had managed to retain ownership of an electric-blue sports car, made in France. He drove it to and from work at law-abiding speeds. The sports car was the only thing that set him apart from some 300 other employees of the Cairo Hotel, and he lived forever in the hope that the car's low-slung speedboat lines would prove an instant aphrodisiac to some Miami Beach waitress or hotel switchboard operator. It was for this reason that he always parked near the Silver Palm Lounge, a favored drinking corner of the local hotel employees; and when his day's quota of dinner salads had been met, he presented himself at the Silver Palm for a ritual nightly gin and tonic. He had been more than successful in buying drinks for an army of sweet young things just out of elevator uniforms or still wearing waitress aprons; but each girl invariably went home with a bellboy, a beachboy or even Harry, the bartender, while Paul Greer drove back to his miniature efficiency at the Checkerboard Apartments in Coconut Grove, across the romantic Venetian Causeway at a respectable 45 mph, with the car radio turned low to the top ten and the bucket seat empty beside him. For 23 of his 39 years he had carried a rabbit's foot in his pocket—from France, the land of his father and his father's father—but it had brought him no luck.

With his mustache at six weeks' maturity, Paul Greer walked into the late-afternoon gloom of the Silver Palm Lounge with a dash more of his usual optimistic anticipation. He mounted his favorite stool, strategically near the draped entryway, stroking alternately the rabbit's foot and one wing of his mustache, waiting for his weak eyes to adjust to the dark so that he might check around him for any unescorted ladies the Silver Palm should contain at this hour. But it was too early, no one around; Harry had not even bothered to plug in the jukebox yet. Paul Greer was about to retreat, go back out to Collins Avenue and walk over to Indian Creek Drive to check the paint job on his car for scratches, to use up a little more of the dead part of the evening, when an old man's voice asked out of the darkness: "What's your Social Security number, partner?"

"What?" But before he could stop himself, he was reciting: "401-30-9672."

"Shake, partner, you're the first one I ever met yet that could reel off his numbers as good as me." The old man moved from stool to stool until he was sitting next to Paul Greer. He remembered seeing the old man in the hotel kitchen earlier, on the afternoon shift, running racks of dessert plates into the dishwashing machine.

"Meet 105-78-3110. Born loser. I lost my very first Social Security card I wasn't (continued on page 80)





*"Sorry I'm late. Did  
I hold up the game?"*



Vargas





# Man Who Wrote Letters (continued from page 77)

ten minutes out of their office. Hole in my pocket you could run your fist through. They cussed me out good, but they had to refund me another one. I memorized all my numbers after that. Say, what's your timecard number?"

"274. Why?"

"I'm 885. New man. Temporary only. They'll give me the old heave ho the next Cuban deflected from Cuba comes in."

Paul Greer felt the old man's shriveled paw pick up his hand and shake it; he had the sensation of holding a worn-out tennis shoe in his hand. Harry moved the old man's beer down from the other end of the bar and poured a split of quinine water into a double shot of gin for Paul Greer. His drink in front of him, Paul Greer was officially crucified to the bar stool, trapped between the old man and the cash register. He drank, but not even the quinine could cancel out the old-man smell of sour wine and dish-water. Why couldn't Kathleen, the new cashier, come in? Or Mildred, the cocktail waitress at the Crown Jewel? No, it was Paul Greer's eternal misfortune to fall in with another loser like himself, elbow to elbow, at the Silver Palm.

"In Twenty-nine, I was living on rag-weed salad and boiled swamp root. You should've seen me. My stomach was swelled up like nobody's business. I wrote President Hoover if he didn't quick send me a CARE pack and a bag of tobacco, I was done for, to subtract my number from the U.S. census."

If he said nothing, maybe the old man would go away, but he could not keep from asking, "Did he answer?"

"Answer? Hell, they have to. Afraid you won't vote for them next time around. He wrote and referred me to Welfare, which didn't exist in Florida yet. It was only 1929. Hell, yes, they answer. Their letter paper's got an eagle on it."

Paul Greer had been expecting another Depression to hit any year now—two Depressions were none too many to predict in any loser's lifetime. "What did you do then?" he asked. He really wanted to know. He might need the information later on.

"Only one thing a man *can* do when he's down to rock bottom without a paddle; bring your case to the attention of the local authorities. I went and broke a beer bottle on a street curb in Tampa and swallowed two big jagged pieces of it in public. Must've been a crowd of fifty seen me do it and not one soul amongst them stepped forward to volunteer first aid. That's how far apart people have fell. Finally, a cop came and put me under arrest. When he has to, a cop'll take action. Providing he's in his home precinct. They operated and got the glass out of me and I ended up in a nice

bed, with clean sheets and my own radio to listen to. They fed good, too, for a hospital."

His eyes adjusted to the meager light, Paul Greer stared at the jockey-size figure perched on the bar stool beside him. He felt a chill in his stomach, as if he had swallowed the ice cube from his drink: The old man's face could have been his own, change the color of the eyes, take away Paul Greer's new mustache and add 40 years of dried scars and gullies.

"What's your Service number, by the way?" the old man asked.

"280-90-90."

"Mine's 63-49017. They had a different series the First War. In 1918, I got drunk in a little Belgian town you never even heard the name of, before they blew it up, and the next day I went and tried to go over the top with a wine hangover, the worst kind, and got gassed. I later tried to get disability out of it. I wrote President Wilson, but he was signing peace treaties in Paris and his office wrote and referred me back to the Army. My pension forms must've went through two-hundred-some-odd secretaries; Washington's probably got reels and reels of microfilm on me. Seven years later the VA wrote and told me no, it was my own negligence. Eyewitness from my own company said I went and forgot my gas mask. That's the kind of lovable buddies you had the First War."

Suddenly Paul Greer wanted to share war reminiscences with the old man, tell him his own experiences as a baker second class in the South Pacific; but the only tale he had to trade was the time a Japanese mine exploded 50 yards from his destroyer's bow and ruined four oven racks of bread loaves; and, anyway, the old man was still talking.

"Don't ever think I always just wrote letters to Presidents so as to get something out of it for yours truly. I one time wrote Roosevelt if he didn't get his CCC boys off of the Florida Keys, they'd get blowed off. A friend of mine was a pure-blood Seminole Indian and he knew a hurricane coming when he smelled one. Everybody except the right authorities knew a hurricane was coming. The Government's always the last one to get the word. Every single flamingo in the Everglades was flying north and the goddamn dumb Government left all them boys, I don't know how many, down at Esmeralda in the CCC camp."

Harry had put out pretzels and potato chips, and Paul Greer was snapping pretzel twigs between his fingers to keep from cracking his knuckles. "What finally happened?"

"Happened? What finally happened was one of the awfulest blows in Florida

history and all them stranded CCC boys got washed out in the ocean on a tidal wave."

"But didn't Roosevelt answer?"

"Hell, yes, they always answer. Afraid you won't vote for them next time around. Me and my Indian buddy was sitting the hurricane out in Homestead when I got a telegram, two days late, said, 'ALL NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS HAVE BEEN TAKEN.' That's the Government for you."

Paul Greer drank his drink down to the bare cubes. He did not want to hear any more; he thought he would walk over to Indian Creek Drive and check the air pressure in his tires, but the old man put his worn-out tennis-shoe hand on his arm and said, "Don't worry. They put up a real nice memorial monument for them—which is a hell of a lot more'n you and me'll get—and every year the ladies from the Florida Historical Society puts a pot of wax flowers on it, first week in hurricane season."

Paul Greer wanted to pay and slide away from the bar, but Harry had drifted from behind the cash register to a coffin-shaped pinball machine in the far corner. The old man had to raise his shaky voice to talk above the sound of bells and buzzers.

"Down in Key West one time on the bum, I tried to get a job in the post office. They're supposed to give you veteran's preference if you've fought a war for them. But the First War's too old-fashion and long forgot for them. They give my mailman job out to a Young Republican. I was sore as boils—I wrote President Truman about it and he referred me to civil service. Civil service didn't like my looks, on account of I didn't have no necktie on or on account of my tattoo, this here rattlesnake, or I don't know what, so they put me in their file and forgot about me."

Harry had turned on the jukebox, and in the reflection of its watery neon light, Paul Greer could make out the pale-blue reptile coiled along the old man's forearm, and the legend tattooed above his wrist that read: DON'T TREAD ON ME, a warning the world had evidently ignored.

"Nothing I could do but bring my case to the attention of the local authorities. I swallowed a fishhook in plain view of a church letting out from Sunday service. The entire congregation ringed themselves around me like I was a free circus and nobody budged. Me turning blue and spitting blood and the preacher stepped up and asked me, 'Why'd you do it, son?' I finally had to stagger in a phone box and call up an ambulance myself, in my condition. They operated on me again. All told, I've had six probe-surgery operations. My stomach looks like a road map, look."

(concluded on page 116)



## STRIPED FOR ACTION

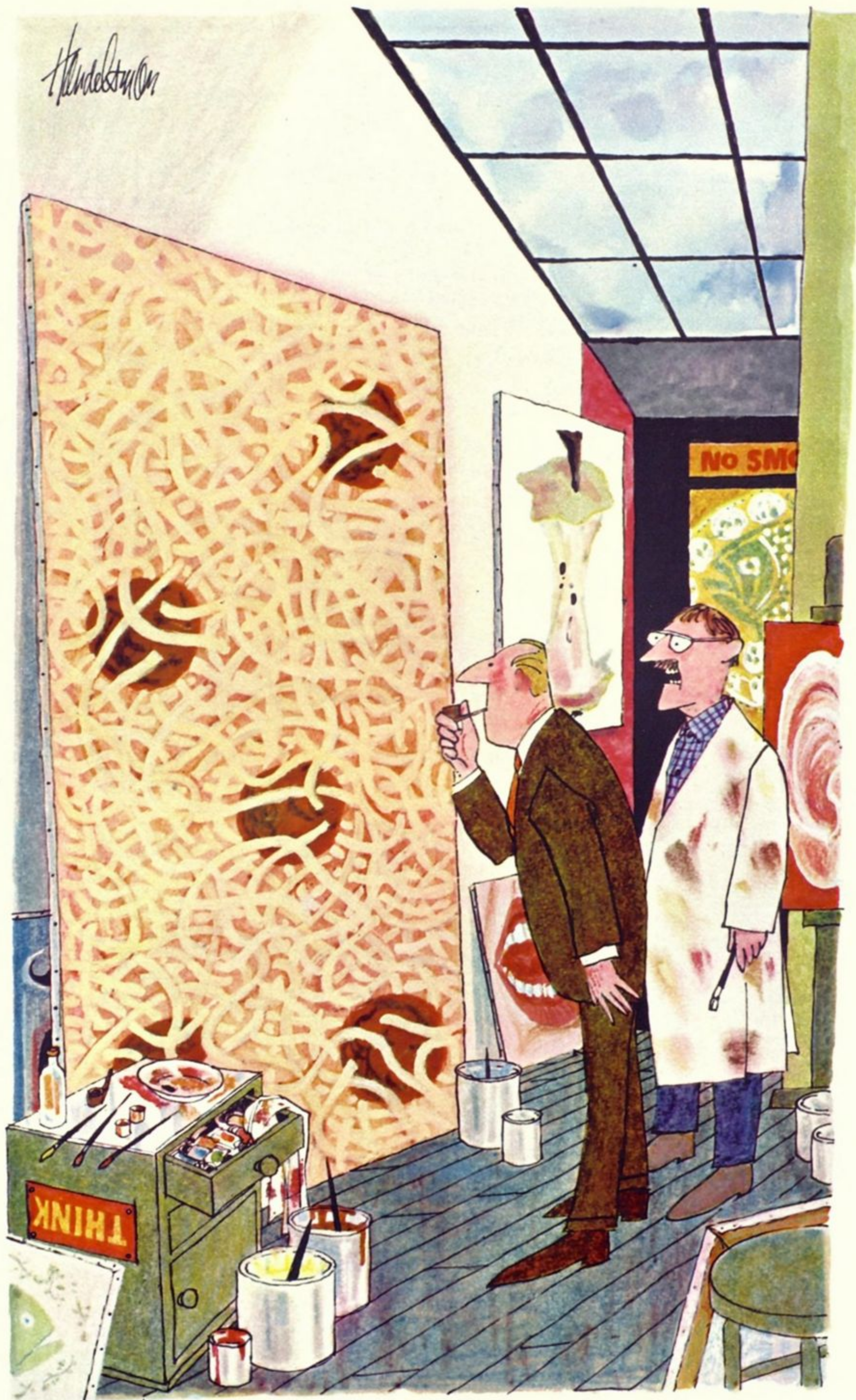


*attire* **BY ROBERT L. GREEN** *the midsummer way to go to blazers*

THE DOUBLE-BREADED BLAZER, a revived all-season favorite, makes the warm-weather scene sporting narrow—but obviously stalwart—striping. Peaked lapels have been coupled with stripes on a dark background to give the wearer a casual jacket (complete with metal buttons) that looks right whether worn with tie, turtleneck or sport shirt. Matters are very much in hand as our sartorially well-balanced chap steadies his honey of a blonde whilst wearing a Vycron and cotton hopsack jacket with straight-flap pockets and deep side vents that coordinates with his Vycron and cotton linen-weave slacks, both by Clubman, \$55 the ensemble. His silk and cotton short-sleeved knit pullover with three-button closure is by Enro, \$10.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXAS URBA





*"Then I said, 'No, damn it! I've still got some integrity!' And I refused to put in any more meatballs."*



NEWSPAPERS create and feed the illusions we live by. Instead of instructing us, instead of telling us what's wrong with the country, they stuff our vanity."

Poet Allan Katzman lifted one foot onto a desktop in his claustrophobic city room and stroked his beard reflectively. "The press is losing its power to report spontaneous events," he went on. "But it's gaining a new power—to *create* events; to turn news gathering into news *making*. The papers of pseudo events, news leaks and press releases offend no one; they take no moral stand. They are just . . . neutral. They furnish our boring and repetitive lives with boring and repetitive 'news.' "

Katzman is cofounder of a biweekly newspaper in Lower Manhattan called *The East Village Other*. The *Other* doesn't separate fact from opinion. Its journalism is unabashedly, militantly interpretive: pro pot, peace, sex, psychedelics and subversion; anti most of what remains in switched-off American society. Since 1964, some two dozen similar "underground" papers have sprung up across the country. A few died fast. The rest are now growing at an astonishing clip—to a collective circulation pushing 270,000 in three years, with no sign of slowing down.

Katzman's dismissal of the establishment press sounds mild next to the gripes of other underground proprietors. Their charges run from "bland" or "ignorant" all the way to "fascist," "hypocritical" and "brainwashery." Paul Krassner, head man at *The Realist*, talks about an "escalation of bullshit," and John Wilcock, nationally syndicated underground columnist, insists that "big-city dailies are a corrupt advertising medium; they've forfeited their right to be called newspapers."

"They've let the people down and they've lost the people's confidence,"

Wilcock says. Like his fellow workers, he believes the demands of modern capitalism have proved inimical to a free exchange of information and ideas. "Most papers—even the holy *Times*—are up to their necks in old money and official connections. Their job is to keep certain blocs and certain ideas in power. Like, they'll write about pot 'dope fiends' like the *Daily News* did 30 years ago. But pot's part of *your* scene . . . how can you believe a paper when you *know* it's feeding you lies?" From the vantage point of hip, the establishment media have only three reactions to a groovy scene: Ignore it, put it down or exploit it.

"So where can people who want to bust out of monolithic culture discover one another?" rhetorically asks Ed Sanders, editor of a subunderground magazine. "Assembly places and media are controlled by the creeps. Establishment papers are demented; like a diplomatic mission in a foreign country—you have to ass-kiss your way in. And who can

*from berkeley to the east village,  
the always uninhibited,  
often outrageous,  
sometimes unintelligible  
anti-establishment newspapers  
are spokesmen for the hippies*

# THE UNDERGROUND PRESS

article **By JACOB BRACKMAN**

BY TACOB BLACKMAN  
BESS  
UNDERWOOD  
THE

are spokesmen for the highest  
anti-establishment newspapers  
sometimes unintelligible  
often outrageous,  
the always unimpaired,  
from referred to the anti-establishment

they speak for? They've no idea what it means to live in a slum on the edge of a city. A paper and its audience need a living relationship, like an organism, a tree. And you can get that now, because cultural migrations are happening in the country and pockets of protesting people are filling up the vacuums. A cat from the Village, say, can plug into a similar underground in cities all over."

Ranting about the establishment press, underground spokesmen may well come on like A. J. Liebling might have after an acid freak trip. But their vision of a "new life out there," no longer able to stomach that old press, is undeniable. Hippies, anarchists, New Leftists, teeny boppers, artists, gypsies, groupies, pacifists, nihilists and heads—they comprise a new audience, eager to subscribe to a new journalistic product. Next to the mass readership (25,000,000 for *Reader's Digest*, 6,700,000 for *Life*, 2,000,000 for the *New York Daily News*), the underground seems a pitifully small, impotent phenomenon. Yet its press has taken root in a climate unhealthy for entrepreneurial journalism—more than 400 papers have folded in the last 20 years. And as a cultural fifth column pressing a covert war of infiltration, it may have something to say about the directions of mass society. Psychedelic drugs, disbelief in the Warren Commission, *nouveau* poster art, interracial sex, Happenings and militant protest were accepted aspects of the underground scene, after all, long before they received attention from Henry Luce.

The underground newspapers have not come into being to amplify establishment coverage. They wish to supply an antidote—a frontal assault on all morale boosting in conventional media. Thus, a full-page *East Village Other* cover photo recently grafted L.B.J.'s head onto the body of a Nazi storm trooper.

This sort of opening for a lead story is not unusual: *(continued on page 96)*

...Իրվելն իմ էր հեծիք զօրն և իմ  
սեռն իմն իմն:

Իրեւել տեղիւնք իրել մըր իօ քէ Երբ  
 չիւ ք Եօմբի Եղեւիտիւն արգիւնաւ:  
 Եօմբիւն իւրիս իրել „ըն-Ել գիւն  
 Եօք՝ արօմիւն շնուիւնք արգիւնաւ  
 „Եօմբիւն օլ քիւրիւն“, արգ յօմ Ել-  
 Երբ արգ ք Երբ Երբ, իւր քօմ ք  
 Ել, արգ „ընաւաւիւն“, Երբ Երբ  
 Երբ, ք իր արգ ի „Երբ“, „ընաւ-  
 Երբ Երբ Երբ Երբ „ընաւ“ օլ „Երբ-  
 Երբ օլ օրիւ արգիւնաւ Երբիւն  
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# DeDe Girl

a taste of travel  
finds our soft-spoken,  
freckle-faced august miss  
poised for future flight

"FAIR AND SOFTLY goes far"—a lilting English proverb six centuries old—doubly describes DeDe Lind, our perky August Playmate. Diminutive in inches and pounds (62 and 98, respectively), DeDe has a woman's figure and a fall of bright blonde hair as alluring as Lady Godiva's. And she's soft-spoken to the point of charming shyness. "I wish I weren't *quite* so quiet," DeDe says. "I really do like people and wish I could meet them more easily."

DeDe's reserve helps account for the fact that she's left her native Southern California only twice in her 20 years, for visits to relatives in San Francisco (the journey is captured in the accompanying PLAYBOY photos) and in Denver. But why leave, when her Los Angeles days are filled with familiar friends and activities? Before noon on a typical day, DeDe revs up her 1959 Ford and takes off for one of her four favorite places: "It depends on my energy," Miss August says. "If I don't feel ambitious, I'll go for an easy horseback ride in Griffith Park, which is right in the city, or head in the opposite direction for a quiet afternoon on the beach at Santa Monica. But if I'm loaded with get-up-and-go and the weather's great, I do the same things on a bigger scale. My favorite horse is at a little ranch in Malibu. From there I climb up through the foothills of the Santa Monica Mountains. The beaches I like best are out on Catalina Island, where I go when I feel like body surfing or scuba diving. Some of the reefs are so beautiful you never want to come up."

Early in the evening, DeDe turns to the kitchen and her principal avocation,

Freckle-faced Miss August, a top teen model in her high school days, displays grown-up charms at her San Francisco relatives' pool.









At left, DeDe dresses for a few hours of San Francisco sight-seeing with old high school pal—now a gob—Ralph Sorgatz, shown greeting Miss August's great-aunt Margaret.

with a flair and success in cooking that does the Swedish and Italian roots of her family tree proud. "Like Mom's, my best main course is a spaghetti dish," DeDe says. "Then I switch to my father's side of the family when it comes to pastries or cakes."

To finish her upbeat day, DeDe accepts a party invitation that promises her kind of dancing: "I love rock 'n' roll," she says. "After all, when I was fourteen, Elvis had already been around for five years, so it's the music I grew up with. You go crazy for four hours and nobody cares and then you feel wonderful."

Currently in transition from an adolescence in which her pert features graced the covers of several teen-aimed magazines, Miss August has had parts recently in what she calls "two low-budget films" (like most soft-speakers, she gets to the point without garnishing it). And she's being photographed now as *the* girl in an ad campaign for a new hair spray. "I hope to do everything from the TV commercials to the picture wrapped around the aerosol can," says DeDe.

For a quiet miss, DeDe is not without opinions. "I don't see how we can get out," she says of the war in Vietnam. "But—perhaps because I'm a girl and young—the thought of losing our young men way over there seems awful. I just hope that it really *is* worth it."

The many-lensed eye of Hollywood is taking aim at DeDe Lind. Look at her, listen to her talk and you can see it all happening. But before it does, DeDe just might decide that her trip to the City by the Bay should be the start of a time for traveling. "My grandfather on Daddy's side goes back to Sweden fairly often," DeDe says, "and always asks if I want to come. If I did, I could also get to see the few relatives Mom still knows about in Italy. It's awfully tempting."

And so is DeDe, whose sentences have the force of honesty and whose fairness is bright enough to make you blink. How can DeDe *not* go far?

After her first look at the Golden Gate Bridge (right) and a wharfside snack in picturesque Sausalito, DeDe says good night to Ralph, who's on leave from duty in Vietnam.







**MISS AUGUST**

**PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH**













"When I wasn't sight-seeing," DeDe says, "it was fun just to help Aunt Margaret around the house, call the friends I know in San Francisco or go over my uncle's pile of magazines that used my pictures. I fell in love with everything you're supposed to love—the cable cars, the Bridge and even gloomy old deserted Alcatraz—but it still was great to get back to my game room in L.A."





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**e're newlyweds and we'd like a suite," said the groom to the hotel clerk.

"Bridal?" inquired the clerk.

"Oh, no!" blurted out the bride. "I'll just hang onto his ears until I get used to it."



**A** young man walked into a drugstore that was being tended by the owner's somewhat prudish wife. "May I have six contraceptives, miss?" he asked.

"Don't 'miss' me," she replied.

"OK," the eager fellow said, "better make it seven."

**W**e've heard about a girl who wanted a divorce because her husband was getting indifferent.

**T**he 60-year-old patient explained his predicament to the doctor. He had recently married a gorgeous girl in her 20s, but unfortunately, every night at bedtime, when he and the lovely bride were ready and willing, he would fall asleep.

The doctor scribbled out a prescription and handed it to the patient. The old man's face lit up as he said, "You mean that now I'll be able to——"

"No," the doctor interrupted, "I'm afraid I can't do anything about *that*. But now at least she'll fall asleep, too."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines:

*tease* as a girl who is always thinking of a man's happiness—and how to prevent it.

*ramification* as what made Mary have a little lamb.

*whipped cream* as masochistic milk.

*buccaneer* as a hell of a price to pay for corn.

*gossip* as someone who puts one and one together—even if they're not.

*chivalry* as a man's inclination to protect a woman from everyone but himself.

*nymphomaniac* as a go-go-go-go girl.

*sleep* as that which, if you don't get enough of, you wake up half a.

**T**wo cannibals were chatting over lunch. One said, "You know, I just can't stand my mother-in-law."

"Forget about her," the other replied, "just eat the noodles!"

**T**hen there was the comely girl who got her birth-control pills mixed up with her saccharin tablets, and now she has the sweetest little baby in town!



**O**ne of our foreign correspondents swears that he heard the following station break in Israel: "This is Radio Tel Aviv, 1500 on your AM dial, but for you, 1498."

**A** taxi driver was cruising for a fare when a pregnant woman, crossing against a red light, walked right in front of his cab. He slammed on the brakes and yelled indignantly out the window, "You better watch out, lady, or you'll get knocked *down*, too."



**T**he Martian landed in Las Vegas and walked into a nearby casino. He passed a slot machine that suddenly whirled noisily, then disgorged a jackpot of silver dollars. The Martian looked closely at the machine and then said: "You know, you're foolish not to stay home with a cold like that."

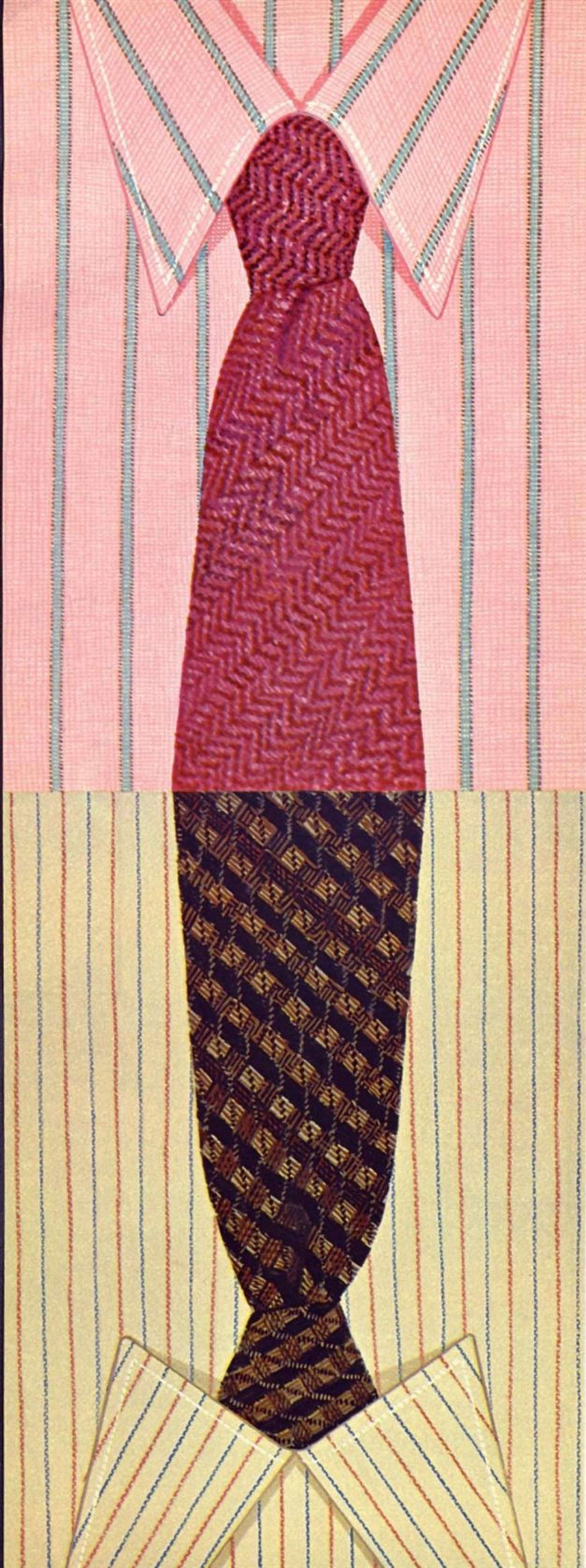
*Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, and earn \$50 for each joke used. In case of duplicates, payment is made for first card received. Jokes cannot be returned.*





*"We forgot the picnic basket!!"*





TO BRIGHTEN UP your summer wardrobe, shed the staid and dated fashion formula that calls for a patterned shirt to be coupled with a solid-color tie (or vice versa). It's a perfect time to stylishly alter your image by tastefully mixing and matching pattern with pattern. However, while picking your pairings from among the many new styles in shirts and ties now on the market, you should familiarize yourself with a few of the ground rules. Patterned shirts, for instance, always communicate one solid background color, regardless of how complex the design. For best results, coordinate this single shade with the background color in a patterned cravat (we recommend the upbeat new styles in three- or four-inch widths). Also check to see whether the shirt and the tie balance each other; a bold plaid or stripe in the shirt is complemented by a tight tie pattern. Remember, too, that the busier the pattern of the shirt, the more ground there should be in the tie. Your goal is to achieve a bright new look, one in which shirt and tie complement—but do not overpower—a suit or sports coat. The latest offerings in shirt colors range from fuller hues (deep blues, browns and oranges) to new dimensions in patterns (wide-track gray stripes on pink). The immediate future of neckwear includes the revival of bold club figures and the appearance of East Indian abstract designs. By wisely coordinating the colors and patterns in both shirt and tie, today's man easily becomes a great mixer.

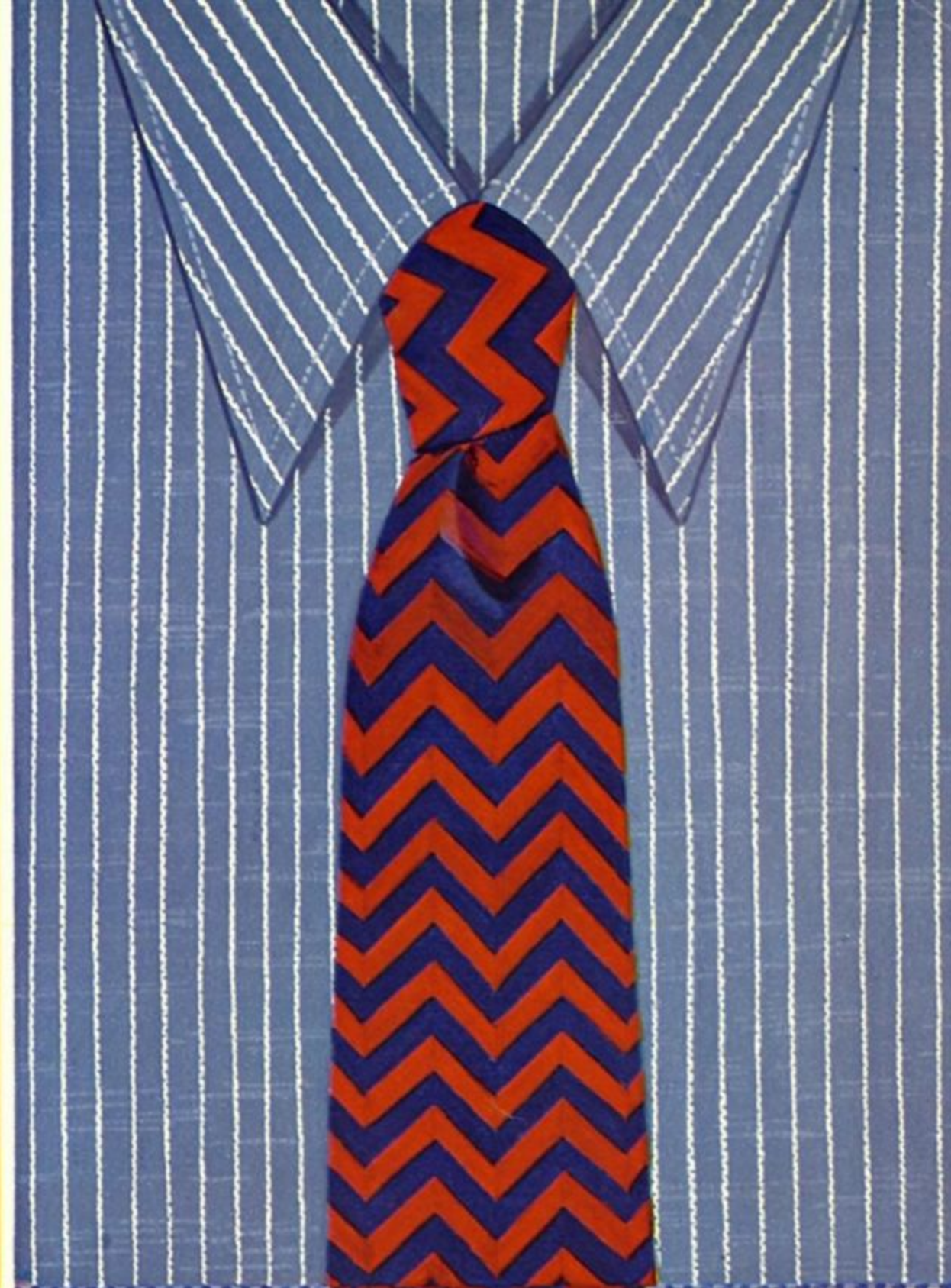
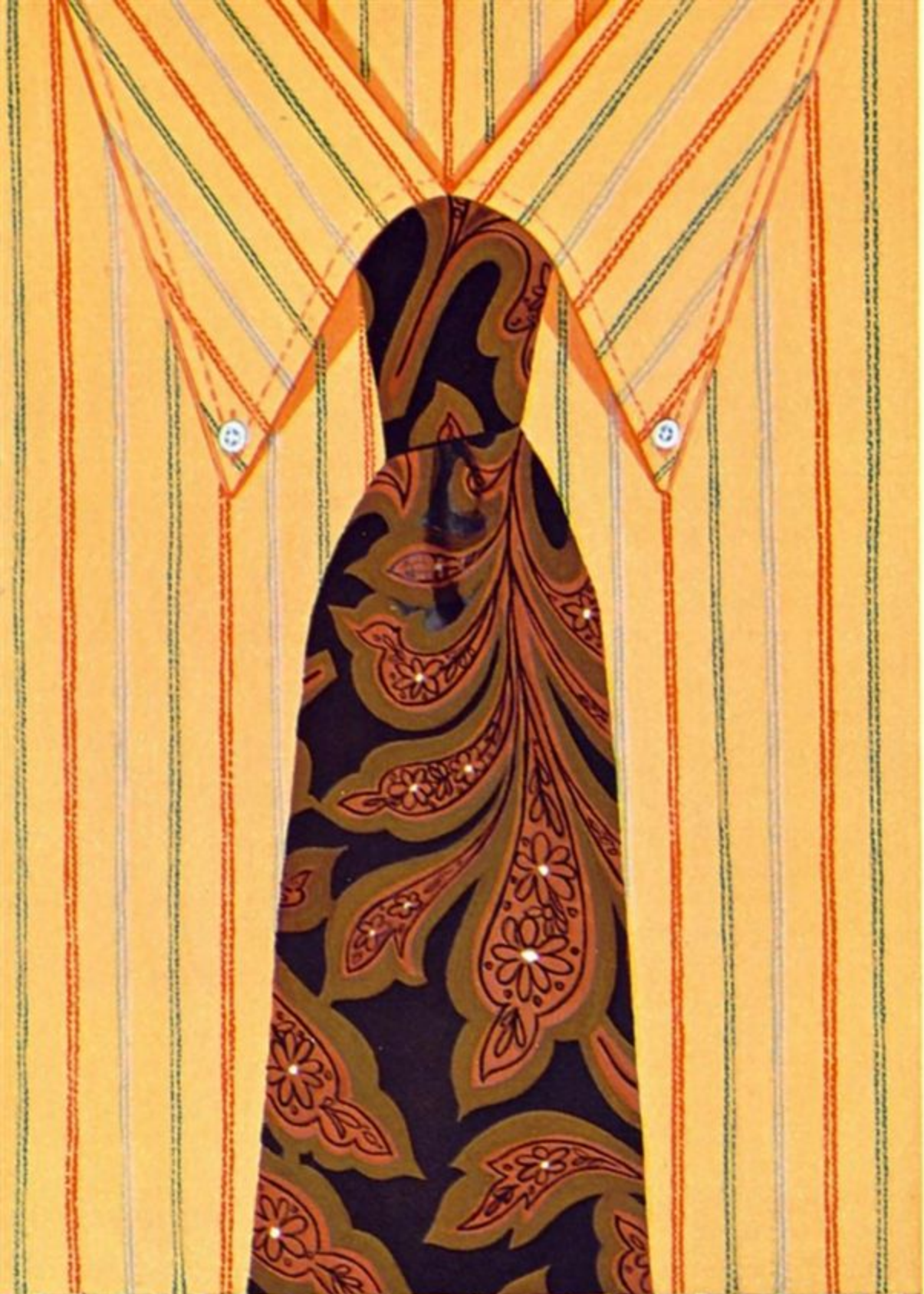
## MIX MASTERY

*how to shake the play-safe sartorial doldrums  
with colorfully correct combinations*

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

Six shirts paired with ties that mix and match in tasteful style. Top, left to right: A pink cotton oxford shirt with wide-track kelly-green stripes, by Gant, \$8, is complemented by a wild-pink tussah-silk tie in herringbone weave, by Tucker, \$5. A British cotton button-down shirt with olive, pewter and chili stripes on a gold background, by Gant, about \$11, couples correctly with a black cotton tie that has a chili-and-olive leafy pattern, by Taylor, \$4. A blue-gray cotton chambray shirt with white pencil stripes, by Eagle, about \$8.50, sartorially coordinates with a red-and-navy giant-zigzag-patterned silk tie, by John Weitz for Burma Bibas, \$7.50. Bottom, left to right: An antique-gold cotton and polyester shirt with blue-and-rust woven stripe, by Eagle, \$8.50, colorfully combines with a predominately black-and-tan houndstooth-patterned wide wool tie, by Taylor, \$4. A bronze cotton gingham shirt with rust and white checks, by Sero, \$8, goes well with a hand-blocked brown-print pattern on gold imported silk tie, by Tucker, \$6.50. A blue-and-white minicheck cotton broadcloth shirt, by Gant, \$10, coordinates with a red-and-blue silk tie, designed by Nina Ricci for Hut, \$5.







# UNDERGROUND PRESS (continued from page 83)

Sometime in March, in Paris, in a courtroom of the world, the dead will speak; burned flesh will ooze upon the witness chair; the wounds of the tortured will reopen and missing fingers point as America the Beautiful stands accused of war crimes, and there is no one willing to defend her . . .

Ultraradical rhetoric, however, is but a portion of the underground staple. On the lighter side, *EVO* has run a regular housewifery column, "High on the Range" ("stimulating" recipes calling for marijuana or hash); a reader correspondence section called "tripstripstrips" (a psychedelic show and tell); Timothy Leary's column, "Turn On/Tune In/Drop Out" (Norman Vincent Peale to the generation of mutants); irregular cartoon strips (such as *Sunshine Girl*); "Where It's At" (the hipster's calendar of events); a photo feature dubbed "Slum Goddess" (a Poverty Playmate from the tenement next door); and some editorial rumblings, aptly entitled "Poor Paranoid's Almanac."

These are just the mainstays. Recent 20-odd-page issues have featured articles covering germ warfare in Vietnam, the antibrassiere movement, Cardinal ("Hawk") Spellman, the abortion circuit, an impeach-Johnson campaign, trepanation (drilling a hole in the cranium for "permanent turn-on"), a "desert call" to U. S. troops, mass skinny-dipping, apocalyptic tattooing and Nelson Rockefeller ("Pickpocket Robber Baron"), as well as occasional fiction and poetry. Also, the "Personal" columns of *EVO* reveal more of the life style of the underground than do the articles, whether offering lessons on the sitar or happily promiscuous sexual relationships.

A newspaper, finally, is a vision of the world. The young underground press is struggling to counter with its own vision—now loving, now wildly messianic, now passionate and venomous, now withdrawn in disgust—against what it claims to be the repressive, monolithic vision of the "establishment blats." Most often, the new rebel papers might be writing about another planet altogether. Where the establishment press has L. B. J., Romney, Reagan and Bobby Kennedy, the underground papers have Staughton Lynd, Mario Savio, Tom Hayden and Louis Abolafia. The establishment makes folk heroes of Bob Hope, Natalie Wood, Sinatra, Twiggy, Jackie, the Beatles, Doris Day, Pat Boone, Truman Capote and Johnny Carson. The underground does the same of Ken Kesey, the Grateful Dead, USCO, Madalyn Murray, William Burroughs, Albert Ellis, Alan Watts,

Meher Baba, Che Guevara, Ravi Shankar and the Kuchar brothers. The establishment is haunted by the ghosts of Lincoln, Jefferson, John Kennedy, Churchill, Pope John and Eleanor Roosevelt; the underground, by the ghosts of Jesus, Aldous Huxley, Lenny Bruce, Charlie Parker, Malcolm X and A. J. Muste. E.P. critics write political analyses of literature. U.P. pundits pour out literary analyses of politicians. Establishment papers go to weddings, banquets, Broadway shows and testimonials; underground papers, to acid tests, love-ins, light works and free-beaching. The E.P. spies on Liz and Dick, Pat and Luci; the U.P., on Mick Jagger and Marianne Faithfull, Ginsberg and Orlovsky. The E.P. learns from Dr. Spock, Admiral Rickover, John W. Gardner; the U.P., from Wilhelm Reich, A. S. Neill and Maria Montessori. The establishment battles narcotics, homosexuals, subversives, free love and extremism, and fosters Medicare, the Peace Corps and the transit authorities. The underground battles HUAC, the Pentagon, the CIA, corporations, university administrations, and seeks legalization of abortion, marijuana and miscegenation. Every now and then, the *San Francisco Examiner*, say, and the two-year-old *Berkeley Barb* cover the same story. The *Examiner* says "bearded leftists"; the *Barb* says "dissident elements." The *Examiner* says "a local right-wing organization"; the *Barb* says "a local hate group." The *Examiner* says "the civil rights situation in Oakland"; the *Barb* says "brutality and segregation in Oakland." The *Examiner* says "protest march"; the *Barb* says "pilgrimage." The *Examiner* says "riot"; the *Barb* says "confrontation." The *Examiner* says "police officers re-established order"; the *Barb* says "fuzz suppressed."

\* \* \*

One spring in Eisenhower America, just halfway through the torpor of the 1950s, Norman Mailer helped launch a weekly newspaper in New York City, which he named *The Village Voice*. From Dan Wolf (still editor) came the idea for the paper; from Ed Fancher (still publisher) came most of the initial capital; and from Mailer—not a little disheartened at the critical attacks on his third published novel—came some fitful work around the newsroom and—in the fourth month of the *Voice*'s infancy—a column, filled with his special brand of brave, tormented narcissism.

"At heart, I wanted a war," Mailer mused later, "and the Village was already glimpsed as the field for battle." His guerrilla attacks on the "tight sphincter" of the Village community lasted through 18 issues. When he began, the *Voice*, almost unknown, was losing a

thousand dollars a week. It took the paper eight years to climb out of the red. But when Mailer quit, complaining to readers of "grievous errors" in the setting of his prose, it was already a conversation piece throughout the city.

Mailer admitted even then that the friction between himself and the editors ran deeper than typography. Some years later, he wrote of their clashing dreams for the paper: "They wanted it to be successful; I wanted it to be outrageous. They wanted a newspaper that could satisfy the conservative community—church news, meeting of political organizations, so forth. I believed we could grow only if we tried to reach an audience in which no newspaper had yet been interested. I had the feeling of an underground revolution on its way, and I do not know that I was wrong."

From this early dialectic of editorial hip and square emerged an inevitable compromise: an inveterately liberal, often courageous, occasionally capricious journal, not yet hipster, not yet radical, not yet reaching out into the caves on the edge of the city, but stoutly declining the "snow jobs" of the establishment press. Mailer's success formula (the defiant rejection of all success formulas) was outvoted. It was, as ever, the sad destiny of his intelligence to be ready for revolution before the troops were ready; and it is doubtful that the hip paper he envisioned could have survived as handsomely as did the *Voice*. His premonition of underground stirring, however, was far from mistaken.

The *Voice* grew and by its side, if never quite encompassed by it, hip grew. Then, in the mid-Fifties, repelled by the vacuous complacency of Ike society, the folklore of Beat spread over the highways, along the rails, from New York, through Mexico, to San Francisco and back East across the campuses. Kerouac and Ginsberg were its prophets and Madison Avenue provided free promotion. As yet, the communities of dissent were insufficient to support an actual newspaper. But underground publications, some mimeographed almost on the run, a few persisting staunchly into the Sixties, began to spring up in large cities: *Combustion* in Toronto (perhaps the first high-class, large-scale mimeo network), *Beatitude* in San Francisco, *Magazine*, *My Own Magazine*, *C*, *Mother*, *Entrails*, *Intercourse*. In the past 15 years, many hundreds—no one knows precisely how many—of different fringe publications have been privately distributed, sold over the counter at disreputable bookstores or hawked on the streets of New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit, Montreal and Toronto. While the *Voice* constructed its civilizing bridge between the most

(continued on page 151)



# ANSON'S LAST ASSIGNMENT

memoir By TOM MAYER

*a minor skirmish in a vietnam rice paddy sets the stage for a battle-scarred photographer's most poignant war picture*

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN one of Anson's last operations. He was doing a book, for which he had received and spent an advance from an American publisher, and he figured he needed only three more stories to finish it. He wanted something on the Koreans, his section on the Special Forces wasn't complete, and he wanted to ride those new air-cushion boats, the PACVs, that they're using down in the Delta. Then he was going back to England; he'd even bought his plane ticket. He was hoping for some sort of part-time arrangement with Time-Life, but said he was going home whether it came through or not.

He asked me if I wanted to go along for the Koreans, and I said sure. Since he was shooting strictly for his book, we wouldn't be in competition, and I always liked traveling with him. He had planned to go out with the Capitol division, but I had already done that, and suggested we do the Marines. It didn't make any difference to him, so we booked ourselves. That was Tuesday morning.

We left Saigon on Wednesday, took flight 653 up to Danang, spent the evening in the Press Center bar drinking vodka collinses, and flew down to Chu Lai the next morning on a U.S. Marine C-47. Captain Kim, the Korean Marine public-information officer, met us there and drove us by jeep to brigade headquarters.

Headquarters was situated on a hill overlooking a small landing zone and was very sharp and permanent-looking. A neat row of saplings had been planted on each side of the main approach road, boardwalks connected the main buildings and sandbag and gravel paths bordered by 105mm shell casings went to the others. All the buildings were solidly constructed, with carefully fitted joints and camouflage paint jobs and screens that weren't torn or saggy. The brigadier's house had a hot-water heater, an air conditioner and a precisely clipped little lawn of Kentucky bluegrass out in front. There were many sentries, in faded starched fatigues, carrying M-2s, and

they snapped salutes and shouted something at us in Korean every time we came within 50 feet. But beyond all the doors were deep sandbagged bunkers, reminders that this was still a war zone, even if a well-policed one. Kim told us the V.C. had mortared them twice. The Koreans had been shifted up from II Corps only a month before and had had three big fights the first week.

We dropped our gear in a barracks for transient VIPs and field-grade officers. The building was made of plywood and corrugated-tin roofing over a framework of three-by-fives, with lots of screen for ventilation. The cots had clean sheets on them, there were thong shower slippers beside every bed and each of us had an enlisted orderly. Besides Anson and myself, there were two Korean lieutenant colonels staying there. Carefully laundered extra uniforms—tiger camouflage suits and jungle fatigues—hung from the mosquito-netting wire above their cots.

The captain left us alone to wash up before lunch. Anson lay down on his cot and stretched, his arms behind his head.

"Rather splendid, this," he said.

"The comforts of home," I agreed.

One of the orderlies came up from the other end of the barracks and made a little bow. I bowed back.

"Latrine shower," he said. "I show, you come?"

We followed him outside. The latrine was a magnificent four-seater. They had it faced so that you could look out across a valley to a big landing zone, where every few minutes an H-34 or a Huey clattered in or out. In the washroom, the orderly filled plastic bowls for us and we sloshed water over our faces and combed our hair. The scars on Anson's face seemed rawer, redder, when they were wet.

By then it was 1300, so we went up to the senior officers' mess. Inside was a stained-wood bar and lounge with comfortable wicker chairs. Pictures of dress parades, portraits of officers and plaques hung on the walls. Everybody was there waiting for us—the general and the chief of staff and about 15 lieutenant colonels and majors. We were introduced to all of them, but the only two I really remember were the general and the colonel. The general had the kind of beard that always makes a man look as if he's been in the field overnight, two large black moles on his left cheek, a thick ridge of scar tissue over his eyebrows, and he did not talk so much as grunt. Except for the immaculate uniform, he reminded me of a Hollywood Chinese bandit chief. The colonel's face was well fleshed and sleek, and his hair was neatly combed and (continued on page 131)





# A HORSE'S HEAD

## Concluding a new novel **By EVAN HUNTER**

**SYNOPSIS:** It was a rare spring day. Mullaney—one year out of marriage and long out of touch with Lady Luck—had a hot tip on the fourth at Aqueduct and was killing himself trying to borrow \$50 when the black Cadillac limousine pulled up and a distinguished-looking gentleman named Gouda invited him inside at gunpoint. “Take me out to Aqueduct,” Mullaney said jokingly; but they took him to a stonecutter’s establishment next to a cemetery and told him he was going to be a stand-in for a corpse that had a date in Rome.

“The original corpse jumped out of the car on Fourteenth Street,” Gouda explained. “This gentleman will make a fine corpse.” Gouda’s boss, the man with the gold K tie tack, agreed. And the plane to Rome was waiting to take off. But Mullaney did not want to be a corpse. “We have no choice,” K said, “therefore, you have no choice.” It sounded very logical.

They made him put on a black burial suit; the jacket was heavy and too tight, though the lining made a nice whispering rustle. “Perfect,” K said. “Put him in the coffin.” He was still objecting when someone hit him over the head.

He woke up half believing he was a corpse in Rome. Instead—as he learned—the coffin had been hijacked on the way to the airport, Gouda was dead and Mullaney was being taken back to New York to meet Grubel, a criminal mastermind who was now running the show. Grubel was ugly, but Merilee, the girl in Grubel’s apartment, definitely was not. Grubel wanted to know the whereabouts of a certain half million dollars in heist money.

“I suggest you tell me, sir, or we may be forced to kill you,” he said to Mullaney.

“If you kill me,” Mullaney heard himself say, “you’ll never find out where the money is.” Suddenly he knew where it was.

“I know where the money is,” he said, “and I’ll be happy to get it for you, but . . . I’d have to go for it alone.”

“Take the girl,” Grubel said, giving her a gun.

Mullaney and Merilee shook off a pair of Grubel’s clumsily tailing gorillas by ducking into the public library and finding a deserted, book-crammed room.

“We’re going to make love on a bed of five hundred thousand dollars,” he told Merilee.

“The money,” she moaned.

“Turn you green,” he whispered.

“Yes, yes, turn me.”

“Spread you like honey,” he said.

“Oh, yes, spread me.”

Afterward, he sat up. “Are you ready?” he asked, tearing the lining of the jacket.

“I am ready,” she said, her eyes glowing.

“Here it comes,” Mullaney said, “five hundred thousand dollars in American money, ta-rah!” and he allowed the lining to fall away.

4: CALLAHAN

THE PACKETS of bills fell to the floor just like the rain Mullaney had expected—plop, plop, plop, great big drops of bills falling to the marble floor of the library and raising a cloud of dust that at first obscured his vision a bit and caused him to believe that perhaps he was not quite seeing what he thought he was seeing. Plop, plop, plop, the packets kept falling out of the jacket and pattering all around, while he and the girl stared down at their \$500,000 rain, and the dust settled, and they kept staring down at the packets, and Mullaney wanted to weep.

The packets were worth exactly ten cents, because that is how much *The New York Times* costs on a Friday, and that is exactly what these were made of—*The New York Times*. Mullaney kept staring down at the packets that someone had cut very nicely into the shape of dollar bills and then stacked and bound neatly with rubber bands, each packet slim enough to be sewn into a funeral jacket. He did not raise his eyes from the slowly settling dust, because, to tell the truth, he was a little embarrassed about facing the girl.

“It seems to be newspaper,” he said, and cleared his throat.

“Yes, indeed,” Merilee said.

They kept staring at the cut stacks of newspaper.

“Oh,” the girl said at last, “I get it.”

“Yes, it’s only newspaper,” Mullaney said.

“You didn’t know, is that it?”

“What do you mean?”

“You didn’t know about the newspaper.”

“Of course not. How could I—”

He stared at her in sudden realization.

“You mean you knew?”

“Oh, yes, indeed; we all knew.”

“But how? How could you possibly—”

“Because Gouda was working for us.”

“Gouda?”

“Yes. Didn’t you know that, either?”

“No, I didn’t know that, either,” Mullaney said, thinking, Where there is cheese, there is also sometimes a rat. Gouda.

“Oh, yes, indeed,” Merilee said. “And he took the five hundred thousand dollars out of the jacket and put the paper scraps in its place.”

“I see,” Mullaney said. “But what happened to the five hundred thousand dollars?”

“He delivered it to Grubel, just the way he was supposed to.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“He delivered it to Grubel.”

“The five hundred thousand dollars?”

“Well, give or take.”

“Then Grubel already has the money.”

“Well, no.”

“No?”

“No.”

“Who does have it?”

“K, I would imagine. Or one of his fellows.”

“But if it was delivered to Grubel—”

“It was delivered to Grubel, yes, indeed,” Merilee said, “but someone must have known the switch would take place.”

“I don’t understand.”

“A triple cross,” Merilee said.

“I still don’t understand.”

“The money Gouda delivered to us was counterfeit.”

“This is all very confusing,” Mullaney said.

“Oh, yes, indeed,” Merilee agreed.

“K and his fellows knew Gouda was going to switch the bills, so they substituted counterfeit money for the real money, which counterfeit money Gouda subsequently stole, leaving paper scraps in its place?”

“That’s it,” Merilee said, and giggled.

“But why should K and his fellows go to all the bother of shipping a coffin to Rome if they knew there were only paper scraps in the jacket?”

“I don’t know,” Merilee said. “But that’s why Grubel had the coffin hijacked. When he realized the bills were counterfeit, he assumed the real money



*he was a born gambler, but he never thought he'd have to stake  
his life on a beautiful girl, a seeing-eye dog and a game of jacks*





was still hidden in the coffin someplace."

"But it wasn't."

"No."

"And apparently it's not in the jacket, either," Mullaney said. He looked at the jacket again. There was nothing terribly remarkable about it. It seemed to be an ordinary-looking jacket, made of black wool, he supposed—or perhaps worsted, which was probably wool, he was never very good on fabrics, volume FA-FO—with four round black buttons on each sleeve near the cuff and three large black buttons at the front of the jacket opposite three buttonholes in the overlapping flap; a very ordinary jacket, with nothing to recommend it for fashionable wear, unless you were about to be buried. He opened the black-silk lining again and searched the inner seams of the jacket, thinking perhaps a few hundred thousand dollar bills were perhaps pinned up there somehow; but all he felt was the silk and the worsted, or whatever it was. He thrust his hand into the breast pocket and the two side pockets and then he searched the inner pocket on one side of the jacket and then on the other, but all of the pockets were empty. He crumpled the lapels in his hands, thinking perhaps the real money was sewn into the lapels, but there was neither a strange sound nor a strange feel to them. To make certain, he tore a lapel stitch with his teeth and ripped the entire lapel open, revealing the canvas but nothing else. He was extremely puzzled. He buttoned the jacket and looked at it buttoned, and then he unbuttoned the jacket and looked at it that way again, but the jacket stared back at him either way, black and mute and obstinate.

"Well," he said, "I don't know. I just don't know what the hell it is."

"Oh, my," the girl said. "Oh, my my my my my."

"Mmm," Mullaney said.

"Oh, my."

They were silent again.

Into the silence there came the unholy clamor of a ringing bell, startling Mullaney so much that he leaped back against the wall and then was surprised to find himself shaking. He had not realized until just this moment that the worthless collection of clipped newspapers at his feet represented something more than just the end of a gambler's dream. This pile of garbage containing yesterday's baseball scores and war casualties, yesterday's stock prices and theater reviews, this worthless pile of shredded garbage lying in the dust at his feet also contained, if Mullaney were willing to read it correctly, an obituary notice announcing the untimely demise of one Andrew Mullaney himself, to take place in the not-unforeseeable future. It was one thing to consider running out on Smokestack Grubel when you were in possession of half a million dollars and a beautiful blonde. It was another to think

of running out on him when you had only a mangled copy of this morning's *Times* and a blonde who was beginning to get a distinct hangdog expression. He could not understand the hangdog expression, but there it was, spreading across her mouth and drawing down the corners of her eyes. Oh, boy, Mullaney thought, I'm going to be in pretty big trouble soon.

"That's why you should always get the money first," the girl said suddenly, as though she had been mulling it over for quite some time.

"I guess so," Mullaney said. He slung the jacket over his arm, thinking he might just as well hang onto it, in the event he had a brilliant inspiration later, which inspiration seemed like the remotest possibility at the moment.

"Oh, boy, Grubel's going to kill you," Merilee said.

"Mmm."

"Grubel's going to absolutely murder you."

"Listen, did you hear a bell?" Mullaney said.

"What?"

"Just a few minutes ago? I think it's closing time. I think we'd better get out of here."

"I think you'd better get out of New York," the girl said. "I think you'd better get off the planet earth, if you want my advice, because Grubel is going to kill you."

"Well . . ." Mullaney said, and he hesitated, because he was about to make a speech, and he rarely made speeches. He was going to make a speech because he incorrectly assumed everything was ending instead of just beginning, and he thought it would be nice to say something to commemorate the event. He started thinking about what he was going to say as he led the girl toward the red light burning over the exit door at the far end of the labyrinth. By the time they reached the door, he knew what he wanted to tell her. He put his hand on her arm. The girl turned and stared up at him, her flaxen hair aglow with spilled red light, her eyes wide and solemn and fitting to the occasion.

"Merilee," he said, "I really thought the money was inside this jacket, and I can't tell you how sad it makes me that it was only paper scraps. But in spite of that, I remember what happened *before* I opened the jacket. I remember you, Merilee. And so whatever happened afterward doesn't matter at all; the disappointment doesn't matter, the possibility that I'm now in danger doesn't matter, none of it matters except what happened with you. *That* was good, Merilee, that was something I'll *never* forget as long as I live, because it was real and honest and, Merilee, it was just really really good, wasn't it?"

"No," the girl said, "it was lousy."

. . .

The guard at the front door of the library bawled them out for lagging so far behind all the others and causing him to unlock the door after he had already carefully locked it for the night—did they think he had nothing to do but lock and unlock doors all night long? Mullaney supposed the guard did have a great many other things to do, so he didn't argue with him, he just meekly allowed himself to be let out of the library and then he walked down the steps and stood with the girl near one of the lions and figured they would have to say goodbye. She would go back to Grubel, he supposed, and he would go he didn't know where.

"Well . . ." he said.

"I'm supposed to shoot you, you know," she said.

"You might just as well," he answered.

"I'm terribly sorry the relationship didn't work out," she said.

"So am I."

"But I don't think I could shoot you."

"I'm grateful," Mullaney said.

"When they get you—they'll get you, you know . . ."

"I know."

". . . You just tell them you escaped, OK? That's what I'll tell them."

"OK, that's what I'll tell them, too."

"Well," the girl said, and glanced over her shoulder.

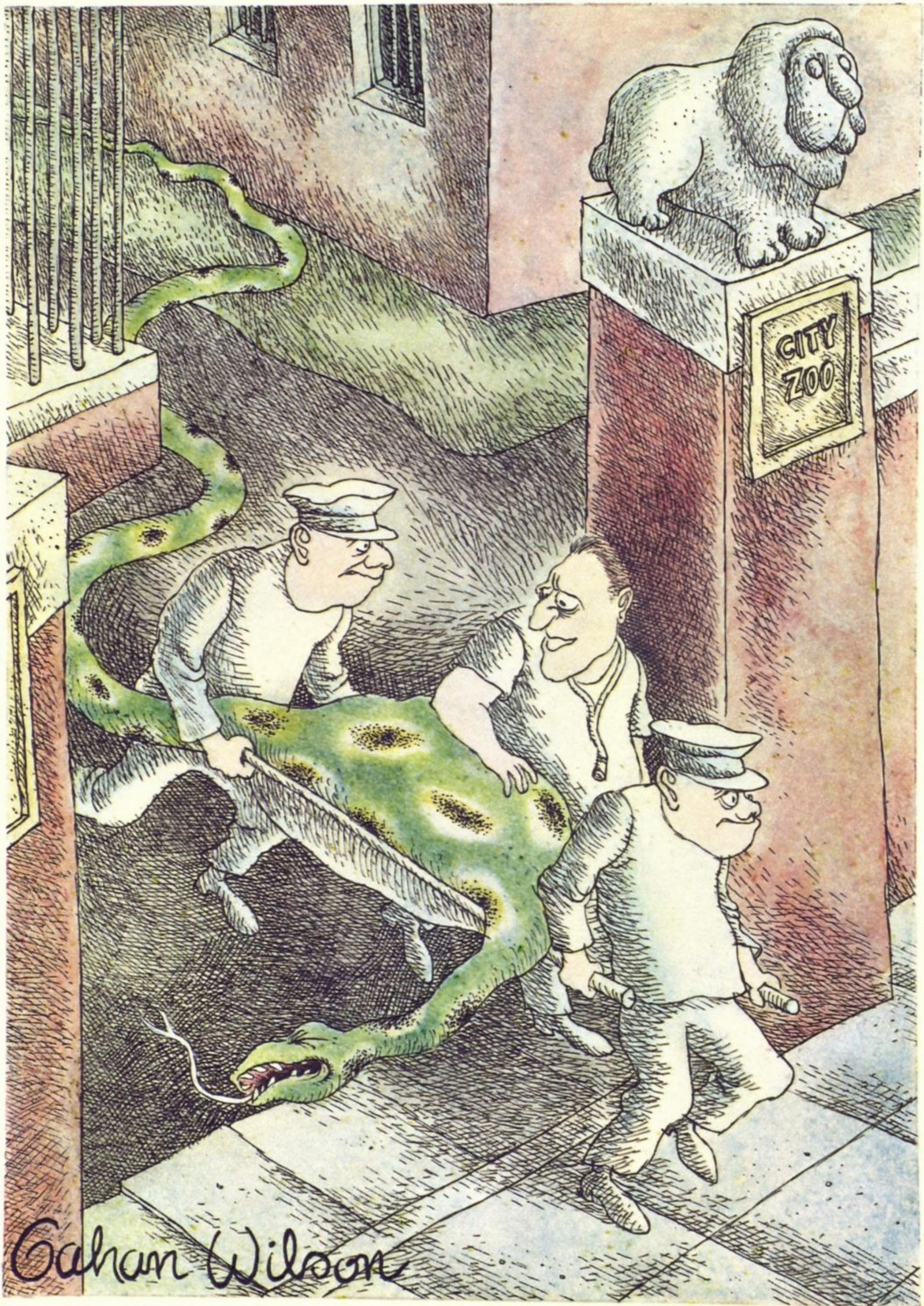
"It was very nice knowing you," Mullaney said.

"Oh, yes, indeed," she answered, and walked away.

We'll meet again, he thought, not really believing that they would. He thrust his hands into the pockets of the too-short trousers and began walking downtown on Fifth Avenue. A breeze had sprung up and he was a bit chilly now, but the jacket was in tatters and he was too embarrassed to wear it. He began wondering about the jacket. He was very good at deductions based on the condition of the track and the number of times out and the number of wins and losses and the weight of the jockey and all that. He was also very good at figuring the true odds on any given roll of the dice as opposed to the house odds, and he could calculate, within reason, the possibility of, say, drawing two cards to a flush, very good indeed at doing all of these things—which was why he'd lost his shirt over the past year. Well, hadn't actually lost his shirt, was actually still in possession of his jasmine shirt, which was a bit too flimsy for a cool April night like this one. Nor was he really convinced that he was not a very good gambler; he was simply a gambler who'd had a run of bad luck. Being equipped, therefore, with a coolly calculating mind that was capable of figuring combinations, permutations and such, he put it to

(continued on page 104)





*"Don't you worry, Mr. Kiernan—we'll have you out of there in no time!"*



# ICE & EASY

*formulas and appurtenances for cool libations to lower the temperature and raise the spirit*

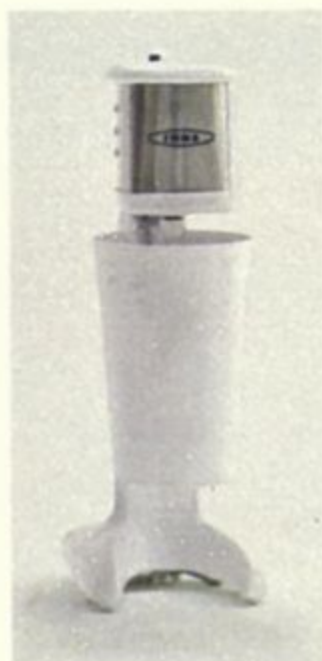


**drink By THOMAS MARIO** THE MORE TORRID the outside temperature, the more fun it is to feel the first exhilarating tingle of a planter's punch, to reach for a tom collins as tall as a glacier or for a julep that's Klondike cold. Drinks made with cracked or crushed ice need not be elaborately constructed addenda to sedate lawn parties. Some of the best known are made by merely pouring liquor over coarsely cracked ice. A perfect example is *ouzo*, the Greek aperitif liqueur. Like the French *pastis* and other Mediterranean members of the anise family, it turns a glacial white when churned with ice or water. It's sipped with equal gusto before the meal or after the (continued on page 173)

*The latest gadgetry to foster frosty toasting. From left to right: Ikon glass froster chills glass in three seconds, from Abercrombie & Fitch, \$10. Tap-Icer easily shatters ice cubes, by Waldon, \$2. Dairy-Bar electric drink mixer comes with 20-oz. container, by Iona, \$14.95. Electric ice crusher can crush four trays of cubes in 90 seconds, by Waring, \$29.95. Ice-crusher attachment, \$14.50, shown on base of Cookbook blender, \$59.95, both by Hamilton-Beach. Combination electric can opener and ice crusher comes with plastic ice container, by Oster, about \$30. Cook 'N' Stir*

102 *blender is ideal for churning out well-chilled drinks, also cooks food in the heat-resistant carafe, by Ronson, \$89.95.*





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



## HORSE'S HEAD (continued from page 100)

use in speculating about the jacket, and the first thought that occurred to him was that K and his fellows knew its secret and that he had better find them as soon as possible. The only trouble was that Mullaney didn't know where he had been this morning, other than that it was on the edge of a cemetery. Wait a minute, he thought, wasn't there a sign, didn't I notice a sign, something that caused me to think of Feinstein's funeral; no, the hearse in the back yard made me think of his funeral, an excellent hearse, that and the marble stones, IN MEMORY OF—wait a minute, one of them had a name on it, now hold it, what was the name on that stone, just a minute, the large black marble stone, and across the face of it, IN LOVING MEMORY OF . . .

Who?

In loving memory of all the pleasures I will no longer enjoy on this sweet green earth.

IN . . .

LOVING . . .

MEMORY . . .

Got it! he thought, as it came to him in a terrifying rush, IN LOVING MEMORY OF MARTIN CALLAHAN, LOVING HUSBAND, 1935-1967, crazy! and he hoped it wasn't just a dummy stone left around the yard for prospective customers to examine for chiseling styles.

He found an open drugstore on 38th Street and looked up the name Martin Callahan in the Manhattan telephone book, discovering that there were two such Callahans listed and thinking, so far, so good, I've got 20 cents, and a phone call costs a dime, and there are only two Martin Callahans, so I can't lose. He went into the phone booth and dialed the first Martin Callahan and waited while the phone rang on the other end. There was no answer. This was Friday night. If this was the quick Callahan, he might very well be out stepping. Mullaney hung up, retrieved his dime (which was one half of his fortune) and dialed the second Martin Callahan.

"Hello?" a woman said. There was the sound of music in the background, laughter, voices.

"Hello," he said, "my name is Andrew Mullaney. I was out at a cemetery this morning—"

"What?" the woman said.

"Yes, and happened to see your husband's beautiful stone . . ." He paused.

"Yes?" the woman said.

"Your husband was Martin Callahan, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he died last month," she said.

"Well, I'd like to get a stone just like his," Mullaney said, "but I can't remember where I saw it. Would you

remember the name of the stonecutter?"

"I don't talk to strangers on the telephone," the woman said, and hung up.

"But . . ." Mullaney said in retrospect, and then sighed and put the receiver back onto its hook.

His dime came clattering into the coin-return chute.

He stared at it in disbelief for a moment and then lavishly thanked God and the New York Telephone Company for this kind omen, which, he was certain, signaled a change of fortune for him. Encouraged now, he consulted the telephone book once again, discovered that the late Martin Callahan's widow lived on East 36th Street and headed there immediately, hoping to convince her in person that it was quite all right to divulge the name of a stonecutter, even to a stranger.

The name on the mailbox was M. Callahan and the apartment listed was 4B. He took the elevator up to the fourth floor and heard music and voices and laughter the moment he stepped into the corridor. The sounds were coming from behind the door to apartment 4B. The widow Callahan, though recently deprived of her husband, was apparently having herself a Friday-night bash. Vigorously, Mullaney banged on the door and waited. He heard the clattering approach of high heels and the chain being drawn back and the door being unlocked.

The door opened.

"I called just a few minutes ago," he said. "About the stonecutter."

"Well, come on in, honey, and have a drink," the woman said.

The woman was Nefertiti; the woman was Cleopatra as she must have really looked; the woman was colored and in her late 20s, her skin as brown as tobacco, her eyes glowing and glinting and black, her hair cropped tight to her skull, huge golden earrings dangling, mouth full and parted in a beautiful wicked smile over great white sparkling teeth, the better to eat you with, my dear; he had written sonnets about girls like this.

There was behind her the insinuating beat of a funky jazz tune, Thelonious Monk or Hampton Hawes; there was behind her the smoky grayness of a room indifferent to skin, the insistent clink and clash of whiskied ice and laughter, the off-key humming of a sinewy blonde in a purple dress, the finger-snapping click of a lean dark Negro in a dark-blue suit; there was behind her the aroma of bodies, the aroma of perfume. And—also behind her, also seeming to rise from far behind her where lions roared to the velvet night and Kilimanjaro rose in misty splendor—rising from far behind her,

like mist itself, and undetected by her as she stood in smiling welcome in the doorway, one long brown slender arm resting on the door jamb, was a scent as comforting as a continent; he had written sonnets about girls like this.

"Well, come on in, honey, do," she said, and turned her back and went into the room.

He followed her in, watching her lovely sinuous behind in the tight Pucci dress as she walked across the room ahead of him. She turned a small pirouette, lifted one hand, wrist bent, and said, "I'm Mrs. Callahan, why'd you hang up?"

"You hung up," he said.

"That's right, I never talk to strangers on the telephone."

"So why'd you let me into the apartment?" he asked, logically.

"I'm partial to blue eyes."

"My eyes are brown."

"That's why I let you in."

"But you said—"

"I'm drunk, who knows *what* I'm saying?"

"What's your first name?" he asked.

"Melanie."

"Melanie Callahan," he said, testing it.

"Melanie is from the Greek," she said. "It means black."

"Why'd you let me in, Melanie?"

"Because you have the look of a man who is searching for something. I like that look, even though Mother always taught me to regard such a man with suspicion and doubt."

"Is that how you regard me?"

"Yes. What is it you're searching for?"

"Half a million dollars."

"Will you settle for the name of the stonecutter?"

"For the time being."

"Oh, my, what will the man want next?" Melanie said, and rolled her eyes. She extended her hand to him. "Come," she said.

"Where?"

"To get you a drink."

"And the stonecutter's name?"

"Later, man. Don't you trust me?"

"I trust you," Mullaney said.

"That's fine," Melanie answered, "because I have never trusted a white man in my entire life, including my recently departed husband."

"Then why are you helping me?"

"It's the blue eyes that get me," she said.

"They're brown."

"Yes, but I'm drunk. Also, I don't like you to look so suspicious and searching. I want you to look contented, man, contented."

"How will we manage that?" Mullaney asked.

"I have never kissed a man who did not look extremely contented afterward."

"Oh, do you plan to kiss me?"

(continued on page 158)



# ROOM 312



*it was a sleazy firetrap of a hotel, but in one of its grubby cubicles  
lay the miraculous opportunity to remake a life—or lose a wife*

*fiction* By G. L. TASSONE CHARLES SHELTON had been a desk clerk at the Hotel Madison for almost 30 years. He had watched it deteriorate from one of the finer hotels in the city to its present condition, just a shade better than a flophouse.

Shelton seldom thought about the good years. He was not one to live in the past. He lived from day to day, satisfied to sit behind the registration desk, reading his detective magazines and watching people come and go.

Sam Webster owned the Hotel Madison. He was over 60, had no hair, bulging eyes, and clothes that were almost as old and shabby as his building. He constantly worked a cigar around in his tight mouth, and when he was in the hotel he drank whiskey from a bottle he kept under Shelton's desk. Webster didn't believe in



improvements. He had bought the Madison when it was almost new, and if he could find any excuse to avoid putting money into it, even if that meant chewing gum for the plumbing and Scotch tape for the cracked windows, he took it.

Sam came to the hotel about twice a week. He picked up the receipts from the safe behind the desk, nodded to Shelton and, occasionally, looked over the books. He was as tight with his conversation as he was with his money.

One Tuesday evening just after Shelton had come to work, Sam Webster came in, puffing on a damp cigar. His coat was wet from the cold drizzle outside and his glasses were covered with a gray mist. He nodded to Shelton, removed his coat and began to go over the books. When he had finished, he relighted his cigar, took four or five deep drags and said:

"Charlie, how long you been with me now?"

"Almost thirty years," Shelton said, looking up from his *True Detective* magazine.

"And so, after thirty years, you decide to start stealing from me? You don't think I pay you enough?"

"I don't understand, Mr. Webster."

"I don't understand, either. The books, they don't balance. The last few months, I noticed something's wrong. I figure either you are pocketing money or people aren't paying for their rooms. Which is it, Charlie?"

"Mr. Webster, I'm not a thief."

"You never seemed like one to me, but where is the money going? I'm asking you."

Sam Webster took a paper cup from the water cooler, the bottle of whiskey from beneath the desk, and poured himself a drink.

"Well, Charlie, I can have some auditors come in and figure out just how much is missing, or do you want to tell me about it?"

Shelton looked at the bottle of whiskey. He wished that he had a drink. In 30 years, Sam Webster had never offered him anything.

Shelton cleared his throat. "It's a long story and a little involved, Mr. Webster. But to make it short—we don't always get paid."

"Charlie, as long as you been around, you know a hotel like this, they don't pay in advance, they gotta have luggage. Now, where is all the luggage for these people who skip out? You're not sleeping behind that desk, are you?"

Shelton wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. He took a drink of water from the cooler. His throat still felt dry. "It isn't that. It's room 312. I noticed it about a year ago. I was going to tell you."

"What about 312? There's something wrong with the room? What is it? I don't want no repair bills."

"It's a little difficult to explain." Shelton was still perspiring. "It's like this, Mr. Webster, when someone checks into 312—they're gone. No one ever sees them again."

Sam Webster poured himself another drink and swallowed it in one gulp. "Charlie, I've known you for thirty years. Now, what the hell kind of story is that? Whata you mean—they're gone?"

"They're just gone, that's all. They disappear. If they check in after two A.M., they're all right, but if they take the room before that time, they're never here in the morning. Every trace is gone—luggage, everything. The way I figure it, it happens sometime between midnight and two A.M."

"Yeah, and just where do they go, Charlie?"

"I don't know, Mr. Webster. All the people I've checked into the room, I've never seen any of them again. That's why I usually keep it for the bums and the winos. Mostly, I just keep it empty."

"Charlie, you're sure you're not crazy? You're sure this really happens?"

"Mr. Webster, stay tonight. I'll check someone into 312."

Sam Webster picked up the phone and called his wife.

"Honey," he said, "I won't be home tonight. A little trouble here at the hotel. No, nothing serious." He placed the receiver down on its cradle.

"Charlie, I stay in this dump all night and you feeding me a story, I ain't gonna like it."

"Mr. Webster, I've been with you almost thirty years."

"Yeah, I know. OK, I'm gonna have some dinner. Don't check anyone into 312 until I get back."

It was still raining when Sam Webster returned from dinner. Shelton had just finished a copy of *Official Detective* and was eating a sandwich he had had sent over from Rudy's Diner. Webster took off his wet coat and sat down in one of the overstuffed chairs in the lobby. He bent down and untied the laces of his shoes. He loosened his tie and took a fresh cigar out of his pocket.

At eight o'clock, Shelton checked in a young couple from Waterloo, Iowa. At 8:30, two salesmen, and along toward nine o'clock, a seedy-looking bum in a tan overcoat. The bum had a wine bottle under his arm and Shelton got the three dollars in advance. He gave him the key to 312.

Sam Webster followed the tan overcoat into the elevator, got out with it on the third floor and watched it walk unsteadily into 312. He went down to the end of the hall, sat down in a wicker chair that was covered with dust and lighted another cigar. By 1:30 A.M. he had smoked eight cigars. At that hour, he got off the chair and took the elevator to the lobby.

Shelton was drinking coffee out of a green Thermos.

"Well," Sam Webster said, "almost two o'clock and nothing happened."

"There's nothing to happen," Shelton said. "At two o'clock, I'll take the passkey and we'll go up there and he'll be gone."

"Let's go now," Sam Webster said.

"It's almost two o'clock. I don't want to go into the room until I'm certain that it happened."

"I still can't believe it. I just can't believe it. This has gotta be some kind of crazy story."

At two A.M. sharp, Sam Webster grabbed the passkey and hurried into the elevator, with Shelton following him. Webster was breathing heavily when they got to 312. "You sure it's safe?" he asked. "I don't want to get hit by lightning or anything."

"There's no lightning," Shelton said.

Sam Webster opened the door a crack. The room was dark. He pushed the door all the way open. He waited for the clerk to precede him into the room. Shelton snapped the light on. The room was empty. The bed had been slept in, but there wasn't a trace of anyone or anything. No clothes, no wine bottle; everything was gone.

Webster looked around the room. He searched the bathroom and the closet. He looked under the bed twice.

"I can't believe it," he said. "I just can't believe it." He sat down on the bed and then jumped up, as though he were afraid he, too, might disappear. "Let's go," he said. Shelton locked the door and they took the elevator back to the lobby.

Sam Webster took the whiskey bottle from beneath the desk and poured two drinks. "Here's to us, Charlie," he said. "A toast."

"What are we toasting, Mr. Webster?"

Sam drank his whiskey. "I don't know. What the hell, this is really something big. There's bound to be some great thing we can do with this."

"Maybe we should call the police," Shelton said.

Sam Webster coughed whiskey all over himself. He was choking and his face was red. "Call the police! What the hell do we need the police for? We got a great discovery here. You call your wife and tell her you'll be late. We're going to work something out."

"I don't have to call my wife. I don't have a wife."

"No? What happened? I thought I met her a few years ago. A little woman with brown hair."

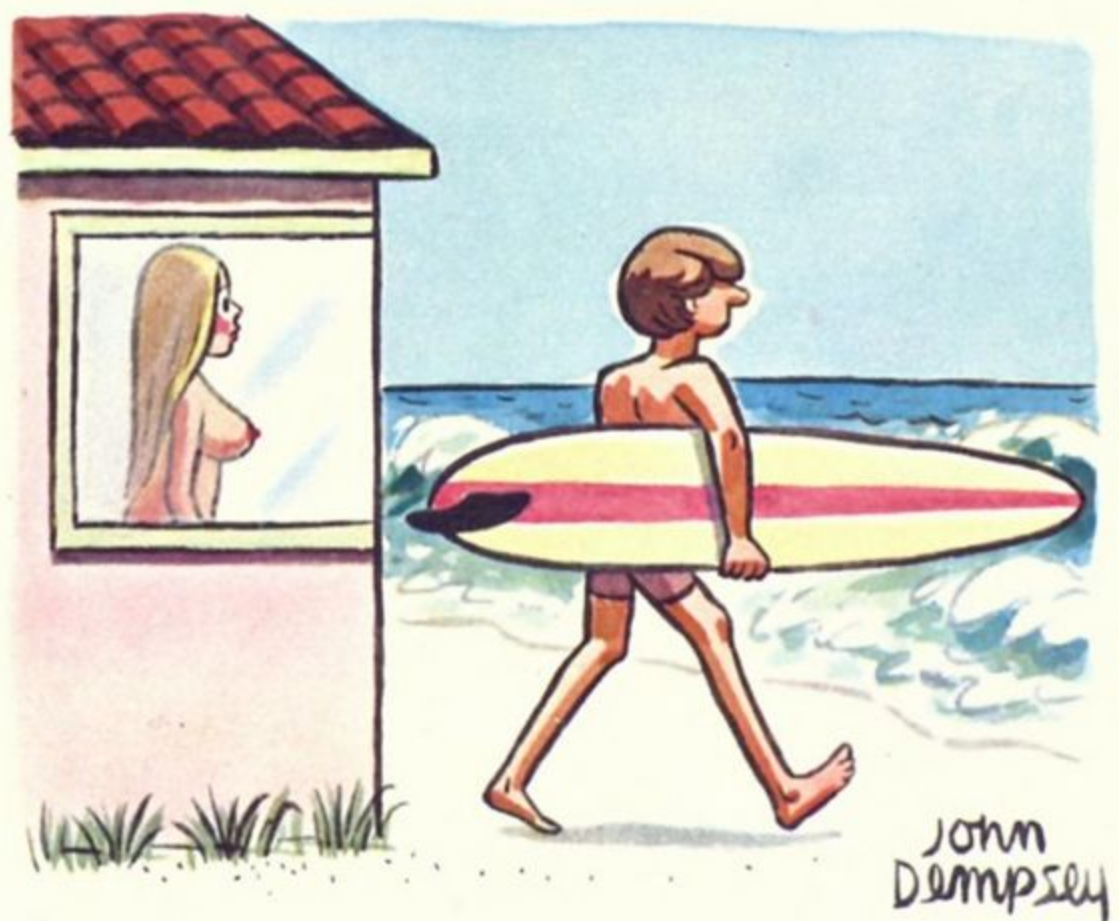
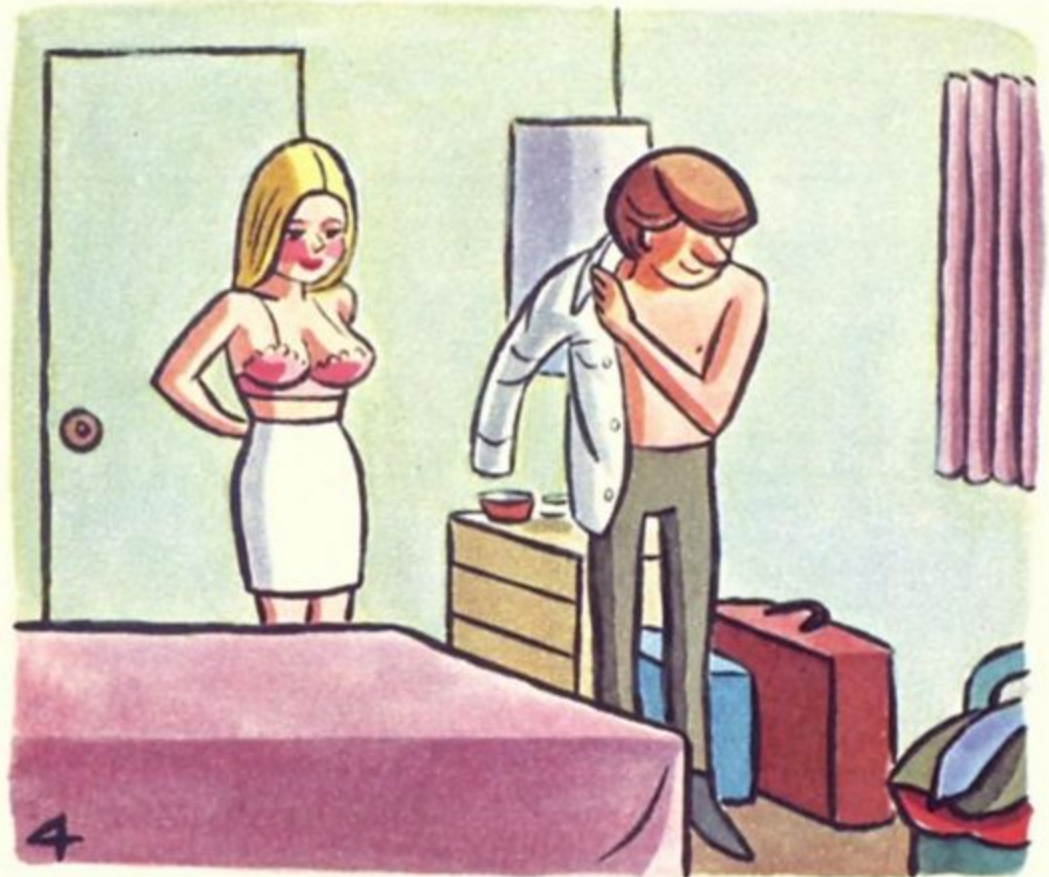
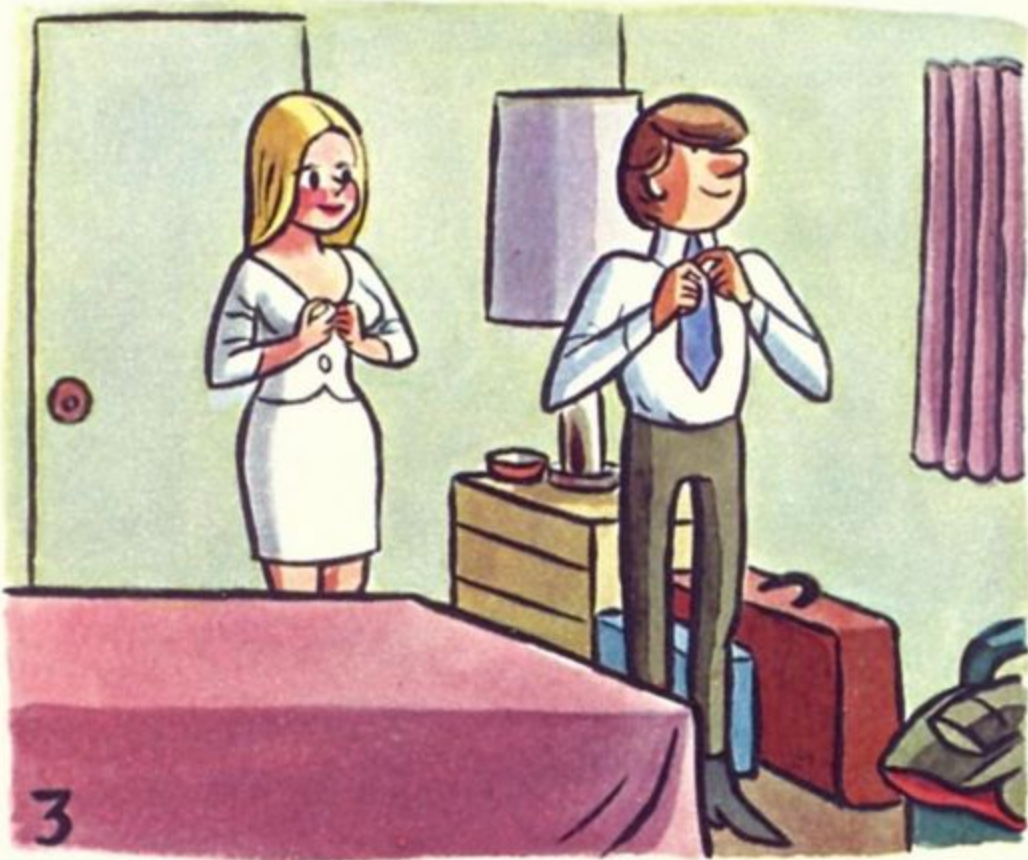
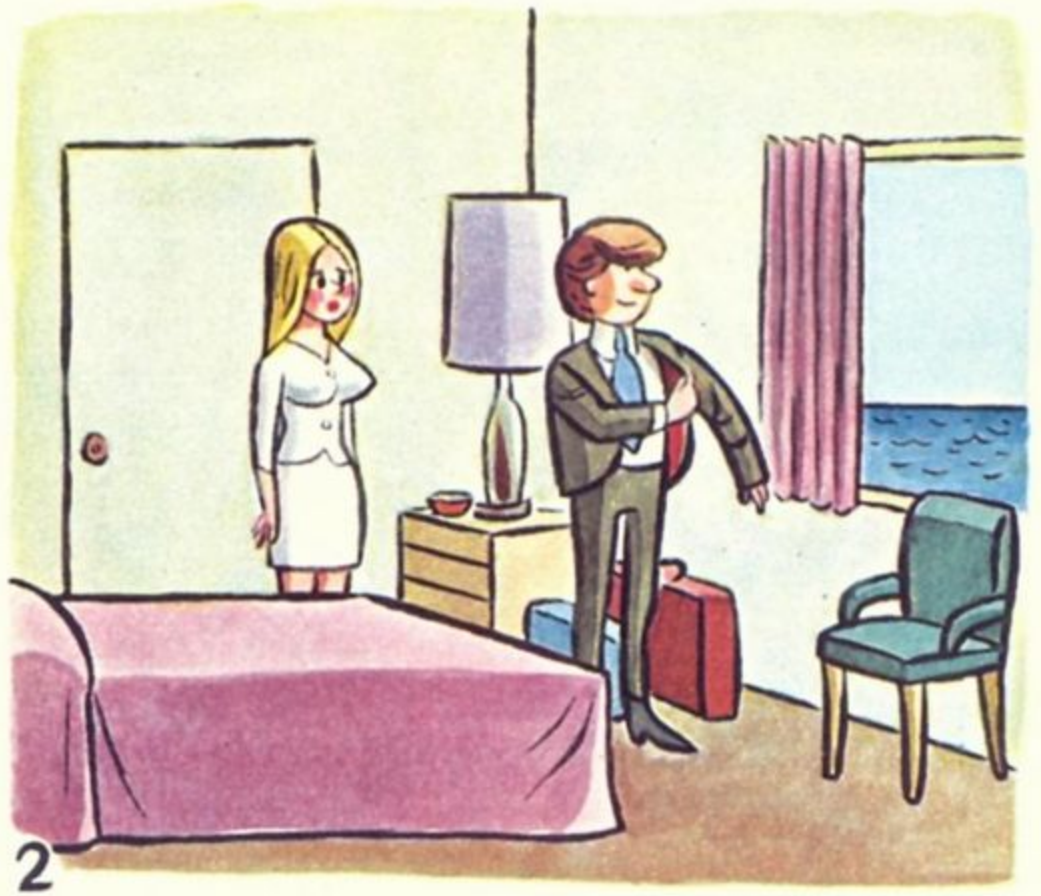
"That's right. She's not with me anymore. It'll be ten months the end of next week."

"Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, Charlie. How did it happen?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, it was room 312. I got tired of her nagging. She was never satisfied with anything, not

(continued on page 142)





John  
Dempsey







# PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

**november's lisa baker handily outpolled her rivals in april's playmate play-off to win the crown of centerfold queen**

"HI, BEAUTIFUL," began a typical fan letter to Lisa Baker from a company of GIs in Vietnam. Their to-the-point salutation sums up our readers' response to soft-spoken, speed-loving Lisa, who outstripped her able-bodied competition in our April *Playmate Play-off* by a margin that surprised only herself: "I'd been afraid even to get my hopes up." At presstime, Lisa's friends hadn't yet accustomed themselves to her prestigious new title ("I just told them to wait and see"), but her own astonishment was quickly erased by the Playmate Pink Plymouth Barracuda (left) that heads the list of her regal rewards. Lisa's harvest of gifts, a queen's ransom (text concluded on page 142)











A devotee of the best and newest sounds in jazz and pop music (left), Lisa posed with several of her most-often-played sides in her centerfold debut last fall. To keep her in the groove while serving as Playmate of the Year (and thereafter), she receives a record-contract audition from Monument; LP libraries from Cadet, Capitol and Mercury, and a Sony tape recorder.







PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL AND MEL FIGGE





*"Being a Playmate is a natural thing for any girl to do," observed Lisa —already a veteran of PLAYBOY promotional appearances from coast to coast—in her play-off campaign speech; her remarks struck a responsive chord in the electorate, and, as these unobstructed views attest, Lisa's a natural for the role.*





"This bed cost me \$63 in 1964. So far I've made \$78,432 profit on it."



## **the double talk of love** from "The Lives of Gallant Ladies" by the Abbé de Brantôme

Ribald Classic



ANY MAN who had seen the courts of our Kings François and Henri II, even if he had seen the whole world, would be sure to say that he had never beheld anything so lovely as our queens and ladies of the court. And one of the things he might have observed about them is that they follow the description by Lord du Bellay, who spoke of his mistress as "sober of speech but brisk in bed."

Of course, he meant sober when in conversation with all and sundry, for love makes ladies both eloquent and free in their talk; and I have heard many lords and gallant nobles say that great ladies are more lascivious than any whore when they are in the privacy of bed. There, they entertain their lovers with the lewdest suggestions and conversation, even freely naming the goods they carry at the bottom of their bag. Yet, in polite company, not a word of all this comes to their lips—they are masters of self-control.

But in my time, I did know one very lovely lady who spoke without thinking. She was discussing, once at court, the events of the recent civil wars, when she suddenly meant to say, "I understand that the king has blown up all the ponts of such and such a country," but instead put a "c" where the "p" should have been. I imagine that, having just slept with her lover or husband, she had that little word on the tip of her tongue.

Another lady, seeing her husband parading up and down in the palace hall one day, could not refrain from saying to her lover, "Look at our man over there—doesn't he look a real cuckold? I would have sinned against nature if I hadn't made him one—because she obviously designed and built him to be just that."

Another lady used to say that the privy parts of women were like hens, which, if they lack water, get the pip and die. Both should be frequently and carefully watered.

To which another lady added that she thought of hers as being more like a garden. The expectable rain that fell from the skies was not enough for her to be fruitful—and that was how she happened to use her gardener and his watering can.

In a word, speech in the game of lovemaking is a powerful instrument; and when it is lacking, the pleasure of the game is much less. Besides, if a lovely body does not have a lovely spirit, it is really more like a statue of itself than a human form. And if it is to be truly loved, however beautiful it may be, it must be accompanied by

a lively intelligence. A beautiful lady is twice as exciting if she have wit as well as looks.

I think of a certain charming lady, a widow of about 30 who was bantering one day with a gentleman—hoping to attract him to make love to her. She was about to mount her horse, when the apron of her cloak caught on something and, to help her, he took hold of it. She turned, saying, "See what you have done, you rascal; you have torn me in front."

"I really would be most sorry to have hurt such a fine and pretty part," he replied.

"And whatever do you know about it?" she said. "That's a face you have never seen."

"Now, now," replied the gentleman, "when you were a little girl and your petticoats flew up, I often saw it peeping out."

"Oh," she said, "then it was a mere slip of a face without any whiskers. It hardly knew what life was all about. Now that she's grown a beard, you just wouldn't know her."

"At least she hasn't changed her position, has she? I think I could find her in the same old place?"

"Yes," said the lady, "the same place—though my husband stirred her up quite a bit, and he used to wear her more often than Diogenes wore his barrel."

"What can she do without being stirred?" asked the noble.

"No more than a clock that is never wound."

"You had better watch out," he said, "and see that she does not suffer the fate of those clocks left too long without winding. Their springs grow rusty and then they are of no use at all."

"Comparisons," said the lady, "do not always fit. The clock we are thinking of will not rust. It is always in good condition, wound or unwound, and always ready when winding time shall come round again."

"Well, please God," he said, "when the time comes, that I may be the winder."

"When that festive day does come," answered the lady, "we won't spend it idle. My clock and I will make it a full working day. But God help the man I do not love as much as you."

Thus saying with these double-meaning stabs that pierced him to the heart, the lady kissed him heartily and mounted her horse to ride away.

—Retold by Jonah Craig





# Man Who Wrote Letters (continued from page 80)

The old man pulled the T-shirt out of his belt. It was true. Paul Greer stared at the saw-toothed edges of surgical scars twisted across the old man's stomach. All that Paul Greer had to show for 39 years of low man's luck were the nicks on his thumbs from carving thousands of radishes into rosettes.

"Let me tell you something, and I mean it; when I go to the VA or to Unemployment, or if I go into Social Security or the Red Cross or anyplace, I want the girl behind the desk to treat me like a human man and give me ordinary decent respectfulness like I deserve. By God, I'm a human man with a name and a face and feelings like everybody else. I'm not looking for some snotty clerk at the counter to call me 'You' or 'Next' or a number. I've had Presidents of the United States call me Mister, and they almost always get my name right, too."

Speaking of names, Paul Greer wanted to tell the old man about his father, Henri Grillère, who lost his two-star restaurant to creditors in Lyons and took a cattle boat to the New World, and how his name was flattened to Henry Greer passing through the Immigration Service on Ellis Island, but the old man was too wound up to take a breath and listen.

"And another thing, this goddamn numbers racket gets my goat. By the time you're my age, you got so many numbers attached to you, you turn into a laundry list. Only way a man can fight back is carry a ticket puncher in his hip pocket, and every time you get hold of an IBM card, punch hell out of it and throw a monkey wrench in their machinery. Catch me using a Zip Code? Hell, I don't even put a Zip Code on the President's letters.

"If I write the President, I don't just write looking to get gravy for yours truly. I write to try to get a flyspeck of attention for all the old drifters washed up on U.S. shores, left behind down in the doldrums like me. Why, I'd a hell of a lot rather go in front of a firing squad than go into one more Government file; I'm damn near buried in case numbers as it is, already."

For some reason, Paul Greer suddenly remembered that his Diners' Club application was still pending; he would write them tonight and cancel out.

"You won't believe this, but I once dove for sponges off Sarasota with the Greeks, till I got too old to hold my breath. I went back one season, Fifty-three, I think it was, to work the boats with them, but plastic sponges had come in and the natural-sponge trade went to the devil. Try selling a genuine real sponge to a woman nowadays, she'll throw you off the porch. Housewives don't know nothing about housekeep that they didn't learn on TV.

"Well, anyway, me and this Greek family I lived with, we got down to four dollars and there was seven mouths to feed, not counting yours truly. We ate spoilt tomatoes till we was sweating tomato juice. Made a whole meal one time out of boiled potato peels. Coconuts we picked up out of the gutter for dessert. Before they'd have to put their oldest girl out on the street for a whore, I got hold of a post-office pen and wrote Eisenhower a four-page letter. But my mistake was I went and forgot it was McCarthy's heydays, and for an answer I got an FBI guy knocking on our door to find out if any of us was Communists. The Greeks threw me out on my ear, flat, for getting them investigated. Can't hardly blame them: They'll have a black mark in Washington for the rest of their life. The FBI warned me I was a known crank from then on and under strict surveillance and I'd lose my mail privilege and my passport if I didn't watch my goddamn step." The old man wept, no question of it: The tears fell into his beer glass. "After that, I sort of lost touch with the White House."

When the pretzel sticks were broken to crumbs and finally reduced to powder, Paul Greer began cleaning the fingernails of one hand with the fingernails of the other.

"My last job, I took a job night watchman of a parking lot out in Coral Gables—try living on sixty-five-fifty a month Social Security sometime, if you want to live dangerous—but I got sick and tired of being called Whitey and Shorty and Pop and went and let the air out of some snot's tires one night. So they fired me."

The gullies in the old man's face ran wet with tears and Paul Greer wanted to buy the old man another beer, but he saw no way to signal Harry away from the pinball machine.

"The last letter I ever wrote a President, or ever will write, I wrote to Kennedy—the only President on TV that knew how to smile a real honest smile—but some son of a bitch down in Texas killed him before he could answer me."

The old man dropped his hands to his hips and, in a sudden fumbling spasm, emptied his pockets onto the bar: a dirty khaki handkerchief, some small change (mostly dimes), a mimeographed I.D. card from the A-1 Employment Agency, a ticket punch and a safety pin.

"I swallowed a whole box of staples one time, but I just vomited them back up again. Last year I went and swallowed a bottle of nail polish, bottle and all, and they had to fish it out, out at the VA hospital. The doc out there, he kept calling me Old-Timer, which always gets my goat. 'Old-Timer,' he says, 'one of these days you're liable to swallow one dangerous object too many.' Trying to use psychiatry on me. To needle him I

said, 'What about a nice big opened-up safety pin?' and he got sore and said, 'You swallow a pin and it's liable to catch in your gullet and work and pierce you right in the heart.' What he meant was, he wished I would."

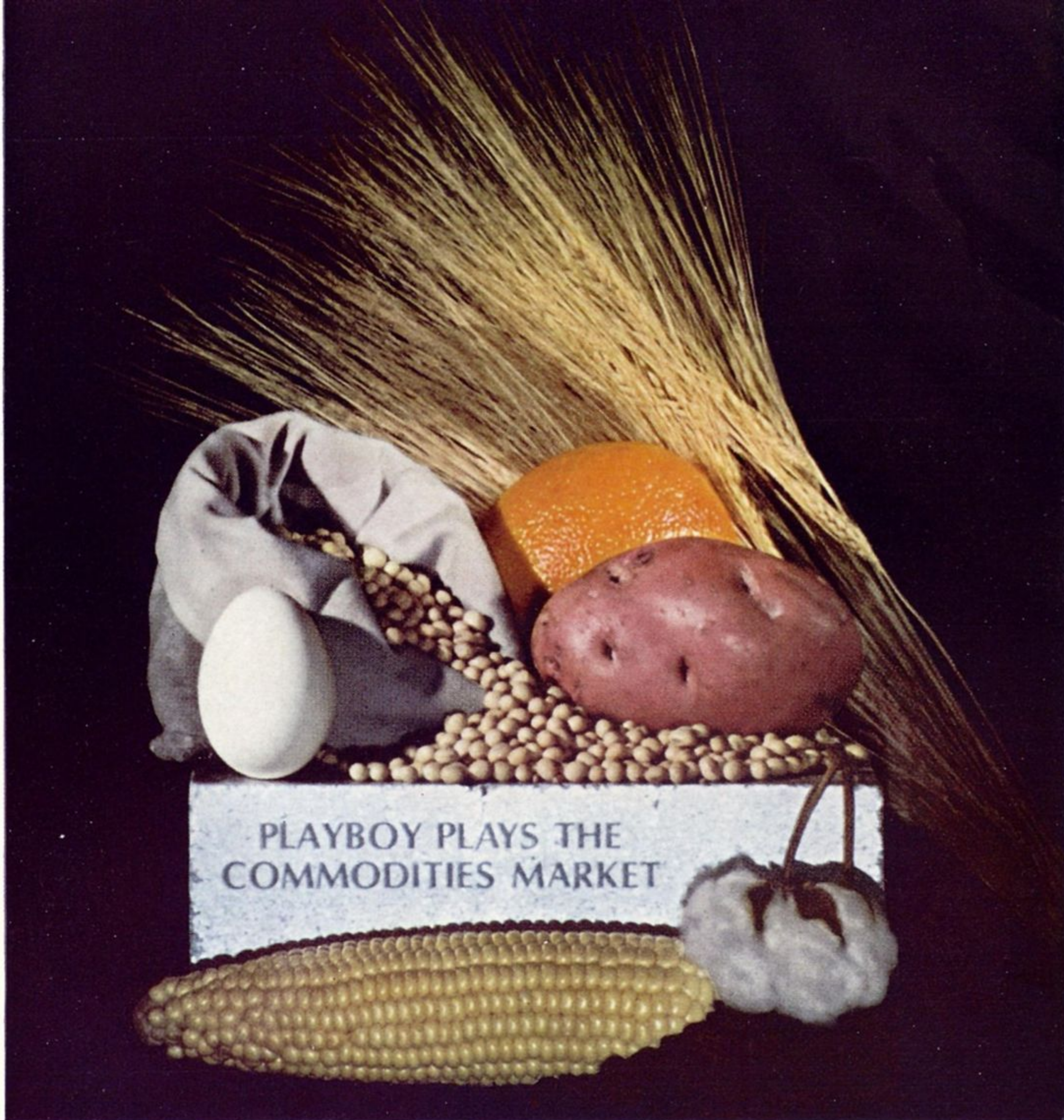
Paul would give the old man five dollars, what the hell; but reaching into his pocket his hand touched first on the rabbit's foot. Just then the old man picked up the safety pin and said, "See this here pin. It turned up in my clothesbag at the laundrymat, must've come off of some kid's diapers. They put a plastic safety catch on them now so they won't accidental open up and stick your baby."

He opened the plastic catch to show Paul Greer how it worked. Then he rocked backward on the stool, opened wide his toothless mouth and dropped the safety pin into it. He rocked forward again. With a terrible gagging sound, the old man washed the pin down with a swallow of beer.

Paul Greer felt himself go numb. Not since the explosion of the Japanese mine reverberated through his ship's bakery, not even the night he came home to find his first wife in the shower with a bus boy from the Cairo Hotel, had he known a panic like the panic he felt now, trying to remember whether the safety pin had been opened or closed when the old man swallowed it. When he could move again, he pulled the rabbit's foot from his pocket, thrust it onto the bar in front of the old man and fled.

Somehow, two blocks from the Silver Palm Lounge, he found himself sitting safely behind the wheel of his electric-blue sports car, parked in the luxuriant shade of a coconut palm. He did not try to start the car. His pencil mustache was dripping perspiration, and somewhere between Collins Avenue and Indian Creek Drive his legs seemed to have dropped off at the knees—but he would be all right in a little while, he told himself. He reminded himself of his accomplishments: He was a man who could make a mayonnaise in 12 seconds, provided the vegetable oil was pure and the egg had not been refrigerated. He had been awarded the Good Conduct Medal by the U.S. Navy; his car would be absolutely paid for in eight more payments. Once—and this was the high point of his career—he had supervised as many as 700 lettuce-and-tomato salads for a single Veterans of Foreign Wars luncheon, with Thousand Island dressing, and not one wilted lettuce leaf by the time the salads were served. He sat cracking his knuckles until he heard the ambulance siren coming across Arthur Godfrey Road. It was then that he began writing frantic letters in his head: "Dear Mr. President"—but whether to write about the old man's case or his own, he did not know.





not for the fainthearted, speculating in the pit can yield immense rewards—or wipe you out in a trice

article By MICHAEL LAURENCE

*Profits on the exchange are the treasures of goblins. At one time they may be carbuncle stones, then coals, then diamonds, then flint stones, then morning dew, then tears.*

—JOSEPH DE LA VEGA (1688)

TWELVE YEARS AGO, one of the most successful amateur commodity traders in the country, a former psychiatrist, made his speculative debut in spectacular fashion. He gave his broker \$5000, with detailed written instructions to buy wheat when the price reached a certain level and to use the profits to buy more at higher levels. Then—to avoid the temptation of changing his mind—he left for

Trinidad for five months. When he returned, he had a profit of over \$200,000 waiting for him. Perhaps he was psychic, or just lucky. But he did prove—at least in this instance—that novices *can* make a killing in commodities.

To the outsider—like our psychiatrist before his happy initiation—no speculative arena in the world appears as formidable as the commodities market. Those small-faced columns of type in the financial pages of the newspaper—replete with months, foodstuffs and indecipherable figures—provoke outright apprehension in even the most intrepid stock-market plunger. This scene, the uninitiated too often conclude, is for big-timers only.

Such an attitude is both unfortunate and mistaken. Those who make a living in commodities—from brokers on up to the governors of the big exchanges—are doing everything they can to dispel it. But myths die hard, and the myth of the big-time grain operator—privy to inside information, ruthlessly crushing small speculators as he makes millions in a few days by buying and selling carloads of a product he'll never see—is as persistent as it is false.

In fact, the commodities market is no more hostile to the small speculator—one cannot in conscience use the word “investor”—than is the stock market. A speculator is someone who has money



and is willing to risk it in hope of making more. The greater the risk, the greater the potential return. Those who wish to invest—to commit money at smaller risk in hope of realizing proportionately small profits—probably belong in stocks. But those who wish to speculate—who have the money to risk, the brains to commit this money intelligently and the stamina to see their commitment out—probably belong in commodities.

The notion that commodities trading is exclusively the purview of wizened old veterans and horny-handed farm tycoons is especially unfortunate in that it tends to discourage young men from taking a plunge. Commodities trading is uniquely suited for the relatively young. An unattached young man is far more likely to have \$1000 or so to venture in a situation where the potential gain (one-month profits of 100–1000 percent are not unheard of) justifies the risk. He has probably not yet reached that happy plateau from which he must seek the tax shelter of long-term capital gains. (Commodities profits—and losses—usually run up in less than six months. You just add them to your salary and pay regular income taxes on the lot.) And he is far more likely to have the time required to take an intelligent position in commodities and to have the independence and flexibility to see his position through, or retreat discreetly, when the heat is on.

The buying and selling of goods to be delivered in the future—which is what commodities trading is all about—may be as old as commerce itself. The basic idea is that prices fluctuate. Prices of agricultural goods—harvested one or two months a year but needed all year round—fluctuate wildly. Before the advent of organized futures trading, grain would sell for almost nothing when it was plentiful (usually right after harvest), then gyrate madly, according to the vagaries of weather, shipping, demand and what not. This pleased neither the growers (who often felt they weren't getting a fair price for their crops) nor the processors (who usually had to bid higher and higher for diminishing supplies of grain as the season wore on, and faced the risk of colossal inventory losses if prices plummeted). To escape this dilemma, growers began selling contracts for future delivery of goods at current prices. Such future-delivery contracts protected the farmer from losses that might occur if his produce were in oversupply (having already sold the goods, he didn't care what happened to prices after that) and protected the processor from losses he might incur if prices were to increase (having already purchased, he didn't care, either). In time, futures contracts became standardized and negotiable, and speculators leaped eagerly into the middle. If they thought the price of

## THE MOST ACTIVE

COMMODITY		NAME OF EXCHANGE TRADING HOURS (E.S.T.) MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY	SIZE OF SINGLE CONTRACT
LIVE CATTLE		Chicago Mercantile Exchange 10:05 A.M.—1:40 P.M.	25,000 lbs.
COCOA		New York Cocoa Exchange 10 A.M.—3 P.M.	30,000 lbs.
COPPER		Commodity Exchange, Inc. (N.Y.) 10:15 A.M.—2:50 P.M.	50,000 lbs.
COTTON		New York Cotton Exchange 10:30 A.M.—3:30 P.M.	100 bales (50,000 lbs.)
EGGS	FRESH	Chicago Mercantile Exchange 10:15 A.M.—1:45 P.M.	600 cases (18,000 dozen)
	FROZEN		36,000 lbs.
CHICAGO GRAINS: WHEAT, CORN, OATS, RYE, SOYBEANS		Chicago Board of Trade 10:30 A.M.—2:15 P.M.	5000 bushels
MINNEAPOLIS WHEAT		Minneapolis Grain Exchange 10:30 A.M.—2:15 P.M.	5000 bushels
KANSAS CITY WHEAT		Kansas City Board of Trade 10:30 A.M.—2:15 P.M.	5000 bushels
WINNIPEG GRAINS: BARLEY, FLAX, RYE		Winnipeg Grain Exchange 10:30 A.M.—2:15 P.M. (All prices in Canadian currency)	5000 bushels flax: 1000 bushels
HIDES		Commodity Exchange, Inc. (N.Y.) 10:10 A.M.—3 P.M.	40,000 lbs.
MERCURY		Commodity Exchange, Inc. (N.Y.) 9:50 A.M.—2:30 P.M.	10 76-lb. flasks (760 lbs.)
ORANGE JUICE (FROZEN CONCENTRATED)		New York Cotton Exchange 10:15 A.M.—3 P.M.	15,000 lbs.
PORK BELLIES (FROZEN)		Chicago Mercantile Exchange 10:25 A.M.—2 P.M.	30,000 lbs.
MAINE POTATOES		New York Mercantile Exchange 10 A.M.—1:30 P.M.	50,000 lbs.
SILVER		Commodity Exchange, Inc. (N.Y.) 10 A.M.—3:05 P.M.	10,000 troy ozs.
SOYBEAN MEAL		Chicago Board of Trade 10:30 A.M.—2:15 P.M.	100 tons
CRUDE SOYBEAN OIL		Chicago Board of Trade 10:30 A.M.—2:15 P.M.	60,000 lbs.
SUGAR #8 RAW (WORLD MARKET)		New York Coffee & Sugar Exchange 10 A.M.—3 P.M.	50 long tons (112,000 lbs.)

Commodities are listed alphabetically. Color code: animal products, yellow; metals, lavender; grains (and grain products), tan; other plant products, blue.



# COMMODITIES

(contracts, commissions and prices)

MARGIN RATE		COMMISSION  brokerage for both purchase and sale of contract, deducted after you're out	MINIMUM FLUCTUATION  smallest increment of price change		MAXIMUM DAILY MOVE  maximum permissible price move above or below previous day's closing—ordinarily, this is the most you can make or lose in a single day	
amount you must put up initially to secure a single contract	if your margin shrinks to this, you must make up the loss		PER UNIT	PER CONTRACT	PER UNIT	PER CONTRACT
\$300	\$200	\$25	.025¢	\$6.25	1½¢ per lb.	\$375
\$1200	\$900	\$50–\$70	.01¢	\$3	1¢ per lb.	\$300
\$1500–\$2000	\$1000–\$1650	\$50 + \$1.50 exchange fee	.01¢	\$5	2¢ per lb.	\$1000
\$500–\$750	\$250–\$500	\$45	.01¢	\$5	2¢ per lb.	\$1000
\$500	\$300	\$36	.05¢ per dozen	\$9	2¢ per dozen	\$360
\$400–\$600	\$200–\$300	\$36	.025¢ per pound	\$9	1½¢ per lb.	\$540
corn: \$500–\$600 oats: \$350–\$400 soybeans: \$750–\$1100 rye: \$600 wheat: \$600–\$750	corn: \$300–\$400 oats: \$200–\$250 soybeans: \$600–\$750 rye: \$400 wheat: \$500	oats: \$18 wheat, corn and rye: \$22 soybeans: \$24	.125¢	\$6.25	rye, soybeans and wheat: 10¢ per bushel corn: 8¢ per bushel oats: 6¢ per bushel	rye, soybeans and wheat: \$500 corn: \$400 oats: \$300
		\$22 for all grains except oats (\$18)	.125¢	\$6.25		
		\$22	.125¢	\$6.25		
barley: \$350 flax: \$200 rye: \$500	barley: \$200 flax: \$100 rye: \$250	barley and rye: \$20 flax: \$5	.125¢	barley and rye: \$6.25 flax: \$1.25	rye and barley: 10¢ per bushel flax: 15¢ per bushel	rye and barley: \$500 flax: \$150
\$800–\$1000	\$535–\$800	\$40 + \$1.50 exchange fee	.02¢	\$4	2¢ per lb.	\$800
\$500–\$700	\$335–\$450	\$40	\$1 per flask	\$10	\$50 per flask	\$500
\$500	\$250–\$500	\$30	.05¢	\$7.50	2¢ per lb.	\$300
\$700–\$1000	\$400–\$700	\$36	.025¢	\$7.50	1½¢ per lb.	\$450
\$400	\$280	\$23 + \$2 clearance fee	1¢	\$5	35¢ per 100 lbs.	\$175
\$700–\$900	\$470–\$700	\$35 + \$1.50 exchange fee	.05¢	\$5	5¢ per oz.	\$500
\$400	\$300	\$30	5¢ per ton	\$5	\$5 per ton	\$500
\$400–\$900	\$300	\$30	.01¢	\$6	1¢ per lb.	\$600
\$500	\$250	\$30	.01¢	\$11.20	1¢ per lb.	\$1120

Maximum permissible daily price moves usually change during final month of contract. Margin rates are typical, but can vary among brokerage houses. Most houses offer special rates for "straddle" and one-day trades. Information was believed accurate at presstime, but may change: See your broker.



grain were going up, they would buy contracts to receive it, in hope of subsequently reselling the contracts at a profit. If they thought the price were going down, they would contract to deliver grain at current prices, in hope of fulfilling the contract at a cheaper rate.

The commodities market has become more formalized over the years, but the essentials haven't changed. Today, anyone with a reasonable credit rating and a modicum of loot (as little as \$300 is required on some commodity contracts) can take a plunge. The odds are stacked against winning (three out of four trades lose money, according to the Commodity Exchange Authority); but if you follow a few basic rules, you can be reasonably assured of emerging relatively unscathed—and perhaps even wealthy.

Trading in commodities is no more difficult than trading in stocks. You simply call your broker and tell him what you want done. (More follows on selecting a broker and making a trade.) Obviously, you can't contract to receive a freight car full of frozen pork bellies the way you might buy a few shares of A.T.&T., then sit back and wait for them to appreciate. Sooner or later, depending on how distant your contract, you would face delivery of the goods. At some point, this nightmare bedevils all novice commodity traders; but, in fact, it's not worth the lost sleep. Fewer than one percent of all trades involve people who actually have the goods or are willing to take them. The rest are speculators like yourself. Even in the highly unlikely event that you find yourself still holding a contract after the date on which you may receive notice of delivery, there are many ways to extricate yourself.

Since you can't hold commodities for the long pull, they are not—in the classical sense of the word—an investment. They are a speculation—and an exciting one. In many ways, commodities better lend themselves to intelligent speculation than do stocks. Since there aren't nearly as many commodities as there are stocks (active futures trading is confined to fewer than 25 basic products), in selecting your trade, you do not have to sift through such a wealth of data. A stock trader, for instance, might be reasonably certain of the general direction of the Dow-Jones industrial stock average; but unless he buys all 30 stocks that comprise that average figure, he can't cash in on his knowledge. No matter how good his awareness of the general trend in stocks, he still finds himself frustrated by crosscurrents in individual stocks among the 1200-plus now traded on the New York Stock Exchange alone. The individual stock represents such a small fraction of the market that it can easily move against the trend—either through sheer perverseness or through back-room manipulation.

In commodities, each stock is a market

in itself. Once you understand wheat, you don't have to go on to understand an individual stock—you already do. Since there are only two dozen commodities of any real significance, it's at least possible (though not recommended) to keep an eye on all of them at once. While specialized, the markets in individual commodities are hardly small. One day's transactions in wheat alone often exceed in dollar volume a whole day's trading on the New York Stock Exchange.

In commodities, the margin—that percentage of the purchase price you must put up to make the purchase—is breath-takingly low, as little as five percent, compared with 70 percent currently for stocks. This means you get tremendous leverage: At a five-percent margin rate, you can buy \$10,000 worth of grain for \$500. If the price goes up just ten percent (as it often does in just a few weeks), you make \$1000—a 200-percent return on your investment. Of course, you can lose that much just as quickly.

Commodity orders are executed much more rapidly and in much larger numbers than stocks, which means you can buy and sell relatively large quantities without adversely affecting the price structure. Since all commodity prices are established, in the various exchanges, at open outcry (analogous to a public auction), there's less likelihood of getting an order filled at an unfavorable price—as happens all too often in the stock market, where prices are established not at auction but through “specialists,” whose job is to moderate price swings.

In the U.S., futures trading actually takes place in more than 50 commodities, but only half of these are of any real interest to the speculator. These divide into four basic categories. *Grains* include barley, corn, flaxseed, oats, rye, wheat and—even though they're not a grain—soybeans. Most grain trades take place in Chicago, on the mammoth Chicago Board of Trade, where almost 75 percent of all commodities transactions occur. You can also buy various grains in Minneapolis, Kansas City and Winnipeg. Most grain contracts are for 5000 bushels (see chart on pages 118–119). *Animal products* include live and dressed cattle, fresh and frozen eggs, hides (for shoes) and frozen pork bellies—from which bacon is sliced. The contracts vary in size. Except for hides, all of these are sold on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, feisty and volatile younger brother of the Board of Trade. Hides are sold at the Commodity Exchange, Inc., in New York. *Metals* include copper, lead, mercury, platinum, silver and zinc, also traded at the Commodity Exchange. The rest, mostly plant products, comprise cocoa, coffee, cotton, frozen concentrated orange juice, Maine potatoes, rubber, sugar and wool, all traded on various exchanges in New York.

Prices are generally recorded in cents per unit—bushel, pound, ounce or whatever lowest selling unit the commodity best suggests. A newspaper price of “173½” for Chicago December wheat, for example, means that wheat for delivery in Chicago next December is now selling at \$1.73½ a bushel; “167.50” for June silver means that silver deliverable next June in New York is now selling at 167.5 cents per troy ounce—\$1.675, if you will. A price of “27.01” for July 1968 cocoa means that cocoa beans for delivery in New York during that month are now selling at 27.01 cents a pound. Financial papers usually record the opening price, the high for the day, the low for the day, the closing price and the change the closing price represents over the previous day's close. Looking at the newspaper listings, you will see that futures contracts are not sold for every month. Usually there are six contract months in a year, sometimes fewer or more, depending on harvest patterns and producer needs. From time to time, the exchanges will add a new contract month or eliminate one in which trading is no longer active.

The exchanges themselves are simply places where buyers' and sellers' representatives gather to conduct their business. Most exchanges have both the allure and the acoustics of a high school gymnasium. Trades are accomplished through those traditional bulwarks of the free market: hand waving, shouting and jumping up and down. These activities are wisely confined to small arenas comprised of concentric octagonal rings. Because of their kinship to the holes in the ground in which commodities were first traded, the arenas are still called “pits.”

Selecting your commitment—and doing the study required to make it a good one—is, of course, the most difficult part of the game. Decidedly the easiest way to learn about a commodity is to take a position in it. It is astonishing how interested you will become in Chicago July wheat once you have contracted to receive 20,000 bushels of it. The weather in Kansas, ice floes in the St. Lawrence, the Food for Peace program, bumper crops in Australia, drought in India, turmoil in China—all these take on an intimately personal relevance when hard cash is at stake. While this is the easiest way to learn about commodities, it is certainly not the most profitable, because you should have done your homework *before* entering the market, not after.

Ideally, the novice who plans to go into commodities should spend weeks—even months—getting the feel of the action before he makes his first trade. If he has some prior experience in stocks, he already knows the value of *The Wall Street Journal*—which is certainly the finest financial newspaper published in the U.S. today, and whose front page





*"Well, it didn't bring rain, but you've got to admit it's  
one helluva ceremony."*



alone often contains more significant news than can be found in most big-city dailies. It's a must for persons seriously interested in profiting from *any* market.

While the *Journal* will provide you with a broad and easily digestible picture of world events and their relation to business and the market place, its commodity coverage is regrettably sketchy. For this reason, virtually all serious commodity traders also read *The Journal of Commerce*, a daily newspaper published at 99 Wall Street. Half of the *JC* is devoted to shipping ads of little consequence to anyone except exporters and smugglers, but the rest is made up of commodity news and penetrating economic reportage.

A wealth of commodity "advisory services"—well over 100 of them—publish weekly newsletters telling you how you can double or triple your money in a dazzlingly short time. The old counter "If they're so smart, why aren't they rich?" probably applies here, except that in commodities there's a legitimate

answer. So much of successful commodity trading depends on self-discipline that it's quite reasonable to encounter veteran traders who, like Alice, dispense very good advice—but can't follow it. Doubtless, some of these have fallen into the advisory game. In the aggregate, however, the services make many more losing recommendations than winning ones, which makes them no better than individual speculators, who do likewise. A good service will at least provide information you can't secure elsewhere; and this alone, recommendations aside, might be worth the price of admission—which is rather steep, often running up to \$150 a year. Most services offer a free sample newsletter, or a month's subscription for \$5, so little is lost in trying them. There are so many, viewing the commodities market from such varying angles, that perhaps you'll find one that suits you.

Once you've familiarized yourself with the workings of the market, you can begin trying to outguess it. There are two basic methods of determining how com-

modity prices will move: *fundamental analysis* and *technical analysis*. The two are certainly not mutually exclusive, but the most rabid proponents of each tend to divide, for reasons unknown, into hostile camps.

Fundamental analysis is the more straightforward of the two. Its assumption is that once you understand all the supply and demand factors at work—the fundamentals—you will know which way the price of a commodity will move. There are several difficulties here. First, few people can agree on just what the fundamentals are or, even if they get past this, on what they *mean*. A bull (one who thinks prices will go up) and a bear (his opposite) can look at precisely the same figures and reach contradictory conclusions. And, in the highly unlikely event that they agree on what the fundamentals mean, there's still no real certainty the market will follow.

Relying mainly on the reams of data emanating daily from such sources as the Department of Agriculture, fundamentalists compute the potential supply for the year (adding imports, exports and leftovers from previous years) and weigh this figure against what they think the demand will be. Then, bearing in mind seasonal price patterns that tend to repeat themselves in most agricultural commodities and even in some nonagricultural ones, they compare the current price with prices in previous similar years. All this supposedly tells what the current price will do—and often enough it does. Government price supports—and Government-owned surpluses—muddy the waters somewhat in corn, cotton, oats, rye, soybeans and wheat (to name a few), but less and less so as world shortages mount and farm surpluses disappear. Except in cotton, in fact, there are no more surpluses to speak of, a revelation that has yet to penetrate most newspaper editorial writers.

Since they have their eyes on the facts, fundamental traders can sometimes profit from special situations. Anyone who read the newspapers last spring—or who examined the coins in his pocket—could have sensed that the Treasury was running out of silver. Ultimately, the Government would have to stop selling it to all comers at \$1.29 an ounce. This finally happened on May 18—and in the next ten days or so, silver rose more than 30 cents an ounce. A speculator farsighted enough to buy a 10,000-ounce silver contract just prior to May 18 would have seen his \$700 investment grow to more than \$3500 in one exciting fortnight.

The great advantage of trading on the basis of the fundamentals is that you need not make the effort—easily transformed into agony—to watch day-to-day price movements. Fundamental analysis locates long-range price trends. If in your heart you know you're right, you can just wait it out. This was precisely



"Congratulations on the Vietnam mess."



the course followed by our psychiatrist friend, who parlayed \$5000 into \$200,000 while basking in Trinidad. He had deliberately repaired to a village lacking telephones and newspapers. "I couldn't have sweated it out if I had to watch the prices every day," he says. "I would have sold out too soon, or perhaps overpyramided and been wiped out on a minor setback." The fact that wheat moved up almost a dollar a bushel in his absence didn't hurt, either, and testifies to his sound assessment of the fundamentals. Of course, had he been wrong, he would have lost most of his \$5000.

Technical analysts avoid the fundamentals wherever possible. They reason that since *all* factors affecting the market are reflected in the market's price movement, the best way to locate the trend is to study the price movement itself, through charts. The most popular is eloquently called a "vertical line chart" (see chart below). On the chartist's graph paper, price is read from the horizontal lines (usually in eighths of a cent), and each vertical line represents a trading day. Every evening, the chartist draws a line between the day's highest and lowest prices, and then for good measure, adds a dash to indicate the closing price. (For those unwilling to compromise their time even to this extent, scores of serv-

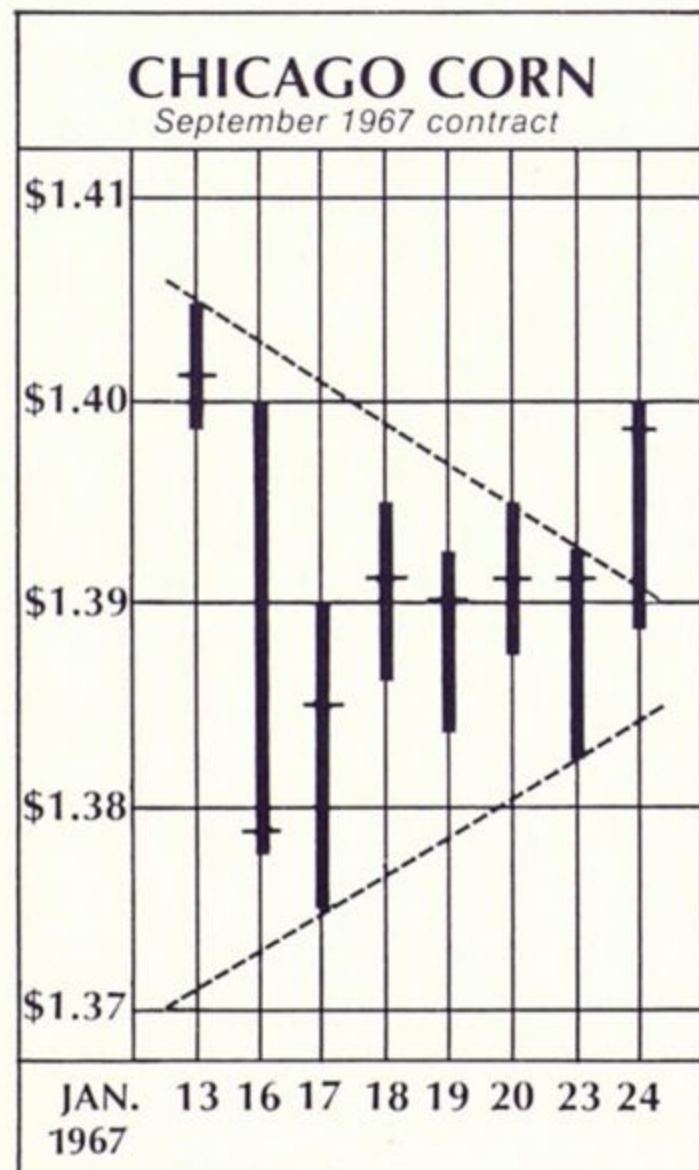
The true technical analyst, in fact, does not want his mind violated by a single fundamental. He reasons that any news he might hear would prejudice his reading of the charts, which already reflect the news. If it were possible, the technical purist would prefer to plot price movements without knowing what the price is or even which commodity he's following.

Chart trading is far from an occult science. A good deal of common sense supports it. Of course, as with fundamental analysis, different temperaments can interpret the same charts differently; and even when they agree, the market can still rumble off perversely in the opposite direction. But there is a surprising number of recurrent chart patterns that do seem to indicate where the market is heading. Consider the triangle in the chart shown. This is a rather common formation. The progressively narrowing price range indicates that all potential buyers and sellers have gradually been cleaned out of the triangle area. When the price *does* move beyond the bounds of the triangle, it can be expected to break sharply above or below the base lines—since there are presumably no buyers and sellers left inside. Chart traders look for such formations (there are dozens of different types, of relative degrees of certitude); and when the price breaks out, they will buy or sell, depending on their assessment of the basic trend of the market. In fact, after breaking out of its triangle on January 24, the corn plotted on the graph ran right off the chart the next day, closing at \$1.42.

If you still think chart trading is properly classed with necromancy and astrology, bear in mind that there are thousands of chart traders buying and selling daily. Right or wrong, they are staking hard cash on their divinations; and by their very number, they can often make the market conform to their charts.

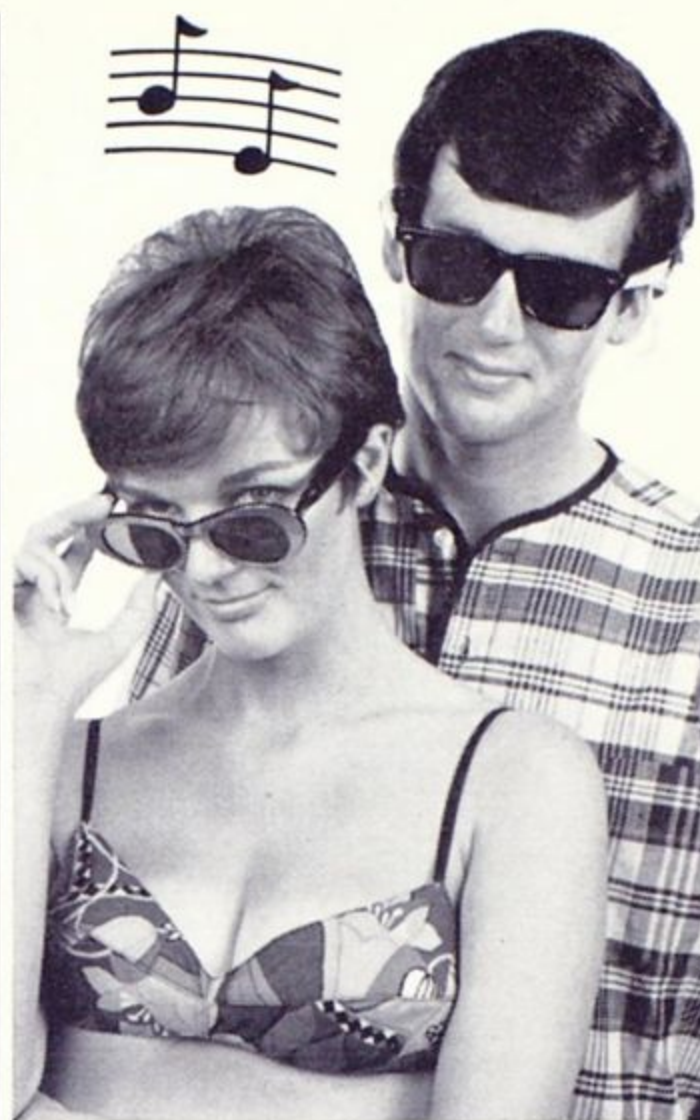
One of the most interesting—and least explored—aspects of technical analysis is that chart techniques seem to work equally well when applied to virtually *any* nonmathematical sequence of numbers. You can plot flips of a coin, red and black wins in roulette—even pure, random numbers. In each case, your chart will show marketlike action: congestion areas followed by breakouts, line trends punctuated by "typical" reactions, even an occasional "panic." This leads to the conclusion that the judgment of the market place, supposedly a precise evaluation of the considered opinion of a universe of intelligent buyers and sellers, is actually governed by the vagaries of sheer chance. This is a very pleasant and democratic way of looking at the market: Besides explaining what is otherwise unexplainable, it gives everyone an even break.

The fundamental and the technical approaches are strikingly different. The



ices offer filled-in charts, for every commodity, air-mailed each Friday night.) If the chartist reads his drawings correctly, so the theory goes, the market, reflecting all the fundamentals, will itself tell him what it is going to do.

This is a beautiful theory, not only because it obviates the depressing prospect of having to read magazines such as *Feedstuffs* and *Hampshire Herdsman*.



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P-1



results one can expect to obtain from each are just as dissimilar. Generally, the fundamental trader will catch larger price moves, because he will hit them closer to the extremes and ride them farther. Chester Keltner, a fine fundamental grain trader who lives in Kansas City (and publishes an advisory letter there), once took a profit of 85¾ cents a bushel in a single position in Chicago May wheat—about a \$4300 profit on each contract (then selling at \$500). He himself admits he never could have made such a profit had he been technically inclined, because the charts would have told him to sell prematurely.

The drawback is that the fundamentalist must be able to stand large losses. Because he doesn't follow the daily market trend, he may make his move too early. No matter how sound his assessment, he may have to sweat through disastrously unfavorable action—losing

literally thousands in the process—before the market finally vindicates him. Unless he has real confidence in his plan—and the cash to back it up—the market may prove him wrong.

If he plans his trades correctly, the technician never faces the prospect of huge losses. When he decides the market is going to move, he gets in. If he's right, well and good. If the market goes against him, he gets out immediately, at a small loss. The big danger he faces is not in many small losses (which one reasonable profit will more than cover) but in taking his profits too quickly. Attuned to every market move, the technician tends to see each minor setback—which wouldn't perturb the implacable fundamentalist—as heralding a larger sell-off.

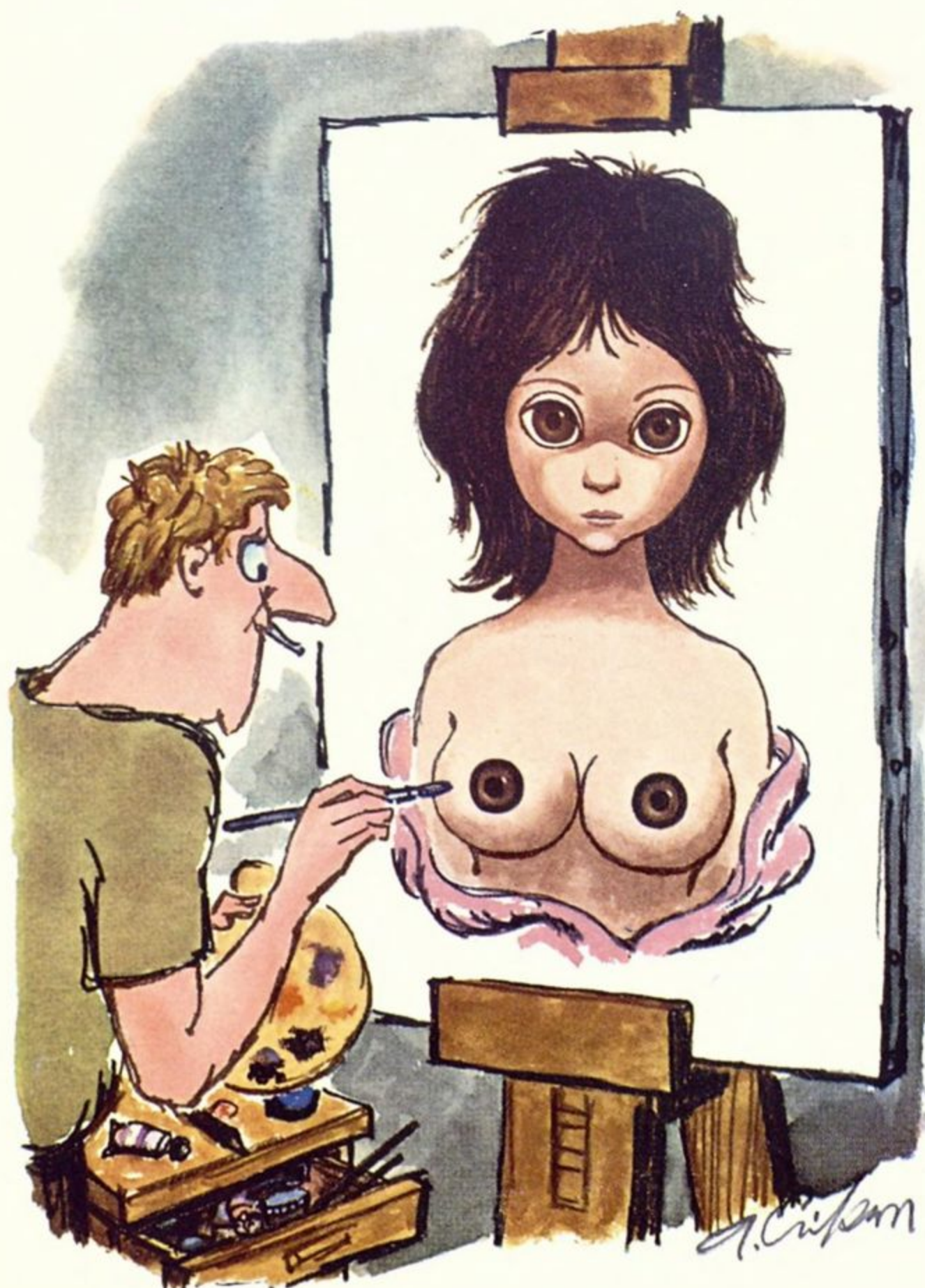
Working for the technician, however, is his utter disregard for value. Thomas Lodge's maxim ("Buy cheap and sell dear") is anathema to the chartist. Since

he follows the price trend, he much prefers to buy dear and sell dearer, or sell cheap and buy back cheaper. A successful chart trader—in the course of a few weeks—might buy soybeans at \$2.16 a bushel, sell them on a minor reversal at \$2.19, buy in again at \$2.22, sell out when the market hesitates at \$2.26, then buy back again at \$2.30 and ride it up to \$2.34. This sort of jockeying strikes terror in the soul of the fundamentalist—who usually finds it difficult, once he has sold out of a position, to buy back into it at a higher price—but as long as the technician's method works, and it obviously does, his fundamental cousin can't criticize too loudly.

A very reasonable trading method would be to combine the best aspects of both techniques. This would involve using the fundamentals to locate potential long-range price moves, and then using charts to limit losses by determining the precise time and place to make the trade. Unfortunately, the two techniques appeal to such different personalities that one would have to approach schizophrenia to master them simultaneously.

Somewhere in the nether world between the fundamental and technical approaches lie the mechanical trading rules. These attempt, by precise mathematical means, to provide infallible guides to profitable trading. Most of them have no merit at all; but some, especially those that try to take advantage of price trend, are worth considering. Most trend rules try to formalize what the chartist does instinctively. The rules determine which way prices are going and point out places to buy and sell. They are much too complicated to consider here; but if you are seriously interested in them, you should refer to Keltner's *How to Make Money in Commodities*, which treats several of them extensively—including one that would have produced profits in nine out of ten years (1950–1959) in soybeans, for a total net gain of \$21,354 on a \$1000 margin account. Keltner wisely points out that such rules can also rack up a distressingly large number of small losses. What proved a golden rule in soybeans, for instance, once produced 13 consecutive losses in wheat—in less than three months. During this debilitating setback, most traders would probably have thrown the rule out the window and perhaps jumped out after it—no doubt just when a hefty profit was imminent. Trading mechanically takes money; but it also takes stamina, reserves of which are often thinner than one's billfold.

There are also trading rules—if rules they can be called—that are fundamentally oriented, in that they try to capitalize on seasonal price swings. A well-known story tells how a successful grain trader's "secret" was found, after his death, among his effects. The secret (ac-





cording to Gerald Gold's *Modern Commodities Futures Trading*) was simply a scrap of paper, on which was written:

	BUY	SELL
Wheat		January 10
	February 22	May 10
	July 1	September 10
	November 28	
Corn	March 1	May 20
	June 25	August 10

This "system" is now known as "the voice from the tomb" and, according to Gold, some traders still regard the dates as important signposts—perhaps with good reason, since in the first two months of this year alone, \$1000 invested on this cryptic tip would have yielded a profit, after commissions, of over \$800.

While you are getting the feel of the market, you might start looking for a broker. If you have responded to newspaper ads offering samples of various brokerage-house market letters, rest assured that client-hungry brokers are already looking for you. Finding a broker, you will learn soon enough, is no trouble at all; finding a *good* one is another problem altogether. Good or bad, he should work for a firm that has a membership in (or a connection with) all the big exchanges. This is just to assure you rapid execution of your orders. Most large brokerage houses qualify.

It is a sad but certain fact that all too many commodity brokers are themselves washed-out traders. Having run through their personal fortunes, they find themselves reduced to running through the fortunes of others. Their presence underscores the element of compulsion—even addiction—still associated with the seamier side of commodity trading. Frank Norris had noticed this as far back as 1903, when he published *The Pit*, a novel whose quaint Victorianism clashes charmingly with its exploration of the gritty mechanics of a wheat corner. Even in Norris' time, unstable elements among the relatively well to do were drawn to commodities with the same insistence that their cousins among the relatively poor are drawn to the horses. It may take years for a facile incompetent to run through a fortune in commodities. But having done so, and presumably having learned something (though manifestly not enough) in the process, he has little recourse but to become a broker. Perhaps he will become a good one—though there is small evidence that his inability to handle his own money qualifies him in handling that of others. A good broker, one who can consistently take money out of the pit, will not long remain a broker. Why should he? Why



should he sit in a board room day after day staring at figures and answering hate calls from disappointed customers, when he could instead be making money for his personal account?

Many of the successful young men in commodities—brokers or otherwise—view with suspicion anyone who has been in the game more than 10 or 15 years. Commodity trading up through the early 1950s was more a carnival than a profession. The fabled exploits of many of the biggest plungers of that era often unfolded in the razor-thin no man's land that separates capitalist derring-do from outright fraud. These operators have now gone to their rewards—in jail or in Brazil—and their acolytes who are still active are, naturally, a trifle suspect.

No matter how sound your broker's market advice, you should not take it as gospel. The myth that since a man spends ten hours a day in the board room living and breathing commodities, he obviously knows more than you do, simply doesn't hold up. In fact, the board room is the very worst place from which to assess the market, as any good broker will tell you. Rumors flourish in the board room the way sores fester in the tropics. Those who watch the market most closely—the brokers and the market analysts—usually succumb to the all-too-human impulse of overemphasizing the news that supports what's currently happening. When the market is rising, tape watchers subconsciously play up the good news and discount the bad. This is a cumulative process, building up in increments of ever-rosier optimism as prices continue to climb. It causes brokers and analysts to be most bullish when the market is about to turn down and most bearish when it is about to turn up. Free advice is worth just what you pay for it—nothing. Be suspicious of all advice, but be especially suspicious of advice from brokers.

As you familiarize yourself with the market, you will become less dependent

on your broker even for hard information; but you will rely on him more and more to execute your orders precisely. The mechanics of trading are relatively simple, but occasionally confusion, laziness or ignorance—on the part of either broker or trader—can compound with disastrous results.

One area of confusion centers on the margin requirement. It is perhaps the least understood aspect of commodity trading. It is often rather tenuously compared with the stock-market margin, but the two are so dissimilar that there is no parallel. In stocks, the margin is the percentage of the cash value of a security on which brokers are allowed to lend money. When the margin is 70 percent, as it is now, you can buy \$1000 worth of a stock for \$700. Your broker lends you the rest—at interest, of course—keeping the purchased shares as security.

In commodities, your broker lends you nothing, so you pay no interest. The "margin" in commodities is similar to the earnest money you would put down in a real-estate deal. It binds a contract for goods to be received in the future. As in real estate, full payment is not expected until you actually take possession—decidedly an unlikely event in commodities. While the value of your contract fluctuates, your earnest money must remain constant.

Say you buy 5000 bushels of Chicago December wheat at \$1.85 a bushel. The minimum customer margin requirement for wheat, set by the various exchanges, usually with the blessings of the Commodity Exchange Authority, is now 15 cents a bushel. Perhaps—if you are a new customer of indeterminate means—your broker will require a few cents more, to give his company breathing space. At 15 cents a bushel, you must put up \$750 to bind your contract. You are agreeing to receive a freight car-load of wheat—at \$1.85 a bushel—sometime next December. You put up money to show your good faith—and your solvency, should



wheat decline and you find yourself committed to buy at a price above the market. If the price does go down, say, 5 cents a bushel, you have lost \$250. Your earnest money is no longer adequate, and you will receive a "margin call" for more. In practice, you have a few days' breathing space; but unless wheat rallies quickly, the margin call means you have to cough up \$250 or be sold out.

It's usually unwise to meet a margin call, but say you do and then the wheat rallies. When it gets back to \$1.85, your contract is worth \$250 more than is needed to secure it, and you may withdraw that much. Thereafter, if the wheat goes up another 10 cents a bushel, your contract would then be worth \$500 more than is needed, and you could withdraw that, too. In fact, you can keep withdrawing profits as long as you make them.

Short selling is another market enigma, perhaps once again because of confusion that washes over from the stock market. To make a short sale in commodities, you simply contract not to receive the goods but to *deliver* them, at some future date. You do this in expectation that prices will fall, enabling you to meet your obligation at a lower price sometime before you're expected to deliver.

Most Americans view short selling in stocks as somehow tainted. "How can you sell something you don't have?" they ask, ignoring the fact that magazines do it whenever they sell a subscription. Perhaps a slightly more sophisticated objection is that it's somehow un-American or immoral to profit when the value of American industry (which is presumably reflected in its shares) deteriorates. The Internal Revenue Service and the Securities Exchange Commission (which regulates stock sales) implicitly recognize the immorality of short selling in stocks and refuse to grant short sellers the tax shelter of long-term capital gains. Short sellers of stocks are also required to pay any dividends that may be declared on the shares they are short, and the SEC insists that short sales be made only on "upticks"—which means you can't sell a stock short until it is rising, which is certainly not the best time to be a seller.

Short sales in commodities may be made at any time. There are no tax penalties and no dividends to pay. In fact, morality in commodities favors the shorts. They, after all, are hoping prices will go down. They want cheap grain, so cheap that everyone can eat. It's the longs—the buyers—who are on the side of starvation. The shorts want superabundance, grain in such excessive quantities as to stuff every starving Indian. It's interesting that the dreams of the one-world liberal and the short-selling commodity speculator should so nicely coincide. Moreover, in commodities there is only a small logical leap between the

long and the short side. There seems little substantive difference, for instance, between buying something you don't want and will never receive and selling something you don't own and will never deliver.

But despite the overwhelming case—moral and otherwise—to be made for the short sale of commodities, the speculative public is invariably biased toward the long side. That is, they prefer to be buyers. This is unfortunate, at least for the speculative public. Perhaps it explains why so many small investors regularly lose such large sums in commodities. Bear in mind that for every contract purchased, someone else has to sell one. Futures contracts always involve two parties. For every long in the market, there is a short. While stock prices favor a long position by tending to rise in the long run—due to inflation, increased productivity or progress generally—commodity prices do not. Improved agricultural productivity generally means *lower* commodity prices, so much so that the long-range trend in commodity prices is sideways—or even down. The Commodity Research Bureau price index of 25 commodities futures—based on a 1947–1949 average of 100—recently stood at 87. During the same period, the value of an average share on the New York Stock Exchange had risen from \$9 to \$51. While there is no long-range bias toward a long position in commodities, this information does not seem to penetrate the speculative public, who are inveterate longs. Since the public is biased toward the long side, and since the public is usually wrong, then a short position—all other things being equal—is more likely to show a profit. Even if it doesn't, you at least have rectitude on your side.

Once you've located a broker, opened an account and deposited the necessary margin, you'll find that placing an order is relatively simple. (Often, in fact, the difficulty is in *refraining* from placing an order.) You simply call your broker and tell him what you want done. The simplest of instructions is a market order: You tell your broker to buy or sell at whatever price prevails. There are also all sorts of limited orders, the best-known being the stop-loss order, often called a "stop." This is an order to buy or sell at the prevailing market price only after the market touches a certain level.

Stops are especially useful to technically oriented traders, who, after studying their charts, might decide that oats will run away as soon as they break out of their current price range. Rather than checking the price of oats every few minutes, for days or even weeks, the chart trader would decide precisely to what level oats would have to rise to indicate a breakout, and then instruct his broker to enter a "stop-buy" order at that level. When oats finally touch the

designated price, the trader's limited order becomes a market order, to be filled immediately at the best price available.

Stops can also be used to protect profits. Say you purchased 5000 bushels of soybeans at 282 (\$2.82 a bushel) and the price has risen to 305. You have a profit of 23 cents per bushel—\$1150, not bad. You suspect soybeans may continue to rise, and if they do, you want to ride with them. However, they have run up rather sharply and may turn around with equal exuberance, in which case you would want to get out in a hurry. Here you would probably decide to enter a "stop-sell" order two or three cents below the current market price, say, at 303. If the beans did begin to collapse, you would be sold out automatically, and most of your profit would be preserved. If the beans kept rising, your profits would rise with them, and you could advance your stop periodically, always trailing the market by two or three cents. When the beans finally did turn around—and they always do—the market would sell you out automatically, at a cozy profit, indeed.

There are many varieties of limited orders, and your broker is probably capable of complying with virtually any order he can understand. One of the more common types is the MIT (market if touched) order, more or less the opposite of a stop, requesting to sell at the market if it runs *up* to such-and-such a price, or buy at the market if it runs *down*. MIT orders, favored by fundamental traders, are especially useful in getting in or out at a good price. Another common limited order goes by the suggestive acronym FOK (fill or kill), also called a "quickie." The trader sets his own price: if the order can't be filled immediately at that price, it is canceled.

Besides normal buying and selling transactions, there's almost an unlimited number of arbitrage possibilities. Arbitrage, in the stock trader's speculexicon, describes the simultaneous purchase and sale of two different, but related, stocks. A big-time stock trader can occasionally take advantage of intermarket aberrations—by buying, say, 10,000 shares of General Motors on the big board at 78, while simultaneously selling the same amount on the Midwest Stock Exchange at 78 $\frac{1}{8}$ . The profit (not subtracting commissions and taxes) would be \$1250. You can make similar transactions between a common stock and its warrants (the rights to buy it, which are sometimes traded themselves) or between a common stock and its convertible bonds. Unfortunately, you may need a real boodle—in the example above, well over \$500,000—to trade in quantities large enough to make such deals worth while.

In commodities, an arbitrage transaction is called a spread or a straddle. The two terms are generally interchangeable, but old-timers like to use "spread" when



they're talking about grains and "straddle" when referring to anything else. For reasons that will be explained below, the cost is much less than a comparable transaction in stocks. In fact, it's actually cheaper to set up a commodity spread than a normal, one-way transaction. And since commodities are interconnected by a vast variety of subtle relationships, only your imagination, your bank roll and the Commodity Exchange Authority limit your horizons. The purpose of a spread transaction is to take advantage of price disparities that grow up between related commodities. The assumption is that sooner or later a more normal relationship will prevail.

The most straightforward of spreads involves the same commodity in different months. A glance at the newspaper statistics will reveal that in most commodities, the more distant months become progressively more expensive. This is quite reasonable, because the distant futures represent the price at which you can buy, today, goods to be received some months hence. Until delivery, storage costs are borne by the seller. Thus, in a hypothetically normal market, the distant futures should increase in value over the current cash price (often called the "spot" price) by a sum precisely equal to the carrying charges—the cost of storage, insurance, periodic inspection and what not. The monthly carrying charges for each commodity have been carefully computed (it's currently  $2\frac{3}{4}$  cents a bushel for wheat, for instance, and  $19/100$ ths of a cent per pound for cocoa), and this computation should be reflected in the distant future price.

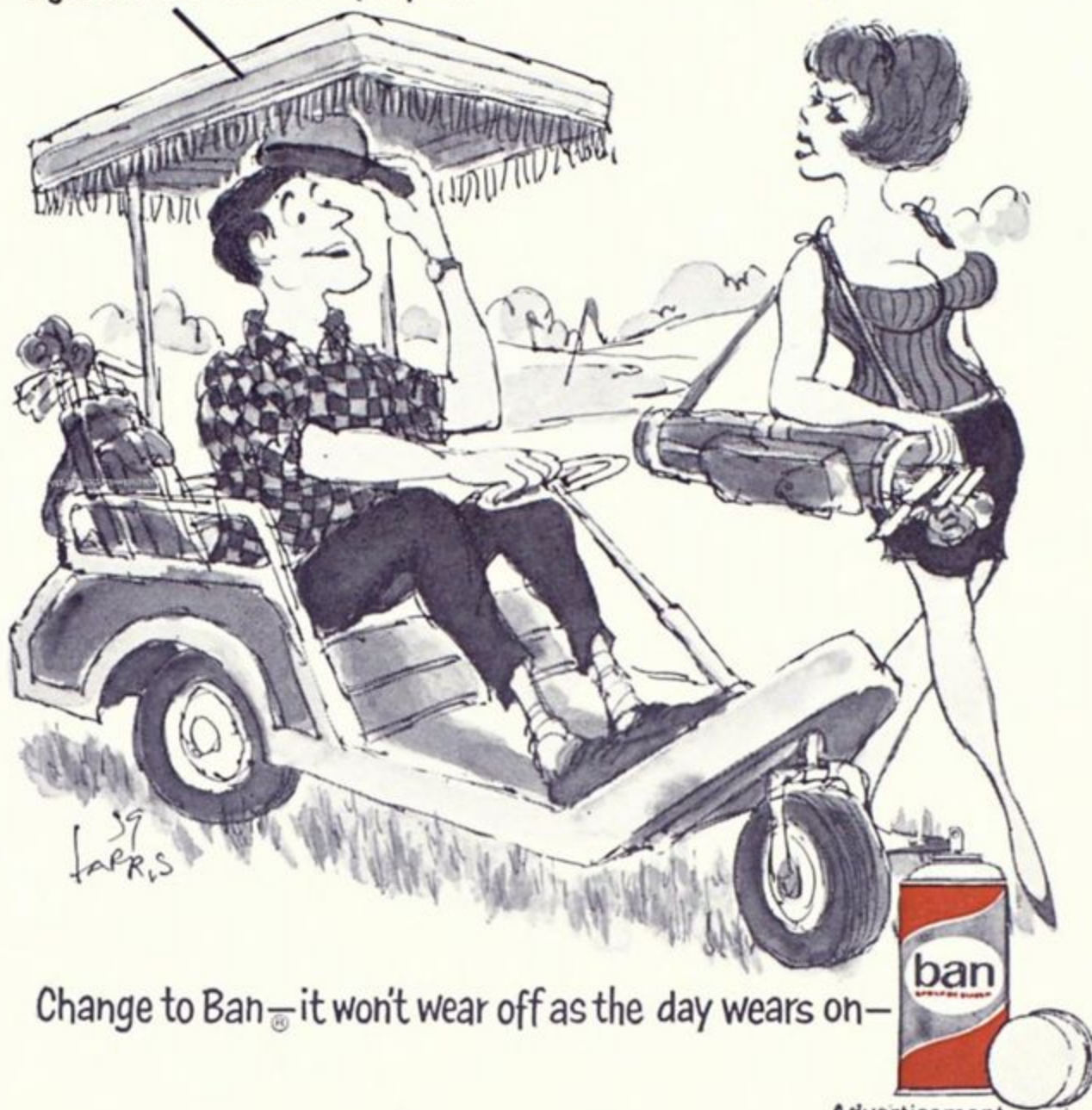
Usually, however, extraneous factors—impending shortages or surpluses, a new Government crop-loan program, or a whole galaxy of others—send the hypothetical normal market into disarray. Spreads are set up to capitalize on such disarray. Speculators buy one month and sell another, betting that the spread between the two will widen or close.

One of the most interesting spreads occurs on those rare occasions when there actually is a "normal" market. When July wheat is selling at a premium of 11 cents a bushel over March, the July price fully reflects the carrying charges—four months at  $2\frac{3}{4}$  cents a month. In such a case, there is *literally no risk* in selling the distant month and buying the near month. This is because the mechanics of the market place will prevent the distant month from ever selling at more than 11 cents over the near month. If this were to happen, owners of grain elevators—or anyone else, for that matter—could make a profit simply by buying March grain and simultaneously selling July. They could receive the March grain, hold it for four months, make delivery against their July contract and still make a profit.

Such a tidy situation doesn't usually

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present itself; but as the premium for distant months approaches the carrying charges, spreads that "sell the charges" (that is, sell the distant month and buy the near month) become progressively more attractive. If you look hard enough, it's not unlikely that you'll discover a spread where the risk is only one or two cents a bushel—and where the potential profits are limitless. The threat of an immediate shortage could send the near month (which you purchased) into orbit, while the distant month (which you sold) might remain constant, or—if it reflects next season's crop—it might even plummet, reflecting possible surpluses caused by farmers reacting over-enthusiastically to current high prices.

There are many other types of spreads. You can take advantage of price differentials between different markets (buying Chicago July wheat and selling Kansas City July wheat, for instance); between related commodities (buying December oats and selling December corn—since the two are virtually interchangeable as livestock feed); between a commodity and one of its by-products (selling September soybeans and buying September soybean oil); or even capitalizing on such an apparently tenuous relationship as that which ties the price of hogs to the price of corn—on the theory that if corn becomes inexpensive relative to hog prices, farmers will tend to indulge their pigs, rather than slaughter them, until a more favorable relationship prevails.

While the possibilities for spreading are many, they all share the basic characteristic of limiting your risk. Having sold March soybeans and bought November, the speculator doesn't care

whether the beans go up or down—as long as the gap between his buying price and his selling price narrows. On January 3, 1967, for instance, you could have sold 5000 bushels of March soybeans at 293 and simultaneously purchased 5000 bushels of November beans at 280½. (This, incidentally, was an "inverted" market. The distant futures were cheaper than the near ones—reflecting scarcity in the actual supply on hand and fears of abundance in the next crop.) Seven weeks later, on February 14, you could have canceled the spread, buying 5000 March beans at 285½ and selling 5000 November at 276. You would have lost 4½ cents a bushel on the November transaction but made 7½ cents on the March—for a net gain of 3 cents a bushel, or \$150, less commissions of \$24. This may not seem a great deal, but it's still over 25 percent, in less than two months, on your \$600 margin—and made at a time when the cash price of soybeans dropped more than 10 cents a bushel. Had you simply taken a long position in soybeans on January 3, you would have lost—assuming you stayed around to endure it—over \$500.

Because spreads limit your risk, margins and commissions are proportionately less. Commissions on a spread are usually not much more than the commission on a single transaction. Margins are much less than would be required on two unrelated transactions—usually less than that for a single transaction. In fact, at least one national brokerage house requires no margin whatever on spreads. You can actually spread a million bushels of soybeans—simultaneously contracting to receive and to deliver goods worth

in the aggregate well over \$5,000,000—for the niggardly sum of \$4400, representing only the commissions on the transaction. And you don't pay the commissions until after you've lifted the spread. Applying capitalist initiative of this sort to our soybean example, the profit, subtracting commissions, would have been \$25,600—in two months, on an investment of literally nothing. While such a transaction is theoretically possible, no sane broker would have let you—or his firm—into it. Yet it's something to consider, at least in a truncated version, after you have established your credit and built up a trading account.

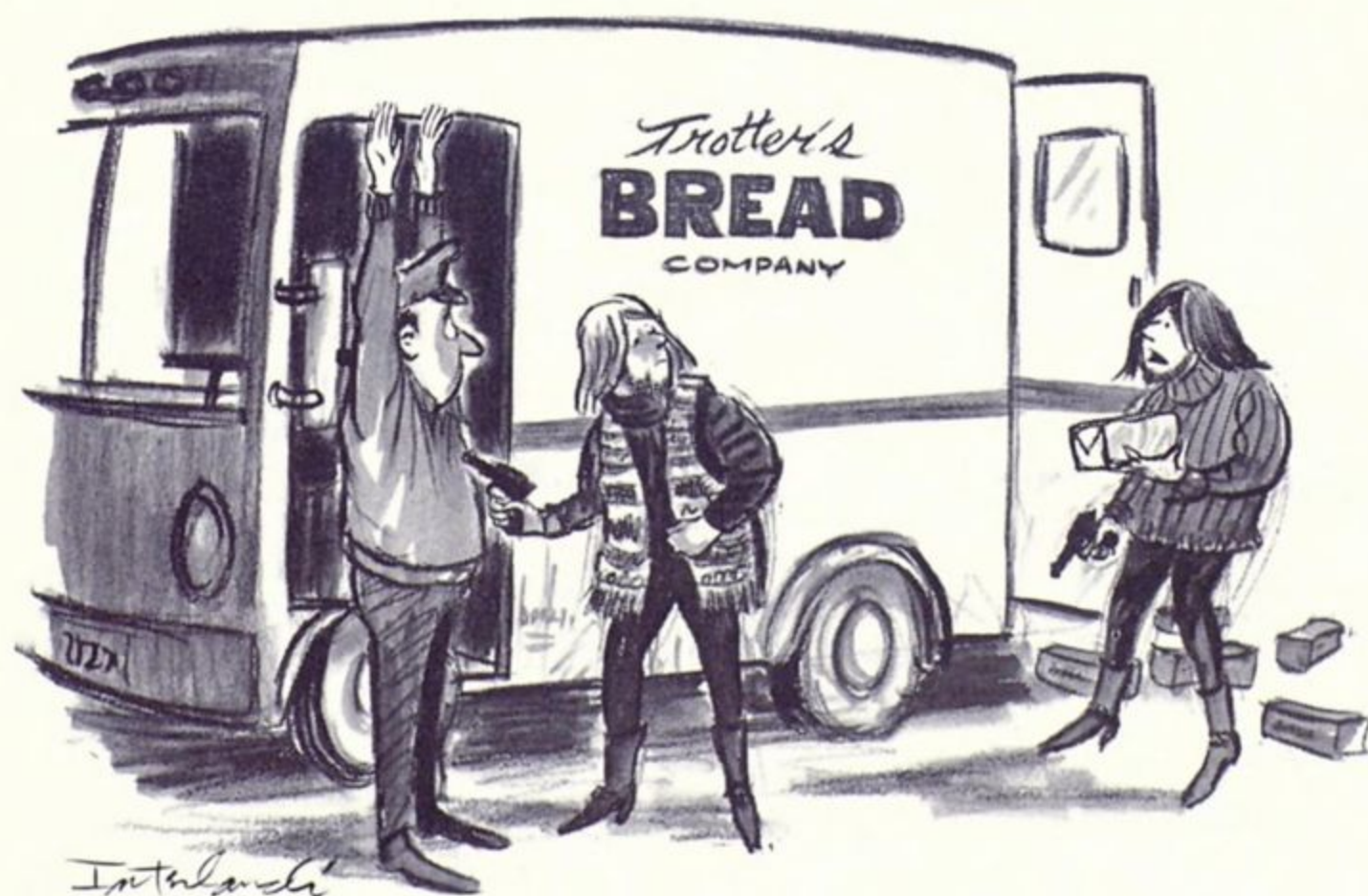
Besides its widows-and-orphans investment advantages, spreading can also be used to beat Uncle Sam—legally, of course—by carrying short-term profits into long-term capital gains. If you are fortunate enough to face problems such as this, you are well advised (and you can certainly afford) to consult a good tax attorney. Tax law governing large-scale commodity trading is, indeed, a thorny thicket, which novices enter only at their peril.

While there are many "systems" that supposedly permit one to win consistently in commodities—ranging from the engaging simplicity of "the voice from the tomb" on up to the most esoteric of fundamental or technical methods—it should be apparent that none of them works for long. No matter how good the system, when too many people start using it, the mechanics of the market place will crush them.

Systems don't work, but principles do. All successful commodity traders follow a few basic principles. Applying them is more a matter of self-mastery than of market sophistication. There are many wealthy commodity traders today who don't know a frozen pork belly from a flagon of mercury but who profit year after year because they have the psychological attitude that separates the winners from the losers.

To win consistently, you must admit that you will make mistakes—not just a blunder here and there, but mistake after mistake after mistake. It is difficult to admit that you are wrong. To admit it when hard cash is at stake is even more difficult. To take a \$500 loss, when there's always the prospect that the market will reverse tomorrow and give it all back to you, requires monkish implacability. But it is essential.

To win consistently, you must enter the market with a plan. Whether it's based on fundamental analysis, charts, an old trader's system or whatever, is not particularly relevant, so long as you have a plan. Once you have a plan, you should enter the market only when it promises to give back more than you risk. Good poker players do this instinc-



"Hey, man, we goofed. It is bread . . . !"

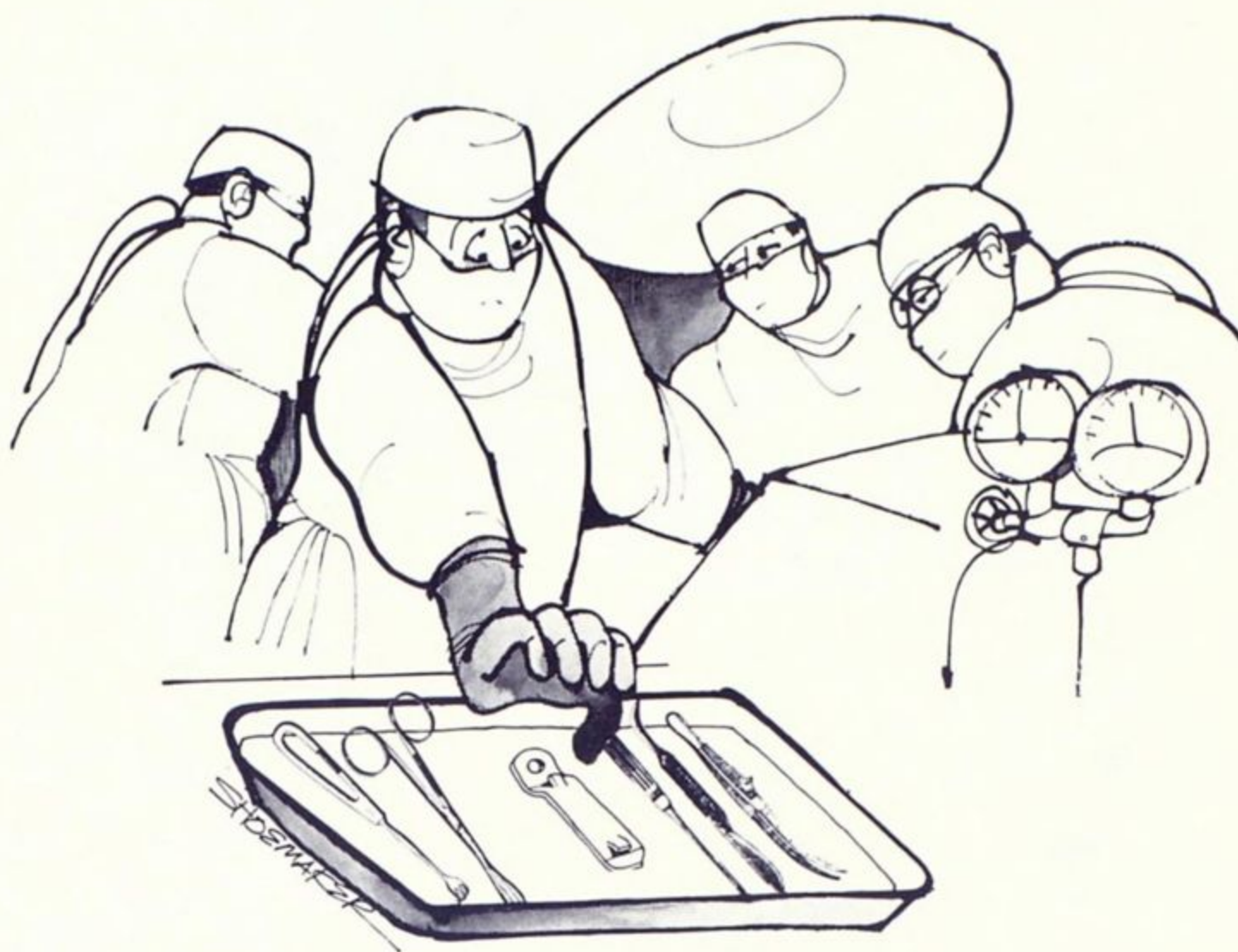


tively, weighing the odds between the pot and their bet, their cards and the draw. When the odds favor them, they get in. Commodity trading is a colossal poker game. Many people will ante into the pot and a very few will rake in the chips. As in poker, if you consistently play the odds and if you can afford to stay in long enough, you're bound to win.

Of course, as in poker, you should never risk money you cannot afford to lose; and even within this stricture, in commodities it is seldom wise to commit all your money to one trade. Even the best of trades may not work out; and if you pyramid your profits, you may find yourself risking ever-greater sums in ever-more-ambitious campaigns. The losses you do take will be whoppers—at the expense of hard-earned gains. If you just plow 10–30 percent of your profits back into your trading account, in the long run you'll have the satisfaction of having enjoyed your winnings.

If you're a winner, when the market runs against you, you'll admit your plan was wrong and get out. If you decide to buy wheat at \$1.65 a bushel, in expectation of its going up to \$1.80, you shouldn't stay around if wheat drops below \$1.62½. Your plan was wrong and must be abandoned—at a small loss. Many of the most successful traders take losses on 60 percent—sometimes even 75 percent—of their trades. But when they buy wheat at \$1.65 and it does run up to \$1.80, they have recouped enough to cover a dozen one-cent mistakes and still give them a profit.

The attitude of the losing speculator is precisely the opposite. In fairness to losers, this is understandable. It is normal—though mistaken—to let your losses run and take your profits quickly. "You never lose taking a profit" is another hoary maxim that has been fleecing small speculators since the South Sea Bubble. Of course, you *do* lose taking a profit, if you take it prematurely and if one tiny profit has to cover a sizable string of losses—which are almost inevitable in commodities. The loser's impulse to tiptoe in and steal a miniprofit before the market takes it all back is almost as foolish as his steadfast refusal to take a loss of any size. It's possible—though decidedly unprofitable—for the small investor in stocks to sit on ever-mounting losses through an entire bear market. After all, they're only "paper losses" until they're taken, and the stock is bound to come back someday. But paper losses in commodities have the distressing habit of turning very quickly into real losses. Your \$600 margin on a soybean contract, for instance, will dwindle to nothing in a 12-cent move. Anyone who was misguided enough to buy a July 1967 soybean contract at \$3.44½ early last September and then compound his delusion by holding onto it down to \$2.83 (February 15) would not only have lost \$600, he



would have had to ante up that sum five more times just to meet margin calls.

Successful traders never try to call the tops and the bottoms of a price move: They trade with the trend. When prices are going up, they're buying. When prices are going down, they're selling. The loser's attitude—while once again understandable—is once again the opposite. He tends to buy because things look "cheap"—that is, lower than they were last week. The professional knows that if prices are lower than they were last week, chances are they'll be lower yet next week. That's how markets work. If soybeans, after a long move downward, finally do turn around and rally 10 cents a bushel, the loser will be reluctant to get in, because he missed the bottom, and he sees the beans as "expensive"—which, indeed, they are, in relation to last week's prices. The pro doesn't think in terms of cheap or dear. He sees that the beans are rising, figures they'll continue to rise and buys. If he's right, he'll make a nice profit. As the beans continue to move up, he may use his profits to add a few more contracts, at ever-higher prices. He will take care, however, to pyramid *down*, rather than up. That is, if he originally purchased four soybean contracts, he may use his profits to add three more, then an additional two—and top it off with one more. This way, should the market reverse, he still emerges a winner.

The loser's impulse is to use *all* his profits to add another contract. Then, if the market is still with him, he'll use all the profits from the two to add two more, and so on. Of course, when the market finally turns around—as it always

does—he will be wiped out. Usually, just when the losers are jumping back in, finally persuaded that the beans will rise forever, the pro is the one who is selling to them. Prices may still continue to rise, in an orgy of public speculation, but the pro never bemoans the fact that he didn't get out at the top. His attitude is that of the Rothschild who, when asked how he made his millions, replied: "By selling too soon." This was his hyperbolic way of saying that reasonable profits, consistently taken, can't hurt, while the foolish quest for unreasonable profits can prove disastrous. The loser, groping for the peak, inevitably finds the chasm beyond.

Perhaps because so many losers take such a beating, the commodity exchanges—and most of those who deal in or write about commodities—have erected an elaborate public-relations edifice to justify their own existence. The words "hedging" and "transfer of risk" recur repeatedly in their outbursts. The theory is that commodity speculation is necessary to permit producers to "hedge" the risk they run by holding startling quantities of goods whose prices fluctuate. For \$20,000, for instance, you could conceivably go into the grain-storage business by building a million-bushel elevator. But once it's full of wheat, a 2-cent decline—hardly an hour's move on a typical day—would cost you the price of your elevator. On a 10-cent decline (the maximum daily limit), you'd be out your elevator and the price of four more, to boot. The futures market, so the theory goes, exists so that persons in such a predicament can hedge their inventories. Once they buy a million bushels of



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wheat for storage, they can go into the futures market and *sell* a million bushels—at today's prices—for delivery some months off. If wheat declines, they will still have received today's price; and when delivery time comes, they can simply deliver, without a loss. Of course, if wheat goes up, they will still have to deliver and will forgo a profit. But presumably this won't bother them, because they are in the grain-storage business, not the speculating business. Hedging, in other words, is a way to insulate an inventory from price swings—in either direction. Speculators, as the slick brochures from the exchanges readily point out, are willing to assume risks that the grain trade can't afford. Good-hearted humanists that they are, the speculators stake their hard-earned money to provide an active and well-lubricated market for all this hedging.

This is a fine theory, with much merit to support it. But fewer than one percent of all futures contracts are actually settled by delivery. Even granting that many hedges are lifted without delivery, this still means that for every hedging transaction, there are six or a dozen speculative trades. Hedging could disappear altogether and you'd hardly know it by looking at the daily volume statistics. Even worse, the *hedgers* are speculating. Holbrook Working, a market mathematician who produced several landmark studies, was quoted in *Fortune* a few years ago as having reached the conclusion that hedging is "undertaken most commonly in the expectation of a favorable change in the relation between spot [cash] and futures prices." That means the hope of a profit.

Despite the fact that since 1884, almost 400 bills have been introduced in Congress to prohibit or further limit futures trading, the pit's pious efforts at self-justification seem largely unnecessary. Race tracks survive without belaboring the public with their contributions to the improvement of thoroughbred horseflesh. Race tracks flourish because people are self-interested and enjoy the possibility—no matter how remote—of turning a small sum into a fortune. While there are several quite valid justifications for commodity futures trading—for instance, besides helping hedgers, it provides small farmers with widely published figures that enable them to get a fair price for their crops—this one is sufficient. Public participation in the commodities market would be greatly increased if those involved in the market would stop drumbeating its undeniable economic usefulness and describe it in terms speculators could understand—as a giant, Government-sanctioned lottery, where the losses can be staggering and the rewards immense.





## ANSON'S LAST ASSIGNMENT

(continued from page 97)

glossy. He had very small, very black eyes that moved over us quickly but thoroughly. All of them were big-shouldered and hard-looking.

Lunch was a little strained. We sat at the head of the table, Anson on the general's right and I on the colonel's left. Anson told some funny stories; I thought most of them spoke enough English to understand, but I couldn't be sure. He told the one about the Chinese nymphomaniac in Singapore; and I was a little worried that, being Asians, they might not appreciate it; but the general laughed.

"You English, yes?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Anson said.

"You know Colonel Brinkley-Davis? Maybe now general."

"Brinkley-Davis? No, sir, I can't say that I do."

"In Korean War, I liaison to Gluckshires."

"I say," Anson said politely.

"Every morning staff meeting in Colonel Brinkley-Davis tent. Drink tea, not coffee. With Americans always coffee."

"Barbaric beverage, coffee," Anson said. "But I've come to the point where I must have it to start the day. His influence." He nodded at me.

"Have you been in Vietnam long, Mr. Bender?" the colonel asked.

"About three months."

"And Mr. Anson?"

"Twenty-three months," Anson said. "I have been on fifty-seven operations."

He was very proud of that number—also that he had been wounded three times, more than any other correspondent.

"For whom do you work?" The colonel spoke English formally and almost without accent.

"Free-lance, sir," Anson said. "We're both free-lancers, but I have Time-Life accreditation."

The general spoke to the colonel in Korean. "The general would like to know if there are any reporters in Vietnam for nudist magazine," the colonel said.

"Not that I know of," I said.

"Does the general like nudist magazine?" Anson asked.

"Number one," the general said. "Two years ago, I go to Pendleton, buy many nudist magazine. You know Pendleton?"

"Yes," I said. "A little."

"Very many nudist magazine," the general said.

After lunch, we followed the colonel to his office for a briefing. He walked with a major, and Anson and I were some way behind.

"The general's rather kinky, isn't he?" Anson said. "They're all rather kinky."

"They're fine," I said.

The briefing was smooth, well organized

and well presented. The colonel was very good. He stood in front of the big map—his pants razor creased and bloused and just properly faded, his boots as gleamy as his hair—and drew graceful arcs and circles with the pointer, occasionally rapping it on the floor to emphasize something. He also used a quick chopping *tae kwon do* gesture. Kim sat in an office chair at the back of the room, a loose-leaf notebook across his lap; and whenever the colonel couldn't remember a statistic, the captain supplied it. They even gave out realistic figures for their own casualties, which surprised me. My last operation had been with a famous American regular infantry division, whose P.I. officers were habitual liars; and it was nice when people came clean.

We asked a few questions and left with Kim. He asked us what we wanted to do and we said we wanted some pictures of civic action—medical teams and rice harvesting, that sort of thing—and some of combat.

"Civic action too far drive today,"

Kim said. "Tomorrow we go."

"OK," I said.

"What about combat?"

"Contact very light."

"We don't need much," Anson said.

"Just some pictures in the field."

"Can be arranged."

"Splendid," Anson said.

"Will there be any *tae kwon do* practice here?" I asked.

"*Tae kwon do* team practice 1730 hours. Will be honored if you observe."

He said he'd come by for us, and we thanked him. We went to our quarters. Neither of the lieutenant colonels was there. Anson unlaced his boots and lay down. I got a book out of my pack—Jones' *The Thin Red Line*—and stretched out myself and began to read.

After a while Anson started to snore, and I put the book down and looked at him. He seemed very young. He was actually 25, but he looked about 17. He wore his hair long and scruffy at the nape of his neck and over the ears, English-schoolboy style, and, except for the scars, his face was smooth and soft. The worst scar was in the cleft of his chin, and he had another bad one under his left ear. Both of those were from the time he was on the Coast Guard cutter that was accidentally strafed by a section of F-4s. They made nine passes, with rockets and 20mm cannon, and killed or wounded everybody on the ship. The captain had been up on the bridge trying to signal them away with an Aldis lamp when a five-inch rocket blew his head off. Anson's chin had been split by a fragment from a 20mm cannon shell, and if you looked at him closely head on, one side of his jaw was slightly higher than the other. Also, his chest had

been badly burned. Without a shirt on, he looked as if he had been stuck in about 30 places with a glowing cigar tip. Sometimes he got the shakes in his sleep and trembled himself awake, but now he was peaceful.

The *tae kwon do* team worked out on the small landing zone below the operations building. The members wore loose white judo suits and all of them were black belts. We had our cameras and moved around, shooting busily. First they went through a series of warm-up exercises in perfect unison, whirling and thrusting and chopping and kicking and shouting exactly together; then they broke up into pairs and sparred, pulling the thrusts and kicks. The real spectacle, the breakage exhibition, came last. You've probably seen pictures of that, ours or someone else's. They lined up in one long row and each man broke a brick over his forehead; they chopped through piles of four bricks with the edges of their hands; and, as a grand finale, one man split six bricks. We took some portraits and were introduced to the six-brick man. The edge of his hand felt like a horse's hoof.

On the way back to our quarters, Kim asked, "Was satisfactory?"

"Very," I said.

"It was superb," Anson said.

"*Tae kwon do* is a form of karate?" I asked.

"Yes, nearly same karate."

"Some judo also, isn't there?" Anson asked.

"Mostly same karate."

"How about the bricks?" I said. "Doesn't it give them a headache when they break bricks like that?"

"Head very hard," Kim said. "Many years' practice. No headache."

We washed and went to the mess and had a few beers before dinner. The general and the colonel came in together and we all stood up. The general was hungry, so we went straight into the dining room. Anson's and my seating cards had been reversed. I guess they thought I'd lose face if I had to sit by the colonel each time. Before they brought the food, the chaplain, a major, said a long prayer. It was in Korean, so of course I didn't understand any of it, but I heard the words "Viet Cong" about four times. Later Kim gave us a poop sheet on the general, which said he had gotten religion, Catholicism, just after landing at Inchon, and then wiped out a whole North Korean regiment with one company or something.

After dinner we went back to quarters with the lieutenant colonels. One of them produced an unopened bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label, and we drank to the Korean Marines, the U.S. Marines (the Koreans always referred to our Marines as brothers), the Press Corps and killing V. C.

In the morning, Kim came by for us



with his jeep. We got on the Quang Ngai road and drove for maybe ten kilometers. There was a lot of traffic, six-by-sixes filled with typically sloppy Vietnamese troops, who shouted at us and whistled and laughed, cyclos, three-wheeled Lambretta buses, peasants and bicyclists using the shoulders, and a U.S. Marine convoy. At the head of the convoy were an M-60 tank and an ONTOS, the antitank weapon with six 106mm recoilless rifles, and a couple of APCs—armored personnel carriers—then about a mile of trucks, bumper to bumper, with another ONTOS at the end. Some of the trucks had .50-caliber MGs mounted on the roofs of the cabs, and the men all wore battle dress, helmets and heavy flak jackets. The vehicles were filmed with a fine white dust, and the drivers and gunners were red-eyed and hot. The Koreans had strung double rolls of concertina on both sides of the road and, across the wire, the farmers were slogging through the muck of the paddies, harvesting. They looked small and tired and dirty, sullen and worn down, and their movements were hypnotically deliberate.

We went through two villages and turned into a yard in front of a house with a red cross over the door. A bench outside was lined with Vietnamese: pregnant women, a man whose right leg was a withered stump that ended below the knee and mothers and children. Inside, a Korean doctor and two medics were working. They wore white knee-length dusters and the doctor had a mirror reflector on his head. He was looking at an infected ear and the medics were swabbing with an awful-smelling purple goo the shaved head of a little girl who had ringworm. We took a roll apiece and talked to the doctor. He had graduated from Johns Hopkins and was very hip on sanitation. Sanitation was a worse problem than the V.C.; these people were filthy and didn't know any better. He wanted to know if either of us came from Baltimore and seemed disappointed when he learned that we didn't. He said that next to Seoul, Baltimore was his favorite city.

We got back into the jeep and drove on through another village. A few hundred yards beyond was the turnoff to the Second Battalion bivouac. The

intersection was guarded by two sandbagged emplacements, one holding a .30-caliber machine gun and the other a BAR. Across the road was a long sweep of rice paddies, patched with bamboo thickets and bordered by a distant tree line. Working in the nearest paddy, side by side with the peasants, were six Koreans in skivvy shorts and canary-yellow undershirts with red borders and ROK across the chests.

"This is great," I said.

"A pity we don't have color," Anson said.

We slung our cameras around our necks and started toward the paddy. Kim stayed in the jeep, in the shade of the cloth top.

"I can see it now," I said. "The sword and the sickle. Two full pages in *Life*, domestic. Koreans kill Cong barehanded. Toil side by side with peasants. Also barehanded. Builds barehanded understanding."

We worked hard for 45 minutes. We took group shots from the dikes, then climbed down in the muck and took portraits and group shots with wide-angle lenses. We went around ahead of the harvesters, and for a while Anson was down on his knees so that he could shoot from the level of the sickles. We got them bundling the rice and carrying it over their shoulders along the dike and through a break in the barbed wire and across the road and up a small hill behind the emplacements, where several teams of Koreans and peasants were pumping a pair of foot-operated threshers. Our boots were soaked and covered with ooze, and Anson's pants were slimy wet to his thighs.

After a cigarette break, we shot the threshing. Symbolic shots of Korean and Vietnamese legs (the Korean legs were invariably about three times the diameter of the Vietnamese) driving the pedal up and down, pictures of men applying the heads of bundles of rice to the threshing wheel, and so on. We even got down on the ground in the grain to get the sweating faces over the spill of rice coming off the wheel. By the time we quit, I was oily with sweat and my hair was full of chaff and I itched everywhere. I took off my shirt and shook it out and tried to comb the chaff out.

Kim had his driver open some rations. I had a pack of blue heat pills, so we had warm lunch and heated some coffee afterward. Kim wanted to know if we'd like to go on to Quang Ngai and take some pictures of a *tae kwon do* expert teaching a class of Vietnamese high school girls.

"I say," Anson said. "High school girls. Do they break bricks?"

"Not yet. Many years' practice required break bricks."

"Pity that," Anson said. "Bricks make number-one photos."



"Thirty cents a bottle—five cents a sniff."



"You do not wish to proceed?"

"Sure," I said. I had had a good day's work and would just as soon have gone back, but did not want to offend him. "It sounds very interesting."

Quang Ngai was about 12 kilometers farther on. It was the headquarters for the Second Division of the Vietnamese Army; so, as we went along, there were more ARVNs and fewer Koreans. In the villages were quite a few Popular Force troops, dressed in black pajamas or odd combinations of parts of uniforms. They carried carbines or M-1s, but the M-1s were too big for them, made them look like dirty and rather malicious children playing with cannons.

We got to the city about 1700, but found that *tae kwon do* wouldn't begin until 1800. Neither of us was happy about that, because it meant we'd have to drive back at dusk and in the dark, but Kim didn't seem worried.

"Area is secure," he said.

He had some people to see, so Anson and I went into a bar and had a few beers. We got to the high school just before 1800. The instructor looked like another six-brick man, but the girls were tiny, reed-armed and hidden in the multiple folds of their judo suits. They went through an abbreviated warm-up routine, and their shouts often came out as squeals and giggles. We shot a lot of film, but the lighting was poor and I wasn't hopeful of getting much.

I was nervous all the way back. While it was light, I kept scanning the tree lines and canebrakes and, after it was dark, I imagined every shape and shadow was a burp gunner. Anson had scrambled into the back, which meant he was worried about road mines. He was more afraid of mines than anything else, and had a theory that if you were in the rear seat, you might be blown free. Nothing happened, though, and we got back in time for a late meal.

Afterward we had a few drinks with the lieutenant colonels again, and Anson was very gay and funny, the way he always was after pressure. He told many stories: about the time he had been hit in the ass by a mortar burst and about the U. S. Marine landing at Chu Lai, where the troops came storming out of the amtracs and up the beach like John Wayne in *The Sands of Iwo Jima*, only to find 20 photographers on top of the first dune taking pictures of it all, and the time he was out with a Regional Force group in sampans and the bowman in his sampan fished during a fire fight and caught a five-foot snake right in the worst of it, and many others. Finally we turned in, but I did not sleep well. It was a windless night and hot and stuffy beneath the mosquito netting. My sheets became knotted and sweat-damp and my skin felt grimy and oily. Three or four times, the horizon glowed yellow from a flare.

Twice I got up for a drink of water and both times there was a red nub of cigarette glow under Anson's netting.

Anson shook me just after dawn. Captain Kim was standing beside him. I pushed the netting back and sat up and groped with my feet for the thongs. My mouth was filled with a stale, dry taste.

"What gives?" I asked.

"I get pardon," Kim said. "But very big contact. Many many V.C."

"They tried to overrun a company," Anson said. "The colonel's going out to inspect the battlefield. They'll allow us along, too."

I washed quickly and got back into my jungle fatigues. They were the only clothes I'd brought with me from Da-nang, because I expected to be in the field, or at least in tents; and now, after two days, they were pretty high. We packed our backpacks and carried them and the camera bags up to the mess hall. The waiters brought out hot coffee. We were the only people there.

"Where's the colonel?" I asked.

"Eat already," Kim said. "Now briefing."

The waiter brought plates of scrambled eggs and bacon and a plastic wicker basket filled with hard rolls. I made my-

self eat half the eggs and bacon, but Anson did not touch anything. He smoked two cigarettes and sipped his coffee. He was obviously nervous and making no attempt to hide it. He was always like that before he went into the field, but you couldn't blame him, not after that cutter incident. I wasn't worried myself, because I didn't think a bird colonel, even this one, would be going anyplace very dangerous.

"How many dead?" I asked Kim.

"Ten Korean KIA. Thirty V.C. But that only within perimeter. Have not yet searched outside perimeter."

"Any prisoners?"

He shook his head. Anson excused himself and went outside.

"Mr. Anson is not well?" Kim asked.

"Nervous," I said. "He'll be all right." I mouthed another forkful of eggs.

"You are writer as well as photographer?" Kim asked.

"I write sometimes."

"Who is greatest English writer?"

"Christ, I don't know. Shakespeare, I guess."

"William Shakespeare," he said. "I have read many plays of Shakespeare. *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*."

"Which one do you like best?"



*"I remember it all just as clearly as if it had happened yesterday. I swear I never suspected for a moment there were bears living in that house. You know how kids are. I smelled porridge, so I went in."*



"*King Lear*. Is very beautiful."

"Not *Hamlet*? Most people like *Hamlet* best."

"No," he said. "I find character of *Hamlet* is too very complex. Also I read the works of Erskine Caldwell."

Anson came back in and sat down. He drummed his fingers on the tabletop.

"The captain reads Shakespeare and Erskine Caldwell," I said.

"Fancy that," Anson said.

"Shakespeare is superior," Kim said.

A lieutenant came in and saluted Kim. They talked in Korean, then Kim said, "We must go to LZ."

Kim and the lieutenant insisted on carrying our gear. We walked to the landing zone where the *tae kwon do* team had practiced. An H-34 was there and the Koreans threw our stuff on board, shook hands with us and left. The ship looked old and rickety. There were a couple of patches on the skin just aft of midships. The area behind the exhausts was scorched black and the nose had oil smears. I did not like H-34s to start with: They shook and bucked and clattered much more than Hueys and reminded me of a car I'd owned when I was a kid, a \$150 clunker that was always dropping its drive shaft.

Anson had flown with one of the pilots before and they stood off to one side chatting, while I talked to the door gunners. One was a tall, thin kid with bad acne and a ragged blond mustache. The other was equally tall and skinny, but a Negro. The colonel and his bodyguard, an enormously broad man who carried an M-2 with folding stock, two .45s and strangling gear, came out of the operations building and started down the hill to the LZ. The pilots and gunners came to attention and saluted, then the pilots and the colonel huddled over a map and he showed them where he wanted to go. We got in and the Negro started the auxiliary motor. The main motor coughed and caught and the rotor began to turn and I could feel the vibrations shaking up through my feet and legs and back.

We lifted off and flew for maybe 15 minutes before the pilot began circling. Through the door I saw the marker smoke, a blossom of yellow fog in the center of a clearing. We made another circle and dropped. As always, I felt my stomach clamp and something inside my chest tighten. It was like being in an elevator on the 40th floor when somebody cuts the cables. We banked steeply and the quiltwork of paddies and trees was like a checkerboard spun on a tabletop. The gunners were watching the trees, but I did not see any muzzle flashes. The colonel and the bodyguard were leaning forward to get a better view, while Anson sat rigidly, his eyes shut.

We leveled off and came in fast and low, the wheels scudding over the tree-

tops, and let down in a Buddhist graveyard. Almost before Anson, the last man, was out, the pilot pulled pitch and lifted away.

The graveyard was perhaps a quarter of a mile square. The Koreans were dug in everywhere, between graves and behind tombstones. The C.O., a thickset captain, met us. A deep scar on his left cheek curved whitely through the heavy black stubble, his lips were chapped and cracked, and he still wore his helmet and flak jacket and carried an M-2 slung over his shoulder. The colonel shook his hand and pounded him on the back. They talked in Korean, very rapidly, and the captain shook his fist at a pile of V.C. dead.

Most of the troops were still in their foxholes. Some were dozing, but most had the vacant hollow expression and glazed eyes that you often see after battle. The ground was strewn with debris, empty cartridge casings and machine-gun-belt links, bandage wrappers, half-opened C-ration tins, ponchos, packs, metal ammunition boxes, intrenching tools. We began taking pictures, but none of the Koreans looked at us or even seemed to notice us. They just sat in the holes, clutching their weapons, and stared out beyond the perimeter. They were very different from Americans, who, no matter how tired or shell-shocked, always try to pose and usually to clown.

I found one boy, a machine gunner, in a hole beside a stack of Korean bodies. A belt of .30-caliber ammo was slung around his neck, the chin strap of his helmet was undone, and he was crying soundlessly, the tears squeezing out and down his cheeks one by one. On the lip of the hole was the machine gun, still loaded and pointed out toward the canebrake, with hundreds of empties littered about the feet of the tripod. The bodies had been wrapped in ponchos, but here and there arms and feet protruded, and beside one was a leg that had been severed at the thigh. The pants had been blown or ripped away, but the foot was still booted. I knelt and snapped the gunner, with the leg and the poncho-wrapped bodies in the foreground. The kid heard the camera clicking and looked over at me, but did not stop crying or in any way change expression.

I began to feel terrible and turned away from him. Sooner or later, on any story where there was a bad fight, I felt this way for a while. The good pictures and stories were always of the dead or the wounded or the grieving, and we were like vultures, we flourished on accident and catastrophe. Whenever you went out with people, no matter how much you liked them, you knew that to get good stuff, some of them would have to be killed or hurt. The other way to look at it was that whatever happened happened, whether you were there or not;

and if you didn't report it, somebody else would. But sometimes I could not make myself see it that way.

I moved over to where Anson was shooting a pile of V.C. dead. With him were two American ANGLICO Marines—air naval gunfire liaison men—a pair of whom was assigned to each Korean company. Most of the V.C. had been stripped and they lay at odd angles, with legs and necks twisted into unnatural positions. They had died by all manner of means. Some had been stitched across the chest by automatic fire, others mangled by grenades, one had his jaw shot away, another had been decapitated and a third had only a small, neat hole precisely between the eyes. Several had crushed skulls, as if they had been clubbed or stomped, and two or three had erections. Anson was prodding one, who was lying face down, with his foot.

"Have a look at this bugger," he said. "Not a mark on him."

Anson got a boot under his shoulder and flipped him over.

"Fucking blast got him," one of the Americans said.

"I think it was *tae kwon do*," Anson said. "See how his neck's broken?"

"Maybe," the Marine said.

I introduced myself to the Marines, whose names were Carson and MacCauley. They both had blue eyes and stubbly blond beards. I asked them what happened.

"The motherfuckers tried to ding us," Carson said. "That's what happened."

We laughed.

"They come in three waves," MacCauley said. He used his hands a great deal as he talked and Anson began shooting. "The first bunch had grenades. They hit us there." He pointed toward the high end of the graveyard, which merged with thick underbrush. "We had to pull in some, but then we got 'em out. The second was small stuff and more grenades, and the last one had a lot of automatic crap."

"Did they penetrate the perimeter?" Anson asked.

"No," Carson said. "They just moved us back some. But they sure scared the shit out of us."

"What time did it start?" I asked.

"Zero four hundred."

"When did they break it off?"

"Zero six hundred. Maybe a little later."

The colonel came up and said that he wanted us to photograph the captured weapons. We followed him to another, larger pile of V.C. bodies. Beside them were rows of neatly arranged weapons. I counted two very dirty BARs, 12 carbines, an old French MG with a funnel-shaped flash suppressor on the muzzle and Chinese characters scratched into the receiver, two Chinese copies of Russian AK assault rifles with short barrels





*"This is the third-floor conference room. Help!"*



and long, curved clips, and over a hundred stick grenades.

Anson photographed the colonel and the captain among the V.C. dead and conferring over a map, and I moved off with the Americans. They had been waiting for a MEDEVAC chopper for the Korean dead—the wounded had been lifted out just before we arrived—and now both the MEDEVAC and our ship were circling overhead. The pilots were arguing over who had landing priority.

"My instructions were to return for VIPs in one five minutes," one pilot said.

Carson was on the radio. "Screw VIPs," he said. "We got bods down here. Over."

MacCauley gave a smoke grenade to a Korean, who pulled the pin and threw it into a clear place. It burst green. The MEDEVAC chopper came in and the Korean captain tried to round up a crew to load the bodies. Nobody wanted to do it. The troops pretended they didn't hear or that the captain was shouting at someone else. Finally the captain and the colonel walked to several holes and pointed to the men in them, who got up slowly and, with obvious distaste, manhandled the bodies into the chopper. The captain picked up the leg I had photographed and stuffed it into the nearest poncho.

The MEDEVAC ship lifted off and Carson called our bird back in. Anson didn't want to leave.

"We've got the dead," he said. "Now we need some action."

"All right," I said. I was sure the Koreans had decimated a V.C. battalion. I knew we would find more dead V.C. outside the perimeter and thought that if they ran true to form, the live ones would be long gone. But they might leave a sniper or two behind, in which case we could get some action without much danger to ourselves. We told the colonel and he said we could come out on the resupply chopper that night. He shook hands with us and climbed into the ship. The door gunner with acne gave us a thumbs up as they lifted off.

The captain showed us where we were on his map. We had to move through brush and jungle and across some paddies to a road, then down the road for a mile to hook up with some other companies. He sent a point platoon out, and in about five minutes the rest of us started. The troops were still grim but had lost the glazed look, and they moved well in the brush—quietly but carefully.

There were many more V.C. bodies. I counted at least 40 myself. Some had been hit by rifle or machine-gun fire, but most had been shredded by artillery. All during the fight, of course, artillery had been coming in steadily up to within 40 meters of the perimeter. Little bits of clothing and flesh were stuck to tree trunks and bushes, and once I saw an arm

hooked around a limb 20 feet overhead.

Anson was in good spirits. He began telling the ANGLICOs about a mythical French girl in Saigon, and they listened hungrily.

"How you get them French birds?" Carson asked. "All I ever seen there is gooks."

"You must speak French," said Anson, who could barely manage a *parlez-vous*. "Then it's simple. They fall all over you."

We worked out of the trees and through a canebrake to the edge of a paddy. The point platoon was 200 yards ahead of us, moving toward a tree line and using a dike as cover. According to the map, the road we wanted ran along the tree line. The captain signaled a rest break and we sat on top of a dike and took our packs off and lay back against them. I passed cigarettes around.

"How come you guys come out here?" MacCauley asked. "You don't have to, do you?"

"No," I said.

"It pays pretty good, I bet," Carson said.

"Fair," I said. "We're not getting rich."

"You been out long?"

"Not too long," I said. "Three months. He has, though. He's short."

"I shall do only two more operations after this one," Anson said.

"Hey," Carson said. "Ain't you the guy who got zapped on that cutter? I read where some English guy got zapped."

"That was him," I said.

Anson pointed to the scar on his chin.

"Shit, buddy," Carson said. "If I was you, I wouldn't go out no more, no matter what they give me."

"You been in the service?" MacCauley asked.

"No," Anson said. "England doesn't have conscription anymore."

"And you?"

"No," I said.

"Wouldn't that be a piss. You do your time out here and they fucking draft you and send you back," Carson said.

I stubbed out the cigarette and shut my eyes. White spots danced and slithered on the backs of the lids. The Marines stopped talking and I felt a gentle warm breeze. I sat up and rubbed my face. The Marines were lying there with their helmets off and their eyes closed; Anson was wiping a camera with a chamois. The captain was with his radio-man behind the next dike, studying his map. Anson glanced up and smiled at me.

"About ready to push on, are they?" he said.

"I guess."

That was when it started. I heard a cracking sound, like a string of fire crackers lit somewhere in the next block, and saw a line of spouts of water two paddies ahead of us, and the tree line was winking with muzzle flashes. I

threw myself forward and there was a short silence and then the cloth-tearing sound of incomings and the whines of ricochets. The earth was soft and damp against my face, and I began to count the number of stems in a clump of grass in front of my nose.

The Koreans reacted very quickly; they returned the fire almost instantly. I could distinguish at least two BARs working in steady regulation three-shot bursts amid the quick clattering of the carbines on full auto and the solid cracks of the M-1s. Somewhere to the left a machine gun opened up and I wondered if it was the kid I'd photographed earlier. I felt around behind me for my camera bag and pulled it to me. Three red ants were climbing the strap. I watched them for a moment, then crushed them between my thumb and forefinger, and raised my head.

The captain was on the radio, talking to the point or calling artillery, and Anson was taking pictures of a 60mm-mortar crew. He worked quickly, ducking from side to side for different angles, and, as always, I admired his coolness. He dodged down the dike and snapped a few of a BAR man, who did not notice he was there, then started across the paddy for the captain. The water was knee deep and the gumbo sucked at his boots and the grain stalks grabbed at his legs, but he ran hard, his body low and thrust forward and the camera bag swinging wildly from his shoulder. I got my camera up and centered him in the finder and he tripped, caught himself, straightened up, and I took the picture just as he was hit. His legs went out from under him, almost as if someone had clipped him in a football game, and he went sprawling sideways and forward. The camera bag flew open and equipment spewed out ahead of him and there was a quick mirror flash as a lens caught the sun. He flopped twice and was still.

I crawled toward him, wallowing in the muck and half drowning in paddy water, but I think he was dead by the time I got there. I'm not sure. He was on his face, but I did not want to turn him over. All I could think of was to get him morphine. We always carried Syrettes of morphine with us, in our packs, and I crawled away for one. When I got back, a Korean medic was there. I showed him the Syrette—I was clutching it in my hand along with some mud and rice roots—and pointed at Anson's leg, but he shook his head.

After that I lost my sense of time. The rest of the action could have covered five minutes or half a day. I dragged Anson to a dike and spread a poncho over him and found his cap, an Australian bush hat. I started to lift the poncho and put the hat with the body, but then thought that he wouldn't need it anymore, some



door gunner or embalmer would get it, and stuffed it in my pocket. At one point an air strike was called. Four camouflaged Phantoms came in and dropped 750-pound bombs on the tree line, strafed it and napalmed it. A spotter plane circled slowly, but I couldn't hear the buzz of its motor over the firing. I took some pictures of the captain, the medic and the FACs, but they were out of focus when I had them developed. Finally the firing died down—I found out later that the other Korean companies had hit the V. C. from the flank and killed four—and the MEDEVAC ship came overhead. Carson was on the radio again. The pilot wanted to know how many he had to pick up.

"Two Korean WIA," Carson said. "One American KIA."

"One American?"

"Roger," Carson said. "They dinged this reporter."

"He was English," I said.

"What's the diff?" MacCauley said. "They dinged him."

The chopper came down and I helped load the poncho. Then the Koreans were put in. One had been shot through the wrist and the other in the gut. The first man had his arm in a sling and insisted on climbing aboard without help. He was grinning. The second man was on a stretcher and his face was drawn and his eyes were closed.

A few minutes later, MacCauley said they were sending a chopper for me.

"Fine," I said.

I was sitting on the dike the captain and the radioman had used during the fight.

"You OK?"

"Sure," I said.

He offered me a cigarette and lighter.

"Thanks," I said.

When the H-34 landed, he helped me gather the gear, both packs and both camera bags, and load it. As I was climbing in, he slapped me on the shoulder and Carson gave me thumbs up. We took off and rose quickly. The gunners were watching the tree line and did not pay any attention to me. For the first time, I noticed that Anson's camera bag had been hit. There was a neat line of perforations across the front, four in all. I had put all the equipment I'd found back in, but had not noticed the hits. I thought I ought to send it to his family, but I did not know his parents' address. In fact, I didn't know if he had parents. I just knew that he came from London and wanted to go back there—although we always kidded him and told him that he'd be back in Southeast Asia in three months, that he couldn't bear the thought of a war without him there to photograph it. I also knew that he was an insomniac, that

once or twice a week a piece of shrapnel worked its way out of his ass, that he became dangerous after a certain point in his drinking and had been known to pull a loaded gun on friends, that his jaw ached when it rained, that he was proud of the scars on his face and chest, that he wore his hair long because it was unmilitary and annoyed American officers, but that he kept in his desk a box containing the insignia of every outfit he'd ever gone into the field with, that he was in love with a Eurasian girl in Singapore, and that he idolized Capa and David Douglas Duncan. I had known him very well, I thought, but had not really known much about him.

The H-34 clattered on. We were high enough so that the gunners relaxed and I tapped one on the shoulder and asked where we were going. He yelled brigade, and I nodded and settled back against the ship's side. The vibrations rattled me like an electric massage machine gone wild. I was marrow-tired and wanted more than anything to be someplace that was absolutely still, that did not batter me with noise. For no particular reason, I remembered the Korean machine gunner, the tears and the leg and the bandoleer, and then I wondered how I would look if somebody should take a picture of me.



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# THE GT (continued from page 70)

denied it, at length, feeling that anything else would result in our being chained to a wall in the Tower of London. Further, Moss succeeded in persuading the policemen that they were terribly mistaken, we hadn't been doing anything like 85 miles an hour. I can say, however, that the car is quite capable of that speed in that distance. The Maserati Ghibli does 170 mph, a reasonable rate for the \$16,900 on the price tag.

The tendency in recent years has been away from the smallish hand-assembled engine (a Maserati engine takes one man 16 hours to put together) and toward the big, hairy V-8 American. It is this notion that has produced the Shelby cars, first the Cobra, then the Mustang-based 350/500s, the Chevrolet Corvette Sting Ray—a genuine GT car in any league, over any piece of road—and the superb Ford GT 40. An Italian variant is the Iso Grifo, splendid coachwork, lushly upholstered, beautifully instrumented, running a Corvette 327 engine that puts it well into the 160-mph category in which the super-GT motorcars live. The Iso Grifo will run with anything, and the comparative cheapness of its engine drops the price to around \$13,000.

Another Italian user of the Corvette engine is the Bizzarrini GT, its wind-tunnel-formed body so low that the rear window is almost flat. Giotto Bizzarrini, the car's builder, is impressively qualified. He designed for Ferrari until

1961, then did the V-12 Lamborghini engine. The Iso-Rivolta and the Iso Grifo were his designs. The Bizzarrini model coming to this country is called the GT America and sells for a remarkable \$10,500. The handling qualities of the car are superb, among the best in the world, and it will tolerate imperceptibly maneuvers that would upend lesser machines: braking in the middle of a fast bumpy bend, for example.

Where the Italian bodybuilders tend toward light and slender-looking structures, American "pure" GTs let more muscle show. Carroll Shelby's GT 500 is a very gutty-looking motorcar. The big air scoop on the bonnet and the two aft of the door don't look to be there on a stylist's whim; there's a roll bar in full view and double over-the-shoulder safety harness. The Ford V-8 engine is big enough by Ferrari standards (7 liters) to drive two and a half GTs; it's not at all fussy or highly tuned, but it will see 100 mph in 17 seconds and a bit, and the top of 132 not long afterward. All in all, quite a lot for about \$4500.

Another bulger in this class is the Corvette Sting Ray, an all-Detroit package included here because it's a *gran turismo* in the European rather than the new domestic sense. If anything, the Sting Ray looks beefier and more potent than the GT 500, but it isn't quite as fast: 11 miles an hour slower at the top end, hardly a crushing deficiency, partic-

ularly when the car can be bought, top-line options excluded, for about \$500 less. The 300-horsepower engine is quiet, the ride comfortable, and the four-wheel disk brakes will stop it. It's a startlingly potent-looking vehicle, and I have seen one very quickly build a small mob scene on a European street, with bystanders estimating its cost at anything up to three times reality.

The tamed version of the Ford GT 40, called the Mark III, doesn't look so muscular as simply terrifying. Only 41 inches high, the Mark III is not a thing of overwhelming aesthetic appeal inside or out, but there is beauty of a kind in its functionalism and, of course, much appeal in the knowledge that this is, practically, the same car that won the Manufacturers' Championship for Sports Cars last year. The Mark III is the GT 40 modified enough to be legal and sensible for over-the-road use. There's even a luggage compartment, but forget about packing your extra parka or your wading boots. It has a five-speed gearbox and about as much performance as you are likely to need in the ordinary way of things. Bring \$18,500. A friend of mine told me recently how much his mother, who's in her 70s, had enjoyed 175 mph over Upstate New York roads in his GT 40. It reminded her, she said, of the Packards she had driven when she was younger—in smoothness, that is, not velocity.

There are two top-line British GTs and they are both classics: the E-type Jaguar and the Aston Martin DB6. Both come out of old-line firms running well back of the Second War; both have long racing histories with successes in the most trying events—Le Mans, for example. The Jaguar is still running what is basically the same six-cylinder in-line engine that made the reputation of the XK-120 series. The bugs are long out of this engine, and it is as trouble-free as a comparatively small 150-mph power plant can be. The standard E type is the coupe, but the company does a 2+2 as well. Both are prodigious value for the money at \$5580 and \$5870.

The Aston Martin is another six-cylinder car, and it is, like the best of the Italians, hand assembled. (There's no such thing as a *handmade* car.) Quoted by the factory at 152-mph top speed—verified by reputable testers—it's full of luxurious touches unusual in British high-performance motorcars: electric windows, for example. And of course there are the usual masses of wool carpet and leather. The British market will not tolerate an expensive automobile that doesn't seem to have been derived, in its interior, from the library of a manor house. The hardtop Aston coupe is \$12,995; the convertible, \$13,995. Incidentally, speed limit or no speed limit, Aston Martin designers are still planning a 200-mph road automobile. Unquestion-



"The redeeming social value is there, all right—  
it's the pornography that's weak."



ably, they can make it if they choose to. It's curious to contemplate the fact that outcries against high road speeds are never stilled, and that as traffic densities increase, even the Continent will certainly impose limits, as England has done; but there are a dozen firms capable of making 200-mph cars, and if one does, the others will. Perhaps the future will see small electrics for the city, automated hands-off vehicles for commuters and 200-250-mph GT cars on restricted parkways in the hands of specially licensed drivers.

Technically one of the most interesting high-performance cars to appear in recent years is the Jensen, product of a small British house. This is another Italian-bodied (Vignale), American-engined (Chrysler) hybrid, unusual in the U. K. market in that automatic transmission is standard and manual optional. There are two models, the Interceptor and the FF (for Ferguson Formula). They are identically bodied, the difference being in the works. The FF has a most ingenious four-wheel drive system that spreads the power evenly fore and aft and side to side, prevents wheelspin under any amount of power application and, via the Maxaret braking system developed for aircraft, prevents any wheel from locking. The Jensen FF is therefore practically skidproof and can reasonably claim to have the most advanced running gear in production today. It is priced around \$15,000.

A few years ago a British house put on the market a strange vehicular device, the Marcos, a small high-performance car built partly of wood. It inspired many amusing flights of fancy as to what would happen to it in a crash. (Not much: Plywood is very strong.) The Marcos has a fiberglass body now, and there are two models, the 1500 and the 1600 GTs, powered by British Ford engines of 1.5 and 1.6 liters, respectively. The Marcos stands waist-high to a shortish man, the interior arrangements enforce the full-arm-length steering position favored by *grand prix* drivers, and the effect is altogether exciting. The 1600 is an 8.4-second 0-to-60 machine and costs about \$4500 in this country. Because the structure of the car allows no seat adjustment, the whole pedal assembly—clutch, brake and accelerator—can be moved four inches front or rear as a unit.

Currently, the sensation in England is a car that will be assembled but not sold there: the Lotus Europa. This is a hybrid (Renault engine) from the atelier of Colin Chapman, on whose Lotus *grand prix* cars Jimmy Clark came to the championship of the world. The Europa's engine is in the new mid-point, or east-to-west, position, just behind the seats. It's a two-place coupe. This is a stark and intriguing little GT car, getting over 110 mph out of 82 horsepower. It is not luxuriously fitted out—the windows are



"This should be interesting."

fixed, the seats are semireclining in the *grand prix* fashion, with pedal adjustment as in the Marcos; and the fairly tight luggage compartment, behind the engine, gets a bit warm. But the Europa handles impeccably, as does Chapman's standard road car, the Elan, and the \$4000 it costs brings you the intangible satisfaction of driving a most advanced motorcar. Incidentally, some of the new cars, and the Europa is one, will not meet the recently laid down U. S. safety standards and so can't be imported in their present form.

A conventional small GT from England is the Triumph GT-6, successor to the TR-4A. This is a pleasant-looking hardtop, with access to the luggage space behind the seats through a lift-up rear-window frame. Because it runs a six-cylinder engine instead of the four so usual in this kind of car, it has sufficient go—60 in 10 seconds—and the brakes, disks in front, drums behind, are superior. The GT-6 does have a couple of reminders of ancient British prejudice—one, that the way to ventilate an automobile is to open up everything wide, never mind fancy ductings and blowers; and two, that a "firm" ride on rough surface is one of the marks of the sporting vehicle. But for a shade less than \$3000, the GT-6 is an attractive buy.

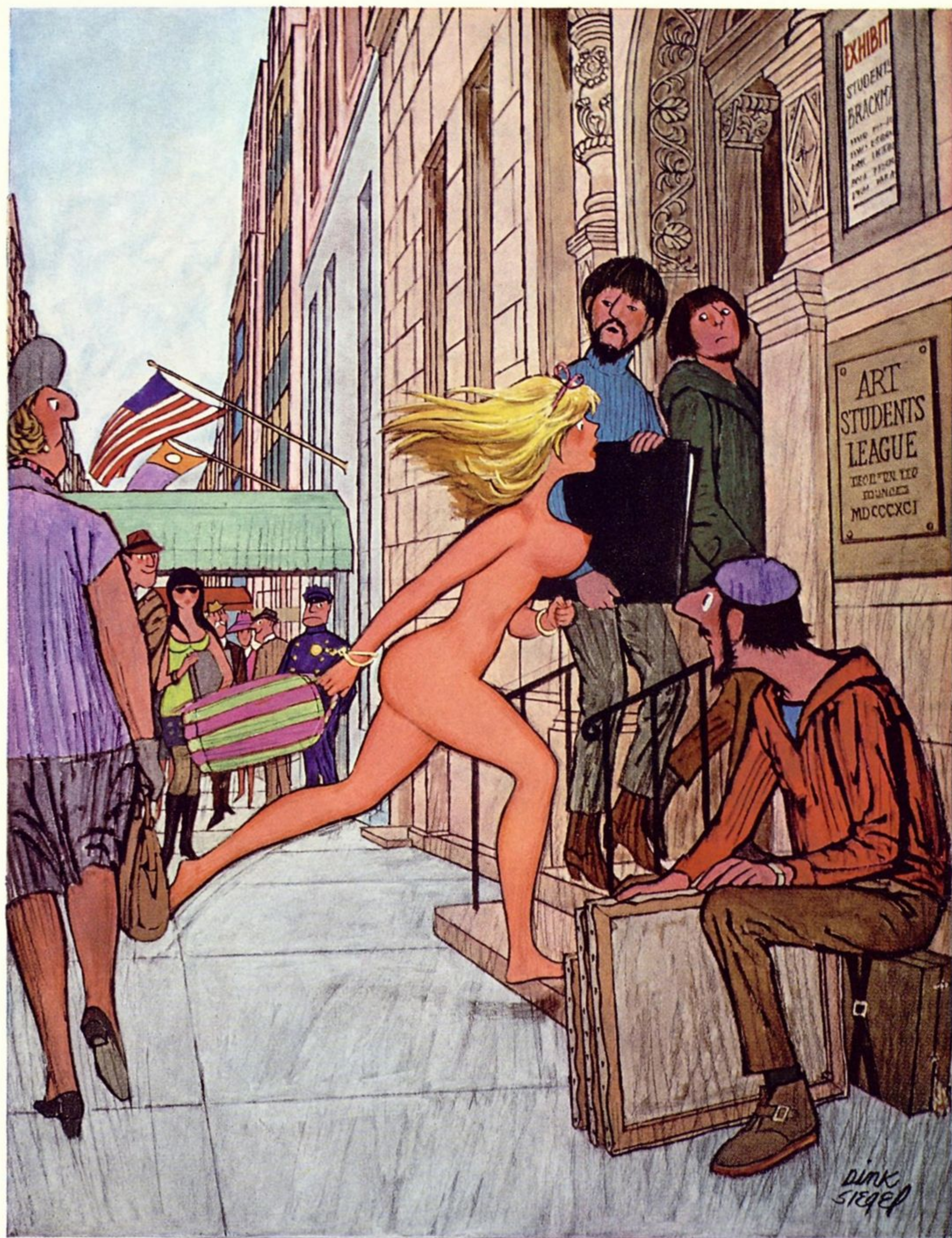
A hundred dollars more brings in the MGB-GT. The MG is the sports car for many, and it has the longest contemporary tradition in this country. The TC model MG was the first sports car to come here in any quantity after World War

Two, and it was the rock on which the revival of road racing was based in 1948. A TC cost \$1995 or so then, and its successor, the B, is about \$1000 more now, a reasonable acceleration, indeed, in the light of the increase in cost of many other things much less desirable. The MGB-GT is a hardtop coupe with a couple of midget seats behind. It's quiet for the type; it will do an honest 100 and get to 60 in around 13 seconds. There are worse ways to go.

The Italian industry may be best known for its dominance of the \$15,000 150-mph category down the years, but its small-engine high-performance machines have an eminence as well deserved. Alfa Romeo is one of the foundation names in Italian motor making, producer of every kind of automobile, well remembered for fabulous racing achievements and for such classics as the 1750 Zagato-bodied two-seater of the 1930s. A good current example of Alfa is the 1600 Duetto, a \$4000 motorcar. The body is odd-looking to some tastes, and trouble has been gone to in order to incorporate a vestigial rendering of the traditional Alfa Romeo grille. But the engine is in the expensive double-overhead-camshaft configuration, there are five speeds, four-wheel disks, and it performs zestfully: 113 mph.

Fiat is another old-line house offering a whole range of fast machines. The Fiat Dino coupe was a world sensation on introduction because the engine is a Ferrari design, named after Enzo Ferrari's son Dino, a promising talent who died in





*"We haven't missed anything—here comes the model."*



early manhood. It's a V-6 with *four* overhead camshafts, and turns out 166 horsepower, enough for 131 mph. There are disk brakes all around, magnesium-aluminum-alloy wheels; the coachwork, by Bertone, is as beautiful as anything on the road and the interior is luxurious to a degree rarely found in sports-GT cars.

Fiat has always had on the production lines a small car—the Fiat Topolino is a classic—and the current example is the 850. Some authorities think this the best small car going, and in the Spider version by Bertone, it is the lowest-priced performance car on the market, at a startling \$1998. The car is a delight: strong, sturdy, rattle-free, quiet, excellent handling. The engine runs merrily to 6000 revolutions a minute and beyond, it will go past 90 mph. A bargain, to be sure.

Lancia, another legendary house, has a thoroughly exciting car in the model Fulvia, a V-4 double-overhead-camshaft engine, 1.3 liters, driving the front wheels. The Fulvia is undoubtedly one of the most important small-car breakthrough designs of recent years. Everything about the chassis, engine, running gear is beautifully built in the best tradition of Italian things mechanical, and the performance is extraordinary. For one thing, it offers all the advantages of front-wheel drive with none of the drawbacks. There is no stiffness in the steering, no vibration, and most people, not having been told, would never know they were steering the driven wheels. The engine is smooth and quiet and the brakes, of course, disk. The GT Sports Coupe by Zagato is a striking piece of coachbuilding, full of luxurious little gimmicks unusual for the price range: red warning lights on the door edges, for instance, and a flip switch on the dash that lifts the rear window-luggage door electrically by a couple of inches for ventilation. All this for \$4150.

Two giants in the GT field are German—Mercedes-Benz and Porsche. Daimler-Benz, the oldest motorcar manufacturer in the world, is probably best known at the moment for the huge, \$26,000 Pullman 600 M-B limousine, no doubt the most luxurious vehicle in the market place today; but the two-seater 250 SL is equally notable and may be the most advanced sports-GT car available. It is extraordinary in handling, in controllability, in silence, in longevity, in finish. And it can be had with a flawless automatic transmission.

Porsche, young and small by Daimler-Benz standards, has made a prodigious reputation since the end of the last War. Porsches have won races everywhere races are run, nearly always against bigger iron, and they are so reliable that it has become axiomatic that if four Porsches start a 24-hour race, say, three will certainly finish and probably the fourth as well. The Model 356 Porsche became a

classic in its own time, and the new 911 and 911S models will do the same. The Porsche combines luxury and performance in a unique fashion. I remember being struck, on a visit to the factory, by the comparative quiet of the place. After a bit, I realized why it was quiet: The car was being put together carefully and slowly by fitting and filing and trying, with no bashing and none of the haste that brings brutality. I've owned three Porsches and nothing basic has ever gone wrong with any of them. At the top of the line just now is the 911S, running 180 horsepower, a rear-mounted six-cylinder air-cooled engine, 140 mph. In addition to the standard coupe, Porsche has a solution, unique with the firm, for the safe-convertible problem. This is the Targa model, which carries a wide roll-bar structure behind the seats, giving four variations on top-up, top-down positions. The Targa is \$7390 on the 911S chassis. The four-cylinder 912, with performance in the 115-mph area, is \$4790.

There is one superb *full* four-passenger GT car: the 2000CS by BMW (Bayerische Motoren Werke). Again, this is a car for which sophisticated people (*grand prix* drivers using it as personal transportation, for example) claim the title The Best. It is faultlessly built, with the fanatic all-screw-slots-straight attention to detail that only Germans seem still able to command. It has luxury—electric windows, electric roof—and goes at the command of a notoriously unbreakable engine. The handling qualities are excellent and predictable in all circumstances and the suspension is from another place altogether: You feel you could run over a log and not know it. I drove a CS for a month, every day, hard, and it wasn't long enough to turn up anything to argue about except trifles like the placement of the choke, craftily hidden away by someone who hates parking-lot attendants. The sum of \$4985 brings it home to you.

The Glas 1700 GT is sometimes called in Germany "the poor man's Porsche," as the Rover 3-liter is called in England "the poor man's Rolls-Royce," and that's a high compliment. The Glas 1700 is a \$3295 automobile, four cylinders, single overhead camshaft, Italian bodied, smart and practical. It's quick, 0–60 in under 10 seconds, and will run unfussily all day at 85, with more than 115 available as a top speed. The Glas is a bargain at the figure, new in this country and thus offering the virtue of considerable exclusivity.

Sweden makes two GT automobiles that have wide followings all over the world, the Volvo and the SAAB. The Volvo 1800S is not new, it has been on the market for about five years, and that is no doubt the root of its reputation as a nothing-goes-wrong machine. The Volvo

coupe is not wildly fast—it will get to 60 in 13 seconds and do a top of 109—but it's sturdy to a remarkable degree while retaining the grace and good looks that a *gran turismo* car must have. The body's high waistline and the absence of greenhouse-like sheets of glass give a tucked-in, secure and private feeling. Volvo builds for rough Swedish roads and cold Swedish winters, so the 1800S is one GT car that cannot be faulted for ride or instant heat and good ventilation. The factory says the car's average life is 11 years, and I know no reason to doubt it.

SAAB, basically an aircraft firm and one of the world's leaders in the field of fighter planes, made a world reputation with a three-cylinder front-wheel-drive small sedan. For years the popping, frying-pan exhaust sound of this little two-stroke was a dominant note in European rallies, where the car's indestructibility and weirdly adhesive road holding in the hands of such master drivers as Erik Carlsson made it almost unbeatable. There's a brand-new sports version of the three-cylinder called the Sonett, at \$3450. Again we have performance, comfort, rarity, speed (105 mph) and the satisfaction of driving something you know has been proven.

When it became evident a few years ago that the Japanese intended moving in on the world's automobile producers, there was a tendency toward polite amusement in some quarters—but notably not among motorcycle makers, who had been blitzed, trampled and wiped out by Honda. American skeptics were convinced when Toyota suddenly showed up just behind Volkswagen in foreign-car sales in the bellwether Los Angeles market. Toyota is the biggest of the Japanese makers, which is to say the biggest in the East, and having broken in on standard sedan and station-wagon types, has now offered an absolutely stunning *gran turismo*, the 2000 GT. This is a tour-de-force automobile and it is going to have a formidable impact. It's made to go: six-cylinder double-overhead-camshaft engine riding on seven bearings, 150 horsepower out of two liters. A 2000 GT ran 72 hours at 128.76 mph and took three world and 13 international records doing it. The Japanese do not overprice their merchandise, and the 2000 GT Toyota goes for about \$6800.

The choice is wide. All you need is the money and a place to go, and someone to go with. The reason for doing it all? A man wise enough, Dr. Samuel Johnson, said that if he could, he would spend his life traveling fast in a post chaise, the GT of his day, in the company of a pretty woman, and never mind such nonessential nuisances as work and taxes and weather.



## PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

(continued from page 109)

worth over \$12,500, also includes a Playmate of the Year wardrobe in Playmate Pink (an original tint premiered in 1964, when our bonus program for the Playmate of the Year was inaugurated), from Terry Kaplan Boutique (Chicago), by E. T. California, S. Howard Hirsh and Boul' Mich; a rabbit ski jacket from Alper Furs (Chicago), a black mink coat from Barlan Furs (New York), an Exquisite Form lingerie wardrobe, Revlon cosmetics, Renauld of France sunglasses, and a Lilly Dache hair fall from Kayko Products (Chicago); for a bit of supplementary sparkle, Lady Hamilton has supplied a 14-kt.-gold and diamond wrist watch; and from Maria Vogt (New York), Miss Baker acquires a 14-kt.-gold Rabbit Pin with a diamond eye.

If our Playmate of the Year feels inclined to engage in sports—Lisa's an avowed lover of water-skiing, horseback riding, motorcycle and sports-car racing—she'll be properly equipped with a Formex scamper boat, water skis and a Swimaster scuba tank from W. J. Voit, a Plastilite surfboard, a Honda Super 90 motorcycle and a ten-speed Schwinn bike (the last two in Playmate Pink), a bongo board from the Bongo Corporation, a Winchester automatic skeet gun and shooting outfit, and a Spalding tennis racket, with cover and press. From U. S. Divers, Lisa receives a marina jacket, snorkel, mask and fins, plus a Jaguar

Club spear gun and a Grisbi knife. With snow skis from the Head Ski Company, PK ski poles from Peter Kennedy, and Henke buckle ski boots, Lisa will be set to take advantage of her complimentary ski week for two at Vail, Colorado—a package gift including lift tickets, lodging and instruction; Continental Airlines has supplied two tickets to Denver. For suitable sporting attire, she can choose among her new Edelweiss ski outfits, Levi Strauss Western riding apparel and Jantzen swimsuits; she's also been granted a lifetime supply of Sea & Ski suntan lotion, which will come in handy during her ten-day, government-sponsored tour of Nassau and the Bahamas.

Whenever she feels inspired to express herself in any of the artistic media, Lisa will have at her fingertips a complete set of artist's materials from Grumbacher (New York), a Minox camera, a Vivitar 8mm movie camera, an electric guitar and amplifier from Yamaha International, and a Smith-Corona portable electric typewriter. For simple but stylish relaxation, she'll have her own Italian-style reclining Burris chair furnished with velvet in—you guessed it—Playmate Pink. And, to celebrate her celebrity status, a case of *brut* champagne magnums from Paul Masson. For Lisa Baker, the best things in life are suddenly free, indeed—and the credit, as any connoisseur of Playmates will freely acknowledge, is due to her own resources.



## ROOM 312

(continued from page 106)

for the twenty years we were married. I arranged for her to stay in 312 one night."

Sam hit Shelton so hard on the back that he knocked the paper cup out of his hand.

"Charlie, that's it! You're a goddamn genius. I knew it all the time. You quiet types are always smart."

"I don't understand, Mr. Webster."

"Don't you see, Charlie, we get rid of people for a price. A damn good price. Our own little disposal service. No mess, no fuss. Do you know how many people there are that want to get rid of their wives, their mother-in-laws, business associates? All we have to do is spread the word in the right spots. We'll have more goddamn business than we can handle."

"Mr. Webster, isn't that just like murder?"

"Murder! Hell, no. Who said anything about murder? There's no bodies. Nobody can blame us for a thing. I'm gonna cut you in for twenty percent. Charlie, we'll both get rich."

"Twenty percent. That's very generous, Mr. Webster."

"Yeah, well, I'm a generous guy. There's only one thing I gotta do first—that's Hilda."

"Who's Hilda?"

"Hilda is Mrs. Webster. My goddamn miserable wife. Worst person ever walked the face of God's earth. She's got to go tomorrow night."

"So soon? Maybe you better think about it for a while, Mr. Webster."

"No chance! I wish it wasn't so late. I'd get her over here right now. Tomorrow night I'll get her in that room if I have to hit her over the head."

The next evening about ten, Sam Webster and Mrs. Webster walked into the Hotel Madison. As they passed the desk, he patted her arm and remarked that it was going to be like a second honeymoon. He had a cheap bottle of wine under his arm. He winked at Shelton as he led Hilda into the elevator. She was blushing like a schoolgirl.

Shortly after midnight, Sam Webster was in the lobby again.

"She's sleeping like a baby," he said. "Like a baby gorilla. That wine really did the trick. Two glasses and she was snoring so loud the room was shaking. Sounds just like a subway train. She even forgot about the honeymoon. Charlie, old baby, if this works, you get a bonus. An extra week's pay. I mean it. You don't know what it's been like living with that ape for the past thirty years."

"It'll work," Shelton said. "It always does."

At two A.M., Sam went up to 312. He was back in a few minutes, his face beaming. "It happened! Not a trace! Not





a goddamn trace. Gone just like that," he snapped his fingers. "Even the wine bottle is gone. Can you imagine, Charlie, *no more Hilda*." This time, he poured Shelton's drink first.

The next day, Sam Webster called an old friend of his, Louis Crowell. "Louie," he said, "Sammy Webster, yeah, I'm fine. How are you? And how's the Mrs.? I got a little business proposition for you, Louie. How about lunch and we'll talk it over?"

That night, Mr. and Mrs. Crowell checked in. Louis Crowell told his wife that Sam Webster wanted to sell the hotel, that he was almost giving it away. Louis wanted to stay in it a night or two to see if everything was OK.

In the lobby a little after midnight, Shelton handed Crowell the whiskey bottle and pointed to the paper cups. Louis poured himself a drink. "I don't like to see her get hurt too much," he said.

"Mr. Crowell, I can assure you there'll be no pain. Your wife will just conveniently disappear."

"That's what Sammy said. I don't want no trouble with the police."

"There'll be no trouble with anyone. At two o'clock, you can go back up to bed and get some sleep."

Early the next morning, Louis Crowell came down to Shelton's cubbyhole office at the rear of the desk and found Webster and the clerk waiting for him. Louis reached into his pocket and removed an envelope, which he handed to Sam Webster.

"You got a great thing going here, Sammy. You delivered just like you said you would."

Sam reached into the envelope and pulled out two \$100 bills. "Here, Charlie, twenty percent, just like I said." He turned to Louis Crowell. "Louie, you got a friend you think might like our service, give him my name."

"Sure, Sammy. I can send you lots of business. You'll be booked months in advance. You got the greatest thing since penicillin."

Sam Webster looked as if his horse had just won the Kentucky Derby. "It's more like the world's greatest wart remover," he said.

"You'll be a big man, Sammy," Louis said, with obvious envy.

"Yeah," Sam Webster said, with a faraway look in his eyes.

A month later, the demand was so heavy for room 312 that the fee had gone up to \$2000. Webster even had half a dozen suits made. He was slowly working his way through the chorus lines around town.

Shelton kept his money in the safe at the Madison. He had never once bothered to count it. One afternoon he did stop at a used-car lot, but when the salesman came toward him, he left hastily.



*"A nameless dread, eh? That's easily fixed. We have names for everything."*

He didn't know how to drive, anyway.

Walter Slater started the trouble. He had thin gray hair and eyes that always seemed close to tears. He came into the hotel one evening when Shelton had just come on duty. "Mr. Shelton," he said, "do you remember me?"

Shelton remembered the watery eyes. "Certainly I do, Mr. Slater. Almost a month ago, wasn't it?"

"Twenty-eight days," Walter Slater said.

"Don't tell me you want to rent 312 again? You'll be our first repeat customer."

"That isn't it, Mr. Shelton. You see, it's Martha, my wife."

"Yes, I remember her when you checked in," Shelton said nervously. "She did—uh—remain absent, didn't she?"

"I want her back, Mr. Shelton. I'll pay again, but I want Martha back."

Shelton cleared his throat. He looked desperately at the bottle of whiskey beneath the desk. "Didn't Mr. Webster make everything clear to you?"

"Sammy I've known a long time. He talks too fast. I'll pay again. I've got the money with me. I want Martha back. I miss her, Mr. Shelton."

Shelton picked up the phone with a shaky hand and called Sam Webster.

"Mr. Webster, Charlie, you'd better come down to the hotel. There's a slight problem."

Sam Webster arrived in 20 minutes. He hardly noticed Slater. "What's up, Charlie?" he said. "Too many demands for 312? We'll raise the price again. Hell, weekends we should get five

thousand. All the hotels raise the rates on weekends."

"It isn't that, Mr. Webster. It's Mr. Slater here, he has a problem."

Sam Webster turned to Walter Slater. "Wally, old boy," he said, "don't tell me you got someone else? A mistress, maybe? I'm surprised. I didn't figure you for a ladies' man. I'll tell you what, you're one of our first customers—the rates have gone up, but you don't have to go to the bottom of the list. Charlie here'll fix you up some night next week."

Walter Slater looked down at the floor. "You don't understand, Sammy, I don't have a mistress. I don't have anyone. It's Martha. I want her back, Sammy."

Sam Webster reached with automatic hand for the whiskey bottle. "Wally, what the hell is this! How am I gonna get her back? I told you the deal. We shook hands on it. Martha's gone. You're better off. Go out and find yourself a young one. What the hell can you care about Martha?"

"Sammy, she was my wife."

"Wife! What the hell, who needs it? I'm telling you, there's no way to bring her back." He turned to Shelton.

"Is there, Charlie?"

"I'm afraid not, Mr. Slater, there's just no way."

Walter Slater said nothing for a full minute. He watched Sam Webster drink the whiskey. Tears came to the corners of his sad eyes. "Sammy, if she's not home by tomorrow night, I'm going to the police."

"Wally, you're crazy. Go to the police. What will it do? They'll snoop around





got  
enough  
ball?

Get all that's in you and your clubs...hit a Maxfli. You'll never know how good you are until you do. Sold only by professionals. Try one.



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BY DUNLOP

Everywhere in the worlds of golf, tennis, and tires

and they'll put you in the nuthouse. Who's gonna believe your story? There's no bodies. Without no bodies, the police can't do nothing."

"Tomorrow night, Sammy, I want Martha by tomorrow night." Walter Slater walked out of the hotel.

Sam Webster poured another glass of whiskey. "Can you imagine that guy? I can't believe it. That Martha was a horse. Nothing but a horse. I don't understand people anymore. Wally should kiss the ground I walk on and he wants to go to the police." He drank the whiskey. "Charlie, how many we got lined up?"

Shelton looked at his appointment book. "We're booked for almost three months."

"We're gonna have to raise the rates. I knew it. First of the month and the rates are going up."

The next evening, Walter Slater walked into the lobby of the Madison. Shelton was expecting him. Mr. Slater looked around as though he expected to see his wife. There was a tired look on his face.

"I'm sorry," Shelton said, "but there's nothing anyone can do."

Sam Webster came into the lobby. He was dressed in a dark suit. There was a white carnation in his buttonhole. He was smoking a huge cigar. He was swinging a walking stick with a solid-silver head. "How's everything going, Charlie, baby?" Sam hadn't noticed Walter Slater.

"Fine," Shelton said. "Mr. and Mrs. Cooper just checked in."

"Eddie Cooper we shoulda charged double. That wife of his, Susie, I know he'd pay a good ten grand to get rid of that pig."

Then Sam noticed Walter Slater. He slapped him hard on the back. "Wally, I tell you what. I'm taking you out with me tonight. I've got two blondes. They're acrobats. They'll make you forget old Martha."

"Sammy, I don't want no blonde acrobats. I want Martha." He was crying. Tears streaked his pale cheeks.

"Let me tell you something, Wally, I been patient with you. Now, I tell you what. You go to the police, go ahead. You're in this as much as we are. There's nothing you can do, anyway." Sam Webster puffed hard on his cigar. A cloud of gray smoke engulfed Walter Slater's face. "I tell you what, Wally, old boy, any more trouble out of you, I'm gonna hit you over the head and you spend the night in 312. That way, you might end up with Martha—and you might not. One more word, that's all, just one more word and you've had it. I'll lock you in the room. So, I blow a couple grand. I'm tired of seeing your crying face. Now, go ahead, say something."

Slater looked at Sam Webster in

disbelief. He shook his head as though he were trying to remember something. He walked out of the hotel.

"Well, Charlie, old boy, how did I handle that?"

"You didn't mean it, did you, Mr. Webster?"

"Didn't mean what?"

"About locking Mr. Slater in 312?"

"Hell, yes, I meant it! You think I'm gonna let that creep ruin the best thing a guy ever had? I'd just as soon step on him. Who needs that kinda trouble?"

Shelton and Webster got through the spring and summer without any more client difficulties. Shelton had never realized there were so many people willing to pay so much money to have certain associates or dear ones disappear. Shelton had no idea how much money he had in the safe. Sam Webster was living like a king. He even bought a Rolls-Royce complete with chauffeur, and he was wearing flowers in his lapel every day. His name was in all the gossip columns, always mentioned along with some young actress or showgirl.

It was early fall, a clear September night, when the unpredictable happened. Shelton was drinking coffee out of his green Thermos when Sam Webster walked into the lobby. He was dressed in evening clothes, a flower in his lapel; and although he was carrying a half-full bottle of champagne, Shelton had never seen Sam Webster look so sober. "Charlie," he said, "I can't believe it. I just can't believe it."

"What happened, Mr. Webster?" Charlie said, sipping at his hot coffee and beginning to feel nervous for some reason.

"I was at the Grove Theater tonight with the acrobats. You know, the two blondes. A new show opened and I don't like to miss an opening. Well, we were sitting there in the first row enjoying the show. I was giving the chorus a thorough check—you know, in case there was anything extra-special—and I see *her* dancing in the line."

"See *who* dancing in the line, Mr. Webster?"

"Hilda! My Hilda, that's who!" Sam Webster was shouting. "Just like she looked thirty years ago!"

"Mr. Webster, that's not possible."

"Not possible! How can you say anything's not possible after the crazy things been going on around here? You telling Sam Webster that he doesn't know his own wife? I ain't never gonna forget that figure. Not the way it was thirty years ago. What do you think I married her for? Even the mole was there, right above her left knee. The same mole, in the same place. Charlie, it was Hilda, looking just like she did when I married her. Don't you see? Hilda always wanted to be a dancer. She always said she could've had a great career if she hadn't



married me. That's what happened. We thought we were so smart. Those people that been disappearing from 312—don't you see, Charlie? Whatever they always dreamed about being in life—that's the way they end up! All Hilda ever talked about when we were first married was being a dancer. And now she's on her way, she's in the chorus line at the Grove Theater."

"You're sure it was Hilda, Mr. Webster?"

"Charlie, just like I'm standing here, I'm sure."

Sam Webster finished his champagne. Suddenly his face began to beam. His eyes came alive. He looked as if he might begin to jump up and down.

"Charlie, I've got it. Jesus Christ, I'm surprised I didn't think of it sooner. What the hell is the matter with me? I've got it, Charlie!"

"Got what, Mr. Webster?"

"Saturday's hero, that's what. Don't you see, I've always wanted to be a football hero. I can hear the roar of the crowd now. Those sunny fall afternoons and Sammy Webster, triple-threat back for Notre Dame, running wild on the gridiron."

"I don't understand, Mr. Webster."

"Don't understand! Charlie, all my life I've wanted to play football. When I was a kid, that's all I ever thought about. Only trouble was I couldn't play a lick. I used to sit in the stands and suffer. But now, Charlie, old boy, I can do it. I'm going to college. Notre Dame. I won't make all-American my sophomore year, just another sensational sophomore back, that's all. But my junior year, watch out! I'll be the talk of the country. No one is gonna stop Sammy Webster. Can't you see me fading back to throw one of my long touchdown bombs, the crowd going crazy, and the girls, Charlie, the girls, all those coeds. Those are real girls, Charlie, not freak acrobats. They'll all be screaming my name. Christ, I can hardly wait! Then about ten good years of pro ball. I'll develop my Webster bullet pass. Zip. Zip. Short, flat and hard, right over the line, no one'll be able to stop me. And once in a while, the Sammy Webster trademark, a high, soft one, right into the end zone. Charlie, goddamn it, I can't wait."

"Mr. Webster, you mean you're going to spend the night in room 312?"

"Charlie, what the hell you think I been talking about? Who has the room reserved for tonight?"

Shelton looked at his appointment book. "Mr. and Mrs. Greenwald."

"You call that Greenwald and tell him he's been moved back a night. Tell him 312 has been closed for alterations. Tell him anything. I'm going home and get some sleep. I'll be back later tonight."

Sam Webster returned to the Hotel Madison shortly before midnight. Shelton

could tell that he'd had a good sleep. He looked fresh and his eyes were clear. He was dressed in gray slacks and a soft gray sport shirt. There was a pleasant odor of after-shave lotion about him.

"Well, Charlie," he said, "this is it. This is the big night. Did you call Greenwald?"

"Yes, sir. I moved him back a night."

"Good. I'm gonna miss you, Charlie. I'm gonna miss you."

"I'm gonna miss you, Mr. Webster."

Shelton got two paper cups and removed the whiskey bottle from beneath the desk. "Should we have one last farewell drink, Mr. Webster?"

"You go ahead, Charlie. I can't. I'm in training, you know. No one on the squad is allowed to drink."

Shelton poured some whiskey into a cup. Sam Webster had his eyes on the clock. "Well, Charlie, it's midnight straight up. I don't want to be late. It's all yours now, Charlie."

He put out his hand. The two men stood there shaking hands. "Thanks, Mr. Webster. I can hardly believe it."

"Goodbye, and don't forget to read the sports pages," Sam Webster said as

he walked into the elevator. Shelton watched the elevator doors slide closed. The elevator started up.

"Goodbye, Mr. Webster," Shelton said to the empty lobby.

Sam Webster got out on the third floor. He walked down the dim corridor to room 312. He turned the key in the lock and went into the dark room. He lay on the bed. He waited. Occasionally, he looked at the luminous dial on his watch. Football, coeds, crowds of screaming people were all busy in his head.

Suddenly, there was a blinding light and the loud blare of music. He was upright and he could feel his arms and legs moving. Finally, he could make out faces through a white glare of light. His arms and legs were still moving violently. There were attractive young men and women all around him. They were all dancing. He looked down at his feet. His young, handsome legs were keeping time to the music. He saw it all clearly. They were dancers. They were all dancing. Sam Webster was dancing in the show at the Grove Theater.



*"Frankly, madam, I find it beneath my dignity to discuss safety."*



for creating a climate of opinion in which such proposals can be seriously entertained. Before Hefner came on the scene, the bluenoses and puritans—due entirely to their shrillness and their bullying tactics—effectively silenced all opposition. Now, however, people of ordinary common sense are increasingly realizing that they are the majority and are telling the sickniks, "Get off our backs." I am sure it is these voices, coming in louder and clearer all the time, that inspired the President's Commission to say in public what all sane lawyers and judges have been saying in private for years.

Donald Wolf  
Chicago, Illinois

#### SODOMY FACTORIES

I must reply to John F. Okel's letter (*The Playboy Forum*, May). He denies the charge made in an earlier *Forum* letter that homosexual activities are engaged in by wards of the Youth Authority in California. The earlier letter—from an anonymous inmate of the Preston School of Industry—had more of the ring of truth.

I am broadminded, but what I saw in the five years I was a guard at the Correctional Training Facility at Soledad, California, really appalled me. Such institutions for adolescents are breeding grounds for homosexuality, because the boys are at a very critical point in their development. Mr. Okel is either oblivious of his surroundings or has been "institutionalized."

Hector R. Robles  
Tucson, Arizona

I am writing to endorse recent *Playboy Forum* letters pointing out the high incidence of homosexuality in our prison system. The official who wrote to deny these accusations (*The Playboy Forum*, May) was either fooling himself or trying to fool the rest of us.

I give you three incidents from my last sojourn in the "joint":

I watched as an 18-year-old boy, a first offender, was placed in the same cell with a life-terminer, a confirmed homosexual who had greased the palm of the turnkey for this favor. Result? Brutally forced sodomy, after a long fight that the guards "didn't hear."

I saw another convict force a younger man to perform oral sex for him, at the point of a crudely fashioned knife.

I heard an official tell a rebellious, troublesome young convict: "Why don't you find a fag, settle down and do your time peacefully?"

As indicated in a report on crime by a Federal commission, prison experience unmistakably increases the chance that an offender will break the law again. When a man's sex life is limited to sadism and sodomy for a period of years, can American officialdom really expect him to be more "normal" after he finally gets his release than when he was first arrested?

(Name withheld by request)  
Atlanta, Georgia

#### FRIGIDITY AND IMPOTENCE

Dr. Davison, who eliminated a patient's sadistic fantasy with the aid of your Playmate of the Month feature (*The Playboy Forum*, April), is not the only psychiatrist using "PLAYBOY therapy." My husband and I consulted a psychiatric marriage counselor because of the partial impotence of my husband, and the advice given to us was this: We should both have a few drinks before making love and my husband should begin reading PLAYBOY.

The real reason I am writing, however, is to answer the men who have complained in recent issues about their frigid wives. Believe me, boys, it is just as frustrating to be a sexually normal woman and have a near-impotent husband. I have lived with this problem for ten years, and all I have gained from it is insight.

As a typical experience in my husband's childhood, when he was five years old, his parents caught him engaged in mutual anatomical explorations with the little girl next door and he was beaten black and blue. (Good Christian parents, yes?) As a result, he always uses two towels after a bath—one is reserved for his "horrible" and "sinful" genital area and is immediately thrown into the laundry basket before it can contaminate the rest of us (or any other part of himself). Naturally, as an adolescent he was told by his father that masturbation causes insanity.

Don't laugh at this man. For years he has struggled heroically to become a real husband to me, and I feel no contempt for him—only for his parents.

I say to every man with a frigid wife: You have a hard lot, but your wife has a rough life also. If you knew all the details of her childhood and how her parents stifled her sexuality, your heart would break with pity.

And I say to Hugh Hefner and PLAYBOY: Keep up the good work.

(Name withheld by request)  
Salt Lake City, Utah



"Sometimes I wonder about this neighborhood—  
us being the rich folks in the  
big house at the top of the hill and all."



## THE TABOO CURTAIN

Most people have heard of the Iron Curtain, many have heard of the Bamboo Curtain, but only a few are consciously aware of the Taboo Curtain.

The Taboo Curtain is maintained neither by law nor by military coercion. It is subtle, but its rule is inviolate. It is the iron hand in the velvet glove—the thorn beneath the rose. It is the same today as it was when Socrates and Jesus came up against it. It is the eternal enemy of the pioneer.

Safe behind the shield of the Taboo Curtain, popular opinion leers at the unpopular. The pioneer of social thought discovers that his friends desert him; that he is sneered at and boycotted; that he has lost his means of livelihood; that the news media deny him the right of expressing his honest thought—or even the right to defend himself against his slanderers. The rule of the Taboo Curtain—the rule of society—is absolute: The individual must claim allegiance to orthodoxy and must suppress recalcitrant opinions. If he fails to discipline himself in this manner, he will *be* disciplined.

Charley Greer

San Bernardino, California

## MEDICAL STUDENT'S PRAISE

As a medical student, I find *The Playboy Philosophy* highly valuable. I have learned to recognize the psychological bases of many supposedly "medical" problems, and your fearless discussion of the sexual confusion of our time sheds much light on such cases. I sincerely believe that you have assisted in the development of my professional ability to treat psychomedical conditions.

Jeff Belknap

North Charleston, South Carolina

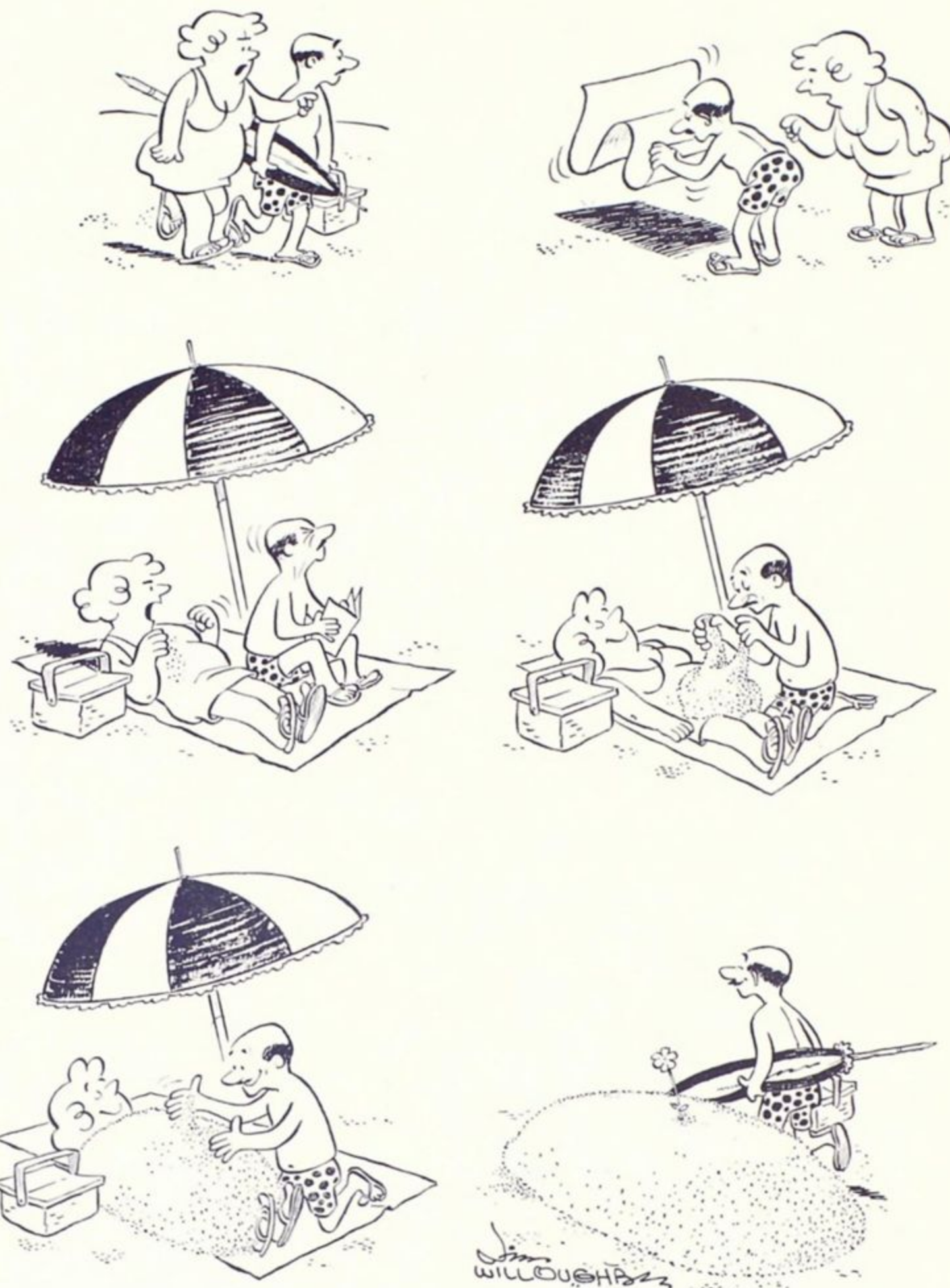
## THE PHALLIC FALLACY

In a recent *Playboy Advisor*, you wrote, "It's not the size of the wand that puts the rabbit in the hat, it's the magic of the performer." That is the best defense of the small penis I have ever heard, and to bolster your defense, you seek support in the Masters and Johnson book *Human Sexual Response*.

In France, during World War One, an Army doctor with three eager and carefully chosen assistants, including myself, started the search for an unbiased answer to the question: Is the large penis more effective than the small one? In the doctor's opinion, among the four of us we had as wide an assortment of sizes as could be found in any group. Our experiments continued from 1916 to 1925, with cooperating ladies from three continents and of at least 14 nationalities.

At the end of the first year of our work, solely with young girls, the results were inconclusive. The preferences of the subjects were divided into three almost-equal groups: Small, Large, Undecided.

It is with the mature women between



25 and 50, mothers of one to several children, that we struck pay dirt. In over seven years of work with this age group, with only an occasional examination of younger women, we found *not one* woman in favor of the small penis. One French lady described the small penis as an object groping in darkness in search of something to lean against.

I must add that the doctor had plans to publish our findings in some scientific paper. He was dissuaded only by fear of consequences to the thriving practice he was building up in a small Eastern city.

Neal P. Anthony

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

You have brought your doctor friend's "research" on penile size to light at an appropriate time—just after the publication of Professor Steven Marcus' *"The Other Victorians."* Subtitled *"A Study of Sexuality and Pornography in Mid-19th Century England,"* this book includes a perceptive analysis of how the belief in

sexual myths transforms them into reality in the minds of the believers. Professor Marcus devotes the greater part of his analysis to the persistent legend that females ejaculate when they experience orgasm. Discussing a comment made by the anonymous author of *"My Secret Life,"* a 19th Century sexual autobiography, Marcus says:

*He believes that women ejaculate. This is one of the most widely cherished of male fantasies, and its function is self-evident. How the author acquired this belief we do not learn; but he has it as a young man, and when, at the end of his work, after he has had sexual intercourse with well over a thousand women, we learn that he still believes it, we are justified in calling into question not only the character of his experience but the character of experience itself, seeing how*



deeply preconditioned it can be by our needs, by what we want it to be. For not only does he believe in female ejaculation, he also experiences it, and on countless occasions routinely describes to himself and us what it is like to experience, to feel, the seminal discharge of a woman while she is having an orgasm. There is still a further step of complication, for in addition to his—and other men's—belief the women themselves also believed that they ejaculated, experienced this "fact," and described it to and discussed it with him.

Professor Marcus goes on to apply his analysis to your own cherished myth—that a large penis provides more pleasure to the female than a small one. Discussing a passage in "My Secret Life" in which the anonymous author expresses fear that his penis is too small, Marcus comments:

This interest is as universal among men as their anxiety about castration, and it is not to be

allayed by experience. He knows from experience that most women are quite indifferent to the size of a man's penis and that their perception of this organ is very often indistinct and imprecise (whether this common failure of perception arises from indifference or from some specific inhibition is not clear).

There are two implications in your letter, one of them being that the older women were more experienced sexually than the young girls and therefore knew more about the relation between penile size and sexual satisfaction. This is belied by Dr. Marcus' analysis, which shows that increasing experience tends to reinforce rather than diminish belief in sexual myths. Thus, in the case of the older women interviewed by your friend, their additional age and experience undoubtedly gave them more time in which to become acquainted with the fallacious folklore and more experience with which to "confirm" it.

The second implication is that the older women had larger vaginas, due to

childbirth (which may be correct), and therefore needed larger penises for sexual satisfaction. This is not correct. Masters and Johnson, whose "Human Sexual Response" reflects the first truly scientific study of sex under laboratory conditions, and whose conclusions we find more authoritative than your friend's "field study," point out in their section on "Vaginal Fallacies" that a large penis does not provide any more satisfaction to a woman with an enlarged vagina than does a normal or a small penis.

We think the conclusions in "Human Sexual Response" about penile size, in view of the pertinacity of the myths surrounding this subject, are also worth repeating. Masters and Johnson report that "The concept that the larger the penis the more effective the male as a partner in coital connection" is a "phallic fallacy." They report further that the penis that appears "small" in its flaccid state grows proportionately larger during erection than the "large" flaccid penis, so that in the majority of cases, they are nearly equal in length after entering the vagina. Moreover, although the vagina expands during early excitation, Masters and Johnson report that it contracts snugly around the penis during the "plateau" phase between initial excitement and orgasm. These "involuntary accommodative reactions of the vagina" are what make intercourse gratifying, regardless of penile size.

These are the physiological facts; of course, the psychological charge a woman gets from knowing that she is being penetrated by a large penis can contribute to her sexual enjoyment—if she has been conditioned to acceptance of the myth.

Finally, if you still insist on folklore as your arbiter, we refer you to the literature of the limerick. One of our favorite five-liners explains, more pithily than any scientific tome, that while size may dazzle a lady's eyes, it takes technique to win her heart:

There was a young man named  
McNamiter  
With a tool of prodigious diameter.  
But it wasn't the size  
Gave the girls a surprise,  
'Twas his rhythm—iambic pentameter.

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity of an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "The Playboy Philosophy." Four booklet reprints of "The Playboy Philosophy," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "Philosophy" and "Forum" to: The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



"Ha, ha, the joke's on us, Mr. Simpkins—that was the maid—not my husband!"



not known who discovered fire or how he did it, but it is generally assumed that his first word on making the discovery was not "Eureka!" but "Ouch!" The discovery of fire led to many improvements, such as fire alarms, fire sales and fire insurance. It also brought about central heating, which was at first accomplished by setting fire to the center of the house and letting it spread outward. Before houses were heated, people went to bed to get warm, which was more fun than sitting around talking.

Shortly after the discovery of fire came the discovery of the wheel, which was essential to the fire engine. The first wheel was probably a round stone with a hole in the center. When a prehistoric inventor took two of these stones and put one in front of the other and asked a friend what this reminded him of, the friend thought a moment and then said, "A bicycle." After this, it was no trick at all to put four such stones together and build the first wagon. It was, however, not a station wagon but a stationary wagon, since it was too heavy to move. In time, with wheels of lighter construction, vehicles of various kinds took to the road and there were the crude beginnings of a traffic problem. With invention of the back seat, there was a dramatic rise in population.

One of the most famous of early scientists was Archimedes. A Greek mathematician, he discovered the laws of the lever and boasted, "Give me a place to stand on and I will move the earth!" Unable to find such a place, he had to content himself with less spectacular but no less enjoyable pastimes, such as the Archimedean screw.

One day when Archimedes was in the public bath, he noticed that the more his body was immersed, the more water ran over the sides. He got others to do the same thing, both men and women, to be sure this was no fluke; and every time a young woman gradually lowered herself into the bath and the water spilled over, he got more excited. People were growing tired of getting in and out, and the floor was a mess, but Archimedes had discovered that a body in water displaces an amount of water equal to its own weight. Shortly thereafter, he wrote a work entitled *On Floating Bodies*, which would have sold better had there been illustrations.

Another great scientist of the ancient world was Ptolemy, who insisted that the earth was at the center of the universe and was immovable. If the earth moved, he argued quite logically, things would fall off. Even the air, which was lighter, would be left behind. His Ptolemaic system was accepted for centuries, and there are those of us who still

prefer it to the newfangled ideas about the universe.

Ptolemy also distinguished himself as a geographer. His eight-volume work contained maps of all the known parts of the world and was the standard textbook of geography until Columbus and other navigators, who went out and had a look, proved Ptolemy had almost everything wrong. It was Ptolemy's good fortune, as both an astronomer and a geographer, to die before his errors were discovered.

During the Middle Ages, science was at a low point. Knights were so busy galloping around, looking for damsels to distress, that they had no time for controlled experiments. Serfs were so busy prostrating themselves before their masters that most of them had prostrate trouble. The only libraries that had not been burned were those in monasteries, where you had to agree to spend your life before you were issued a library card.

In 1101 A.D., with the establishment of the University of Paris, Paris became a

seat of learning, though there were those who sat or lay around doing other things. Out of consideration for those who came from other countries, lectures were given in Latin instead of French. Students who had barely slid through elementary Latin were puzzled by some of the nuances of lectures on metaphysics.

Other than Robert Grosseteste, whose name always got a few titters and admiring glances from the girls, the greatest scientist of the Middle Ages was Roger Bacon. Bacon was so far ahead of his time in his scientific ideas that he was thought a magician. He insisted that he wasn't ahead, others were behind, and explained this by pointing out errors in the calendar. However, he was imprisoned without books or instruments, a frustrating experience for a scientist. Since this was in Paris, it would have been frustrating enough even for the ordinary tourist.

Chemistry took an interesting turn in the Middle Ages, when it was in the hands of the alchemists. The alchemists were mostly concerned with only two



*"Where were the miniskirts when I needed them?"*





*"That's not the only difference."*

things: (1) turning base metals into gold and (2) discovering a way of living forever. The two went together, because it was going to take plenty of money to live so many years after 65, with no Social Security or Medicare.

Great strides were made by science during the Renaissance. First there was Copernicus, who discovered that the earth rotates around the sun. Having no telescope, he figured this out by looking through slits in the walls of his home. What his neighbors saw by looking through these same slits, we can only conjecture.

Then there was Galileo, also known as Galileo Galilei by those who were a little uncertain and trying to get it right. Galileo was interested in falling bodies, and hung around under towers and tall buildings, hoping. While he was not the inventor of the telescope, he was the first to make practical use of it, looking through it at the moon, the stars and people who had no idea he could see what they were doing. He claimed not to be a Peeping Tom, because he was only making scientific experiments, but women were well advised to pull down their shades before starting to undress, unless they were exhibitionists. Galileo himself was well clothed, refusing to look at things with a naked eye.

Galileo's most famous experiment was his dropping a 100-pound and a one-pound weight from the Tower of Pisa. This proved that a leaning tower is good

for something, after all. Galileo was placed under house arrest, not because one of his weights had hit a pedestrian on the head but because some of his ideas were so revolutionary. For instance, he maintained that anything that is not stationary is in motion. And he claimed to see spots on the sun, when obviously he hadn't cleaned his glasses.

In the 17th Century there was Isaac Newton, who made some important discoveries after being hit on the head by an apple. Galileo had used a telescope to look through, but Newton built a reflecting telescope to do his serious thinking for him. One of Newton's theories was that all particles of matter in the universe exert an attraction on one another. What he did not realize is that this is especially true in the case of male and female particles. Though Newton, a bachelor, never knew it, he was very close to the discovery of sex.

A significant application of science came in the 18th Century, when James Watt developed the steam engine. Watt is said to have got the idea from watching the steam come out of his mother's teakettle. The whistle it made reminded him of the whistle on a train; and once he had this in mind, he wouldn't rest until he had perfected the steam engine. The unit of power, the watt, is named after Watt, though some think it should have been named after Joseph Black, his predecessor. The next time you replace a burned-out 60-watt bulb, which might

have been a 60-black bulb, you might think of this.

It was about this time that scientists made advances in electricity. By flying a kite, Benjamin Franklin proved that lightning was electricity and not something else, such as an angry god. People laughed when they saw Franklin, a grown man, flying a kite in the midst of a rainstorm, but it had always been the fate of scientists and inventors to be laughed at. Fortunately, Franklin had not read the statement of a later scientist to the effect that "all bodies are capable of electrification," a discovery that was to be a boon to capital punishment.

In the early 19th Century, Sir Humphry Davy for the first time isolated the chemical elements sodium and potassium, which for some reason was desirable. More obviously important was his coining the name chlorine for what had previously been called "dephlogisticated spirit of salt." This was almost as appropriate as calling the miner's safety lamp he invented the Davy lamp.

Davy was and continues to be a controversial figure. There are two schools of thought, one insisting on spelling his first name Humphrey and the other just as insistent that it should be spelled Humphry. Davy, who married a wealthy woman and spent his last years traveling in Italy, the Tyrol and Switzerland, refused to be drawn into the controversy.

Davy's assistant and successor was Michael Faraday. By running electric currents through all sorts of things, he developed the galvanometer, a device to measure the quantity of electricity. When he came out with his ballistic galvanometer, many thought he had gone a little too far. Indeed, some, when they saw Faraday approaching with his gadget in hand, took to their heels. As if this were not enough, Faraday claimed to have discovered self-induction, though many insisted that this had been going on for centuries.

Davy often said that his greatest discovery was Faraday, and Faraday seems not to have taken offense.

Passing with some difficulty over such names as Kirchhoff, Hittorf, Boltzmann and Hasenöhrl, we come to Einstein, whose theory of relativity I wouldn't understand even if I explained it to you. More recently there have been scientists such as Fleming, the discoverer of penicillin, and Salk, the discoverer of the fact that some people would rather have polio than stand in line to get a shot.

Modern science has given us such wonders as television, space rockets, hydrogen bombs, napalm, 24-hour deodorants and "the pill."

Where would we be today without science? Where will we be tomorrow with it?





## UNDERGROUND PRESS (continued from page 96)

gifted of the underground and the establishment's legitimate frontier, the mimeographed magazines supplied the meat to the caves. Leaning heavily toward unrevised poetry, sex (especially homosexuality and fetishism), scatology, mysticism and exhibitionism, they printed stuff that would turn most *Voice* readers bluish green. The legitimate frontier never read them; the establishment never heard of them.

Then, in 1958, a 26-year-old flop comedian named Paul Krassner founded *The Realist*, a hippie-dippie urban marriage of *I. F. Stone's Weekly*, *Confidential* and *Mad*. Almost from the beginning, the Magazine of Irreverence, Applied Paranoia, Rural Naïveté, Neuter Gender, Criminal Negligence, Egghead Junkies (Krassner kept changing his mind on the masthead) abounded in wit and style. Krassner demonstrated that literacy was not tantamount to squareness. "*The Realist*," commented one New York writer with considerable glee, "is the *Village Voice* with its fly open."

The magazine had its predecessors, of course, a sort of eternal political underground: Lyle Stuart's ongoing *The Independent*, with 15,000 monthly subscribers, forever lambasting censorship and the Church; George Seldes' *In Fact*, attacking establishment politics and its press; M. S. Arnoni's *Minority of One*; and half a dozen other serious, independent journals of dissent. Similarly, another half-dozen more lighthearted sheets made appearances around the country: Victor Navasky's *Monocle*, in the late Fifties (which continues to publish sporadic special issues); a West Coast paper called *The Idiot*; *Aardvark* out of Chicago; and a self-proclaimed debunker named *Horseshit*, published by California's "Scum Press."

But Krassner, once he shed a disproportionate anticlericalism, covered the total scene. No subject—spouse swapping, abortion, famous junkies, Walter Jenkins, Stevenson's "assassination," Luci's wedding night, J. F. K.'s "body snatchers" or his "first wife"—was too hot for him. And no one had given the press as hard a time since Liebling. He was dissident, abstract, topical, personal, scatological, crusading, hip and funny all at once. He persuaded you on one page and put you on in the next. He refused to be restricted, he refused to be predicted, he refused advertising and, with it, most of America's social mythology. Circulation rose from 600 to 150,000—and Krassner estimates his current readership at a quarter of a million.

Yet if the underground had found an iconoclastic voice, *The Realist* was no newspaper. Perhaps the times were still not sufficiently ripe for the ballsy press

that Mailer had envisioned a few years earlier; perhaps the community of hip had not yet so solidified as to sustain a real journalism of its own.

But as the country rounded the corner of the Sixties, she seemed to imbibe some rejuvenating potion. Suddenly, spiritual senility was out and even the hucksters were thinking young again. With Eisenhower's exit from the international scene, the great leaders—Mao, Chiang, Khrushchev, Franco, De Gaulle, Adenauer and Macmillan—were confronted with an American entry some 30 years their junior; and, a bit to the south, a bearded hell-raiser, Fidel Castro, became another symbol of the new youth. On the home front, it wasn't long before the scruffy underbelly of the Pepsi generation let forth some embarrassing growls. Sahl, Bruce, Gregory, Rickles and others helped Krassner bury the notion that there were still cows too sacred for roasting. Beat, a trifle weary of the open road, settled into urban coffeehouses and campus common rooms for marathon talk. As rallying places were found, young dissidents began to discover one another and the concerns that united them.

Kerouac faded off to Long Island and Florida; Ginsberg went abroad for a time—to India and eastern Europe; others of their ranks turned paunchy with success or failure. The old underground of Eisenhower America yielded to a series of new coalescent movements. Female contraception—widespread precocious use of diaphragms and, more dramatically, the pill—did more to actualize a moral and sexual revolution than had endless libertine talk. The suburbs scarcely finished clucking over the college sex scandals of the early Sixties before the college drug scandals made headlines. No sooner was marijuana ubiquitous on large campuses than psychedelics mushroomed, and undergraduates could get hold of treated sugar cubes as easily as pot. Jazz—the cool and bitter background to beat conversation—gave way to a frenetic, funky, exultant sound, ultimately to a visceral marriage of folk and rock. Improvisational communal dancing declared open war on decorum and inhibition.

But youth would not be bought off with the freedom to fornicate, bugaloo and get high. The Berkeley uprising, analyzed to distraction in print, reputable and otherwise, demonstrated that an organized youth underground could win impressive support and shake up conventional institutions if not blast them to pieces. More openly now, disaffiliates shot society the finger; militants mobilized for action. As the old peace movement flickered with the atomic-testing ban and Kennedy's ostensible triumph in the Cuban missile crisis, its remains

enlisted in the cause of civil rights. The marches, the sit-ins, the Mississippi project helped undermine the assumption that long-stagnant conditions could not be changed. As SNCC and CORE accelerated their campaigns in the South, SDS launched community organization projects in Roxbury, Newark, the District of Columbia, Oakland, Chicago and Cleveland. The poverty program stirred potential ghetto leadership to a consciousness of fraud and deprivation. In the face of rampant domestic rot, the escalating Vietnamese war became a double outrage. Rarely had the tranquilizing words of the establishment seemed so foreign to its deeds, and the growing community of hip developed a deep cynicism.

Whether asocial or passionately social in his vision, the hipster came to resent what he regarded as mass culture's attempts to trick him in every sphere. Holden Caulfield, an emblem of sensitive youth in the Eisenhower years, experienced dismay at well-intentioned "phonies." But Holden never realized how dangerous the phonies could become. The new generation emerged with an obsessive wariness, a loathing of hypocrisy.

Given a new youth, a new bohemia, a new iconoclastic humor, a new sexuality, a new sound, a new turn-on, a new abolitionism, a new left, a new hope and a new cynicism, a new press was inevitable.

. . .

Meanwhile, a few of "the littles," which used to steer wide of politics and sociology altogether, started editorializing. *The Floating Bear*, a semimonthly sheet edited by LeRoi Jones and Diane Di Prima, called itself a newsletter and printed some reviews and comment to back up its experimental poets. Ed Sanders' *Fuck You / A Magazine of the Arts* declared itself dedicated to—among other things—"pacifism, national defense through nonviolent resistance, unilateral disarmament, multilateral indiscriminate apertural conjugation, anarchism, world federalism, civil disobedience, obstructors and submarine boarders, peace eye, the gleaming crotch lake of the universe, the witness of the flaming ra-cock . . . mystical bands of peace-walk stompers, total-assault guerrilla ejaculators, the Lower East Side *meshuganas*, vaginal zapping, the LSD communarium, God through cannabis, hashish forever, and all those groped by J. Edgar Hoover in the silent halls of Congress."

Sanders also penned occasional editorials, inverse parodies of the reasoned, moderate tones used in establishment papers. One, urging repeal of marijuana laws, called for "fringe attacks: pot-ins at Governmental headquarters, public forums and squawking, poster walks, hemp-farm disobedience. In New York: with a number too large and prestigious to ignore, a multithousand joint light-up



on the steps of city hall—FORWARD! THIS IS OPERATION GRASS!" Another political "position paper" began:

It makes us puke green monkey shit to contemplate Johnson's war in Vietnam. Lyndon Baines is squirting the best blood of America into a creep scene. Kids are "gook-bricking" in Asia without thought, without reason, without law . . .

This editorial concluded with a call for "a demonstration of peace by tender fornicating love-bodies . . . a group screw zapped around the world." (A relatively new sheet, *Gargoyle*, has promised to print "what Ed Sanders rejects"; and back numbers of earlier Sanders editions are already premature collector's items, going for ten dollars a copy.)

If some of the mimeo mags oozed only occasionally into political territory, others planted their tents on that enemy ground. *Resurgence*, one of the farthest out, was established as the literary organ of the Resurgence Youth Movement ("a new anarchist movement based on the world revolution of youth and the birth of a new psychedelic Afrasian-American soul"). Founded in the summer of 1964, blatantly, hysterically subversive, *Resurgence* reads like the rantings of a soapbox poet-zealot:

surrealysics : : pataphism : : panultra-  
neo : : underdogma : : negativentropy : :  
Resurgence has not yet defined any  
limits. We may be three billion per-  
sons, we may be a negative uni-  
verse reaching out across the void.  
. . . Revolution is the total de-  
struction and creation of society.  
. . . All science and art is crap. We  
will not submit and we will not  
coexist.

The magazine envisions a planet on the very brink of apocalypse (the epithet "burnbabyburn" is etched here and there in its margins; grotesque dragons glower over its text). "Logic and metaphysics to the torch," it cries. "Turn our culture upside down and cut its head off. Go wild. Go naked." But there is some intelligence behind its mystical, venomous ravings, and to call its authors and audience "out of touch" would not serve any purpose. Their delusions are evident enough from the vantage point of the mainstream. But in London, members of the Industrial Workers of the World have joined with the Resurgence Youth Movement to start a similar magazine for revolution called *Heatwave*; in Amsterdam, anarchist publications are issued by *Provo*; in Brussels, by *Revo*. This fall, R. Y. M. began a new bulletin called *New Man*, to feature "regular columns and reports from the intergalactic struggle," which it plans to "build into a newspaper to reach tens of thousands of young people, students, workers, drop-outs, all over the world."

What is the Provotariat? Provos, beatniks, *pleiners*, *nozems*, teddy boys, rockers, *blousons noirs*, hooligans, *mangupi*, *stiljagi*, students, artists, misfits, anarchists, ban the bombers . . . those who don't want a career and who lead irregular lives . . . THE PROVOTARIAT IS A GROUPING OF SUBVERSIVE ELEMENTS. . . It exists in a society based on the cult of "getting on." The example of millions of elbow-bargers and unscrupulous go-getters can only serve to anger the Provotariat. We live in a monolithic sickly society in which the creative individual is the exception. Big bosses, capitalists, Communists impose on us, tell us what we should do, what we should consume. . . They will make themselves more and more unpopular and the popular conscience will ripen for anarchy. . . THE CRISIS WILL COME.

The "Provotariat," of course, lives in the throes of a sort of lunacy. So alienated from the cultural mainstream, so robbed of influence, the woolliest imagine themselves preparing the barricades for massive hostilities. But even those less trapped by the helpless fantasy of systemicide continue to believe, in the vaguest of terms, that America is destined to crumble by virtue of her own malignancy. They foresee some contemporary parallel to the fall of ancient Rome—the rise of African or Asian nations, perhaps, the isolation of the United States in a Communist world, a right-wing takeover followed by popular uprising, an inevitable erosion of corrupt institutions.

The apocalyptic delusion takes many forms: religious, moral, sociological, international, racial; all help sustain an underground that feels itself vilely repressed. Until two years ago, no newspaper had ever expressed such frustrations, or such dreams.

. . .

By avoiding the peculiar preoccupations of the true underground, *The Village Voice's* circulation rose from 20,000 to 75,000 in the past three years—with one quarter of its papers sold outside the metropolitan area. When the *Voice*, not even *bar mitzvahed* yet, dumps on Bobby Kennedy, his office phones up the next day. It is still decidedly a community newspaper—embroiled in local skirmishes for reform Democrats, schools, zoning laws—but it judged early in the game that Greenwich Village was not a community like any other. Rather, it billeted, in remarkably close quarters, much of the vanguard of American fashion, art, politics and theater and was, therefore, worthy of representation to the world "out there." Establishment papers sent reporters on forays into the world of the Village, of course, but they came as aliens, ogling the natives,

scooping titillating items that might amuse the uptown folks and give them something to cluck about over their breakfast coffee. *Voice* reporters lived their beats; covering civil rights, off-Broadway, the Pop scene or a neighborhood campaign, they wrote, essentially, about themselves and about their friends. When they broadened their sights, they tended—where *The Nation*, *Commonweal* or *New Leader* sounded faintly old, tired and square—to be in touch with what was happening. And so the *Voice*, bolstered by almost weekly gains in advertising, shows signs of becoming the first national organ for insurgency in politics and the arts.

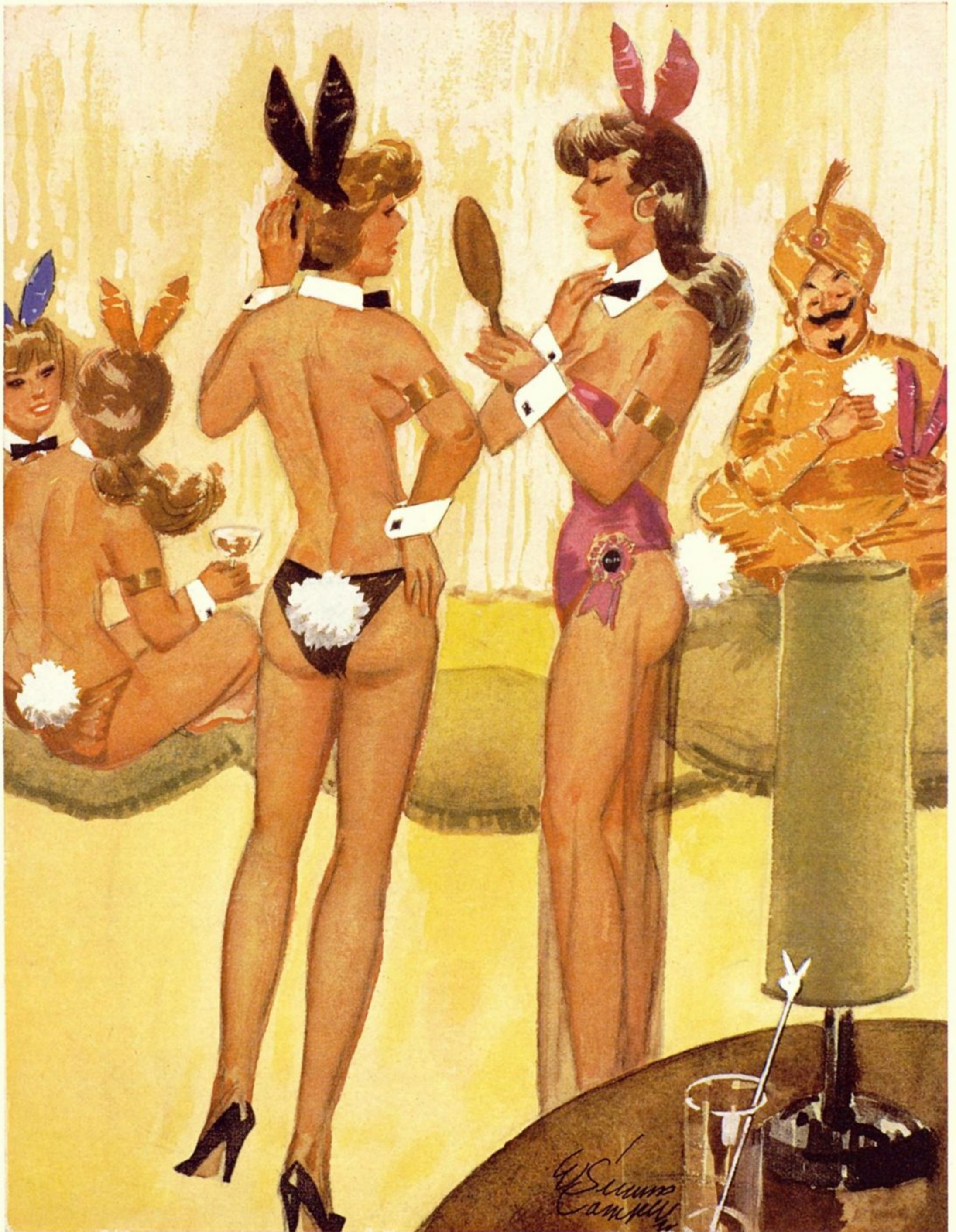
The *Voice* opened up the territory. The papers that moved in to occupy it were, in one sense, children of the radical mimeo sheets and, in another, children of the *Voice*. Some were promising, some were mentally defective. But all reacted against the conservatism of their *Voice* parent; they swore at birth enmity to compromise.

Modeled quite frankly after the *Voice*, the *Los Angeles Free Press* was the first organ of the new underground. The idea for the paper, and an initial investment of \$15, came from Art Kunkin, a 39-year-old tool-and-die man from Brooklyn. When Kunkin asked permission to promote plans for a liberal-bohemian weekly at the 1964 Renaissance Pleasure Faire, a friend suggested he put out a dummy issue for the Faire, and in two frenetic weeks he collected enough money and material for a 5000-edition, eight-page tabloid. Dressed as Robin Hoods and 15th Century peasant girls, Kunkin and a merry band of college students gave their papers away as wandering peddlers, attracted a lot of sympathy and a little financial support and, on a fairly hand-to-mouth basis, built the *Free Press* to a paid circulation of 50,000 in three years.

In New York, Walter Bowart, a painter, and Alan Katzman founded the *East Village Other*, a 16-page tabloid that made the *Voice* read like *The Wall Street Journal*. They were quickly joined by John Wilcock, who'd done a weekly *Voice* column for nearly 11 years.

"Wolf and Fancher run their paper with an iron hand," Wilcock says. "I'd discover new things, the *Voice* would sit on them for a while and then promote them when they became fashionable. I was on to hallucinogens seven or eight years ago. They discouraged my writing about Albert Ellis, Lenny Bruce and nudist camps. You know where they advertise? *The New York Times Book Review*. It's clear where they stand. Their average reader is 30-odd years old. He's not interested in changing society. *EVO's* average reader is ten years younger. We have no taboos. We'll publish anything people write or draw." *EVO* reacts to the





*"He got the idea on his last visit to the States."*



relative stodginess of the *Voice* much as the *Voice* began in reaction to a garden-club/sewing-circle weekly called *Villager*, which had been "Reflecting the Treasured Traditions of This Cherished Community" with a New Englandy town-crier flavor since early in 1933.

"We're no community paper," insists Katzman, now managing editor of *EVO*. "We're a world-wide movement for art, peace, civil rights, morality in politics. There's a new population under 34—economically powerful, with the weight of numbers as well as of ideas—reacting to what they aren't getting from the press. They're not getting interpretation; they aren't even getting the facts. 'Kennedy was killed by a crazy man,' they're told. 'Only crazy people kill Presidents of the United States. No one has anything to gain.' If the media don't get a tighter

grip on what's happening, they're going to lose a lot of these people to us."

"Us" does not refer simply to *EVO* itself but to a whole new spectrum of underground newspapers, united in their editorial war on what they call "the new oppression." Each publication, at bottom, represents an extension of the personalities of its editor and cronies. *EVO* seems to reflect the vision of second-generation hip, still believing in the Good and True and Real, but no longer surprised at new instances of corruption. It is most aware of an international brotherhood of dissent, and underscores kinship with subterraneans in Paris, London, Bulgaria, Japan, India and elsewhere; it prints "dirtier" cartoons and photo montages; and, while some of its colleagues are still talking Zen, *EVO* is into witchcraft, cannibalism, macro-

biotics, astrology, aphrodisiacs, electric-charge machines, theocracies, existential psychotherapy and political independence (secession, emigration) for the underground. The editors, to be sure, sneer at the charge that their paper is "far out." "We're creative artists," Wilcock says. "We represent our milieu, people pushing the boundaries—and exploring beyond them. We're not interested in shocking anyone, just in reaching the guys who don't think automatically, who feel like us, dig us. We give them a forum and ammunition." Possibly because *EVO* is confident and familiar with its audience, its tone is more clipped than hysterical.

Until quite recently, the West Coast papers had an even more frantic sound, the scruffily wholesome quality of a single generation's remove from the middle class. (A front-page lead in the *Free Press* refers to "such greats as Freud and Dr. Kinsey"; nutty little marginalia and subscription plugs, reminiscent of *Mad*, fill out short columns.) Whereas *EVO*'s orientation is decidedly psychedelic, the *Free Press* is urban political, in the *Voice* tradition. (Its layout, also, is borrowed directly from the *Voice*.) Where *EVO* tends to cop out on Manhattan problems, the *Free Press* is thick in the L.A. fray, especially on race (Kunkin ran an extended series on Watts after the riots) and poverty. The *Free Press* has been joined recently by three more L.A. papers: *The Provo*, a little tabloid; *The Oracle of Southern California*; and the full-size, *Free Press*-like *Los Angeles Underground*.

Max Scherr, a 51-year-old New Leftist who, before founding the *Berkeley Barb*, ran a local bar called Steppenwolfe, takes a more global slant than Kunkin. Scherr tends to trap himself in the simplicities of radical rhetoric and, mixing up the Big Issues into a sexintegration-peacehigh bundle, commits the fatal error of unintentional humor. The *Barb* is a "cause" paper (backing, for instance, the Committee to Fight Exclusion of Homosexuals from the Armed Forces), but its tenor is almost pastoral—Scherr is obviously more interested in grape pickers than in the Negro ghetto.

During the school year, an anti-bureaucratic weekly called *The Paper* has been coming out of Michigan State in East Lansing, despite "harassment" from a "puritan" president and university administration (who've had their hands otherwise full, explaining CIA involvement in MSU's Vietnam-aid project). Michael Kindman, the 22-year-old Merit Scholar who founded *The Paper*, rallied several full-scale campus protests on its behalf.

And with no credential beyond a high school diploma, a 19-year-old refugee from the *Free Press* named Harvey Ovshinsky returned to his home town,





Detroit, last year to start his own "organ for hippies, liberals and anarchists." *The Fifth Estate*, so far, isn't much more than a hick cut-and-paste job of pilfered material: the evil-eye motif, Tim Leary's column from *EVO*, cartoons and "unclassifieds" from the *Free Press*, etc. *The Fifth Estate* is one of the shortest, most derivative and least professional-looking of the papers, replete with unreadable gray type, spelling mistakes and malapropisms. One recent issue contained an uninspired arts column (Kulchur list plus pep talk), endorsement of a local peace candidate, a SNCC press release, protest against Dow Chemical Company and religious Christmas stamps, and three articles on Bob Dylan. Another covered its back page with a mock WANTED poster for an undercover narcotics agent, offering a reward of "one pound, U.S. grass to anyone who can drop 1000 micrograms of LSD into this man's misdirected body." Ovshinsky is devoted to *The Fifth Estate*, however; it is reaching a heretofore ignored audience and is improving.

Previously, such frayed-shoestring ventures scrounged desperately for money and copy. *The Newspaper* in Boston, *The Journal* in Santa Barbara and others all tried to hop on the underground express after Kunkin's success, but each of them failed.

About a year ago, however, a half-dozen such papers formed a loose alliance, the Underground Press Syndicate, with grandiose plans. Since then, 20 additional papers—weeklies, fortnightlies and monthlies—have joined their ranks and the syndicate expects to pick up others by the end of the year. Some already exist—*The Kansas Free Press*, the *Lake Shore Gazette* in Chicago (aimed, actually, at enlightened bourgeoisie) and *The Fire Island News*. A *Time*-style newsmagazine of the underground from Manhattan is currently in the works. Negotiations with college papers are under way; and even high school students are beginning to issue unauthorized and uncensored extracurricular publications, such as Detroit's *South Hampton Illustrated Times* (known to the student body as *SHIT*).

The Underground Press Syndicate, like a jazz combo, offers a framework for improvisation. Any member paper (membership costs \$25 annually) is free to pick up features, cartoons, news or what-not from any other member paper, without remuneration. A single national agency solicits ads for all of them. All revenue goes back into the common fund. If and when nonmember papers want to run U.P.S. articles, they pay for them; that money goes into a fund earmarked for setting up a telex, teletype and telephoto wire service between



"Stop that!"

San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, London, etc. "That we may all together become well informed and in turn inform the public on a larger scale bothers those who would want us to remain ununited," declares an *EVO* editorial. "Let us then bother everyone; irk them, poke them, tickle them, sway them till they understand that what bothers us bothers everyone."

"This system will make it three times as hard for the middle-class press to suppress the things we're talking about," Katzman predicts. The syndicate envisions a growing demand for its brand of coverage—from AP, UPI, college papers and TV-radio networks—which the establishment press will be unable to satisfy. In turn, more attention will be focused on the syndicate papers themselves. From there, the sky is the limit. Wilcock, for example, foresees a network of short-range pirate radio stations, outside FCC jurisdiction—a sort of Radio Free America—broadcasting underground gospel to the fettered, yearning masses. Katzman dreams of a giant Consumer's Union paper, which would undermine the dichotomy between employers and workers, uniting all in consumerhood, a living entity independent of state and producers. ("We will eat the food! We will wear the clothes! We will drive the cars!" Katzman rhapsodizes.)

Many such quixotic notions are predicated upon a fierce sense of *us* against *them*. ("They" are alternately known as "the enemy," "the evil forces," "the shadow" and "the world of up-tight fear.") But while *EVO* rants about "fas-

cist narcos," while the *Barb* and the *Free Press* bewail the excesses of "slug-happy fuzz" or "Gestapo storm troopers," a newer West Coast entry, *The Oracle*, sends emissaries to the local police chief "to test the power of love." Finding him "intelligent, amiable and receptive," they are now dickering for a plan by which police may use the words and mystique of an ancient Indian mantra to disperse the hippie multitudes.

This sweet-tempered scheme is typical of *The Oracle*, a handsomely designed bimonthly ("approximately") from the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco. *The Oracle* is the gentlest and loveliest of the underground papers. Decorated with multicolored collages, woodcuts and psychedelic paintings; filled with quasi-religious Hindu myths, hymns to nature, spiritual introspections, astrological charts; sponsoring movements out of the city, into the surrounding woods and farmlands (such as "Seed-power," a transcendentalist new youth kibbutz); *The Oracle* seems often to be moving beyond resentment—toward mellow, joyful resignation. Now hyper-intellectual (it calls teeny boppers "pre-initiate tribal groups . . . in evident and nostalgic response to technological and population pressures"), now lyrical (half of its letters to the editor are "LOVE-HAIGHT" poems), it laughs at the absurdity of the straight scene without any aggression at all.

*Waiting is.*

*Meditation is action,*

soothes its "Gossiping Guru," who expresses the hope that Berkeley's "campus radicals will get the message and start





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singing . . . by entering the political arena against the establishment one only succeeds in lowering his level of consciousness to that of his opponent." Already, in the few short months that it has spread its gospel, *The Oracle* has changed the face of the underground press, bringing love messages to hard-hippie *EVO* and psychedelic illustrations to drier, issue-oriented papers such as the *Barb*.

*The Oracle's* meager "news coverage" is supplemented, at the Haight, on an almost hourly basis by an auxiliary hippie group that calls itself The Communication Company. This mimeograph operation forms the benevolent propaganda arm of The Diggers, originally a handful of generous local poets who provided free highs, food, lodging and spiritual guidance to impoverished visitors, but by now expanded to include large numbers of roving "flower people" and denizens of communal pads—"the invisible government" of Haight-Ashbury. The Communication Company produces topical leaflets within 30 minutes, day or night, and circulates them throughout the district in another 30. So far, it has distributed close to 1000 different, multi-colored "publications"—ranging from poetry to position papers for the sharing gospel ("Freedom means everything free," "If you're not a Digger, you're property"), to where-and-when announcements for the next "spontaneous demonstration of joy," to warnings of impending busts.

On the Haight, hippies virtually control the scene. They feel, therefore, less persecuted, less paranoid, more relaxed—and their press reflects this sense of communal well-being in "waves of cellular trans love energy vectors." But elsewhere in the country, too, the rash of be-ins, fly-ins, love-ins, sweep-ins and megapolitan peace-pipe powwows has been bringing the new youth together with the promise of a great "gathering of the tribes" into viable communities. Public areas (such as Provo Park in San Francisco and Tompkins Square in Manhattan) have been appropriated for "freaking freely." Diggerlike cadres have sprung up in various cities (New York alone now boasts the Drop-Ins, The Real Great Society and The Jade Companions). And new underground papers give voice to the communal dream.

• • •

Readers of establishment papers may express themselves most genuinely in lovelorn letters; underground readers appeal to each other directly through classifieds. Not surprisingly, personal ads tend to be as freewheeling as the publication in which they appear. The *Voice* has always screened notices carefully. Its "Village Bulletin Board" rejects explicit appeals for sexual companionship, although more than a dozen presumably sophisticated dating services, mostly

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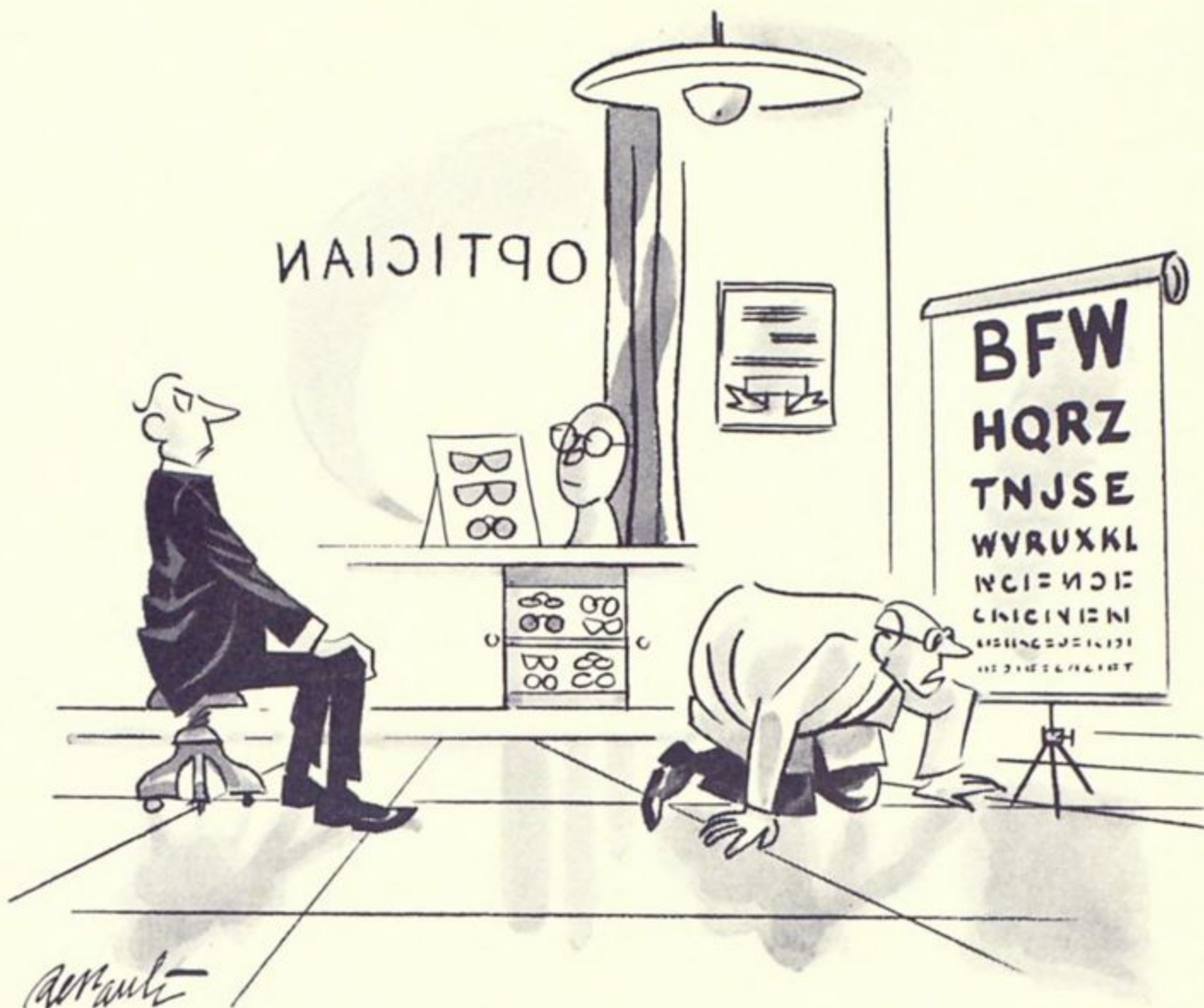


computer, advertise in the paper. Their Bulletin Board, typically, is encrusted with notices for avant-garde films, theater events, social get-togethers, publications and *objets d'art*.

Classifieds in the underground press fall between extremes of licentiousness, with West Coast ads leaning more toward tribal scenes (nude beach parties, Lonely Genitals Club, Sexual Freedom League functions, group acid tests) and East Coast ads, toward individual setups ("Keep me high and I'll ball you forever. Samantha"); drugs ("Attention new pot-heads, jippies, A-heads, junkies and thieves. 'Goody' Cardinelli will con you if possible. Bill Healy is a fingerman. I'm serious. Fight burn artists and finks by publishing names of known rats."); odd-ball cults ("GOURMETS: Delicious Recipes for Preparing Human Flesh"); and cryptic personals ("Wrote your number on a Sarno cream puff *again* and ate it. I'll call my analyst tomorrow."). Midwest ads are tamer. Share-my-pad propositions ("Desirous of meeting buxom, bed-dable, stacked, sophisticated swinger"), perhaps the most prevalent form of personal, read like souped-up, adolescent refugees from *The National Enquirer*. (The *Enquirer's* editor, who considers *EVO* "in bad taste," claims *their* ads "must meet certain high standards.") But subterraneans are quick to insist that hippie advertisers are a different breed of cat entirely.

"Once I saw an ad in the *Enquirer* that said, 'I'd like to meet a girl who doesn't read this sort of paper,'" Paul Krassner recalls. "Most of these people would probably rather advertise in *The New York Times*." (The *Times* rejected a help-wanted ad for an *EVO* salesman.) Krassner himself experimented with a "Department of Personal Propaganda" and then expressed some journalistic embarrassment at phrases like "Open-minded attractive females only" and "Will answer every letter" and "Photo (optional) returned." Rather than risk an integrity crisis over the question of censorship, he dropped the feature after a single issue. That was sad, for even though, as Krassner admits laughingly, "*Realist* readers were just as horny as anybody else," they offered more imaginative self-interpretations than most lonely-hearts, e.g.:

Divorcee and kids: 25; attractive; I.Q. 135; intuitive-correlative and abstract-objective thinking-wise; can and do recondition self at will; extreme (and controlled) emotional range; culture-free to great extent. Like: s-f, horsing, sensual music, learning, individuals, sex, creating, existence. Dislike: cold, literature, past and present history, people en masse, boundaries. Want mate sans legality, equal or superior in sanity, freedom, potential.



"You're right, Reverend Pratt. It is a dirty word!"

"These people aren't necessarily hard up," Krassner insists. "I've got friends who use classifieds. It's a screening device. And if, say, you want to plug into a couple-swapping underground, where else can you go?"

"We're used to thinking a guy who advertises for a chick has to be a loser," says the girlfriend of an *EVO* columnist. "But that's where it's at now. Frontal. Direct. He may be really groovy. Look, if I had dressed this way five years ago—tank top, bright colors, spider stockings, huge earrings—you'd have thought I was a whore. But now I'm acceptable. Society picks things up from its fringes—and changes."

Underground proprietors, too, hope to shift the center of social gravity leftward. Ed Sanders, who also edits the *Marijuana Newsletter* (which quotes prices on the grass exchange), and whose successful shock-rock Fugs may be clearing the way for a new sort of top-40 sound, appeared on the cover of *Life*. He's an important prophet for freaking with a purpose.

"Anyone can go live in an ashram somewhere," he says. "But once you pick up the telephone, once you accept the existence of the A & P, you've got to get involved. Otherwise you're a psychopath. The social game is just a matter of energy sources. Now we pretend a benign political life at home and go wreaking violence all over the world. The underground tries to dull the impulse toward violence and redirect the energy into sexual and creative channels. Take pot; a highly sophisticated substance, a

miracle drug. Tied in with *sex*, not violence. A sexual and philosophical union of people who turn on and have radical economic views can become a power bloc—libertarian socialism—but you've got to pound your idea into the culture. . . . You may be 'weird' and 'far out,' but you're effecting change. Once they understand you're not violent, they can't use violence against you. These newspapermen are gentle people. No fists. So you're a freak for five years, and then a radical for another ten, and then you're conservative and some other Turks are howling at the gates. We'll devote our whole lives to this campaign, because what's freaky today will be frazzled tomorrow. If you can affect just one generation of young people, you save the world for 30 or 40 years; you get people to take LSD, make love with their eyes open. For every protester, there are ten secret supporters. Get them out in the open and you cool the whole scene."

To learn what is happening, to form a personal judgment of America, we must rely heavily upon the testimony of the press. We know the defense briefs by heart. In the face of overwhelming economic and sociopolitical impotence, the underground press seeks to prepare a case for the prosecution. Its witnesses are mostly a strident, frowzy lot, bitter for all their talk of love, unruly, perhaps even a bit mad. But they are, at last, demanding to take the stand. And they have quite another story to tell.





## HORSE'S HEAD (continued from page 104)

"I plan to swallow you alive," Melanie said.

. . .

The suspense was killing him.

The suspense at first was compounded of two equal parts: the hope that Melanie would give him the name of the stonecutter, so that he could leave here in all possible haste, and the possibility that she might at any moment swallow him alive. There was something very strange about Melanie, in that she had told him she did not trust any white man (he believed her), and yet she would not let him out of her sight, would not let go of his hand, would not stop rubbing her long, sinuous cat's body against him at every opportunity. He was beginning to suspect that she was naked beneath the clinging Pucci silk; and the notion of exploring this darkest heart, the possibility of being swallowed alive by a race and an intelligence that went back millennia, consumed, as it were, by someone or something that simultaneously hated him and desired him, was tantalizing and terribly exciting. But conversely, and contradictorily, and contrarily, he was terrified that she would indeed envelop him in her blackness, completely enclose him in the centuries-old vastness of her mother womb, absorb him, cause him to disappear from view entirely, swallow him alive exactly as she had promised.

He noticed a rather fat and frizzled Negro woman sitting in an easy chair near the record player, moving her crossed leg in time to the music, so that her sandaled foot tapped out the beat on thin air. The woman was perhaps 50 or 55, and she was wearing a black muumuu, white pearls around her throat, hair cut just like Melanie's, in close, tight African style. She kept beating her foot on the air as though she were squashing white missionaries and Belgian nuns, her skin very black, her teeth very white, her black eyes staring at him. He wondered who the woman was, and then wondered how he could delicately ask about her.

Melanie saved him the trouble by saying, "I don't think you've met my mother."

"I don't think I have," Mullaney said. "Pleasure."

"The white man is a horse's ass," Melanie's mother said, not meaning anything personal.

"Don't mind her," Melanie said. "Would you help me take out some of this garbage?"

"The white man is fit for taking out the garbage," Melanie's mother said.

"Don't mind her," Melanie said. "The incinerator is down the hall."

"The white man is fit for the incinerator," Melanie's mother said, which sent a

shiver up Mullaney's spine.

They gathered up the bags of garbage in the kitchen and carried them to the front door. At the door, Melanie said, "Why don't you go to sleep, Mother," and Mother replied, "The party's just starting."

"Very well," Melanie said, and sighed, and opened the door. She preceded Mullaney down the empty hallway toward the small incinerator room. He pulled open the furnace door for her and she dropped the bags of garbage down the chute. Below, somewhere in the bowels of the building, there was the sense if not the actual sound and smell of licking flames, a hidden well of fire destroying the waste of a metropolis. He released the handle and the door banged back into place. Below, the building throbbed with consuming fire, a dull, steady roar that vibrated into the soles of his feet and shuddered through the length of his body.

"Kiss me," Melanie said.

This is the gamble, he thought as he took her into his arms. This is why I took the gamble a year ago. I took it for this moment in this room, this girl in my arms here and now; I have written sonnets about girls like this. I took the gamble so that I could make love to women in the stacks of the New York Public Library; I took the gamble so that I could make love to women in incinerator rooms, black or white, yellow or red, lowering her to the floor and raising the Pucci silk up over her brown thighs. "I hate you," she said. "Yes," he said, "love me." He reached for the top of her dress, lowered it off her shoulders and kissed the dark skin. "I hate you," she said again. "Love me," he said. "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you," her teeth clamped into his lips, he could taste blood. He thought, She will kill me, and thought, This is the gamble, and remembered he had once very long ago made love to a Negro prostitute in a curbside crib and had not considered it a gamble. And had later told Irene that he had once had a colored girl and she had said, "How lucky you are," and he had not known whether or not she was kidding. Here and now, here with the fires of hell burning in the building below, here with a girl who repeated over and over again as he moved against her, "I hate you, I hate you, I hate you," he wondered about the gamble for the first time in a year and was surprised when their lovemaking abruptly ended.

"I hate you," she said, with excellent reason this time.

He told her he was sorry, which he truly was, and which he thought was a gentlemanly and certainly American thing to admit, as she pulled her dress down over her long brown legs and

stood up. She said his apology was accepted, but that nonetheless he had been an inadequate and disappointing partner, whereas she had been hoping for someone with skill and virtuosity enough to perform on Ferris wheels, for example.

"I would be willing to do it on a roller coaster!" he shouted in defense, and then lowered his voice, whispering. "I'm truly sorry, Melanie."

Yes, she said, dusting off her Pucci dress and tucking her breasts back into the bodice, but you must admit there is something about the white man that can only engender hatred and distrust. The white man has been taking for centuries and centuries, she said, and he doesn't know how to give, you see, nor even how to accept graciously. The white man (he was beginning to feel as if he'd been captured by the Sioux) knows only how to grab and grab and grab—which is why you have that look on your face that Mother always warned me about—but he doesn't know what he really wants or even why the hell he's grabbing. The white man is a user and a taker and a grabber, and he will continue to use and take and grab until there's nothing left for him to feast upon but his own entrails, which he will devour like a hyena; did you know that hyenas eat their own intestines?

"No, I did not know that," Mullaney said, amazed and repulsed.

It is a little-known fact, Melanie said, but true. You must not think I'm angry at you, or would harbor any ill feelings toward you, or seek any revenge other than not permitting you to spend the night in my apartment, which would be impossible with Mother here, anyway. She despises the white man, as you may have gathered. I, on the other hand, like the white man, I really do. As a group, that is. And whereas it's true that I've never met one individually or singly of whom I could be really fond, including my recently departed husband, this doesn't mean I don't like them as a group. I am, for example, keenly disappointed in you personally, but this needn't warp my judgment of the group as a whole, do you understand? In fact, I suppose I should be grateful to you for proving to me once again just how undependable the white man really is, as an individual, of course. Trust him, let him have his way with you, and what does he do once again but leave you with empty promises, though I wouldn't march on Washington for something as trivial as this; still I think you know what I mean. Now, I suppose you think I'm not going to tell you the name of the stonecutter; but no, I'm not the type to seek revenge or to harbor any ill feelings, as I've already told you. I like the white man, I do. So I will tell you his name. And perhaps my generosity will remind you as you go through life that





Buck Brown

"Well, Martha, there goes the egg money . . . !"





*"We'll have to stop meeting like this.  
I'm running out of cookies!"*

you once took a little colored girl in an incinerator room, grabbed her and took her and used her and left her not hating you, certainly not hating you, but nonetheless feeling a very keen disappointment in you, which I should have been prepared to expect. But grateful to you nonetheless for ascertaining it once again to my satisfaction. I am, in fact, *extremely* satisfied. Your performance was exactly what I expected, and therefore I am satisfied with my disappointment; do you understand what I'm saying?

"Oh, of course," Mullaney said, relieved.

"Well, good, then," Melanie said, and offered her hand and said, "Good luck, his name is McReady; I take the pill."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I take the pill, don't worry; it's McReady's Monument Works in Queens."

"Thank you," Mullaney said.

He watched her as she went back to her party, and then he took the elevator down to the street again, found a telephone booth and looked up the address of McReady's Monument Works in Queens. He began walking toward 42nd Street, aware that this was where he'd last seen Henry and George but assuming they would have given up the chase by now. He was approaching the subway when he noticed two pickets parading in front of a department store disgorging late employees. As he approached them, one of them smiled and said, "Shopping bag, sir?"

"Thank you," he said.

The shopping bag was white with large red letters proclaiming JUDY BOND BLOUSES ARE ON STRIKE! Not being a union man himself but being of course in sympathy with workingmen all over the world, Mullaney accepted the shopping bag, dropped the tattered jacket into it and hurried to the subway station.

He was standing in line at the change booth, waiting to buy a token, when two men joined him, one on either side.

"We'll pay your fare," George said.

"Right this way," Henry said, and led him toward the turnstile.

5: ROLLO

"Where are you taking me?" Mullaney asked.

"Someplace nice," Henry said.

"Very nice," George said.

"You'll remember it always," Henry said.

"You'll take the memory to your grave," George said, which Mullaney did not think was funny.

When the train pulled in, they waited silently for the doors to open and then got into the nearest car and silently took seats, Mullaney in the middle, George and Henry on either side of him. The shopping bag with the damn inscrutable jacket rested on the floor of the car, between Mullaney's feet.

They were heading for Queens.

There were a lot of people in the car, reading their newspapers or holding hands, or studying the car-card advertising, or idly gazing through the windows as the train clattered from station to station. Mullaney glanced across the aisle to the other side of the car, where a fat, dark-haired woman sat with her button-nosed little daughter, and then looked past them, through the windows. The train had surfaced, he could see the lights of Queens beyond. He suddenly realized he would be leaving the train by the doors on his right, in the center of the car, and he decided he ought to know how long it took for those doors to open and then close again. So he began counting as soon as the train stopped at the next station, one, two, thr— the doors opened, four, five, six, seven, they were still open, people were moving out onto the platform, others were coming in, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, the doors closed, the train was in motion again. Well, that was a very pleasant exercise, Mullaney thought, but I don't know what good it will do me when the time comes to make my break.

He heard the sound of an alto saxophone and thought at first that someone in the car had turned on a transistor radio. New Yorkers were all so musical, always singing and dancing wherever they went, just like Italians, gay and lighthearted and singing, dancing, playing all the time. But as he turned toward the sound, he saw that a live musician had entered the far end of the car and was making his way, step by cautious step, toward where Mullaney and his potential assassins were sitting.

The man was blind.

He was a tall, thin man, wearing a tattered sweater, dark glasses on his nose,



his head carried erect, as though on the end of a plumb line, the saxophone mouthpiece between his compressed lips. The saxophone was gilded with mock silver that had worn through in spots to reveal the tarnished brass beneath. A leather leash was fastened to the man's belt and led to the collar of a large German shepherd, who preceded the man into the subway car and led him step by step up the aisle, sitting after each two or three steps while the man continued playing a song that sounded like a medley of *You Made Me Love You* and *Sentimental Journey*. The man, though blind, was a terrible saxophonist, miskeying, misphrasing, producing squeaks in every measure. The German shepherd, dutifully pausing after every few steps into the car, walked or sat at the man's feet in what appeared to be a pained stupor, a glazed look on his otherwise intelligent face. The blind man swayed above him, filling the car with his monumentally bad music, while on either side people rose from their seats to drop coins into the tin cup that hung from his neck, resting somewhere near his breastbone, its supporting cord tangled in the leather strap that held the saxophone. The dog was similarly burdened, carrying around his neck a hanging, hand-lettered placard that read:

MY NAME IS ROLLO.  
DO NOT PET ME.  
THANK YOU.

The blind man had reached the center doors of the car now. The dog dutifully sat again with that same pained and patient expression on his face, and Mullaney wondered why a nice-looking animal like Rollo would wear a sign asking people not to pet him. The train had pulled into another station and people were rushing in and out of the doors, shoving past the blind man, who immediately stopped playing. But as soon as the doors closed and the train was in motion again, he struck up a lively chorus of *Ebb Tide* and then modulated into *Stormy Weather*, which he played with the same squeaking vibrato and fumbling dexterity, while the dog continued to look more and more pained. They were still coming up the aisle, slowly making their way toward where Mullaney sat. He had not thought to count the time it took for the train to go from one station to another; that was his mistake, he now realized; he had counted the wrong thing. The blind man and Rollo stopped, the swelling sound of the saxophone drowned out the speculations of Henry and George (they were debating the possibility of garrotting Mullaney) and filled the car with horrendous sound. Coins continued to rattle into the tin cup, music lovers all along the car reaching gingerly into the aisle and dropping pennies, nickels and dimes in appreciation as Rollo and the

blind man moved a few steps, paused, moved again, paused again; they were perhaps three feet away from Mullaney now. The dog is probably vicious, he thought, that's why you're not supposed to pet him; he's a vicious dog who'll chew your arm off at the elbow if you so much as make a move toward his head. The train was slowing, the train was pulling into a station, Rollo and the blind man were moving ahead again, two feet away, a foot away, the train stopped, the dog sat in the aisle directly in front of Henry.

Mullaney begged the forgiveness of polite society, he begged the forgiveness of God, he begged the forgiveness of tradition, but he knew he had to save his life, even if the only way to do it was to take advantage of a blind man. He began counting the moment the train stopped, *one, two, three*, the doors opened, and he had 11 seconds to make his move, win or lose, live or die. He suddenly grabbed Henry's right arm, cupping his own left hand behind Henry's elbow, pushing his own right hand against Henry's wrist, creating a fulcrum and lever that forced Henry out of his seat with a yelp. The dog was sitting at Henry's feet, and Mullaney, counting madly (*four, five, six, seven, eight*, those doors would close at fourteen), hurled Henry directly at Rollo's pained, magnificent head, saw his jowls pull back an instant before Henry collided with the triangular black nose, saw the fangs bared, heard the deep growl start in Rollo's throat, *nine, ten, eleven*, he bounded for the doors as George came out of his seat, drawing his gun, *twelve, thirteen*, "Stop!" George shouted behind him, Mullaney was through the doors, *fourteen*, and they closed behind him. Through the open windows of the car, he could hear Rollo tearing off Henry's arm or perhaps ripping out his jugular, while the blind man began playing a medley of *Strangers in the Night* and *Tuxedo Junction*. George was across the car now and leaning through a window as the train began moving out of the station. He fired twice at Mullaney, who zigzagged along the platform and leaped headfirst down the steps leading below, banging his head on a great many risers as he hurtled down, thinking this was where he had come in, and thinking, By God, he missed me! He heard the train rattling out of the station and was certain he also heard applause from the passengers in the car as Rollo eviscerated poor Henry. He got to his feet the moment he struck the landing, began running instantly, without looking back, thinking, I'm free at last, I'm free of all of them, and running past the change booth and then bounding down another flight of steps to the street, not knowing where he was, thinking only that he had escaped, finding himself on the sidewalk, good solid concrete under

his feet, glancing up at the traffic light, seeing it was in his favor and darting into the gutter.

He was halfway to the other side when he realized he had left the Judy Bond shopping bag on the train.

He stopped dead in the middle of the street.

Irene, he thought, you are better off without me, really you are, because not only am I a loser, I am also a fool, and was almost knocked flat to the pavement by a red convertible that swerved screeching away from him, the driver turning his head back to shout a few swearwords, thereby narrowly missing a milk truck that went thundering past from the opposite direction. Mullaney stood rooted to the spot, suddenly wondering whether Irene (who had undoubtedly known other men since the divorce) had ever told any of them, for example, that he sometimes made muscles in front of the mirror, or that, for further example, he had once lain full length and naked on the bed, with a derby hat covering his masculinity, which he had revealed to her suddenly as she entered the room, with a "Good morning, madam, may I show you something in a hat?"—wondered, in short, if she had ever told anyone else in the world that he, Andrew Mullaney, was sometimes a fool, sometimes most certainly a horse's ass.

The thought bothered him.

He stood exactly where he was, unmoving in the center of the street, waiting for the light to change again and the traffic to ease. When it did, he walked back to the curb and thought, The hell with the jacket, I have had enough of chasing after pots of gold at the ends of rainbows; and that was when he saw the little girl with her mother. He recognized them at once as they came down the steps from the elevated platform, the dark-haired woman and the button-nosed little girl who had been sitting opposite him in the subway car.

The little girl was carrying his Judy Bond shopping bag.

"Hey!" he shouted, and began running after them. He saw the shopping bag going around the corner in a flurry of Friday-night humanity, a boy on a skateboard rushing past, two old ladies idly strolling and chatting, a man wearing a straw hat and drinking beer from a bottle; he saw only the disappearing end of the bag as it rounded the corner, and hurried to reach that corner, almost knocking over a man carrying a Christmas tree, a *what?*, turning to look back at the man—sure enough, he was carrying a goddamn Christmas tree in the middle of April—ran past the gardening shop on the corner, saw pines and spruces potted in tubs, said "Excuse me" to a lady in



slacks and high-heeled pumps, turned the corner, saw a row of empty lots and a single huge apartment house, but not his shopping bag.

The little girl and her mother had disappeared.

6: LADRO

He stood on the sidewalk and counted 13 stories in the apartment building, and then started counting windows in an attempt to learn how many apartments there were. He figured there were at least ten apartments on each floor, multiplied by 13 (unlucky number), for a total of 130 apartments. It suddenly occurred to him that the Judy Bond shopping bag he had seen might not be *his* shopping bag. Suppose he knocked on 130 doors only to discover that the bag contained, for example, a pair of men's pajamas or a lady's bathrobe? Besides, even if it *was* his shopping bag, he still didn't know exactly why the jacket was worth retrieving. Only K and his fellows knew that. Mmm, Mullaney thought, and immediately hailed a taxi, coldly calculating the

petty larceny he was about to commit against the driver, but figuring, *C'est la guerre* and giving him the address of McReady's Monument Works.

This has got to be the end of it, he thought.

If that really is my shopping bag, then I know where the jacket is, or at least approximately where it is—there's only one apartment building on that block and the girl certainly didn't vanish into thin air. On the other hand, K and McReady know the secret of the jacket. So the ideal thing is to form a partnership, 50-50, I tell you how to get the jacket, you tell me how to get the money, OK? Is it a deal?

No, they will say, and shoot me through the head.

But then they don't get the jacket. I certainly hope they want that jacket.

"Have you been bereaved?" the cab driver asked.

"No, not recently," Mullaney said.

"I thought perhaps you had been bereaved, since you are heading for a gravestone place."

"No, I'm heading there to consum-

mate a rather large business deal."

"Oh, are you in the gravestone business?"

"No, I'm . . ."

He hesitated.

He had almost said, "I'm an encyclopedia salesman," which he had not been for more than a year now.

"I'm a gambler," he said quickly.

When they reached McReady's, he asked the driver to wait at the curb for him and then went up the gravel path, debating whether he should pop in on the stonecutter without at least a preliminary phone call to announce the purpose of his visit. Suppose K was in the cottage with him, suppose they both began shooting the moment he opened the door? He noticed that a window was open on the side of the cottage, and whereas he didn't want to waste time trying to locate a phone booth, he saw nothing wrong with stealing over to the window and doing a little precautionary eavesdropping. He tiptoed across the gravel, ducked below the window and then slowly and carefully raised his head so that his eyes were just level with the sill.

McReady was alone in the room.

He was standing near a Tutankhamen calendar, alongside which was a wall telephone. He had the phone receiver to his ear and was listening attentively. He kept listening, nodding every now and then, listening some more and finally shouting, "Yes, Signor Ladro, I understand! But . . ." He listened again. "Yes," he said, "losing the body *was* inexcusable, I agree with you. But, Signor Ladro, I must say that I find this call equally inexcusable. I thought we had agreed . . . yes . . . yes, but . . . yes . . . what? Of course, the body was properly clothed. Yes, that *does* mean the burial garments were lost as well. Including the jacket, yes. But I told you, we're making every effort to locate the corpse. . . . Yes, of course, the jacket as well."

Mullaney's eyes narrowed. Go on, he thought. Talk, McReady. Tell the nice gentleman—who is undoubtedly a member of your international ring, I can tell by the way you're using your finishing-school voice and manners—tell the nice gentleman all about the jacket.

"Eight," McReady said.

Eight, Mullaney thought.

"No, at five to six."

At five to six, Mullaney thought.

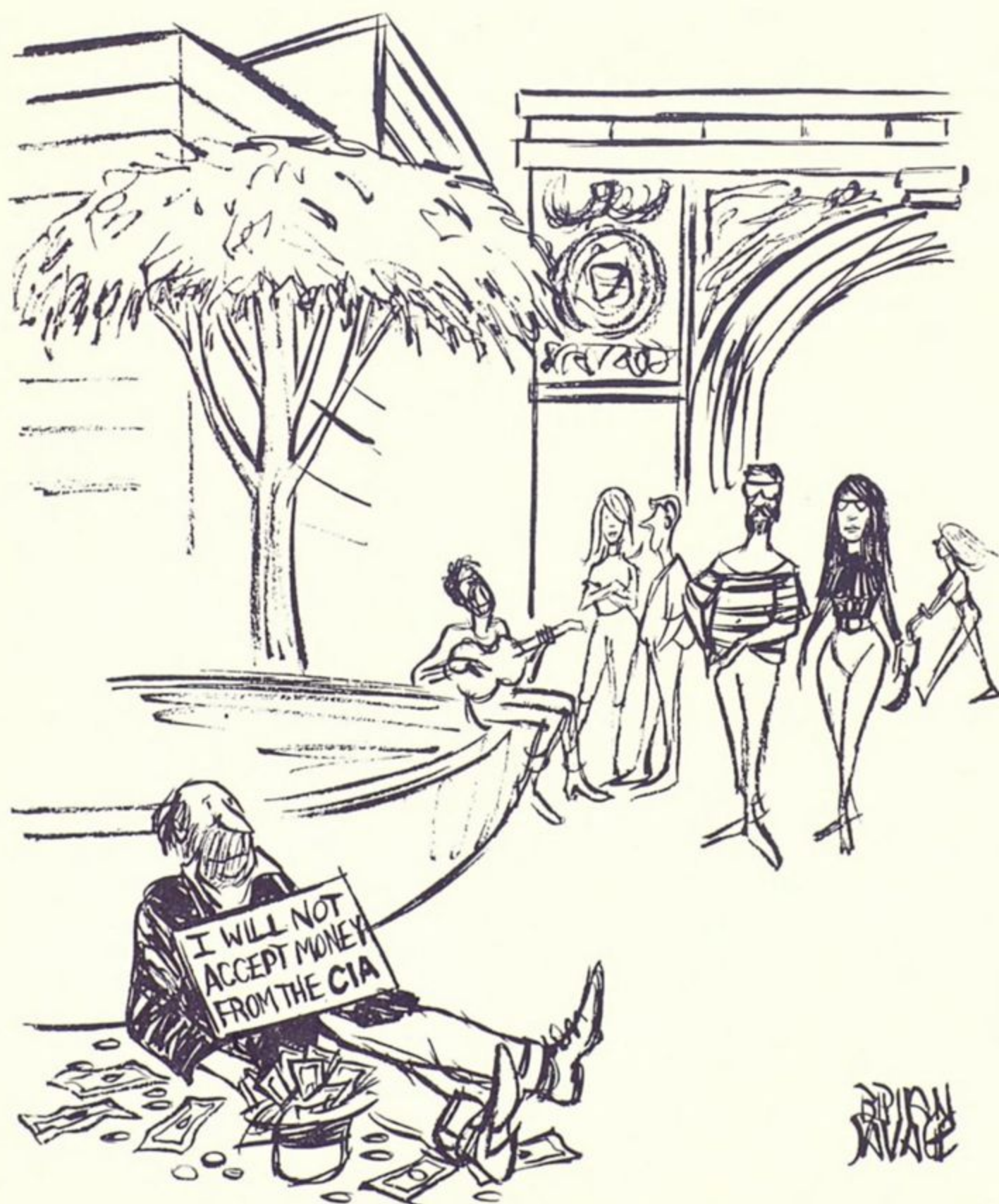
"Three, that's correct," McReady said.

Oh, it's *three*, Mullaney thought.

"No, ten, eleven and nine, in that order."

Oh, my, Mullaney thought.

"Signor Ladro, I really find discussing . . . yes, I can understand your concern over the delay, but we thought it best not to contact . . . yes, I understand. But the matter is *still* a very delicate one,





here in New York, at least. The . . . *accident* occurred only two nights ago, you know. One might say the body is still very very warm. . . . Good, I'm glad you do."

What is he talking about? Mullaney wondered. What the hell are you talking about, McReady?

"Well, all I can do is assure you once again that we're doing everything in our power to recover it. . . . Yes, quite securely fastened, there's no need to worry on that score. Besides, we had arranged for a decoy, *Signor Ladro*, as you know. So we feel confident that everything is still intact. . . . Well, no, we can't be *certain*, *Signor Ladro*, but . . . what? We had them drilled. . . . Yes, each one."

How's that again? Mullaney thought.

"No, before they were painted," McReady said.

Now he's talking gibberish, Mullaney thought, frowning.

"Black, of course," McReady said.

Mere gibberish.

"That is correct," McReady said, "you have it all, *Signor Ladro*. Please be patient, won't you? You will receive the coffin as soon as we can correct the problems on this end. We understand that's the family's wish and we are doing everything possible to comply. . . . Well, thank you. Thank you, *Signor Ladro*. Thank you, I appreciate that. . . . It was good hearing from you, too, *Signor Ladro*. Thank you. Please give my regards to Bianca. *Ciao*."

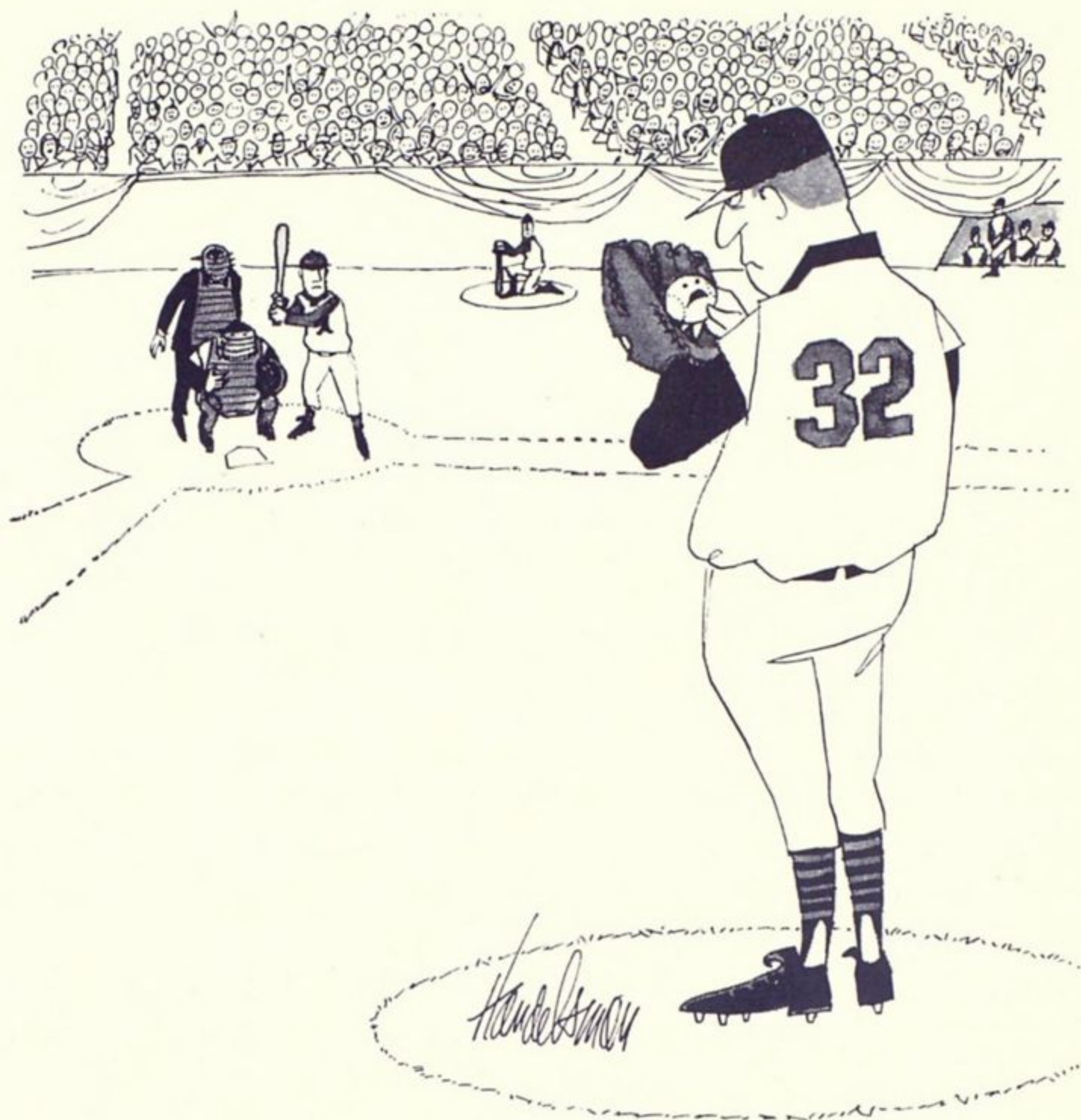
McReady hung up and then took a handkerchief from his back pocket and wiped his brow. Mullaney, crouching outside the window, was thinking furiously. McReady had reeled off a string of numbers, eight and three and nine and eleven, he could barely remember them all, were they some sort of code? He had also said, "At five to six," was that a time? Was he referring to a specific time, and was it New York time or Roman time? Ten, that was another one of the numbers, what did *any* of them have to do with the jacket or with the paper scraps Gouda had substituted for . . .

Wait a minute. Didn't McReady say the accident had occurred two nights ago? In that case, he couldn't have been referring to the highway accident involving Gouda, because *that* had happened only this afternoon; no, he had been referring to something else, something that was still very very warm, if I recall his words correctly, something that was still a delicate matter, here in New York, at least, something that . . .

"We had them drilled," McReady had said.

"Each one."

Had he been referring to a gangland killing, perhaps, a swap of assassinations; we kill somebody here in New York, you kill somebody there in Rome, even Stephen? But then, why the need for a casual



"Batter is agent of evil secret organization plotting to rule world. Stick me in his ear."

corpse picked up on 14th Street, why not send the genuine item? Or items? There would have been more than one corpse, because McReady had said "them," he had very clearly and distinctly said, "We had them drilled," plural, *them*, not singular, him, her or it. But why would anyone want to paint the victims of a shooting?

Black, he thought. McReady had said, "Black, of course."

Black. Melanie is from the Greek, it means black.

The jacket was black, the lining was black, the buttons were black, the coffin was . . .

Oh, my God, Mullaney thought, eight and three!

Oh, my sweet loving merciful mother of God, oh, you smart son of a bitch, Mullaney, eight at five to six, oh, you genius, Mullaney, you are once again sitting on a fortune, you have cracked the code, you have pierced the plan, you have tipped to what these fellows have done and are planning to do, you are a bloody bluenosed genius!

Exuberantly, he rose from his crouching position outside the window.

The thing to do now, he thought, is to get back as fast as I possibly can to the

girl who has my Judy Bond shopping bag. I don't need you anymore, gentlemen—not you, McReady, and not you, either, K, thank you very much, indeed.

Need him or not, K appeared at the mouth of the driveway just then, arriving in the same black Cadillac that had picked up Mullaney on 14th Street that morning.

Mullaney thought, I'm too close now to be stopped. I have doubled my bets and then retreated, doubled them again and retreated further still, but this time I'm going all the way, I am ready for the big kill, gentlemen, and you cannot stop me.

He ran for the taxicab waiting alongside the curb.

K had already seen him and was backing the Cadillac out of the driveway as Mullaney threw open the door of the cab and hurled himself onto the seat.

"That man in the Cadillac is a thief," Mullaney said to the driver. "Get me out of here! Fast!"

The driver reacted by putting the cab into gear and gunning it away from the curb, obviously delighted by this most recent of developments.

"What did he steal?" he asked.

"He stole something worth half a



million dollars in a certain foreign nation, Italy, for example."

"That is a lot of cabbage," the driver said.

"That is a whole hell of a lot of cabbage," Mullaney said. "My friend," he said, "if you can get me where I'm going safely, without that fellow in the Cadillac catching me and killing me, I will give you a reward of five thousand dollars, which is exactly one percent of the total, and which is the biggest tip you're ever going to get in your life."

"It's a deal," the driver said.

"Share the wealth," Mullaney said, "what the hell. Have you ever been to Jakarta?"

"I have never even been to Pittsburgh."

"Jakarta is better."

"I am sure," the driver said. "Where is Jakarta?"

"Jakarta is in Indonesia and is sometimes spelled with a Dj," Mullaney said, recalling volume J-JO, *See Djakarta, volume D-DR*. "It is, in fact, the capital of Indonesia, which is the base of a triangle whose apex is the Philippines, pointing north to Japan. They have marvelous cockroach races in Jakarta."

"I have marvelous cockroach races in my own kitchen every night," the driver said.

"My friend, he is gaining on us," Mullaney said, glancing through the rear window.

"Have no fear," the driver said, and rammed the accelerator to the floor.

In a little while, he asked, "Is he still behind us?"

"No, I think we've lost him," Mullaney said, but was not at all sure.

#### 7: BELINDA

He asked the driver to wait for him at the curb and then went into the apartment building, trying to decide where he should begin—top floor? bottom floor? middle floor?

It is always best to start at the bottom, he thought, and work your way up, so what I'll do is go to the *very* bottom, which is the basement.

The basement was empty. He was starting upstairs, when he heard voices coming from one of the small rooms off to the side of the furnace. As he approached the room, he saw that it had been whitewashed and hung with cute nursery-type cutouts of *The Cat and the Fiddle* and *Old King Cole*, and the like. A bare light bulb hung over a wooden table, which had been lowered to accommodate the four tot-sized chairs around it. Three little eight-year-old girls were playing jacks at that table—you ought to be in bed already, Mullaney thought, it's way past your bedtime. The girls were each wearing pastel dresses that blended nicely with the yellow table

and pink chairs and whitewashed walls and cute nursery-school cutouts. They were shrieking in glee at the progress of their jacks game and paid not the slightest bit of attention to Mullaney, who stood quietly in the doorway, watching.

One of the girls was the button-nosed tyke who, with her mother, had been sitting opposite him in the subway car. Her fist was clasped firmly around the handles of the Judy Bond shopping bag, which rested on the floor near her feet. She glanced up at him as he abortively hesitated in the doorway, her dark-brown eyes coming up coolly and slowly to appraise him.

"Hello," he said weakly.

"Hello," the other little girls chirped, but the dark-haired one at the end of the table did not answer, watched him intently and suspiciously instead, her hand still clutched around the twisted white-paper handles of the shopping bag.

"Excuse me, little girl," Mullaney said, "but is that your shopping bag?"

"Yes, it is," she answered. Her voice was high and reedy, it seemed to emanate from her button nose, her mouth seemed to remain tightly closed, her eyes did not waver from his face.

"Are you sure you didn't find it on a subway train?" he asked, and smiled.

"Yes, I did find it on a subway train, but it's mine, anyway," she said. "Finders, keepers."

"That's right, Belinda," one of the other little girls said. "Finders, keepers," and Mullaney wanted to strangle her. Instead, he smiled sourly and told himself to keep calm.

"There's a jacket in that bag, did you happen to notice it?" he asked.

"I happened to notice it," Belinda said.

"It belongs to me," Mullaney said.

"No, it belongs to *me*," she answered. "Finders, keepers."

"Finders, keepers, right," the other girl said. She was a fat little kid with freckles on her nose and braces on her teeth. She seemed to be Belinda's translator and chief advocate and she sat slightly to Belinda's right, with her hands on her hips, and stared at Mullaney with unmasked hostility.

"Look," Mullaney said, "I'm willing to pay for the jacket, if you'll only——"

"How much?" Belinda asked.

"Twenty cents," Mullaney said, which was all the money he had in the world.

"Ha!"

"Well—how much do you want?"

"Half a million."

"It's—it's not worth anywhere near that," Mullaney said, thinking the child was omniscient. "It's just an old jacket with a torn lining, it couldn't possibly be——" He wet his lips. An idea was forming, it was worth a chance. "How do you play that game?" he asked suddenly.

"You throw the ball up," Belinda said, "and it bounces, and if you're going for onesies, you have to pick up one jack each time before you catch the ball. When you're for twosies, you have to pick up *two* jacks each time. And so on."

"How do you win?" Mullaney asked.

"When you reach tensies," Belinda said.

"Tensies?"

"When you bounce the ball and pick up all ten jacks before you catch it again."

"All right," Mullaney said, "do you see this shirt?" He clutched the fabric between thumb and forefinger. "A good jasmine shirt, worth at least fifteen dollars on the open market, almost brand-new, worn maybe three or four times."

"I see it," Belinda said.

"OK. My shirt against the jacket in the bag, which is torn and worthless."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll play you for the jacket in the bag."

"Play me *what*?"

"Jacks."

"You've got to be kidding," Belinda said.

"She'll murder you," one of the other girls said.

"My shirt against the jacket, what do you say?"

Belinda weighed the offer. Her free hand clenched and unclenched on the tabletop, her lips twitched, but her eyes remained open and unblinking. The room was silent. Her friends watched her expectantly. At last, she nodded almost imperceptibly and said, "Let's play jacks, mister."

He had never played jacks in his life, but he was prepared to play now for a prize worth half a million dollars. He sat on one of the tiny chairs, his knees up close near his chin, and peered between them across the table.

"I'm Frieda," the fat girl with the freckles said.

"I'm Hilda," the other one said.

"How do you do?" he said, and nodded politely. "Who goes first?" he asked.

"I defer to my opponent," Belinda said, making him feel he had stumbled into the clutches of a jacks hustler.

"How do you—how do you do this?" he asked.

"He's got to be kidding," Frieda said.

"She'll *mobilize* him," Hilda said.

"Pick up the jacks," Belinda said. "In one hand."

"Yes?" he said, picking them up.

"Now, keep your hand up here, about this high from the table, and let them fall. Just open your hand and let them fall."

"OK," he said, and opened his hand and let the jacks fall.

"Oh, that's a bad throw," Frieda said.

"You're dead, mister," Hilda said.

"Shut up and let me play my own





Amulby

*"All I know is that when it should have gone VROOM-VROOM-POW,  
it just went tinkle-tinkle-plink . . .!"*



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game," he said. "What do I do next?"

"You throw the ball up and let it bounce on the table, and then you have to pick up one jack and catch the ball in the same hand."

"That's impossible," Mullaney said.

"That's the game, mister," Belinda said. "Those are the rules."

"It has to be the same hand," Frieda said.

"Of course it has to be the same hand," Hilda said.

"Those are the rules."

"That's the game."

"Then why didn't you say so when I asked you before?" Mullaney said.

"Any dumb ox knows those are the rules," Belinda said. "Are you quitting?"

"Quitting?" he said. "Lady, I am just starting."

He concentrated only on the jacks and on the red rubber ball. He ignored the malevolent stares of the little girls ranged around him at the sawed-off table, ignored the suffocating heat of the room and the discomfort of the tiny chair on which he sat, ignored, too, the knowledge that half a million dollars was at stake, concentrating only on the game, only on winning. He was a clumsy player. He seized the jacks too anxiously, clutched for the rubber ball too desperately, but he dropped neither jacks nor ball; and by the time he reached twosies, he was beginning to get the knack of the game. He did not allow his new confidence to intrude on his concentration. Twosies was the daily double, that was all, you picked the two nags most likely to win and then you picked the next two and the next two after that, and before you knew it, there were only two left on the table and you swept them up into your hand and reached clumsily for the falling rubber ball, but caught it, yes, clenched your fist around it, caught it, and were ready for threesies.

Threesies was merely picking the win, place and show horses in the proper order, three times in a row, and then there was only one jack left on the table, simple, bouncie bouncie ballie, scoop it up, catch the ball, there you are, my dears.

"I'm going to win," he whispered.

"Play," Belinda whispered.

He ignored their hard-eyed stares, their cruel, silent, devout wishes for his downfall; he ignored them and moved into foursies, it seemed to be getting easier all the time, all you had to do was scoop up four, and then four again, easy as pie; he closed his hand on the two remaining jacks and grinned at the little girls, who were watching him now with open hatred, and said again, not whispering it this time, "I am going to win, my dears."

"You are going to lose," Belinda said flatly and coldly and unblinkingly.

"We'll see," he said. "I'm for fivesies."

He dropped the jacks onto the table.

He scooped up five and caught the ball, scooped up the remaining five and caught the ball again.

"Sixies," he said.

He went through sixies in a breeze, feeling stronger and more confident all the time, not even noticing Belinda or her friends anymore, his full and complete concentration on the tabletop as he raced through sevensies and eightsies and ninesies and then paused to catch his breath.

"Play," Belinda said.

"This is the last one," he said. "If I get through this one, I win."

The room went silent.

He picked up the jacks. I must win, he told himself. I must win. He dropped the jacks onto the tabletop. Nine of them fell miraculously together in a small cluster. The tenth jack rolled clear across the table, at least two feet away from the others.

"Too bad," Belinda said. "You give up?"

"I can make it," Mullaney said.

"Let's see you," she said.

"All right."

The pile of nine first, he thought, then go for the one and then catch the ball. No. The one first, sweep it toward the bigger pile, using the flat of my hand, then scoop up all ten together and catch the . . .

No.

Wait a minute.

Yes.

Yes, that's the only way to do it.

"Here goes," he said.

"Bad luck," the three girls said together, and he threw the ball into the air.

His hand seemed to move out so terribly slowly, hitting the single lonely jack across the table and sweeping it toward the larger pile, the ball was dropping so very quickly, he would never make it, the pile of ten was now beneath his grasping fingers, he closed his hand, his eyes swung over to the dropping ball, he scooped up the jacks, the ball bounced, he slid his closed hand across the table and, without lifting it from the wooden surface, flipped it over, opened the fingers, spread the hand wide, caught the ball and was closing his hand again when he felt the ball slipping from his grasp.

No, he thought, no!

He tightened his hand so suddenly and so fiercely that he thought he would break his fingers. He tightened it around the ball as though he were grasping for life itself, crushing the ball and the jacks into his palm, holding them securely, his hand in mid-air, and then slowly bringing his clenched fist down onto the tabletop.

"I win," he said, without opening his hand.

"You bastid," Belinda said, and threw the shopping bag onto the tabletop. She



rose from her tiny chair, tossed her dark hair and walked swiftly out of the room.

"You bastid," Frieda said.

"You bastid," Hilda said, and they followed Belinda out.

He sat exhausted at the small table, his head hanging between his knees, his hand still clutched tightly around the jacks and the rubber ball. At last, he opened his hand and let the jacks spill onto the table, allowed the rubber ball to roll to the edge and fall to the concrete floor, bouncing away across the basement.

The room was very still.

He turned over the Judy Bond shopping bag and shook the black burial jacket onto the tabletop. He fingered the large buttons at the front and the smaller buttons on the sleeves, and then he picked up one of the jacks and moved it toward the center front button. Using the point of the jack, he scraped at the button. A peeling ribbon of black followed the tip of the jack. Flakes of black paint sprinkled onto the tabletop. He smiled and scratched at the button more vigorously, thinking. There are three buttons down the front of the jacket (each about ten carats, Grubel had said), ten, eleven and nine, in that order, scratching at the button, chipping away the paint; and there are four smaller buttons on each sleeve, eight at five to six carats each; I am a rich man, Mullaney thought, I am in possession of half a million dollars' worth of diamonds.

He had scraped all the paint off the middle button now.

He grasped the button between his thumb and forefinger, lifted it and the jacket to which it was fastened toward the hanging light bulb. It caught the incandescent rays, reflected them back in a dazzling glitter. This must be the 11-carat beauty, he thought, it's slightly larger than the other two; I am a rich man, he thought, I am at last a winner.

"Hand it over," the voice behind him said.

He turned.

K was standing in the doorway to the room. Mullaney had no intention of handing over the jacket, but it didn't matter, because K immediately walked over to him and hit him full in the face with the butt of a revolver.

8: IRENE

The sound of Furies howling in the cemetery beyond, Am I dreaming or am I dead? Mullaney wondered. Voices mumbling, K's and McReady's, "should have killed him *before* we put him in the coffin."

"I thought he would suffocate in the closed coffin."

"He didn't."

"Nor did I expect the coffin to be hijacked and opened."

"You should have been more careful."

"Are you in charge here, or am I?"

"You are, but—"

"Then keep quiet."

Mullaney dared not open his eyes, thinking. Were they in McReady's cottage again? Proximity to cemeteries makes me somewhat ill, he thought, or perhaps it's only getting hit on the head so often.

"We wouldn't have to be doing this twice if we'd done it right the first time," McReady said.

"We got the diamonds back," K said, "so what difference does it make?"

"Well, let's make *sure* he's dead this time."

"Drag him over here, near the coffin."

Someone's hands clutched at his ankles. He felt the floor scraping beneath his shoulders and his back, heard the rasping sound of cloth catching at splintered wood. They had not bound him, his hands and feet were free, he could still fight or run. He wondered how K had located him in the basement room, and then remembered he had left the cab sitting at the curb outside the building; that had been a mistake, a terrible oversight; I have been making a lot of mistakes lately, he thought, and I am very tired. Kill me and put me in the goddamn coffin, get it over with.

"Get the jacket," K said.

"We're lucky the buttons are still on it," McReady said.

"They're fastened securely. I had a hole drilled through the pavilion of each diamond—"

"The *what*?"

"The pavilion," K said. "The part below the mounting."

"You could have cracked those stones, you know."

"An expert did the job."

"How much did you say they're worth?"

"The three big ones are worth nine thousand dollars a carat."

"And the smaller ones?"

"Five thousand a carat."

"We'll have to shoot him in the back of the head," McReady said conversationally. "Otherwise it'll show."

"Yes," K agreed.

"Which is what we should have done in the first place."

"I told you I didn't know the coffin would be hijacked," K said.

"I still think we were careless."

"We were *not* careless. We *wanted* Gouda to think we'd received payment. We *wanted* him to steal the counterfeit money. We *wanted* him to think we were innocently shipping half a million dollars in paper scraps to Rome."

"Yes," McReady said sourly, "the only



*"I think it's marvelous you've chosen me to swing in the other direction with."*



trouble is it didn't work."

"Let's get the jacket on him," K said.

"Let's shoot him first."

"Either way, let's get it over with."

Well, how about it? Mullaney thought, and would have made his move right then, but something was beginning to bother him and he did not know quite what it was. You had *better* move, Mullaney, he told himself, you had better move *now* and fast and figure out what's bothering you later, because if you don't, you're going to be figuring it out in a coffin.

"Lift him," K said.

"Why?" McReady asked.

"So I can shoot him in the back of the head."

McReady tugged at Mullaney's hands, pulling him up into a sitting position. He could hear K walking around behind him. With his eyes still closed, he felt something cold and hard against the back of his skull.

"Watch the angle, now," McReady said. "Don't send the bullet through his head and into *me*."

The gun moved away from Mullaney's head for just an instant as K considered the angle. In that instant, Mullaney yanked his hands free of McReady's loose grip and swung around in time to catch K just as he was crouching, knocking him back on his heels. There was a silencer on the gun, he saw, making it easier to grab but rendering it none the less deadly. They can kill me here in this cottage as easily as whispering in church, he thought, and reached for the gun, missing. There was a short, puffing explosion. A window shattered across the room. He clutched at K's wrist, grasped it tightly in both hands and slammed K's knuckles against the floor, knocking the gun loose. He lunged for the gun, straddling K as he did so, and then nimbly stepped over him and whirled to face both men, the gun level in his hand.

"It is *now* posttime," he said, and grinned. "Give me that jacket."

"The jacket is ours," K said.

"Correct. Give it to me anyway."

"The diamonds are ours, too," McReady said.

"No, the diamonds belong to a jewelry firm on Forty-seventh Street," Mullaney said, and suddenly realized what had been bothering him. The diamonds were neither theirs *nor* his. The diamonds had been stolen.

He frowned. "I . . ." And hesitated. "I want that jacket," he said.

"Are you ready to kill for it?" K asked. "Because that's what you'll have to do. You'll have to kill us both."

Mullaney was sweating now, the gun in his right hand was trembling. He could see the jacket draped loosely over McReady's arm, the middle button repainted black, an innocuous-looking burial garment that would be sent to Rome in exchange for enough money to

buy a million and one Arabian nights; yes, he thought, kill them both. You have done enough for possession of that jacket today, you have done enough over this past year, all of it part of the gamble, you are a winner now, you are holding the winning hand at last, *kill* them!

He could not squeeze the trigger.

He stood facing them, knowing that he did not want to lose yet another time but knowing he had already lost because he could not squeeze the trigger, he could not for the life of him commit this act that would finalize the gamble.

"Keep the jacket," he said, "but find yourself another corpse."

He felt like crying, but he did not want to cry in the presence of these international people with high connections in Rome and God knew where else, did not want them to realize he was truly a loser. He backed toward the door of the cottage, keeping the gun trained on them, with one hand thrust behind him fumbling for the knob and opening the door, feeling the cemetery wind as it rushed into the room.

"*Ciao*," he said, and went out of the cottage.

. . .

He threw the gun into a sewer outside the cemetery and then began walking slowly, the first time he had walked slowly today, it seemed, slowly and calmly, hoping they would not follow him and really not caring whether they did or not. He thought his parting shot had been a very good one. "*Ciao*," he had said, losing the gamble but showing what a sport he was anyway, a tip of the hat, a wave of the hand, "*Ciao*," and it was all over. Well, he thought, at least Irene will get a kick out of this, Irene will grin all over that Irish phiz of hers if she ever finds out her former husband has blown it all in little more than a year; she will certainly have a few laughs telling her new and doubtless winning suitors that her husband was a fool and a loser, to boot.

He wondered again if she had ever told anyone that sometimes he was a fool.

He went into a sidewalk phone booth on the corner, took a dime from his pocket and dialed Irene's number. She answered on the second ring.

"Hello?" she said.

"Hello," he said, "this is Andy. I didn't wake you or anything, did I?"

"No, I was watching television," Irene said. "What is it, Andy? Why are you calling?"

"Well," he said, "I blew it all, Irene. It took me a year, Irene, but I blew it all. I've got ten cents in my pocket after this phone call, and that's it. I'm stone-broke after that, though I've got to tell you I almost had half a million dollars just a few minutes ago."

"Really, Andy?" she said. "Half a million?"

"Yes, I could have had it, Irene, I really could have . . ." He stopped. "Irene," he said, "I never came close to having it."

The line went silent.

"Irene," he said, "did you ever tell anybody about the time with the hat?"

"No," she said.

"Do you know which time I mean?"

"Yes, of course."

"Irene, did you ever tell anybody I was a fool?"

"You're not a fool, Andy."

"I know I'm a fool, I know I'm——"

"No, Andy . . ." She paused. Her voice was very low when she spoke again. "Andy, you're a very nice person," she said, "if only you would grow up."

"Take a gamble," he said suddenly.

"A gamble?"

"On me."

She'll say no, he thought. She'll say no and I'll walk off into the night with only a dime in my pocket, ten cents less than I started with this morning. Please don't say no, he thought. Irene, please don't say no.

"Irene?"

"Yes."

"Gamble."

"I'm not a gambler, Andy."

"Neither am I," he said, and the line went silent again. For a moment, he thought she had hung up. He waited for her to speak again and then he said, "Listen . . . listen, you're not crying, are you?"

"Andy, Andy," she said.

"Should I come there? Say yes, Irene." She did not answer.

"Irene? Say yes. Please."

He heard her sigh.

"Yes," she said. "I'm crazy."

"I love you," he said.

"All right," she said.

"I'll be there in a minute. Well, not in a *minute*, because all I have is ten cents. It may take some time."

"Time we have," she said.

"Yes," he answered. "Time we have."

"But hurry, anyway," she said, and hung up.

He put the phone back onto the hook and sat unmoving in the booth, feeling the April breeze that swept through the open doors, watching the eddying paper scraps on the floor. He sat that way for a long time, with the paper scraps dancing at his feet, and he thought about the gamble he had taken and lost, and he still wanted to weep. And then he thought about the gamble he was about to take, the biggest gamble of them all, perhaps, and he simply nodded and rose at last, and went out of the booth and began walking back to Manhattan.

*This is the second and concluding part of "A Horse's Head" by Evan Hunter.*







*"By the looks of things, it isn't going to be easy to tell which are the rich ones."*



# Dispatcher (continued from page 76)

"How do you think I feel?" the medical officer shouted. "I gave up a forty-thousand-dollar-a-year practice in Newark for this crap! Next!"

The big man in denim walked to the desk. He was rubbing his fists.

"What's your problem?" the officer asked.

"None of ya friggin' business," the man said. "I done doody already. Five years combat engineers. Where's Mandelbaum? What'd you jerks do wit' him?"

Figler moved toward him. "Watch yer language, soljer."

"You call me soljer oncet more, yer ass'll be suckin' wind."

"I'll handle this, Figler." The medical officer got up. His mustache bristled. "All right, you, what's your outfit?"

"I ain't tellin' you nothin'. Pill roller."

"You'll regret this," the officer said. He was trembling.

"Chancre mechanic."

"Figler—"

"Clap surgeon. Go run a pro station."

Seething, the officer began dialing. "I'll throw the book at you!" he yelled.

"You'll be up for a general court-martial! Hello, hello—get me the military police!"

The rugged man yanked the phone

from his hand and shoved the officer roughly. Sergeant Figler hurled himself at the man's back. Then the rear door of the office opened and Dr. Mandelbaum walked in. At that time, the doctor was in his 60s, but he was still as strong and as fit as when he was on the USC wrestling team.

"What the hell is this?" Dr. Mandelbaum shouted. His weeping nurse tried to explain.

The lieutenant retreated to a corner of the room. The big man, seeing Dr. Mandelbaum, stopped his lunge at the officer.

"Now, then, Mandelbaum," the medical officer snapped, "we've a file on you. This mission will help all of us, including you, yourself. We are here in the national interest. That man threatened me and I'm having him brought up on charges of insubordination!" He was slightly hysterical. He was not carrying out his assignment as well as my dispatcher had.

"What are you talking about?" Dr. Mandelbaum yelled. "Who are you to bust into my office and abuse my patients? That's Al Zawatzkis. He's been my patient for years. I delivered him. He's never welshed on a bill in his life."

"Then you are prejudiced in his

favor," the officer said. "I'll see to it that you don't testify at his court-martial!"

He began dialing again. "I want the military police, and if you can't get them, I'll talk to the Defense Department, office called M. A. C. E.—"

Dr. Mandelbaum grabbed him by his shoulder straps and shook him as if he were a rag doll. The lieutenant screamed for help. Figler tried to pry Doc Mandelbaum loose, but big Zawatzkis thundered at him. It was no contest. He plucked Sergeant Figler from Doc and threw him against a filing cabinet. While Figler lay there stunned, Zawatzkis tried to untangle the two physicians. I have to give credit to the Army officer; he was tenacious and brave. He clung to Mandelbaum, wheezing and hissing and protesting that we were all traitors, but he was no match for Zawatzkis. The medical officer sprawled on the X-ray table, then got a second wind and came at Zawatzkis, who smashed a jug of green soap over his head.

The lieutenant hit the floor. The jug broke clean. The medic wasn't cut, merely bruised and coated with the viscous fluid. "Get him out," Doc Mandelbaum said. I gave Zawatzkis a hand. We picked up the semiconscious officer and carted him out.

"He slipped!" I said loudly. "I saw it! He slipped on the floor!"

Dr. Mandelbaum helped Sergeant Figler to his feet and escorted him to the front door. "Be a nice boy, not a schlemiel," he was saying to him. "What is all this nonsense? Go get a job instead of being a bum in the Army all your life." The three of us—Doc, Zawatzkis and myself—stood on the sidewalk as Figler, crying softly, drove off in the jeep with his superior. Then we went into the office, where Doc took care of us in his usual considerate manner.

That evening at the dinner table, I kept my thoughts to myself. Esposito dropped down to pick up his dinner, greeted us sullenly and retreated to his sanctuary. We rarely saw him anymore. He had long stopped bothering us for car keys or trip tickets.

"I wish that tramp would go," my father said. It was exactly one week that Salvatore had been with us. "And I wish I knew why he's here."

"He doesn't bother anyone," my mother said. "And he is never behind with the six dollars a day."

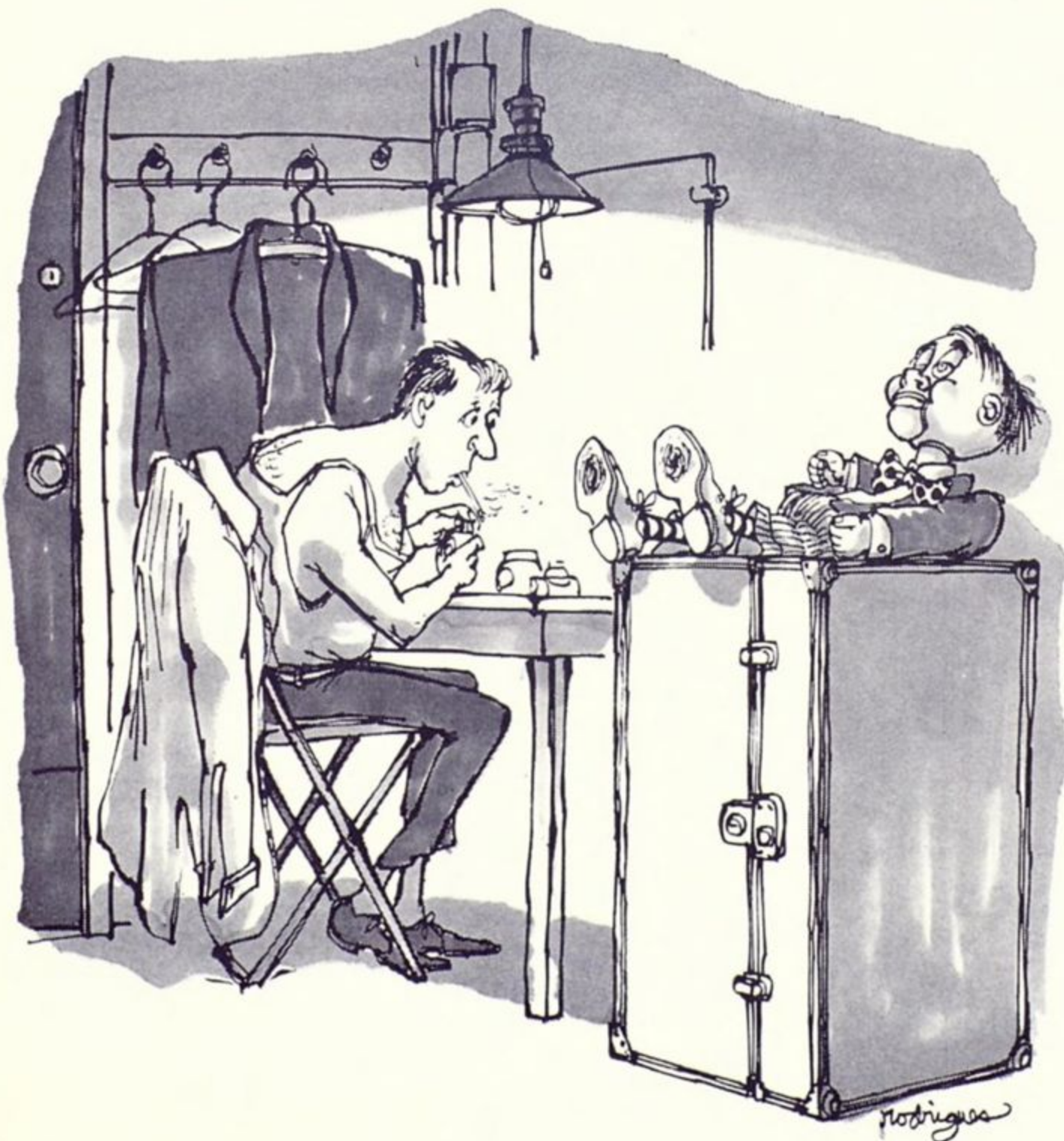
"Who needs it?" my father grumbled.

"He keeps the room clean," my mother said defensively. "His personal appearance isn't much, but the bed is always made."

"Bed," my father said. "Did you tell Frank what happened at the hotel in La Jolla yesterday?"

"You mean the tennis match?"

"No, no. That business with the beds. You know, what we saw when we were going down to the pool."





"What happened?" I asked.

My father stirred his coffee. "It was either a practical joke or else they were rehearsing for a movie or something. Maybe a publicity gimmick for a movie. That old hotel has been used a lot for locations."

"Francis, you asked the manager that and he said no."

"Yeah. But if it wasn't a movie stunt, what was it?"

My father shook his head.

"But what, exactly, happened?" I asked.

"Your mother and I were on our way down to the pool, when we passed this room with the door open. There was a lot of yelling going on and I peeked in. There were five people in the room—a young couple, a chambermaid and this Army officer and a sergeant. One with all those stripes up and down."

"First sergeant," I said. My hands were sweaty; a stone was growing in my stomach.

"This captain kept yelling that he was *gigging*—whatever that is—gigging the two guests because the beds weren't made with hospital corners."

"It *was* very strange," my mother said. "Like a silly motion picture, as Daddy says."

"This sergeant tried bouncing a dime off the bedspread a few times, but it wouldn't bounce, and this got the captain sore. He also had white gloves on and I saw him run his finger through the closet shelves."

"Didn't the guests object?" I asked.

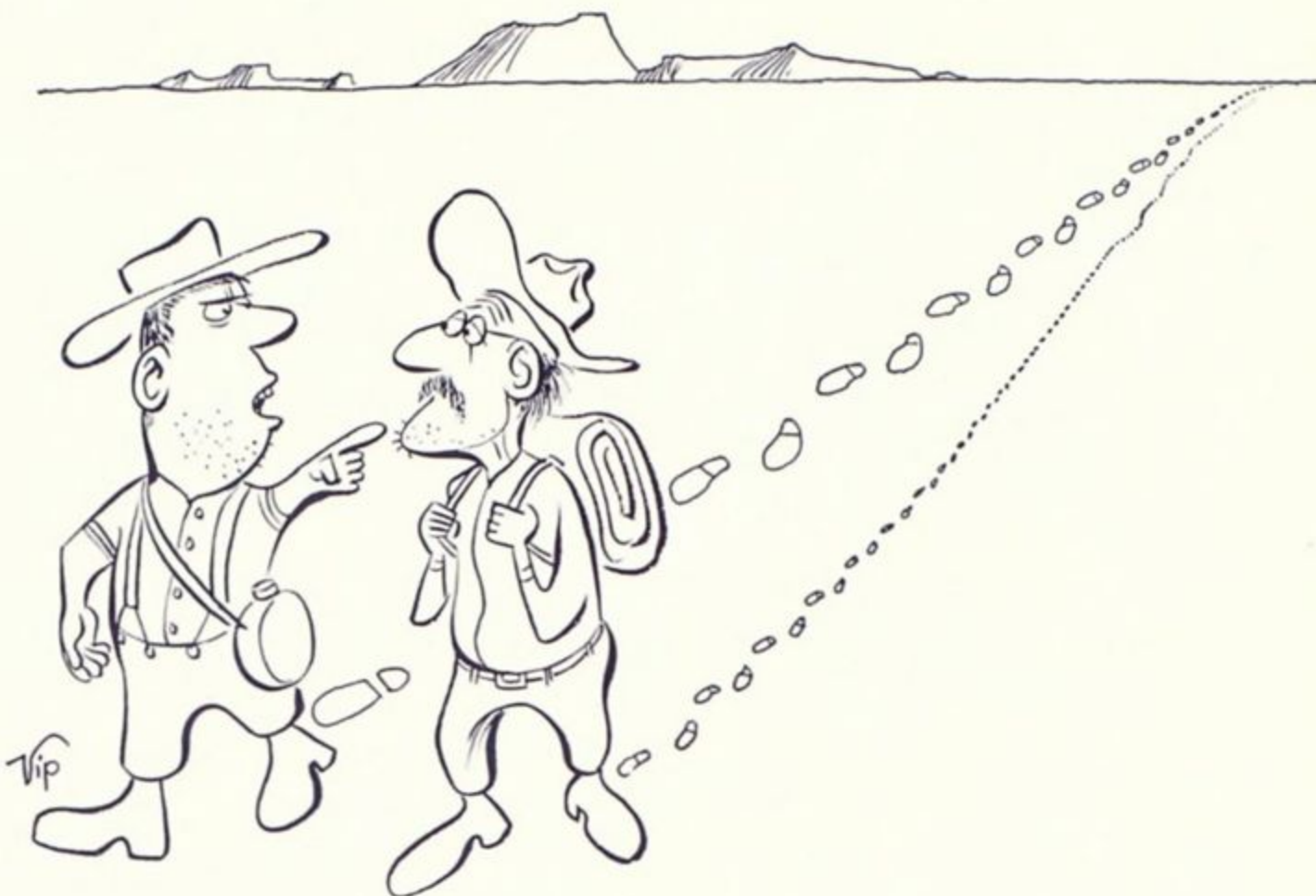
"They were scared," said my father. "I think they were honeymooners and figured somebody was kidding them. The guy kept saying the chambermaid had made the bed and the officer kept shouting, 'We want results, not excuses, in this man's Army!' Probably be a funny story in the papers about it."

I wondered, would it be a funny story like the lying account of the baseball game at Sandoval? How would they handle inspection? As a cheerful course in modern hotelkeeping?

The last incident in this sequence of events—that is, the last up to my current listing on a *Table of Organization* as a first lieutenant—took place the next day.

Unhearing, I sat through morning classes and decided to spend the afternoon in the library. In the interests of economy, I had been driving home for lunch (we live a few minutes from the Westwood campus), but on this day I went to the school cafeteria. I arrived a moment after it had reopened for lunch and was greeted by an odd tableau.

The five colored ladies who manned the counter were clearly upset. They were huddled away from the steaming food vats. The manager, a Mr. Sammartino, as I recall, was in front of the counter, gesticulating and appealing to—Need I go on?



*"You know what your trouble is, Kosgriff? You think small!"*

Looming behind the great aluminum bins of tuna-fish timbale, chicken and noodles, breaded veal cutlet and eggplant parmesan was one of the fattest men I have ever seen. He wore a filthy, sweat-stained fatigue suit with sergeant's stripes stenciled on the sleeves. On his head was a green fatigue cap, the brim upturned and stenciled with the name TEXAS. He brandished two enormous tools—a devil's fork and an ogre's ladle—and he sweat gallons into the food. A nauseating and disgusting figure, he was incontestably a mess sergeant. I needed no mimeographed orders to tell me so.

"Come and git it, fo' I throw it to the pigs!" he bellowed. "Yeah, hot today, hot today!"

He had an underling, a short, hairy man in dirty fatigues, who hustled through the kitchen doors, lugging a steaming pot of some appalling pink stew.

"Lady wit' a baby!" yelled the small man. "Hot stuff comin' through!"

"That's mah boy!" the mess sergeant beamed. "Li'l ole Hemsley. Hemsley a good ole boy. Look lak Hemsley brewed himself a mess of good ole S.O.S.! Shit on a shingle! Wahoo! Give us a ole rebel yell, Hemsley."

Hemsley obliged. The air shivered with the sound. The Negro ladies retreated even farther back. One, a bespectacled woman of great dignity, appealed to Mr. Sammartino.

"If this a fraternity prank, Mr. S.," she said, "it gone far enough. The girls is fed up."

The manager paced feverishly. "But they said they had *orders*! They gave me *this*!" Mr. Sammartino waved a mimeo-

graphed sheet of paper. By now a queue of hungry students had formed in back of me. Most of them were amused by the insanity behind the steam table, assuming, as did the woman, that it was some form of undergraduate humor.

The mess sergeant stirred his pink S.O.S., stabbed at a gray sparerib, sniffed the okra soup. "Ole Hemsley. He a good ole boy. Hemsley, y'all got some grits back there, so's we can show the Yankees how rebels eat?"

"I wouldn't be for knowin', but I'll look."

"Well, be for lookin'."

Hemsley vanished into the kitchen, clanging empty pots. I took a clean tray and started down the line, as if drawn to some rendezvous with fate. The colored girls shrank away. The huge sergeant seemed to fill up all the space behind the counter.

He eyed me with contempt. "Y'all got an early chow pass?"

"Y-yes," I stammered. "Company and company headquarters. What's for chow, Sarge?"

A grin widened his pulpy face. He was in *control*. He had me. "Fly shit 'n' brown pepper."

"That's OK," I said hoarsely. "So long as it ain't the same as what we had yesterday."

Chuckling, he began to load up my tray. A glob of mashed potatoes landed in the middle. Two slices of bread hit next and were promptly buried beneath the horrid S.O.S. A brownish mixture of vegetables was hurled, spattering the empty spaces of the tray. Several wilted leaves of lettuce were inserted in the brown ooze; a rubbery veal cutlet came to rest in the S.O.S. There remained but





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two square inches of inviolate mashed potatoes. The sergeant grinned at the tray. "Looks like we kinda missed a spot, right, buddy boy?" I said nothing. I knew what was coming. He ladled out a yellow cling peach, swimming in syrup like the inside of a roc's egg. Leaning over the counter, he deftly set the peach half in the midst of the potatoes, drowning everything else in the sweet juice.

"Now you all set," he beamed.

The blood roared to my skull. I breathed deeply, glanced at the wailing manager and lifted the tray high, as if sacrificing it to a god unknown. Then I hurled it at the fat sergeant. He took the blow—stunned, soaked, steaming—a great abstract work of food. I fled to cheers and laughter.

Upon returning home, I went to the spare room. Corporal Salvatore Esposito was sacked out, reading *Famous Funnies*.

"Get going, Salvatore," I said. "I am throwing you out."

"I don't go unless ya got orders for me."

"No, no, you must leave. And you tell your superiors you were thrown out, that we didn't want you and shouldn't have let you stay. The only reason you stayed so long was because of a delay in policy."

He sat up in bed. "I ain't goin' and you know it."

I walked to my father's golf bag and pulled out the driver. "Pack, soldier. I could handle you without this, but I want to make sure you leave in a hurry." I whipped the air a few times.

He struggled out of bed, a stumpy troll in droopy khaki drawers and socks. "Jeez. Din't think you was dat kind of guy." He dressed hastily, slung the bag over his shoulder and asked if he could make a telephone call. I permitted him to. He dialed swiftly, identified himself and asked that a jeep meet him at the corner, on Olympic Boulevard. I gave him his trip tickets, the carbon papers and the pencil, which he had carelessly left on the table. I wanted all traces of him obliterated. We walked to the street corner. Salvatore squatted on his sack.

"Who sent you here, Salvatore?" I asked.

"I dunno. I git assigned, I go."

"What is M. A. C. E.?"

"I dunno. All I know is someone's gonna get chewed out for throwin' me out." He glowered at me, but it was a meaningless glower, one for the record. "It'll be your ass, Dugan, not mine."

An open jeep, driven by a young second lieutenant, pulled up to us. "Spasita?" he asked.

"Dat's me." Salvatore didn't salute. He tossed his bag in the rear of the jeep and climbed in.

"Orders come through, Spasita. You transferred."

"They did not!" I shouted. "He was not transferred! I threw him out! Why

was he sent to me, anyway? I never wanted him!"

The shavetail studied me innocently. "Beats me, mistah. We git orders and folla them."

"All set, Spasita?" He gunned the engine.

"Just a minute," I said. "I demand an explanation. What does M. A. C. E. mean?"

"Never heard of it." And the jeep drove off.

"Remember what I said, Salvatore!" I shouted after them. "I threw you out! You tell them!"

Did I imagine it? Or did my dark dispatcher turn and answer my hysterical request with a nod of his head, a wink?

• • •

Today I sit in my air-conditioned office and think about my new job. Who decided I was first lieutenant? I have discharge papers at home showing that I was released from military service "for the convenience of the Government" some years ago. When was I commissioned? By whose authority?

I stopped Carter at the water cooler late this afternoon. My arm did not rise in salute, but he gauged the confusion on my face.

"I saw the T/O," I said. "Am I to call you Mr. or Colonel?"

"It doesn't matter, Dugan," he said pleasantly. "One way or the other. We don't stand on ceremony in this outfit."

"But what are we?"

He smiled. "Little bit of everything, you might say. You'll get used to it."

We walked down the corridor together. I glanced at his shoes—highly polished mahogany-brown officer's pumps with a strap instead of laces. They say to me: PX.

"Colonel, did you ever hear of an outfit called M. A. C. E.? Just after the War?"

"M. A. C. E.? Yes, I remember it. It was obsoleted a long time ago. We tried it out briefly. A pilot project, a really primitive one. We were just sort of fiddling around in those days."

"What did the letters stand for?"

"Military and Civilian Enterprises. Nothing mysterious about it."

"It was abandoned?"

"Naturally. We've got more sophisticated systems today. Data programing, circuitry. The whole operation is computerized. I must say, somebody in Washington is doing a marvelous job. M. A. C. E.! My goodness, I haven't thought about that old one-horse operation in years!"

He entered his office. I could hear people snapping to attention inside.

My nylon shirt is drenched; my knees are water. How did it happen? How in heaven's name did I get here? I curse Corporal Salvatore Esposito, my late dispatcher. He never told them that I threw him out. I am certain of that.





## ICE & EASY *(continued from page 102)*

demitasse as a highball, and has the uncanny ability to almost instantly counteract the dehydrating effects of a long summer's game, a drive or a swim.

There was a time when rocks were really rocky, when a bartender armed with an ice pick hacked away at his block of ice until it eventually disappeared. On a summer's day you'd ask for a gin rickey and it would come to you with one or two tottering crags of ice. It looked cool, but it couldn't possibly stand up to a contemporary gin rickey, because of a simple undisputed fact: Ice is now much colder than it once was. Frozen water may be 32° F. or, just as possibly these days, -32° F. Most of the cubes in the present ice age range from zero to -10°. Needless to say, for fast cooler-offers, the colder the ice, the better. Crushed ice or cracked ice is chillier in a bar glass than the cubed variety, because more cooling ice surface comes into intimate contact with the drink.

A few summer drinks are squat rather than tall, but these, too, are carefully built on good icemanship. A cold bourbon toddy, for instance, is made with a hefty jigger of bourbon, a tentative spray of sugar, a miserly spoonful of water to dissolve the sugar, a big insolent ice cube and an optional twist of lemon. Both the bourbon and the old fashioned glass in which it's conveyed should be prechilled so that the drink's frosty flavor is as undiluted as possible. There are other iced drinks that do the honors in the opposite way, such as the frozen daiquiri. For all practical purposes, it's a purée of ice, rum, sugar and lime juice. Like a comforting thick soup in the winter, it's both prandial and potable. A perfectionist among daiquiri men will insist that the ice in his completed drink be neither chips nor mere slush but just fine enough to go through the holes of a coarse metal sieve.

The number of muscle-powered as well as plug-in ice crushers seems to have kept pace with the population explosion. There are ice crushers, used as blender attachments, that can reduce a tray of ice cubes to crushed ice or snow ice in 20 to 30 seconds. Even simple ice trays are now designed not only for cubes but for ice slices, 38 to a tray, and perhaps most useful of all, for cracked ice. Lacking this equipment, a man needn't find the technique for cracking or crushing ice too difficult. Simply place the ice cubes in a canvas bag designed for this purpose or in a large clean kitchen towel (wrap the towel around the ice so that there is a double thickness of cloth); on a carving board, bang the bag or towel with a mallet or the smooth side of a meat tenderizer. Keep your banging somewhat restrained if you want fair-sized pieces of cracked ice; for crushed ice, whack away with abandon.

Every barman—amateur or pro—should insist that his ice be clean, hard and dry, and should make each drink or batch of drinks with fresh ice. Hoard your ice in the freezing section of your refrigerator until you actually need it. Use ice buckets with vacuum sides and lids; plastic foam ice tubs are convenient for throwaway service. When you empty your ice trays, don't run water over them, unless absolutely necessary to spring the ice free. Running water causes them to eventually stick together after they're put into the bucket. Most new ice trays, especially those with no-stick surfaces, discharge their cargo with a single swift yank. There are refrigerators that not only make ice cubes automatically but turn them out and store them night and day—a comforting thought when one is party-planning. If the water in your fiefdom is heavily chlorinated, use bottled spring water for ice.

Finally, as a host, be the most prodigal of icemen. If you're gambling on the fact that you may just possibly get by with two buckets of ice at a summer fling, don't gamble. Provide at least three or four bucketfuls for supercooling your crowd. If your icemaking equipment is somewhat limited, find out before your rumpus takes place just where you can buy or borrow additional ice.

In the summertime, glassware—almost as much as liquor and ice—helps create what Fielding called the "universal grin." To chill glasses, either bury them in cracked ice for a minute or two before pouring your drinks or use the instant icer, also known as the glass chiller. This is the device that sprays a vapor on the glass and causes it to turn frosty white. The frosty white film lasts only for a minute or two, although the glass does stay icy cold to the touch. To frost glasses more heavily, dip them in water, and while they're still dripping, place them in the freezer section of your



*"Oops! Damn! I'm afraid it won't be a friendly village much longer."*



refrigerator, set at its coldest point, for two or three hours. To sugar-frost the rims of glasses, first of all make sure that you have superfine sugar—not the regular granulated and not confectioners'. The rim of each glass, inside and outside, should be moistened to a depth of about 1/4 in. before dipping into sugar. Here are four easy approaches to the rim rite: (1) Rub rim with small wedge of lemon or orange; invert glass to shake off extra juice; dip into sugar. (2) Rub rim with lemon or orange peel, using outside of peel; dip into sugar. (3) Rub rim lightly with grenadine, falernum or any other syrup, or rub with any liqueur; dip into sugar. (4) Rub rim with coffee liqueur; dip into a mixture of 3 teaspoons superfine sugar mixed well with 1 teaspoon powdered instant coffee. The contents of sugar-frosted glasses should be sipped without benefit of straw.

The well-known technique of fighting fire with fire works even better with ice. When newcomers meet, the best way to cut through the frozen surface is to make a dash for your ice vault and then take the shortest possible route to your liquor cabinet. The following 12 icebreakers will pleurably demonstrate our thesis.

#### DERBY DAIQUIRI

- 1 1/2 ozs. light rum
- 1/2 oz. fresh lime juice
- 1 oz. fresh orange juice
- 1/2 oz. simple syrup
- 2/3 cup finely crushed ice

Put all ingredients in blender. Mix 10 seconds at high speed. Pour into 6-oz. saucer champagne glass or outsize cocktail glass. To make simple syrup, add 1 cup granulated sugar to 1 cup boiling water. Simmer for an additional minute and a half. Cool syrup to room temperature before using.

#### FROZEN BANANA DAIQUIRI

Use 3/4 oz. true fruit banana liqueur instead of simple syrup in previous recipe.

#### CARIBBEAN SLING

- 2 ozs. light rum
- 1/2 oz. fresh lime juice
- 1/2 oz. fresh lemon juice
- 1/2 oz. triple sec
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 4 ozs. club soda
- 1 piece cucumber rind, 1/2 in. wide, 4 ins. long

Put rum, lime juice, lemon juice, triple sec and sugar into tall 16-oz. glass. Stir well until sugar dissolves. Add club soda. Fill glass with coarsely cracked ice. Stir lightly. Garnish with cucumber rind.

#### OUZO COOLER

Sugar-frost rim of tall 12-oz. glass, rubbing rim lightly with ouzo before dipping it into sugar. Fill glass with

ice slices or coarsely cracked ice (not crushed ice). Add 2 ozs. ouzo. Stir well. Ice will melt slightly. Add more ice to fill glass to rim and stir again. French *pastis* or American Abisante may be used in place of ouzo if desired.

#### BARBADOS PLANTER'S PUNCH

- 2 1/2 ozs. golden rum
- 1/2 oz. heavy dark rum
- 1 oz. fresh lime juice
- 2 teaspoons sugar
- 3 dashes angostura bitters
- Nutmeg
- 1 slice lime

Put both kinds of rum, lime juice, sugar and bitters into tall 12-oz. glass. Stir well until sugar is dissolved. Fill glass to rim with coarsely cracked ice. Stir again. Sprinkle with freshly grated nutmeg. Garnish with slice of lime.

#### BOURBON AND MADEIRA JULEP

- 1 1/2 ozs. bourbon
- 1 1/2 ozs. madeira
- 1/4 oz. fresh lemon juice
- 1 pineapple cocktail stick
- 3 sprigs mint

Fill double old fashioned glass with coarsely cracked ice. Add bourbon, madeira and lemon juice. Stir well. Add more ice, if necessary, to fill glass to rim. Garnish with pineapple stick and mint. Amontillado sherry may be substituted for madeira.

#### MOCHA MEDLEY

- 1 oz. coffee liqueur
- 1/4 oz. white crème de menthe
- 1/4 oz. crème de cacao
- 1/4 oz. triple sec

Sugar-frost rim of 6-oz. saucer champagne glass, using coffee-sugar mixture previously described. Fill glass with finely crushed ice or snow ice. Add liquors. Serve with short straw. Individual mocha medleys may be made beforehand and stored in freezing section of refrigerator until needed. In time, the ice will form a solid cap on top of each drink and liquor will settle to bottom. Omit straw. A minute or two after drinks are removed from freezer, ice cap will loosen and liquor may be easily sipped from rim.

#### RHENISH RASPBERRY

- 1/4 cup frozen raspberries in syrup, thawed
- 1 oz. vodka
- 1/4 cup Rhine wine
- 1 1/2 teaspoons red currant syrup or grenadine
- 1/2 oz. fresh lemon juice
- 1/2 cup coarsely cracked ice
- 2 ozs. club soda

Put raspberries with their syrup, vodka, Rhine wine, red currant syrup, lemon juice and ice in blender. Spin at high speed for 10 seconds. Pour into tall

16-oz. glass. Add club soda. Add ice cubes until glass is filled to brim. Stir lightly.

#### ALMOND COBBLER

- 1 1/2 ozs. gin
- 2 ozs. fresh orange juice
- 1 oz. fresh lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon orgeat or orzata (almond syrup)
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2 ozs. club soda
- 1 slice orange
- 1 tablespoon sliced almonds

Pour gin, orange juice, lemon juice and orgeat into tall 12-oz. glass. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add club soda. Fill to brim with coarsely cracked ice. Stir lightly. Garnish with slice of orange and sprinkle with almonds. (Almonds may be oven-toasted, if desired. Place them in shallow pan, sprinkle lightly with melted butter and bake in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes or until medium brown, stirring occasionally. Sprinkle lightly with salt. Cool before adding to drink.)

#### BRANDY CASSIS

- 1 oz. California brandy
- 1/2 oz. crème de cassis
- 1/2 oz. fresh lime juice
- 1 slice lime

1 brandied cherry or maraschino cherry

Pour brandy, crème de cassis and lime juice into 8-oz. old fashioned glass. Fill glass with ice slices or coarsely cracked ice. Stir well. Garnish with slice of lime and cherry.

#### GRAPEFRUIT AND HONEY COOLER

- 2 ozs. blended whiskey
- 2 ozs. unsweetened grapefruit juice
- 1 oz. honey
- 2 dashes orange bitters
- 1 cocktail orange slice in syrup

Pour whiskey, grapefruit juice, honey and bitters into blender. Mix at high speed for 10 seconds. Pour into tall 12-oz. glass. Fill glass with coarsely cracked ice. Stir. Garnish with cocktail orange slice.

#### GIN AND GINGER

- 1 oz. gin
- 1 oz. ginger brandy
- 1/2 oz. lemon juice
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 4 ozs. ginger beer or ginger ale
- 1 slice lemon
- 1 small chunk preserved ginger in syrup

Put gin, ginger brandy, lemon juice and sugar into tall 12-oz. glass. Stir well until sugar dissolves. Add ginger beer. Add coarsely cracked ice to fill glass. Stir lightly. Garnish with lemon slice and preserved ginger.

And thus, with a spate of coolly constructed libations, the iceman swingeth.





# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER  
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COCHON!  
WHY DON'T  
YOU LOOK  
WHERE  
YOU'RE  
GOING?

MAIS  
CERTAIN-  
MENT! I  
AM LOOKING!  
I AM GOING  
DIRECTLY  
INTO YOUR  
CAR!

CHERIE,  
MON  
AMOUR,  
REMEMBER  
THAT ROMANTIC  
SPOT OVER  
ON THE  
CORNER?

NATURELLE-  
MENT! HOW  
CAN I FORGET,  
MON AMI?  
THAT IS WHERE  
WE KILLED  
OUR FIRST  
AMERICAN  
TOURIST.

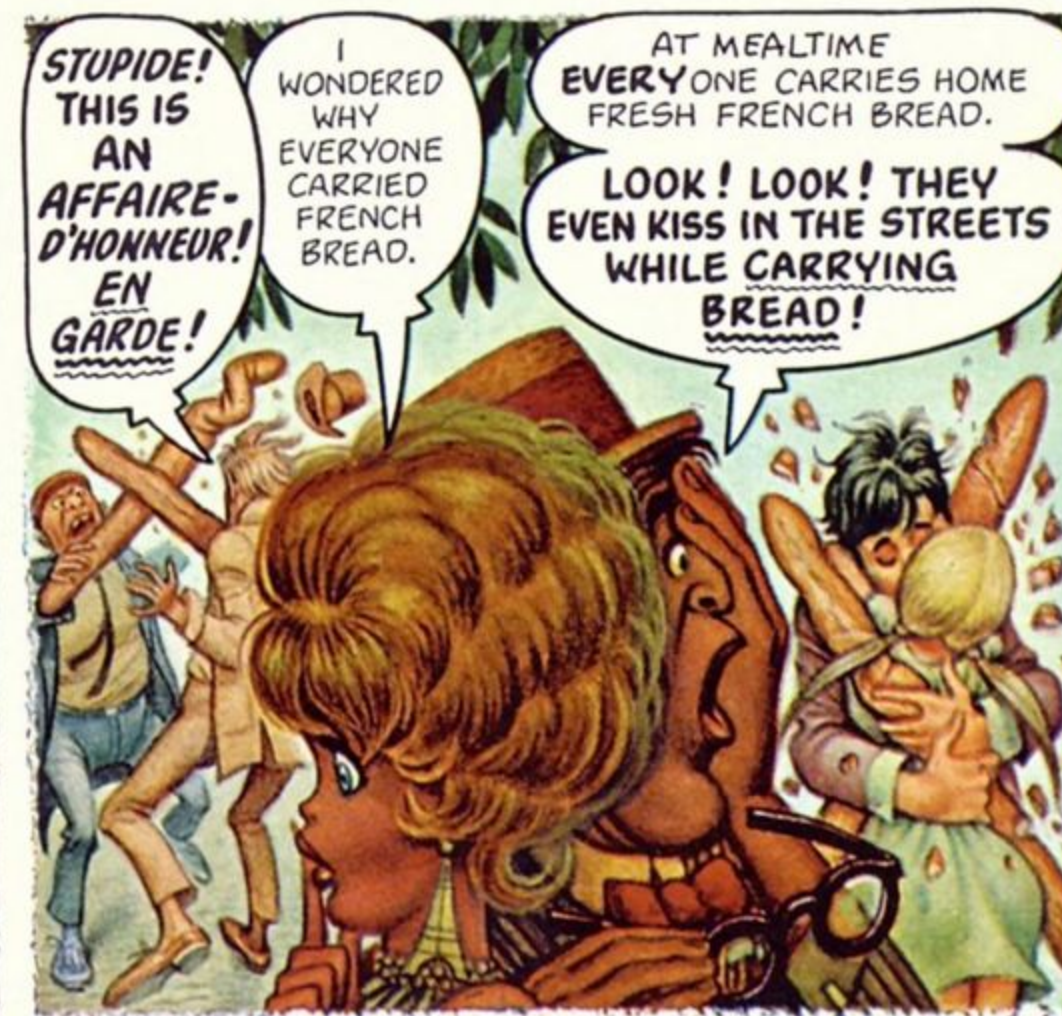
OH, MR.  
BATTBARTON,  
ISN'T PARIS  
**TOO MUCH?**  
... I ARRIVED  
HERE THIS  
MORNING WITH  
MY TRAVEL-TOUR  
GROUP, BUT I  
LOST THEM WHILE  
RUNNING THROUGH  
THE LOUVRE.  
RIGHT NOW  
THEY'RE  
EITHER IN  
COPENHAGEN  
OR ADDISABABA.  
... HERE I WAS  
**ALL ALONE!**  
WHO'D OF  
THOUGHT I'D  
MEET  
**YOU**  
HERE  
?

J.  
WALTER  
HUCKSTER  
SENT ME  
HERE TO  
HYPO THE  
FOREIGN  
BLIVIT  
CAMPAIGN.  
FASCINATING  
CITY ... PARIS.  
TOO BAD,  
THOUGH,  
THAT THEIR  
MORALS ARE  
SO LOOSE  
HERE! ALL  
THAT KISSING  
IN THE STREETS.  
... WOULD YOU  
BELIEVE  
ALL THAT  
KISSING  
IN THE  
STREETS  
?!!

TAC! PAN! PAF!













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**"BACK TO CAMPUS"**—CLASSIC REVIVALS AND NEW DIRECTIONS IN ATTIRE FOR THE UPCOMING ACADEMIC YEAR—BY PLAYBOY FASHION DIRECTOR **ROBERT L. GREEN**

**"TESTIMONY IN THE PROCEEDINGS CONCERNING EDWARD DARWIN CAPARELL"**—A MACABRE TALE WHEREIN ONE IS ASKED TO DRAW THE LINE BETWEEN MADNESS AND CONSUMING PREOCCUPATION WITH REVENGE—BY **KEN W. PURDY**





**Thirst come.**



**Thirst served.**

**Beer after beer—the choicest product of the brewers' art.<sup>®</sup> Everywhere.**



“It’s not how long  
you make it...

“It’s how you  
make it long!”

We make our long cigarette with  
an extra measure of that famous good  
taste that has made Winston America’s  
largest-selling cigarette! Buy a pack  
today .

A man and a woman are smiling and holding a large, oversized pack of Winston Filters cigarettes. The man, on the left, is wearing a green shirt and has a lit cigarette in his mouth. The woman, on the right, is wearing a pink shirt and a light-colored skirt. They are both holding the large pack of cigarettes, which is labeled 'Winston FILTERS' and 'PREMIUM LENGTH FOR EXTRA SMOKING PLEASURE'. A single, extremely long Winston cigarette is also shown, held by the woman's hand. The cigarette has a long, thin filter and a long, thin end. The background is plain white.

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